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GOSPEL STANDARD,

OR

FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
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"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

On the commencement of a new year, the eighth of the existence of the *Gospel Standard*, we once more in our capacity of Editors offer ourselves to the notice of our readers; and we do not know that we can better employ our time in writing, or their time in reading our annual *Address*, than in explaining and defending, with due regard to brevity, the principles on which we have hitherto endeavoured, and on which we still mean, the good Lord enabling us, to conduct our publication.

Experience has long convinced us that truths which are very evident to many of the children of God, are very dimly seen, or scarcely seen at all by others of the living family; and that ground is thus afforded for misunderstanding and misrepresentation. In this attempt, therefore, briefly to unfold the principles on which our publication is conducted, we have no hope thereby to correct the prejudices, or enlighten the understandings of our enemies. None are so blind as those who will not see, and none so deaf as those who will not hear. The jaundiced eye of envy or hatred must be cleared from its films, before it can see objects in their true colours. The veil must be taken away from the heart, before light can be seen in God's light.

To attempt, then, to explain our views and feelings to any other than the heaven-taught family would be worse than useless. "If any man be ignorant, let him be ignorant." (1 Cor. xiv. 38.) "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still." (Rev. xxii. 11.) "None of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand." (Dan. xii. 10.)

Our grand foundation is TRUTH. This is the vital principle which we desire to see infused through all our pages. For by TRUTH we understand not *dead*, but *living* truth; not the shell, but the kernel;

not the shadow, but the substance; not the form, but the power; not the letter, but the Spirit. By TRUTH, then, we understand every thing in the word of God which the Holy Ghost applies and reveals to the heart of the elect, be it in doctrine, experience, or conduct, be it to wound or to heal, to bring down or to lift up, be it to teach or to rebuke, to direct or to comfort, be it promise or precept, warning or invitation, solemn admonition or sweet manifestation,—whatever portion of truth is applied to the soul, whatever branch of vital godliness is made divinely and experimentally known in the conscience by the power of God the Holy Ghost, *that*, as Editors of the *Gospel Standard*, we desire to embrace and maintain.

Thus we stand upon the ground of experimental truth and vital godliness. Truth in the letter we admire, because it is truth. But we do not take our standing upon it; for it may be, as it continually is, held in unrighteousness, made a mask for a dead profession, used as a stalking horse to ride into popularity, or employed as a matter of trade and business to establish a particular connexion. Truth in the letter has floated up many a publication, given a fictitious credit to many a tradesman, and elevated into a pulpit and an easy life many a graceless mechanic. God and conscience have never met in the matter; but truth in the letter has been used as the lever nearest at hand and of the greatest power, to perform the work so dear to the carnal mind—the elevation of self. Whilst, then, we adhere with the firmest hold and the warmest affection to *truth in doctrine*, we do so, not as it stands in the bare letter, but as it is applied by the blessed Spirit to the soul.

But we desire to be equally upon our guard upon what we may perhaps call our *weak side*, and not, like the one-eyed doe in the fable, suspect no other danger than that which may threaten from one quarter only. We would examine *experience* with cautious eye, that we may not be imposed upon by any false coin. The most valuable articles are the most counterfeited; and the higher they rise in value, the greater is the premium offered to the skill of the forger. Satan and the human heart are the two chief mints from which these counterfeit coins are issued. *Delusion* is stamped upon the productions of the mint in hell, and *deceit* upon the issue of the coining press on earth. Against both these forgeries would we desire to guard. Both are opposed to truth and the God of truth; and so far as our eyes are anointed with eye-salve to detect the counterfeit, would we cast both back to the place whence they came.

In all imitations an indescribable quality is, more or less, wanting, which betrays the counterfeit. This indescribable quality in writing and preaching is dew, savour, power, and unction. This quality, then, we are as much in search of in judging of the pieces sent for insertion, or of the books forwarded for review, as a clerk at the Bank is in search of the private mark of a bank note. We may indeed be frequently deceived; we may reject the real, and admit the spurious. But our *principle*, our rule of guidance, is the appearance, or non-appearance of *life*. What it appears to us that God has stamped with his presence and power, that we accept; what he has denied his blessing to, that we reject. Our position is to be “labourers together with God;” (1 Cor. iii. 9;) “what he has cleansed, not to call common;” what he has left defiled, not to pronounce clean.

“But does not this,” it may be objected, “make you judges?” Will our objector inform us what other office the Editors of other religious publications assume? Do not they accept and reject communications, approve of or condemn works submitted to them for review?

And in so acting, do they not tacitly or avowedly become judges? If they do not so act, they are wholly unfit for their office. The difference between them and us is this, that we judge upon different grounds, and go upon different principles. But they are avowed principles, and such as are felt and understood by all the living family. Ours is no secret tribunal, no dark inquisition, whose principles and motives are always unseen, and always uncertain. Regeneration is our door of admission. "Is there life?" is our inquiry. Where are the evidences of it visible in this communication, or in that work? Where is the dew upon the branch, the secret upon the tabernacle, the ointment on the right hand which betrayeth itself? Of this our spiritual senses must be the judges. And if it be asked again, "Who made you judges in these matters?" our answer must be that we did not make ourselves such—that we did not voluntarily assume, nor force ourselves into our present position—and that we are willing and desirous to lay it down as soon as any one qualified for our office shall come forward in our room. But as long as we occupy our present place, we shall, the Lord enabling us, proceed upon the principles that we have here laid down; and if any blind professor say to us, "What right have you to see what I cannot?" our reply is, "We see because we have eyes; we cannot communicate our faculty to you; but of all visible things to us, your blindness is the most apparent."

But to return to the point from which we have digressed. Let none suppose that we take *experience* without examination. We are deeply sensible that a man may experience many things which never were wrought in his soul by the hand of God. He may have convictions and consolations, castings down and liftings up, doubts and fears, hopes and expectations, and yet all be of the flesh—the offspring of delusion or deceit. The experience may be mere doctrinal experience; that is, one picked up out of God's word, an assortment selected out of that vast treasure house, but one not personally known or felt by the writer. Or it may be visionary and delusive, a counterfeit work produced by Satan transformed into an Angel of light. The man may be not a crafty hypocrite who wants to deceive us, but a wretched creature who is deceived himself. Satan, that cunning magician, has bewitched him by his sorceries, has deluded him, has imposed upon him a counterfeit experience, and made him believe a lie. He is where Hart describes himself to have been;

" His deep and dang'rous lies
So grossly I believed,
He was not readier to deceive,
Than I to be deceived.

" His light and airy dreams
I took for solid food;
And thought his base adulterate coin
The riches of thy blood."

Others again, though, we hope, much fewer in number, are hypocrites and imposters in the true sense of the word. They pretend to have experienced what they have not. They steal an experience from the lips or writings of another, and boldly say, "This is mine."

Against all these would we guard, and would as much exclude them from our pages as the barefaced errors of the self-righteous Arminian, or the heady notions of the dry Calvinist. Our grand object is to admit nothing which does not, more or less, bear with it a divine impress. The experience may be shallow; but is it *genuine*? The language may be rude; but is it simple and savoury? The style may be cou-

fused ; but is the piece sweet and powerful ? We reject scores of communications upon no other grounds. The pieces admitted are frequently very inferior in what is called "good writing" to the pieces rejected ; but the divine stamp being more or less visible in the former determines our judgment.

That every piece so admitted bears indubitable marks of a divine original we dare not assert. At best, we have but to select out of the mass what is most commended to our conscience. Perhaps not one out of ten communications rises up to our standard ; and the tenth may bear very feeble marks of a heavenly impress. To be fair judges, our readers should see what we reject, as well as what we admit. They should wade with us through ill-written manuscripts, long obscure sentences, tedious pages, where writer and reader are equally lost in a maze of confusion. They should with us endeavour to decipher illegible scrawls until their head thumps and their eyes ache, and when they have carefully read and re-read all the pieces, then weigh them in the balance of the sanctuary, and pronounce impartially for their admission or rejection. To this task let them add that of perusing works sent for Review. They must read them carefully in order to do them justice. We have read a book three times over before we could pronounce a judgment upon it. And then let them come to a decision upon its real character, and express their judgment in clear language, assigning reasons for their opinion. When they have done this a few months, besides all their other engagements, they will know a little of the labour and anxiety of the Editors of the *Gospel Standard*.

Thus much for the principles on which we desire to conduct our publication—principles from which we have never wilfully deviated since we have had the management of the periodical.

But we have been assailed during the past year more than during any other of our existence. The motive is so evident that it is visible to the dimmest eye. Envy at our great circulation and widely spread influence, combined with a secret dislike to our earnest contention for life and power, is doubtless the root of all these bitter fruits. We wish, therefore, to explain ourselves upon one or two points which have been chiefly laid to our charge.

1. We have been accused of setting up corruptions as evidences of grace, than which nothing is more foreign to our views and feelings. Did we set up corruptions as marks of grace, we should have to go to the alehouse and the brothel for the greatest Christians ; for clearly, if corruption makes or proves a Christian, the greater the corruption, the greater must be the Christian. Such folly and such blasphemy never fell from our pen ; and did we see a taint of such in the communications of our correspondents, we should reject them with abhorrence. But grace manifesting corruption, working under it, striving against it, and groaning beneath it, we believe to be an evidence of life, and, as such, prize and maintain it. The sighs and groans of a wounded spirit, the cryings out of the quickened soul against the raging dominion of sin, the sinking of heart amidst the waves of corruption, broke loose and ready to overwhelm it, are signs of spiritual life, and, as such, are a part, and an important part, of that experimental truth which we advocate.

Those that are passing through these exercises are the very characters to whom the Holy Ghost has given such promises in the word of God. They are the sick who need the Physician ; the mourners who are to be comforted ; the poor in spirit, whose is the kingdom of heaven ; the lost, whom Jesus came to seek and save ; the brokenhearted, whom he

was anointed to bind up; the captives to whom he proclaims liberty; and they are all "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified." He, then, who despises such, despises the family of God; and he who calls those who preach or those who write for the comfort of such, "corruption-mongers," levels his arrows against the Son of God himself. We cannot, then, exclude the cries of the mourner in Zion, without denying an important part of the Spirit's work.

But again, a part of our office, as ministering to the wants of God's quickened family, is to remove the stumbling-stones out of their way. "Gather out the stones," is as much a part of the work as, "Lift up a standard for the people." (Isa. lxxii. 10.) Many of the children of God are sorely exercised with temptation and the workings of inward corruption. When such meet with a fellow-traveller in the same path, they are encouraged thereby. Bunyan has very sweetly hinted at this where he represents Christian as encouraged in the valley of the shadow of death by hearing the voice of one walking in the same valley. And thus, what a graceless professor, at ease in Zion, lying upon his bed of ivory, and anointing himself with the chief ointments,—what such a silken gentleman would scornfully turn his eyes from, and with a sneer of contempt say, "O! this is corruption writing," "This is a gloating over sin"—such a piece as he thus tramples under foot may be blessed to the encouragement and deliverance of a poor tempted child of God. "He thus taketh the wise in their own craftiness," whilst "the lame take the prey"; and that which is a savour of death to the dead becomes a savour of life to the living.

But we wish ever to bear in mind, *first*, that there are corruptions which are not fit to be mentioned, not only for the sake of modesty, but also that a spark may not be brought by them to the ready-laid fuel in the carnal mind; and that, *secondly*, sin is never to be mentioned but with the deepest abhorrence, as the thing which God hateth with perfect hatred. We should indeed be utterly unworthy of our office, did we pander to the base lusts of our fallen nature, or carry fire to the corruptions of our readers. We therefore make it a point to weed out all such hemlock, should any appear in the pieces of our correspondents, and to reject them at once if deeply tainted with such poison. Nor can we allow anything which represents sin as any other than hateful and abominable.

2. The next point on which we desire to drop a few remarks is, that we have been greatly censured for our reviews, in reviewing the author instead of reviewing the work. As the charge wears a plausible appearance, we shall devote a few lines to examining how far it is grounded upon truth.

We say then that it is neither usual, nor, indeed, according to our judgment, possible to separate the workman from the work, either naturally, morally, or spiritually.

And first, *naturally*, is it usual or possible in any productions of science or art to separate the workman from the work? Can we separate a poem from the poet, a picture from the painter, a bust from the sculptor, or even a chair or a table from the artificer that produced it? In our praise or censure, do we applaud or blame the work, or the workman? Though in words we may admire the poem, is it really the "Paradise Lost" that we admire, or Milton? In censuring the miserable daub of some travelling portrait painter, do we blame the canvass, or the would-be artist who has spread his colours over it? Who ever blamed a bridge for falling, or praised the Monument for standing? It is on the architect, not on his work, that we bestow our praise or our censure.

So again *morally*. Do we censure a dishonourable action, or the dishonourable agent? Do we approve of an act of kindness, or of its benevolent author? Men raise statues to Howards and Chathams. But why need they, if the action is to be praised, and the agent neglected? A monument to benevolence or to patriotism would serve the purpose, and the honoured names we have mentioned might be consigned to oblivion.

But if the workman cannot be separated from the work, either naturally or morally, still less can he be separated from it *spiritually*. In a mere doctrinal publication the work is separable from the author as far as life is concerned, though not as far as authorship is concerned, but not in an experimental one. A doctrinal reviewer has merely to examine whether the work reviewed is sound in doctrine. If sound here, he requires no more, for he understands and feels no more. "Is the doctrine strictly Calvinistic, is free-will boldly condemned, is election strongly stated, does the general strain agree with *my* creed?" Such are the questions of a dry doctrinal reviewer, and the verdict is upon these grounds, and upon these grounds only. In praising the work, however, he still praises the author, and in condemning a work he condemns the author, not however on the ground of life, but on the ground of mere authorship. But we, as experimental Reviewers, proceed upon different grounds, and view a publication with different eyes. We want life, power, savour, unction, dew. We want to know whether it is borrowed from man or given from God, whether the creature has produced it or the Creator, whether it comes from human intellect or heavenly inspiration. A sound creed does not satisfy us. It may be David under the bed clothes, or "an image with a pillow of goat's hair for the bolster;" and whilst mere doctrinal reviewers, like Saul's messengers, take Michal's word, we want to remove "the pillow of goat's hair," and see whether it be a saint there concealed, or the teraphim. (1 Sam. xix. 13, *margin*.) It is thus that we differ from other periodicals, and it is this difference which has stirred up so much enmity. We scrutinize the man as well as the communication, knowing there are so many counterfeits abroad, and that many wear a rough garment to deceive. But we only scrutinize him on one point, that is, life; and through one medium, that is, his publication. In hearing a minister preach, and in reading religious works, we are on the look-out for power and unction, not from a bitter inquisitorial spirit, but as the weary hart panteth after the water-brooks, and as the parched ground for the early and latter rain. But to hear a dry doctrinal preacher, and to read a dry doctrinal book, is to us as Job describes the disappointed companies of Tema in the sandy desert, who seek water, but seek it in vain in those spots where, from its past appearance, it was fondly anticipated. (Job vi. 15—20.)

What we seek for is life; and this must be in the author, or it cannot be in his book; and if neither in book nor author, there will be no life communicated to our soul. We read, too, for our numerous readers more than for ourselves. For their sakes do we toil through the lifeless pages submitted to us, and as we know that the living family amongst them can be satisfied with nothing short of life, we give our verdict accordingly. We wish to hurt no man's feelings, but we must prefer truth and conscience to all mere natural considerations.

Having thus far explained and defended ourselves on the two points for which we have been chiefly censured, we return to the principles on which we desire to conduct our work.

We should greatly err if we admitted nothing but the groans of the

wounded. The shouts of the victor make sweeter music in our ears; and therefore we love to record in our pages the manifestations of mercy. We are well satisfied that, to a living soul, *deliverances* are the only sure and satisfactory evidences. We love and admit every part of the Spirit's work, because it is *His*; but *deliverances* and *manifestations* we desire chiefly to insist upon, and record in our pages. We are sure that nothing can bring peace into the soul but the blood of sprinkling. A revealed Jesus, a manifested Saviour, is the only Christ whom we desire to know. A letter Christ, an unknown, unfelt, unseen, unenjoyed Jesus is no better than an idol, or "the unknown God" of Athens. Every appearance, then, of Jesus in the heart, every divine whisper, every gracious visit, every sweet manifestation of this Saviour, we prize and contend for. And if our dry doctrinal adversaries say to us, "You set up corruption, instead of Christ," our answer is, "We believe that felt corruption is a thousand times better than a letter Christ; but a felt Christ is a thousand times better than felt corruption. Felt corruption is a mark of life; but a felt Christ is life itself. (John xiv. 6.) You may boast of a letter Christ, but if you live and die without his sweet manifestations, you will die in your delusions."

These, then, are the principles by which we desire to be guided in conducting our work. The steady maintenance of them has brought with it its usual consequences—the hatred of the graceless, the scorning of those that are at ease, and the contempt of the proud. Scurrilities and personalities have been launched at us; but these missiles move us not. Did our conscience permit, we could retort these with interest, for the mark is too wide to be well missed. But we hope to go on seeking the glory of God and the good of his people, and having our reward, not in the smiles of men, nor in the corruptible things of silver and gold, but in seeing our labours crowned with the blessing of the Triune God, to whom be ascribed eternal glory.

THE EDITORS.

PEACE IN DEATH.

My dear Cousin,—We have had one of the most strengthening, confirming, consoling, and, I may say with propriety, satisfying proofs of the power of our most holy religion, one which, I trust, will produce some very lasting effects upon the beholders, and I have no doubt will rejoice your poor soul as well as ours to hear of, in the death of Mrs. A—, whom the dear Lord was pleased to take to himself on Lord's day last. Her death was one of the most triumphant that I ever heard of. She had been very unwell for some time past, which perhaps you heard of, and it was manifest to me that she had upon her mind a heavy burden which she never could disclose to any one, and that proved to be the case, for on the Thursday morning before she died she sent for me, and when I came to see her she was in the most horrifying state of mind I ever in all my life found an individual in. During the preceding night she was much worse in body, and the devil was permitted to assault her soul in a wonderful manner. She said to me as soon as I entered her room, "O, my friend, I have had a most dreadful night! The devil has been telling me that I am a vile hypocrite, and a damned soul." She also told me that these words

were suggested to her mind, "Thou art a condemned hypocrite, and will be driven into hell, for thou art damned and lost for ever." Her very countenance was stricken with terror, and she appeared to feel some of the horrors of a lost soul, for to me she exclaimed, "And must I be numbered with the damned?" I said, "Surely not, for none ever truly cried for mercy, and were disappointed. The devil was a liar from the beginning, and he is a liar on your account, and you will surely find him so, for you are just the very character that the Lord came to save, and I am a living witness that is a liar." "O!" she said, "I have no desire to live, but only to find my feet upon the Rock." I told her I felt satisfied they were already there, and that she would soon be enabled to rejoice in the Lord; and so it proved, for on the afternoon of the same day the Lord was pleased to apply these words to her soul with power, "He is a liar, and the father of it; I have redeemed thee; thou art mine." This brought such peace and comfort to her mind that she was enabled to cry and shout over all her enemies. On Friday night I went again to see her, and it was supposed by all that she was dying, she being able to speak very little, but her countenance bespoke the blessed change that had taken place. She caught hold of my hand, and said, "Happy in the Lord, happy in the Lord!" She had had all her friends there that day to take a final leave of them, and her language seemed to overcome them all. Her father, on taking his leave, said to her, "I hope the Lord will have mercy on your poor soul;" to which she replied, "He has, father, already. Don't weep for me. I am happy in the Lord." She again revived a little, to tell, as it were, something more of the Lord's loving-kindness to her. On the following Saturday morning the Lord was again pleased to visit her soul, and filled her so full of himself that she could not contain herself. She sent for her brother, and as soon as he got to her bedside, she caught hold of his hand, and said, "O! William, the Lord is so precious to my soul that I feel as happy as if I were in glory;" and cried out, "Happy in the Lord! happy in the Lord! O, William, he is a faithful friend, so therefore never dishonour the Lord by doubting him again!" Sometimes she appeared as if she were gone, but, on again opening her eyes, would say, "I thought I had been in glory, but I see I am still here. O how I long to be gone!" At times she was heard to be repeating such as the following passages of scripture to herself: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." "When thou walkest through the valley of the shadow of death, thou shalt fear no evil." "Fear not, I have redeemed thee," &c. &c.

What a wonderful display of God's sovereign love and invincible grace in saving poor, lost, ruined, and wretched man! The salvation of this beloved woman has been, I believe, a real rejoicing to the Lord's people around her, and has proved a great blessing to their souls, for they were enabled to weep and rejoice with her.

I have given you only a few outlines, which must suffice for the

present. Perhaps you may hear more at a future time. I think if there ever was such a thing as travailing in soul for another, I felt it for that dear woman, for it seemed as if her burden were my own, and that I would give the dear Lord no rest until Christ the hope of eternal glory was formed in her. Such were my feelings, that my poor heart was almost fit to burst for her deliverance, and I longed to get into a secret place to give vent to my anguish, not that I was in doubt of her condition, for the more I thought on her character, the more she appeared to be in a state of salvation; and the dear Lord was pleased to give me such a pouring out of soul to him on her behalf that I felt persuaded she was sure to be delivered. And when it was manifest that the Lord had condescended to hear and answer such a poor unworthy nothing, it seemed to sink me lower and lower, and made me wonder more and more. Well may the apostle say, "He hath chosen the weak things of the world, and the base things of the world, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." Blessed be the Lord's dear name, he will have all the glory to himself, and when I am in my right mind I am willing he should, for he is worthy.—Yours very affectionately,

J. C.

THE BEST PHYSIC.

My dear Friends in the Friend of Sinners, and in very deed I can say, from the contents of Mrs. S.'s kind letters, my dear Sisters in Christ,—I was very glad to hear from you, and to find that our brother M— still improves in his health, and I can truly say that I have greatly rejoiced to find that the Lord is so gracious unto him. Blessed be the glorious name of our covenant God, he has verified that precious promise in the experience of our dear brother; "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon." O what an infinite blessing to be able, under the unction of God the Holy Ghost, to say, "This God is my God for ever and ever; he will be my Guide even unto death." In very deed there is no god like the God of Jeshurun. Honours crown his brow, he will supply all our needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus our Lord. A covenant God forsake his blood-bought bride! no, never, never. Bless his precious name, he has betrothed her to himself for ever, in righteousness, in judgment, in loving-kindness, in mercies, (or bowels,) and in faithfulness; (Hos. ii. 19, 20;) so that come what will, all is and must be well with Zion.

I must now inform my friends that, through the dispensations of my God, I was last Lord's day confined to my room by reason of affliction, which is the first Lord's day that I have been wholly confined since I came to Manchester. I was rather fearful of a high fever and inflammation of the chest, but through the good hand of God upon me, I am wonderfully restored, and hope to be able to

speak a little to-morrow in the dear name of my Lord. I have been much supported in my affliction, and have had some sweet views of God's glory in Christ, and of my own interest in all new covenant blessings. The third and fourth chapters of Exodus, and part of the sixth, have been sweet indeed to my soul. O how blessed it is to have the glorious promises of a covenant God sealed upon our hearts! for though at times, like Moses, we may raise our unbelieving fears and objections, God's promise is for ever sure, and in the end shall completely upset all the power of unbelief. These precious promises, with their connections, have been much blessed to my soul; "Certainly I will be with thee;" (Exod. iii. 12;) "Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." (Exod. iv. 12.) What blessing is there that we have not in Christ? Verily, none; for "all things are ours, for we are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

The contents of your letters have done both me and some of my friends good, and we have indeed rejoiced with you and our dear brother M—, and praised God for his kindness towards him. A few more storms, and a few more lifts by the way, and we shall be for ever with the Lord, free, everlastingly free from sin, cursed sin. Then shall we sing and never sigh again. Thrice blessed day! yea, thrice blessed state, when we shall be like our dear Lord, and see him as he is!

That the Lord may bless you and all the friends with his sweet presence, is the prayer of, yours in the Lord,

November, 1829.

W. GADSBY.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. FOWLER.

My dear Sister, in our common Lord,—Mercy and love be on you and yours. I have this day been informed, by Mr. H—, of the death of your son, who was with him. It is with heartfelt pleasure I learn that he died in the Lord; blessed are the dead that so die. Weep not, my dear friend, but rather rejoice that your loss is his gain, and that ere long that voice which called us by his grace will say to us, "Come up to me!" I remember that you said to me, at our last parting walk, that you often doubted whether you were the Lord's. I confess that you surprised me. I had not the least doubt of the truth of your religion, though I have had reason to doubt the reality of my own. But what a mercy it is that our thoughts alter not our state before God. *That* was settled by him before we were capable of acting or thinking, "before the mountains were settled, or the hills established;" and time's changes cannot alter eternal settlements. We were dear in his eyes then, or he had never endeared himself to us by so many love-tokens, nor ever sealed home full redemption upon our hearts, even the full pardon of all our sins, past, present, and to come. We groan, being burdened with sin; we feel its sad influence to be a frequent bar to our communion, and often exclaim, "O wretched man! Who shall deliver me?" This is part of our tribulation, ordained by our

God to keep us little in our own eyes, and to make us sensible of the need of *invincible grace* to keep us every moment. God's silver must go into the refining pot, that the dross may be first discovered, and then separated, that there may come forth a vessel for the refiner. "He sitteth as a refiner and purifier of silver;" nor will he suffer his elect to remain in this or that trial longer than he sees really necessary. Israel had their time of trial in Egypt, and after that in Babylon; but God, according to his promise brought them out with a mighty hand, and with an outstretched arm. The dispensations of providence and the contradictions that we feel within, often puzzle us, and confound our reason, and, for a season, bring us to a dead stand, nor have we much relief till we are favoured to see the salvation of the Lord. This is a *reconciling* sight to a poor, weary pilgrim, and he then would not have one thing altered, but can bless the Almighty for both the rod and the staff. But even in that land of Goshen we must not continue; it is our inn for refreshment and repose, but not our home. "*This is not your rest; for it is polluted.*" Long repose and much divine indulgence would transform each into a Jeshurun. "But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation."

I have, my dear friend, been more than thirty-five years in the divine life, but find I am a very dull scholar. What I seem to have well learned by much labour and sorrow, I am apt to forget again; and, as is usual with masters in earthly schools, my master puts me back again to rehearse and practise my first rules, to my no small mortification.

I doubt not that you have heard of my poor state of health. I cannot say I am yet recovered, though I hope I am somewhat better. A disorder in my head, the want of circulation in my legs and feet, a wretched heart, and the burdens of Zion, altogether form a burden under which nothing less than Omnipotent arms can sustain me. But, blessed be God! he has not left me without some sweet tokens of his everlasting love to me, which assure my heart that I shall be with the Lamb on Mount Zion at last, to behold his glory. In your present trial, my poor prayers are gone up to the throne for you, that the God of all grace may favour you with every Christ-exalting grace of the Holy Spirit, and that you may have abundant reason to say, "*He hath done all things well.*" Peace be with you. Yours, for Christ's sake,

London, 1833.

H. FOWLER.

RESTORATION.

"He restoreth my soul."—Psalm xxiii. 3.

My ever-gracious Lord has been pleased of late to show me that I am not a stranger to the Psalmist's experience, nor he to mine, as expressed in these words. But here my thoughts turn upon the greatest of all restorations, regeneration, and I ask myself, how could I experimentally say, "*He restoreth,*" unless I were able to add, "*He restored my soul.*" O, I feel that it is the one thing

needful, (Luke x. 42,) vast, and essential; no language is adequate fully to speak its importance; it has for its foundation the everlasting love of the Triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; it was the first heavenly blessing communicated, and was manifestively the time commencement of the covenant, the almighty and effectual work of the Spirit. At this door only admittance is gained to the treasury of grace, secured in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ. All real, genuine religion hangs upon this, so that, if my beginning be wrong, my whole course must be wrong, and my end ruin; if my conversion be false, everything connected therewith must be false too; if here I am deceived, what must I be in all matters of a spiritual nature beside! I consider that it is here that so many are grossly deluded. It is the main cause of so much deception, detected by the living family of God in professors, and of their empty, flimsy, spurious religion, and their errors in doctrine, practice, and experience, a system awfully fostered by letter preachers and blind guides. But, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law;" (Psalm xciv. 12,) and again, "Blessed is the man whom thou chooseth, and causeth to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts. We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple." (Ps. lxxv. 4.) I trust I can attest the truth of these words by the work of God in my soul. At the decreed period he put a full stop to my wicked course. "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise: and his brightness was as the light; he had horns coming out of his hand; and there was the hiding of his power." (Hab. iii. 3, 4.) Herein is described my conception of what I then saw of the eternal God. He came to me on earth in the power of the Spirit, and revealed his glory, greatness, majesty, and holiness. I felt the requirements of divine justice in my very heart and conscience, demanding full satisfaction for my crimes from my youth up. I then felt the damning and defiling nature of sin, and not till then did I feel that I had an immortal soul, sinful and guilty, which needed salvation, justification, and sanctification, exposed to bear the sentence, "Depart, ye cursed," or chosen to receive the benediction, "Come, ye blessed;" and that this depended entirely on the sovereign will of God. "Behold, all souls are mine, as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine; the soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Eze. xviii. 4.) I also felt that none but he could pardon sin, take away its burden from the conscience, and set the sinner free; and, blessed for ever be his sacred name, he did all this for me, and much more; he brought to the birth, and gave strength to bring forth, bound up the broken in heart, proclaimed liberty to the captive, made the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing; (Isa. xxxv. 6;) in a word, he gave me Christ manifestively, savingly, wholly. I had then all that my heart desired and justice demanded. O most ineffably precious gift! I apprehended and received the Lord by that faith which is peculiar to the redeemed of him, and he further put his fear into my heart, and I feared him greatly, thirsted after

righteousness, hated sin, and believed in him without suspicion. Humility, thankfulness, and affection flowed into my heart; I walked in his ways with cheerfulness, proved his commandments easy, and obedience pleasant, and read the Bible with delight. It was a happy season, but I soon experienced a reverse, by coming down from this mountain of blessedness into the valley of wretchedness. As all God's children more or less pass through tribulation, so I must have my share, and not be an exception unto them. An inward noisome pestilence now broke forth, infidelity and blasphemy raged, the devil tempted, and a deceitful world allured. I had felt the power of God to convert, and was to feel his power to uphold and preserve. I had tasted his grace and was to realize his faithfulness. I had found his mercy, but I did not know that it endured for ever, and is from everlasting to everlasting. I discovered the helplessness of my lapsed condition, and now know that my old nature remains the same, that it cannot be altered nor improved. I was assured that salvation from the lowest grave is of the Lord; and I have learned that all its parts and bearings, knowledge and enjoyment are of him also. My life and feelings have undergone a continuation of changes, (Ps. lv. 19,) of backslidings and reclaimings, wanderings and restorings, declensions and revivings, falls and recoveries; indeed "he restoreth my soul." But as my soul is within, so my failings have been. No thanks to me, or they would have been outward, and to live free from them I find must be by the perpetual influence of the Holy Spirit. I am a monument of superabounding grace. I am a debtor alone to this. I trust I can say, without hypocrisy, with the apostle Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am." (1 Cor. xv. 10.) I believe also that I am a sinner saved. My departures from God have produced much bitterness and anguish of spirit; they are against my better will and inclination; I have often loathed myself on their account; and the words of the prophet have frequently suited my case, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise, when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." (Micah vii. 8.) While I carry about this vile body, I shall be subject to the same ups and downs. "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint;" every faculty is polluted and paralysed. I have made resolutions to honour the Lord more by believing, trusting, and confiding in him. But I have again and again proved that my strength is perfect weakness, and the absolute necessity for God to "work in me to will and to do of his own good pleasure." Notwithstanding all my infirmities and untowardness, weakness and ignorance, "he restoreth my soul." I then lament my rebellion, hardness, and folly; darkness is dispelled, doubts remove, unbelief sinks, faith prevails; foes internal and external are vanquished, corruptions subdued, love springs up, evidences of my oneness with the dear Redeemer appear, his atoning blood is felt, God glorified, and grace reigns triumphant; and I believe that the Lord, having brought me thus far, will carry on his own work and perform it until the day of Jesus Christ; for he saith, "I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away from him." (Hosea. xiv. 4.)

HELP IN TIME OF NEED.

Dear Friend,—You have heard of the severe illness of your brother C—, but perhaps you have not heard of the gracious dealings of the Lord with his soul. I assure you that he has been much favoured with the goodness and presence of the Lord under his affliction ; so that he has been enabled to say with the Psalmist, “It is good for me that I have been afflicted.” Mr. B— visited him, and found him longing and sighing for a knowledge of his interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. B— told him he was satisfied that there was a work of grace begun in his soul, and that the Lord would grant his request. I saw him the following day, (Wednesday,) and found him in the same state of mind, earnestly seeking the one thing needful. In the afternoon of the same day, it pleased God, of his infinite mercy, to reveal his dear Son in him, and he evidently saw by faith Christ crucified for him, and was sweetly delivered from all his fears, and enabled to rejoice in the Lord as his portion, and to cast anchor within the veil. He called his wife to his bed side, and told her what he had experienced, being desirous to do it whilst in his perfect senses, that she might bear testimony to the truth, as he was afraid his intellects might become disordered. Mr. F— saw him the same evening, and he was in a sweet frame of mind, desiring never to be raised again from that bed of sickness. He did, however, experience a little of the hidings of the Lord’s countenance, which constrained him to repeat that verse in one of Mr. Hart’s hymns ;

“More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last ;
I can do nothing without thee ;
Make haste, my God, make haste.”

The next day, (Thursday,) he was much worse in body, and when I called to see him, I asked him the state of his mind ; to which he replied, that he was not at all afraid to meet death, the sting being taken away. He appeared, however, to be getting still worse, so much so, that I was obliged to put my ear close to his mouth to understand what he said. I heard him say, whilst in this state, “One more glimpse, dear Lord, one more glimpse.” After a short time he again revived, and exclaimed, “The trial is over ; the struggle is ended ; I shall die happy ; I shall die happy.” He told us that Satan had laid hard at him to let go his hold, and his experience seemed to be that of Jacob ; “I will not let thee go except thou bless me ;” and the good Lord did again condescend to favour him, for he broke the snare of the fowler, and set his soul at happy liberty. He wished us to give his love to Mr. B—, and then said, “I wish poor Fred would drop in,” (meaning you.) He that evening told Mrs. F— that he had experienced the second birth, and that whether he lived or died he should go to heaven. I have visited him several times during the past week. He still remains very ill indeed. He has not been much harassed by the enemy, but is longing for another refreshing from the presence of

the Lord, at the same time waiting patiently the Lord's time, and perfectly resigned to the will of the Almighty, with a firm hope. I never saw any person in affliction so fortified and strengthened by the grace of God.

I feel it a duty I owe to you, as his brother, and have also a strong desire to bear my feeble testimony to the glory of God's sovereign grace displayed in him, which is the cause of my sending you these few particulars.

That each of us may feel the same everlasting arms underneath us in the hour of need, is the earnest prayer and desire of yours sincerely,

Hastings, August, 1841.

W. S.

DELIVERANCE.

My much esteemed Friend,—It gave me great pleasure to hear from you, for I had almost concluded that you had forgotten me. As usual, your kind epistle was full of consolation, which I appear always to stand in need of. You are seldom, if ever, forgotten by me, when I attempt to offer up my poor breathings at the throne of mercy. You are more particularly in my thoughts on the Lord's day, because I know that, as a minister of God's blessed truth, you require peculiar blessings. I therefore beg of the Lord that a large portion of spiritual strength may be showered down upon you, and that you may be helped to communicate such comfort to the poor of his flock as shall bring glory to God, and be for the edification and consolation of his members. I still go *hobbling* on, as dear — says, finding my path bestrewed with difficulties; but I would speak it in deep humility, and to the praise of the Lord, for, with David of old, I am enabled to testify of his faithfulness, and exclaim, "He hath brought me out of a horrible pit and the miry clay," and enabled me to look to the hills from whence cometh my help. It is impossible to describe the soul-suffering that I have experienced until within a month or two. Suffice it to say, that for weeks, if not months, I was in such consternation with deep convictions of my lost, ruined state, that every morning when I arose from my bed I fully expected Satan would take me away *alive* in the face of the world and the church, so that I should be made a public spectacle to saints and sinners; and frequently have I been unable to guide my fork to my mouth at meal times. When in this deplorable state, with no one about me who could understand my circumstances, pleading earnestly for mercy, and wrestling hard, saying, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," when waiting for some testimony for good, these words came into my mind, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." I was struck with reverence, and felt some little comfort. The other day, also, when exercised with darkness and misgivings, and begging that the Lord would again decide the doubtful point, and set my poor soul at liberty, this precious Scripture was applied with power, "I,

even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my name's sake, and will no more remember thy sins." O that I might publish it to the honour of his great name, "whose mercy endureth for ever!" How true it is that "all things are possible with God."

You will, I fear, think me quite selfish in almost filling my letter with what relates to myself alone; but my pen will run on. It is time I thanked you for your kind inquiries relative to my family. With the exception of dear little J—, we have all been pretty well in health. He, however, continues much afflicted. He is unconscious of everything but suffering, and has no use of his feet or hands. This is a most humbling affliction; but even this I am resigned to leave to my heavenly Father's disposal, for I know that a state of ease is more to be feared than chastisement, and I can say (I hope from my heart) that even this shall work together, with every other painful dispensation, for my good. It has often been the means of driving me to pour out my heart unto the Lord. You will perceive that I am on the mount of enjoyment, yet, I trust, not unaware of the danger. May I be watchful and prayerful, that my enemy may not take advantage of it.

Believe me to be, your very thankful and much-attached friend,
Tunbridge, October 1841.

M. W.

LOVING KINDNESS UNCHANGEABLE.

Dear Brother,—What a mercy it is that you and I, and all the living in Jerusalem, have an unchangeable God to deal with us, in whose love there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning, for we can at times feelingly say, "It is of the Lord's mercy that we are not consumed." O how my soul frequently sinks into nothing under the heavy weight of sin charged home upon me. Yes, brother, let others boast of their uninterrupted liberty, I am a stranger to it. I am still at times bound fast with the chain of my sins, my iniquities go over my head, and I feel them too heavy for me to bear; I am shut up in unbelief, and cannot come forth, and here I lie, till it pleases the ever-adorable Spirit (bless his dear name) to move in and draw up my poor overcharged heart in living sighs and groans to the God of all grace to draw nigh once more, and turn the captivity of my oppressed spirit. And, bless his dear name, he does come through all and over all, and proclaims his name; he shows the greatness of his mercy, holds up to and makes the conscience feel the precious efficacy of atoning blood, breaks the binding power of unbelief, cuts my legal bonds, drives away my miseries, heals my wounds, binds up my broken heart, speaks peace in my troubled conscience, and feelingly makes my standing more secure than it was before I fell. O how sweet are these seasons! how heartily, how freely do we confess our follies! what indignation do we feel against ourselves because of our sins! what hearty thanksgivings do we render unto the Lord our God! At these times we can think of nothing too bad to call ourselves; we are swallowed up and lost in two mys-

teries, the mystery of iniquity and the greater mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh, seen by the eye of faith, and embraced in our heart's affection. Yes, the superaboundings of God's rich grace, love, and favour melt and move our hearts in love to him who hath first loved us, and we can truly join with the poet in saying;

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend."

We then move cheerfully on, the ground feels firm and good, and from our very souls we can say,

"I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there."

What a sweet, blessed, wonderful, desirable change is felt in our souls when the dear Lord smiles into our hearts! What is the world then? what are troubles then? what are enemies then? Why nothing; because our Lord, when he comes, drives them all away. But O, Robert, Robert, what a poor, weak, fearful, mistrustful, fretful, filthy, black, hateful, passionate, peevish, discontented, quarrelsome, mad, daring wretch thou art when left to thyself! How I wonder at times at the long-suffering of my God to me! Frequently I think within myself that I shall never more experience the Lord's presence and favour; but, bless his dear name, again and again he makes me prove him to be unchangeable, and then what can I do but bless him? He is the "wonderful Counsellor, the everlasting Father, the mighty God, the Prince of Peace;" and how could I manifestly know him as such but by his sweet, soul-ravishing, heart-cheering visitations?

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

Here I am, dear brother, through the good hand of my God upon me, in myself a poor feelingly lost sinner, driven for refuge to the pierced side of a precious Christ, who of God is made unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, which causeth me to glory; but "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," by which cross, in soul feeling, I am crucified unto the world, and the world unto me.

Farington, June, 1841.

ROBERT.

THE VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

As in the presence of God that openeth and no man shutteth, that shutteth and none openeth, at midnight, when deep sleep was upon me, suddenly my soul was, as I thought, hurried away to judgment. The books were opened, and the great Judge of quick and dead, he whose eyes are as a flame of fire, sat upon the throne, and seemed to regard me as if there was no other person present, yet there were thousands whom no man could number. Not a single thing moved; all was silence; and the greatest grandeur I ever saw was there. I stood

trembling, expecting my doom would be, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;" and had the sentence been past, it would have been just. While in this terror I suddenly awoke; but I could not say, with the prophet of old, that my sleep was sweet unto me, for it was indeed very bitter. When I first awoke, I could not turn in bed, nor move a single joint of my body. At length I recovered strength, but the state of mind that I felt I cannot describe. It was the time of Jacob's trouble. I ventured, through great necessity, to call upon God for mercy, through Christ Jesus. I was something like the widow at the unjust judge's door. Mercy, mercy, was what I wanted, and I cried, "God be merciful to me!" I had no rest day nor night. I felt such soul trouble that my very comeliness was taken quite from me. I remained in this state for many weeks, crying to God that he would appear for me. My soul was as a weaned child. At times I thought eternal destruction would be my doom, and that for ever. My distress made me stoop like an old man, though I was quite young, somewhere about twenty-two. But "God is of one mind, and none can turn him, or say, What doest thou?"

Paul says, that some men's sins go before them to judgment, and others follow after them. This is the way the burden went from my conscience. One day I seemed to have a greater burden than ever; I felt as if my body was ready to burst. I retired to a certain place near the river, laid my vile head in the dust, and pleaded earnestly for pardon through the merits of Christ Jesus. While in the very act of prayer I found all my sin and misery fall from my conscience, and, for the first time, Christ appeared precious to my poor soul. I then saw him as "the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" but often since I have so lost the savour from my mind that I have questioned the reality of this deliverance. One thing I can say, in the sight of God, the great burden has not returned since to my conscience.

"Many days have passed since then,
Many changes have I seen,
Yet have been upheld till now."

I have now for many years been hearing that dear man of God, Mr. W—. That which makes his ministry so dear to me is, that he takes so much care of the little ones. I never heard him leave poor Little Faith in the mire, except once, and then he soared up into such grand and dazzling glories that he went quite over my head. But this is not often the case. Sometimes while hearing the dear man, I have felt no more burden of sin than the angels in heaven, his message has come with such power to my poor soul. That his soul may be blessed with the dew from heaven, is my soul's desire and prayer to God for him.

Messrs. Editors,—Do not suppose, from this deliverance, that I am always free from the plague of sin. I still feel sin to be my greatest burden, and I often groan beneath it. At times I am obliged to cry, "O Lord, say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. O Lord, draw me and I will run after thee. My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken thou me, for

thy name's sake; for, Lord, thou knowest that I cannot keep myself a single moment." In all my wanderings, which have been many, the Lord has kept my feet from wandering into any disgraceful path. Eternal thanks to God for that! I deserve no more mercy from God than did Judas; every favour I receive is an act of free grace.

May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, bless your work of faith and labour of love. Yours,

Trowbridge.

EPHRAIM.

NON-CONDEMNATION.

Very dear Brother in our almighty, ever-gracious, ever-loving, ever-living, most compassionate, and eternally precious Lord and Head,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you. I heard from friend S., when he was with us, that you were about to send me a few lines, and for some time past I have been looking for them, but as they have not yet arrived, I felt determined to write to you, thinking it might hasten their arrival.

Dear brother, as I lay awake on my bed last night, I was led to think something about what that dear man of God, Paul, has written in Rom. viii. I was led to think that he had begun that very precious chapter with the blessed subject of non-condemnation to the elect of God, and ended it with non-separation from the unspeakable and unalterable love of God, in Christ Jesus, our everlasting Lord, our everlasting light and life. O the very precious things which there are in this unspeakably precious chapter! May it be the daily happiness and blessedness of you, me, and all the church of God, to be led spiritually and savingly into a fuller sense of, and establishment in the very great and unalterable truths therein contained. I hardly need tell you, my dear brother, that there are in this chapter durable riches and righteousness, because I believe that you are experimentally brought into the high, precious, and everlasting secret. I believe that you would sooner be the world's fool than the world's knave, for you are led to see that the highest wisdom of this world is the greatest foolishness with God, and so also it is nothing else with you. And why is it thus with you? Why surely from no other cause than this,—because God hath, from all eternity, given thee a hidden life in the hidden wisdom, which is Christ the hidden mystery, who is hidden to all the non-elect, who are lost irrecoverably and eternally. Therefore thy Lord and Head renders thanks to his Father and thy Father that he hath hid these things from the wise and prudent, (ever so in their own eyes) and revealed them unto babes; even unto such babes as you and I, my dear brother, who are brought experimentally to confess that we could never have found the way to God, had not he alone made us wise unto salvation. But O! eternal thanks and praises be unto our everlasting Father, who hath loved us and given us everlasting consolation, and a good hope through grace; and who, in the riches of his grace, hath not left us in total darkness and ignorance of himself, to be lost in all the deceivableness of unrighteousness. Our souls have been led to abhor antichrist

in all its vile, soul-destructive, God-dishonouring, Christ-despising ways and appearances, as we do the devil himself, and from our hearts we wish to be divested of everything that is dishonouring to our eternally loving, suffering, bleeding, dying, rising, conquering, triumphing, ever-glorious, ever-living, ever-gracious, and ever-precious Lord Jesus. As this is the case with you, which I from my heart do verily believe it is, you surely are eternally loved, chosen, adopted, accepted, called, and justified of your God, and have savingly and blessedly overcome antichrist. Neither sin, Satan, nor death can ever deprive you of your eternal blessedness with Christ Jesus your Lord, and you will walk with him in white, for you are worthy, and sit with him on his throne, and evermore eat of the hidden manna. You are an heir to the blessings of God's rich grace, which is made as sure unto you as a God of eternal love and grace can make them. Here, my poor distressed brother, is blessedness which all your unnumbered revoltings from God in heart and life can never deprive you of. Yes, this is most surely the case; for though your revoltings have caused you most bitter pangs of soul before the Lord, and have crippled you so much in your approaches to him, yet it is most infallibly certain that they can never rob you of your eternal inheritance in and with your ever-living, ever-gracious, and omnipotent Lord. O, my dear brother, my heart is enlarged unto you in the bowels of the Lord Jesus. I hope ever to pray for you, that the word of Christ may dwell in you richly, with all wisdom and spiritual understanding; and that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith in precious enjoyment.

FRUITS OF EVERLASTING LOVE.

Dear Father, in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ,—May the love of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit be multiplied unto you, that is, that you may feel more of it in your heart, that you may be more able to tell poor sinners what a loving Jesus you have found. This love cheers the heart, strengthens the new man, and makes us praise God, the giver of it; it is a bar to our lusts, and to our adversary, the devil, and by it we overcome the world. Hannah felt this love, which made her cry out, "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord, my mouth is enlarged over mine enemies, because I rejoice in thy salvation." She knew what this love had done, how it had raised up the poor out of the dust, and lifted up the beggar from the dunghill. I rejoice in this love, because it is everlasting. It is not like the creature's, love for love; for Paul says, "God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." I am engaged in the old warfare, as usual. No sooner am I at peace than war is again proclaimed; but I am thankful that I have a good Captain, who has fought for me, and won the prize. This makes me rejoice in the Lord, because he is merciful, long-suffering, full of compassion, slow to anger. He has said, "In time of trouble call upon me, and I will deliver thee;"

and I have found him faithful to his word, for he has delivered me out of many temptations, and out of the snares of the devil.

I am enabled still to rejoice in Christ my Lord, and have no confidence in the flesh, because I feel certain that my life is "hid with Christ in God," that is, hid from the devil, the world, and often from myself; and as it always was hid in the rock, Christ, it is safe, because nothing can penetrate, nor dissolve that. I feel thankful that I have such a hiding place, into which I am enabled to run, and be safe. Christ is more to me than all the world. A few days ago, as I was mourning about being left here, where nothing but error prevails, and the truth is shut out, so that I know not where to go on the Lord's day, then the Lord came to me, and said, "Peace be to thee," and his words brought life into my poor soul. He told me to be of good cheer, that he had overcome the world, sin, and Satan. I told him that I should fall, if he did not uphold me, for I felt that I had no strength of my own. He told me that his strength was sufficient for me. I asked him to let me feel his power and love shed abroad in my heart; and so he did, for his blood and love felt so sweet to my poor soul that it made me leap with joy. He gave me eyes to read with understanding and wisdom, and to detect the craftiness of Satan. Having so many enemies, we require to be on the watch tower; and our Lord tells us to "watch and pray."

We are all in tolerably good health, and keep toiling for the bread of this life; but trade is very dull here, and when we have done one day's work, we do not know where the next day's is to come from. I often think that I shall run away from D—, for it seems to me to be like Sodom, full of abominations. It makes me feel, like poor Lot, vexed with their filthy conversation.

I commend you unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. Yours, in bonds of love,

D—, August, 1841.

A. J.

• FEASTING AND FASTING.

My dear Brother,—I was very glad of your last letter, as it stated somewhat of the Lord's goodness to you, and of the manifest unworthiness of the receiver. It is this that endears a covenant God to us, and makes us feeling advocates of the gospel of free grace. How empty and how tasteless are all communications void of feeling! Unless we feel our need, and our unworthiness, and feel ashamed, and, notwithstanding all this, see and feel the gracious hand of God supplying all our pressing and diversified necessities, how can we be witnesses for God? Fain would my foolishness devise some other and more easy mode of giving forth my evidence to the honour of his name, and the certainty of gospel truth; yet, after all that flesh can say against it, I am constrained to acknowledge that he hath led me by a right way, that I may go to a city of habitation. The way he is now

and has been for some time past leading me, is very dark, perplexing, and trying. I find plenty of work for prayer, faith, and patience, and, what is worse, I often feel them lacking when I appear to need them most. You call upon me in affectionate language to remember his former mercies. I know they have been great, and they have been very sudden and unlooked for, exceedingly various, never unsuited, invariably sweet, always undeserved, and my soul has been saved, my body has been clothed and fed, my mouth has been filled with laughter, and my tongue with singing, and I have been supported by free mercy alone up to the present moment. When the dear Remembrancer, by his sacred unction, shows me these things, I can and do look forward for further displays of the mercy of my good Lord, trusting that he will supply my every need. And I must confess, to the honour of his name, that he gave me a momentary touch of this kindness whilst reading your letter. But frequently the pain and anguish of my oppressed spirit is so great, that I lose all sense and thought of past mercy and deliverances, and give up myself to desponding sorrow. Then again I am aroused, as one awakened out of a terrific dream; he awakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned, and I am not rebellious; he calleth and encourageth me to pray unto him; he proppeth up my hope, and strengtheneth my faith; and in truth he declares that all will be well. At these times I am enabled to give my fears to the wind and rejoice in expected mercy, and confidently look for immediate deliverance; but instead of this, another dreadful storm arises, which increases to a tempest; my buildings are smashed to pieces, and my bright prospects all sink in the deep; I am as one dashed against the wall, left breathless and bleeding upon the ground. At length my Beloved again draws nigh; "He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength."

I did intend to have written only a line or two, instead of which I have darkened all my paper, but I trust you will excuse. I hope you are well and happy, if it be the Lord's will. I change, so do you, so do all, but love and truth abideth; eternal union cannot be dissolved. Yours in gospel bonds,

Stratton, February, 1841.

J. S.

OBITUARY.

Susan Groves was the daughter of poor and uneducated parents, and, like other poor children in the village, was put to the parochial school, where she continued till the year of her death. At the commencement of the year 1820 she was observed to become exceedingly thoughtful, and complained of an uncommon lowness of spirits. At this time, also, an illness discovered itself, which proved to be consumption, and terminated in her dissolution. Her mother consulted a medical gentleman, who told her that all medical aid would be useless. The daughter, on hearing this, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Now I know I shall

die, and go to hell!" The doctor was astonished, and endeavoured to compose her, by telling her that she had no cause to fear death, having nothing to answer for. "O Sir," she replied, "I am a great sinner." But the doctor would not admit that as being a possible case, and added, that if that was the case with her, what would become of him, who was so much older. He said he would try what he could do to recover her, and told her he was sure that he could cure her. He also charged her mother to keep all serious talk and religious books from her, which she endeavoured to do, being quite in the dark herself. But the effort proved useless, for, as Susan grew worse, she would tell all who visited her of her convictions and her fears. In vain her mother told her that she had always been dutiful to her, and regular at school and at church. "O mother," she replied, "I am guilty and born in sin; and though I love you, and my father, and my brothers and sisters, I must tell you that, unless a change take place, you and all such will go to hell." At times she appeared somewhat more composed, and once said, "I have discovered the work of Jesus, and hope he died for me." But soon her confidence failed, and she declared that her hope was without foundation, and she should be lost. As death approached, her distress increased, and she blamed the doctor for deceiving her, nor could the cry of "Peace, peace!" by the carnal priest heal the wound that God had given. Yet she much desired, and at times seemed happy in the hope of an interest in Christ. On the morning of her death she was in the depth of distress, and said, in a violent agitation of mind, "I am dying, I am lost, and shall go to hell!" In this agony of mind and body she swooned, and it was considered that she was dead. Her mother went into the adjoining room, and thus lamented; "My dear girl is dead, and, from the awful forebodings of her mind, where can I imagine she is gone, but to that place she so much dreaded?" But after a short time she heard a voice faintly uttering, "Mother," which, being repeated, she returned to her daughter, and beheld a smile upon her face. "O mother," she exclaimed, "I am so happy! I am not afraid to die! The Spirit of God has been, and has told me that Christ died for my sins. I am now going to heaven, to be with him and all his holy angels. O what a scene I shall have presently! Help me to praise my precious Jesus." She then shook hands with her friends, and lay down, for the last time. Her last words were expressive of communion with Jesus. She was aged thirteen years.

Bromley, Kent, 1840.

L. Z.

INQUIRY.

Messrs. Editors,—Your attention, or that of some of your esteemed correspondents, is requested to the following short statement and questions.

In a church with which I am connected, unpleasant feelings have arisen, in consequence of reports being circulated affecting the moral character of one of the members. Those reports have been inves-

tigated, but no satisfactory evidence has been obtained by which the party charged can be fixed with the offences imputed to her. The church has, in an orderly manner, pronounced its decision that the charges are not proved. Some of the members are dissatisfied with that decision, and have gone so far as to declare that they will not enter the place of worship any more, and they have accordingly absented themselves from the Lord's table and from the usual services ever since.

My questions are these. Are not the persons who so act guilty of *schism*, in thus refusing to submit to the decision of the majority of their fellow-members, and declining to fill up their places as usual? Consequently, are they not very much to be blamed? Also, what is the line of conduct which the pastor, deacons, and major part of the members ought to pursue under such distressing circumstances? it being borne in mind that the dissatisfied members do not pretend that there has been any deviation from doctrinal truth by the pastor or church, and that the only ground of complaint is, that the accused member has not been found guilty.

An answer in the next number of your valuable periodical, if possible, will be esteemed a favour by your constant reader,

October, 1841.

JUNIUS.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The Fourfold Peculiarity of the Church of God; a Sermon by C. Drawbridge.—Wellingborough, Darby; London, Higham. Price 3d. 1840.

What shining characters would the children of God be, if they could but listen to C. Drawbridge, and could but obey his exhortations! It has fallen to our lot to read many sermons by Calvinistic preachers, but we never recollect to have seen one in which exhortations were scattered with so lavish a hand. We do not mean that these exhortations are addressed to any but professedly believing characters; but upon them they are showered most unstintingly. We should have thought that the preacher's judgment was too firmly convinced of the doctrine of man's helplessness to have laid such a load of exhortations upon the back of his hearers; and had we been present, we strongly suspect our secret feeling would have been, "Art thou one of those of whom we read, that they bind grievous burdens upon the shoulders of the people, and will not themselves so much as touch them with one of their fingers?" And we think, after all these exhortations had fallen in such copious showers upon us, that we should have wanted to follow the preacher into the vestry, and from the vestry to his own house, and have watched him narrowly for the whole of the next week, whether he was all that he told us to be, and did all that he exhorted us to do. And if we found that inability was his theme in the parlour, and exhortation his theme in the pulpit, we should be apt to say, "Pray, Mr. Minister, let us have a little change. Preach the exhortations at home, and bring the inability abroad; and when you are all that you have told us to be in the parlour, we will allow you to come forward again with your exhortations in the pulpit. But till then our cry must be, 'Physician, heal thyself.'"

"The fourfold peculiarity of the church of God" consists in her being "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people," this being the text of the sermon. But why should this be a *fourfold* peculiarity? The expression limits the peculiarity of the church to four things, as if these four points were her distinguishing features, and that she had no more. But if all the titles of the church were summed up, we doubt not that the fertile pen of C. Drawbridge could produce two sermons a-week for a year, and then there might be a volume published with this title, "The Hundred and Fourfold Peculiarities of the Church of God."

On reading the title-page, we expected to find four experimental features of the church of God traced out; for it is this inward peculiarity that the living family chiefly desire to feel in themselves, and to be entered into and described by the servants of the Lord. But the preacher descants almost entirely on "her clothing of wrought gold," and says little or nothing of the inward glory of the King's daughter. What experience there is is quite of a general nature, and consists more of texts of Scripture than any tracing out of the work of the Spirit, in either pulling down or building up. We find in it no conscience work, no separation of the living from the dead, no digging into the vein of experience, either of trouble or joy, temptation or deliverance. The doctrine is as correct, for the most part, as the acutest Calvinistic critic could desire. The language, with some few exceptions where the preacher adorns his pulpit with a garland of artificial flowers, is nervous, clear, and forcible. In a word, the whole sermon is as polished as marble, and as—cold. Not that it wants energy; not that it is tame or dull; not that it is prolix and wearisome; not that it smacks of borrowed stores. It is as free from these faults as possible, and is a very well written and able discourse. But it sadly lacks, in our judgment, all that makes a sermon heard or read sweet and profitable.

First, it sadly wants *simplicity*. It does not read as the outpourings of a heart that "is ready to burst like new bottles," or of one who "speaks that he may be refreshed." (Job xxxii. 19, 20.) Such a one neglects all aiming at elegance of style and expression, and scorns the tawdry attire of a gaudy rhetoric. Full of matter, he pours it forth in language the most simple, because the most expressive. He has no time, nor indeed desire, to pick and choose flowery language; but he seizes the words that most vividly convey his ideas and feelings, and thus often rises to true eloquence, without thinking of or aspiring to it. Cecil defined eloquence to be "vehement simplicity," and we believe it to be a sound definition. But it is one that cuts off at a stroke all mere eloquence of words and flowery phrases, and throws these artificial roses and lilies into their right place—the milliner's bandbox. He that feels most will usually make the people feel most. The utterance of the heart can alone reach the heart; and none will be approved of by God, or be acceptable to God's people, but those ministers who, out of a believing, feeling, and exercised heart, speak with simplicity and godly sincerity.

The ephod of the high priest, under the Levitical dispensation, had upon its hem a golden bell and a pomegranate alternately. (Exodus xxviii. 34.) Such should be the spiritual dress of a true minister. His bell should be of gold, not base metal gilded; and between the golden bells of a gracious utterance there should be the pomegranate, the fruit to feed and refresh the thirsty people. These should be alternate; not all bells, nor all pomegranates; not all tinkling sound, nor all silent fruit; but gracious utterance and divine fruit, harmoniously

blended, and alternately following each other all round the hem of the robe,—all through the preacher's ministrations.

C. Drawbridge has a bell; but is it a golden one? "The juice of the pomegranate" (Sol. Song viii. 2) we do not taste, diffusing its spicy flavour through his pages. And this leads us to another deficiency.

Secondly, *Want of dew and savour*. He treats of the deepest, most solemn realities. The high privileges, the glorious blessings of the church of God, are clearly and vividly set forth. But his flowing descriptions move us not, touch not our heart, communicate no feeling to our soul. He describes the beauty and glory of the church; but, as far as he moves our heart by it, he might as well have described the beauty and glory of the Queen of Sheba. He brings forth and vividly expatiates on the wardrobe of the Queen, the Lamb's wife; but, though our heart is not always obdurate, he stirs and melts it as little as if he described the crown jewels in the Tower, or the state robes at Buckingham Palace. He draws a picture of a saint; but, as far as it touches our conscience, he might as well have sketched a likeness of Gog and Magog. And he exhorts us to a multiplicity of good actions; but his exhortations fall as powerless on our ears as the old-fashioned exhortations of the orthodox drones in the Establishment, not to break down the hedges, fall upon the sleeping pilferers.

And why, O! why, should such good descriptions, such earnest exhortations, be all thrown away? Why, O! why, should so much eloquent breath be spent in vain, and so much ink be shed to no purpose? Ah! there is the grand secret. There could not be a better statue than that which the religious chisel of the clever pulpit-artist has here executed. The anatomy is good; the proportions excellent; the muscles well brought out. But, alas! it wants life. It is a statue; and that is all. A few simple words, half a dozen lines, breathing dew, unction, and power, would do us more good than half a dozen such sermons. Half a page of Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*, or half a hymn of Hart, will more profit, comfort, and edify the soul, when spiritually felt, than all that C. Drawbridge has written, or probably ever will write.

Professors will fight against us for writing *Tekel* on all preachers and all books that lack this life and power. And well they may; for they know not what it is. "The way of life is above to the wise;" and, as such, is above the sight and out of the reach of every dead professor.

But it is our mercy to know and feel that there is such a thing as dew and unction; and, as such, we dare not do otherwise than contend for it. And, thrust forward as we have been by circumstances, and those not of our own making, into our present position, we hope to maintain our standing upon this point, heedless of the sneers and personalities that are launched against us, and, though most unwilling to wound any man's feelings, not daring to sacrifice our conscience, or the profit of our spiritual readers to any such natural considerations. Nay, we are sure that in thus contending for life and power, we carry with us not only the verdict of our own conscience, but the universal testimony of the living family. Though all cannot describe what they want, nor all, perhaps, see in whom the deficiency of dew and savour is, yet all who have been quickened into spiritual life have an inward craving after the unction of the Holy Ghost in their souls. And however towering professors may rave and bluster about the doctrines of grace, and that to preach them is all that is required, they will never be able to beat down the living children from the inward verdict of their consciences, that dew and savour are realities, and that without them all religion is empty and vain.

We will make some extracts to substantiate our views of this sermon, accompanying them with a running commentary.

"Beloved, your royal liberty is great with God and with men; it is confirmed to you, and in you, by the Holy Spirit in the perfect law of liberty; but take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak. (1 Cor. viii. 9.) Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion of the flesh, but by love serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. (Gal. v. 1, 13, 14.) Consider your high descent from God, your holy vocation of God; forget not your throne, crown, sceptre, robes of royalty, and paraphernalia of office; be not unmindful of the altar, the candlestick, the table of show-bread, the incense, the fire, the offerings, and vestments peculiar to your priesthood; observe well that royalty imparts energy to the priestly service, and priestly sanctity is a beautiful veil over the lustre of royalty. *Royalty claims the just performance of Heaven's promises, and priestly humility exhibits the well-established ground of those claims. As kings you claim, as priests you supplicate; was it ever known but in God's choice that a family existed, all kings and all priests? Ah, no! it never can again occur in the records of the skies, that he has another royal priesthood like unto you. Consider well, then, I beseech you, the solemn dignity and glorious sanctity of your character; a character which is the property of Deity in you, and the treasure of Christ with you.*"

The first part of this extract is almost wholly Scripture language, and therefore clearly unexceptionable. But to quote Scripture in this way is of very little profit. The work of a minister is not so much to *quote* as to *open* Scripture. The first requires only a good memory, but the latter needs a divine gift. Thus we read that Paul "reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, *opening and alleging.*" (Acts xvii. 2, 3.) There are in the church of God babes, little children, young men, and fathers, all of whom need their separate portion; and it is the business of a heaven-sent minister to trace out the character of each, and bring forth food suitable for each. He is then "a faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord has made ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season." (Luke xii. 42.) But merely to quote Scripture generally, or throw down an unassorted mass of exhortations among babes, young men, and fathers, without any tracing out of character, or any discrimination of the weak from the strong, is not "rightly to divide the word of truth," nor to "feed the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." Had the preacher shown what liberty was, who enjoy it, and how it is maintained, and then given the exhortation, "Stand fast therefore in the liberty," &c., it would have been a seasonable exhortation; but at present it is valueless, for want of this previous discrimination.

The middle of the extract, "consider your high descent from God," &c., labours under this fault, that he has not shown the spiritual meaning of "the altar, the candlestick, the table of shewbread," &c.; and thus all this cloud of words carries with it no instruction. What consolation a poor child of God can gather from this sentence we know not. "Observe well that royalty imparts energy to the priestly service, and priestly sanctity is a beautiful veil over the lustre of royalty." Why, nineteen out of twenty would not understand the meaning of the words, and the twentieth could gain no edification from them. One passage we have marked in italics to point out that the author holds the abominable doctrine of *claim*—a sure evidence of an unhumiliated, unbroken heart.

"You are concerned in holy traffic; in the great metropolis of your holy nation, the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God your

Saviour, hath built a Royal Exchange; here, all who have mourning in their souls, a spirit of heaviness on account of their sins and iniquities, who have clothed themselves in sackcloth and ashes because they are men of unclean lips; here all such are business men, entitled to enter on 'Change as spiritual merchants; the King graciously meets with them in 'Change hours, and executes large barter, giving the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and beauty for ashes. By these means spiritual commerce is in a flourishing condition; the nation in every direction appears in a most enviable light in the eyes of adversaries; the old wastes are built upon, former desolations are raised up, the rubbish is removed from the waste cities, and they are repaired; even the desolations of many generations give way to the spirit of enterprise; and soon the time shall fully arrive when the sons of strangers shall build up your walls, and their kings shall minister unto you. (Isa. lviii. 1—14; lx. 1—22; lxi. 1—11.) This shall be your flourishing condition, holy nation, providing always that ye take away the yoke from the midst of you, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day. And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. Bear in mind, holy nation, that provincial habits, customs, and speeches, are the peculiarities of many who present themselves upon the King's business on 'Change; and in the various houses which are set apart for praise, prayer, and preaching, in the name of your Holy God. Be gentle, kind, and tender-hearted to such, when you meet with them; forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you. (Eph. iv. 29—32.) Do not put a man into prison, because he does not pronounce a word exactly correct, or see a doctrine with your eyes; be not of a fierce countenance when you meet some of the royal subjects of King Jesus, using crutches, wearing large red crosses upon their garments, and sighing because of their distresses; neither be of violent speech to those who are not so high in stature as you approve; waste not your precious time in foolish questions and genealogies, and contentions, and strivings about the law; for they are unprofitable and vain. (Tit. iii. 8, 9.) Remember, that righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people. (Prov. xiv. 34.)

The preacher, in the first part of the above extract, handles the subject in quite a commercial manner. Were spiritual bargains so easily adjusted as he represents, we could find him plenty of business as a broker; or, as "men of unclean lips" are scattered widely apart, he might do very well for a *traveller*. His enterprise and bustling activity would be very useful for such an office. But alas! the mourning family find that "spiritual commerce is" in anything but a "a flourishing condition," nor do they feel themselves "entitled to enter on 'Change." Has our author forgotten that the leper dwells without the camp, and dares not come into the busy mart? Does not this off-hand language of his afford a sad evidence that he knows very little experimentally of what he is preaching about? But there is something in the above extract which sounds to us also very suspicious, and something which sounds very unintelligible. "Do not put a man in prison because he cannot see a doctrine with your eyes." This affords a strange latitude. A Socinian cannot see the doctrine of Christ's Deity, nor a Sabellian that of Three Persons in the Godhead, nor an Arminian that of election. Are all these to be received because they cannot see a doctrine with our eyes? What subjects of King Jesus "wear large red crosses upon their garments," we know not. No one, we believe, has ever seen or heard of these red crosses, except in Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*, where the dresses of all the monastic orders are represented. Nor have we ever visited Oscott, or Maynooth, where we believe their living representatives may now be found. It probably, however, has a figu-

native meaning; but our plummet is too short to reach to the bottom of its allegorical signification.

"They cannot love the ways of sin, which once yielded them all the satisfaction of which sinners can boast; the company of their former companions is now a serious tax upon them, and the remembrance of former things is the bane to their present comfort; peculiarity makes all the difference between their present and past pursuits, tastes, and enjoyments. From the peculiar love of God to them arises their peculiar love for each other; the parties whom they once shunned with abhorrence as canting hypocrites, they now embrace with ardour as a peculiar people, perplexed, persecuted, blessed, and honoured as themselves. The word of God, which was once regarded by them as a book of contradictory figments, is now esteemed as their heavenly Father's will; the ordinances, which were ridiculed as fanatical mummery, are now enjoyed as peculiar resources of holy excellences; the spiritual converse, which was once sneered at as unintelligible jargon, is now used as a medium of peculiar spiritual profit; in truth, they are so peculiarly adapted to each other's company, that they are not fit companions for any except the characters known of God as his peculiar people. Peculiar trials are conspicuous in the lot of this people upon earth; the plague of the heart is well understood by them, and by them only amongst the children of men; some talk of it, others suppose they understand it, but they are appointed in a peculiar manner to experience the depths of the mystery of iniquity in opposition to the depths of the mystery of godliness. They groan, being burdened with sin, transgression, and iniquity; deep calleth unto deep. In their experience they feel fully assured that no one can take a lower place in his own estimation before God than they do. "I am the chief of sinners," is the heartfelt cry of every spiritually-taught member of this peculiar people. Agonies, of which the fallen sons of Adam, in an unregenerate condition, are not susceptible, fill their souls with a horror of great darkness; such a darkness as God only, the glorious Sun of Righteousness, can dispel. It is peculiarly distressing to them when God hideth his face; the Bible is a sealed book; proud nature raging in rebellion against God; the professor taunting; the possessor vexing; the Gospel ordinances as dry wells; prayer an insuperable difficulty; conversation upon divine matters a tedious work; cares of the world producing fretfulness, and stirring up the fool's cry in the heart, "No God;" and every evidence of interest in eternal realities strongly and repeatedly questioned. In addition to these things, the world's attempts to charm them at such seasons; parleying with sin; yielding to fretfulness and peevishness of spirit; and Satan, the father of lies, suggesting that all is lost; eternal displeasure from God, and eternal recrimination from him being their portion for ever. Truly these things alone would prove the Lord's people to be a peculiar people. For what grief is it to a son of Belial if he cannot pray, hear, read, and meditate upon covenant-love, precious blood, and sovereign faithfulness, cheerfully and feelingly? None whatever. But this people is peculiar in their character as the followers of God; none upon earth so independent as they are, yet none more dependent; heirs of heaven, yet in many instances almost wanting the common necessities of life; careful for nothing, having nothing, yet prayerful concerning every matter in experience, and possessing all things in Christ."

Ah! we have some experience here. Surely we have some good ground now. And we must say, that did this extract tally with the rest of the sermon, we should read it with pleasure. But it seems to us but the new piece put into the old garment, which makes the rent worse, a little of the new wine put into the old bottle-skin, which only makes it burst. It therefore sounds in our ear as a doctrinal experience, and is therefore distorted and confused. We may be wrong, and we hope we are; but do weigh it well, spiritual reader, and see if he has not sadly jumbled together distinct stages of experience,—if he has not taken up the whole road in his arms, and thrown it down again into one confused heap. "The word of God is now esteemed as their

heavenly Father's will; the ordinances are now enjoyed as peculiar resources of holy excellences." (A strange description of ordinances by the way!) And yet these people have "agonies" and "horrors." But there are no agonies and horrors when they know God as "their heavenly Father." We cannot gather from this description when are the "agonies," and when are the "excellences;" whether the agonies precede the excellences, or the excellences precede the agonies, or whether they follow each other, like the bell and the pomegranate.

But we come now to a sovereign remedy for all the agonies, and a sure heightener of all the excellences. The preacher bids you "cheer up;" and you cannot be so disobedient as to refuse to be cheerful, when he exhorts you with such almost episcopal authority.

"Cheer up, peculiar objects of covenant favour, for the day is at hand in which your peculiar Lord and Master shall commend you, and admit you fully into his joy; there *peculiarity shall shine upon you* in undiminished effulgence for ever and ever. A few more peculiar temptations, besetments, and sorrows; a few more peculiar doubts, fears, and deeds of rebellion; a few more peculiar deliverances, assurances, inconstancies, and agonies; a few more peculiar changes from cold to heat, and from heat to cold, and you shall be for ever with the Lord; where your affliction in time, however long, painful, peculiar, and vexatious, shall appear as if it had been but for a moment, being outweighed by the eternal weight of glory. Then all peculiarities in providence and grace of an afflictive and consolatory description shall yield, as darkness to the dawning day, before the inconceivably glorious peculiarity of the many mansions in your Father's house. Suffer the word of exhortation, beloved and peculiar people of God. Be peculiar aspirants *after your own right* in Jesus, the Covenant-Head over all things for your sakes; *but be not peculiar mimics of the worst features in the conduct of your fellow-travellers to heaven. Ignorance, pride, conceit, and wilfulness are the sources of great bondage, gloom, and despondency; shun them, therefore, as you would a pest-house. O peculiar people! get wisdom, get understanding in your divine inheritance; then you will not be the plaything of the lawyers, against whom your heavenly Counsellor has denounced a woe, nor the fancy work of men who glory in their shame, and mind earthly things. Forsake not Wisdom; she shall preserve you against any foolish speeches about your hard hearts and devilish feelings; love her, and she shall keep you from falling into the snares of religious cant, mock humility, and affected gloomy actions. Wisdom is the principal thing to promote your cheerfulness, to dissipate your gloom, to repel Satan, and to enable you to glorify God in your spirit, soul, and body, which are his property; therefore get wisdom in that which is acceptable to God; then shall you feel all the peculiar blessedness of light sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart; and, with all your getting, get understanding of your Father's will, and the love that dictated that will; then shall you be promoted to peculiar honour, even to show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light. Be not of a sad countenance, O peculiar people, holy nation, royal priesthood, chosen generation! but show forth his praises whom you love and fear; hide not your praises under your complaints; conceal not his rights beneath your wrongs; let not your praises wait upon your lamentations; exonerate him from all blame which may be attached to his dealings with you, by your cheerfulness, in songs of praises loud and fervent, scriptural and constant."*

"*Peculiarity shall shine upon you*" is a strange, and, we think, an unbecoming expression, and we wonder it should have dropped from the pen of so correct a writer. But this is not the worst part of the above extract. We know that we are thought harsh in our judgments upon many authors. But is there not a cause? Weigh well, ye exercised souls, the passages which we have marked in italics. Do not be deceived with the upper current of general experience flowing smoothly along. Look at the under current, and see what it throws up from the bottom.

"*After your own right in Jesus.*" The doctrine of claim again! "*Be not peculiar mimics,*" &c. Look how the under current throws up the inward dislike to, and contempt of the mourners in Zion. We never heard before that "ignorance, pride, conceit, and wilfulness were the sources of great bondage, gloom, and despondency." Ask all the living family, and they will tell you that guilt of conscience, darkness of soul, and the bidings of God's countenance are the sources of bondage, gloom, and despondency. Nor do we once find Job, David, or Jeremiah assigning as causes of their bondage and despondency what the author of this Sermon has declared to be such.

We wish the preacher had given us a definition of "wisdom." We understand by it the Mediator, "who of God is made unto us wisdom;" but we shrewdly suspect that the author of this sermon means by it "a knowledge of the doctrines." Received into a seared conscience, such a letter-knowledge will indeed preserve its recipients from "talking about their hard hearts and devilish feelings." But the honest-hearted children will after all talk as they feel; nor will they give up their complaints, because those who are not plagued all the day, nor chastened every morning, call the expression of their feelings "religious cant and mock humility." And whilst they know that Christ in their heart, the hope of glory, can most effectually "dissipate their gloom, and repel Satan," they know equally well that the gloom is too deep to be dissipated, and Satan too violent an enemy to be repelled by any such sorry substitute as the knowledge of the truth in the letter.

The last sentence reminds us of Solomon's words; "As be that taketh away a garment in cold weather, and as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart." (Prov. xxv. 20.) Well may a troubled soul shiver and *effervesce* under such song-singers.

And now, lest any of our mild and kind-hearted readers should think us needlessly harsh and severe, we will give one more extract, which, we believe, will draw aside the veil, and show how far the preacher really loves the exercised family of God, though he discourses so fluently about agonies and horrors.

"Show forth his praises in the house of prayer, joyfully appreciating the means of grace; be not parsimonious in praises; rather let them wait upon God in Zion, than otherwise. Show them forth in all your conversation about his dealings with you. If you grieve, let it be done in such a manner as will show forth his praises, not by one or two acts of praise, but numerous and incessant acts of high admiration and joyful submission. Let all your expressions in the world upon commercial, domestic, and personal matters, show forth in the most conspicuous manner that praises to God are in character with the most painful and harassing events. Show forth his praises in the trying bereavements of this mutable world; call things by their proper names; all that is perishing in this world is but lent by God to be taken away at his pleasure, but all that God hath secured for ever in Christ to his people, has been freely given; show forth his praises then in using his loans so as to be ready to give them up cheerfully when called for, and his gifts so as to glorify the giver. *Be not ambitious to imitate the sad and dolorous sayings of those who profess to be experimental believers; if by their fruits you are to know them, assuredly their stacks are very sorry plants, seeing they bring forth such sour fruits for so many years. Rather than imitate these unprofitable characters in their unseemly movements, show forth the praises of your God; hang them out as splendid trophies upon the projections of trouble and sorrow; spread them abroad over your hard lots and distressing incidents, as Rachel spread the camel's furniture over her father's images.* (Gen. xxxi. 34.)"

We thought that he could not go through the sermon without some cut at the tried and exercised family, and here we have it in full. Does

not this explain his real views about "agonies" and "horrors?" Such things, when really felt, are not to be concealed by "camel's furniture." That will do well enough to hide the *images*, the dead imitations of experience, and Labaus are in search of no other; but the living realities will heave up under all such coverings. Nor will living souls, passing through these, mock God by singing his praises, when their hearts are full of heaviness. We greatly fear that the whole sermon is more the product of a clever head, than the fruit of an exercised feeling heart. And if it be asked why, such being the case, we review the sermon at all, our answer must be, that it is at the express request of the author. If it be objected that in so doing we have occupied too much valuable space, we must plead as an excuse that we could not do it satisfactorily in less compass, and that it has afforded us an opportunity of expressing our views and feelings on some important points.

EDITORS' REMARKS.

There are some things in C. K. B.'s experience that we like, and sufficient to lead us to a hope that he has been quickened into spiritual life. But one thing much surprises us, that he should teach his children to say what is commonly called "the Lord's prayer." "It often makes me shudder," C. K. B. confesses, "when I hear their little *innocent* lips say, 'Our Father.' Poor little dears, they little know what I feel when I cannot join with them and say, Our Father." What does C. K. B. mean by their "*innocent* lips?" Has he forgotten the Holy Spirit's testimony, where repenting David confessed, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me?" (Ps. xi. 5.) We cannot indeed understand how any one who has been taught to worship God in spirit and in truth can teach his children to pray at all; but how he can put into their carnal and unclean lips (Isa. vi. 5) language which is the solemn and peculiar breathing of the Holy Ghost in regenerate souls, when he enables them to cry, "Abba, Father," is to us most staggering, and, were there not some little symptoms of divine fear apparent in him, would make us conclude that he was altogether out of the secret. What shudders in you, C. K. B.? If your new nature, what does it shudder at? Is it not at the mockery and profanation that your children commit? Then it must shudder at what your enlightened conscience tells you is displeasing to God. Why, then, do you deliberately make your children do that which you thus shudder at as a mockery? "Be not deceived," C. K. B.; "God will not be mocked."

POETRY.

HYMN.

My latter day draws nigh;	To will is present, Lord,
At most it can't be long;	But, ah! how to perform,
To thee, dear Lord, I cry,	To trust thy gracious word,
For grace to make me strong.	Or stand amidst the storm,
With doubts and fears I am withstood;	Surpasses all my strength and power,
O bear me safe through Jordan's flood!	And makes me sigh and groan each hour.
No good dost thou expect	O for more grace to walk
From helpless, fallen man;	In wisdom's ways at large,
Nor can thine own elect,	Of Jesus' love to talk,
E'en when they're born again,	Which gives a full discharge
In their own strength perform what's good,	From Moses' law, which I have broke,
No; this alone's the work of God.	And takes away the galling yoke!

THE GOSPEL STANDARD,

OR,

FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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SEA-DIFFICULTIES TO MARINERS TO ENDLESS BLISS.

"These things have I spoken unto you that ye should not be offended," said Christ; and "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me," adds, in another place, the same Divine person. And indeed that the causes of offence are many we but too well know, in the grievous rebellion of our carnal nature, as regards the supernatural profession of Christ.

First. "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." "Forget also thine own people and thy father's house. So shall the king greatly *desire* thy beauty, for he is thy Lord." A loss of natural kindred is ~~thus~~ one cross that makes our flesh shrink. (Gen. xii. 1; Psalm xlv. 10, 11.)

Secondly. The multitudinous difficulties in the way itself (Christ is the way) make us stagger. How many severe winds blow at us in the face to begin with, or afterwards! The wind Euroclydon is a notable one. (Acts xxvii. 14.) For no sooner has the south wind of a desire after heaven blown at times, perhaps softly, and supposing we have obtained our purpose, (of fleeing from the wrath to come,) lo, what bursts on our startled soul but this unexpected Euroclydon, a boisterous tempest, insomuch so that finally all hope that we shall be saved is taken away. (Acts xxvii. 20.) O the wringing of hands that ensues! O the calling of ourselves the most miserable of men, though all the while we are in the royal way! But this we cannot believe till God makes us see it, though prophecy *forewarned* us of it. But, alas, we sew pillows to our armholes, which *wrath* mercifully tears all to ribands, and scatters, like Ezekiel's hair, to all winds. (Ezek. v. 2, 12.) For Paul, by the Spirit, forewarns all us fleeing from the wrath to

come, concerning this unwonted wind, Euroclydon, of most desperate trouble and dismay. "Wherefore, when we could no longer forbear, we sent Timotheus to establish you, that no man should be *moved* by *these* afflictions. For yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto. For verily when we were with you we told you before that we *should* suffer tribulation, even as it came to *pass*, and ye know." (1 Thess. iii. 1, &c.) But this Euroclydon, or wind of soul-trouble, blows from all quarters at once; that is the worst of it to our slender reckonings, although it is a title-deed manifest to our interest in Christ. For of them who enjoy Christ perfectly it is said, "These are they who came out of *great* tribulation." The Euroclydon of dismay is dreadful at times on living souls. It made Hezekiah turn to the most secret closet of groaning supplication, and to feel the sentence of destruction in his own feelings. It made him (wise as he was) to be chattering like a swallow, or a crane; "like a lion, so would the Lord break all his bones," said he, so upset was he. (Isa. xxxviii. 13, 14.) So completely was David blown up by this "tempest," that all rationality was *apparently* destroyed in him for a time. "And David arose and fled that day for fear. And he feigned himself mad in their hands. Then said Achish unto his servants, Ye see the man is mad; have I need of mad men, that ye have brought this fellow in my presence?" (1 Sam. xxi. 10, 13, 14.) David spake of himself also thus to Saul; "After whom hast thou come out? after whom dost thou pursue? After a dead dog? after a flea?" (1 Sam. xxiv. 14.) so completely through and through was the renowned, valour-endowed king of Israel, David, blown by the felt Euroclydon of trouble of soul, yea, and of body too, as it says of him, as I have quoted, "he arose and *fled*." The fear of Saul was upon him. And the fear of God, as a consuming fire, seeking to slay us, is upon quickened souls at times. "For I said in my haste, I am cut off." "And it came to pass by the way, that the Lord met him, and sought to kill him." (Exod. iv. 24.) "I shall perish one day," said David in heart. (1 Sam. xxvii. 1.) Yea, and "their heart *shall* meditate terror; the show of their countenance doth witness against them; and their faces shall be as flames." Peter speaks of the fiery trial, and cautions us not to think it strange. (1 Peter iv. 12.)

It is acknowledged that this Euroclydon of sorrow does not *equally* try all the vessels of mercy. Some are more dismally tossed than others; but this I will maintain, that all the elect are sailors, and therefore are on the moving waters of unsettledness. Otherwise, what need have they of "an anchor," if they never are *made* to venture on the stormy main? Thus Christ is compared to an anchor; (Heb. vi. 19;) for he is our "hope," and you know those on the seas are to look for extremities. "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who is our hope." (1 Tim. i. 1.) Thus anchorage amid sea difficulties, as well as victory over the stormy blasts of life, is our Lord Jesus to the seed of promise. For it is he that sends forth judgment unto victory to the bruised reeds and flax-like scorched penitents of Israel. If, therefore, navigation is part of the Christian's *tempestuous* learning, alas! alas! what rocks and what shelves, I will warrant you, there are on the sea between time and eternity, which the Christian has to sail over! The sea between nature and grace is thus a stormy passage; as it is written, "Our God *shall* come, and it *shall* be *very* tempestuous round about him." (Ps. l. 3.) The roarings of the old lion, Satan, are loud, like as the surges and storms on the sea swell and dash and howl. Inward blasphemy, providential difficulties to try us, the mocking of the Arabians, (the empty professors,) in perils from false brethren, the treacherous calm of worldly

ease and prosperity, and the rude and rough handlings of sorrow by which we are distracted at times—these things make navigation from nature to grace perilous, and (as far as we can see at times) at a great risk. “I perceive that this voyage will be with much *damage*.” (Acts xxvii. 10.) For our God *shall* come, and walk, and dwell in the regenerate soul, which causeth no little uproar in the carnal feelings. O the jaggings, pulling, and tearing that there are in the soul when our God actually comes thereinto! O the tossings of the carnal mind! “And he shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people,” and gather together our dissipated and dispersed feelings, inasmuch as we have, in the new man, made a covenant with him by the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus: “And the heavens declare it in our souls, for God is judge himself of it there,” (Psalm l. 6,) for “the Spirit beareth witness thereto in our souls.” O the clashing that these things make in the soul experiencing them! The heavens from above, and the billows from beneath, amid varied vicissitudes and unlooked-for changes, surely make this navigation very perilous! How I am certain every free-will vessel will be wrecked, and every *volunteer*-cruiser must be mast-dismantled and sunk. And why? Because they began with God, and God did not begin with them. And these gallant ships God sinks at the mouth of the dead sea of final and due destruction. He dismantles all free-will galleys with oars, all academy-made ministers and their flocks, all Balaam-akin head-Calvinists and their deluded adherents, God shipwrecks them all finally by bulging in their sides with the heavy cannonade of a conviction of a capital crime. They are charged with letter-Christianity, or freewill; and, amid the triumphant artillery of heaven, “they thus lie with the mighty that are fallen of the uncircumcised, and with them that go down to the pit that are slain by the sword.” (Ezek. xxxii.) Thus, no free-will vessel can race over the bar that guards the entrance to the heavenly harbour. No boat of man’s plotting can ever get over *that* formidable barrier, among the vessels of mercy finally victorious over the perils of the Christian seas. It is only God-made, supernatural, and experiencing vessels of honour, with all their streamers flying, and their perfect equipment, terrible as an army, and more brilliant than the sun itself flaming in the noon-day firmament, that can ever finally outrace the devil, sin, death, and hell, and shoot out of the perils of the sea of life into the tranquil harbour of eternal rest.

(To be continued.)

Abingdon.

I. K.

BALLAST NEEDFUL.

My dear Friend,—I fear if I delay writing much longer, that you will begin to think that I have forgotten my promise to do so altogether. But indeed I feel such a disinclination to put pen to paper, that I often drive off answering the letters of my correspondents till shame fairly compels me to write to them a few lines, and then, perhaps, when I have broken through my backwardness, I feel less difficulty in writing than I expected. Various causes make me slow to write. Sometimes slothfulness, sometimes inability to think, much more to write a good thought, sometimes darkness of soul, so that I can scarcely discern my right hand from my left, sometimes such deadness and iciness of spirit that I have no heart whatever toward one spiritual thing, and sometimes pressure of other business, as preaching, travelling, &c.,—these and other causes hinder me continually from writing to my friends.

It seems a sad tale to be complaining continually to God and man of our deadness, unbelief, darkness, filth, and pollution. We would fain soar above these "miry places," which cannot be healed with the waters of the river of life, but are "given to salt," that is, perpetual barrenness. (Ezek. xlvii. 11.) We would fain mount upon eagles' wings, and feast upon dying love and atoning blood. We are weary and tired of so much wintry weather; and, finding all the leaves, flowers, and fruit stripped from our trees, compelled by soul feeling, we cry out against ourselves as so perpetually base and vile, so idolatrous and adulterous, so backsliding and prone to err, so unbelieving and unable to do the things that we would. But how could grace be grace, how could it be manifested as grace abounding and superabounding over sin, unless we daily felt our vile body of sin and death? We should be conquerors without fighting, winners without running a race, at peace without ever having been at war, professors of religion without a possession of reality and power, were it not for having such a daily conflict. I can fancy an ignorant person standing by the sea-side, and seeing the sailors bringing ballast on board "What are you doing," he would cry, "with all that dirty sand, and all those pebbles and gravel that you are putting into the ship? You will surely sink her. She is half-way down in the water already. The first storm will blow her over. She never can sail with all that heavy load on board." Such are the words a landsman would use. But a grey-haired, weather-beaten sailor would say, "Friend, I see you know nothing about the matter. All this ballast and these heavy loads which we put into the hold of our ship make her sail steadily. These very weights are her safety; and, were it not for them, our gallant ship would go to the bottom in the first gale of wind." So spiritually. What makes a Christian sail steadily? Weights and burdens. What makes him contend for life, and power, and feeling? A heavy load in his soul. What makes him separate from dead professors, notional Calvinists, whitewashed Pharisees, painted Arminians, and ungodly Antinomians? Plenty of inward trouble. Not that weights and burdens in themselves can have any gracious effect, any more than the ballast in the hold of a ship can drive her through the waves. But God the blessed Spirit works through and by means of these weights and burdens. They are tools in his divine hands, just as the carpenter handles the axe and the hammer, and so a work is done by them in your soul. What is the saw or the hammer without a skilful hand to use them? There they lie, motionless and useless, on the ground; but the joiner takes them up, and forthwith brings out a chair. So all our troubles, and doubts, and fears, and sorrows, and afflictions do our soul no good, unless the Lord work in and by them, and then they become really and spiritually profitable. Thus guilt makes way for pardon, darkness for light, deadness for life, unbelief for faith, impatience for resignation, and despair for a hope both sure and steadfast, and that anchors within the veil. Salvation, with all its accompanying blessings, is sought for as a divine and revealed reality. Christ is desired, highly prized, and, when manifested, firmly believed on, because he is felt and found to be a Saviour so suitable to our deep necessities. The teachings, operations, leadings, visitations, consolations, and gracious anointings of the Holy Ghost are sought after, earnestly desired, sighed and groaned for, because the needy and naked soul is utterly destitute without them. God the Father is worshipped and adored in spirit and in truth, and the soul is spiritually taught to serve him with godly fear and holy reverence. The bible is loved, because so full of suitable food and instruction; the true sent servants of the Lord are highly prized, as messengers of mercy and interpreters of our experience; the children of God

are valued and loved, as travellers in the same path, and fellow-sufferers, as well as fellow-heirs of the grace of life; worldly people are shunned, because their hearts and lives are at enmity with the God of truth; carnal professors are departed from, because they savour not of the things of God, but the things of man; secret prayer is practised, because the soul is taught its deep need of spiritual blessings, and that they are the good and perfect gifts of the Father of lights, who seeth in secret.

And what follows all this secret work in the conscience, so far as it is outwardly manifested by the life and conversation? The scorn and hatred of the world, the slanders of false professors, the persecution, where possible, of worldly superiors, the malice of the devil, and the rebellion of our own vile and wicked heart. By these things, as by hard labour, is the heart brought down; and this opens a way for visits from the Lord of life and glory, sips, tastes, and drops of divine savour, and the dewy operations of the Holy Ghost in the soul. There is found to be a power in vital godlieness. We feel that we have not followed cunningly-devised fables, and that there is a solemn and abiding reality in spiritual religion, which, when experienced, makes ample amends for all difficulties, risks, losses, crosses, and persecutions. Were the soul always here, we should think it would do well enough. But to go back to the old spot of doubt, and fear, and darkness, and inability, and soul poverty, this seems to damp all, and be like making ropes of sand, and drawing up water in a bucket with the bottom knocked out. But when, with all our exertions, we can neither twist the rope, nor draw the water, we are compelled to cry to Him who has all power in heaven and in earth, who can let down a cord from above of his own blessed twining, (the cord of love and the band of a man,) and supply our parched lips with a draught of living water. Our mercies we get by begging, and by begging hard too; and you know that hunger and nakedness make very importunate beggars.

Your cause seems still to stand, in spite of all enemies. I dare say it is often in your eyes, as well as in theirs, feeble enough; but the Lord has hitherto kept you together. May he lengthen your cords, and strengthen your stakes. Give my love to your minister and the friends.

Yours very sincerely, for truth's sake,

Oakham, October, 1840.

J. C. P.

POWER WITH GOD.

My dear Friend,—This is the first time that my head has been above water for many days; and as changes and war generally make me droop, languish, and faint, I therefore snatch this moment to unburden my conscience by telling you what the Lord has done for me.

A short time ago I felt my soul to sink within me on account of some bills which I could not pay, and the thoughts of losing my credit and sinking into disgrace distressed me sore. All apparent means of deliverance, on the right hand and on the left, were shut up; Satan was harassing me with the thoughts of a jail, my soul was sinking into despondency, and, to crown my woe, the throne of grace seemed barred and bolted against me, the mouth of prayer was completely stopped by sin and guilt, the feelings of my soul were that "refuge failed me," and destruction, horror, and despair seemed to overwhelm me. I was greatly bowed down, life itself seemed bitter, and all my experience and hope vanished. "What shall I do?"

burst from my soul. Read the Bible, perhaps that will prove a blessing to you. But, no; it was a sealed book. Try if you cannot pray; you have often been refreshed in prayer, and have obtained manifest and conspicuous answers. But, alas! without the Spirit of grace and supplications one can only chatter like a crane or a swallow. I found, when I went into my closet, that God had hid his face from me, and I was troubled. "What shall I do?" with great groanings, burst from my heart. Forget your troubles, make up your mind for the worst, and harden yourself in sorrow. But, alas! my heart was faint within me. "What shall I do?" said my soul again. "Take an ounce and a half of laudanum, or run a knife through your heart, and that will end your calamity," said the devil. This filled my soul with horror, and my blood seemed to run like ice through my veins; but the dread of damnation on the one hand, and a feeble hope in the mercy and pity of God on the other, held me, as it were, with an invisible and almighty power. This kept me in watchfulness before God, and at length I thought within myself that I was in a needy condition, and that there is a God of all power, a God, too, that is gracious, full of compassion, plenteous in mercy, yea, that delighteth in mercy; his eyes are upon me, and all men's hearts are in his hands. The recollection of past mercies somewhat encouraged me against hope to believe in hope, and I felt a sweet calm come into my soul; but my backslidings, my sins, and my base ingratitude caused me to fear whether God would ever appear for me again. "You might," says Satan, "as well dream of deliverance from the bottomless pit as to think of God's arm being ever again made bare for you." But, however, I felt a powerful persuasion that God pitied me, and that he would sooner or later deliver me. This proved more than a match for the devil's temptations and accusations, my own sins and backslidings, and my fears and despondency. The hope of an interest in divine favour at length made my heart contrite and broken, and by degrees my terrors, temptations, fears, and darkness fled. Confidence began to spring up in my mind, and I felt an inward drawing to secret prayer, so at length I ventured, and was enabled to pour out my soul to God. I could tell him all my troubles, plead very hard, being very needy; and as I prayed, my burdens were removed, my soul was fed and nourished, the God of heaven and earth greatly endeared to my weary soul, and after this the devil could not touch or move me. Shortly afterwards I knew that I had had power with God, and prevailed as a prince, for I received your letter containing a check for about the sum that I had been begging of God.

Ah! my dear brother, it is sweet, precious, soul-comforting, and establishing to prove the word of God to be true by heart-experience. This is the only effectual antidote to Atheism. "The living, the living shall praise thee, as I do this day," said Hezekiah after God had done great things for him. Communications betwixt the Vine and the branches are sure proofs of union, and the soul that knows Jesus experiences that it can bring forth in the soul no fruit only as it abides in Jesus. How soon we wither, fade, and droop, if left to

listen for a moment to temptation, sin, or the carnal mind; and bondage, darkness, and distress always follow when the holy sap ceases to flow from Christ to the Christian, and we find it easier to backslide from God than to find our way again to Zion; but when we are laden with almost insupportable woes and afflictions, we seek early to pour out a prayer when his chastening rod is upon us. The Spirit helps our infirmities with groanings which cannot be uttered, and God in tender mercy covers our head in the day of battle, when all hell seems in an uproar against us, the world is persecuting us, and sins, temptations, and afflictions are like a nest of scorpions in our souls. When God's justice is against us, our own conscience against us, the Bible against us, our experience against us, and indeed when all seems against us, and we think we must sink, we cry, like Peter, and that was the time for Peter to cry from his heart, "Lord, save, or I perish!" and that was the time for Christ to magnify his grace, power, and salvation. When the disciples were on a voyage, "there came down a storm of wind on the lake; and they were filled with water, and were in jeopardy; and they came to him, and awoke him, saying, Master, master, we perish. Then he arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water; and they ceased, and there was a calm." Here was real distress and real deliverance. God knows how to make us pray, and how to answer prayer. Many thanks to those who have been instruments of God's providence to me. From your unworthy brother,

W—, May, 1839.

J. S.:

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. SYMONS, OF BRISTOL.

My dear Friend,—I have the pleasure to inform you and all my dear friends in the Lord at S— that I and my daughter arrived at home in safety on the 29th of September, being much benefited in health, for which I feel thankful to the God of my every mercy, and also for the help afforded me in dispensing the word of life among you, which I trust was not altogether in vain in the Lord.

It will rejoice my heart to hear that it has been as bread cast upon the waters, which shall be seen after many days, and as good seed sown in good ground, prepared by the good Spirit, watered with the dew from off the everlasting hills, causing it to bring forth abundantly to the praise, and the honour, and the glory of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. As long as I live in this world, it will gladden my heart to hear that you grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour, in the glory of his person, and in the names, titles, offices, and characters which he bears for his redeemed sons and daughters, who are adopted into the Father's family, and constituted heirs of the grace of life, and for whom mansions of eternal glory are prepared. "Blessed are they whose transgressions are forgiven, and whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." These characters are every one complete in Christ; and for each of you to put your hearty

“Amen” to it, you will need the Holy Spirit to bear witness with your spirits that you are the children of the living God; and if you are thus favoured, faith and a good conscience will bear witness also. But to this mark of the prize of your high calling, I know that you all have not as yet attained. It is well if you are enlightened with the light of the living to see yourselves in your true colours, in the light of faith, as altogether depraved, filthy, and abominable; you will then loathe yourselves in your own sight, repent as in dust and ashes, and cry to the Father for mercy, to the Saviour for cleansing, and to the Spirit to take of the things of Christ and show them unto you. It is well if you are walking by this rule of faith; if so, there is no danger of your being contented with a name to live whilst you are dead, like those who have only a nominal faith, giving their assent and consent to the letter of truth, but who are at the same time destitute of the power, having merely a form of godliness, from whom all that are truly taught of God must turn away. A servant of the Lord may for a time settle on his lees, but he cannot stay there. The main branch of divine teaching is the knowledge of good and evil; and we shall generally be kept alive to the one or the other. How very mysterious, and at the same time how very powerful are the Lord's methods of teaching his people the mystery of iniquity, all of which are very painful, but at the same time very profitable; and so it is in his teaching them the knowledge of good, in leading them into the mystery of godliness, which contains the wonders of redeeming love, every part of which is very pleasing and very profitable. And you who have been taught these things are assured that you know no more of either one or the other than the Lord himself hath taught you, for as one is higher than heaven, so the other is deeper than hell. It is a great mercy for you and for me that the Spirit of truth, which convinceth of sin, doth guide into all truth, both of grace and of sin, whereunto you have already attained. May the Lord help you to walk by the same rule, and to be mindful of these things; “Be not high minded, but fear.”

When I was with you I said that you were below the even place, and wherever this is the case, there will be a want of discernment to distinguish between that which is of the flesh and that which is of the Spirit, that which is of ourselves and that which is of the Lord, particularly in religious exercises, in which Satan will gain advantage, and cause us sometimes to attribute that which is of himself to the Lord, and that which is of the Lord to himself. I know what it is to be far off, and also what it is to be brought nigh; in the former situation, a round of fleshly performances will frequently quiet the accusations of conscience, but can never satisfy the craving wants of a needy spirit; but in the latter state there is a friendly intercourse kept up between the Lord and our souls; we walk with Christ and he with us through the day, and at night we lie down to rest in him who saith, “Fear not, for I am with thee.” This way of walking by faith in and with the Lord will keep us, in the day of adversity, from murmuring, complaining, rebelling, and fretting against him; it will arm us with such armour of proof as will enable us to stand

against the wiles of the devil, keep the world in its proper place, and enable us sweetly to contemplate the utter destruction of the old man of sin; and in the day of prosperity we shall be kept humble, neither sacrificing to our own drag, nor burning incense to our own net, but glory in ascribing all glory to God and the Lamb, to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

May the Lord cause past events of a trying nature to work together with those that have been more pleasing for your good. Farewell; you stand by faith; the Lord keep you from falling, and at last, with your unworthy servant, present you faultless before the throne of his divine Majesty with exceeding great joy. Amen.

Yours in the Lord,

Bristol, Nov. 24, 1830.

J. SYMONS.

NOTE. The Memory of the late Mr. Symons is embalmed in the hearts of some of our readers in the West of England. We never saw him in the flesh, but have frequently conversed with some who sat under his ministry. He was an officer in the Excise, and preached first at Marlborough, Wilts, and in the latter end of his life at Bristol, paying occasional visits to Bath. His ministry has been described to us as having been of a very searching, discriminating, and experimental character. To pull down all refuges of lies, and allow no rest short of a revealed and manifested Saviour was, we understand, the leading feature of his ministry. "The memory of the just is blessed;" and holding him therefore in affectionate esteem, we feel a pleasure in presenting to our readers the above letter, and hope shortly to insert another from his pen which has been forwarded to us for that purpose.—EDS.

THE MALADY AND THE REMEDY.

Dear Friend,—I have no doubt you think it long before I reply to yours; but the fact is, I have felt quite fast in my mind, and have not known what answer to give, for I am not very fit to travel yet. If I possibly can, I should like to comply with your request.

If you ask me how I am, I can assure you that I am heartily sick of myself, and almost of everybody else. There is so much self-importance, and self-seeking, and flesh and blood working under a covert of truth, and I feel so much of the stinking oozings up of it in my own cursed old man, that, as I said before, I am heartily sick; and yet, strange to say, sick as I am, there it is, and there it works, till my very soul groans under its detestable workings. O that I was blessed with more singleness of eye to God's glory, and the real honour of his blessed truth, and that I could feelingly enter into the real spirit and power of what Paul felt when he said, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God," (Acts xx. 24,) and daily and steadily act under its divine influence! Through the matchless riches of God's grace, I am enabled at times to feel a little of it, and really act accordingly; but this cursed fleshly self appears in so many different ways, that I am often led to conclude that I am quite as able to manage the devil as I am to manage myself, and most awful management I make of it whenever I attempt to manage either. Well, here is my hope, the

management is in the hands of my dear Lord, and Christ has vanquished every foe by blood, and love, and power; and when the blessed Spirit is graciously pleased to lift up this glorious Christ as a standard in my conscience, I can really feel self, with every other foe, give way; Christ gains my whole soul, and then in every deed I can say that "I count not my life dear unto me, so that I may finish my course with joy," &c. There is such a divine glory in the teemings out of sovereign grace by the invincible energy of God the Holy Ghost, that when the blessed Spirit gives the soul a sweet measure of it under his rich unction, all things else are poor trash compared with a blessed Christ. O how sweet, how lovely it is when the Lord Jesus Christ and the soul meet together in love and blood, and hold solemn intercourse with each other, and the blessed Spirit bears a glorious and sealing witness to the meeting! This is a taste of heaven.

The God of peace be with you and yours. My love to your minister and to your spouse, and to all friends.—Yours in the Lord,
Manchester, April, 1841. W. G.

COUNSEL NEEDED.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—I have been a reader of your periodical from the commencement, and a well-wisher for its spiritual usefulness. The person now attempting to write you a few lines has been making a profession of religion for some years. I can remember, when quite a child, feeling at times sorrow because I was so wicked; and I recollect that once I was thrown into great trouble of mind by hearing two persons observe that they thought children were answerable for their sins after they were eight years of age. When very young I had my religious fits, and I would then be very serious, and delight in reading written prayers. But all this in a great measure passed off, and I became at last a very profane person, and was always, if possible, the most forward in wickedness. It was not till about the year 1832 that I was stopped (I hope by a divine power) in my mad career. One evening I went with some of my companions to a dancing and drinking party. When there, I strove with all my might to drive away melancholy, but could not, something did so press on my mind the conviction that I was doing wrong, and that I ought not to be there, which made me completely miserable. I left the company as soon as I could, and returned home. I prayed heartily to God for the pardon of my sin, and went to bed. From this time I forsook all the companions with whom I had associated, and took every opportunity of calling upon God and reading prayers. I was full of trouble, and it was fastened on my mind that I was a great sinner, and that there was a God who would punish all such. I was afraid to look or speak; if I were asked a question, I was afraid to give an answer, lest I should speak an untruth, and sin against God. My heart was full of all manner of wicked thoughts, and one, in particular, a horrid blasphemous one against the dear Redeemer, followed me for a long time. I did not know what to do. Every time I attempted to pray, this thought would come upon my mind more strongly than ever, and pained me dreadfully. I could do nothing but cry, "Mercy! mercy!" and pray that it might be taken from me. Thanks be to God, after a time it was taken away, but I hardly know how. Sometimes, while reading or praying, a hope would

spring up in my mind that I was a quickened soul, and that the Lord had passed by me and bid me live; but I have had much darkness, with only a very few gleams of light; much sorrow and trouble, but very little comfort. I have had many more fears that I was deceived than hopes that I was a living, Spirit-taught soul. At times I had encouragement and hope from certain passages of Scripture, such as this, "The eyes of them that see shall not be dim." I was led to reason in this manner: I hope the Lord has showed me, by the teachings of the Spirit, something of the vileness and deceitfulness of my heart, and some little of the beauty and blessed suitableness of Jesus Christ; and although these things are but seen dimly at present, yet the promise is that "the eyes of them that see shall not be dim." My mind had before that been led to see, with a little more delight than usual, the glory, graciousness, love, condescension; suitableness, and blessedness of the God-Man, Christ Jesus, as the Saviour and Redeemer of poor lost sinners; yet at the same time I could not call him mine, although I was not without a little hope that he would in a set time speak peace to my soul. Once while I was in a field praying and thinking over my case, these words came into my mind, "Hope thou in God, O my soul, for I shall yet praise him," and by them I was much encouraged. I have frequently had striking answers to prayers for friends in sickness, and for those in difficult and trying circumstances. I had read Mr. Huntington's works and the *Standard*, and had often sips and crumbs from each. I hoped and expected that I should soon be enabled to say, without wavering, "I know that he loved me, and gave himself for me," and that I should have power given me to cry, "My Lord and my God." I had such nearness in prayer that I believed that Christ would soon appear for my soul, and say, "I am thy salvation." But, alas! after a while my hopes began to lose their hold, and I seemed to slide gradually into my old place of doubting and questioning, and got again into a cold, careless, dead, and lifeless state. From this time there seems to be in my experience such a chasm that I have often written bitter things against myself, and concluded that I knew nothing of the matter from the blessed Spirit's teaching. That tenderness of conscience, that fear of sinning, and those tremblings of heart which I had in my first goings off being much abated, I have been ready to think that I never was awakened by divine grace, and that it all sprang from an enlightened judgment, and not from the Spirit of God. And yet, in the midst of all, and after all my doubts and fears, unbelief, coldness, and deadness, I believe I have had a something at the bottom of my soul that would awaken a hope, though weak, that I had been brought out of Egyptian darkness, and that I had heard in my soul the voice of the Son of Man, attended with light and life, which has alone kept me from utter despair. O that the Lord Jesus would kindle my desire after his blessed self! O that he would give me such intense hungerings, thirstings, and longings, that I could give him no rest till he proclaimed deliverance to my captive soul!

Dear Sirs, my chief object in writing at this time is to ask your opinion of my case. For some years I have been acquainted with a few friends who I hope were true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. We used to meet together for reading and prayer, and I have found it good to be there; but what with petty fallings out among some, and death in another, our meetings were broken up, and we were all separated. One of the friends, for whom I had a particular regard, and whom I esteemed as a sound and savoury Christian, is now joined to a church of Particular Baptists. Their pastor I believe to be a good man, but, in my opinion, there is little in his ministry calculated to

feed poor tried souls. He is sound in doctrine, and holdly contends for election, the new birth, &c., but he does not enter into the experience of the family of God. A poor hungry soul may go time after time, but he will seldom, if ever, hear any of the feelings of living souls opened up; he will have none of his stumbling blocks removed; he will hear little from which he can take encouragement to hope that his is the spot of one of God's dear children. This is not only my opinion, but it is the opinion of my friend, who has been baptized, and admitted into church fellowship; and when I occasionally call to see him, he often says to me, "You know it is the Lord's command, and you ought to be baptized, and join with them." Now, dear sirs, my question to you is, do you think I should be acting right; would you advise me to unite myself to that ministry where there is so little, if any, experimental food, and not over much doctrine?

I had no intention of troubling you with so much scrawl, but I trust you will excuse me; and should you think fit to offer a few observations in your useful periodical, in answer to my question, they would be thankfully received. Not wishing to be accounted invidious, and being unwilling to give a needless offence, I sign myself

Somersetshire, Nov. 19, 1841.

A REUBENITE.

[If matters are precisely as "A Reubenite," has stated them, our decided opinion is that he should *not* join the church to which he alludes. The reasons for this opinion are founded upon two distinct grounds; *first*, as regards himself; *secondly*, as regards the ministry to which he would attach himself.

1. As regards "A Reubenite" himself, it seems to us, from his own statement, that he is not at present a fit subject for baptism. That solemn ordinance does not seem to be laid on his conscience by the Holy Ghost. He does not say a word of its having come upon his mind either by way of privilege or of precept, either in sweet manifestation or powerful conviction. If he went through that ordinance, it would be at the solicitation of an esteemed friend, who tells him that he "ought to be baptized, and join with them." These "oughts" and "ought nots" are poor legal guides into gospel ordinances.

Nor does "A Reubenite" seem at present to possess "the answer of a good conscience toward God," without which, baptism is but the mere "putting away of the filth of the flesh." (1 Pet. iii. 21.) "The answer of a good conscience" is, when, made honest by the Spirit of truth, and purged in a measure by the blood of sprinkling, it echoes back the voice of God. But if He has never spoken of that ordinance in power to the soul, either in the way of privilege or precept, there can be no *answer*, no echo, no reply of conscience to that voice; and the baptism of such would be in the letter and after the flesh. Gospel ordinances are not to be attended to as legal duties.

2. But again, as far as regards the ministry of the Pastor of the church in question, we should advise "A Reubenite" *not* to join the church. It appears from his statement that he cannot sit profitably under his ministry. Why then should he join the church, and by so doing profess to receive the ministry which in heart he has no union with? Why should he tie such a burden upon his back unnecessarily, or abridge himself of his present liberty? To be tied down to an unprofitable ministry by circumstances over which we have no control is bad enough, but to forge one's self the chains that are to bind us, is far worse. If not mistaken in our judgment, "A Reubenite" will have to go into the furnace; and if in his present dark and barren state, he complains that the minister "does not enter into the experience of the family of God," what will he think and feel when his religion is cast into the melting-pot?

If our correspondent is "A Reubenite" indeed, he must expect "great searchings of heart," for that takes place "for" (or "in," *margin*) "the divisions of Reuben," and he will not complain of our having searched him. And we believe he will find it better to "abide among the sheepfolds," as a hearer, than to mingle "with the bleatings of the flock," by going himself into the pen. 'Jud. r. 16.)—EDS.]

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Dear Sister in Covenant Love,—The prayer of the worm in the valley is still on thy behalf, that he who is mighty to save may still continue to bless thee with a daily sense of thy own poverty, and keep up a hungering and craving appetite, and longing desire for the open vision of faith in Christ, and an application of the blood of atonement to thine heart and conscience by the power of the Holy Ghost. Then shall we have cause of further joy on thy behalf, knowing that it is such who believe to the saving of the soul, whose faith stands in the power of God. (1 Cor. ii. 5.) May this be thy happy portion, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen and amen.

I perceive, from your last letter, that there is still the breathing of a babe in grace, one who is desiring to be fed with the sincere milk of the word, that he may grow thereby. Ah! my dear sister, it is a mercy of mercies to have thine eyes opened to see, and thine heart made to feel its baseness, and thy tongue and lips touched with a live coal from the altar. Read Isa. vi. 5—8, and may the Lord the Holy Ghost sanctify it to thee. It is the glory of God by the power of his grace that discovers to the souls of the elect, who were, before all worlds, predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son, (Rom. viii. 29,) "who is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," and made higher than the heavens, their uncleanness, and contrariety to the bright and Morning Star. It is the power of his grace that puts a cry into the soul of the elect vessel of mercy, "Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may see wondrous things out of thy law." God grants the request, and shows the petitioner the end of all perfection beneath the sun, and the extent of his commandment, which is exceeding broad. (Psalm cxix. 96.) "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." (Psalm li. 17.) Mr. Hart very sweetly comments on these words as follows:

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

Yes, my dear friend, It is the Spirit of God using the word of God that breaketh the rocky heart in pieces. (Jer. xxiii. 29.) A rock broken is a rock still; and methinks you will say, "Ah! that is a true description of my heart, for it is as hard as a rock, at least it is chiefly so, and, try all I can, I cannot make it soft. I can read and bear of the sufferings of Christ, and my heart cannot, will not, feel or ache, but still remains as hard as a rock. And yet there are times and seasons when his name is music in the ears of my soul, and makes my heart leap within me, and say, 'Make haste, my beloved, and be like a hart or a roe upon the mountain of spices.'" These seasons are what whole-hearted sinners know nothing about. "They have no changes, therefore they fear not God." (Psalm lv. 19.) As it is the Spirit and word and work of God that breaks the heart, so also is it the Spirit revealing Jesus that bindeth up the broken in heart. "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." (Psalm cxlvii. 3.)

Blessed be our covenant Head, there is an election of free grace souls, though few in number in comparison to the bulk of the rest, who never shall or can perish in the flood of delusion, seeing God the Father hath loved them with an everlasting love, (John vii. 23, 24,) chosen them in Christ before the foundation of the world, (Eph. i. 3—7,) and God the Son hath stood up, according to the election of God the Father, as the

chosen Head of the elect family; (Isa. xlii. 1—4;) and in the fulness of time became God incarnate; (Luke ii; Gal. iv. 4, 5;) and, after he had magnified the law and made it honourable, (Isa. xlii. 21,) he laid down his life a sacrifice for sin (Isa. liii. 10; John x. 15, 17,) and he ever liveth to make intercession for all them that come unto God by him. (Heb. vii. 25.) God the Holy Ghost also is still fulfilling the work that he undertook to do. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children. (Isa. liv. 13; John xvi. 7—15.) There is no free will here, no conditional election, no duty faith. It is God the Holy Ghost absolutely quickening, convincing, reproving, comforting, revealing, and applying the things of Christ to the soul, and glorifying the Son of God. And the soul that is savingly taught this work puts the crown upon the right head, even on Immanuel's. The glory of man's salvation is sacrificed to the Father's love, the Son's blood, and the Spirit's work. This work I humbly trust the Lord has taught thee something of, and that it is his work in thee that causeth those hungerings and thirstings after the Spirit of adoption whereby thou wouldst cry, "Abba, Father." According to thy letter, thou dost at times think thou canst bear the footsteps of thy beloved, and when he puts his hand in by the hole of the door, which is the opening that his special grace hath made in thy heart, thou dost arise to open to thy beloved, and, alas! he is gone; but how sweet is the myrrh upon the handles of the lock. Yea, one beam of the Sun of Righteousness breaking through the bars of unbelief into the soul leaves a sweet savour behind that the dead formalist knows nothing of. It is this that makes them cry out so much against the preaching of a feeling truth, a living truth, and the truth of God formed in the heart; for he saith, "I will live in them and walk in them," &c.

My dear sister, thou art in good hands, for the Lord doth his own work how he will, when he will, and by whom he will; so, therefore, if it be his will, may he still bless the scribbling of his poor worm to thy soul, and surely thou dost know to whom the glory is due. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake." (Psalm cxv. 1.) When I feel in the midst of trouble, He doth revive me, and the sweet droppings of his sanctuary make me long to drop off this mantle of clay to fall at his feet in glory; yet, if it shall redound to his honour, and the good of Zion, I am willing to stay in this weak and sickly abode, if it pleases the Lord to honour the earthen vessel with his heavenly treasure, (2 Cor. iv. 7,) and enable my stammering tongue to tell out of my heart the exceeding riches of his grace to poor lost worms like me.

The Lord bless thee with much of his Spirit, and enable thee to 'serve him in truth.

B—, 1841.

J. W.

TIMELY HELP.

Dear Fellow Traveller and Pilgrim,—Doubtless ere now many anxious thoughts have crossed your breast as to how and where I am, and perhaps many an inward and secret, though sincere, sigh, has made way through all your other cares, and entered heaven on my behalf. If this is not the case, I think I may venture to say that you at least desire to cry that God would, in his infinite mercy, take care of me, and guide and gently lead me in all my wanderings through this barren desert, and world of care and woe. I am ashamed to say that I have been very empty of prayer on your

behalf, and am sometimes afraid that I have no honest, sincere prayer for myself, that is, such as God will hear and condescend to answer. But under the bottom of all this doubt, anxiety, fear, and restlessness, I can say that there are sighs, groans, and cries that the Lord would lead me, teach me, guide me, and instruct me; and, under a deep sense of my impotency, I am compelled to give up all hopes of any creature help, and say, lying in the dust, "Save me wholly and fully, dear Lord, for I am altogether lost in and of myself; and though I know myself to be unworthy, yet look not upon *me*, dear Lord, but look upon the face of thine anointed, for I can see that there alone a just God can meet a guilty sinner in a way of mercy and love, for dear Lord, through his wounds and bruises, thou canst, if thou wilt, pardon me, and yet be a just God." But, my dear brother, that little *if*, as Hart says,

"——— is hurled
To sink us with the gloom
Of all that's dismal in this world,
Or in the world to come."

I shall not dwell upon my late troubles and trials, for they are nothing compared to my deserts. I will only say that with respect to earthly trouble, the floods have not been suffered to overflow me quite, though I have been wading through deeper waters since I saw you last, (even in this sense,) than ever I did before, yet I have had sweeter deliverances and clearer answers to prayer than I ever before felt. There is a precious sweetness in being taught to carry our cares to the Lord, and there to leave them, and in being kept from leaning upon any earthly prop, for thus alone do we clearly discover the hand of the Lord in our deliverance. When God, the eternal Spirit, teaches a soul to confide alone, look alone, and hope alone in a faithful, covenant, triune Jehovah, there is sure to be deliverance, sooner or later; and he in mercy disappoints our expectation from creature help, either for temporal or spiritual good, that we may alone depend upon him, and prove his love and condescending goodness. You need not fear that I am in deception, delusion, or error, for Satan has told me so, and I have sifted it through and through, but still I must say the Lord hath helped me. My mother being very ill, I removed her to O— and got medical advice. You are aware that half of my mother's last quarter's annuity I paid to my uncle, of whom she had borrowed it. We had to pay a pound for the use of the room in which my mother's goods were put, and about thirty shillings to the person at F— H—, where my mother had been staying, and other little expenses, which diminished her ready money to less than thirty shillings, herself ill in bed, sorely afflicted in soul and body, and no one but myself to do all the work of the house, wait upon her, and attend to the doctor's directions; I all the while suffering the displeasure of my relations for attending to my mother, and only thirty shillings to keep us till her next quarter's money became due, between two and three months. It came into my mind how the Lord provided for poor Huntington,

and I said to myself, surely God's arm is not shortened that he cannot save; he can provide for me now the same as he did for Huntington then. However, I resolved to ask for help from no one but him, and I did not wait upon him in vain. Since then, unasked and unexpected, my aunt C— has been over here, and went to the butcher's, the grocer's, the ironmonger's, the fruiterer's, and baker's, and bought us all necessaries, and has since then sent us a cake, some bacon, and everything which their shop affords that was likely to be useful to us. When Mrs. C. came over, I was making a little sago for my mother, who was ill in bed. She said that neither she nor her husband had slept for the last two nights for thinking of me, nor could they rest by day till she came over, and thus was made to minister to our necessities in a time of need. We have also had presents of useful things from two or three other quarters, but I have not time to particularize. We have been quite kept from company, either good or bad, there being scarcely a soul with whom she or I could speak. She is still in a despairing desponding way; it is quite heart-rending to hear her, because she seems without hope, yet it is a blessed thing that God has opened her eyes. This morning, Saturday, I began again to be afraid that I should never get through my difficulties. Unbelief rose up, and I was going down to Egypt for help; but, as I was reading one of Hart's hymns, these two verses, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, brought me still to hope in God against all opposition; and I resolved, if I perish, I perish, I will depend alone upon the Lord for my temporal as well as my spiritual wants.

"So souls that would to Jesus cleave,

And hear his secret call,

Must every vain pretension leave,

And let the Lord be all.

'Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,'

The Shepherd softly cries;

'Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep,'

The listening sheep replies.

"Thy whole dependence on me fix,

Nor entertain a thought

Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,

But venture to be nought.

Fond self-direction is a shelf;

Thy strength, thy wisdom flee;

When thou art nothing in thyself,

Then thou art close to me."

I had scarcely made the resolution to renounce my own self-direction, and trust alone in the Lord, when there was a knock at the door by a person who brought a small parcel for me, inside which was a "Cottage Hymn Book," and in the leaf which contains the 125th hymn, "Confidence in Christ," a sovereign was put.

I see that my paper and most of my matter are gone, but let me tell you I am still kept so that I know not which way to turn, still destitute of wisdom, and still must beg of the Lord to guide me and bring me through all my difficulties, for they are too much for my strength and wisdom.

O—, Nov., 1834.

J. S.

THE SPOT OF SAFETY.

Dear Brother,—Yours I received, and was sorry that your engagements were such as prevented you coming to T—. Give my kind love to the friends of truth at —, and tell them that, if it be the Lord's will, I will try to pay them a visit for a Lord's day or two in the spring, when I go to London. I cannot come this autumn; and when I think of my own ignorance, I can take up your language, and say, "I wonder that any soul should ever want to hear such a fool talk as I." You speak of your foolishness of preaching, but it appears wisdom to mine. But never mind, if the blessed Spirit makes it the power of God to those that believe; and both you and worthless I have here and there a precious soul that can set to his seal that God has sent his word with power to his heart through such worthless pipes; and if it has pleased God by such foolishness of preaching to save them that believe, why should it displease us? O that we might be content and satisfied to go and preach what the dear Lord gives us, and with that ability which pleases him. It is a blessed thing, my friend, to be a very little man, and to take the lowest room, for there is then no danger of breaking our necks. It is sweet work to sit at the feet of our dear Lord, and to hear his blessed words. I have had some moments during my late storms in which I could not have envied the monarch upon his throne, and in which I felt a sweet persuasion that God was with me, that he would go before me, and that he would at last bring me off more than conqueror. O how it has revived my poor, tossed, harassed, perplexed, shipwrecked soul, to have a sight of the sweet haven of rest, and a good hope that I shall enter in. Farewell then to all the cursed things that keep us from the bosom of our dear Lord and Saviour;

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of endless rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

And here, my dear brother, I want to abide,

"And sit and sing myself away
To everlasting bliss."

I do all I can to persuade my dear Lord not to withdraw his presence from me; but I have ever found (for upwards of forty years) that the day of prosperity and the day of adversity are set over against each other; and when the dear Lord has left off communing with me, poor old John returns to his old place, and the world, the flesh, and the devil are up in arms against me, calling me all the fools that their hellish tongues can devise. I then turn to my past experience, and try all that I can to muster up a little evidence against this troop, but there are such dark clouds hanging over every hill Mizar, that I cannot discover one grain of help. Well, I turn to the promises, and try with all my might to take hold of them, but I soon find that I cannot, unless they take hold of me; and here I fret, and rave, and roar, and fight, till all my strength is gone, and I am brought

into the old spot, the dust and the dunghill; and if a covenant God did not come in mercy and give me another dead lift, I must lie and rot there, for anything I could do, to all eternity. But O, my brother, God rests in his love; "He is of one mind, and none can turn him;" "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." Is it not astonishing that he should come again, skipping over the mountains of all our barrenness, wretchedness, filthiness, and vileness; and taking us in the arms of his love, wash us in the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, and bring us up again from the washing, bearing twins?

Bless the dear name of our Lord! honours crown his brow! We cannot help crowning him Lord of all. Can we help debasing such wretches as we feel ourselves to be? Can we refrain from extolling sovereign, electing, justifying, redeeming, calling, supporting, delivering grace? No, my brother, we cannot help it; let men and devils rage as they may, we cannot but speak of the things which we have seen and heard, and which our hands have handled of the word of life; yea, bless our God, and he will put his broad seal to his own truth, let unbelief and the devil say what they may; for his word shall go forth; it shall prosper in the thing whereunto he hath sent it, and shall not return unto him void.

My dear friend, it is with great pleasure I express to you my hope that God has set up his kingdom in the heart of my dear son, who has caused me such heart groans, cries, and tears for the last five years. O, if it should prove to be the work of God, in the salvation of his soul, what a reward will it be for all my travail of soul for him, and what a good pay-back will it be for all the expense and embarrassment he has caused me! I hope it will prove so. O! the cries, groans, and tears I have had for his salvation are only known to God and to my own soul! The more he ran into sin, the deeper was the travail of my soul. I tried again and again to be angry with him, and to leave off praying for him, but I could not, do what I would.

As a church, we are still going on in love and union, and I believe the blessing of the Lord attends the word, notwithstanding my unworthiness, blindness, and helplessness. We have had a few blessed church meetings. We have had nine or ten persons who have given in their experience, which has been quite a revival to us; and there are two or three more coming this week; so that we expect twelve or thirteen to be added to us next Sunday week. It does indeed break me down to the feet of my dear Lord to see and hear that he owns and blesses such a poor empty worm, in conveying the oil through such a worthless pipe. I am a living witness that it is "not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord of hosts."

But I am sorry that you envy me the morsels of comfort which I have; for I can assure you that I have to pass through fire and water to arrive at them; and I can assure you that they are highly prized; for they are greatly needed, and never come too soon, nor ever last too long. It is my heart's desire that God will keep you and me poor needy beggars, well served. It is a blessed good trade

when one is well served; but it is sadly mortifying when one must beg hard and long, and get nothing but frowns and black looks. But never mind; there is no other way for beggars but to go again and again. You know the unjust judge could not conquer the widow. Though he feared neither God nor man, yet he could not but give the poor widow her request. "And shall not God avenge his own elect, who cry night and day? Yea, he will avenge them speedily, though he bear long with them." The Lord keep us begging for all that we need, for, bless his dear name, he has all at his command. "My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus."

My dear brother, the Lord bless you, and go before you. He has blessed you, he does bless you, and he will bless you; and whom the Lord blesseth, who can curse? I can assure you that you are very close to my heart, and there are times when I can carry you to the Lord, without being dragged by duty. O I love freedom! Give my kind love to all inquiring friends. I remain, your worthless brother,
Trowbridge, Sept., 1837. J. W.

SOUL EXERCISES.

I have long had it in my mind to write to you; but though I have long wished to write, I have not had the spirit. I am not always free from bondage, but I thank God that it is not the bondage of the law, "which killeth." I have thought that this passage refers not to the death under the law, but to those whom God is awakening. Figuratively, (or, as the schoolmen would say, "with correction,") the law killeth such. "I was alive without the law once; but when the law came, sin revived, and I died." Yes, "he killeth and he maketh alive." We first welter in our blood, and then he passeth by and saith, whilst we are yet in our blood, "Live!" O the distinguishing grace of God which says to such unclean creatures, "Live!" But I have said I am not free from bondage. I know what sin is, I know its blighting influence, I know how it nips the bud of joy, and blunts the confidence of hope and peace of assurance. "I am the man that (in this respect) has seen affliction," that has sustained, that must again sustain affliction; but I thank God for the burden. Though it gall, I would not throw it off, yet I earnestly desire to be free. This answer only do I get, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and I know I shall keep that which God has given me, though it be a treasure in an earthen vessel; for thus the excellency of the power being of God, the security is not to be feared. But though I thus lament the indwelling of sin, I thank God that no temptation has fallen upon me but such as is common to man; nor yet any temptation to blaspheme my Maker or my Saviour; no temptation to doubt the faithfulness of our God, or to make shipwreck of faith by turning aside to the beggarly elements of the law, or the husks of a carnal commandment. God forbid that I should here mean anything degrading to the law; "it is holy, just, and good," but it cannot sustain life in the renewed soul. Nor do I see that we have anything to do with

the law; "Christ is the end of the law to them that believe." I was at — last Christmas, and spoke from Deut. vii. 6—7. Of course, I could do no other than place before the people sovereign grace and electing love. I expected to give offence, and did so to some, though I said nothing offensively; but the Arminian leaven has almost soured the whole lump; a few only there are who see truth from error. Mr. — was there, and in conversation with him he observed, and another preacher supported him, "Millions of souls have gone to hell *in consequence* of ministers being asleep, and their churches with them." I asked if the great Shepherd was asleep too. But such theology he finds more difficult than Greek or Latin; anything rather than "by grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." They would rather impale themselves on the stake of a most awful responsibility, than admit salvation to be wholly and solely of God; rather admit that God is requiring the blood of sinners at their hands, (I speak here in reference to their eternal salvation or perdition,) than that "no man cometh unto me, except my Father, who sent me, draw him."—

I——, March, 1841.

W. H.

SPRING TIME.

Dear Brother,—I hope thou wilt bear with my folly while I write. I have felt very comfortable of late. I know thou art fond of birds, so I will try to send thee the twittering of one, for "the time of the singing of birds is come," and they must sing. This bird sings of mercy and of judgment. "The Lord is my God, and he will be my refuge for ever and ever; the Lord is my hope, and I will hope in him for ever; the Lord is my strength and my high tower; the Lord is my righteousness and song, and he is become my salvation;" he is my rock, he is my life, he is my love, he is my Father, he is my all and in all. It is of his mercy that I am on the earth, and that I am out of a deserved hell. Bless his dear name for ever and ever!

Dear Brother,—I am resting on Jesus Christ, my dear Lord and Master, for everything. I cannot keep from speaking good of his most sweet and honourable name; for he hath delivered my soul from hell, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. When I expected nothing but everlasting banishment from his most awful presence, he made himself known unto my poor soul as a God of mercy and reconciliation. I have felt such an endearing sweetness with my dear God and Father that I love to speak of it to my friends. I want to love him ten thousand times more than I do; and, bless his dear name, I shall love him when I do arise with his precious likeness, for he is my Lord, my love, my heart's desire, and all my salvation. He is able to save my soul, and hath done it; he is able to support my poor body, and he hath done it; and his righteousness shall answer for me in time to come. I remain, thine in the Lord,

March, 1841.

R. B.

THE LOOSENING OF THE CAPTIVE.

Messrs. Editors,—Though a stranger to you, I take the liberty of sending for your inspection a brief account of the way and means by which I trust God has brought me from darkness into light, from under the terrors of the law into the liberty of the gospel, leaving it with you either to insert it in the *Gospel Standard*, or to burn it. I am truly glad to find that you do not publish everything that is sent to you, and that your desire is to insert such things, and such only, as you can look for the Lord's blessing to accompany, for the encouragement, instruction, and strengthening of his tried family.

I had been for a long time labouring under a broken law, a guilty conscience, and the terrors of a justly offended God, and felt myself to be a great debtor, but could find no possible means of paying off a fraction. I also found that as I daily lived, I transgressed in thought, word, and action, and at times my burden of guilt and wretchedness was so intolerable, that I have wished God would cut off the number of my days. I had some (theoretical) knowledge of the wonder of angels at the way in which salvation was planned for and revealed to guilty man; I had also been brought up by parents who had tasted that the Lord was gracious, and I had sat under a gospel ministry from my infancy; which things had been estimated by me as of great value in days past, but now I found that these things, when looked at, produced condemnation rather than consolation. I have looked at some who had attended but a few times at a place of worship, whom the Lord had evidently called from darkness into light; and some who had been children of ungodly parents had experienced an effectual calling, whilst I was left. This brought me to the conclusion, that if I had been chosen in Christ, I should certainly have been called before this, and not have been allowed to go to such extremes in open sin; and that the reason why the Lord did not answer the many prayers on my behalf was, that I was one of those characters who are not to be prayed for, and that my name was not written in the book of life. I thought it was daring presumption to hope or ask for mercy, and my distress of mind was that I was fighting against the sovereignty of God; thus adding sin to sin. Many times have I secreted myself to attempt to pray, when these and similar words have rushed into my mind, threatening me with immediate destruction; "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," &c., and I have left the place, not daring to make a single request to the Lord. I was very fond of reading the experiences of the Lord's people, and felt gratitude in my heart to God for what he had condescended to do for them, though I appeared myself without hope. I have frequently thought of staying away from meetings, and neglecting reading, thinking that my mind by those means would be more at ease; but this I could not do, for if I stayed away once on the Lord's day, my mind would be there, and, if possible, I have felt worse than if I had been there. I did not like to be seen at meetings, or to be thought a changed character, though I was afraid some suspected this was the case, from their conduct towards me. I have many

times wished that there was a closet in the meeting house, so that I might hear all and not be seen. I took great pains in trying to hide my tears, and to look cheerful. I was very much confused one evening by a member of the church telling me that he had some of Huntington's works in his possession, and if I liked to read them, they were at my service. I knew not how to answer him, but thanked him for his kindness, and I believe I received one of them the same evening; it was the one in which he relates his experience, and in reading it many parts appeared to correspond with my feelings, and I felt a secret "Who can tell?" But very soon after this, being alone one evening, I reached down the book to read, and I soon found a vast difference between us, for I found that he was a man of prayer, and the circumstance of his stopping in the lane and praying under the hedge, appeared to fill me with despair. I thought that his was darkness where there was hope, but I could not so much as attempt to pray, and was therefore without God and without hope. I cannot describe what I then felt, but I was soon brought to this determination, that as I must die, I would die praying, and, rising from my chair, these words of the poet came to my mind;

"I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away,
I know I must for ever die."

I walked across the room to go up stairs to try to pray, and when lifting up my trembling foot to the step of the stairs, these words were brought to my mind; "If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence." My mind was thus directed to Christ for shelter, and I proceeded up stairs, where I knelt down, but I have no knowledge of uttering any words, when this sentence was brought with power to my mind; "It is finished," and I had such a glorious view of the Finisher, that my cup ran over, yea, there appeared an ocean which drowned all my sins, doubts, and fears, and finished all in me and for me that I did or ever should need, and all that God could require. "Then the lame leaped as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sang." Thus joy and gladness were obtained, and sorrow and sighing fled away. Then I could rejoice that "where the word of a King is there is power;" and that this God-glorifying, sin-subduing, and soul-comforting power may be abundantly realized in the hearts of the writers for, and readers of, the *Gospel Standard*, with all the Israelites of God, is the prayer of one who wishes ever to remain

Hertfordshire, November, 1841.

A BEGGAR.

A TESTIMONY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dear Sirs,—I am one of the cloud of witnesses to whom your little book has been again and again made a blessing; and O how our beloved friend, Mr. G.'s letter to the quickened family of God was blessed to my immortal soul, for as soon as I had read it, my mind began to meditate on the Scriptures which speak of quickening, in such a

way as I never before recollected. "Yes," said I, "and ten thousand times ten thousand thanks be to our God for ever and ever for quickening my soul, which was dead in trespasses and sins." Mr. G.'s letter was so blest to my soul that the savour of it lay all night upon my branch, and when I awoke in the morning it was still there. I almost thought that his bone had been broken by the Lord on purpose, and it brought to my mind a remark that Mr. G. made about twenty-eight years ago when preaching in the Particular Baptist Chapel, York-street, Bath. He had been much exercised and distressed in his mind, but could not tell for what, until one day the quickening Spirit of our Redeemer sweetly broke in upon his soul with the following portion of scripture: "And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer; or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation." Our loved friend for the truth's sake, dropped his hand down on the Bible, and said, "If it is for Zion's sake; then, good God, lay on!" You see this was the bread which had been given our much-esteemed friend to feed and strengthen his new man; this was his bread which he had to cast upon the waters, which, according to God's promise, is to be found after many days, yea, and many years too. In the face of all the enemies of vital godliness in the souls of God's elect, I declare unto you that the dew that accompanied Mr. G.'s letter so refreshed me, that I did bless our covenant God that such a vile, sinful, polluted wretch as I should ever be made the happy partaker of his quickening Spirit.

About thirty years ago it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, to call me by his grace. As I was at work on Sydney Wharf, the Lord's quickening Spirit said unto me, "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye unto them, for this is the law and the prophets." From that moment the pains of hell got hold upon me, and I found trouble and sorrow. Then I cried unto the Lord in my trouble, and in his own good time he answered my cries to the joy and rejoicing of my heart. For nearly two years, except at intervals, after I was quickened, I viewed the Almighty as an angry judge, and seemed to have the sentence of death passed on my soul, which sentence I expected, day after day, and night after night, to be put into execution. But at last the set time to favour Zion was come, and one night when I was on my knees crying for mercy, the dear Redeemer said unto me, "Come, and let us reason together; though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be white as snow." O!

"To look on this when sunk in fears,
While each repeated sight,
Like some reviving cordial, cheers,
And makes temptations light."

I do believe that this was no false conception or untimely birth; neither has my gracious Father given me a dry breast, but has made me to suck many times at the breasts of Zion's consolations. Our enemies, with a despiteful mind, call this wonderful work of the Divine Spirit

a supposed work, but I call it a wonderful work, and am filled with wonder, admiration, and astonishment at the boundless mercy of God to one of the vilest of the vile; and, looking back at my conversion, I have many times thought that the Spirit of God might as soon have gone into hell and converted the damned as have entered into me, such a vile wretch was I. O the goodness of God's grace! "How unsearchable are his riches, and his ways past finding out."

I am, dear Sirs, yours, &c., for the truth's sake,

Bath.

J. C.

**SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE GRACE OF
GOD MAGNIFIED IN THE EXPERIENCE AND DEATH OF
ELLEN LEACH.—(See Vol. VII., p. 195.)**

She charging the writer of this to hear nothing spoken in her praise, said, "Lay me low in the dust, and exalt the Lord; exalt him, yea, exalt him to heaven, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and, blessed be his glorious name, he shall reign for ever!"

At the commencement of her sharp and last affliction, these lines were made a special blessing to her soul.

"Fear not! I am with thee! O be not dismay'd!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I will strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I cause thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

On the 19th of September I found her in a blessed frame of mind. She said, "I don't know what the Lord intends by this affliction, but, whether life or death, the will of the Lord be done. His time is my time, and if he takes me now to himself, if I have greater troubles to pass through, or if he has things more wonderful to show me, all is right, for I am in his hands."

On the Tuesday following there was, to all appearance, a sudden alteration in her. The messenger, death, had arrived. In a few days, recovering a little, she spoke in language most sublime, and said, "I have had such a glorious view of the church being given to Christ a pure virgin without spot, of the eternal covenant transactions, and of the Son engaging to be her Surety, and coming to redeem her from the ruins of the fall! He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with him; therefore his own arm brought salvation, and his fury upheld him. "Yes," continued she, "his arm has brought salvation to me, a rebel, the greatest of rebels,

'Who fought with hands uplifted high
Against the God who rules the sky.'

It is all of rich, free, sovereign, unmerited, boundless grace. I re-

joyce in a finished salvation. If there were anything left for me to do, it would have to be undone. I am a sinner saved by grace. He shall see the travail of his soul in me and be satisfied. I shall see the King in his beauty. Why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming? but, O Lord, not my time, but thine. O that I was freed from this body of sin. I shall see no more of it on the glorious morning of the resurrection." Thus did she with patience wait his coming, though her soul longed for and anticipated the joys of heaven; and often did she break out in praising and blessing the God of her salvation, and say, "I don't feel a very high degree of rapture, but I have a well-grounded hope. My feet are firmly set upon the Rock of Ages, and the blood and righteousness of Christ are my only hope." And then again would she exclaim with vehemence,

"Immortal honours rest on Jesus' head,
My God, my portion, and my daily bread;
In him I live, upon him cast my care;
He saves from death, destruction, and despair.

"He is my refuge in each deep distress,
The Lord, my strength, and glorious righteousness;
Through floods and flames he leads me safely on,
And daily makes his sovereign goodness known."

"How good the Lord is! He has blessed me with everything needfull with friends and connections. His mercy endureth for ever." Her mind did frequently dwell on and contemplate the mercy of an everlasting covenant-keeping God, and she often would say, "'He has sworn unto Jacob, and will not lie unto David, a covenant well ordered in all things, and sure.' The Lord afflicts me very gently. These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for me an eternal weight of glory." Observing her friends around her weeping, she said, "Rejoice, rejoice, and be exceeding glad!" She cautioned them against sorrowing to excess, and encouraged them to trust in her covenant God.

One day an old acquaintance who had called to see her said, "I am sorry to see you so ill;" at which she exclaimed, "Sorry! sorry! if you could but see the bright crown that is laid up for me, Jesus standing ready to put it on my head, and all the holy angels rejoicing, you would rejoice too! O that I had a voice that could reach to the four corners of the earth, so that I might tell what great things the Lord has done for me! O that I had but strength to bless and praise his dear name!" and still going on with great emphasis, her friend, fearing that she would be fatigued, requested her to take rest, to which she replied, "Yes, my body shall rest in the grave, but while I have a voice and a tongue to speak, I should be criminal indeed if I did not extol the honour, love, and mercy of my God." Every word she spoke was weighty, energetic, and full of meaning. After being raised up one night, she began to sing,

"With Christ in the vessel I'll smile at the storm;"

adding,

"Come wet or come dry, I long to be gone."

At other times she was afraid of being impatient, and would ear-

nestly cry out for help. Through extreme weakness at her latter end, and her sufferings being great, she spoke very little, but the last words she was distinctly heard to speak were, "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion!" Calm and composed, and a heavenly smile betokening the happiness that she enjoyed beaming from her countenance, she fell asleep in Jesus on Lord's day morning, October 25th, 1840, aged forty-six years.

Bury, Nov. 2, 1841.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. J—, of Whitechapel, London, being a member of the same church with me, and as I had known and conversed with her for several years, she, being on her death bed, wished me to write down her experience and dying testimony, which I did from her own mouth.

She was born on the 21st of August, 1767, and grew up according to the course of this world, being fond of singing and other harmless amusements, as they are now called, without the least fear or apprehension of danger; and as it was customary for her to go to a place of worship, she attended Zion Chapel, Whitechapel. She went on in this state till she was thirty-two years of age, when on one Lord's day Mr. C. preached from these words; "And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved." Under this sermon the Lord sent the arrow of conviction into her soul, and opened to her view her awfully depraved state by nature, the sight of which filled her with guilt and horror, and she knew not what to do. She saw nothing but destruction and despair before her eyes, and where deliverance was to be found she could not tell. Her outward and gross sins were now given up, she regularly attended chapel, but all brought no relief, till one day Mr. C. preached at Spa Fields Chapel from this text, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.) Here she received a little encouragement, and began to hope that mercy might be shown to her, the chief of sinners. After about six months distress and bondage, the Lord, one morning about three o'clock, broke in upon her soul with these words, "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." (Job i. 21.) At this all her trouble and guilt were removed, and she felt fully persuaded that the blood of Christ had washed away all her sins; so she now went on in the ways of God with cheerfulness and delight, for Christ was her meat and her drink, indeed he was her only topic from morning till night. Thus went she on for a long time, but at length her joys began to abate, and providential trials surrounded her.

After she had been married about eleven years, her husband and one of her children were laid on a sick-bed, and she having three more children besides was reduced very much, as all the money she had left was only one penny farthing, and on that very night her husband and child both died within ten minutes of each other. No

sooner were they dead than the good Lord broke in upon her soul with the following lines;

“Its thinking and aching is o'er;
The calm and immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more.”

Thus the Lord gave strength more than equal to her day. In the morning a friend brought her 3s. 6d., and what with one and another she had her husband and child decently put under the ground to await the sound of the last trumpet, and, being a tailoress, she was enabled to get a subsistence for herself and family.

About two years afterwards, she was on the point of again being married to a man who was not a believer in Christ, which circumstance gave her great uneasiness of mind, so much so, that on the morning of her marriage she left the party, and, walking backward and forward in the churchyard, prayed to the Lord to direct her and to give her a word so that she might know what to do. The Lord answered her petition by giving her these words; “Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.” (Zech. iv. 7.) Her fears now all vanished. She went to the church and was married, and in the short space of eight months her second husband was called by grace, set at liberty, and died triumphant in the Lord. In two years after this, she married again. In this marriage she smarted severely, for her husband turned out to be a drunkard and a dreadful persecutor. After she had been married a few years, her eyes were opened to see the ordinance of baptism, and her mind was made up to go through it, though her husband opposed it, and said that if she was baptized, he would go to the chapel, turn her out, and upset the parson too. This threat did not frustrate her design, but it drove her to the Lord in prayer, that he would support, preserve, and strengthen her in the trying moment. At length the night for baptism came, and she went to the chapel. Her husband followed, but instead of turning her out, he quietly witnessed the whole of the service. After this, her husband more than ever endeavoured to keep her from the place of worship; but her love to Christ constrained her to follow him through evil and good report, and enabled her to experience the care of a faithful and unchanging God, who continually was preserving and watching over her. One morning, about four o'clock, her husband got up, went to the cupboard, took out a knife, and, going to the bedside, began to feel for her throat. She was in such a fright that she could not speak. Shortly afterwards her husband went to his work, and thus the Lord preserved her.

“He lions and ravens can tame;
All nature obeys his command.”

She saw the delivering hand of God in this occurrence, and travelled on, looking, praying, and trusting in him till the year 1822, when she was laid on a sick bed, and expected that she should die. She called her husband, and while she was telling him how she wished to have things settled, the Lord gave her these words, “I have added unto thy days fifteen years.” Upon this she immediately exclaimed,

"I shall not die;" and from that hour she began to get better, and was very soon able to attend to the affairs of her family. Christ and his finished work was her favourite topic of conversation, and this many young and old Christians as well as myself have reason to remember. She was a woman of much prayer, and was never satisfied without an answer to her request. If the Lord gave his word, she was sure it would come to pass. Although the thing sought might be like a prodigious mountain in appearance, she would say, "It will be removed in the Lord's time." In November, 1838, she buried her third husband, and after that time her own health declined, and she could not sit up long at once. For the last five or six months she was confined to her bed. Friday, October 4, was the day on which she wished me to write down her dying testimony, and I can truly say that to me it was indeed refreshing. When I asked her if she had any fear of death, she said she had not. "No man," said she, "can rob me of my comforts, for I look at death with pleasure; though my pain is great, I rejoice in Christ." As tears started in her eyes, she said, "These are not tears of fear, but of love," and added,

"May I be found in Salem's streets,
And sing his dying love."

Shortly afterwards she said, "The enemies try to storm the castle, but they cannot, for the walls are salvation." She then exhorted me to stand to a free-grace salvation, and neither to fear the taunts of man nor the rage of devils, for that they could not hurt me on a dying bed, because the Lord would support me there. I occasionally visited her until her death, which did not take place till December, 1839. Her sufferings were protracted and severe, but heaven has made amends for them all. Thus ended the earthly career of a Christian who had lived to prove the faithfulness of a covenant God for upwards of seventy-two years.

I remain, with all due respect, yours affectionately,
Limehouse, London.

T. H.

POETRY.

THE NARROW WAY.

<p>The Christian hath a world of strife To cope with day by day; The path that leads to endless life He finds a narrow way.</p> <p>A thousand snares he likewise hath, To turn his feet astray; But faith can show no other path Than Christ, the narrow way.</p> <p>Enable me, dear Lord, to trace My road to heaven, I pray, And grant me persevering grace To keep the narrow way.</p> <p>May I by faith in Christ abide, While in this world I stay: Do thou my slippery footsteps guide Along this narrow way.</p>	<p>My evil heart, to sin inclined, Fresh guilt doth on me lay, And often cool affections find To Christ the narrow way.</p> <p>The troubles, Lord, which here I meet; Do fill me with dismay: Be thou a light unto my feet, While in this narrow way.</p> <p>In wisdom thou dost crosses send, 'To make me watch, and pray, And on thy matchless grace depend, 'To keep the narrow way.</p> <p>I trust I shall arrive, at length, Where joy will ne'er decay; Till then, dear Lord, afford me strength To keep the narrow way.</p>
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THE GOSPEL STANDARD,

OR,

FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 75. MARCH, 1842. VOL. VIII.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE DANIEL HERBERT.

Dear Sir,—I duly received your kind letter, which I must confess I felt myself at a loss to answer in any way congenial to the feelings of my mind; but as you, my dear Sir, wish me to write unreservedly, I shall avail myself of your injunction. Know then, my kind friend, that the very morning on which I received your favour, I had secreted myself in an out-house, and was pouring out my soul, where no eye could see and no ear could hear but my heavenly Father. I was praying in the language of the poor Canaanitish woman, "Lord, help me," and I was favoured with such sweet nearness and sensible communion with my precious Jesus that I was led to cry, "O my God, I know thou wilt do something for me." I felt persuaded that help would come, but from whence or from whom I could form no idea. But O, what shall I say? when I returned to my little room, I that instant received your letter, the perusal of which filled my soul so full of what I call sweet gratitude that I was glad to unload my soul with the luxury of a tear. Charge me not with weakness; I so evidently saw my Father's kind hand in leading you and others to such an act of benevolence to a poor forlorn old stranger, that I am convinced of the truth of your remark, that it is God that dictates, and God that answers. It is God who appoints the means, and God who makes the means to answer his designs; and the same God who gives grace will crown that grace with glory. I most sincerely thank you, my dear Sir, and others of my kind friends, but have no returns to make except my prayers and good wishes; yet I dare say that verily you will have your reward. If you ask me how and when, I answer that, though I am no merit-monger, I firmly believe that every act under the immediate influence of the eternal Spirit of God will be had in everlasting remembrance, and that your kindness to me will be acknowledged at that day when you shall hear the adorable Jesus say unto you, "Come, ye blessed of my Father,

inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry, and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger, and ye took me in." And you will be led to ask, "Lord, when did I do all this?" And what will be the answer? "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." I think you will allow that God can never forget his own work, and that it was the work of God to go down, even to S—, to raise me up. Surely it is the Lord's doing, and I know my Lord has done it. While I write, I am thinking that it is more than probable that my friends sometimes say one to another, "I wonder what this old H— was, and what he is now." O my dear friends, to give you but an epitome of my chequered life would tire me to write it, and tire you much more to read it; suffice it, therefore, if I just drop you a hint. In my early days I was led to know that Christ was the Saviour, and I a sinner. When about twenty years of age I went to London, where I lost all my religion, except that immortal seed which God had sown in my heart, like the well of water springing up into eternal life. After I left London, I married and settled in business, and was prosperous for many years, until my proud heart began to boast of independence, and then God sent leanness into my soul. And O what a bargain! In the time of my prosperity, pretended friends buzzed about like bees in summer; but alas! I found the friends of the world to be like summer brooks, dried up when I most needed them. But perhaps, my dear Sir, you are ready to say, How do you live now? Ask the dear prophet Elijah how he lived when his brook dried up, and when he was forced to ask the poor widow for a draught of water and a morsel of bread; and she, nearly as poor as himself, answered, "As the Lord liveth, I have but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a small cruise of oil;" yet this, with God's blessing, was enough. Just so with me; my little stock of meal and oil has not totally failed to this day. And though my God has been pleased to pull me down from prosperity to adversity, yet the Lord has enabled me to rejoice in tribulation, and to bless him for the cross. And why? perhaps you will ask. Because I now experience the joy of trusting in him, and living upon him; now I can see his hand in all the blessings I receive from day to day; and I most sweetly see it in the kind remembrance of me by my friends at S—. Besides all this, I can bless my God for enabling me to say, "I know in whom I have believed;" "I know my Redeemer liveth." I know the Son of God has come; I know what he has come for; I know he has finished transgression and made an end of sin; I know he has paid my ransom price, and has made my salvation as secure as the throne of Jehovah.

I hope I have said enough to enable you to see how it is with me. There are many things which I could wish to inform you of, but I must forbear, as I fear I have already tired you with my long, unpolished epistle. I have nothing to do with the world, and the world has nothing to do with me. With the professors of the world, especially those of my own town, I have very little correspondence. I am a kind of outcast among them, because I have for many years endeavoured to exalt a precious Christ, and, in their estimation, to sink the sinner too low.

I must now conclude, and I cannot do it more congenially with the feelings of my own heart than by wishing you Aaron's sweet benediction; "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be merciful unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."—I am, with real Christian affection, yours in eternal bonds,

Sudbury, Suffolk, 1828.

DANIEL HERBERT.

MIDNIGHT.

My dear Brother,—I find that you are exercised with those things which are peculiar to the elect of God. You are, like me, an outcast among the pious people of the day; and we need not wonder at this; for they were the greatest enemies of Christ when he was upon earth; and so they are now. There is a passage of Scripture which has brought great relief to my mind of late, and it is this; “Ye shall be hated of all men for my name sake.” Do not you and I find this to be true? I tell you that I can say, if in this life only I have hope in Christ, I am of all men the most miserable. Ah! my brother, what a mercy it is that God should take notice of such rebellious wretches as you and I feel ourselves to be! I cannot, I dare not, however, express to you a thousandth part of the evil that there is continually in this earthly, sensual, devilish heart of mine. But men spiritually dead cannot feel this; profess what they may, all is smooth to them; but not so with me, my heart continually swarms with evil. Years ago, I could take all the promises of God as my own, all the blessings contained in the covenant of grace as my own; but now all is gloom and darkness, rebellion against God, unthankfulness for the blessings which he bestows, rising of all manner of evil thoughts in the soul, and the devil tells me that hell will one day be my portion. Ah! my brother, what anguish of soul I do sometimes feel! and I think of what Paul spoke, when he said, “Take heed, if he spared not the natural branches, lest he spare not thee.” But, as you remarked in your letter, “God is able to save to the uttermost,” and the devil cannot go beyond that; no, his bounds are limited; blessed be God for it!

I now and then get a small ray of light, a small sip from the streams of mercy. O how blessed is that moment when we get a smile from Jehovah, after a long night of darkness in the soul, a long fit of rebellion and harassing of the devil! How all the enemies flee and disperse when Christ comes there! They cannot stop where he is; no, depart they must. I sometimes have felt such a blessedness for a short time, that I cared for neither world, nor devil, nor anything; and then again he comes roaring with all his might; all hope seems to be gone; unbelief stares me in the face; and I feel as miserable as ever.

I now and then have been led to pray earnestly for you, when I have been in my closet, that the Lord would give you strength sufficient for your day; but I am like you, often I cannot pray at all. How things have altered with me these last two years! My brother, if you will believe me, I feel myself to be one of the poorest and most ignorant fools upon earth; and sometimes when I want to defend the truth of God, I cannot find a word to say.

I got some little relief in reading your letters, and especially from your well-grounded hope of your beloved wife. “The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.” I did once or twice think of writing to her; but my mind has been so dark lately; so perplexed about one thing or another, so harassed with the

enemy of God and man, that I have scarce known what to do. I was just thinking of those little words which you said sometimes troubled you; such as "my God" and "my Saviour." I sometimes am the same—afraid to call him mine; and I feel so at this moment.

Dear brother, pray for me. May the Lord have mercy upon us, poor guilty sinners as we are! There is a blessed promise; and may God the Holy Spirit show us that we are among the number that it includes; "I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

My brother, I must leave off, for I cannot write anything worth your reading. The Lord bless and keep you, support you in all your trouble on earth, and take you to his everlasting kingdom, is the prayer of your unworthy brother,

J. C.

NOON-DAY.

My dear Sister in the faith of Christ,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied and rest upon you, and be enjoyed by you with much life, light, and love. Amen.

My dearly beloved Sister, according to my promise, I am going to write you a few lines, for I dare say you think by this time that I have forgotten you, but really that is not the case, for when I go unto the King of kings and Lord of lords, I beg of him to bless you with many a sweet token for good, and that he would be near, and dear, and precious to your heart; yes, and anoint you with fresh oil, that you may be lost in wondering, loving, and adoring your sweet and altogether lovely Jesus, who doeth all things well for you. May the Lord also be with you, and bring you up to his house of prayer with health of body and health of soul, and that he would condescend to let a rich crumb fall from the Master's table on purpose for you, and, like Ruth, that you may glean among the sheaves with great delight. Then will you find his fruit sweet to your taste.

"Sweet Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet his entertainments are!
Never did angels sing above
Redeeming grace and dying love."

What an unspeakable mercy that we have a well-grounded hope that we do belong to this fair, bright, and glorious Prince of Peace; that he really hath made peace for us by his blood; that he hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, and that for ever and ever; that we are enabled to sing praises to him who hath washed us in his most precious blood to present us before his Father without spot or wrinkle; and that we do really stand complete in him, our most glorious Christ, our living Head, being bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, and made heirs of God, and joint heirs with his dear Son Jesus Christ. We also are heirs of an everlasting inheritance, for the Lord's portion is his people. Come then, my dear sister, let us sing to him, for our life here will be very short compared to that everlasting rest which awaits us when we go home to our everlasting portion, and enjoy our sweet Jesus to the full; for he is our portion,

and in him we shall rejoice. Ever adored be his dear name, we shall know him by his marks and the memorials that he wears, for he is as a Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world to take away sin. Bless his dear name, I saw him this morning, and he was really near and dear, and precious to my heart. O I saw my everlasting mansion of rest already prepared for worthless me, wretched me, sinful me, the vilest of the vile, the very chief of sinners! O bless his tender sympathising heart, that ever he should be exalted at the right hand of God to give me repentance unto life, and forgive all the sins which I have committed against my dear and loving Lord, who bought me at so dear a price, and who loved me even unto death. Yes, he is death's abolisher, the grave's overcomer, sin's destroyer, the devil's conqueror. He alone has fought the battle, and won the victory! Our everlasting salvation is completed. It is all done, for he told it with his dying breath. "It is finished!" "Behold, God is my salvation. I will trust in the Lord Jehovah, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is the strength of my song; he also is become my salvation." "Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength," my righteousness, my Jesus, and my all.

"Dearest of all the names above,
My Jesus and my Lord."

Glory to my incarnate God, for he is so near, so dear, and so precious to me, that I do believe I shall see him as he is in heaven above. Then shall I be with him, my glorious Christ, and ever love, and be receiving out of his fulness, for he it is that filleth all in all.

We may begin the song here, but never shall end it. O no; we shall go to heaven, for Jesus is our heaven, our eternal home; and when he who bought and ransomed us doth appear, then shall we, my dear sister, be with him in glory; whom having not yet seen, we love, yet, believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. O he is heaven's glory, your glory, the church's glory, my glory, my song, my salvation, my eternal redemption, my resurrection, and my eternal life for evermore. Amen. O when we enter the gates which are open for the righteous nation to enter in, then shall we hear the melodious song which makes heaven's eternal arches ring with our Beloved's name.

"Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one."

Then shall we strike our notes upon a high string, and I really do think I shall sing the loudest of all. My dear Jesus shall hear me sing, admire, and bless him for having brought me safe home to glory, where my eternal Sun shall never go down any more, and where sin shall never again be known, for the Lord will swallow up death in victory, wipe away the tears from all eyes, and the Lamb will lead and guide us to the fountains of living waters, where we shall drink full draughts of bliss for evermore.

"Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come
Where the saints no winter fear;
Where 'tis spring throughout the year.

"How unlike these joys below,
There the joys unwithering grow;
There no chilling blasts annoy,
All is love, and bloom, and joy."

Now, my dear sister, I must conclude with my kind love to you and your partner in life, and may the God in heaven bless you and your tender offspring.

May the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ be with you all for evermore. Amen.

Oct. 24, 1840.

E. A.

THE SCRIPTURE RASHLY SPIRITUALIZED.

We are ever ready to cry out against perversions of scripture when coming from the lips of Arminians, Unitarians, Papists, and Churchmen, but it is a question not easily to be decided whether the word of God is more grossly perverted by preachers of the above denominations, or by individuals who, professing to be gospel preachers, misinterpret, by attempting to spiritualize, the plain simple facts narrated in the sacred book of the Lord, stripping them of their true meaning, and dressing them in garments woven by heated and disordered brains, to the disgust and annoyance of the lovers of simplicity and truth.

I recollect, when first brought by the Spirit of God to a knowledge of my ruined and lost state by nature, a tract was given to me to read, headed "The Devil's Pulpit," published by a man of the name of Taylor, containing a sermon on the raising of Lazarus. The subject was not to be taken in a literal, but in a figurative sense, for he appeared determined to mimic too many preachers of our day who wish to display their "little learning," (which, in this sense, is evidently a "dangerous thing,") by stating it was wrongly translated, the original reading thus, "Lazarus is since dead;" and he then explained the subject in the following manner. "Lazarus represented spring, Mary and Martha summer and autumn. The season being winter, summer and autumn were weeping for the death of spring; and Jesus comforted them by telling them spring would come again." Now I know that there is not a lover of truth but what will say that this is an awful perversion of the sacred text, and could only come from the pen of a blasphemer; yet, in our own place of worship, where truth is preached in plainness and simplicity by an aged servant of the Lord, we have had persons standing up as the mouth of God who have spiritualized and perverted passages of scripture as erroneously as the solemn raising of Lazarus was by the companion of Carlisle. I allow that some persons have wonderful ability in spiritualizing works of nature and art. They have manifested to wondering hearers that they could preach as well from such a text as "old shoes, and clouted," as from "Christ formed in the heart, the hope of glory." For instance, guns, pistols, cannons, swords, wheelbarrows, tea-things, &c., have proved fruitful subjects to many possessing this peculiar gift, and when unaccompanied by perversions of the word of

God, may prove harmless, if not beneficial, to the living family of Jesus; and as natural children are

“Pleased with a rattle,—tickled with a straw;”

it therefore may be that spiritual children require these spiritualized novelties. For my own part, I have had more pleasure, and my faith has been more strengthened, by hearing a poor sinner relating, in a plain, straightforward manner, the dealings of God with his soul, than I have been edified in reading works which display more of the ingenuity of man than the teachings of the Spirit; but the last mentioned characters are not those I wish you to notice. The individuals to whom I wish you to drop a word of rebuke and exhortation are those who take some plain scriptural fact, and, after straining and distorting it, plunge it into a whirlpool of nonsense, and bring it forth, to the gratification of their pride, in showing their wonderful acuteness in making it erroneously bear upon some leading doctrine of grace. A system of this nature I believe to be sinful, and if you, Messrs. Editors, will take cognizance of it, you will perhaps be a means, in God's hands, of freeing the church of Christ from a glaring error.

That God the Holy Ghost will enable you to raise the *Standard* of truth, and expose error, is the desire of

M.

[There is something in the tone of the above communication that we do not altogether feel a union with; and yet that it contains truth we dare not deny. We may possibly take up the subject in a future number.—Eds.]

THE BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

Messrs. Editors,—Will you permit me to drop a word in love to the church of Christ, through your widely-circulated magazine, on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I have recently seen a pamphlet on believers' baptism, the author of which, I think, speaks very well on the subject, but says that, in his opinion, the baptism of the Holy Ghost relates exclusively to the miraculous powers bestowed upon, and confined to, the saints of God in the apostolic age. If it be so, how can he be the Comforter that shall abide with the church for ever? and to deny the one to establish the other, is, in my view, but a poor empty shift. As the Lord has, I trust, led me into a sweet experience of the one, and enabled me to walk through the other, I do not think it wrong to give my thoughts on the subject, as I write not, I hope, from any feeling of pride or vain glory, but from love to God and his truth.

Now, we understand baptism, as being an overwhelming of the body in the watery element, to set forth the overwhelming sufferings and death of Christ, and it is, in my opinion, a very fit emblem. But in the Scriptures it is said that Christ shall baptize us with “the Holy Ghost and with fire;” and Christ himself said to his disciples, “Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.” (Acts i. 5.) “They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.” (Acts ii. 4.) Now, it does not appear to me that they were baptized or filled with Him as the third Person in the ever-blessed Trinity, for he fills all space, but as the Spirit of Christ, for he is a Spirit of love. In this sense every sinner justified before God may be said to be baptized with, or to receive the

Holy Ghost. This is being baptized with fire. Now some say that this is to receive the threatenings of God in his fiery law; but I cannot receive this, for I believe that Paul had a sense of the fiery law to as great an extent as any mere man ever had. (Acts ix.) In the 17th verse we read that he was to be filled with the Holy Ghost; and, how horrible! for if this author's doctrine be true, he was to be filled with the fire of God's wrath. But he was to arise, be baptized, and wash away his sins; (Acts xxii. 16;) and when sin was washed away, no wrath could kindle upon him. My belief is, that this fiery baptism is the fire of love in the soul that burns through all the opposition which the poor soul has to meet with from within and without. As Paul says, "the love of God constraineth us;" and without this, what poor gospel minister or private Christian in the church of God could stand in this or any other day? This fire burns up all fleshly religion, and all our supposed goodness, and brings the poor soul empty to Christ to be filled, naked to be clothed, sick to be healed; and when the Sun of righteousness arises with healing in his wings, the Holy Ghost is then the Comforter, and there is an overwhelming of the soul in the ocean of love that is without bottom, without beginning, and without end. His soul is overwhelmed in holy astonishment at the greatness of this love, for he feels his security in Christ, and finds that Christ and he are one, and that nothing can separate him from the love of Christ to all eternity; he sees that the covenant of grace is "ordered in all things and sure," and that its blessings must be conveyed to all the seed, because it stands upon the immutability of God's counsel, and is confirmed by oath. There is a sweet overwhelming of every faculty of the soul in this ocean; the understanding is clear, being brought out of the mist of darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel, to understand what the will of the Lord is in Christ; the affections are set upon things above, or rather on spiritual things; he now loves the Lord Jesus Christ above every other object for the great things he has done for him, and says that he is altogether lovely; the will is brought into sweet submission, and he is willing to be nothing that Christ may be all in all, and knows what it is to be as a little child in the arms of Christ, and enters the kingdom of grace as such; the conscience is sweetly led to feel peace through the peace-speaking blood and righteousness of Christ; he now knows what real gospel liberty is, and does not receive the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the Spirit of adoption, whereby he cries, "Abba, Father;" the judgment, which before was so shattered that he could not tell what to make of himself or his state, is now brought into light, and he sees and feels that all is done well for him in Christ, and all things set straight; the memory is sweetly engaged in the recollection of Christ's goodness in his delivering mercies. It is said that miracles have ceased, but spiritual miracles must be greatest. We are told that "they spake with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance," (Acts ii. 4,) and so does the soul, when brought into a state of gospel liberty; he can only speak experimentally as the Spirit gives him utterance, but he speaks the language of Canaan, he speaks of Christ and his great salvation, as made known to him; his feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; he walks, and leaps, and praises God; his loins are girt about with truth, and he now walks upright; he has got Christ the Shield of faith, and with it he quenches the fiery darts of the wicked. As Hart says,

"In Christ he lives, and acts, and moves,
From self and bondage free.

This, I can say, from heartfelt experience, is true; but I travelled for years with the fear of God in my heart before I reached this state of ex-

perience, and I believe that many of the children of God do; but "though safe, they are not sound." The disciples were living men before the day of Pentecost, but did not know what this baptism was until then. So Cornelius had the fear of God, and worshipped him, before Peter was sent, but had not received the Holy Ghost, in this sense, as he then did. Thus I conceive regeneration and justification are two different states; but where one is, the other must follow. But little did I think what I had to pass through when I was in a state of false peace. The painful temptations and trials in mind, body, and circumstances which I have experienced, none but God and my own soul are witness to; but I have been upheld by the long-suffering forbearance of the Lord that changeth not.

W. T.

EXTRACTS FROM LUTHER.

Messrs. Editors,—As many of your readers may not have the works of Luther, I have thought some extracts would be acceptable to them. The following are from thirty-four sermons printed in 1581; he had been twenty years in the ministry when he preached them.

Your's in the truth,

A. S.

"ON ORIGINAL SIN.

"Behold! I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath my mother conceived me;" as if he would say, 'Here is nothing but sin, as well in the conception as in the birth. Whatsoever I bring with me from my mother's womb, it is wholly damnable; it is due to death, Satan, and hell.' Forasmuch, then, as our nativity, skin, and hair are defiled, what good can come hereof? This is our title which we have received from Adam. In this one thing we may glory, and in nothing else at all, namely, that every infant that is born into this world is wholly in the power of sin, death, Satan, hell, and eternal damnation."

"ON SIN IN THE BELIEVER.

"Concerning sin, I have seen or known none in whom it is not. Paul, a most holy apostle, affirmeth of himself, that he feeleth sin in his members. 'To will,' saith he, 'is present with me, but I find no means to perform that which is good; for the good which I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that do I.' He wished, indeed, to be free from sins, but yet he could not but live in them; and I, such like also, am also desirous to be exempted from sins, but that can by no means be brought to pass. We do only repress and keep them under. When we have fallen into sin we rise again. But as long as we are clothed with this flesh, and bear the burden thereof about with us, so long sin is not extinguished, nor can be wholly subdued. We may well go about and endeavour to subdue it, but notwithstanding old Adam will lead his life also. The kingdom of Christ is a certain special kingdom, wherein every one of the saints is compelled to make this confession. Now he is not a Christian who thinketh that he hath no sin, neither feeleth any; but if thou knowest any such, he is an Antichristian, and not a true Christian. Now he is a Christian, who, being a sinner, confesseth himself a sinner; who hateth the feeling of sin. Striving against it from the heart, it grieveth them to the heart that they must bear the miserable burden of this flesh; and they cry out together with Paul, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' This shriek and cry all the faithful do

give for that feeling of sin. They do most earnestly desire to be delivered from it, and in this feeling of sin and knowledge of it, the kingdom of Christ consisteth; *so that in sin there is no sin.* Thus a Christian wrapped in sins, is both under sins and above sins, and at the last obtaineth the victory. Sin is a grievous burden, whereof no man is eased, but he whom Christ the Son of God delivereth, and that by the Holy Ghost."

"TEMPTATION, CONFLICTS, AND TRIBULATION.

"God leaveth in us an appearance and feeling of death and the devil; so that my sin disquieteth me and troubleth my conscience, and would drive me unto desperation. Moreover, the judgment of God terrifieth me; death assaileth me as if it would devour me; Satan is at hand, and seeketh to suppress me; God suffereth these to remain, and taketh them not quite away, for this must continue, that we may perceive and feel that we are nothing else of ourselves but sinners, subject to sin and Satan; and yet under this appearance lie hid life, innocency, and dominion and victory over sin, Satan, hell, &c.; as Christ himself saith, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Now it is also expedient that I feel the biting of sin, the terror of the wrath of God, the horror of death. Notwithstanding, in the mean season, under that assault and terror the word and the Spirit are encouraging me, preservering me, and assuring me. Hereby ye see that this kingdom is the kingdom of faith, which cannot be touched nor outwardly perceived of any, which one cannot show to another, but every one must have it for himself. Here life and death, sin and innocency, Christ and Satan do fight one with another; but Christ, life, and innocency do overcome and conquer. This is soon spoken, but not so soon felt, yea, the contrary surely is rather felt. Wherefore, if thou wilt esteem and consider this kingdom according to the judgment of the world, thou shalt utterly err and be deceived. The world calleth that a good and peaceable kingdom where all things are quiet, prosperous, and go well forward, where is safety, peace, and innocency outwardly; but here is the kingdom of salvation and grace, although it always appear otherwise. Wherefore, these things are to be understood in spirit and faith, for they which are partakers of this kingdom cannot be without conflicts and tribulation. For although it be a kingdom of salvation, which hath neither rest nor quietness, but suffereth the force of hell, death, the devil, sin, and all manner of adversity and tribulation, yet they which be in it do, with an invincible courage, endure, and at length overcome, all evils. But God, therefore, permitteth these things, that our faith may be exercised and show forth itself. A Christian must be, as it were, overwhelmed with all evils together, so also he shall be again delivered from all evils. And although we come unto him, and now stand by faith, yet it is not in our power to keep ourselves therein, or to stand by our own strength, unless he oftimes, by the power of his word, hold, lift up, and carry us, for that the devil always imagineth and purposeth deceit and destruction towards us, and goeth about like a roaring lion, as Paul witnesseth. Wherefore here is no place to boast of free-will, or of our own strength, which is none, neither in beginning any thing, neither in going forward therein, much less in persevering or continuing in it, but Christ our Shepherd alone doth all things. But it is an incomparable torment to them that believe, being in distress, when God showeth himself such a one at their prayers, like unto one that is angry and whom they pray unto in vain, hiding so deeply his grace, that they now perceive nothing else

but that he will not perform those things which he hath promised, and that he will show his own words to be false; that truly happened to the Israelites at the Red Sea, and to many other excellent and holy men. The Israelites trusted God would deliver them, and yet no possible means were before their eyes, or in all their thoughts; then the Red Sea opened itself and gave them a passage, drowning all their enemies at once. The works of God are such, that while they kill they make alive, while they condemn they save, as Hannah, the mother of Samuel, singeth of the Lord: 'The Lord killeth and maketh alive; bringeth down to the grave, and setteth up again. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich; bringeth low, and heaveth up on high.' Wherefore, if a man be thus stricken of God in his heart, that he acknowledgeth himself such a one as ought for his sins to be condemned, he surely is that very man whom God, by his word, hath stricken, and by this stroke hath fastened upon him the bond of his divine grace, whereby he draweth him, that he may provide for his soul, and have care of him. John saith, in his first epistle, v. 4, 'This is that victory that hath overcome this world, even our faith.' Howbeit this victory cometh not with rest and quietness; we must try the fight; not without blood and wounds; that is, we must needs feel sin, death, the flesh, the devil, and the world; yea, and that assailing us so grievously, and with so great force, that the heart of man doth think that he is past all hope, that sin hath overcome, and the devil got the upper hand; and, on the contrary side, very little feel the force of faith, for in the temptation of sin, we must needs feel the conscience thrall unto sins, the wrath of God, and hellish pains to hang over us, and all things to be in that case as though we were past all recovery. Yet we must not be discouraged; for although thy conscience, being wounded, doth feel sin, and the wrath and indignation of God, yet shalt thou not be plunged into hell. For a true and sincere faith, which the Holy Ghost poureth into the heart, cannot be idle. Wherefore it is most certain that when a Christian hath begun to believe, by and by temptation and persecution will assail him, which, if it come not to pass, it is a sign that his faith is not sound, and that he hath not as yet truly received the gospel. For wicked Satan hath a very sharp sight, he by and by spieth out where is a true Christian; the devil is ready that he may set upon him and overthrow him, which sometimes chanceth to very holy men, who understand the word of God well. It is not an easy thing to avoid so great an enemy; the learned fall, and the elect stumble. Satan more often and vehemently assaileth a sincere Christian than him that is ignorant of Christ, of grace, and of faith."

[We thank A. S. for his extracts, and shall be glad of more of a similar character. But as Luther, like other men, had his dross, we must beg of A. S. to send us nothing but clippings of pure gold.]—Eds.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Dear Friend,—I once more feel a desire arise in my mind to write a few lines to you. I have had you in remembrance since I received your last, and have sometimes felt ashamed that I did not answer it sooner; but such has been the confusion of my mind, the hurry of business, the workings up of sin in my evil heart, and the temptations of the devil, that I have almost been driven to distraction and madness. I am much straitened in providential matters, am so shut up in my soul, and feel such abominable and heart-distressing rebellion

against the best of Beings, such dreadful harassings and tossings to and fro, such blasphemous thoughts, and such ungodly and carnal desires, that it often appears awful presumption in me to consider myself a child of God and an heir of eternal glory. Sometimes I have felt, to my shame be it said, as though I must break forth in the most awful and dreadful blasphemies, and curse the Almighty to his face, for I have been in such darkness that I could not trace one single evidence of the work of grace, nor find any remembrance of past mercies to rest upon. All appears at such seasons to be nothing but awful delusion and hypocrisy.

Dear brother, I write freely of my afflictions, believing that you are a partaker of the same trials, a brother and companion in tribulation, and a partaker of the consolations of the gospel, which are only suitable to such poor, lost, ruined, and undone wretches, as have no hope left in themselves, or in anything they can do or attend to. Such words as these are sometimes sweet to my soul; "He will not despise the prayer of the poor and destitute; he heareth the groanings of the prisoner; he hath not despised nor abhorred the supplication of the afflicted." Sometimes a ray of light darts into the dark dungeon where I dwell, and then a little hope springs up in my soul, which causes me to watch for the Lord, and at such times I am ready to say with the Psalmist, "O, my soul, wait thou upon God, for I shall yet praise him!" And O what blessedness have I found at times even in waiting for Him who is indeed my only consolation! and, to the praise of his dear name, I must tell you that, notwithstanding all my vileness, (a sample only of which I have related,) he is my God, and does at times grant me such sweet blessed tokens of his love that I am lost in wonder, love, and praise.

A short time since, when I was in a wretched state of feeling, these sweet words were spoken with great power to my soul; "I will sanctify to thee thy deepest distress." This delivered me in a moment from all my fears, and the Scriptures seemed opened up afresh to my mind; the promises appeared to be mine, especially those words, "Surely I will be with thee; in blessing, I will bless thee. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." O how my soul was led forth to bless and praise his precious name for his boundless mercies, his amazing grace, and his astonishing goodness to such a worthless, base, filthy, and rebellious wretch as I am! O how my proud heart was humbled, and how did my poor soul rejoice in God my Saviour! I could then say feelingly, "The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad," and could enter, in some measure, into the apostle's feelings, as recorded in the 5th chapter of Romans, "We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts." I now saw that trials were profitable, and could say with Hart,

"How harsh so'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on,
Nor leave us till we say,
Father, 'thy will be done;'
At most we do but taste the cup,
For thou alone hast drunk it up."

But as soon as the Lord leaves me to myself, I return, like Abraham, to my own place. He hideth his face, and I am again troubled. My enemies then begin to taunt me with saying, "Where is now thy God?" Then again my fears compass me about, and I begin to think all is a delusion, for my soul frets within me, and I have no help in myself. I feel the truth of Christ's own words verified in my soul's experience, "Without me ye can do nothing;" and I am come into the feelings of the church of old, "Draw me, and I will run after thee; turn me, and I shall be turned, for thou art my praise." Thus the work is all the Lord's from first to last. He made choice of us in eternity before the world was; he blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ, and gave his dear Son to die for us ungodly sinners. Jesus took our nature and wrought out a righteousness for us, and laid down his life, the just for the unjust, that we might be reconciled to God. O what a mercy it is that the Holy Ghost has condescended to teach us, in some measure, our real state as sinners, by convincing us of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; putting a cry into our souls, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" and showing to us the insufficiency of all creature doings by leading us to the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. Thus the eternal Trinity are all concerned for our salvation.

May we be enabled often, if it be the blessed will of the Lord, to render heartfelt praises for his boundless grace and mercy to us wretched sinners, and when he favours you with freedom of access may he enable you to remember your poor unworthy brother in the best of bonds,

Nov. 14, 1841.

H. P. G.

A GOOD HOPE THROUGH GRACE.

Beloved of God and of me also,—I hope this will find you and your family quite well. I have long had a desire to write to you, but the want of time and matter has sometimes been the cause of my not doing so before now, but I can truly say I often feel a great longing of soul to be with you, for God has taught us to love one another.

My dear brethren, I do now feel a desire to tell you a little of what the Lord has done, and is still doing for my soul. He has been teaching me for the last eight years the mystery of iniquity in the human heart, of my undone and wretched state, and of my many false refuges and hiding places. He also has swept away my refuge of lies, and has broken my covenant with death; but he never suffers me to lose what he has given me—a comfortable assurance and a steady hope of my worthless soul's eternal salvation. I see enough every day and every hour in myself to convince me, beyond a doubt, of my certain damnation without the blood of Christ. This, I believe, every soul, sooner or later, must be brought to, before it can see and feel the preciousness of Christ. Yes, blessed be his wonderful name, he endears himself more to my soul every day, because he not only gives me to feel what I am in and of myself, but shows his suit-

ability to save me from sin. O it is a mercy that our salvation does not depend upon ourselves, but upon a faithful God, whose gifts and callings are without repentance. If my sin be pardoned, I am secure, for then death has no sting; besides, the law gives sin its damning power, but Christ died as a ransom for me, and I sometimes have such a sense of my eternal justification through the blood and righteousness of Christ as almost to break my soul into a thousand pieces.

Dear friend, if you find your soul exercised with darkness, chastisement, fears, and frowns, you must not conclude that they arise from the avenging wrath, or eternal displeasure of Jehovah, for I am sure, with regard to my own soul, that they proceed from a covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus. Give my closest regards to all who love him really in truth and uprightness of heart, for I can say, without hypocrisy, that it is with them my soul is bound up and united.

May God, of his infinite mercy, lead, guide, and direct our feet to his own glory, and to the comforting and building up of our souls in the truth as it is in Jesus. Beg the Lord to keep your soul watchful and tender, and may he give you a heart to confess your every fault. Be open, and keep nothing back when you have an opportunity to tell him your every desire and every want.

My dear wife joins in love to all friends, and I subscribe myself, yours in truth and uprightness of heart,

Oxford, June 4, 1830.

N. M.

SHOULD CHILDREN BE TAUGHT TO PRAY?

Dear Messrs. Editors,—I have read a piece on prayer in the *Standard* for this month which I like very much, as I have been a witness, in praying families, to parents putting lies into their offsprings' mouths, by teaching them to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and other compositions, which are called prayers, but are quite unfit for those who are strangers to the Being whom they address, and the language they use. Will you, therefore, dear Sirs, or any of your contributors, set me right on what I have for years been puzzled about, that is, whether it be right to teach children to use praying forms at all, or is it right to let them alone, and not interfere with them in this matter? You know, as well as I do, what is said in the Old and New Testaments about teaching children. What do "nurture and admonition of the Lord" mean? Is not some prayer or address to God included? I do know many parents who are very careless in relation to their children, and it seems as if they were so because they cannot convert them, which we well know is impossible for them to do; but indeed they will be at no trouble whatever to teach them anything. Is this right, or is it wrong? I can see much prayer in Mr. G.'s "Sunday School Hymns for Children;" they learn and sing them, which is very proper, and of which I highly approve; but I, and many others who dearly love the truth of every thing, want to know whether it be right or wrong to teach children the language

and form of an address to the Almighty. I am sure, from knowledge and observation, that many good people are very negligent of their children in this respect; so that you will oblige your constant reader and inquirer by sending out an answer in your next. I am no spy, nor do I write this to draw from you something whereby to accuse you. My request is in sincerity, for I believe there are many God-fearing people who would be glad to see in your valuable magazine something explicit on this subject. There are some who set great value and lay much stress on their family teachings, while at the same time there are others who never trouble themselves at all about it. Are there not extremes in both instances? I had some conversation about this with a good man, who has five children, and he said he believed they were in the hands of God, and he was very easy about the matter, for whatever was their destiny, he could not alter it. That same good man is a constant reader of your *Gospel Standard*.

Now, my dear Sirs, do answer this, or insert it, and perhaps some one else may do so. I know a word from you or any of your able correspondents will go a great way with many, and especially on this subject.

June 7, 1841.

AN HONEST INQUIRER.

[We cannot but consider the words of the Lord himself quite decisive on this subject: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in Spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in Spirit and in truth." (John iv. 23, 24.) If God "seeks" and accepts spiritual worshippers, he can seek and accept *no other*; nor can he listen with acceptance to any worship but that which is rendered him in Spirit and in truth. "To worship him in Spirit" is to "pray in the Holy Ghost," (Jude 20,) to "pray with the Spirit," (1 Cor. xiv. 15,) "who maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered;" (Rom. viii. 26;) and all such worship is the sole fruit of the pouring out upon the soul of the Spirit of grace and supplications. (Zech. xii. 10.) To worship God "in truth" is with "simplicity and godly sincerity," (2 Cor. i. 12,) as a heart-searching God, (Ps. cxxxix. 1,) as "desiring truth in the inward parts," (Ps. li. 6,) as "a consuming fire," (Heb. xii. 29,) and "with reverence and godly fear" seek at his hands only the very blessings and mercies that the soul feels its need of. Carnal persons, whether children or adult, cannot worship the Father in Spirit and in truth, for they are "sensual, having not the Spirit." (Jude 19.) God is not pleased with carnal offerings. "If ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil?" (Mal. i. 8.) But what are the man-taught prayers of children but blind, lame, and sick, yea, "polluted bread offered upon God's altar?" (Mal. i. 7.) All attempts, then, to teach children in a state of nature to pray, or to put words into their mouths, we must condemn as contrary to the revealed will of God.

But this is a different thing from the contrary extreme. There is in some professing parents an Antinomian recklessness about their children, an utter abandonment of all admonition, or instruction, and in some cases an apparent, if not real indifference with respect to their children's words and actions. They exercise no control over them, administer no chastisement, lay before them no solemn warning, never hear them read the Scriptures, and never speak to or treat them as if they had a never-dying soul. Nay, what is worse, they will sanction or wink at their playing at cards, frequenting the theatre and other ungodly amusements, and listen with a smile to their satirical remarks upon, and mimicry of preachers and gracious people. There is a course between making our children hypocrites or infidels. Let them understand by our demeanour,

our conduct, our conversation, that there is a solemn reality in divine things. Let the most distant approach to lightness upon spiritual subjects be at once checked. Let them see that we are what we profess to be at home as well as abroad; and not be hardened into infidelity by our inconsistency. And if God has not purposes of mercy toward them, or if they break out into ungodly practices, we may be spared the cutting reflection that when our "sons made themselves vile," like Eli, "we restrained them not."—Eds.]

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. FOWLER.

My dear Sister in our most blessed Lord,—“The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” I have nearly done with letter writing, but as I sat alone musing I felt a sudden thought, and said, “How does my dear friend, Mrs. S., move on?” There also rushed into my mind an observation which you made as we walked towards the coach; it was something to this effect, “I fear after all that I shall be deceived.” I have, my dear friend, often been in the same painful situation, but, blessed be God, his thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways. The foundation on which we stand is immovable; “The Rock of ages never moves.” We are ever varying, fluctuating, changing; tossed about like a feather in the air; creatures of circumstances. Alas! “what is man?” even believing man? I am now within a few days of completing the fifty-seventh year of my age, and mercy, mercy, abundant mercy has indeed followed me up to the present moment. It is now about thirty-nine years since I first tasted of the precious love of Christ, but the fountain of the great deep was not broken up for many years after that period. Nearly thirty-six years have I preached the gospel of Christ, and what am I now? Why, much more helpless than I was thirty-six years ago. Thus, you see, I have made but little progress, and am obliged to cry, with the poor publican, “God, be merciful to me a sinner!”

My object is not to discourage you by this sable picture, for I pray that the gracious Lord may make you more spiritual and more fruitful than your poor worn-out, and worthless correspondent. I would bring you better tidings. Why should the great and blessed object of our faith be left out, seeing that from his fulness we receive grace for grace? My kind regards to Mr. S. and family. A line at your convenience will be thankfully received. Mercy and peace be your choice companions.—Ever yours in Jesus, and for his sake,

London, Dec. 7, 1836.

H. FOWLER.

SYMPATHY.

My dear Friend,—I was truly sorry to hear of your serious injury, and wish it were in my power to render you some assistance. Were we Arminians, I could supply you with abundance of precepts and counsel to act faith, exercise patience, and cultivate resignation under your present affliction. But all such counsel you would value at its due worth; and I believe were all the property in Manchester of equal value with such advice, it would puzzle all its accountants to find

how much it was worth less than 0. My desire, then, for you is, that you may feel yourself the passive moistened clay in the hands of the heavenly Potter, and experience his blessed fingers moulding you to his divine will. If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without Jehovah, much less the body which lodges the ransomed soul of W—G—. But what can old nature do under pain and confinement but murmur, rebel, argue, question, and find fault with the garden walk, and the slipping foot, and the fragile limb, and the splints, and the bandage, and the aching back, aye, and the Sovereign Ruler of all things himself, who appointed this among the all things that are to work together for your spiritual good.

I have been long searching ineffectually for something good and holy in self, but after much investigation I have been obliged to come to Paul's conclusion: "I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." But to be a pauper, and live all one's life upon alms, and they, too, to be rarely given, and usually not before the eyes fail with looking upwards, how galling and mortifying to the proud spirit of a rebel! And then to have such long seasons of neither food nor famine, without either begging or receiving, but to be borne down by a heavy mass of carnality and death, well may the soul thus situated cry aloud,

"Needy and naked and unclean,
Empty of good and full of ill;
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
Without the power to act or will."

Wishing you a speedy recovery from your present state, and that the Lord may favour your soul with many sweet visitations from himself, I am, my dear friend, yours affectionately for truth's sake,
Stamford, September, 1840. J. C. P.

INQUIRY.

Messrs. Editors,—I am concerned to know what it is to walk in the liberty of the gospel, for my poor soul is so often beset with the temptations of Satan and a depraved nature, that I often fear my feet will slip, and thereby wound afresh my dear Lord, and bring a reproach upon his cause; so, therefore, as I hear from one and another that such characters are not fully delivered, I am desirous to know what gospel liberty is.

If you, dear Sirs, or some of your correspondents, will endeavour to bring me to a satisfactory conclusion upon this matter, it will be greatly esteemed by yours,

Dec., 1841.

A LOVER OF FREE GRACE.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

We laid before our readers, a short time ago, a sketch of *Puseyism*; we propose, in our present number, to present them with a similar outline of the views of the *Plymouth Brethren*, and have therefore placed at the head of our present article the name of a periodical which

is one of the organs of the party, and which was sent us some time ago for our review. It is probable that many of our readers may not know them even by name, although there are few localities into which they have not more or less penetrated. We shall, therefore, *first* give a slight sketch of their origin, and *then* a short account of their views.

They are called, then, *Plymouth Brethren*, from the place of their head quarters, that town being the residence of the originators of the party; and as they disclaim every thing of a sectarian nature, and will not allow themselves to be called by any name descriptive of views of doctrine, modes of Church government, opinions of an individual, or other usual sources of a distinctive denomination, they speak of themselves as *Brethren*. Their chief originators were members of the Church of England, some being seceding ministers, and others educated at the University, but never ordained, as the term is, by a bishop.

Their leading heads are, or were, (for we have no very recent information,) Mr. Wigram, Mr. Newton, and Mr. Darby. The two former were educated at Oxford, but not ordained; and the last is an Irish clergyman, who has seceded from the Establishment some ten or eleven years. All three are men of talent, and the latter of a mind peculiarly original, reflective, and penetrating. Pallid in countenance, emaciated in figure, careless even to shabbiness in dress, disregarding of the common conveniences of life, possessed of martyr courage, liberal, even to the utter wasting of all his property, to the poor, and full of kindness and benevolence, Mr. Darby is well fitted to draw admiration from all who look much to the externals of religion. And when to this we add, that he possesses a mind deeply reflective, a memory remarkably conversant with scripture, a life spotless, an energy unwearied, a devotedness to one object rarely equalled, and a power to influence inferior minds not often found, we shall not wonder that, though not the first originator, or the most known, he is the real leader of the Plymouth Brethren. Our limits will not permit us to sketch, in a similar manner, the other two whose names we have mentioned, though we have materials for the purpose; nor to do more than enumerate Sir A. Campbell, Mr. Harris, and Capt. Hall, as also leaders of the party, of whom the former is a Scotch baronet, the second a seceding clergyman, and the third late a captain in the navy, and a son of Dr. Hall, the late Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. To these names we may add that of Mr. Beverley, so well known some years ago as the author of several clever and satirical pamphlets against the Church of England, and that of the Hon. Mr. Parnell, the eldest son of Lord Congleton, lately Sir Henry Parnell, and one of the late ministry. We have mentioned these names, not to gratify carnal curiosity, but as presenting a remarkable feature. Nearly every name that we have mentioned is in some way allied to the aristocracy of this country.* Movements really of God have rarely commenced with the high-born and the well-bred. Fishermen and tent-makers, tanners, tinkers, cobblers, weavers, and coal-heavers have been more usually called of God to be apostles and ministers. We will do the Plymouth Brethren the justice to acknowledge that they disclaim any such title to worldly esteem, but that they have such a hold upon the natural prejudices of men is a *fact* which their disclaiming it cannot alter. At any rate, it cannot be said that God has chosen the poor of this world to commence that spreading movement which originated at Plymouth. And again, they are nearly

* Mr. Wigram is the son of a baronet who died worth half a million of money; Mr. Darby is the brother of the member for East Sussex; and Captain Hall is the grandson of a peer.

all men of education, and some of considerable talent and learning, which further throws a suspicious hue over them. This advantage (if such it can be called) they do not disclaim, nor cast aside with the preceding one. Appeals to the original languages, quotations from Church history, and a general strain of learned allusion are frequent in their writings. The *Inquirer*, a periodical which, from internal evidence, is clearly in their hands, contains articles which show the highest cultivation of mind, and written not only in a most forcible and eloquent style, but full of expressions and allusions which, to ordinary readers, would be almost unintelligible.

It does not seem to be in unison with God's usual modes of dealing, that he should choose the wise in this world to originate or accomplish such a revolution as the principles of the Plymouth Brethren, if carried out, would effect in the churches.

These things are important elements in enabling us to arrive at spiritual and scriptural judgment upon them. Many of the children of God have been much tried and perplexed what view to form of them. In making an estimate, all the items must come into the account; in drawing a portrait, all the features must be taken of the face. This has been our motive in presenting the two prominent points in them that we have named—aristocratical connexions, and cultivated minds. That they are laborious, self-denying, separate from the world, devoted to one object, none can deny. That they are divinely instructed and spiritually taught is to us very questionable.

But we will proceed to a brief account of *their views*. With respect to doctrine, they cannot be said to have any clear or consistent opinions beyond such views of the Trinity, &c. as orthodox Christians hold. That is, however clear some of them may be in doctrine, they consider consistency in this point of secondary importance. For instance, with respect to the important point of the extent of redemption, Mr. Wigram holds it to be particular, Mr. Newton that it is universal, and Mr. Darby is, or certainly was, undecided which it was. So with respect to baptism, some believe it to be by immersion, others by sprinkling, and some by neither. All are certainly opposed to strict communion, and denounce it, in no measured terms, as inconsistent with Christian charity. Thus much for their agreeable non-agreement, their points of amicable difference. Their points of union are as follows.

1. They set aside the ministry of the Gospel as resting in certain individuals specially called by God to that work. Their creed is that all Christians have an equal right to preach. They allow, indeed, such a thing as a spiritual gift, but they hold that this does not give an individual any title to preach to, or to be maintained by, a congregation. Thus they have a special antipathy to a pulpit, and do not allow one in their chapels. But they profess to receive all ministers who call themselves servants of Jesus Christ, with this limitation, that two or three "that sit by" (*i.e.* the leaders of the party) "judge;" and if their judgment be against the preacher, he speaks there no more. This would seem to be a means of keeping down too forward speakers of their own body; but it also acts as a preventive to men of truth being heard, and keeps the preaching in the hands of the leaders themselves.

2. In their congregations they make an unusual separation between the Church, *i.e.*, members of their own body, and the world, *i.e.*, the unconverted hearers. They occupy different parts of the building; they assemble at different hours, that is, for special meetings; and the mode of preaching to them, and we believe even the name, differ.

3. Election, we believe, they universally hold; the difference of the Mosaic and Christian dispensation they much dwell upon; the abrogation of the law as a covenant and as a rule of life is with them a prominent feature; deadness to the world, and an utter indifference to all its maxims, comforts, and honours they much inculcate; love to the brethren, and liberality to the poor and needy they sedulously teach; implicit obedience to the gospel precepts, and what they call "service" they much insist upon; and we are bound to add, that what they teach they for the most part practise.

4. Their leaders are, for the most part, deeply imbued with what are termed prophetic views, and make these a prominent part of their teachings; and as they write much, and, for the most part, very ably on all their points of belief, and circulate tracts very widely, in which they handle all their main features of doctrine, as well as establish causes wherever an opening is afforded, we cannot wonder that they are spreading widely and rapidly.

Having said thus much of them, and spoken things, if not in their favour, at least impartially declaring what we know of them, we will now mention where their weakness and rottenness, viewed as a party, chiefly lie.

1. They set aside the first work of the Holy Spirit in condemning and bringing in a sinner guilty before God. And this necessarily flows from their views of the law. We observed just now that they set aside the law as a covenant and as a rule of life; but they do more than this, they set it aside also as a ministration of condemnation. They do not believe it to be necessary for the law to condemn and curse a sinner, before he can or will come to Christ for mercy and pardon. Their creed is that the law of the ten commandments is entirely abrogated, that the Gentiles never were and never are under it, and that the law contained in Exodus xx. has no more to do with a Gentile than the laws of China have to do with an Englishman living in this country. Thus they say in one of their Tracts, "*Antinomianism and Legalism*," p. 4, "The law is spoken of in Scripture as one thing, 'The law was given by Moses.' It is true that the word law is used in a less definite sense; but when *the* law is used, it generally means the whole Mosaic economy, which was not partially but entirely superseded by that which was introduced by Christ. In no place of Scripture is that distinction found which is commonly insisted on between the moral and the ceremonial law."

If the word "the law" means, as they contend, the whole Mosaic dispensation, and if therefore the moral law is as much abolished and superseded as the ceremonial law, the ministration of condemnation can have no more existence than the law of sacrifices. Now we will ask them one question. If the moral law was utterly abolished and superseded, it was so when Christ fulfilled it, and died under its curse. Now, was not the law, that is, one of the ten commandments, applied to Paul's conscience *after* Christ had died, risen again, and ascended into heaven? He declares plainly that "the commandment came," that is, with killing power to his conscience, for he "died" under it; and he adds expressly that it was the *tenth* commandment, "Thou shalt not covet." (Rom. vii. 9, 7.) Now here is a most undeniable proof that the law was not abolished, as a ministration of condemnation, by Christ's death, for *after* his death the Holy Ghost applied it to Paul's conscience. Would that blessed Spirit have revived an abrogated and superseded statute? Had the moral law been as much superseded as the ceremonial law, the Holy Ghost would

no more have revived it than he would have restored the Levitical sacrifices. Thus setting aside the work of the law, they believe that a man may be drawn by the gospel without ever knowing guilt, wrath, bondage, or condemnation. Not that they say there are no such feelings as guilt and condemnation, but they say there *ought* to be none, that the gospel is a proclamation of pure mercy, and that there is no prerequisite to its reception. We can easily understand how suitable this doctrine is to all unexercised souls, and how palatable to those in whose hearts the Spirit of God has never made Jehovah known as a consuming fire.

2. Connected with this is their view of faith. They hold that there is no salvation but by faith, and that justification and sanctification are dependant upon faith. But the faith that they advocate is altogether Sandemanian.* All we have to do, say they, is to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. This they consider the first step in the Christian life, and hold that he who credits this is a believer, and that he who does not so believe is an unbeliever. The doubts, the fears, the exercises, the hopes, the risings, the sinkings, the conflicts and struggles of quickened souls, who would believe, but cannot, they cut off at a stroke, and will not allow such to be believers. As a consequence, they represent the assurance of faith as the first step in faith; for if faith be a mere assent of the mind to certain facts or evidences, there can be no weak faith where the fact is certain and the evidences clear, as the person of Christ and the truths of the gospel are. Such speeches as the following are not uncommon amongst them: "Oh! I was just as you are," speaking to a spiritual mourner, "but I believed in Christ, and have been happy ever since." "But how did you believe?" would be the inquiry. "How? I believed that he was the Son of God." No account do they give or require of deliverance, manifestation, or application. They believed, and that was all.

3. From this Sandemanian faith springs not only their rejection of all experience in the first coming of the sinner to Christ, but their discarding also of all subsequent experience after a deliverance, or after faith in Christ. Our friend Warburton, with his "heaviness in the heart of a man maketh it stoop," they would hardly consider a believer, or would certainly set him down as a very weak and unestablished Christian, and very inferior to one of their newly-fledged birds that had just issued forth from the Plymouth nest. All his exercises, trials about his debts, conflicts with the devil and his own heart, they would deem the very dregs of legality. So that all the fluctuations and ever-varying frames, the cries, the sighs, the tears, the mournings over Christ's absence, and the enjoyments of his presence, the hungering and the feast, the thirsting and the sippings of mercy, the darkness and light, deadness and life, barrenness and fruitfulness alternating in a Christian, are all virtually discarded by them.

4. They therefore really reject all the sweet consolations of the gospel, as much as they discard all the dark and distressing parts of experience, for these are intimately and inseparably connected. The afflictions of the gospel are in proportion to the consolations, and the consolations to the afflictions. To reject, then, the one, is to reject the other. With this they must also, to be consistent, reject all the

* As this word may not be intelligible to all our readers, we will explain it. Sandeman was a Scotch preacher in connexion with Dr. Glasse, and taught that faith was a mere assent of the mind, and that we are to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God just in the same way as we believe there was such a person as Julius Cesar, or that there is such a country as America. Hence all such mere natural faith has been called Sandemanian.

application of the promises, for the promises are valueless to all but the afflicted, tried, harassed, and tempted. And with the promises they must reject all deliverances, for deliverances presuppose straits and difficulties, which they either deny to exist, or, if they do exist, attribute them to weakness of faith, and therefore not to be cured by a special manifestation, or a particular deliverance, but by acting faith.

5. Out of this spring, too, their setting aside of the Old Testament as a model of believers' present experience, and their creed that the Psalms are not a manual of experience now, but of what Christ experienced upon earth. We heard one of their chief leaders say that "he knew more than David, and had been where David never was;" and when asked to explain himself, replied, "that David did not know Christ as he knew him, nor had David ever been in heavenly places with Christ, where he was sitting with him." Thus, in their Tract, "*The contrast between the Jewish dispensation and the present one,*" they distinctly assert (pp. 11, 12) that "the blessings of the last" (that is, the Mosaic) "dispensation were carnal and earthly;" and that "the hope of a Jew, as a Jew, was blessings upon earth; riches, long life, abundant fruit of the land were his portion; they were to be tokens of God's favour to him." With this they contrast the hope of this present dispensation; "His hope" (that is, the believer's) "is the redemption of the body, the seeing of Jesus as he is, and being made like unto him." Now we would ask, had Job no hope but what rested in sons and daughters, sheep and camels, oxen and asses? Why, he declares the expression of his hope in words almost similar to that which they give as the hope of the believer. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c." They thus make hopes, blessings, and promises altogether dependant, not upon the Spirit's special revelation of them to the soul, whether before or after Christ, but upon the difference of the dispensation. And as they defraud the Old Testament believers of new covenant blessings, so they deprive New Testament believers of Old Testament experience. Thus their most deeply taught Christian would not be he that had known most of temptation and most of deliverance, most of the bitters and most of the sweets in the divine life, most of the creature's helplessness and ruin, and most of the Saviour's sweet manifestations; but he whose judgment was best informed as to the difference of the two covenants, who walked most at liberty from legal shackles, (a liberty, it is to be remarked, not proclaimed in the conscience by the Holy Spirit as an individual blessing, but assured as a general privilege to all believers,) and who practised the most self-denial, not so much on account of the workings of a tender conscience, as because this world, in its present state, is not the believer's home, but is to be so when it has undergone the purification of the general conflagration.

Thus, the system of the Plymouth Brethren, which, at first sight, and to unenlightened eyes, bears great marks of truth, and appears a revival of primitive days, when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, is manifested as a refined and specious form of natural religion. It possesses, in many of its leading features, the aspect of truth. Election, justification by Christ's righteousness, the abrogation of the law as a rule of life, separation from the world, self-denial and crucifixion of the flesh, love of the brethren, an uncompromising hostility to Establishments—in these and other points the Plymouth Brethren are on the side of truth. And these truths being set off by much creature holiness, devotedness, and amiability, as well as backed by talent, learning, and great liberality, we need not wonder that they lay hold of such minds as are dissatisfied with the general tone of worldly religion prevalent in the Establishment, and the great mass of Dissenters.

There is a large class of persons in this country who, without divine teaching, are seeking after some kind of religion to satisfy conscience, and ease the painful thoughts of eternity. Some of these are attracted by the showy forms and imposing rites of Popery; others by the specious claims to primitive antiquity held out by Puseyism; and to others more meditative, and more deeply imbued with scriptural knowledge, the system of the Plymouth Brethren holds out a harbour of refuge. There are in that system many points of attraction.

It has great attractions *naturally*. 1. There is in it *an aristocratic atmosphere*, a kind of Madeira climate, which suits the tender lungs of gentility. Gentlemen and ladies dissatisfied with the forms of a carnal Establishment can join the Plymouth Brethren without being jostled by "vulgar Dissenters." Baronets and honourables throw a shield of protection over the meaner refugees. If a young lady, for instance, professes a dislike to, and separates from the Establishment, it much averts the paternal frowns when she comes home on a Sunday afternoon, and says, "Pa, Sir Alexander Campbell, or the Hon. Mr. Parnell preached to-day." But if Miss had said that she had been hearing a poor cobbler, or a Calvinistic stocking weaver in a cottage, the clouds upon the parental countenance would have gathered blackness.

2. *The creature-holiness and self-denial* that they practise is very attractive to ascetic minds. Mahogany chairs and tables, as well as carpets, are discarded from their houses; their dress is plain even to shabbiness; and "service" and obedience are strictly inculcated. This falls in well with those who know little or nothing of the ruins of the fall by painful soul-experience, and cannot distinguish between spiritual and fleshly obedience.

3. *The great liberality shown to poor members* is a strong attraction to that numerous class of professors who love that religion best which does most to pay their rent, clothe their backs, and feed their bellies. Some of them are men of considerable property, and most liberal in the distribution of it. We need not wonder if many of the poorer class are drawn by such motives.

4. *Their great kindness and benevolence* have a powerful hold on minds not to be swayed by filthy lucre. No cutting speeches, no harsh suspicions how people came by their religion, no inconvenient questions as to what they have felt, and we must add, no railing at each other, or unkind sneers and reflections on those who are in the same bonds of brotherhood, chill or disgust the tender and peaceable minds of those who shrink from every blast. Love is one of their grand doctrines, and to their views of it their actions are usually conformable.

But besides these *natural* sources of attraction, they have what we may term several strong *religious* attractions.

1. As a law work is discarded as quite unnecessary, it suits those who have never felt a burden of sin. 2. As faith is with them an assent of the mind, which every one is invited in the Scriptures to exercise, it suits those who have never been harassed with unbelief, and, as such, can take a bold onward step at once, without waiting for the Spirit's application. 3. As their system discards all doubts and fears, it suits all unexercised, unplagued professors. And as, 4thly, they consider it quite an unscriptural practice to ask for any account of a person's experience, it fits in admirably with those who have none. To those who attend much to the letter of Scripture there is the additional attraction of a strict compliance with the word of God. The ordinance is received every Lord's day; every brother is allowed his psalm, his doctrine, his interpretation; the titles of brother and sister are the only recognized ones; to a certain extent an intercommunion of goods is practised; the

Scriptures are much read and expounded, and the strictest adherence to the New Testament rules and precepts enforced.

In a word, the whole system appears to us to be one of the most refined systems of natural religion that have as yet been witnessed. But here is the fatal mark stamped upon it; that it is *form* but not *power*, the strict letter but not the Spirit, the husk but not the kernel, the bone but not the marrow of Christianity. The faith that they inculcate stands in the wisdom of men, not in the power of God; the light which they hold forth is the mere reflected light of the dispensation, not the immediate light of the Spirit's communicating; the liberty that they boast of is the liberty contained in the letter of Scripture, not that which is breathed into the soul by God himself; and their knowledge is an acquaintance with the genius and tendency of New Testament doctrine, not the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Their grand, their fatal defect lies here, that theirs is not the religion of the Holy Ghost wrought as a sovereign act of love and power, as when and where he will, in the hearts of the elect, but the embracing of and acting upon a scriptural creed, as such, independent of a divine supernatural work upon the conscience.

In offering this sketch of the Plymouth Brethren, and in thus analyzing their system, we by no means intend to convey that there are not gracious characters amongst them. Our remarks are directed, not against the individuals, but against the system. We cannot but believe that there are God-fearing persons amongst them, nor would we say that some of the leaders are not. But those who are such are so, not in accordance with their system, but in spite of it, and contrary to it. Just as in the Establishment, and among the Arminians, there are doubtless some gracious characters who are so in spite of the system with which they are mixed up, so we believe that there are among the Plymouth Brethren gracious persons, whose experience contradicts what their acknowledged creed professes.

POETRY.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

"I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain."—Isa. xlv. 19.

Will great Jehovah bow his ear, And poor, unworthy sinners hear? Yes, when they come before his throne, And plead in Jesus' name alone.	He only waits that they may prove The heights, & depths, & lengths of love, And feel their need of sov'reign grace, Before he shows his smiling face.
The souls that sin's desert have felt, And labour under conscious guilt, May venture there to plead his grace, And seek with sighs and groans his face.	But, in the time of deepest need, He proves himself a friend indeed; And they that peace and hope shall gain, Which proves they have not pray'd in vain.
The Spirit teaches such to pray, And mercy seek in mercy's way; And all such pleaders must prevail: The name of Christ can never fail.	Lord, guide me through life's dangerous And let me never from thee stray, [way, But walk by faith, and peace obtain, And prove I have not pray'd in vain.
When, thro' the great Redeemer's blood, Poor sinners seek for peace with God, The humble groan, the contrite sigh, Ascend, like sweet perfume, on high.	O when I come to yield my breath, Encircled in the arms of death, May I from thee a proof obtain I have not pray'd nor groan'd in vain.
Perhaps, they seem no peace to gain, And think, indeed, they pray in vain; Yet he will hear, and answer too, And show what mighty grace can do.	And, when I reach that bless'd abode, To cease from sin, and rest in God, This glorious truth will shine more plain, Thou never saidst, Seek me in vain.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE PERFECT PROOF OF GOD'S WILL.

Like a miser proving the will of some one that has left him some money, or like any one in love, being taken up with thoughts of the object of affection, so any one to whom God has given a *true* heart, (as he has, in regeneration, given to all his elect,) is enabled to drive on, sooner or later, to the full completion of his aims and plans. The continuous power of God effects this, as regards religion, in the elect. A religion even of fits and starts merely, will not perfectly satisfy the quickened elect. It is true, indeed, that their springs are in God, and that they cannot keep alive their own souls. But are they completely content with this? Can they sit down with their hands before them, and laugh, and look blithe, like the notionals, saying, "Ah! we can do nothing; it is all of grace, and let us be comfortable whether we are in darkness or light, joy or sorrow?" No, indeed, not so. Would the miser, that has got the title deeds of an estate left to him, sit down and say, "Ah! I do not mind whether I have the will proved, or get the money arising from the property into my own hands, or not; the parchment deeds will satisfy me?" No, indeed. If he is a genuine miser he wants to see, handle, and have locked up the plain gold as the proceeds. Would any one in love never care about marriage as the final consummation? Nay, would he not rather make that the garland at the end of the race, which, if he did not win, he was baffled and confounded in his aims and plans throughout and altogether?

So with the will of God; the quickened saints the Holy Spirit stirs up to contend valiantly and victoriously, too, for the prize,

namely, salvation. This he does by various means, and in diverse ways, as follows. But, indeed, as I intend, God enabling me, to publish, in a little while, my own experience in a small pamphlet, I shall just here, nevertheless, *briefly* set forth the different items required for a *perfect* proof, experimentally, of the will of the most high God in Christ; according to that passage of scripture, "That ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." And, here what a glorious field is opened out to those who have *experimental* implements of husbandry to dig therein! for the weapons must not be carnal in the letter, but mighty through God—through unwrought power in the kingdom of God *within*. Saving grace is *felt* grace.

1st. For the proof of God's will there must be an inward knowledge of law and gospel, ruin and restoration, sickness and healing balm, disquietude and rest. "I beseech you by the mercies of God." But mercy is but a phantom except to culprits and criminals; and if God makes a man an experimental criminal, he will pardon him. If the spirit of bondage slays a man, the Spirit of adoption will restore him, renovate him, and glorify him. If Sinai genders a man into prison, the proclamation of the gospel will insist on a perfect guol delivery.

2ndly. The body must become a living sacrifice under the mortifying operations of the Spirit of God, "crucifying the flesh with its affections (or feelings) and lusts," (or desires;) and crucifying us to the world, and the world unto us. "Present your bodies a living *sacrifice*, holy and acceptable, unto God, which is your reasonable service; and be not conformed unto this world."

3rdly. "But be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

The transformation consists in the whole work of the Spirit from beginning to end, for it is the Spirit that quickeneth. All without Him is death, nature, and head-knowledge. Thus a knowledge inwardly of Moses and of Christ, the mortification of the body and crucifixion of the world, are, as I have stated, the Spirit's sovereign operations. The burning wrath of God, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, the spiritual dew of heaven making the soul to shine, glitter, and be bespangled with brilliancy, moistness, and the silvery glows of delight, are all transforming operations translating us from nature to grace.

The beauteous and transporting beams, rays, glories, renovating power, mystic penetrations, healing balm, lucid admirableness, amazing nature, warming blessedness, unspeakable attractions, vivid, enlightening, self-existent excellencies, and mollifying raptures, yea, ravishing distillations of "the Sun of righteousness;" all these also worketh into the soul, and reneweth, day by day, the selfsame Spirit, whose renewings of our mind, and whose transforming us into the image of God we are speaking of; which image of the invisible God is Christ in us, our vital hope and victory. A tender conscience steering between legality and licentiousness is part of the Spirit's transformation of us. Imputed righteousness, inwardly and outwardly, he reveals to us, and edifies us in it. The blood of Christ

he sprinkles on us, and in us, decking us thus with everlasting innocency, and clothing us upon, and clothing us inwardly in the gorgeous robe of God's righteousness; and, by imputation upon us, we thus are rendered fit guests for God at the grand nuptial "supper of the Lamb." O amazing topics! O enrapturing glories! O ravishing delights! while He, the glorious Transformer and Renewer, is entempled within us, walking and dwelling there in lustre, life, and indestructible efficacy and power.

Well, what is wanting now for the *perfect* proof of God's will, according to our text? for what I have said already is "good and acceptable," with a witness, "that ye may prove what is that *good*, and *acceptable*, and perfect will of God." Ah! there is the point. I believe this perfection, then, is neither more nor less than the perfecting of love in felt union of spiritual matrimony between the soul and Christ; as it is written, "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit;" (1 Cor. vi. 17;) whereby the soul spiritually becomes, as is revealed, "a member of Christ's body, of his flesh, and of his bones." (Eph. v. 30.) This is the crowning point; this is the *perfection!* He that dwelleth in love spiritually thus dwelleth in God, and God in him. Victory then waves its triumphant banners over every foe. The soul then, enflamed with rapture to the highest pitch, cries out in triumphant language and challenge, "Who shall separate me from the love of God," seeing and feeling this *union?*

"This union with wonder and rapture be seen,
Which nothing shall sunder without nor within."

O amazing bond which never can be snapped! O this felt bond of perfectness, love! Thence is received "eternal life and immortality." Thence is the abolishment of death. It has been my happy lot for some years to be thus enwrapped, cemented, and overshadowed. I write with the more concern on this subject because I know this union, which is the bond of perfectness, in my own experience, and that, too, day by day, for every God-glorifying feeling and divine grace and gift come along with it. It charms my feelings, it assuages my sorrows, it lulls into quietude and repose every distress, it fans every divine excellence, it enlightens me with "the light of life," it produces tenderness of conscience, it feeds jealousy for the honour of God, it enlarges my understanding, it fertilizes every holy, sin-hating, pure, and heavenly good in me; and, in one word, it drives to rapture and ravishment unutterable, and bears the impress of God on it throughout. O blessed feeling! O endearing relationship! It is the perfecting of love. There is nothing beyond it. It is heaven, and the state of glory beyond death will only be an increase of it, for spiritual love perfected is the conclusion of the whole matter. There is nothing further to be known than this; and, knowing it, I therefore write of it, for I have the mystery of God's will *proved perfectly* in me thus. Blessed be the name of the Lord for it, for I find it good, acceptable, and perfect. Blessed for ever be the Most High.

"Of all that God bestows
In earth or heaven above,

The best gift saint or angel knows,
Or e'er will know is (this) love."

Yes; for they who are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb are indeed "blessed." No more shall the drought of sorrow consume them, nor the chills of dismay startle them; but, locked in the arms of eternal repose and fruition, all their languishing desires are satisfied. "And there shall be no more pain, for the former things are passed away." (Rev. xxi. 4.)

Abingdon.

I. K.

GOING TO COLLEGE.

Dear Brother in the Gospel of Jesus,—I received your letter of January 10th, and I must acknowledge my negligence in not writing to you sooner. What with one thing and another, things both natural and spiritual, I really have not had time.

Your letter, I can assure you, admirably described the state of my soul, and if such a state be the college of Christ, I cannot help thinking that I have been a student in it for more than nine successive months, and many a hard crooked task I have had given me, as well as many a sharp chastisement in my soul experimentally. I believe the Holy Spirit blessed the reading of your letter to my soul in a profitable manner. In it you mention the burning of lumber and the animals concealed in it. Here you touch my case, for truly I have had and have yet a great deal of carnal lumber, and its offspring often in lively exercise. My friend, I really feel my heart to be "a nest of every unclean bird;" "the cormorant, the bittern, the raven possess it;" "thorns, nettles, brambles come up in it;" and worse than this, it is "a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls;" "the wild beasts of the desert meet with the wild beasts of the island;" the satyr cries unto his fellow;" "the screech owl makes her nest and rests there," and is almost constantly hooting the doleful sound of death. But to give you a finishing description of this heart of mine, there the great owl not only makes her nest, but "lays, and hatches, and gathers under her shadow." (Isa. xxxiv. 11—15.) Really, I cannot liken anything better to my heart as it is, than these things. Have you ever given this passage any thoughts? If you have, tell me your opinion of it when you write to me again; for really, if this be not some part of its meaning, my experience is altogether wrong.

I still occasionally speak to the Lord's people here, but I find it hard and straitened work, yet I cannot altogether give it up. On the one hand, the Lord's people will not let me rest at peace unless I speak for them; and on the other hand, if I say nothing for a Lord's day or two I feel myself like a bottle filled with new wine. I feel the word like a fire in my bones. I will tell you a circumstance that lately happened to me; you will then know that I am very stupid about preaching sometimes. In one of these fits, I thought I would try and give up preaching altogether, for I could not possibly attend to it, and also I began to think that my preach-

ing was not genuine, which, indeed, I often think yet; consequently I refrained for two Lord's days; but about the middle of the third week, the Lord brought a text to my mind when I was in the country travelling, and opened it so to my view that I imagined I could not stay till the Lord's day came, and would have given anything if it had been Lord's day then, that I might have given it to the people. I could not help preaching from the text to the hedges and lanes, and when Lord's day came, I was enabled to preach from it for nearly two hours. Ever since that time, I have continued to say some little in the name of the Lord.

Of late, the Lord has been graciously pleased to give my poor soul a little rest in our blessed covenant Jesus. My dear friend, truly his rest is glorious. "He shall stand for an ensign of the people; to him shall the gathering of the people be; to him shall the Gentiles seek, and his rest shall be glorious." (Isa. xi. 10; compare also v. 26 to end, and Gen. xlix. 10, 11.) But although the Lord has been pleased to let me feel some little of this blessed rest that remains for his wearied ones, yet, if I know my own heart aright, I know something of what it is to "meet the Lord by the way as a bear bereaved of her whelps, and to be observed by him as a lion or leopard in the way;" and I have experimentally known something of being emptied from vessel to vessel, that I might "not rest upon my lees." (Jer. xlviii. 11—13.) I have also been in such a state as to flee from a lion and meet a bear, to go into the house (*i.e.*, carnal self) and lean my hand on the wall, and get bitten by a serpent; (See Amos v. 18—20;) but the Lord has very lately been graciously pleased to cause the ravenous animals to "lie down." Yes, my dear friend, "before I called he answered; while I was yet speaking he heard." The prophet says, "He shall cause the wolf to lie down with the lamb, and the lion to eat straw like the ox, and dust shall be the serpent's meat, and they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord." (Isa. lxv. 24, 25; compare with xi. 6—9) And really I think I experience this in some measure, though not of long standing.

A few weeks back I experienced this as I was going by the packet as far as Garstang to preach on the Saturday evening, and on the Sunday three times, but when I reflected that I had four sermons to preach, I could not tell how they were to be mustered by such an ignorant mortal as I. Musing the matter over in my mind, and trying to gather some chips for the fire, the devil came, and never was he more busily engaged in his endeavours to lead my mind off, for he stirred up all his own voracious breed of lions, bears, serpents, wolves, asps, cockatrices, &c., in my carnal nature. But, by and by, and unexpectedly too, a kind of secret silence stole quietly over my mind, and something told me all was well, notwithstanding the roaring and hissing of these animals, and in a little time I found a resting place for my sin-wearied and worried soul. And where found I this resting place, think you? I found it in no other place but the ark, Christ, and him in the everlasting covenant, and a something, but I know not what, or how, told me too that I was in it. My soul then felt a gratitude to Jesus and our glorious God and Father such

as I think I never felt before, although I still was quite sensible of the existence of these animals, and of their being all alive too, but they could not hurt nor destroy in all the Lord's holy mountain. No; for it was the gospel season for my poor soul, and in that season "no ravenous beast shall go up thereon, for that way is for the redeemed of the Lord." (Isa. xxxv. 9.) I felt at that time something like a wearied warrior laid down on the summit of a hill on a fine day, viewing the battle going on in the valley below, being out of gun-shot, yet seeing the fight distinctly. So it was with me, but I felt myself neutral, the combatants being Christ and Satan. I could, experimentally, see the Lord, "glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength," "going forth conquering and to conquer." I was quite sensible of Satan, of sin and its exceeding sinfulness in the law of my members, yet my blessed Lord, by the power of his Spirit, was a match for them all. "A strong man armed keepeth his goods in peace, but when a stronger than he cometh, he shall overcome him, and take his armour, and divide his spoil." (Luke xi. 21, 22.) In this blessed state the Lord supported me from Saturday evening till Monday morning, and enabled me to preach with liberty, to the comfort of the Lord's children and soul-cutting mortification of the mere professors. As soon as I got home I returned to my old place again, yet the following Lord's day the Lord again enabled me to preach to his family from the following text: "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father;" (Rom. viii. 15;) for now I could, in some little measure, give it to them from experience. I am still sadly harassed and pestered with legal bondage, and I feel so carnal that sin seems to boil up within me, and pride is ready to spout out at my mouth. Perhaps you will think I am a dreadful monster, but I cannot help it. I suppose you want me to tell you the truth, so I must tell how I am on both sides of the question. I truly find the mystery of iniquity my hardest task, for sin will foam up whether I will or not. Sometimes when I am preaching, the devil will come and say, "Well, you are a good preacher; neither G—, K—, nor W— could mend your work;" and, if I must speak honestly, I am as ready, at times, to believe him as he is to persuade, although I am satisfied he is lying; but no sooner do I agree with him, than he tells me that mine is carnal, theirs being sound; and then it is that I would fain preach no more.

My dear brother, to be short, if the Lord has called me to the preaching of his blessed word in this place, so far as I know of the ministry, it is a life of perpetual agitation and soul anxiety. There is indeed no progressive sanctification for me, such as the professing gentry of the day labour for, for the longer I live, I discover more sin in myself.

Now, my dear friend, I am not going to make any apology or excuse for this long in-and-out preamble, and beg your pardon for this or that, for I am, at best, but a lumbering thickhead, and if it was not, as you have quoted from the word, "that God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise," &c., I think I

should not have power either to speak or write in the name of the Lord, but through Christ, I can judge all things, yet I am judged of no man. The Lord is still pleased to bless us in adding to his people here, and some of us feel anxiously to have you amongst us once more.

I will now conclude, for the devil is just persuading me that I am writing nothing to you but a parcel of lies, and that these feelings which I have described are only fancies. The Lord abundantly bless you, and be in your soul and in your ministry. Remaining, yours in the Lord Jesus.

Preston, March 10, 1836.

J. M'K.

A PROTEST AGAINST ATTEMPTING TO WASH THE ETHIOPIAN WHITE.

My dear Friend,—You will think me, I fear, very negligent in not taking earlier notice of your kind letter; but what with busy occupation at some times, and sluggish indolence at others; what with deadness of soul, hardness of heart, and great unwillingness to write at all, having nothing to communicate worth postage, I hope, if you are acquainted with similar exercises, that you will excuse my long silence.

You find, I doubt not, the road to heaven still more difficult, strait, and narrow. A corrupt nature, a deceitful heart, an ensnaring world, a lustful flesh, a law in the members, and a body of sin and death will always fight against the life of God in the soul; for as long as the clay tabernacle exists, they are enemies within the garrison, and are continually plotting to deliver it over to the king of the infernal pit, whose allies they are. Some persons seem to have a religious old man; but of mine I most freely confess that it is as dead as Lazarus in the tomb, as earthly as the clods of the valley, as sensual as the beasts that perish, as untameable as the wild ass, as undisciplined as the unicorn, (Job xxxix. 5—12,) as hard as Pharaoh, and as unbelieving as the lord on whose hand the king of Israel leaned; nor do I expect him ever to get any better. He hates vital religion, abhors wisdom, loathes instruction, cannot endure chastisement, rebels against discipline, and cannot bear check, headpiece, bit, rein, or martingale. I don't know whether you have found out all his tricks, wiles, deceit, hypocrisy, fretfulness, blasphemy, infidelity, and devilism. Alas, alas! he is so painted, gilded, adorned, beautified, decorated, trimmed up, varnished, and polished now-a-days in churches and chapels that very few seem to know that he is the same man that murdered Abel, intoxicated Noah, drowned the world, set Sodom on fire, slew six hundred thousand in the wilderness, seduced David into adultery, led Solomon into idolatry, made Peter swear and curse, and crucified the Lord of glory. But this murderer and liar has become pious, and it has been reserved for the enlightened age in which we live to turn enmity into love, flesh into spirit, sin into holiness, a rebel into a friend, and the image of the devil into the mind of Christ. The thick veil of blindness and ignorance that is spread over the minds of men sometimes strikes me with astonishment. How few know God or themselves, sin or salvation, the malady or the remedy! All their stock-in-trade consists of a few borrowed notions picked up under a pulpit or out of a book. O! in what refuges of lies do thousands hide themselves, and then make a covenant with death and an agreement with hell! The work of thousands of ministers is to build up these lying refuges for deluded souls to shelter themselves in. Men unstripped

unhumbled, and unemptied themselves, will never strip or sift others. Judgment must be laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet in their own souls first, before they will lay them to others; and they may prate with great swelling words about Christ, grace, and the full assurance of faith, when they know no more what grace is than Satan does, and, instead of full assurance, are wrapped up in the most daring presumption. Christ is only a rock for the shelterless, a refuge for the distressed, a harbour for the shipwrecked, a physician for the leper, a Redeemer for the captive, and a Saviour for the lost. A letter-Christ is a false Christ, and such empty preaching stocks the land with professors, and fills it with hypocrites. But these are said to be "dear men of God, blessed preachers, men of a gospel spirit, ministers sweetly led into the truth," whilst honest, sincere, God-fearing, and upright labourers are called bigoted, narrow-minded, bitter-spirited; men without any tenderness, meekness, or love; and thus they put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, and call evil good, and good evil.

Your sincere friend for truth's sake,

Allington, March, 1838.

J. C. P.

A LOVE VISIT.

Dear Friend,—I was glad to hear from you, for I had been anxious to know how you were getting on in your new situation. I am glad to hear that the letter of the word only, however sound, without the divine unction of the Holy Spirit being poured into your soul, will not do for you; for sure I am, that no hungering, thirsting soul can be satisfied without that living Bread which cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness. I hope, if it is the Lord's will, that you and I may be much blessed with this, and then I am sure that we shall not envy the rich their gold. But, my friend, when the Lord withdraws himself from me, what a barren mortal I am! The Lord knows how to cure us of self and free-will. Without him we can do nothing. You say you think of us many times on Sundays, being privileged to hear that man of God J. W., and indeed it is a privilege when the Lord opens his mouth to speak, and the ears of us poor worms to hear. It is then that we rejoice together, and give God all the glory. I am not permitted to go out in the evening to hear the word, but what a mercy it is that I am enabled to go at all. I had but little rest last Lord's day night, what with weakness of body and darkness of mind, which made me cry and beg of the Lord to give me another manifestation of his love. The devil came when it was dark in my soul; then it was his time, for when the blessed Sun shines upon me, he cannot be entertained, and that he well knows; which was the case on Monday morning, for the blood of Christ was so powerfully applied to my soul, that I was led to see that notwithstanding all the trials that I had ever had, I had not had one too many. Blessed be his dear name, he is a tower to run into from every storm of the devil, or of man, or of my own evil heart, come from what quarter it may; for his name is my righteousness, and that holiness without which no man can see the Lord. Blessed be God, his name was as ointment to mollify my rocky heart. The devil and his troop were all fled for a time, and I was led in

some measure to praise the Lord. I called him all the dearest names, until I was astonished at my own speech, and almost exhausted; for the tears ran down my cheeks, and the oil of love into my heart, until my body was wet with sweat. O for many such precious visits from the dear Lord, should it be his will and pleasure to bestow them on such an unworthy creature as I am, in and of myself deserving nothing but the wrath of God. Bless his dear name, he never will let one of his sheep that he shed his blood for perish, let Arminians or the devil say what they will. God's eternal purposes never can be altered: "The counsel of the Lord, that shall stand;" for "though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself," and he has decreed that they shall overcome the devil through the blood of the Lamb. O may you and I be led by the dear Spirit of God to plead that precious blood which the devil cannot stand against. You say you have not a friend where you are to speak to but your precious Lord. I hope you may be much in communion with him, and receive love-tokens from him, which will be better than all the friends in the world; for "the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it," which is not the case with anything else, however dear unto us. I assure you that I often long for some of the dear children of God to come to see me, though I often feel more sorrowful when they are gone than before. I am often in a medium state, not on the mount, nor yet in despair; but what a mercy it is that God should permit such vile worms as we are to approach a throne of grace, to tell him our complaints; for sure I am, I could not tell them to the dearest friend that I have on earth; but I do tell the Lord sometimes what a black and vile sinner I am, and what a mercy it is that I am not in hell. I have justly merited hell; but, blessed be his dear name, he bore all the hell that was due to me and to every elect vessel of mercy, and made a full satisfaction when he hung on the cross, and cried out, "It is finished!" Ah, my friend! when the dear Comforter brings these things with power to my soul, it is then that I can say, "My Lord and my God!" and "My Beloved is mine and I am his; he is the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely." "God is love," but we should never have had a spark of love had not God first loved us.

But I must conclude with my love to you, and wishing you much of the presence of the Lord.

A POOR WEAKLING.

A BREEZE FROM THE SOUTH.

My dear Sister in the eternal Covenant of Grace,—Having been favoured with a sweet visit from Zion's King, and a refreshing breeze from the everlasting hills this week, I feel disposed to write a few lines to you, for I feel a strong desire in my soul to bless and praise the name of our God for the riches of his grace, and can heartily call upon all that love him in Spirit and in truth to do so with me, as the psalmist did, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul; for I

was brought low, and he helped me, yea, he hath brought me up out of a horrible pit, and set my feet upon a rock."

Last Tuesday evening, whilst sitting at work, the Lord brought that portion of his word which he spoke to Moses, with light, life, and power to my soul; "Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock; and it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by." O my dear friend, for several hours I really felt as though I were in the cleft of the rock, and I could truly say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;" and I could confidently hope that when time shall be no more with me in this wretched wilderness below, I shall spend a long, a never-ending eternity with him whom my soul loveth, and with all the ransomed throng above. O when will that happy time come when I shall sing before the throne, "Free grace and dying love;" when I shall see him as he is, and be like him?

"O happy day! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God."

O my dear sister, what a divine reality there is in the religion of Jesus! When we are enabled to worship God in Spirit and in truth, and when we feel the incarnate Word to come with the written word, and fix it in our souls, and he himself takes up his abode there; then it is that we can run in his commandments with delight, and then it is that we find wisdom's ways to be pleasantness and peace. And so I have found it this week, for I could in my very soul sing the song of the Virgin; "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour;" yea, my soul did sing aloud of his goodness and mercy, and I felt myself so enclosed with it, that I believed it was impossible for me ever to perish, for I felt assured that if it were possible for my soul to sink as low as the bottomless abyss, the arms of everlasting love would be underneath and save me. I feel that the eternal God is my refuge, and with his right hand he doth embrace me, while his left hand is under my head. I feel such a desire in my soul to praise and extol his dear name, and spread his fame abroad, that I would do it with my whole soul, if I could find language sufficient to set it forth; yea, I could call upon everything, animate and inanimate, as the psalmist did, to praise him with me, and to set forth the matchless honour of his great and glorious name; for he hath triumphed gloriously in subduing all our enemies. O my dear sister, what an infinite and unspeakable mercy it is that ever the Lord, whose name is Holy, that high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, should condescend to visit and dwell with such poor, weak, and unworthy creatures as we are! But he hath declared in his blessed word that he will "dwell with those that are of a humble and contrite spirit, and that he will revive the hearts of the contrite ones," which I have proved to be true, for I am a living witness of it. The Lord came in his power and love, broke my hard heart, gave me a contrite spirit, and then made me to feel that he had revived his work in my soul, and that I was indeed the tabernacle of the Lord God Al-

mighty. But I must conclude, wishing you every blessing in the covenant of grace, with love to brother E—, and a desire that the Lord may bless him abundantly in his own soul, and to the good of others.

Waithill, December, 1841.

SUSAN.

DELIVERANCE SURE.

Dear Brother in our most glorious Covenant Head,—I once more take up my pen to write a few lines to you. I hope to find you well, and in the full enjoyment of the best of blessings. I myself am much as usual, and for this my family are thankful. The Lord has hitherto supported this poor clay tabernacle of mine, so that I am enabled to labour for the bread which perisheth, while he has fed my soul with the bread of heaven, which endureth unto life eternal. I have of late at times been favoured with the Divine presence in my soul, feeling the preciousness of the promises, and enjoying sweet access to God in prayer, though I am never many days together without something to distress my mind. My path seems to be covered with traps and snares, and very often I get entangled in them; but this we know, that neither the devil nor his agents can go farther than the length of their chain, for our God has them at command, and could even make them feed and clothe his children, if he saw fit. How blessed it is when we can see that our God is leading us in the right way to a city of habitation, and that all things shall work together for our good. I do not find that my fallen nature gets any better, but feel myself to be more vile, and am frequently forced to groan, being heavily burdened with a body of sin. O the sin that I sometimes feel in my wicked heart! how hateful, yet sometimes how pleasing to the flesh! Though I long to get rid of this sin, yet there is something in me that clings to it. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" O how precious is the Saviour, who bore all my sins in his own body on the tree! Though these toads and serpents croak and hiss about my carnal nature, I shall shake them all off at death, and be plagued with them no more, for they cannot follow me into the regions of the blessed. No; they are of earth, and on earth I shall leave them; and at the resurrection of the just, this vile body shall be fashioned like unto the glorious body of my exalted Redeemer. What a transporting thought! that sinful, vile, polluted worms as we are should be sheltered in the sin-atonng blood and law-fulfilling righteousness of a Redeemer, and have our feet placed on the immoveable Rock of Ages, so that all the attacks of earth and hell cannot move us. It has often been a great comfort to me to think that God has promised to take care of the bodies of his saints. O that I may have faith to cast my all on him for time and for eternity, for he says that the young lions may lack and suffer hunger, but they that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing.

My dear brother, I believe that God will never give you nor me one trial too many. By my being poor I am taught daily to watch his hand baffling all my planning and scheming about worldly things, as well as about things divine, and I am thus shown, as by a double light, that God is all in all. There is much in us that waits cutting up daily. There is so much pride, envy, covetousness, and sin of every kind belonging to our fallen nature, that the heavenly Husbandman must bring his pruning knife, and cut them off, however galling to flesh and blood. Depraved nature never gets any better, a persecuting world never will

get any better, and a tormenting devil will never get any better; so may God grant that you and I may stand upon our watch-towers, clad in the whole armour of God, that we may be able to overcome in the evil day.—I remain, yours truly, for Christ's sake,

J. C.

SPIRITUAL PARADOXES.

My very dear Brother,—Grace and peace be unto you! Through rich grace, I am still in the King's highway of eternal life, eternal holiness, eternal truth, eternal peace, light afflictions, and momentary tribulation. My flesh still rebels, but grace reigns and sometimes triumphs. I have much company, hard labour, a brisk trade, a busy exchange, stunning perplexities, puzzling riddles, prating and insulting devils, hard questions, multitudes of thoughts, innumerable fears, insatiable desires, glimmering hopes, fading prospects, cutting disappointments, heavy wrath, and rotting envy; together with soothing conversations, precious remedies, powerful restorations, strengthening cordials, sweet meditations, close examinations, divine acquittals, dissolving views, compassionate looks, loving embraces, tender kisses, healing touches, faithful promises, green pastures, living springs, delightful shadows, sweet fruits, divine harmonies, holy melodies, joyful expectations, and solemn adorations of the King of kings and Lord of lords, the author of salvation and giver of peace, whom I have many times proved to be my light in darkness, my strength in weakness, health in my sickness, riches in my poverty, beauty to my deformity, clothing to my nakedness, bread to my hunger, water to my thirst, and life from every death. I cannot say one word for myself, nor one against him, for he is far better to me than all my deserts, my fears, my hopes, or my thoughts. He is nearer to me than my closest enemies, dearer to me than my choicest friends and far more careful of me than I can be of myself. When I sleep, in danger he awakes me, when I forget him he reminds me, when I sin against him he corrects me, when I grieve he consoles me, when I confess he pardons me, what I need he supplies, and the work that I cannot do he does for me. He has chosen me to be a soldier, but it is he who takes the field, shields me in the day of battle, fights all the enemies, gains all the conquests, and makes me hold my peace, except to give him all the glory, which I am very willing to do when I behold his wonderful works, out of which he composes the song and puts it into my mouth, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land, and my glorious Sovereign says, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

You see, my dear brother, that I have not forgotten you, and my heart's desire is that you may not forget me, nor cease to pray for me; and God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you and for all his dear people with whom I am acquainted in the town of F—, and out of it. Give my kind love to as many of them as you can.

I hope you and yours are well, and, with Christian regards to your dear wife, believe me to be, my dear brother, yours very affectionately in gospel truth,

Stratton.

J. S.

THE WELL-ORDERED COVENANT.

“Although my house be not so with God; yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure.”—2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

The Psalmist, like the children of God in all ages, had to pass through a variety of changes, as well as manifold enemies to encounter; but he stood by faith, which is the life of God in the soul, an immortal principle,

“Which lives and labours under load;
Though damp'd, it never dies.”

It often ebbs and flows in the exercise of it in believers; and although some people tell us that they have no doubts about their safety, and that we should not give way to doubting, but take God at his word, &c., yet these are miserable comforters, physicians of no value to poor sin-sick souls who are made truly sensible of their helpless and hopeless condition. I know, for myself, that I can no more take hold of a promise, or take God spiritually at his word, than I can make a world. I have often had recourse to the Bible in times of need, and endeavoured to lay hold of a promise therein, but all to no purpose; so therefore, if the Holy Ghost does not apply the word to my heart, the promises will never so reach my case as to lift my soul out of trouble, or bring comfort and consolation to my mind; for faith, which is the gift of God alone, can no longer act in the heart of a child of God than as it is brought into lively exercise by the operation of the Holy Spirit. Thus, the believer, at times, like the psalmist, through the quickening and enlivening influence of the Lord, is enabled to say, “Though a host encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; for the Lord is my salvation, and strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?” Why, of none, when faith flows high; but when it sinks to a low ebb, then the language is, “I shall one day fall by the hand of Saul.” I know what it is to say, “My mountain stands strong, I shall never be moved.” But when the dear Lord hides his face, I find that darkness surrounds me, and, being troubled, I cry out, “Is his mercy clean gone? Doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? Will he be no more entreated? O that I knew where I might find him! ‘But, lo! he goeth by me, and I see him not; he passeth on also, but I perceive him not.’” (Job ix. 11.) “Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.” (xxiii. 8, 9.) But, blessed be his dear name, he knows where to find me, and although we believe not, he abideth faithful to his covenant and promises. I have been shut up in the dark night of desertion, and could not come forth, yet in this trouble I have cried unto the Lord, and he has delivered me out of my distress, by bringing me out of darkness and the shadow of death. (Ps. cvii. 13, 14.) He has broken my bonds asunder, the bonds of unbelief and hardness of heart, and I have been so melted down in contrition at the footstool of divine mercy, that I have been enabled for a little to go on my way rejoic-

ing; but when another storm comes, down again I sink into despair. Thus am I often changing, (never long together without some trial or conflict,) yet I feel it a great mercy that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He knows no shadow of a turn, and although I often change, he abideth faithful. He is the same in his promises, love, and power; stedfast to his covenant, which is ordered in all things, and sure.

Reader, if thou art one that possesses the life of God in thy soul, the faith of God's elect, which is of the operation of the Spirit of God, and which enables a poor sinner to see his helpless condition, and that there is salvation in no other name but that of Jesus, so that thy faith centres in him, being called to believe in him, as well as to suffer, the world, the flesh, and the devil will be constantly in arms to oppose thy faith. We read of faith being tried. Untried faith, a faith that is never opposed by unbelief and the temptations of Satan, is a dead faith; a faith which sin never damps, which guilt never shakes, and which has no load to labour under, is a presumptuous faith. Real living faith is a warrior. It has hardships to endure, difficulties to surmount, enemies to encounter, and fiery darts from the devil to contend with; so, therefore, think it not strange concerning the fiery trials, for the same afflictions are endured by all the family of God. The Lord trieth the righteous. Every man's work shall be tried in the fire, and here the gold is purified of its dross; here the wood, hay, and stubble are burnt up; here every hiding place but Christ is consumed; here we suffer the loss of all things, all our fancied faith, all our supposed strength, righteousness, wisdom, and goodness; all our trust in received graces, past experience, feelings, and frames must give way, that Christ may reign triumphant. Then is the poor soul brought to cry, "None but Christ; give me Christ, or else I die!" After he has suffered awhile, he is divinely strengthened and established. Thus it was with the psalmist. Past experience of the Lord's delivering hand in times of trouble was not what he was resting on, but on the Rock, the "everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." Yes, this he said was all his salvation, and all his desire, although, as he says in the preceding verse, "He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." Although such is not the case with me now in the delightful experience of so pleasant a frame, "yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." Here hope had firm anchorage, and faith a sweet resting place in the sure and well-ordered covenant. Ah, believer in Jesus, this is what secures thee and me, this everlasting covenant in the Lord Jesus Christ. "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation;" not in any thing else. This covenant is a bulwark to defend the church from all the assaults of earth, hell, sin, and death. It is ordered in all things; strength, wisdom, power, faithfulness, righteousness, and life. Poor fainting, fearing, ready-to-halt child of God, in this covenant Jesus Christ, thou art blessed with all spiritual blessings, for here thou hast strength to support thee in thy weakness, wisdom to direct thee, not-

withstanding all thy foolishness, power to overcome all thine enemies, faithfulness to stand by thee in every time of need, righteousness and sanctification to hide and cover all thy deformity, and life to preserve thee from death. "Because I live," says he, "ye shall live also."

Finally, Christ is salvation for the lost; and although thou and I, believer, appear often to be lost in the dark night of desertion, surrounded with a host of enemies, and engaged in a terrible conflict, so that we almost despair of victory, yet

"This covenant, O believer, stands
Thy rising fears to quell!
Seal'd by thy Surety's bleeding hands,
In all things ordered well."

Sutton Benjer, Oct., 1841.

A SMOKING FLAX.

THE RACE NOT TO THE SWIFT, NOR THE BATTLE TO THE STRONG!

"I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."—Eccles. ix 11.

How true is this in things that are natural! How frequently does it occur among those who seem possessed of every natural ability for certain objects, and who are placed in favourable circumstances for carrying out their projects, yet that they make no progress, for some unforeseen event transpires, which destroys their hope and expectations, and lays their all in ruins. Nor can such be charged with any want of prudence, care, diligence, or any of those qualifications that are needful to their attaining a certain object. Then it may be asked, Why do they not succeed? The reply is, The sovereignty of God interferes, and baffles, defeats, and prevents their projects taking place in the way they had laid down. Man, in general, is taught that there is nothing certain, nothing real, and that he must reap the reward of his hands in labour, toil, vexation, and disappointment; and many, under these trials of the flesh, seeing all things against them, and that nothing succeeds which they take in hand, plunge themselves into suicide, and terminate their existence of disappointment in some awful manner, by (as they suppose) putting an end to their sorrows and miseries. On the other hand, some, without any remarkable gifts, and persons of very worthless character, often succeed temporally in all that they do, and "flourish like a green bay tree." These things Solomon saw naturally occurring among the children of men, or "under the sun." He saw the natural prowess of strength fail in time of need; he saw the racer faint before he reached the goal; he saw that bread was not always to be obtained by the most prudent; that riches flew away, and could not be kept; and that those honours which worldly men pursue vanish into nothing; and, therefore, speaking in a natural way, to be understood by natural men who mind earthly things, he saw that "time and chance happeneth to them all," or something like what men mean when they say, "If they have the good luck," or "If they happen to be fortunate." The words are to

be understood in the sense in which natural men speak, for a spiritual man knows nothing of chance, all that shall transpire being ordained, fixed, and decreed, and each individual filling up that spot, or maintaining just that position which predestination has given him. The spiritual man, therefore, acknowledges a Sovereign Ruler, though too often we speak half in the language of Ashdod, instead of acknowledging a great Supreme Ordainer; for what is providence but God reigning?

But there is another sense to be taken of this remarkable passage, which first arrested me at the throne of grace, as intended by the Spirit of God, which is, to describe a certain path of experience. Now, if I am a real believer in the Son of God, there is no death awaiting me; what remains and is before me is open day, a scene of glory, an endless eternity of life, through the death of Christ. I say again, if I am a real believer in him; for the prophet asks, "Who hath believed our report?" There is a different belief required in Christ from what most will admit of. I must view my own death of sin in his death; I must see the justice of God exacting from me, in the death of Christ, the penalty due to me; and if once, in the light of the Spirit, I am favoured to behold and enjoy this, there is no more death or curse awaiting me. How blessedly is this described by John in the last two chapters of Revelation! When faith is really enjoyed in Christ, it brings into the soul all those glories which are so beautifully, gloriously, and figuratively described there. And what is said of the holy city, the New Jerusalem? It is said that there shall be no more death, no more curse; "there shall be no night there, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever." Now, if I am living in Christ, these solemn realities are at times enjoyed in my soul; for there is no more death, because he hath poured out his soul unto death; "he hath died unto sin once," and hath abolished it, destroyed it, yea, swallowed it up; no more curse for me, because he was made sin and a curse, and hung on the tree. There is no more the midnight of nature; light everlasting has broken in, and the reigning God causes me to reign over these for ever and ever; over death, as abolished; over the curse, as being removed; and enables me to follow Jesus, who hath said, "He that followeth me shall not abide in darkness, but shall have the light of life." These *shalls* are precious realities enjoyed by the light of faith.

Now, then, how comes it to pass, since God has said there shall be no more death, curse, or night, that there is such a dread and fear of these, and so many are brought into bondage by them? How often are the Lord's redeemed family brought into this state of slavery and dread! But let the Sun of righteousness arise and shine into the soul, and all is swallowed up in a moment. And thus many thousands in Israel who have feared death, shall, in their departing moments, be like their glorious Head, who, when he was pouring out his soul unto death, "cried with a loud voice." So, when the frail voice of nature is sinking, a loud voice of celestial triumph bursts from the soul. But if they are suffered to go on in darkness to this point, we must

leave it to the sovereign Ruler of all things, who giveth no account of any of his ways, and who has said that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." In other words, if the Lord the Holy Comforter does not shine in with his light, there is no conquest, nor any prize gained. The battle over our fears is not to the strong, and the ultimate victory shall not be given to any because they have been strong in faith, but shall be given to whom the Lord shall in his sovereignty seem fit to give it. Nor, on the other hand, shall it be given to those who harp so much on the string of fears and doubts, sins and unbelief, and who think that for treading this gloomy path they shall obtain the prize. No; but the victory shall be given to that soul whom the Lord delights to honour by giving it. Thus, strong faith, and little faith, and scarcely any faith at all, shall arise and shine when the Lord biddeth; and he gives the crown, the battle, the honour, the bread of life, the everlasting riches, to whomsoever he will; nor shall any say that they can claim them, have them, or enjoy them, independent of him; nor shall these blessings be given for any running, fighting, wisdom, skill, or zeal of theirs; for God is a Sovereign in all his ways, and none shall say unto him, "What doest thou?" But all must submit themselves to him who does all things well, in giving the race to the lame, the victory to the weak, the bread to the hungry, riches to the poor, and favour to the outcasts.

Walworth, October, 1841.

H. W.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HENRY BROWN, AN OLD PENSIONER, WHO DIED AT LEICESTER IN 1830. RELATED BY HIMSELF.

"When young, I resided in London, and, in consequence of my being connected with some desperately bad characters, my father persuaded me to enlist as a soldier in the service of the East India Company. I served, with my corps, many years in India, during which time I experienced many signal interpositions of Providence, amongst which the following is remarkable. I was a sergeant, and, in fulfilling the duties of that office, it was my lot, at times, to go before the rest of the army, to take possession of the ground, and get the provisions ready. For this purpose, a mere handful of men usually accompanied me. Once, on an expedition of this kind, the men who were with me had a quarrel with the natives, and were forced to flee for their lives. They contrived to escape by getting to their boat, which was lying near. I, however, was at a distance, and not aware of what was going on. The leading man of the place informed me of it, and advised me to make my escape. The only way to do this was over a high and steep rock that hung over the water. I climbed it, and leaped from the top. As the water was deep, and I a good swimmer, I got safely to the boat to my comrades. The natives, however, had pursued me so closely over the rock, that I received a wound on the back of my neck from a cutlass. My alarm was so great that I did not even know of this wound till the blood flowed down after I was in the boat. This, like the rest of my provi-

dential mercies, was soon forgotten. Some time afterwards, however, I became very gloomy and distressed in my mind. I tried all the means in my power to stifle my convictions, but in vain. I plunged into the various amusements and vices to which I had been accustomed, thinking by this means to get rid of my miserable feelings. I had charge of the luggage one day while in this miserable state, and, in looking over various articles, unexpectedly met with a few leaves of an old Bible in a kind of lumber chest. I put them into my pocket, and, at the first opportunity I had, read them. The Lord was pleased to open my eyes, and to bless the word to the comfort of my soul. I now began to wish myself out of the army, and longed to return to England, that I might meet with some of the people of God. After some time I got my discharge, with a pension, upon which I came home. When in London, I joined the church at Zoar Chapel, at the time when Mr. B— was minister. I continued there some time after Mr. B.'s death, but could not hear his successor, Mr. W."

About this time, in the providence of God, the subject of this narrative removed to Leicester, where he became a hearer of the late T. Hardy, at whose house he died. He was very partial to Hart's hymns, and on a copy of them which he possessed, he wrote opposite several, "My picture." One of these was,

"Pity a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word."

This hymn he repeated to me a little before his death. Another of these commenced,

"Light of those whose dreary dwelling;"

And a third,

"Lord, what is man, thy desperate foe,
That thou should'st love and bless him so?"

He used to say, "I think there never was a prouder wretch walked the earth." He had some very severe family trials, but the Lord, he said, had helped him through. In his last affliction he was taken with severe pain in his thigh; but this was not the worst, for, besides, the adversary was permitted to shake his soul to the centre. During this conflict, his sighs and groans were dreadful. But, several days before he died, the Lord was pleased to break in upon his mind again, so that he was enabled to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." The doctor coming in, said, "You bear your affliction as a Christian ought to do;" to which he replied, "I bear it as my God enables me." The doctor said, "You have had some rough sailing." "Yes," said he, "both by sea and land; but it is my mercy to know where my anchor is cast; it is cast within the veil." The doctor said to me afterwards that he liked to visit such patients, but he did not recollect ever seeing such fortitude before. Mortification at length took place in his thigh, and he said to some young friends who came in to see him, "Look at me, and see your own picture. We are all a mass of putrefaction." Often, when in prayer, he would cry, from a sense of his vileness, "Lord, come and subdue this home devil." During the

last few days of his life it was sweet to hear the many gracious words that dropped from his lips. His pension became due on the very day he died, so by it his funeral expenses were paid. He said several times, "I fear I shall die before my pension becomes due, and my friends will be put to more expense." A few days before he died, I saw something was on his mind, and I asked him to tell me what it was. He said, "My poor wife, unknown to me, contracted a debt while we were in London. When you go there, will you find this person, (telling me the street and the name,) give him my respects, and say that I would have paid him, but that it has not been in my power, and that I hope he will forgive me?" I told him that it should be paid, which was accordingly done when I went to London.

T_____.

J. H.

A SECOND LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. SYMONS.

To the Lord's despised but redeemed children who meet together in S—, to supplicate their covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus, by the Holy Ghost, for the mercies and blessings needed, and to bless and praise his holy name for innumerable favours already received.

It is sweet to meet together for the purpose of supplicating and praising God, when he himself, according to his promise, is in the midst of you, and it is much more profitable than you are aware of. When you attend in bearing, through manifold temptations, the good Spirit will help your infirmities, and take of the things of Christ, and show them unto you, give you a clear view and a more perfect sensibility of your interest and union in him, and also to each other, as bound up together in the bundle of life with the bond of all perfection, the everlasting love of God. These things will bring you to be of one mind, heart, and soul in the things of God, of one spirit with Christ, and with each other. And whilst you are taught to esteem every faithful sent servant, for his work's sake, both in preaching and in writing, you are at the same time to follow them no farther than they follow Christ, and not to swallow down every thing which they say, because you consider them good men. In the present day it appears to me that among the very best of our teachers the old spirit of which shall be greatest most awfully prevails, which has led many to lust after popularity and the riches of this world. To accomplish their ends they preach the gospel in an accommodating manner, so as to please those that may hear them, and to offend none, by which means they get many carnally wise and rich men, with a multitude of others, into a profession, which has caused a multiplicity of carnal contentions and divisions contrary to the gospel of Christ. When these things take place under the preaching of good men, the whole counsel of God cannot be declared, nor the word of truth rightly divided; and instead of giving to sinners, as well as to saints, their portion, they take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs, thereby building them up in pride and presumption. From the above description of preaching and writing there is already raised up a large body of the very worst description of professors that are to be met with in this kingdom, and who will wax worse and worse, and will increase in more ungodliness, and in much greater numbers. Many of this cast are already in the ministry, and many more will yet go forth to preach, each one endeavouring to mimick the man he has been trained under, or some favourite preacher, both in manner of speech

and in doctrine; so therefore what a good man doth speak and write a bad man may speak and write also. So far as words go, such have the form of the knowledge, of the word, and of the will of God to saints and sinners, which constitutes the form of godliness without the power. With all these wonderful things the man is nothing but a deceiver and an anti-Christ. Seeing that there are such a multitude of false prophets gone out into the world, how needful it is that we should know those that are of God from those who are of the world. No man in a state of nature is capable of doing this but by the aid of the Spirit who searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God, who is sure to search and try the heart of every saint, and give them power and ability to search and try others, so as to know whether they bring forth the good treasure out of the abundance of the heart, or only preach the letter of truth from an enlightened judgment. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The former will feed the saints and starve the hypocrites, but the latter will feed the hypocrites and starve the saints. Examine yourselves, therefore, whether ye be in the faith or not. I have of late read in three authors, who I hope are good men, that true faith is nothing more than a belief of the letter statement of the word. This Simon Magus believed, and by this faith of nature multitudes in our isle have likewise believed, so that this is the most deceiving of all professions. It spreads most rapidly, but you will find that they are to a man the most desperate enemies to the work of the Spirit in the soul that ever lived, and, with all their boasted zeal of Christ, they know nothing of him savingly in his person, work, offices, character, and relation to his people. That good men should have been the promoters of such a damnable doctrine, is now, and will remain as a lamentation to the real church of Christ.

May the Lord deliver you from all deceivableness of unrighteousness, and grant you a double portion of his Spirit, to enable you to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, and, through the same, to triumph over all your enemies, to live a life of faith in the Son of God, and to be daily receiving out of his fulness and grace, so that you may thereby be enabled to say, with one heart and voice, "This God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death." To claim him as your portion with every new covenant promise and blessing is all you can wish or desire. This will influence you to adorn the doctrine of God, your Saviour, in all things; in walking in humility, lowliness, and meekness of mind; forbearing and forgiving one another, so that the unity of the Spirit may be kept in the bond of peace amidst all the false accusations of enemies from without, and the powerful workings of depravity from within, with a multitude of bodily and mental infirmities in your connection and worldly engagements. This is not your rest, it is polluted; but there is still a rest remaining for the people of God. I expected to have entered into it before now, but you see I am still with you in the wilderness. At this season I do not feel myself worse in body than I have been during the last two years, nor have I ever once, though indisposition, been prevented from speaking since I left you, which is a great mercy. I was from home three Sabbaths last autumn, and I have been pressed to go to Brighton and Wolverhampton, but the journeys are so great that I dare not undertake them, so therefore must content myself by staying at home. We go on much the same at Bristol and Bath, my friend F— exchanging places with me every fourth Sabbath.

We have lost by death a valuable young man of about thirty years of age. The Lord powerfully convinced him of sin about five years ago,

and though there were evident tokens of the good work going on within, yet he had no clear deliverance until the day previous to his death, when the Lord broke in upon his soul with such refulgent brightness and glory that it caused his cup to run over with praise and thanksgiving unto the Triune God. Whilst he was in this state of mind, I called to see him, and on my asking him how he felt, he exclaimed, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God!" These words so affected me that I was obliged to turn aside and weep. He died the next morning about ten o'clock, and the Sunday following his interment I spoke from the above portion.

May this account strengthen and encourage the hope of those among you who feel their burden of sin, but have not attained to the knowledge of its forgiveness, and may the Spirit help them to believe that he who shall come will come, and grant them a like deliverance.

Yours to serve in Christ Jesus,

Bristol, Dec. 28, 1827.

J. SYMONS.

STRENGTH MADE PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.

Dear Brother,—May mercy and peace rest upon you, and the God of all comfort ever stand by you. Your very acceptable letter came safe to hand; I read it with pleasure and profit, and blessed God in my heart that he is still keeping you willing to take the lowest room, hanging upon his sovereign, discriminating grace, with no other foundation than the finished work of our ever-adorable God and Saviour Jesus Christ. It does my soul good to hear that the Lord keeps you little in your own eyes, feeling your own weakness, and that your help cometh from the Lord; knowing your own ignorance and blindness, and confident that wisdom and understanding are the gift of God; seeing and feeling more and more of your wretched nature, and, I dare say, sometimes verily fearing that there can never be one grain of grace in your heart. It appears that sometimes you are for giving it all up, and call yourself a thousand fools for ever opening your mouth for God. Ah, my friend, you are, I believe, safe enough from giving it up, for it will not give you up. But, my dear brother, there are many of your dear hearers who are in the same spot that you often are; and how could you take up their stumbling-blocks if you knew nothing about them yourself? You must go like the rest of God's sent servants with the things you have tasted, handled, and felt, so that you may come to the people, not with a "Lo here and lo there," but "Thus saith the Lord God of hosts." Ah, what a blessing it is to be at a point in the things which we deliver to the people! I can truly say that you are often with me at a throne of grace; and it has been my prayer to God for you that he will keep you well exercised within and without, with the world, the flesh, and the devil; that you may have grace and strength given you, and that you may fight manfully, and overcome through the blood of the Lamb; that you may ever be enabled to lay the creature on the dunghill, and exalt the honours of a Triune God in all his glory, putting the crown on the head to which it belongs: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be glory."

You want to know some of the particulars of my journey into Sussex. I left home very low, fearful, and helpless, crying unto the Lord that he would be with me, stand by me, uphold me, and glorify himself through me. When I arrived there I was informed there were four to be baptized. The flesh and the devil began to work most vehemently, both in myself and others, and tidings were soon flying about

that I was going again to split the church, though God knows I had no desire of any such thing. I soon learned that if I baptized, it would be grievous to the feelings of many with whom I feel a union, and they with me, for the truth's sake; and, besides, it was intended by some that, if I attended to the ordinance, I was not to preach in their chapels afterwards. But my poor soul kept close to the Lord, and besought him to make bare his arm, stand by, and assist a helpless needy worm, and prevent me from courting smiles or fearing frowns; and the dear Lord hearkened to my poor breathings, and whispered into my staggering soul, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." O the sweet peace and the solid stability which this brought into my soul! I did not feel any desire after this to desert my colours, feeling and knowing that my Captain had commanded me to stand fast. I can assure you that poor old John has no stone to throw at the greatest coward in the world; for had God left me to flesh and blood, I should have made excuses, and so have slipped out of it, and brought guilt and bondage into my own soul. But the grace of God helped me through; and never did I see and feel the ordinance of baptism more solemn in my life, for the Lord was surely there in a special manner. The chapel was crowded, and as still as death; the dear friends that were baptized were wonderfully blessed in the ordinance, and they did indeed go on their way rejoicing; and my soul was kept afterwards like that of a little child, so free from anger, wrath, or prejudice, that I took no notice of any thing that was spoken or done. I could bless God in my very soul that he counted me worthy to suffer persecution for his name's sake; and it is my desire that God will ever keep me near to his dear self. How they have been at B— since I left I have not heard, but I hope, if it be the will of the Lord, that they may live in peace, and that the God of peace may reign amongst them. I feel a real interest in their welfare, for I have had many sweet moments amongst them.

As it regards myself since I came home, I cannot describe the ins and outs which I have had. You believe that there is not such a poor, ignorant, worthless fellow as yourself. Ah, my friend, how plain it is that "every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy." I can assure you I am a complete mystery to myself, and am sometimes so completely shut up in darkness, ignorance, and corruption, that I cannot see how it is possible that I shall ever again attempt to stand up and open my mouth in the name of the Lord, and am surprised how I have kept on so many years, and what can induce the people to come to hear such an old hardened fool. But then, again, my poor soul is brought down with hard cries, groans, struggles, and tears, that the dear Lord will set matters straight between himself and my soul; and I can have rest neither day nor night till this is made sure. I want no one to inform me that a covenant God is the same, that salvation is all perfectly finished, or that all the promises of a covenant God are yea and amen, and never were forfeited yet; neither do I thank anybody to tell me that it is my duty and privilege to lay hold of the finished work of Christ, and take the promises as my own. My cries and groans are for the truth to take hold of me, and nothing short of this will do. When it lays hold of me, I have no difficulty in laying hold of the truth; and I must say, to the honour of God, that he is very kind and gracious to such a poor sinner, for I am indulged with moments when his truth is meat and drink to my soul, and I know what it is to exclaim with the prophet, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and they were unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." It is then that I can sing and say, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, of whom shall I be afraid?" But let the sun go down, and night come on, then the beasts of the forest come forth, and roar with dreadful cruelty after their

prey, and poor John is again robbed and spoiled, and ensnared in holes, and hid in prison-houses, and there is no one saith, "Restore." And here I am, groaning, crying, tossing, and roaring, and uttering bitter things against myself; having hard thoughts against God for leaving me in such a state; fiery darts flying through my mind of awful blasphemies against the Holy Trinity, which make my very hair stand on end, my flesh to move on my bones, my lips to quiver, and I stagger and cry, "Can God ever dwell here? Surely it is all over now; the Lord can never come again. O I shall turn out a dreadful apostate at last." Thus I am fixed, and can neither go backwards nor forwards, until the great Captain comes and cries out, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." My dear friend, the moment his blessed voice comes in love and mercy with the word "*thee*," it sets all to rights, and brings my soul to shout and sing, "The Lord has done all things well." You will see by this, my friend, that I am just as I was twenty years ago, a poor sinner, saved by grace. By the grace of God I am what I am; running after him when he draws, standing firm when he holds up, fighting manfully when under his banner of love, and, without him, able to do nothing.

We live in a trying day indeed; but may the blessed Lord keep us near his blessed self, like children at the feet of a dear Saviour. Give my kind love to H— when you see her, and tell her that Mrs. — has left us as a church. She gave as her reasons for leaving that we were too carnal and worldly, and that she got no benefit from my preaching. I wonder that any one is benefited by it; for sometimes I think it never can be blest to any soul. But at times, when I am expecting a thin chapel, and that all my preaching will come to nothing, blessed be God's name, he again appears, and makes bare his arm, gives testimony to the word of his grace, seals home the truth to the souls of many, and gives proof that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he has ordained praise.

That the Lord may be with you and bless you, is the prayer of the chief of sinners and the least of all saints,

Trowbridge, December, 1834.

J. W.

BREATHINGS AFTER GOD.

My dear W—,—I am still no better contented with this place, where such abominations prevail. Last Sunday I took tea at a place where lodges one of the new Methodist converts, who refused to sit at the same table at tea with me, because, on a former occasion, I had said, in his presence, that the truth was not preached here. Sorry as I am to be obliged to say it, while things remain as they are, they will get no better confession out of my mouth respecting their preaching. I do not intend to compromise a bit, or give place by subjection, no, not for an hour. I pray that God may make his truth precious to me, and make me willing and give me power earnestly to contend for it, even to the sacrifice of a good name and reputation among the enemies of truth, whose applause I consider rather a scandal than a credit in matters of religion. You say that G. S. calls them liars, but that you do not mean to infer that they are liars in natural things. If I may speak what I know of them, I would say, for lying, deceit, and unprincipled conduct, they excel all I ever met with; (of course, there are some exceptions;) but with Jeremiah I would say, "They *overpass* the deeds of the wicked, yet they prosper." Alas! the fifth chapter of Jeremiah is but too true a description of this place, while "he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey."

I am glad that you heard with a little comfort last Lord's day, and trust that you will yet know what it is, in the enjoyment of the same, to have salvation in Christ with eternal glory. Truly it is a mercy that Christ justifies the "ungodly," that he is a guest with "sinners," that he has grace and gifts for the "rebellious," that he can have compassion upon the "ignorant," that he keeps company with "fools," and says that they shall not err. I have often thought of the characters that Jesus speaks of in love and mercy, that they are just the very opposite to what the world esteems, viz., hungry, thirsty, weary, burdened, without strength, in debt and nothing to pay, guilty, and of themselves nothing else to plead, wretched, miserable, cast down, perplexed, tempted, &c. And then the mercy (which may God make known to us!) of being able to say, He is made of God unto me wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption; yea,

"He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire,
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire."

Then, having *all* in him, in Jesus Christ, in one that cannot change, who will never forsake, we shall be able to say, in the words of the hymn,

"How can I bereaved be,
Since thou wilt not part with me?"

Death seems to have entered into our family since November, 1839, and to be still making its ravages. We have lost a father, mother, and first cousin; and now another is removed. Poor W. S. dropped into eternity about ten o'clock last night, worn out by consumption. He went off as if asleep, and left a most attached wife and a dear baby, with others, to lament his loss. We cannot tell who will be the next.

"How stands the case, my soul, with thee?"

May we be guided by almighty, sovereign power in the paths of righteousness into the midst of the paths of judgment, rest upon no false foundation, but upon that Rock against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. But, as we can do nothing and have nothing, may God be our everlasting portion, and our strength and song, and carry us safe over the billows of time into an ocean of endless rest, there to sing for ever and ever salvation and blessing to God and the Lamb!

I am getting at my old employ of cutting and contriving how I can manage to hear the gospel; but, alas! I am afraid that it will all end, as it has before, in mere talk or thought. You cannot tell how very barren I am. O! I wish that the Lord would make me hungry and feed me, thirsty and give me drink, weary and himself remove my burden; for I really fear, after all, that I have the first lesson in Jesus' school yet to learn. If I could find repentance and faith as easily to be got at as some here would fain persuade us, I would get it immediately; but God's word declares, (and it cannot be broken,) "Narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." It is easy, I own, to take up a few notions, and, by people's persuading us that all is right, make rapid strides in presumption, (falsely called confidence,) if the Lord so far permit his children to be led captive by that error; but when we come to have all this taken away, and to inquire, from a fear that all is not right within,

"How stands the case, my soul, with thee?"

and then to see how very deficient we are in *experimental* knowledge, from what we read in the Scriptures and other books, O! it makes one

tremble, and sometimes to wish that we could bury in oblivion all that is past, and now be quickened in life by a power that we cannot mistake as coming from God.

Before I conclude, I will relate an instance of the Lord's faithfulness manifested to us in his wonderful providence. You are aware of the fuss which there has been with certain parties, respecting the house lately inhabited by my dear mother. They have used every means which they could, both underhand and open, that they might go there. The owner of the house requested us to write and say what we wished, and it should be done. Now, when those certain parties referred to charged my mother, when living, with letting the house go out of repair, I wrote to the owner in my mother's defence. My letter, owing to the removal of the person to whom I wrote, was returned from the Dead Letter Office; so that we have had nothing more to say, other than that if they did not have the house, we would. If you have ever been similarly situated, you may guess what were my feelings last Friday, when, from the mouth of those who had so much wished to supplant us, I heard their determination to remain where they were, and to have nothing to do with the house that, ever since they have been in L—, has been a source of envy to them. Oh, when I heard it, my heart seemed unable to vent the praise that I *felt* belonged to God for this first manifestation of his faithfulness to one so very unworthy of the least of all his mercies. I asked him to enable me to praise him, and thought I would leave all my concerns with him, who had managed this so well, which, humanly speaking, we might have gained ourselves, by writing to that effect. But God has fought for us, and we have held our peace. Now read the latter part of the 21st and 22nd verses of Genesis xxviii., and notice the words, "my father's house in peace," and say if God has not fulfilled his word to the very letter. Then think of the way in which he has brought it to pass. Had it once entered my head when the Lord spoke this passage of scripture to me, and made it a support to my mind, that, before its full accomplishment, I must be deprived of father and mother, I think that instead of finding it a comfort, it would have but added sorrow to my then anxious mind. But, O his wonderful ways! that which gave me comfort was eagerly grasped by me, while the words, "my father's house in peace," was overlooked, or seemed to convey the idea that this house was just the same. But so it is. How very marked has the Lord's hand been towards us since we have been in this dark place! and may the Lord, in every character he bears to his children, be my God, and never, never leave or forsake me. I cannot but desire that in all my movements in life I may be able so conspicuously to trace the Lord's hand. You may depend, for I can speak it from experience, that it sweetens many sorrows; for when my heart has been overwhelmed within me, the thought that the Lord brought us here, and that he has fulfilled his word in his dispensations towards me, has been a support to me, and I have been obliged to say, "Lord, may I submit to thy sovereign will." The feelings of pleasure that pervaded my heart on the announcement of the above providence very soon subsided, and my mind again became perplexed with (to me) the crooked things that had not yet been made straight. But God will work his own will; and perhaps I may find it as in the case just mentioned, (in which two years and a half intervened between the time when the promise was given me and when it was fully accomplished,) that God will, in his own time and in his own way, fulfil all the good pleasure of his will, and deal with the children of men in such a manner as shall work for

his own glory, and with his own children as shall be for his own glory and their ultimate good. When I remember the way in which the Lord has led me, I cannot but wonder at it, and say, "Marvellous are thy works!" and that they are my soul knoweth right well.

May God bless and keep you, and lead you in the way in which he would have you to go, is the desire of, and so prays, yours affectionately,

L—, May, 1841.

W. K. S.

SUPPORT FOR A FALLING TABERNACLE.

My dear Brother in the glorious Head of the Church,—I received a letter from our dear friend, Mrs. S—, stating your painful affliction; and though I was truly sorry to hear that you were so much afflicted, I was much pleased to find that the dear Lord so blessedly supported you, and comforted your precious soul with so much of his sweet presence.

O, my dear brother, what an honour it is to be sweetly plunged into the love and blood of Christ, and, by the glorious operation of God the Holy Ghost, to feel the glorious power of the finished work of Christ, and to hold sweet converse with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost! To live upon that God-glorifying ground is to live at the very gate of heaven, and death itself is but to take a final step out of the world into indescribable blessedness, where our glorious Three-One God is all and in all. What are all the pleasures of this world? surely nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit; but the blessed Spirit maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it. Thrice blessed is that man whose God is the Lord; who, under the sweet unction of God the Holy Ghost, can say, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him." Honours crown his precious brow, he is all and in all. His love-smiles and love-kisses charm the soul, and draw the most noble powers of the mind above the world and the things of the world, and up to God and glory. Creature-goodness, works, and worthiness all fade away, and become worse than nothing when our glorious Lord condescends to show his sweet, lovely face, and enables us to trace that we have all things in him. I hope that my dear brother still enjoys his sweet presence, and then I am sure, however great the bodily affliction may be, the soul is well. O the wonders of his matchless grace that worms like us should be called the sons of God! How highly are we favoured to be made the rich partakers of those blessed things which the glorious angels desire to look into!

Well, my dear brother, should I never see you again in the flesh, we shall soon join that glorious body where God and glory are seen and felt without a veil.

"Then we shall see, and hear, and know
All we desire or wish below,"

and never again mourn an absent God or a hard heart, nor ever more have to cry, "My leanness, my leanness!" No, no; we shall ever abide at the spring-head, and drink in full draughts of unsullied bliss.

That the Lord may be with thee, and bless thee with further manifestations of his matchless love, and enable thee still to lean upon the bosom of Him who will one day withdraw thy soul from thy body, and take it up to glory, is the prayer of yours,

Manchester.

W. G.

NONE LIKE THE GOD OF JESHURUN.

My dear Friend in the glorious Head of the Church,—I received your epistle, and am greatly obliged to you for it. I was sorry to learn that our dear brother M— was so ill, but much pleased and profited to find that our blessed Lord so sweetly and powerfully supported his mind. It may well be said, “Happy art thou, O Israel! Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency?” Indeed, in very deed, there is no God like the God of Jeshurun. None can save like him; none can succour, comfort, and support like him; no, nor can any one give timely reproof like him. Through the rich boundings of his matchless grace, I have in thousands of instances proved him to be a very present help in time of trouble, yea, and have proved his very reproofs to be mercies. Our covenant God has treasured up in Christ, our glorious Head, an indescribable fulness of all real blessings for his blood-bought family, and, honours crown his blessed brow, they are all free; yet daily experience, as well as the word of God, teach us that we stand in as much need of the sweet operation and divine unction of God the Holy Ghost to reveal and make them manifest in the conscience, as we needed Christ to die for us. Thus our Three-One God is become our complete salvation, both in its appointment, contrivance, accomplishment, and in its application and consummation in bliss and blessedness; and he is sure so to work as to cause his people to give him all the glory. Were it not for the strange methods he takes with me, the cursed pride of my heart would be for taking some glory to self. I can assure you I am at times so disgusted at, and sickened with my old man that I long for the time to come when he will sink to rise no more. Well, well; sentence of death is passed upon him, and it is sure to be executed. And O, my dear friend, what a shouting day that will be!

A few days before yours came to hand, one of our friends died, and she said to her husband just before she departed, “Come, John, help me to shout, for he is come at last.”

I wrote to our friend M—, but have had no reply. I long to know whether he has gone home or not; and, if not, how he is. I do hope you will write soon and inform me. I thank you for your kind invitation, and hope to be able to embrace it some time.

The Lord be with you both, and grant you much sweet intercourse with himself. So prays yours in the Lord and in the path of tribulation,

Manchester, Oct. 14, 1829.

W. G.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The Experience of the True Circumcision: a Sermon by William Tant.—Brighton, Tyler; London, Groombridge, 1842. Price 3d.

In our last number we inserted a communication from a correspondent, headed, “The Scripture rashly spiritualized;” and in a foot note hinted the probability of our taking up the subject in a future number. The Sermon, of which we have given the title above, affords us a very good opportunity of fulfilling our intention, as, with much that is truly excellent, it seems to us to labour under a fault akin to that rash spiritualization to which our correspondent

called our attention. We shall therefore offer our views upon this subject by way of preface to our review of Mr. Tant's Sermon.

But in discussing this subject, we feel that we are moving on very delicate soil, and therefore desire to tread with reverential fear, lest, on so solemn and sacred a subject as the spiritual interpretation of Scripture, we pollute holy ground with the shoes of creature wisdom.

That the types and figures of the Old Testament and the parables of the New are to be understood spiritually, that Jesus is the sum and substance of the Scriptures, that to him all the prophets bear witness, and that the prophecies and promises addressed to the Jewish church are the spiritual inheritance of the church of Christ, are truths to us most undeniable. The epistle to the Hebrews is a spiritual exposition of the Levitical priesthood, and as such is a key to the interpretation of the whole Mosaic dispensation. And doubtless the Old Testament saints spiritually understood the types and figures of that dispensation, and looked through them to the Lord Jesus, as "Abraham saw his day and was glad." But Satan, who at all periods seems to have mimicked and counterfeited the operations of the Spirit of God, has in various ages of the church introduced a mystical interpretation of the Scriptures as a mimicry and a perversion of the spiritual interpretation. From this sprang the Kabbala* of the Jews, and the mystical interpretations introduced by Origen†; and we believe that from the same source arises much of that system of rash and false spiritualization which our correspondent condemns.

In proportion, then, to the value that we put upon the spiritual interpretation of Scripture is our jealousy of its counterfeits. Satan, who has a bait for every disposition, can impose a mock spiritual interpretation upon some minds for a true spiritual one, as he imposes a mock Christ upon the Papists, in the consecrated wafer, for

* The Kabbala is a system of mystical interpretation in the greatest esteem among the Jews, and believed by them to have been received traditionally from Moses, to whom they say God, when he gave the law, specially revealed it. This mystical interpretation chiefly turns upon the Hebrew letters. For instance, the letter *aleph*, which, with a certain accent, stands for 1000, occurs six times in Genesis i. 1. From this, Rabbi Elias, one of their learned doctors, concludes the world will last 6000 years. In Deut. xxx. 12, Moses asks, "Who shall go up for us to heaven?" The initial letters of the words forming this sentence in Hebrew make the word "circumcision," and the final letters make the word "Jehovah." It is therefore interpreted that God gave circumcision as the way to heaven. This absurd mystical interpretation we believe to be a satanic mimicry of the spiritual interpretation made known to the Old Testament saints by the Holy Ghost.

† Origen, who lived about 230 years after Christ, first introduced into the Church an allegorical interpretation of the Scriptures, perverting the plainest, simplest texts into the absurdest meanings. But this was done under a spiritual garb, though really only a mimicry of the spiritual interpretation. Thus, he says, "The source of many evils lies in adhering to the carnal or external part of Scripture. Those who do so shall not attain to the kingdom of God. Let us therefore seek after the spirit and the substantial fruit of the word, which are hidden and mysterious." And again, "The Scriptures are of little use to those who understand them as they are written." We have thrown under our head "GLEANINGS" Milner's testimony against Origen's mode of interpretation, as well as Luther's views on the same subject.

the Christ of God. If we, then, are to take forth the precious from the vile, that we may be manifested as God's mouth, we shall not shun to declare plainly our views upon this point, however closely it may seem to cut many who mistake natural ingenuity for spiritual wisdom.

But lest our meaning be misunderstood, and we be thought to be secretly undermining the spiritual interpretation of the word of God, we desire to state in the plainest and strongest terms, at the very threshold of our intended remarks upon the rash spiritualization of Scripture, our deep conviction upon these three points. 1st. That the spiritual interpretation of Scripture is the food of the Church of God. 2d. That no individual, whether minister or private Christian, can obtain this spiritual interpretation without the special teaching of the Holy Ghost. 3rd. That no Christian man has a right to say of an alleged spiritual interpretation that he is in all cases the judge, whether such an interpretation is the mind of the Spirit or not. Our two first positions, we believe, will be at once admitted by all the spiritually-taught family. To our third there may be some demur, as it seems, at first sight, to nullify the right of judgment on what is brought forward from the pulpit or the press, and so to contradict the scriptural precept, "Prove all things;" "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." And yet it flows so necessarily from our second proposition, that the contradiction is only apparent. For if we only understand the spiritual interpretation of any Scripture by *special* revelation, then no man can be a judge whether we have the mind of the Spirit unless he be similarly illuminated. Doubtless many of us remember that we once accounted many interpretations fanciful which we now believe to be spiritual; and why should not the time arrive when many passages shall be similarly opened up with spiritual light, on which we have now merely letter views, and can see no spiritual beauty in them? Nor does this timidity in pronouncing a brother's interpretation fanciful which he believes to be spiritual, at all interfere with the exercise of "a right judgment in all things," or a "trying things that differ," as long as we are in possession of two guides, 1st. The "spirit of a sound mind," (2 Tim. i. 7,) that gift of God, whereby the spiritual "ear trieth words as the mouth tasteth meat;" and 2d. "The proportion (or "analogy,") of faith," (Rom. xii. 6,) according to which all must prophesy who are taught of the Spirit.

If we have been successful in conveying our meaning to the mind of our readers, they will perceive that we have here drawn a line between hastily condemning, and hastily admitting every interpretation of a type, figure, parable, or text which is brought forward as a spiritual explanation. Do I hear from the mouth of a minister a text of Scripture spiritualized, as I never heard or saw before? Let me not be rash in calling it fanciful. Peradventure, he may have a special light upon this text; and what my carnal mind is rashly calling "ingenious," "novel," "a perversion of the Scripture," and the like, may at that moment be blessed to some poor child of God,

whose heart is feeding on what my head is rejecting. If I had not found it in the inspired epistle of an apostle, I might have thought it a fanciful interpretation that Abraham's two wives were typical of the two covenants; (Gal. iv. 24;) or that the words of Moses (Deut. xxx. 11—14) were to be explained spiritually of the righteousness of faith, as Paul has interpreted them. (Rom. x. 6—9.) So I might again and again have read Hosea xi. 1, without seeing the spiritual meaning given Matt. ii. 15. I am taught, therefore, by these and other instances, to hesitate much and long before I call that a fanciful interpretation which is brought forward as a spiritual one. But am I, therefore, to surrender all my judgment, and receive with implicit, superstitious credence what every minister who professes truth may bring forward as a spiritual interpretation? Surely not. If there are limits on one side, there are limits on the other; if there are buoys to mark the right hand shoal, there are land marks to point out the situation of the left hand rock. I am not to be so bound hand and foot, so overawed into papistical subjection to a claim of priestly infallibility as to receive without hesitation every so-called spiritual interpretation which a preacher may advance. No, surely. I may try it by any of the following rules. I may examine whether his interpretation corresponds with itself in all particulars. I see symmetry in every part of God's creation; I hear harmony in the moving winds and rushing waters. I expect, therefore, symmetry and harmony in the Scriptures, and in the spiritual interpretation given of them. If, then, I find one part of the alleged interpretation inconsistent with the other, I have a right to say, "The legs of the lame are not equal, so is a parable in the mouth of fools," (Prov. xxvi. 7,) and I may reject the limping interpretation. Or I may compare the interpretation with the analogy of faith, and if it violate that in any particular, I may safely reject it. Or I may scan the natural bent of the preacher or writer, and see if he seek to display his ingenuity, and attract admiration for the depth of his knowledge, or is of a fanciful turn generally, and gives the reins to his imagination, unchecked by conscience or a sound mind. Or I may compare his interpretation with the work of grace upon my own soul, and see how far it agrees or disagrees with that. Or I may watch the effect of such interpretation upon his hearers, and see whether such preaching humbles them or puffs them up, leads them to admire the Saviour or the preacher, fills their hearts with unction and savour or their heads with notions, leads them into the old paths cast up by prophets and apostles, or breeds an Athenian spirit of telling or hearing some new thing. Or, lastly, I may watch the effect of the so-called spiritual interpretation upon my own soul; what dew and savour attend it, what inward fruits it produces in myself, and whether I leave the chapel or lay down the book, dry, hard, and cold, or melted into some divine feeling toward the Lord.

As a general rule, the propensities of the carnal mind in the children of God are twofold, infidelity or superstition. The bias of some is to the former, and of others to the latter. The tendency of

the former is hastily to reject; the tendency of the latter is hastily to admit every new interpretation of an alleged spiritual nature. The first temptation harasses the soul, the second enslaves it; the first leads to sin by suggesting that to be natural which is really spiritual; and the second seduces into error by persuading us to receive as spiritual that which is often but natural. Thus there are extremes on both sides; and if it is a grievous error to mistake grace for nature, it is hardly less grievous to mistake nature for grace. On the one side is Seneh, on the other Bozez; (1 Sam. xiv. 4;) or, to use Hart's figure, there is "the upper and nether millstone" of boldly doubting, or credulously believing.

There is a great difference between a spiritual and mystical interpretation of scripture; and it will generally be found that the former is experimental, whilst the latter is doctrinal. We will illustrate our meaning by one instance. Christ says of himself, "I am the door." Here is room for both a spiritual and a mystical interpretation; and we will suppose two preachers to handle this text. The spiritual interpreter would take the leading idea of a door, and show that it signifies admission or access. Upon this he would build up an experimental sermon, in which he would trace out the access of a quickened soul to God through the Mediator, and, according to his ability, would describe the work of grace as connected with an experimental knowledge of Christ. The mystical interpreter would spiritualize, as he would call it, every part and particle of the door, from the first cutting down of the tree to the placing of the door upon its hinges. The panels he would make represent Christ's two natures, the hinges the covenant of grace, the joints the eternal fixtures, the bolts the decree of reprobation, and so on. The latch, the key, and the very keyhole would have their separate spiritualization, until the poor children of God would go groaning away without one crumb of consolation or one stumbling-block removed, whilst the empty professors would be nodding and smiling approbation to each other, and be ready to devour with admiration the parson as he descended the pulpit stairs, inwardly chuckling over his own *deep* interpretation.

For ourselves, we know not what that man's conscience can be made of who puts forward such ingenious interpretations as the mind of the Holy Ghost. With a little ingenuity, it is possible by this means to make the Scriptures speak any language that the imagination of the writer or preacher dictates; or to find the deepest mysteries in the simplest things. "Ivory, apes, and peacocks;" (1 Kings x. 22;) "nine and twenty knives;" (Ezra i. 9;) "old shoes and clouted;" (Joshua ix. 5;) "set on a pot;" (Ezek. xxiv. 3;) "come and dine;" (John xxi. 12;) and similar texts, have been fruitful subjects in the hands of these pulpit wire-drawers. The very taking of these texts is a claim to special light upon them. But how awful a claim, if it be to palm the preacher's ingenuity upon the blessed Spirit, and, under the guise of special and heavenly inspiration, to be angling for applause from credulous hearers! A man's own conscience, when not seared, will tell him whether, in speaking from such texts, he believes himself enlightened

by the Holy Ghost into their spiritual meaning, or merely aims at admiration from some for the depth of his spirituality, and from others for the height of his ingenuity. For ourselves, we confess that the texts which have been most blessed to our souls, and on which we are hanging for salvation, are the plainest and simplest; some words, for instance, from the mouth of Jesus, intelligible in the letter to the dullest, but only fed upon spiritually when divinely applied. A strained allegorical interpretation will not bear up the soul in a storm. Some plain, simple text, such as, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," best suits the soul then. Infidelity and unbelief soon spy out a loophole in a text to burst through upon the soul, and would sweep away the cobweb meshes of a mystical interpretation at a breath. One simple word then from the lips of Jesus were worth all the deep interpretations of the most ingenious preachers in Great Britain.

Our remarks have hitherto been confined to the spiritual interpretation, real or alleged, of the word of God. Even here we have seen that mistakes are possible, nay, frequent. Our remarks on the rash spiritualization (so called) of things *not in the word of God* we can dispatch in much fewer words.

We contend, then, that a minister has no warrant to take wheelbarrows, guns, pistols, &c., into the pulpit, and spiritualize, as it is called, such carnal implements. It is actually the same thing as adding to the Bible. To take, for instance, a wheelbarrow, and run a comparison between it and the Lord Jesus, making one handle to represent his divine, and the other his human nature, and so on, is to trifle awfully with sacred things. Where has the Holy Ghost brought forward a wheelbarrow as a type of Immanuel? and if he has not, what is this alleged spiritualization of it but an introducing of a new type into the inspired writings? It is not the same thing as to use a figure, as, for instance, to compare the mystical union of the two natures in one Christ to the union of body and soul in one man; for in this there is no spiritualization of the figure. It still remains a merely natural illustration, and serves as a simple channel for the communication of an idea. But what we condemn is the taking up of a subject purely natural, and advancing it into a spiritual figure, to do which is the sole prerogative of God the Holy Ghost; and which, therefore, is a trenching upon his holy and sovereign right.

But some of these so called spiritualizings are really shocking to a tender conscience. We have heard of one of these cobweb-spinners, who, sitting at the tea table, must needs spiritualize the tea things. The cups of different sizes easily figured the vessels of mercy; the tea pot was interpreted as emblematical of the Saviour, out of whose fulness they received grace for grace; the tea kettle was a stumbling block, till its black and burnt sides suggested—Satan. This was called spiritualizing the tea things, till it occurred to one of the party that the tea pot was filled out of the tea kettle. We dare not say a word more on the horrible idea that this analogy suggested, except to

express our belief that that fallen spirit whom the kettle was made to represent was the inspirer of this dreadful comparison.

There remains one more instance of what we shall term rather *faulty*, than *rash*, or *carnal* spiritualization. For, if we may affix distinctive epithets to what we consider unwarranted interpretations, we should say there were three—*rash*, *faulty*, and *carnal*.

A *rash* interpretation is when a writer or preacher *knowingly* gives a spiritual view of a text that he is conscious springs only from fancy or ingenuity. A *carnal* spiritualization (if such a contradiction in terms be admissible) is when wheelbarrows, and such like, are exalted into types of spiritual things. A *faulty* spiritualization is where the preacher or writer believes he has the mind of the Spirit, but is deceived. The first two err with malice aforethought, the latter from ignorance. The act of the two former is "wilful murder;" of the latter, "chance medley."

We conceive that Mr. Tant's sermon labours under this last fault. It is a very good and able discourse, full of sound and scriptural truth, searching and experimental, but we cannot believe that the Holy Ghost spoke by Sanballat (Nehemiah iv. 2,) with such a spiritual meaning as Mr. T. has affixed to the words.

But the sermon deserves a longer notice than our present limits admit of. We shall, therefore, return to it, if the Lord will, next month, merely stating, for the present, that we do not mean to include it in our present animadversions, and that Mr. T. is not chargeable with the faults that we have here pointed out, though, as we expect to be able to show, not free from that mode of spiritual interpretation which we have denominated *faulty*. We owe him an apology for this long tantalizing preface, as well as our readers, fearing that in aiming at clearness and fulness, we have fallen into wearisome prolixity.

POETRY.

FREE GRACE.

Titus ii. 11, 12; 1 Cor. xv. 10.

Free grace fills the sinner with rev'rence and awe,
Applies to the conscience the strength of God's law,
His mercy, and love, through Immanuel's blood,
Which makes him believe in a covenant God.

The Pharisees publish, wherever they move,
That all men have grace, as a job, to improve;
Therefore the best workman is licensed to boast;
But fools with God's grace can never be lost.

How is it so many are graceless and blind,
If grace is bestow'd on the whole of mankind?
The earnest of glory, the foretaste of bliss,—
Alas! the improvers know nothing of this.

A man may see plenty that are in distress,
But having a view gives no right to possess.
The map of another's may serve to amuse.
But actual possession exceeds all such views.

If grace brings salvation, and teaches the way
Of righteousness, how can a vessel of clay

Improve its own teacher, which comes from above,
The spring of perfection, the fountain of love?

As soon may the earth send rain up to heaven
As creatures improve what Jehovah has given
To be their preserver, instructor, and guide,—
A gift which he only bestows on his bride.

Blind leaders declare that 'tis given to all.
To John I refer them, Jude, Peter, and Paul; *
And if they believe not these texts of God's word,
I then would refer them to Jesus the Lord, †

Whose word is unrivalled, whose power is so great
That heaven and earth are convulsed 'neath his feet;
Whose voice shakes the elements, terrifies hell.
There's none all his wonderful workings can tell.

The wonderful Counsellor, almighty God,
The Father of mercies, at home and abroad,
The only true Righteousness, Prince of our peace,
Who look up to him for salvation, through grace.

* Rev. v. 9, 10; xiii. 1—8; xiv. 1—5; Jude 4.; 1 Peter ii. 9; 2 Peter ii. 12; 1 Thess. v. 9; 2 Thess. ii. 13; iii. 2; Romans xi. 7.

† Matt. vii. 22, 23; Luke xiii. 24; John v. 42; viii. 44—47.

Bridgnorth, June 8th, 1840.

W. T.

“ PRAISE YE THE LORD.”

Draw near and listen while I tell
How Christ has rescued me from hell,
And brought me savingly to know
Why he so much did undergo.

'Twas out of love to sinful man
That God devised the glorious plan
To pardon rebels doomed to die,
And suffer endless misery.

God justly might have passed me by,
And left me in my sins to die,
But he foresaw the very day
When Christ should take my guilt away.

When his appointed time rolled round
For me to hear the gospel sound,
The Holy Ghost brought home with pow'r
Convictions that oppress'd me sore.

God's holy law, which I had broke,
Lay on my neck a galling yoke,
And shut out hope of pardon there;
The law cannot the guilty clear.

Then was the time for Christ who bled,
And suffered in my room and stead,
New York.

To manifest himself to me,
And set my soul at liberty.
Then I rejoic'd in my dear Lord,
And gave full credence to his word;
No longer could I trust in man,
When I beheld the gospel plan.

I blessed the Father's sov'reign choice,
I blessed the Saviour's pard'ning voice,
I blessed the Spirit's quick'ning breath,
The Three-One God who saves from death.

Thus Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who pitied me, a sinner lost,
Shall ever have eternal praise
For granting me this saving grace.

O may I, then, whate'er betide,
Fly to my rest at his dear side;
And when my final change shall come,
His presence shall attend me home.

There, with the number saved by grace,
Shall I behold his lovely face;
Sit down and count his mercies o'er,
And sing his praise for evermore.

J. A.

HOW DO YOU DO?

My brother asks me how I do;
I take it very kind from you;
Come see me where I dwell.
To speak it plain, without reserve,
I've far beyond what I deserve;
For that's the lowest hell.

Sin rear'd its head in me so high,
With hostile power against the sky,
As if 'twould conquer all;
I could not stand, I could not go,
Till Jesus came and made me know
That foes before him fall.

Could I remain in silence bound,
The very stones aloud would sound,
And all their silence break.
Yes, I must sing redeeming love,
Because free grace has made me prove
I'm sav'd for Jesus' sake.

May we, my brother, have access,
When overwhelm'd in deep distress,
Within the veil, and see
That Christ gave all the law could ask,
That he performed the dreadful task,
To set his captives free.

His blood I've prov'd, its saving pow'r,
E'en in a most distressing hour;
'Twas then to me applied,
It heal'd my sores, it made me sing;
It made me shout to Zion's King,
It all my wants supplied.

That we may feel, by grace divine,
His uncreated glory shine,
And prove his matchless power;
That though beset by mighty foes,
And inundated oft in woes,
Christ saves at every hour.

If, then, I dwell in Jesus' heart,
How can we ever, ever part,
Or wrath against me move?
Though I have judg'd him as my foe,
Yet he has never served me so;
His is eternal love.

If so, this calls us up to sing,
And praise our glorious, heavenly King,
Whilst here on earth we stay;
And when we leave this dark abode,
For ever we shall dwell with God,
Through one eternal day.

West Ham, October, 1840.

J. C.

NOAH'S DOVE.

When Noah's weary dove
Was from the ark set free,
Though oft she vainly strove
To keep her liberty,
She found no rest till back she flew,
To dwell amidst the favour'd crew.

Well, bless my Noah's hand,
That takes me in again;
Sure he's a faithful friend;
His love is still the same,
Else he would shut me out, to die
Beneath a frowning, stormy sky.

So when my roving heart,
Headlong to start aside,
Leaves Christ, my heavenly Ark,
I lone in gloom abide;
Nor can my weary soul find rest,
Till I return to Jesus' breast.
Bedworth, Warwickshire.

Join me, ye little crew,
To praise our Saviour's name;
The howling winds may blow,
The floods may rise amain,
We, shelter'd in the Ark secure,
Are safe, and shall through him endure.

G. T. C.

[We wish that our poetical correspondents would bear in mind, that *false rhymes* are very great blemishes, and indeed inadmissible in true poetry. In one of our present pieces, otherwise sweet, savoury, and simple, by G. T. C., we have five false rhymes, "heart and ark," "hand and friend," "again and same," "crew and blow," "name and amain." In carnal poetry there would not be as many false rhymes in an octavo volume as there are here in four stanzas. Poetry has certain established laws, and we cannot see why these should be violated, because it is made a vehicle of spiritual communication. We wish our correspondents would bear this in mind, and not compel us to reject their "poetry" because it violates well nigh every poetical usage.—Eds.]

GLEANINGS.

The woman of Canaan would not take seeming denials for real ones; she knew the Lord was gracious. (Luke xviii. 1—6.) And the Lord will avenge his people, though he bear long with them. The Lord hath waited longer on me than I have waited on him. And thus it was with David; "I waited patiently," saith he; that is, it was long before the Lord answered me, though at last, "he inclined his ear unto me, and heard my cry." (Ps. xl. 1.)—*Bunyan on Prayer.*

Milner's Opinion of Origen's Mode of Interpreting the Scriptures.
(See Editors' Review, page 112.)

"The mischiefs of Origen's taste and spirit in religion were inexpressible. No man, not altogether unsound and hypocritical, ever injured the church of Christ more than Origen did. From the fanciful mode of allegory introduced by him, and uncontrolled by scriptural rule and order, arose a vitiated method of commenting on the sacred pages, which has been succeeded by the contrary extreme, namely, a contempt of types and figures altogether; and, in a similar way, his fanciful ideas of *letter* and *Spirit* tended to remove from men's minds all just conceptions of genuine spirituality. A thick mist for ages pervaded the Christian world, supported and strengthened by his absurd allegorical manner of interpretation. The learned alone were considered as guides implicitly to be followed; and the vulgar, when the literal sense was hissed off the stage, had nothing to do but to follow their authority wherever it might conduct them. It was not till the days of Luther and Melancthon that this evil was fairly and successfully opposed."—*Milner's Church History*, vol. 1, p. 469.

Luther's Views of the Correct Interpretation of Scripture.
(See Editors' Review, page 112.)

"Let the Christian reader's first object always be to find out the literal meaning of the word of God, for this, and this alone, is the whole foundation of faith and of Christian theology. It is the very substance of Christianity, the only thing which stands its ground in distress and temptation; it is what overcomes the gates of hell together with sin and death, and triumphs to the praise and glory of God. Allegories are often of a doubtful nature, depending on human conjecture and opinion; for which reason Jerome, and Origen, and other fathers of the same stamp, nay, I may add all the old Alexandrian school, should be read with the greatest caution. An excessive esteem for these has gradually introduced a most mischievous taste among later writers, who have gone such lengths as to support the most extravagant absurdities by scriptural expressions. Jerome complains of this practice in his own time, and yet he himself was guilty of it. In our days there are some commentators who, wherever they find in scripture a word of the feminine gender, understand it to mean the virgin Mary; and hence, almost all the revealed word is made to treat of the blessed virgin. Wherefore, we ought always to observe St. Paul's rule, not to build upon wood, hay, and stubble, but upon gold, silver, and precious stones; that is, an allegory should never be made the foundation of any doctrine, but be introduced as a secondary thing, to confirm, to adorn, to enrich a Christian article of faith. Never produce an allegory to support your sentiment; on the contrary, take care that your allegory rest on some just sentiment as a foundation, which, by its aptness and similitude, it is calculated to illustrate."—*Exposition of Deuteronomy*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 77.

MAY, 1842.

VOL. VIII.

**THE LOVE OF GOD SHED ABROAD IN THE
HEART BY THE HOLY GHOST.**

My dear Friend and Brother in the God of Love,—The God of peace fill your heart and soul with his love and glory, that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost.

As I believe you take an interest in my spiritual welfare, and as our experience in many points is much alike, I feel a desire to acquaint you with the blessed circumstance that has happened to my soul this day. O what a blessed morning this has been to me! Ever-memorable morning! The dear Lord has answered the groans and prayers of my heart. Bless his holy name for evermore, he has shed abroad his love abundantly in my heart, he has given me the Spirit of adoption, he has overwhelmed my soul with his love and mercy, he has filled me with the Holy Ghost, and sealed me as his. Adored be his holy name for evermore, he is faithful and true. I scarcely know how to write to express this blessed event exactly as it is. I shall, however, endeavour to tell you in simplicity and truth how it happened, and how I felt under it; and before I do so, I shall give you a little of the state of my soul for some time previous to it.

I have at different times been much exercised in soul, and also at times much and specially blest, and have had blessed deliverances and enjoyments; but in the greatest of these blessings I still felt short, was not fully satisfied, and therefore thirsted after that fulness of joy, that sealing of the Spirit, that self-evident assurance of my sonship and salvation which would sweep away my doubts, and set my soul at rest for the time present. Since the beginning of October, 1840, my soul has been desiring, wrestling, and praying, more or

less, for this great and glorious blessing. But I cannot describe to you all the ups and downs, cries, groans, sighs, tears, and wrestlings that I have had since that time to this day. Sometimes a hope of obtaining it, and the peace that would follow, would inspire me with zeal to pray and wait for it, and then again I sank into desponding doubts of ever obtaining it. At other times a little light would brighten my soul, and then I could wait and hope with a little patience; but when it was deferred, and no signs of it appeared, I began to fret, and rebel, and have hard thoughts of God; sometimes I was so distressed and sunk in spirit about it, that I could neither hope nor believe; at other times faith and hope would spring up in my heart, and I could believe the word of God, and was greatly encouraged. In deep trouble of soul the word would be applied to my heart with sweetness and power, to the melting of my soul, and the flooding of my eyes with tears; but still these sweet testimonies and visits did not do what I wanted; though they strengthened and comforted me much, held me up and held me on, I still felt short. I would then again set my face toward his holy temple, and ardently desire, groan, and pray for this one grand thing needful, this heavenly diamond set in the heart by the Holy Ghost; but again I used to sink and despond, and in my soul fall down totally helpless, and faint (spiritually) in my sighing; (Jer. xlv. 5;) then vehemently struggle, weep, and wrestle with God as if I would take it by storm; then sink into fretful silence and self-pity. Sometimes a spirit of pleading and supplication would flow out of my heart; then it was contracted and frozen up, so that I could scarcely utter a word. In addition to this, the most awful workings of sin in my heart would ferment and work up and defile my whole soul. The spirit of sin at times raged with such an appetite that it would threaten to devour every spark of divine life and godly fear in my heart. Then I have had a dread that God would let loose his hand, and sweep me to hell with a stroke for my abominations; and when I have found that he has spared me, his long-suffering has softened my heart. I would strive to keep down and watch against sin and temptation, but the spirit of indwelling, uprising sin in my flesh, wherein dwells no good thing, I found too strong for me. O how this taught me the total corruption, depravity, death, and enmity to God of the human heart. The guilt that followed galled and distressed me, and would bring me to my knees in tears; and sometimes, with shame and fear, I could hardly pray at all; when I could, it would be that he would remove the guilt and suppress the power of sin. Sometimes I got a little relief from these scriptures; 1 John i. 8—10; ii. 1, 2; Prov. xxviii. 13. But so helpless and unable to resist sin did I at times feel, that I could do nothing but groan and weep over my vile heart, and sometimes could not even do that. Again, I have had such a discovery of the deceit, hypocrisy, and earthliness of my heart that I could not think God could ever dwell in it; and such helplessness as it respects everything spiritual and good would oppress me; I felt helpless to pray, helpless to believe, helpless to trust, helpless to wait with patience, helpless to make my mind spiritual and heavenly and to set my

affections on things above, helpless to desire, sigh, and groan sincerely and aright; so helpless that I used to sink down in my soul, with such expressions coming from my heart as, "O God!" "O God, thou knowest my heart!" that being all I could say. When in this helpless state, and under this storm of sin, feeling my heart so carnal and un-godlike, and the fruits of the Spirit so faint and few, I had awful fears that I should prove a deceived and deceiving hypocrite, such as Baalam, Saul, or Judas Iscariot. And when I have prayed and cried with supplications and tears for the blessing, and received no answer, then great fears would rise that they were only like the tears of Esau, and my fainting like Ishmael's in the desert; then my heart would so fall to pieces, as it were, and sink within me, that I could neither pray nor speak about spiritual things, and I felt dissatisfied with myself in almost everything.

In this state of hoping and doubting, sinking and rising, conquered and conquering, being distressed with fears and frowns, and blest with tokens and visits of mercy, I have gone on without one week's intermission, (I may say without one day's, more or less,) since October, 1840, till this morning. And now, blessed be my dear and adorable Lord, he has granted me the desire of my heart; "In the way of his judgments have I waited for him; the desire of my soul was to his name. With my soul have I desired him in the night." "He inclined unto me, and heard my cry; he brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings; and he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." (Isa. xxvi. 8; Ps. xl. 1—3.)

I shall now state how the Lord appeared to me. Yesterday afternoon I felt in a sinking, desponding, and unbelieving state. In the evening a little light shone upon my past experience, and I could see that the work in my soul was of God. This raised up faith and hope, and encouraged me, but did no more. This morning I got up miserably oppressed with guilt and bondage. After breakfast I was meditating on circumcision being a type of regeneration, when I turned to Gen. xvii. 11, and I saw that Abraham received circumcision as a token of the covenant which God made with him, and that it was a type of regeneration, being a token of the covenant of grace made with every quickened soul. I then turned to Rom. iv., and while reading this chapter I had a sweet view of the promise of God to Abraham, and how "he staggered not at the promise through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; being fully persuaded that what he had promised he was able also to perform." A light fell upon my past experience, and I saw how God had spoken to my soul in times past, but that I had staggered at his promise to me through unbelief; then a thirsting rose up in my soul to be enabled to believe his blessed promise, like Abraham. I remembered him speaking these precious words to my soul, "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." And how he called me by name in these words, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved;" "I love them that love me, and those that

seek me early shall find me;" "Let those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee; let such as love thy salvation say continually, the Lord be magnified." I remembered the time that I felt and believed that these precious passages spoke the character of my heart and singled me out as if by name. Yet I could not believe, but staggered at the promise in them. These things raised up faith and courage in my heart, drew my soul up to God, and caused me to sigh and pray, and hold sweet communion with him for a few moments. I then turned to the 4th chap. of Rom. again, (my heart being soft) when suddenly my heart was filled with glory and love to God, so that I could scarcely refrain from kissing the leaves of the book. The very name of God in the print of the leaves fired my soul with love. I felt heaven let down into my soul. The mercy and love of God and Christ overwhelmed my soul, and such ardent love did I feel to God, that my poor heart felt as if it would have broken. I knew not whether God loved me or I loved him the most. I felt as if the Holy Ghost had come down and filled my heart, and taken possession of it, as I know he did. I felt my heart was not my own, the Holy Ghost, entirely independent of me, had taken hold of it, and filled and blessed it. And O the sweet, heavenly, and powerful heart-breaking feeling I had at this moment cannot be conveyed to you in language. The love of God was abundantly shed abroad in my heart, and joy unspeakable and full of glory rose out of it. I felt no sin, no guilt, no wrath; it was all put away out of my sight. Nothing was laid to my charge; my vile sins appeared without guilt or sting; peace with God was in my heart. And O how sweet did his goodness and mercy appear! I felt and knew that the blessed Spirit was in my soul; I had the witness in myself. While in this blessed state I could do nothing but sob, and weep, and praise, and adore with a heart broken with love and mercy, while such expressions as the following burst from my heart and lips, as it were involuntary, "O what is this? What is this? What is this? O bless thy name for evermore, for evermore, for evermore; thou hast saved me, saved me, saved me for ever! Blessed God, my God, my Father, my dear Father, bless thee, bless thee, bless thee, bless thee, for evermore! Loved for ever!" These and many more such expressions burst from my heart and lips, as it were whether I would or no. And all this time I was weeping as if my heart would break with love and blessedness. The blessed feeling was so heavenly that I was fully assured it was the Holy Ghost in my heart. It was the earnest of eternal glory.

The height of **this** sweet and ever to be remembered manifestation of favour and **love**; continued, as near as I can think, from five to ten minutes, and **more** or less from half to three quarters of an hour. O the blessed feeling never can I forget. Happy man! Favoured creature! O, why should the adorable Lord love and manifest his love to so vile a wretch as I? O, why should he let down heaven into my soul, and fill me with the Holy Ghost, and thus seal me with the Spirit of promise? The peculiar feelings of my soul under this blessed visit of love and grace I am unable fully to con-

vey to you. These precious scriptures express it best, "The love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us;" "Filled with the Spirit;" "Baptized with the Holy Ghost;" "Sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise;" "Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts;" "But ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father."

This gracious visit came upon me so unexpectedly and freely that I sit astonished, and can only wonder and adore Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one glorious, and gracious, and ever blessed Jehovah, world without end, Amen. Blessed day to my poor soul. "O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord; possess thou the west and the south." (Deut. xxxiii. 23.) Bless the Lord for evermore, and may he keep me from sin, and lead me and teach me. Amen and amen.

I feel Satan trying me, but he has no power; my heart continues calm and happy. That the Lord the Spirit may bless and fill your heart and soul with love and blood, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate friend and brother in the bond of peace,

Preston, March 19th, 1842.

J. M'K.

PS. For two days after this visit, I felt a sweet meekness of spirit, and a calm peace and tranquillity of mind, and the power and guilt of sin was put away. Satan has tried me several times, but has not been permitted to succeed. He tries to blot this peculiar and blessed feeling out of my mind altogether, but the dear Lord again and again shines upon it, reminds me of it, and makes my heart leap with gladness at the remembrance of it. I do not feel so much of the power of it to-day; still a peace and satisfaction is in my soul. On Lord's day these two scriptures were constantly in my heart and on my lips; "And of Naphtali he said; O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord, possess thou the west and the south." (Deut. xxxiii. 23.) "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roses, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please." (Sol. Song ii. 7.) O that I may be kept humble and sincere. I dread sin and the world. I do feel my conscience tender at present, bless the Lord for it, it is his own doing. I feel as if my conscience was a consecrated place, as if it was not my own. The Lord bless you.

March 23rd.

THE STRAIT GATE AND THE NARROW WAY.

Dear Friend,—What strong affection is that which the soul feels, formed by the Holy Ghost in all the travail of the Christian, towards the dear Desire of our hearts; and how it mingles with its blessed self in all the manifested heirs of immortal life; while each spiritual visage betrays a heart exercised in the same unfathomable depths of gospel mysteries, "as face answereth to face," each labouring to be nothing, that Christ may be all in all! But O what depths of soul-poverty are the dear children of God made to pass through, that they may duly esteem the true riches!

I am made to know, by the strong hand of God upon me, the truth of the written word of God, in all its branches, so far as I am brought into the sweet possession of the divine inheritance by the invariable method of the divine Three, viz., "Through much tribulation ye shall enter the kingdom."

I have lately been in deep waters, where there is no more standing for the soul than there would be for my body on the ocean, in the midst of a violent thunder-storm. I could no more maintain my faith than I could make a world. I felt a fear that I was deceived, and that every one who thought well of me was deceived also. I was brought to agonize before the Lord. I prayed earnestly for him to cut me off, and let me have my portion, rather than to live longer to deceive the saints, and add fuel to the already kindled fire of divine vengeance. My prayer was not feigned to fill up some idle tale of experience, but such as my body and soul quaked under. Moses prayed until his hands were weary, for Israel's victory; Jacob prayed for protection from his brother until his thigh-bone disjoined; and I prayed until my heart moved, as it were, out of its place; and then, such was my suffering for a few days, the devil told me that death was at hand, according to my request; and the pit opened her yawning jaws, and closed her mouth upon me in spirit, and I walked, in soul feeling, the fiery beds of damnation, and felt a little of the horror of those who "shall curse their God and their King, and look upward."

But the dear Lord has had mercy on a poor wretch once more; and I am come back to tell that death and destruction cannot celebrate the divine perfections of Jehovah. No; a broken law reflects his justice; the pains of hell declare the real nature of sin; and blackness of despair, the enmity of the human heart against God, and the temptations of Satan, speak aloud that in the flesh dwelleth no good thing. Yea, I do know that if God Almighty were to restrain his hand, and give the devil leave to stir up the mud of the human heart, the most lovely character in christendom would soon become a beast, to be abandoned by all society, both civil and religious.

My dear friend, what a miracle of matchless mercy it is that we are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto that other miracle of grace, salvation! O! I have most assuredly understood by no other authority than that of God, that it is possible to rejoice in a fleshly Christ, made up of fleshly doctrines, maintained by a fleshly experience, preached by a fleshly zeal to a fleshly congregation, and received into fleshly hearts, where the love of God never came, and where one good thing wrought by the Spirit of God never showed itself. I find the Holy Ghost determined that he will not only pull down and pluck up every one that the Father has not planted, but every *thing* that he has not planted in those whose persons he has planted upon the Rock of eternal ages. It is hard work to die this death to self to live in Christ. Here the mere nominal professor cannot come; it is that path that nothing but power can lead the soul into, and that power is of God. For a man to *pinch* himself is very natural if he thinks to attain anything by it, but to *kill* one's self is contrary to natural principle, because there is no enjoyment in dissolution. I am aware that these depths are not broken into by

all the Lord's children; but there is no coming to any certainty about any thing in this uncertain world without them; and even then, without his blessed presence, the bounds are soon broken. I have contemplated a little what must have been the sufferings of our dear Lord when he trod the winepress of divine wrath, and blood-stained all his garments. "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me. It is high; I cannot attain unto it." That God should make a world to show forth his glory seems to be somewhat reasonable, but that he should choose a people for himself, and die for them, so that in a peculiar way they might more eminently show forth his praise, is indeed incomprehensible. O I am lost in wonder! What kind of thing must sin be? That monster, death, what is he? I am almost ready to desire that I might have a glance on the other side of the veil, but the dear Lord's own time is best. It melts my heart when I believe that it was for my sins, my oruel sins, that he died; but there are very many seasons when my heart contracts, and neither wrath nor mercy can move the wretched stone. Well, although my house be not so with God as nature could wish, that well-ordered covenant prevails much with me at times; and if it were not so, a disordered house, a disordered heart, and a disordered world would quite overturn me. I fear I am too much like the world in general; and it is very natural to think that external conformity to the gospel and church fellowship should bring peace, and so it would, were there no life in the soul; but when the devil is roused from his long resting place, and we are obliged continually to declare against him, and to endeavour to point him out in all his religious shapes, we have need to expect the alarms of war. Our God has said, "This is not your rest; because it is polluted." I am at times, after all, constrained to believe that no strange thing has happened, but that it is the path, the true path, in which all the faithful witnesses have to travel. In some few instances the dear Lord continues, in the midst of all, to speak to me, and by me; and yet, when in darkness, I am afraid that we shall all be deceived.

Things with us, as a church, are far beyond the comprehension of flesh and blood. It is astonishing how few can understand the joyful sound. Take away human props, and you take away the portion of a very great many that shine in a profession. I do hope, as the dear Lord has kept peace and given a small measure of soul-prosperity among us, that it is the dawn of a brighter day.

Yours affectionately,

Norwich, Feb. 14th, 1842.

G. M.

PLAIN DEALING.

My dear Friend,—I received your letter in due course, and was able, with some pains, to read its contents. I believe you are an honest man, though sometimes, like myself, rather a rough one; and this feeling has induced me to answer your letter. I have various correspondents whose letters I never answer, or if I do, treat them as Joseph did his brethren, speak roughly to them. Some are too canting, others too abusive; some plaster me over too much, and others

hardly treat me with civility. I like honesty, and think half a grain of godly sincerity worth all the empty profession without it which could be raked together out of all the churches and chapels in L—; and I believe that where a work of grace has passed upon the soul, it has made the heart honest, and though sin and Satan may damp it for a time, yet that this divine honesty will break forth. True religion is a personal thing. The grand question which the soul wants to have settled is this, "Damned or saved?" A man must go down to the root of the matter to have this question answered. A shilly shally, dilly dally, half and half, milk and water religion will not suit a man who feels he has a soul to be damned or saved. But a sanctified countenance, a feigned humility, a soft manner, a smooth tongue, a retentive memory, and a seat in a Calvinistic chapel make up the religion of hundreds, who know no more of vital godliness than one of your horses. Amongst his other tricks, Satan has in our day well nigh changed the names of things. Honesty he calls rudeness, decision he terms impertinence, faithfulness he names a bitter spirit, freedom from the law he calls Antinomianism, the doctrines of grace he terms doctrines of devils, love to Christ he calls enthusiasm, and love to the children of God he names party spirit. And so in a similar way he calls flattery and cant a gospel spirit, endorsing every body's religion a candid and sweet disposition, formality and self-righteousness he terms decided piety, and enmity against the truth a holy zeal. This I call a turning of things upside down, and I believe God will one day esteem it as potters' clay, fit only to be trodden under foot. There are two ways of learning religion, one out of the bible, the other in the soul, under divine teachings. The first way is the religion of the day, but I find that I can't learn my religion in that way. How pleasant it would be if I could take down my bible, and learn a little humility, or get a little faith, or a little love, or a little abiding consolation from this and that passage, or out of this or that chapter! But I find that I have to learn my religion in a far more painful way than this. I have to learn humility by daily and hourly feeling the plague of my heart, and seeing all its abominations exposed to my view. I have to learn repentance by feeling the weight of guilt and the heavy burden of sin. I learn faith by diving deep into, and being well nigh drowned by unbelief and infidelity; and I learn love by a sense of the undeserved goodness of God to the vilest of the vile. A letter religion is the religion of thousands. Some are Arminians in the letter, and others are Calvinists in the letter. And what is the difference between the two? Hell is the portion of both, if they live and die in a letter religion; and they will one day or other find that a few doctrines will no more quench the flames of hell, than a pailful of water will put out a blazing hay-rick. But those who never knew anything of the terrible guilt of sin, love a religion as easy as an old glove, and as smooth as a bowling-green; and until God takes them in hand, and lets down eternal realities into their soul, they will go on deceiving and being deceived.

Believe me to be, yours sincerely for the truth's sake,

Allington, July, 1837.

J. C. P.

HE HATETH PUTTING AWAY.

My dear Brother,—I feel that immortal souls, the truth of God, and the things of eternity are too important to be trifled with; and I have no desire to join in a confederacy with those hirelings that are ready to sew pillows to all armholes, neither would I discourage, if I knew it, the least mourner in Zion. But who is sufficient to make a right judgment except he is directed of God? I find, by your letter, you are in the same path. I really wonder at the Lord's long-suffering compassion to such a vile unprofitable wretch as I. He knows the base workings of my wicked heart, the infernal thoughts in which I indulge as well as loathe, and yet in mercy stays the leprous torrent from bursting forth. He also grants me, at times, godly sorrow, humbles my soul in the dust of sore contrition, brings me to honest confession, speaks peace and pardon to my guilty conscience, and hath assured me that he will never leave me nor forsake me. O that I could feel more zeal in his service, more of the power and savour of truth in my soul, while declaring it to others, and see more frequently signs following of the Lord having applied it to the comfort of his sin-bitten, self-tormented people. I want to feel less anxious, and more grateful for the many mercies with which I am surrounded. I want to feel more appetite for the Bible, that neglected book, for how little is my relish for, and less my experimental knowledge of that rich mine! I feel so little warmth and energy in private prayer, so cold, distant, and confused; and find such base squintings to the dying creature, in my public attempts to supplicate the Majesty of heaven, that if my eye is ever singly up to him, there is no thanks to my cursed pride; and if I were always willing to take the lowest seat, how much painful mortification should I escape? But O, self-seeking self, in all thy serpentine twinings, how monstrous art thou! That is union indeed which thou canst not sever, strong love which thou canst not quench, a mighty hand which thou canst not pluck off, mercy indeed which endureth-for ever in spite of thee, a well-ordered covenant of grace which thou canst not break, and a Three-One God of divine compassion whom thou canst not finally force to depart. I think I know something of that passage of Scripture in which it is said, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." O the bitterness of indwelling sin and the sweets of mercy through Jesus' precious blood applied to my soul! Yes; I shall freely and sweetly make one sound to be heard, blessing and thanking the Lord, with the thief, poor Mary, and all poor vile sinners redeemed from amongst men; for I have felt that he is God, and that his mercy endureth for ever. He hateth putting away, and resteth in his love, which never faileth; but, at times, when shut up in the dungeon, where nothing is discovered but hateful self in all its hideous deformity, the grave question then arises, "Can it be possible for one so black ever to be saved, owned, or blessed of God?" Reason, unbelief, and Satan say, "No;" but when the Lord causeth the well of living waters to spring up in spite of all sin, guilt, and Satan's rubbish, all things are possible to him that believeth, while vital faith, that is of the operation of God

the Spirit, triumphs in Christ. I am thankful dear Hart was led to pen the following verse :

“ And oftimes when the tempter sly
Affirms it fancied, forged, or vain,
Jesus appears, disproves the lie,
And kindly makes it o'er again.”

I have reason to bless God for Hart's hymns. It stands next to the Bible in my esteem, and that which the Lord makes a blessing to our souls ought to be esteemed.—Yours affectionately,

Welwyn, Jan. 18, 1841.

D. S.

ISRAEL NEITHER FORGOTTEN NOR FORSAKEN.

Messrs. Editors.—The thought has occurred to me that the following extracts from a letter, written seventeen years ago by one who is still experiencing the mercies of a covenant-keeping God, and is now, to use his own phrase, “looking towards home,” might by you be deemed worthy a place, and if owned of God to the comfort or establishing of any of his tried ones, may his be the glory.

It is matter of great joy that, however unmindful we may be of one another, the Lord has said, “O, Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me.” (Isa. xlv. 21.) But there are seasons in which he hides himself momentarily from us, and in which we are apt to conclude that he has forgotten to be gracious. At times, when his gracious visits are suspended, (Ps. lxxvii. 7—9,) when our desires and prayers seem disregarded, (Isa. xl. 27, xlix. 14—16, Lam. iii. 8,) when our troubles continue and abound, (Ps. xliii. 2, ix. 18,) and when our enemies seem to prosper and triumph over us, (Ps. xliii. 2, xlii. 9—11,) we are ready to think that the Lord does not regard us; but it is alone our own impatience that leads us to such unwarrantable conclusions. He hides his face to endear his presence more, and to teach us the real and experimental difference between being filled with his Spirit, and being left to ourselves. A parent may leave his family for a time, but he intends to return. He hears our prayers although he does not answer them in our way, nor at the time we have fixed. He intends to show his kindness when we think he is denying us his friendship. If our trials continue, it is because their removal would obviate the end that he designed by them. Neither unnecessary crosses nor uncertain crowns belong to the followers of the Lamb; and when our enemies seem to prosper, it is that they may meet a more signal defeat in the end. These things I always believe, but do not always remember in a useful way, for my forgetfulness herein exposes me to torture of mind, and tends to weaken my hands. Sometimes I want to forget, and at other times I want to keep in mind certain things; but, alas! I can do neither. My heart reproaches my head, and they seem too often to be opposed one to the other. I believe that whatever the Lord does is best, yet I rebel, murmur, and fret because things are thus and thus. Still I believe that he is too wise to be mistaken in any one event that concerns me

or any of his dependent creatures, and too good to be unkind. Things require viewing in all their bearings, and we should stay till the Lord of all has finished his plan, and then see whether we can blame his dealings or not, or whether we can then wish that he had pursued a different plan. I feel convinced that I must be well satisfied at last; then why be disquieted now? O my fickle soul, when wilt thou be consistent? when wilt thou steadily justify the Lord? "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Are his people forsaken of earthly friends? He will never leave them, and if they are beset with enemies, he will stand by them and strengthen them. (2 Tim. iv. 16—18; Isa. xli. 10, 11.) When they are leaving this world, through death, he will not forget them, but will be the strength of their heart and portion for ever. "Nay," says he, "I will never leave them." He has, my dear friend, hitherto helped us, and he will be our guide unto death, for he says, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," in his righteousness, in his presence, in his name, in his arms, related to his person, and interested in his mediation. If to live be Christ, then to die is gain, eternal gain, unutterable glory! Here is all our hope, here we look at things invisible, and the prospect helps us to reckon present sufferings light and momentary.

INQUIRIES.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dear Sirs,—Believing that you are set for the defence of the gospel, in the power, love, and savour of it, and considering you to be scribes well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom, I feel desirous of communicating the thoughts which exercise my mind on the following subject, hoping that in your next number, if convenient, I may be favoured by an idea from yourselves, or some of your exercised correspondents, who know that the kingdom of God is not in word, but in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. I have been united with a Baptist church for some years past, whose late pastor is now added to the number of the spirits of just men made perfect, having gone within the veil, to go no more out. Since his decease the church has had a variety of supplies, and, amongst the number, the one at present officiating. He was invited for a month, and when, by the wish of a part of the church, he was requested to supply for another month, he positively declined, unless he was admitted on probation for three months, which, I am sorry to say, was consented to by a majority. His reason for thus acting was that he had received a unanimous call from another church, but would not accept it until he knew the voice of the church of which I stand a member. Being a talented man, there is not the least doubt that his salary will be much improved by his selection; but this appears to me a kind of commercial speculation, reversing the apostle's affectionate declaration where he says, "I seek not yours, but you." In addition to this, his testimony to me and many others appears to be in word

only; in other words, he seems to be a letter preacher. His statement of doctrinal truth appears to be scriptural, with this exception, that he does not state and set forth the extreme inability of the believer to raise his affections to high and heavenly things, without the special influence and sweet drawings of God the eternal Spirit, who alone can take of the things of Christ, and show the believer that his name is impressed on his heart in marks of indelible grace, and thereby comfort the mourner in Zion; whereas, I am constrained to acknowledge that I cannot raise one thought above earth and earthly things, without his sovereign, sacred power. I find the abominations of my desperately wicked heart, the fiery darts of Satan, and the manifold temptations of this life make me as the mountains of Gilboa, leave me in my feelings like a leathern bottle in the smoke, shrivelled and dried up, and I cry out of darkness, "O that it were with me as in days and in months past;" but still, with all this, and much more, do I not know the blessed remedy? O yes; through mercy I do find some happy moments of cessation, when I experience the almighty power of God the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, whereby I am renewed in the spirit of my mind, and am made to prove the truth of that precious promise, "I will be as the dew unto Israel." Then I can feelingly say,

"Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell.
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell."

But when bereft of this holy anointing, I feel like a sparrow alone upon the house top, or an owl in the desert. Such is the carnality of my mind, that I am looking at anything and everything except that which makes for my peace, and I experience an awful distance from the Beloved, which I can feel, but cannot express. I often wonder, Can ever God dwell in such a heart as mine? I sometimes fear that I shall never see his face with joy; yet still I know that

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

I firmly believe that there is no condemnation or separation to those who are eternally united to Jesus; but when I cannot see the land marks, nor any evidence of my own personal interest in the love of Christ, I am shut up and cannot come forth, and am made to prove that the most scriptural knowledge of doctrines will not comfort or support the mind even in chequered paths through life, much less, I believe, in the solemn moment when heart and flesh shall fail, unless power is imparted by the blessed Spirit. With this experience, I cannot help looking with suspicion upon any preacher, however correct in the letter, who does not ministerially exalt the work and operation of God the Holy Ghost in all the upliftings of the believer's soul in after stages, as much as in the acknowledgment of his divine power in the first communication of spiritual life. Now with this deficiency in the preacher alluded to, I cannot think him an exercised man, nor one that is grieved for the afflictions of Joseph. His testimony lacks salt; there is plenty of light, but where is the

heat? Now, dear Sirs, do you think I could conscientiously hold up my hand for such a one, or do you consider that I should be opposing that much of the truth which he does advance in the letter by not holding up my hand? If this is not troubling you too much, I crave the opinion of some father in Israel.

May you still be favoured to unfurl the standard of the cross of Christ to the sin-sick soul, and for the encouragement of those who are faint, yet by sovereign grace are still pursuing.

A PENSIONER.

[If we understand our correspondent aright, he has two causes of complaint against the minister above-mentioned. 1st. He is unsound, or at least deficient in one branch of doctrinal truth; and 2nd, entirely lacking in that unction wherewith God the Holy Ghost anoints all his sent servants.

As we write in perfect ignorance both of the place and the minister referred to, our judgment will be impartial, if not sound or satisfactory. We consider, then, that the first question needful to be settled in the mind of our correspondent is this; "Does he believe him to be a gracious man?" There are doubtless good men in the ministry whom God has never sent to preach, and whom, therefore, he never blesses to his people. And yet, being persuaded of their call by grace, though not of their call to the ministry, we both feel towards, and treat them very differently from the daring presumptuous men whom God has never quickened by his Spirit, much less sent into his vineyard. Tenderness, great tenderness, is to be shown to the former, but none whatever should be felt for the latter. Until our correspondent get some satisfactory settlement in his own mind upon this first point, he cannot move on (if he be a living soul, which we would trust from his letter he is,) with any degree of safety.

But if matters are as he has stated them, we should be inclined to suspect strongly the divine origin and spiritual reality of the minister's religion. A man who is ignorant of the creature's helplessness and thorough impotency has not yet learnt the first letters of the Christian alphabet. And sure are we that what a man has learnt in the school of divine experience he will never, never keep back. Helplessness is not some peculiar branch of experience, known only to few; but it so runs through every stage, it so presses a child of God daily down, it is so engrained every hour in his spiritual warfare, that a man who knows not and feels not *that*, knows and feels nothing aright. It will run through all his prayers, it will be a thread through all his conversation, it will be heard in every sigh, and seen in every tear. Without it there is no knowledge of Christ nor of his glorious gospel, nor can a man destitute of it handle one text in the word of God aright.

But again our correspondent says, "He seems to be a letter-preacher," and that "his testimony lacks salt." Could he, then, with any consistency hold up his hand for him to become the pastor over the church? We trow not. It is this giving way to the opinions of others, this dread, perhaps, of being thought bigoted or bitter-spirited on the part of many of the living family, that has opened the door for letter ministers, and as a necessary consequence has starved the children of God out, and flooded the churches with graceless professors. Every member of a church that has the fear of God in his heart is bound by every tie to resist the introduction of letter ministers.

If our correspondent cannot receive our answer as suitable to the case, it will be his mercy if he can experimentally prove the truth and sweetness of Prov. ii. 6.]—Eds.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dearly Beloved in the Truth,—The section of the Church of which I am a member, after having appointed exhortation meetings to be held on Lord's day afternoons, and after having held such meetings for many months, came, a short time since, to a resolution to break

up those meetings. There was a most astonishing variance in sentiment amongst the members in their views of the commands of God in his word for holding such meetings, and the when, the where, the how, and every thing else, as to exhortations, elicited almost as many diverse opinions as there were persons who gave an opinion on the matter. In one thing, however, they appeared to be unanimous, that there was a clear direction in the word of God for such exhortations to be given. The 14th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and many other passages of Scripture were cited whilst the matter was under consideration.

For myself, I must candidly confess that I think the church did wrong in discontinuing the exhortations, and in this view of the case I am by no means singular, many other members regretting that so plain a command should not have been continued to be obeyed.

I should really feel much indebted to you, Messrs. Editors, if you would give your views on this subject; and with my prayer for a blessing and increased usefulness on your labours, I remain, dear friends, yours kindly and sincerely,

A. A.

[Our correspondent should have informed us of several particulars, without which we can scarcely come to an adequate opinion upon the case he has submitted to us. For instance, were these exhortations from the mouth of the pastor to the members of his church, as distinct from his public ministrations to the congregation? or if not from his lips, was he present as a moderator? Or were they, as we suspect, exhortations from the members of the church to each other?

We do not doubt that mutual exhortations were practised by the apostolic churches; but that circumstance does not prove their expediency now, still less that it was a matter of *perpetual obligation*. *Agapo*, or "feasts of charity," (Jude 12,) the holy kiss, (1 Thess. v. 26,) and a community of goods (Acts iv. 32) were practised by the New Testament churches; but who would wish to see their revival, unless with them could be revived the "great grace" (Acts iv. 33) that was upon the primitive believers? It is not the *letter* of New Testament practice that is wanted, but that blessed Spirit who gave life to the precepts, and himself wrought out their practice. A suffering, persecuted church, dead to the world and alive unto God, stands in a very different position from the Church in her present Laodicean state; and what was highly profitable and expedient then might be very unprofitable and inexpedient now.

If then the exhortations of which our correspondent speaks were addressed by one member to another at a meeting of the church for that purpose, we can easily understand that there were very good reasons for their discontinuance. The church (by which we mean the church of God generally) is not in a state to bear exhortations from one member to another. The exhorter must be a man who has had the precepts of the gospel *burnt* into his soul before he can press them upon others; and the exhorted must know much of a broken heart and contrite spirit before he can listen to them from his mouth. Legality and lip-service, formality and self-righteousness, will otherwise be mightily fostered; and whilst the exhorter will seem to deal in little else but personalities, the exhorted will be rankling with suspicion and resentment. The least speck in the life of the exhorter will nullify all his exhortations, and blemishes before little noticed will be eagerly descried and animadverted upon. Those, too, who know most of their own heart, and are the most deeply experienced in the divine life, will shrink most from exhorting others, as knowing most the creature's miserable helplessness; whilst the noisy praters, thrust forward by presumption, will be as swift to speak as they are slow to hear. Little else but confusion, hypocrisy, presumption, and rankling re-

sentment can be expected from such scenes as mutual public exhortations would present in the existing state of the church. She is too deeply sunk in carnality to be whipped out of it by any system of mutual flagellation. The great Refiner must put her into the furnace, and purify her from her worldliness, melt her members into union in the fires, and thus make them fit to receive his own suffering image, before any mutual exhortations can proceed from, or be blessed by the Spirit of God.

We have no doubt that enough was seen of their carnal results to induce the managers to discontinue the practice of these exhortations, and that in so acting they were more clear-sighted than our correspondent.]—Eds.

OBITUARY.

Thomas Lester, of Attleborough, was, in January 1841, afflicted with a stiffness in his knee, which brought on a white swelling, and was the cause of his death. On the 20th of September he went to Manchester for assistance, but in vain. The decree was gone forth, "This year thou shalt die." After a great deal of suffering in his body, and still more in his mind, he found himself so ill that he despaired of ever returning home. He sent for my dear mother to attend him, but he still kept getting worse after this. So anxious was he to return home, that he intended to attempt the journey on Tuesday, the 14th of December, but was obliged to abandon it. The God of my father had before this inclined my heart to go to him, and I was at Manchester by the time the letter reached Attleborough. When I arrived he exclaimed, "My dear lad, I hope the Lord has sent you with a word of encouragement to revive my poor dead soul, for I cannot lift my soul up to God either in prayer or praise; how do you account for it?" I replied, "Why, my dear father, if you cannot, yet you long to do it, and he who is faithful has promised, 'that the desire of the longing soul shall be satisfied,' and in his own time he will pour out upon you a spirit of prayer, and the grace of supplication, which he will answer in such a way that you will be glad still to pray and to praise too." He immediately broke out in language like this, "Dear Lord, do be pleased to break into my poor soul, and enable me to hold a few moments' sweet intercourse with thee, so that I may forget my affliction and sorrow, which I own to be just, for my sins are innumerable." The state of his body was such that I thought his dissolution was near; he was very weak and delirious, being scarcely sensible for five minutes together. I will inform you, as briefly as I can, how God, in his providence, opened a way for us to get him home. On Wednesday evening it came into my mind that his cough might be relieved by a medicine I had known to be useful before. "Who can tell," said I to my dear mother, "but it may do him good?" I procured it, the Lord blessed its use, and I trust we were thankful for it. By Thursday at noon it seemed as though his cough was quite gone; his breath was better, his strength renewed, and the hope of returning home to see his children animated his mind. These and other circumstances encouraged us to believe that the Lord was about to give us our desire, and to answer our prayers, in enabling us to return home; indeed

we quite believed that it was the Lord's will that we should go, so we began to prepare. I went to inform our dear friend G— of our intention; he seemed doubtful of the result; but, when leaving him, he shook my hand and said, "The blessing of the Lord go with you." My heart replied, Amen, and I verily thought it would. I thought of John Warburton leaving William Huntington, and my joy was such that it caused a severe headache. We intended starting by five o'clock next morning. At three o'clock my father prayed the good Lord to pour into my soul a spirit of prayer, but

•
"Prayer a task and burden seemed;"

for I thought that the blessing anticipated was too great for such an unworthy sinner as I to ask for, as the mouthpiece for a whole family. However, I reached the bible, hoping that God would reveal to us, while reading, whether to go or stay, and, turning to the 11th chapter of Hebrews, I read the first sixteen verses. "O, the wonders of faith! Lord, give us this faith if it be thy blessed will," burst forth from my very soul. I believe this short prayer, with that of my father's, through the merits and intercession of Jesus, found favour in the sight of God. If ever two or three did meet together in Jesus' name to plead for a blessing, I believe we did that morning, and our dear Lord was true to his promise, for he was there, and blessed us with sweet nearness to, and boldness of access at the throne of his heavenly grace; and while seeking for a temporal blessing, our poor souls were so humbled that we acknowledged we deserved nothing but hell, and yet it seemed as though the dear Spirit of God had brought heaven to us by revealing the suitability and sufficiency that there was in Jesus for us, and leading us a little into the blessedness of that text, "He that spared not his own Son, but hath freely given him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" The blood and love of a precious Jesus were what we feasted on for a few moments, and truly we wished then to know no will but his, and willingly did we cry, "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not hence; but, if it be thy blessed will, help us through all our journey, defend us from all danger, and give us hearts of gratitude when at home, to praise thee as our God, and the God of all our mercies." Blessed be his name, he enabled us to do this before we started. When I rose from my knees I was quite overcome with the goodness of God to us; and my dear father, clapping his hands, cried with a loud voice, "'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;' Lord, I can see it; dear Lord, I can see it." After this he said, "My lad, my faith has to be tried to-day." Well, thought I, the trial of his faith is more precious than that of gold; so on we moved, and by five minutes past six were moving by steam, all in the dark. It seemed to be almost too much for him, so much shifting from hand to hand; yet I could not but thank God for helping us so far. My dear mother began now to doubt; but I chided her, saying that it was wrong, for the God who had helped

us hitherto would help us to the end of our journey. However, I soon began to doubt too, for before it was light my dear father told me he was dying. O you must try to imagine my feelings. I dared not to tell my poor mother, who was at his feet, and who was continually asking me how he was, and what he said, to which I answered, that he was very ill. When light broke in on us, I looked to see whether he breathed at all. His hands and face felt as cold as ice, and his eyes were closed, as I then thought, in death, for I saw no signs of life. I now began to murmur, saying, "Why hast thou caused thy servant to hope in thy word?" when immediately these words came into my mind, "He shall live, and not die, that he may declare the works of the Lord." I looked again, and perceived that my father breathed, which caused my very soul to sing, scores of times over,

"Thy mercy is tender and free,
Thy mercy is tender to me."

He soon afterwards revived wonderfully, and charged me never to forget the dealings of God with us in this journey.

We reached home, and Mr. B—, a bosom friend, came to see him, and my father, laid hold of his hand with both of his, and exclaimed, "My dear friend, I have lived twenty years since I saw you last." He meant apparently so from the sufferings of his body and mind. When he was laid on his own bed, his poor tongue was at liberty to speak forth the praises of his covenant-keeping and wonder-working God; and it was good to be there. He begged Mr. B— to offer up a solemn thanksgiving to God for his unmerited goodness and mercy to him and his family, in sparing them, and bringing him so far alive, in such a state of affliction, to see his family once more, according to his soul's desire. This display of God's goodness he could not help talking about, as the work of his covenant Father, to all who surrounded him; and no wonder, for he had believed for some weeks that the Lord had a miracle to work for him before he died. The following words often escaped his lips:

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in my song."

Saturday morning was ushered in with a truly grateful heart to the God of all his mercies, but the day proved one of great suffering indeed, insomuch that he hardly knew how to bear it; neither was he so comfortable in his mind at night, and seemed more peevish than ever he had been during the whole of his affliction, but soon afterwards he was made to smart for it, and was very sorry he had been so impatient. He asked his friend B— to pray that the Lord would apply one drop of atoning blood to his soul. Mr. B— was led by the Spirit to beg that my father might be spared till the next day. Truly the Lord heard and answered his prayer, for he was spared, and, through the divine teaching of the blessed Spirit, was enabled to tell of what great things God had done for his soul.

We really thought on Lord's day morning that he would be soon at rest. Death seemed to have nearly finished his work; but on his again recovering a little he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I shall see him for myself, and not for another. I do now feel Christ precious to my soul. He is the 'chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.'" In the afternoon he much revived, and on a friend asking him how he was, he said with a strong voice, "Why, I am as well as tongue can tell, for I know He loved me, and gave himself for me." To another who asked him a similar question he said, "Why, I am a poor sinner, saved by grace." At another time he said, "O what an astonishing mercy it is that the great God should set his love on me, for 'he hath loved me with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness hath he drawn me.'" At one time he sprang up in his bed with seeming surprise, while joy beamed in his eyes, and a sweet serenity sat on his brow, and said, "What an astonishing thing it is, is it not? that God the Father should set his love upon me in election, and set me apart, from all eternity, as a vessel of mercy; that God the Son, in the same spirit of love, should agree to take all my sin, guilt, misery, and woe, and die on the cross to make a sacrifice for my sins, to redeem me from the curse of that holy law which I have broken, and which he has fulfilled for me, yea, magnified it and made it honourable; and that the same sovereign and discriminating love should be manifested by the Spirit, in quickening my dead soul to see my lost and ruined condition, and then enabling me to cry for mercy, and to wrestle for pardon and for an application of atoning blood. O wonder of wonders, that he should lead me to see in my dear Jesus a suitability and sufficiency for all my needs, and then supply all my needs 'according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus,' and that he should clothe me with that righteousness which is wrought out and brought in as an everlasting righteousness to clothe my poor naked soul; 'Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered, and the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin.' O what a salvation! it is all grace from first to last, all grace, and I can see my interest in it, and in that covenant which is 'ordered in all things and sure.'" When Mr. B— was leaving him at night, he took hold of his hand, and said with much sincerity, "My dear friend, we have lived in faith, hope, and love; we now part in faith, hope, and love; and we shall die in faith, hope, and love; but I think I shall never see your face any more in the flesh." To one of whom he had no hope that he was a changed character he spoke much, and was very faithful, saying, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Once he looked round on all who were about him, and said with much solemnity, "Were all the infidels in the world, and all the powers of darkness, and all the devils in hell to deny the existence of God, I could defy them all; for I know there is a God—a God of justice, a God of mercy, a God of love, and he loves *me*, and my soul is full of love to him." But, to pass over ten times more than can be related, the Lord was pleased to spare him, and, for wise purposes, to permit Satan to buffet him.

On Monday night, he told Mr. B— that what he had said on the Lord's day night might be the effect of a wild imagination, a delusion; "for," said he, "they gave me wine, you know, and the devil can preach." Mr. B— replied, "My dear friend Lester, the devil will never preach on such a subject as you dwelt upon, the love of Christ, and his atoning blood." "Well," he said, "the Lord knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation." Mr. B. said, "I am sure he will deliver you." About ten o'clock, he was struck by the cold hand of death while he was asleep. It waked him, and he asked us who stood by, whether we knew what that shake was; but we had perceived nothing. "O," said he, "it was like electrifying me; but it has left me without pain." We were not aware at the time that this was death, but it proved to be so. During the night, or rather Tuesday morning, he said but little, though he was much harassed by Satan. He repeatedly cried out, "What can be done? what can be done?" and, clasping round my neck, he seemed to demand an answer, saying, "Tom, what can be done?" I replied, "My dear father, the Lord can and will deliver you; for your dear Lord was tempted in all points like unto you, that he might be able to succour them that are tempted, and he is able to succour you, and he will not allow you to be tempted above that which you are able to bear," adding, that Satan was a liar and the father of lies. But the set time was not yet come. Between seven and eight o'clock, he sprang upright in bed, almost without help, and exclaimed, "And what can be done now that I am up? I am distracted for want of a Saviour." It appears that the Lord hid his face for a short time, when Satan tempted the dear man to believe that the Lord had forsaken him, and that he was lost for want of a Saviour. He was now driven to the borders of despair, saying, "Let me lie down and die in confusion." His speech was stopped till just before he expired, when my poor dear mother asked him how he was, and whether he was happy; to which he replied, "I am happy," and in a few minutes sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, in the sixty-third year of his age, about ten o'clock in the morning of the 21st December, 1841.

THOMAS LESTER.

[We have been compelled greatly to curtail and alter the above, as it was written in so roundabout a manner.—Eds.]

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The Experience of the True Circumcision: a Sermon lately preached at Windsor-Street Chapel, Brighton, by William Tant. Brighton, Tyler; London, Groombridge. 1842. Price 3d.

(Continued from our last No., page 111.)

We took occasion in our last No., from this sermon of Mr. Tant, to state our views upon the leading branches of that system of false spiritualization, of which many of our readers, as well as ourselves, must have known frequent instances.

There remains to be considered that branch which we have de-

nominated *faulty*, in opposition to *rash*, and *carnal* spiritualization. There are two circumstances particularly connected with this branch of misinterpretation, for we can give it no milder term; 1st, It is one into which gracious men are liable to fall; 2ndly, Its results are less liable to prove injurious either to minister or people. A tender conscience will much, if not fully, preserve a man of God from rashly advancing that as the express mind of the Spirit which he is conscious springs from his own ingenuity. This is his safeguard from *rash* spiritualization. And a reverence for the sacred word of God will tend greatly to preserve him from falling into that system of *carnal* spiritualization of which we gave instances in our last number.

But his conscience may be tender, and his judgment wrong; his heart may be warm, and his head weak; and two or three words of a sentence having a spiritual sound in them, though not a spiritual sense, he may so run after the sound as to run away altogether from the sense. Such a text, for instance, as this, "They are upright as the palm-tree, but speak not; they must needs be borne, because they cannot go," (Jer. x. 5,) might be spiritualized as referring to the children of God, who are upright in heart, but slow in speech, and need to be carried every step, because of their helplessness. The palm-tree too might be laid under contribution, and by the aid of a powerful press much might be squeezed out of it. But the sound and the sense, the words taken by themselves and the words taken with the context, would be poles asunder; for it is most evident that the prophet is speaking of idols, and showing that these dumb images can give no answer to their blind worshippers, and so far from being able to come to their help, need to be carried themselves.

Some of our readers may perhaps think this an extreme case, and that no minister of truth could spiritualize the text as we have assumed; but we know more than one instance where the text, "He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation, chooseth a tree that will not rot," (Isa. xl. 20,) has been spiritualized to signify the poor and needy child of God taking hold of the cross of Christ; when the context shows, beyond all controversy, that the prophet is speaking of an idolater who, too poor to buy a graven image of gold, will yet have one made of durable wood. But one shall say, "What then, is that the only meaning of the passage, and has it no spiritual signification?" Yes; it has a spiritual meaning, but one very different from the mystical interpretation given above; it experimentally describes the idolatry of the heart, that will have its images, costly if it can, but if not, durable as life itself. This running after sound instead of sense is very misleading. We remember hearing a poor man once attempting to explain how Christ was "a savour of life unto life," which he interpreted as if the passage were "a Saviour of life unto life," confounding two words, "savour" and "Saviour"—not unlike in sound, though so widely different in sense. How he was a "Saviour unto death" was somewhat more incomprehensible; but when a fine-nosed interpreter of this kind hits upon what he thinks is a spiritual scent, he will run through brake and briar till he captures his prey.

But perhaps our readers will think that we have been as keen in our pursuit of the interpreter as he of his interpretation, and have run as far away from our subject as he from the spiritual sense of his text. We will therefore quietly return to Mr. Tant and his sermon.

We by no means intend to convey by the preceding remarks that Mr. Tant has been running this headlong chase. He has indeed, we think, a strong spice of this Nimrod spirit,* and ranges farther

"In the midst of these things the wrath of the Lord is revealed, 'as in the valley of Gibeon.' There 'the sun stood still, and the moon stayed' of old; and in this stage of a sensible sinner's experience, the sun spiritually stands still upon Gibeon, (*the hill or cup*;) showing the sinner only the mountain of his guilt, and the cup of God's fury, which he deserves to drink; and the moon is also stayed in the valley of Ajalon, (*strength*;) that is, faith, which derives all its light from the sun, is held by the strength of law and justice, and can apprehend God in his law, but not in his gospel."

We do not believe that any such mystical interpretation was intended. There is very little evidence that Gibeon means "a cup;" "a hill" is its signification as given in the best lexicons. Ajalon signifies rather "a deer pasture" than "strength;" but nothing is more fallacious and less admissible than an interpretation founded on the meaning of the Hebrew words, especially in the names of places, nearly all of which were given them by the old Canaanitish idolatrous nations, whose language was the same as that of the children of Israel. Before we can found a spiritual interpretation on any such name as Gibeon, we must prove that the Holy Ghost inspired the Canaanites to name their cities with a view to Christian experience.

afield than suits our perhaps colder and duller taste. Yet we will let him speak for himself, and thus allow our readers to judge for themselves.

On reading the title of the sermon, most would readily infer that the text was taken from Phil. iii. 3, "For we are the circumcision," &c. But not so; the text is from Nehemiah iv. 2; "What do these feeble Jews? Will they fortify themselves? Will they sacrifice? Will they make an end in a day? Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of rubbish which are burned?"

In handling this text, Mr. Tant occupies about half of his sermon in drawing a portrait of the spiritual character, whom he considers pointed out in the text under the expression, "these feeble Jews;" and there is great truth and clearness in his description. We will give an extract from the experimental likeness which he has thus faithfully sketched:

"God not only cuts his people off from their own righteousness, but from their self-sufficiency. It is a mortifying lesson to learn, that 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; that it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God, that showeth mercy; and that it is not by might, nor by power, but by God's Spirit, that a sinner obtains the end of his faith, even the salvation of his soul.' If a man get judgmentally† enlightened without a corresponding experience, he travels fast for a time; but when God's stripping season comes on, he feels himself desitute of those things he thought he knew so much of, which causes him

* We think this tendency in Mr. Tant's mind to ingenious interpretations is evident from several passages in the above sermon, and especially in the spiritualization that he has given of Joshua's miracle:

† We wish our experimental writers and preachers would abandon the use of this cramped, barbarous word. "In the judgment" is as expressive, and much better English than "judgmentally," or "judgmatically."

to be sorely distressed. The doctrines which he understood more in theory than in experience, appear at a distance from him; and that lightness, frothiness, and gaiety, which sprung from speculation, are exchanged for heavy-heartedness, weightiness of spirit, and bitterness of soul. He begins to question the reality of his religion, and to groan before God beneath the oppression of the enemy, who watches every turn of his mind, and works upon him accordingly. The Lord suffers Satan to sift him in 'the sieve of vanity,' that his dust and chaff may be removed; the enemy, therefore, stirs up the infidelity, blasphemy, rebellion, and enmity of his heart; suggests to him there is no God, and that the Scriptures contradict themselves. The more corrupt chaff and iniquitous dust the enemy stirs up, the more food he gets for himself. Dust is the serpent's meat, and his enmity to God, desire for food, and hope of prey, are his motives to this sifting; while God's design, in the permission of it, is to glorify himself to the poor sinner by stripping him of his own sufficiency."

We like his decisive testimony against a guess-work religion :

"God's people are also cut off from the presumption of their own hearts. Guess religion, taking-it-for-granted religion, and natural-faith religion, are easily obtained, and are the rocks on which many make shipwreck. But the Lord teacheth his children to profit; they are not, therefore, suffered to rest upon the barren faith of such and such doctrines. Their religion does not run thus :—'I believe in election, therefore I am elected, and need not be exercised about the matter; I believe Christ has completely and eternally redeemed his people, I am therefore redeemed, and need not be troubled about my soul's security; I believe salvation is of grace, therefore I shall be saved, and need not concern myself whether I am saved or not.' I say this is not the tenour of *their* conversation, who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God. No, indeed; with them true religion is a wonderful certainty, for God's 'testimonies are very sure.' (Psalm xciii. 5.) It is no guess-work with them as to their being just such sinners as the Bible represents; for their iniquities become a heavy burthen in their consciences; it is no guess-work with them as to their inability to fulfil the law; its inflexible demands, perfect claims, and tremendous sentence against every soul that doeth evil, have flashed too strongly in their apprehensions to be mistaken; and it is no guess-work with them as to their absolute need of blood and righteousness divine. Therefore, says the Psalmist, 'I have stuck unto thy testimonies: O Lord, put me not to shame.' Why did he stick to God's testimonies when those testimonies were *against* him? Because *they* stuck to him, as he says in another place, 'Thine arrows stick fast in me, and thine hand presseth me sore.' We may therefore consider his meaning to be this: he had got the Lord's testimony in his conscience that he was a helpless and hell-deserving sinner, but had not as yet got God's testimony of pardon, blood, and righteousness. He therefore cries, 'O Lord, put me not to shame.' He could not take it for granted that God had pardoned him, nor could he be easy without a sense of pardon. In like manner, after God favoured him with the testimonies of his love, choice, acceptance, justification, and security, he says, 'Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever: for they are the rejoicings of my heart.' Thus God's testimonies produce both prayer and praise, sorrow and joy, apprehension and appropriation. True faith in all its actings springs from these divine testimonies; and, apart from the divine testimonies, the faith we possess is only natural, and our hope is no better than a spider's web."

In the above extracts the style is as clear, simple, and expressive as the matter is sound and experimental; but it by no means follows that it is therefore the mind of the Spirit in the text. And yet had he confined himself to the single expression of Sanballat, "these feeble Jews," we think no one could have found fault with the accommodation of the expression to those who are Jews in-

wardly. We might still have doubted whether the Spirit of God intended this spiritual meaning when he recorded Sanballat's taunting language; but it is an accommodation so suitable, and so little liable to mistake, that a person must be very captious to object to it.

There is a clear distinction, however, between the accommodation of a passage to a spiritual meaning, and bringing it forward as a spiritual interpretation. For instance, our correspondent, I. K., has, in a late No., accommodated one or two circumstances of Paul's voyage, such as the blowing of the tempestuous wind called Euroclydon, &c., to a spiritual sea-voyage, and the allusion has given sweetness and force to the figure. But had I. K. brought it forward as a direct spiritual interpretation and the express mind of the Spirit, running a parallel throughout, and declaring that in every minute incident recorded in Acts xxvii. the Holy Ghost had a special reference to the experience of the elect—in that case, we should have considered it an instance of faulty spiritualization.

One more example will perhaps tend still further to elucidate our distinction between an accommodation, and a direct spiritual interpretation. A common text in the mouths of many who have no clear evidence of the way in which they have been spiritually led is the expression of the man who had been born blind: (John ix. 25;) "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Viewed as an accommodation, it is a very sweet expression of spiritual sight communicated by imperceptible means, and conveys an inward experimental feeling in forcible language. But did the blind man mean to express any such inward experience? Or did the Holy Ghost speak in him with a kind of double meaning, referring both to the cure of natural and of spiritual blindness? We believe not; for there is no evidence that he was then a spiritual man. He certainly at that time had not seen Christ by living faith, and could not then say with respect to him, "whereas I was blind, now I see," for *afterwards* when "Jesus found him, and said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" his answer was, "*Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?*" (John ix. 35, 36.)

Mr. Tant has clearly seen the distinction between an accommodation and a spiritual interpretation, for, feeling probably some scruples as to making the Spirit of God speak by Sanballat, he says, page 4:

"Now these things happened to them for ensamples, (*types, marginal reading,*) and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come. I shall not, therefore, be departing either from the letter or the spirit of Scripture in accommodating the words of an enemy to a spiritual purpose."

Granted; but when a minister takes a text, and builds an interpretation wholly upon it, by that very circumstance he undertakes to give a spiritual interpretation of it. Else why does he take it? Accommodation is admissible in a sermon, and is very often sweet and forcible, but it must not be *all* accommodation. A minister, in taking a text to preach from, professes to give the spiritual in-

terpretation of it. He stands up as an interpreter of the mind of the Spirit, as rightly dividing the word of truth, as speaking according to the oracles of the living God, as a steward of the mysteries, in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned. But suppose he takes a text, and gives a spiritual interpretation of it, he believing it all the time to be merely an accommodation; why, as an honest man, before he concludes, he should say, "My friends, I do not believe that the Holy Ghost meant to convey by the text all I have brought out of it. I have not preached to you the mind of the Spirit to-day in it. It is only an accommodation of the words, and the blessed Spirit never meant anything by it which I have preached to you this morning." We are greatly mistaken if such a true confession would not put an extinguisher, for the time, both upon people and minister, damping all their comfort, and all his claim to be their spiritual teacher.

For this reason we cannot admit Mr. Tant's using Sanballat's words as an accommodation. His taking those words, and building up a spiritual interpretation upon them is a profession of his giving us the mind of the Spirit in them. For it is worthy of remark that it comes before us as a sermon sent forth from the press by Mr. T., and is therefore more open to criticism as stamped by that very circumstance with his deliberate approval. And therefore we may very fairly ask, "Why did he take the text? Did the Holy Ghost give it him? Did that blessed Teacher shine upon the words, and show him that they contained a spiritual meaning?" If He did, which Mr. T. does not profess, then it is not an accommodation, but a spiritual interpretation. If the Holy Ghost did not, then why did he, as an experimental minister, preach from it? On which horn of this dilemma will he impale himself? It must either be the mind of the Spirit, which we utterly disbelieve, and then it is no accommodation; or it must be an accommodation, and then it is not a spiritual interpretation, but the mind of Mr. Tant.

All misinterpretation of the sacred word of truth must be injurious, but, as we have already hinted, the effects of *faulty* spiritualization are much less so than those which spring from the two other branches. Shall we say too much if we assert that it is sometimes overruled for good? And thus there is one consolation with respect to this faulty spiritualization, that the gracious Spirit, who not only helps, but bears with our infirmities, can, and often, we believe, does bless truth, though that truth is not his mind in the text. We will illustrate our meaning by a circumstance that happened to ourselves some fourteen years ago. A very popular and able minister in the doctrinal part of God's word was asked to expound, in a private company, a portion of scripture. He chose 1 Thess. i. as the chapter, but confined himself chiefly to verse 4; "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God," which knowledge he explained as referring to a believer's personal knowledge of his own election. This was a very great truth, and very ably

enforced, but a truth no more contained in that verse of scripture than in the binding of the Bible which he held in his hand. For the knowledge there spoken of was *Paul's* knowledge of their election, not *their own* knowledge of it, as the minister would have known if he had looked into, or understood the Greek original. This little mistake spoiled all our hearing, as we knew he had not the mind of the Spirit. But it was a great truth notwithstanding, and as a truth, though not a truth in that text, might be blessed to living souls, the Spirit bearing with the minister's infirmity of ignorance in that particular, and owning his own truth in the word, though not his own truth in that particular text.

So in a faulty spiritualization there may be much blessed truth brought forward, and yet that truth not the mind of the Spirit in that particular portion, but still his mind in some other part of God's word; so that a man may interpret a passage of Scripture very erroneously, so far as that passage is concerned, and yet preach very sweet and blessed truth, the error lying not in what he brings forward from other parts of scripture, but in his interpretation.

Thus we view Mr. Tant's sermon. If we look upon it as a spiritual interpretation of Sanballat's taunting speech, we believe it to be a mistake; but if we set aside the text and the interpretation, and view merely the experimental truth contained in the sermon, then we say, without hesitation, that it is clear, able, faithful, discriminating, and decided. We do not think it possesses much savour, unction, and dew; but it is a bold and faithful testimony for vital godliness. One or two extracts will suffice to show the grounds of our judgment, both as regards the interpretation that he has given, and the truth contained in the sermon, as distinct from the interpretation.

"But 'Will they sacrifice?' Yes. For 'the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.' (Psalm li. 17.) The quickened sinner is weighed down and broken down under a feeling sense of his ruined condition by nature. At the same time the blessed Spirit produces that tenderness whereby he loathes himself for all his abominations, and grieves most bitterly on their account. Pressed and bruised under a feeling discovery of guilt, he 'dare not lift up his eyes to heaven' (he dare not take it for granted that all is well;) but in heaviness of heart and brokenness of spirit his soul submissively lays (lies) at the feet of Jesus, and cries, 'In wrath remember mercy;' nor will the blessed Spirit suffer this broken-hearted sinner to be finally confounded, but more or less keeps up these sensations within him, till pardon and peace are manifested, for 'God will beautify the meek with salvation.' The soul, therefore, thus meekened and softened by his Almighty grace, waits at Jesus' feet, and feelingly says, 'If I perish, I perish' here. This is the experimental sacrifice, which is bound with cords to the horns of the altar. (Psalm cxviii. 27.) The blessed work of the Spirit in the soul is a powerful cord, binding the sinner to Christ. Sin, law, and death have been revealed in his invincible light, and press so heavily upon the mind, that salvation must be sought. The impossibility of finding salvation out of Jesus, and the uselessness of all creature efforts have been learnt 'by terrible things in righteousness;' therefore the soul cannot get from Christ. And as by his own covenant engagements on the behalf of the elect, Christ was bound a sacrifice for sin, so now the poor broken-hearted sinner is bound to Jehovah's altar, Christ Jesus, by the Spirit's work within him. He is bound also by the attracting loveliness of

the Lord of life and glory. This is a precious cord. A bruised conscience for a bruised Christ, a helpless soul for one mighty to save, is blessed harmony; and the broken-hearted sinner by faith sees that Christ is the very refuge his destitute soul needs—the very hope that can raise him above eternal despair—the very righteousness that can hide all his ugliness. “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me,” said Jesus; and how truly does he fulfil his word in thus binding the broken heart to himself by showing the sinner his precious suitability. And though a sight of his worth and work does not satisfy faith’s hungerings, yet this is a cord binding a contrite spirit to Christ until his worth and work are realised to the soul’s joy, and guilt flies from the conscience by an application of the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel.”

Mr. T. thus answers the last clause of Sanballat’s insulting inquiry:

“But ‘Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned?’ Yes. And how is this? By the little revivings God gives them in their bondage. Beloved, we have so much wood, hay, stubble, tin, and dross about us, that it is needful we should again and again be brought through the fire. We are by nature one great heap of rubbish. The Lord brings us into the furnace of affliction, and shows us a part, and then brings us into the furnace again and shows us more, and then again he orders us into the furnace, and every time we have furnace work in the soul, some fresh heap of rubbish is shown to us and burned in the fire. O, what infernal pride he lets us see working in so secret a manner, that we, fools like, took part of it for humility; what presumption he shows, which we took for the confidence of faith; what lustings he makes us know, which we, like wild beasts, secretly indulged in, and supposed had no existence in us. O, the infidelity, unbelief, self-complacency, and abominable idolatry, he has, by furnace work made manifest to us and burned up. ‘Heaps upon heaps’ of rubbish have we with pain and shame beheld; ‘heaps upon heaps’ of rubbish have we seen which we could not mention to our nearest friend, but which have been laid open to us before the Searcher of hearts. But, above all, and beyond all, grace has abounded.”

Songs of Summer, and Wailings of Winter. By Septimus Sears, T. B., (*Tidings Bearer*.) Woodhurst, Huntingdonshire, (Huntingdonshire.) Parts 1st and 2nd, price 6d. each. London, Groombridge and Palmer. 1841.

Septimus Sears, judging from the little books now before us, has sung as cheerily and wailed as bitterly, has known as much of summer’s sun and of winter’s gloom as any who of late years have sent forth their experience. Language can scarcely be found stronger than what this young man, some three and twenty summers old, has employed to describe his rapturous enjoyments and gloomy despondencies.

It is, doubtless, his youth on the one hand, and his strong-toned expressions on the other, that have made many gracious persons suspicious of him, and led them to hesitate whether he was not “stretching himself beyond his measure,” or had so habituated himself to strong language that he could use no other. If indeed it could be shown that the experience of other deeply-taught men has been received with similar suspicion, it might fairly be said, “This is the usual lot of God’s saints; those whose experience is shallow have invariably suspected all who were more deeply taught than themselves; the taller a man is, the more is he shot at.” But

we may fairly ask, Has the church of God felt or expressed these opinions in the cases of Bunyan, Hart, Huntington, Warburton, and others whose experience has been deeper than the generality of God's saints? Do we not, in reading their testimonies, receive with implicit credence the account that they have given of the Lord's dealings with their souls? It would seem, then, that there must be some cause for this suspicion in the case of the Woodhurst Tidings Bearer more than envy or ignorance.

But it may be said that the *Gospel Standard* has been the cause of exciting the suspicion alluded to. This, however, we disclaim; for we have all along spoken very highly of Septimus Sears, though we have not scrupled to point out his great blemishes. We have never doubted his reality, though we have disliked his high-flown language and bombastic expressions. And indeed we see no alternative between receiving a man fully, or rejecting a man fully, who writes as Septimus does. The account that he gives of his experience is such, that he must either be received as a well-taught, nay, deeply-experienced child of God, or be rejected as a most awful hypocrite and daring imposter. He is not one of those ambiguous characters of whom we may sometimes hope well, and at others fear greatly. His experience is so clear, so circumstantial, so much a thing of place and date, that we must say either that it is a fabrication throughout, or a genuine work of grace throughout. We cannot receive a part and put away a part, say we believe this page and disbelieve that, think him a gracious character one moment and declare he tells a lie the next. Like a witness in a court of justice, were he convicted of making one false statement,* that one thing would discredit the whole of his evidence.

"How, then," it may be asked, "do you receive him, Messrs. Editors, as you say he must be rejected wholly, or received wholly?" Why, we say that we receive him, and his communication. "Well, but what do you think of his strong language, such as the following: 'Time after time I have sunk down with the exhaustion of my frame, under the glorious outgoings of my soul;' 'my heart melting away, as it were, in the flames of love, and my soul upon the very tiptoe of anticipation to hear the-welcome invitation, Child, your Father calls, come here;' 'O at times I have been ready to faint, to swoon and die with wonder that such should be the case,' &c.?" We answer, that we cannot but believe that he felt as he has described, unless he be one of the greatest imposters that ever lived. But we think it not improbable that, from his predilection for strong language, he describes his feelings in more glowing colours than others would use with the same experience.

* It may be said perhaps that Septimus has already furnished this disqualification by the confession he has made, that when a friend called upon him in his desponding state, and asked him how he felt, he answered, "I am feeding on Lamb still." But we think it very unfair to flog a man with his own confession, for it may safely be assumed that his honesty in mentioning this circumstance is a guarantee for his honesty throughout. The levity of the expression does not seem to strike his mind with any concern, (at least he expresses none,) which painfully wounded ours.

For instance, where another man would say, "I was favoured with a sweet assurance of my interest in Christ, and my heart was melted into love and gratitude," Septimus would think such an expression too tame and feeble for so glorious a theme, and would rather describe it thus: "My flinty heart melted into a stream of wonder, love, and praise; the springing well of divine life in my soul played up its sacred streams of love to God *in* Christ, joy in God *through* Christ, and peace with God *by* Christ; the tear of heart-felt gratitude started into my eye, and my soul was so overwhelmed at such unexpected mercy, that I could find no words to express my feelings, but was forced for a time silently to adore." (Part 2nd, p. 31.) So another person would say simply that he on one occasion felt himself dying; but this, put into Septimian language, would read thus, "I was so far gone that I felt my eyes set, as if set in death. I could not speak a word, and seemed to cease breathing for some minutes." (Part 1st, p. 23.) It must indeed have been a "feeling," and a "seeming;" for had his eyes really "set," they would never have seen objects again; and had he ceased entirely to breathe for four minutes, (for that is the period found by repeated experiments,) he would have been irrecoverably dead.

Indeed there seems to us to be a striking analogy between his description of his bodily sufferings and of his spiritual experience. That he suffered greatly in body, is most evident; and that he means to give us a faithful description of his bodily complaints, is equally clear; but he has stated things which nobody can believe to be precisely as he has described them, who has the least knowledge of the anatomy of the human body. For instance, he says, part 1st, p. 24,

"I was taken first after dinner time, on the Saturday, with a most dreadful hiccup, which continued for perhaps half an hour, and then went off again; but about six o'clock in the evening it came on again, and in so dreadful a manner, that though I could not stir a limb, and was dreadfully sore and swollen, I was obliged to be set upright in an (un) 'easy chair,' and kept on hiccuping about twice or three times a minute, in so dreadful a manner, that it would throw me quite off my seat, if not held on by main force; when my neck bone became apparently disjoined from the skull bone, so that I have never been able to hold up my head since, without the help of an instrument constructed for that purpose."

In this description there are two things observable; 1st, that a violent hiccup was the cause of "his neck bone becoming apparently disjoined from his skull bone." This is physically impossible. "If but ~~one~~ of the bones of the spinal column," says Dr. Southwood Smith,* "were to slip off its corresponding bone, or to be displaced in any degree, incurable paralysis, followed ultimately by death, would happen; for pressure on the spinal cord in a certain part of its course, is incompatible with the power of voluntary motion; and, in another part of its course, with the maintenance of life beyond a few moments." "I much doubt," says Bransby Cooper,† "whether dislocation of the cervical vertebræ (the bones

* Philosophy of Health, Vol. I., p. 224.

† Treatise on Ligaments, quoted by Dr. S. Smith.

of the neck) ever occurs without fracture. Death is the immediate consequence if the injury be above the cervical vertebræ, the necessary paralysis of the parts to which the phrenic and intercostal nerves are distributed causing respiration instantly to cease." Yet we doubt not Septimus Sears really believed that his neck was dislocated, and that by a hiccup, without the least act of external violence. But, 2ndly, besides the resistance of the intervertebral substance, which is so great that it will allow the bone itself to break rather than yield, there are very powerful ligaments which brace the vertebræ on each side, like the cordage of a ship, and which must have been lacerated, if the neck had been *dislocated*, for that is the meaning of "the neck bone becoming disjointed from the skull bone." How a hiccup could lacerate these powerful ligaments our readers may judge who ever got hold of a bit of *pax-wax*, for that is the ligament of the neck (though much more developed) in an animal. It would appear from his description that the muscles which support the head erect, and bring it back to its place when bent forward, must in his case have lost their tone and power; but even this could not have been caused by the hiccup. It might then have been first observed, but it could not have originated from that circumstance.

So again he tells us that "his leg, the ligaments at the knee were so contracted that he could not set his heel on the ground." (Part 1, p. 44.) That he was unable to place his heel flat on the ground is doubtless a fact; but this did not arise from any contraction of the ligaments of the knee, a thing unknown, and, from the nature of the ligamentous substance, impossible. Nor have the ligaments of the knee (which are merely strong bandages to keep the bones together) anything whatever to do with the muscles that bend the toes and extend the foot by means of the heel; for it is the external and internal muscles that form the calf, which unite into a tendon inserted into the heel, that give the heel its motion. Thus in the operation for club foot, (which arises from a contraction of the tendon,) the surgeon severs the tendon, and this allows the heel to touch the ground.

In these and other instances, as his recovering from a consumption, which if genuine phthisis is well known to be incurable, Septimus relates what he believes to be facts, but which could not have occurred as he relates them. His mistakes are in the language he employs, not in the things themselves. So with his experience; he describes what he felt, but his language is more highly coloured than another person's would be under similar circumstances. In the short extract, for instance, that we have made about the hiccup the word "dreadful" occurs four times. This little circumstance shows the tendency of his mind to use strong expressions.

But in spite of every drawback, we must say that few are better acquainted with both sides of the question than the Tidings Bearer. After every deduction on account of his style, it must be acknowledged that this young man can give as good and as satisfactory

account of his religion, how he came by it, the feelings it produced, and the effects that followed, as most who stand up in the name of the Lord, and are received as his servants. And we are inclined to think it might puzzle some who speak doubtingly of him to produce an experience equal to his.

We will give an extract from his Summer Songs.

"O the enjoyment I was blessed with during that summer; I never can tell a thousandth part of it. I was just able to walk about half a mile by leaning on a stick, although it took me a long time, as my breathing was very difficult, and I was very much bent with the disease occasioned by the hurt of my back-bone. And, O, as I have walked about, trembling through weakness of body, coughing and struggling to get my breath, my soul has had such melting sights of a suffering Saviour, and has been so fired with holy longings to be before the throne, (Rev. vii. 15,) free from a stain through his blood, and clad in his righteousness, that it has appeared more than my frail body could bear up under. Ah, I well remember a lonely walk I used to take, where I have been blest with such overpowering visions of his loveliness, have so triumphed in his love, so adored his person, so drank of his blood, so ate his mangled body, (John vi. 54,) and so abhorred myself before him, (Job xlii. 6,) that time after time I have sunk down with the exhaustion of my frame, under the glorious outpourings of my soul."

"O what blessed living it was! I scarcely ever passed a day all that summer, but what some precious portion of his word was found by me, and I was enabled to eat and look on it, and feel it, while I viewed it, more precious than gold; yea, than much fine gold. (Psalm xix. 10.) All the summer I appeared to be growing weaker in the body and stronger in soul; so that I could really sing with the apostle, 'Though my outward man perished, yet my inward man was renewed day by day.' (2 Cor. iv. 16.) Yea, I have many times, after a fit of coughing and bad breathing, as soon as I could speak, been forced to burst out with the poet,

'I love to feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
'And long to see it fall.'"

"O surely, I have thought, no poor soul ever was favoured with such almost constant nearness at God's throne, and communion and fellowship with the Lamb of God in his sufferings! (Phil. iii. 10.) O the many, many solemn walks in Gethsemane, that my soul was favoured with! O the sweet, the sin-subduing, guilt-removing, soul-enlarging, and heart-melting sights of a suffering Saviour, that I was that summer favoured with! O how many times has the dear Comforter taken my soul sensibly by the hand, and led me up to the solemn altar of covenant love, to witness, by faith, the covenant engagement of the eternal Trinity on my behalf; and there, blest with the spirit of adoption in my soul, (Rom. viii. 15,) the sprinklings of atoning blood on my conscience, (Heb. ix. 14,) and the love of the blessed 'THREE' (1 John v. 8,) shed abroad in my heart, (Rom. v. 5,) I have, without a doubt or fear daring to show its head, feelingly believed, that though in myself such a poor, worthless, filthy, guilty, helpless, ignorant worm, yet, I was an object of Jehovah's eternal love."

"O at times I have been ready to faint, to swoon and die with wonder that such should be the case! yet, at that time, from my soul I believed it without a doubt, and have said it, while the Spirit has inwardly witnessed to its truth, (1 John v. 10,) that my name was in the dear book of life, of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; (Rev. xiii. 8,) yea, I was confident of it, that my name was engraved on the palms of his hands, and deep sculptured in his loving heart; for O how sweetly did he speak again and again these words and others of the same import, into my soul! 'I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me;' (Isaiah xlix. 16;) which has set my soul numbers of times (when I had scarcely strength of body to breathe or stir,) leaping and bounding like a hind; (Gen. xlix. 21;) yea, 'mounting up as on the wings of eagles,' (Isaiah

xl. 31,) and longing to burst the bonds that tied it to this lump of clay; while with joyful lips I have been forced to shout,
 'My name from the palms of his hands,
 Eternity will not erase;
 Engrav'd on his heart it remains
 In marks of indelible grace.'

We do not doubt that Septimus enjoyed much of what he has here described; and yet we think we can trace the usual effect of the colouring brush; for it will be remarked that these rapturous enjoyments were not the delusions of a novice, not the "being drawn by love" of a Wesleyan enthusiast, but gospel liberty after a work of the law upon his conscience, for though there is no account in the present publication of his call by grace, yet we can gather from other things written by him that he had previously experienced a powerful work of the law. He thus writes to us in Vol. VI. of the *Standard*, p. 234, Sep. No., 1840.

"Yes; I trust I know what it is to be struck dead and shivered to atoms in my feelings by an application of Sinai's blazing law to my guilty conscience, bound down with a burden of guilt unspeakable and transgressions innumerable, with a hell of endless desperation rolling before me, a vengeful Judge above me, unflinching curses all around me, and a hell of blasphemy and horrors within me, expecting nothing but everlasting burnings, to be '*led by the Spirit*' through the Lamb to the Father, pleading alone the blood and righteousness of Immanuel, and crying (in effect) with the poet,
 'Mercy, through blood, I make my plea;
 O God, be merciful to me!'

And then, O love unspeakable! notwithstanding all my filthiness, enmity, deformity, and blasphemy, that God, at whose dread tribune, and from whose vengeful lips I expected to hear the dreadful sentence, 'Depart, ye cursed,' has sweetly smiled into the soul of the ugly beast, termed him 'All fair,' and said to this dragon, this unsightly owl, '*My son*, (O heart-melting accents!) *my son*, give me thine heart.' O then, this beast of the field, this dragon and owl, could do no less than honour him by shouting with the upper Choristers, 'Hallelujah! Salvation, and honour, and glory, be unto our God, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.'

And this circumstance has tended to make us think that he has coloured his language somewhat highly, for we believe that after such rapturous enjoyments *following a very deep law work*, the soul rarely sinks, as Septimus did, and that for a long space of time, into despair. Where there has been enjoyment *preceding* a deep law work the case is different; but the joys and assurances of Septimus were those after deliverance, after the Spirit of adoption, (for he tells us that the words spoken to him were "My son,") after real gospel liberty. Nay, he was on the point of committing suicide, part 2, page 48, after all his sweet deliverances, and concludes his second part with only a dim hope.

"There is one thing," he says, part 2nd, page 48, "of late has caused me to hope I shall never be sent to hell. Say you, What is it? It is this consideration, the Lord knows that I have a part in me that hates nothing like blasphemy, rebellion, and profanity; and I cannot help hoping the Lord gave me this feeling; and I cannot believe that the Lord would have caused me to abhor these things, and pant for deliverance from them, and then sink me to those dismal regions where nothing is felt but rebellion, blasphemy, and misery."

Why, here is the tall grenadier dwindled down into a babe a span long! The deeply experienced Septimus with only such a hope as the feeblest weakling may have! Read again our extracts, and

look at his rapturous assurance, his "*many, many solemn walks in Gethsemane,*" (where some poor pilgrims scarcely get once in their lives,) the "*many times that the dear Comforter took his soul sensibly by the hand, and led him up to the solemn altar of covenant love, &c.*" All this now seems forgotten, and the only stay betwixt his soul and hell is a dim hope arising from this, "that he has a part that hates nothing like blasphemy, &c." We should say that a spiritual remembrance of his great deliverance and subsequent enjoyments, when "he so triumphed in Christ's love, so adored his person, so drank of his blood, and so ate his mangled body"—the greatest experience attained here below, were worth a thousand such hopes.

Our space will permit no more extracts from the "Songs of Summer;" we turn therefore to the "Wailings of Winter."

"I continued in the blessed enjoyment of the peace of God, triumphing in God my Saviour, all the summer, named in my last, with scarcely any intermission or interruption, either from without or within, until the beginning of November, when I was suddenly taken so much worse in body, that I was unable to stir a limb that I had, in a very little time; I was moved down stairs on the morning that I was taken thus ill, in such torture of body, that methinks if every bone in my skin had been broken, I could not have been in greater agony. The doctor was sent for; he at first said he should like to examine my back, but to move me was like killing me; when he said it did not signify, they had better let me lie still, as it was not likely that ever I should be moved much more alive, for it was evident death was at hand; when I was left, beyond the reach of human aid, and supposed to be just on the brink of the river. At this, however, I felt at first unmoved; but O when I again tried to draw nigh to God! it appeared as if a mountain of brass was betwixt him and my soul; no access could I gain. *Desire at length failed;* (Eccl. xii. 5;) my heart appeared to grow harder and harder, till it became like a piece of the nether millstone; all my confidence left me; my hope appeared ready to expire; the cold hand of death appeared creeping over me; pain the most excruciating racked my poor body; darkness the most dreadful surrounded my soul; the devil set in upon me, and told me that my religion was all delusion; that it was all fleshly, the devil was the author of it, and the natural spirits governed it; for now flesh was failing, my religion failed; now natural spirits were sinking, and life going, my religion was sinking out and going off likewise. O what I suffered at this time! I never can tell the thousandth part of it. A woman came in and asked me how it fared with my soul *now*? I was unable to answer, but burst into tears, feeling no hope, if I died; but that, notwithstanding all my fancied enjoyment, that I should certainly go to hell. But at length two days rolled away, and I was still in the body; it was therefore thought advisable to move me up stairs; and O what I suffered in being carried up stairs I do not know how to describe. O what a hell of rebellion, misery, and desperation, aged within my soul! and O what excruciating tortures racked my poor body! O I seemed to be, both in body and soul, nothing but a complete helpless lump of sin, filth, and agony."

"Well, too, do I remember one Saturday night and one Sunday, that I turned over; surely that '*night and day*' I was '*in the deep*' (2 Cor. xi. 25) indeed; in a place '*where two seas meet;*' (Acts xxvii. 41;) a sea of affliction and pain distressing my body, and a sea of desperation and terror tormenting my soul. Surely "*deep called unto deep at the voice of God's water spouts;* all his waves and his billows appeared to go over me.' (Psalm xlii. 7.) For '*the terrors of God set themselves in array against me;*' (Job vi. 4;) he had '*pulled me in pieces,*' (Lam. iii. 11,) and '*scattered my bones at the grave's mouth;*' (Psalm cxli. 7;) and all I, for the most part, dare expect, was, that the grave of despair, '*the pit*' of hell, '*would shut her mouth upon me.*'" (Psalm lxi. 15.)

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
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FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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VOL. VIII.

“HIS LOVING-KINDNESS, O HOW GREAT!”

Dear Friend,—May the God and Father of all comfort, mercy, and consolation bless and be with you. I am afraid you have taken it unkind that I have not dropped a line before this. I had fully intended to have done so soon after reaching home, but it pleased the Lord to withdraw the light of his countenance, and to leave me in the dark. For about a fortnight I have been groping like a blind man for the wall, and I have had neither heart, nor soul, nor matter to write to my friend; and believing that you know what it is to be in these places, to be robbed and spoiled, immured in holes and hid in prison houses, you will be able to cast a mantle of love over your unworthy friend's negligence in not writing sooner. But, bless the dear Lord, he has been pleased to pay me another visit, which has set all right again. What can we poor worms do without the Lord? We can neither write, preach, pray, nor believe, no, nor raise one thought God-ward; we are nothing but a lump of nuisance, neither fit to live nor die. O my very self loathes myself for what I feel in myself against a good and gracious God, who is so tender and kind to one so out of the way vile. O what light and glory we experience when the Sun of Righteousness arises again with healing in his wings! We can then see both backward and forward, and can sing and shout, “The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my heart; of whom shall I be afraid?” My friend, perfect love casteth out the fear which hath torment. O the precious love of our God! Truly it is the blessing that maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it. How sweetly everything moves on when this love is shed abroad in our hearts by

the Holy Ghost! It makes all right in the pulpit, all right in the pew, all right in the house, all right in the farm, all right in life, all right in death, and all right to all eternity.

O that the dear Comforter may more and more direct your heart and mine into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ, and then we shall be neither barren nor unfruitful in the paths of righteousness; for I am more and more convinced that the love of the holy Trinity is the fountain and spring of all blessings; and both you and I, my friend, know that this love is not to be either bought or sold; it is sovereign, and free as the air we breathe; it comes when it will, how it will, and where it will. O the sweetness, humility, confidence, thankfulness, and gratitude that it produces! The apostle gives a sweet account of this love, or charity, in 1 Cor. xiii., where he says, "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth." O that we may enjoy much of this precious love and charity in our hearts, that we may glorify our God in body, soul, and spirit, which are his. It is poor work, my friend, when we can feel none of this love. Poor dead professors of religion, who attend only to the form, may be satisfied without this love; but, bless the dear Lord, he has taught you and me that the form without the power, the letter without the spirit, the shadow without the substance, having a name to live whilst dead, will not do for us. O what sovereign, electing, discriminating love, that he should ever have picked us up, whilst he has left others to go about to establish a righteousness of their own, who, in the end, will be cast "into outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." And how gladly should we have done the same if God had permitted us. We tried hard and long, and said over and over again, "Have patience with me, Lord, and I will pay thee all." But at last the Creditor would have no more patience with us, but opened the debt book, brought us to his righteous bar, and demanded payment, which was ten thousand talents twice told, all of which must be paid, or we must be damned for ever. Here, my friend, we were brought to see and know and feel all our righteousnesses as filthy rags, and have had them all burned into ashes by the fiery law, and have proved and seen an end of all our perfection, and have known and felt that when the commandment came, sin revived, and we died, and we could from our hearts justify God in damning us, believing it impossible that God could save us and be a just God. O, when my soul was here, how many times I cried out that I would tell all the devils in hell that God had done me no injustice. You and I have known and felt that the law is the ministration of death and condemnation. There is no trotting about with our own righteousness when we are brought to this spot. I expected nothing but hell for weeks. O the dreadful days and nights my poor soul had to pass through whilst under the awful apprehension of the

wrath to come! But O the boundless love and mercy of the Lord, that ever he should have proclaimed a free and full forgiveness of all our damnable sins, which would have sunk us to hell, never to rise again! What wonderful love and mercy, that ever such hopeless wretches should be brought to shout and sing, "We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." O sweet riches of grace! What love and charity our God has manifested towards us since he first brought us out of nature's darkness! O the wretched wanderings we have been the miserable subjects of! what God-provoking wretches we have many times been! and yet what mercy, kindness, and goodness have followed us all the days of our life to this present moment! Surely we can at times feelingly say, "There is no God like unto our God, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin." "He retaineth not his anger for ever; no, it endureth but a moment." When my soul has been blessed with a sweet enjoyment of his loving-kindness, how sweetly my heart and tongue have sung with the poet,

"He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, O how great!

"Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, O how good!

"Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changeth not.

"Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!"

It is sweet work when our God indulges us with these precious visits; and if drops are so sweet, what must the fountain be, where we shall see him as he is, and be with him, yea, and be like him; "I shall be satisfied, when I awake up in his likeness."

I hope the Lord is with you in your meeting together in the house of prayer. Truly I found the Lord very good when I was with you, and I experienced some sweet moments with my God while I was amongst you. I have felt times of wrestling with God for you, that he would go before you, and make his way plain to you, and that you may be constrained to follow him, having the blessed witnessing of the Spirit in your heart, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

That the Lord may bless you, is the prayer of your unworthy brother,

Trowbridge, August 20, 1841.

J. W.

TO A FRIEND IN DEEP SOUL TROUBLE.

My dear Friend,—Being left by myself, (brother T— having gone this morning,) I am induced to pass a trifle of time in writing a line to you in memory of our affection, and out of sympathy and love towards you in the hurricane you have been passing under. Depend upon it, my friend, we shall all find it, as we advance onward in life, a serious and dreadful thing to be supernaturally religious; a serious and dreadful thing to the flesh. The whirlwinds and hurricanes loosen the pins that fasten our first Adam tent; they scale off some of the *moss* that grows over the walks of our mind.

Let not any one comfort you with false comfort. Let the wounds lie open. When God lays open our wounds, and keeps them *raw*, the effects are admirable. Now all men, bad and good, cry “peace” when God attacks us; but this, my friend, is not the *way*. “If we *endure* chastisement” is the word. Stand fast, my beloved! do not let the false doctors cure you with their “old wives’ fables.” Say like our brother David of old, “But if he thus say, I have no delight in *thee*, behold, here am I; let him do to me as seemeth good unto him!” (2 Sam. xv. 26.) I can assure you that I have nearly as good as told God, before now, to strike me dead on the spot if I were not a good man. This brings to *bear* the doctrines of election and reprobation; the immutability of God; the excellence of his perceptions; the glory of his character; and the nobleness of his decrees! For God will *not* cast away a *perfect* man finally. (Job viii. 20.) No. But he will cast away all paper-made, chaffy Christians; for “the ungodly *shall not* stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.” (Ps. i. 6.) O my God! these things, through grace, cure us of our presumption. These things, through grace, make us seek the breasts of true consolation. These things make us stand fast. For to *subvert* a man in his cause the Lord approveth not. (Lam. iii. 36.) The excellent medicines God is giving you will work well. If you are a hypocrite, you have a better opinion of God than to wish *him* to accept you. And though you have, as I have, loads of hypocrisy *cleaving* to you; yet if you have one serene ray of true godliness, it will glimmer through the rubbish and revive you. “As for God, his work is perfect.” The doctrine of election cuts deep when personally applied. O what scum we have that wants taking off us! O what villany of double-mindedness we have! O what worldly maxims left! O what slow scholars we are! We are handy at evil, and awkward towards good! We love the shell of religion, but we hate the juice and kernel of it. We love to trifle with God, but we do not love to come *to points* with him. We love to be in a mist, but we shrink at the open sunshine. What devils we are! We are in and out, off and on, anything or nothing; carrying two faces, loving two masters, loving free will and Divine sovereignty, adoring self and God, squinting at self and peeping at Him! We are a mass of contradictions, contraries, and odds and ends!

O my dear friend! I have found afflictions good for me; they have skinned me alive; for we are, in some degree, all wolves in sheep’s

clothing. May God rip the skin off us! but I expect it will smart. But it is better to get to heaven with one eye, than having two to reach hell. The doubleness of our eye is cleansed by affliction. May God bless you! May he induce you to ask, "Is there not a cause?" May he enable you to be *faithful* in the lessons God thus, like iron, screws into you in your trial! May equity characterize your walk with God more when you come out of the furnace! What peace is melted thus into us through the furnace of affliction! May God *charm* your mind with the *superiority* of heaven to earth! May beauty and gladness be the *result* of your being thus thrown in the dust! O my friend! we have little idea what God has laid up for us; what goodness, what joy! This affliction will cleanse your eyes to see more of it. Humility will be increased. Earthly-mindedness, with its leaden weight of magic, alluring charms, and dizzying brightness, will be more thrown off. The King will shine more in his brightness beyond the grave to you, and you will pluck the garland from the jaws of ruin!

But let no one skin over your wound to heal *slightly*, my friend.—

* * * Yours affectionately,

Abingdon, March 3, 1841.

I. K.

THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—Grace, mercy, and peace from the fulness of God in his Trinity of persons rest upon you.

It is declared in the word of God that this world is not our rest; that it is polluted, changeable, and perishing; and yet, alas! how often have we to be reminded of this solemn truth; how prone to settle on our lees, to forget our high destiny, and to act as though this world were our home! Our gracious God has to root us up, frustrate all our schemes, cross our foolish desires, stain our pride, and lay our boasted strength, wisdom, and reason in the dust. For myself, I feel that a more ungrateful, rebellious wretch never had a being; indeed, at times I feel quite bewildered with the devilism of my corrupt nature; language fails to express a thousandth part of the daily workings of the old man of sin in my members, even while I hate and abhor myself and sin.

During the last fortnight, I have been at times truly miserable, so harassed with infidelity and cursed unbelief; at times left to question the being and existence of a God, the truth of the Bible, and all that ever I have known or felt; and yet, three weeks ago, I could rejoice and say, and did say, before God, with tears of gratitude, "Lord, I am a saved sinner; saved by rich, free, and sovereign grace alone." O for faith to trust in the finished work of the Lord Jesus; to bear my whole weight, soul, and body, for time and eternity, upon him; to be enabled to rejoice in him, and in all that he has done!

"To trust in Christ alone,
By thousand dangers scared,
And righteousness have none,
Is something very hard;"

so hard that we can no more do it than create a world; and why? Nothing less than the invincible power of God the Holy Ghost can enable us to fall *flat* with *all* our sins, *all* our troubles, and *all* our perplexities, upon the *sure* Foundation, Christ the Lamb. Amidst all my doubts and fears, I would not part with a hope in Jesus for a thousand worlds. I feel that my salvation rests *altogether* upon the unchangeable, unmerited, eternal, and electing love of Jehovah. I have no other hope, no other stay. If this can fail, I am lost; my soul must sink into black despair.

None but a poor sinner, self-lost, ruined, and undone, can truly and rightly value a free-grace salvation; none but an empty sinner can value a full Saviour; none but a condemned criminal can value a free pardon, or so fully appreciate, or so highly extol the riches of the grace of God, as so gloriously manifest in the complete and everlasting salvation of the church of Christ.

May it be my portion and yours to enter more and more, by a living faith, into the mysteries of near and sweet communion with God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

"More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last;
I can do nothing without thee;
Make haste, my God, make haste."

Manchester, March 9th, 1842.

H. V.

ON THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Messrs. Editors,—A correspondent of yours (W. T.) having made a few remarks on a pamphlet which I lately published, I trust that you will allow me to say a few words in reply; and, as you are generally well supplied with more important matter than anything that I have to send to you, I will be as concise as possible.

The sentence which your correspondent, W. T., finds fault with, is that where the author, speaking of the baptism of the Holy Spirit, says, in his opinion, it "relates exclusively to the miraculous powers bestowed upon and confined to the saints of God in the apostolic age." On this, W. T. says, "If it be so, how can he be the Comforter that shall abide with the church for ever? And to deny the one to establish the other, is, in my view, but a poor empty shift."

Our Lord commanded his disciples to tarry at Jerusalem until they should be endued with power from on high. Now the power here alluded to was the power bestowed on them at the day of Pentecost. They were then baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, being filled with supernatural power. "Here was something visible;" and this, or some other outward manifestation, always accompanied the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Simon Magus saw it, and basely offered money that he might possess the same power. From an attentive perusal of the New Testament, I still feel no inclination to alter the opinion which I have formed on the subject, that the allusion here is "to those miraculous powers with which the apostles were endowed, particularly that of speaking in unknown tongues, and is quite distinct

from the ordinary operations of the Holy Ghost in the work of regeneration." In answer to W. T.'s question, I would say, He is the Comforter because He takes of the fulness of Christ and reveals and applies it to a poor empty, sin-burdened sinner; because He leads him to Calvary; because He opens to his soul the glorious mysteries of the gospel, and enables him to lay hold, by faith, on the Lord Jesus, as his all in all. I have not, nor dare I deny that which your correspondent seems to intimate; no, I believe that the Holy Spirit is the Comforter who is to "abide with the church for ever." With him I believe that "every sinner justified before God" is filled with the Spirit of Christ; for he is a Spirit of love. But this is not the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Your correspondent observes—"Now, some say that this (viz., "being baptized with fire") is to receive the threatenings of God in his fiery law; but I cannot receive this; for I believe that Paul had a sense of the fiery law to as great an extent as any mere man ever had. (Acts ix.) In the 17th verse we read that he was to be filled with the Holy Ghost; and how horrible! for if *this author's* doctrine be true, he was to be filled with the fire of God's wrath." Any one, I think, who reads W. T.'s essay, would naturally conclude that the author of the pamphlet to whom he first alludes, is the *same author* as the one of whom he is here speaking; but that is not the fact; nor is there anything in the pamphlet which could possibly lead W. T., or any one else, to suppose that baptism by fire was "to be filled with the fire of God's wrath."

What your correspondent says at the conclusion of his essay establishes that for which I contend—"The disciples were living men before the day of Pentecost, but did not know what this baptism was until then. So Cornelius had the fear of God, and worshipped him, before Peter was sent; but had not received the Holy Ghost *in this sense* as he then did;" that is, they were regenerated characters, but had not been baptized by the Holy Ghost; had not till then acquired the power of speaking in unknown tongues, &c.

If this be not the true sense of the passages alluded to, may the Lord the Spirit open and unfold it to the writer, and to every one who is desirous of being taught, led, and fed by the Spirit, the eternal Comforter; this is the earnest prayer of yours in the best bonds,
Eaton, March 10, 1842.

AMICUS.

[We cannot for one moment agree with "Amicus" that the baptism of the Holy Ghost refers to the miraculous gifts on the day of Pentecost. Look at the very word "baptism;" to be baptized is to be wholly immersed. Can a man be immersed in gifts, however miraculous? These were mere external endowments, very, very different from the indwelling of that blessed Comforter. To be baptized with the Holy Ghost, is, we believe, the same thing as to be "filled with the Holy Ghost," which we read (Acts ii. 4) was the immediate consequence of the sound from heaven that filled all the house where they were sitting. Thus Stephen is said to have been "full of the Holy Ghost" when "he looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." He was "full of the Holy Ghost" just as a vessel immersed (baptized) in water is full of fluid. But did this blessed baptism, which filled his soul with love, joy, and peace unspeakable, merely enable him to speak Greek instead of Hebrew, or Latin instead of Syriac? O wretched, wretched lowering of that most blessed baptism! So Barnabas is said to have been "full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," (Acts xi. 24.) and "the disciples to have been

filled with joy and the Holy Ghost." (Acts xiii. 52.) Peter was filled with the Holy Ghost when he so boldly reprov'd the Jewish Sanhedrim; (Acts iv. 8;) and Paul was filled with the Holy Ghost when he received the remission of sins. (Compare Acts ix. 17 with Acts xxii. 16.) Here to be "filled with the Holy Ghost" (which we consider to be nearly the same thing as to be baptized with the Holy Ghost, the one being the cause and the other the effect) is connected with holy rapture in the case of Stephen, with faith in Barnabas, with joy in the disciples, with boldness in Peter, with the pardon of sin in Paul. But these internal graces are as different from the mere external gifts of healing or speaking with tongues as one thing well can be from another.

Our friend, J. M'K., of Preston, in our last No. has given us some account of his experience of this blessed baptism; and we think, had Amicus experienced the same, he would not write as he has on the subject.

To speak with tongues was an outward fruit of this blessed baptism; but the baptism itself was something far deeper, far greater, far more blessed.—EDS.]

"GLORIFY YE THE LORD IN THE FIRES."

My dear Brother H,—Grace be with you and yours, and peace be multiplied for Jesus' sake.

To know Jesus and the power of his resurrection is to know more than the world could ever teach, and what grace never fails to reveal to all the heirs of glory. Christ's worth shines forth in all his work, whether of nature or of grace, especially in the latter. Hence, his glory shines resplendently in his covenant transactions, (Ps. lxxxix. 3, 34,) in his blessed incarnation, (Ps. xl. 7,) in every doctrine of the cross, (Col. ii. 3,) in every promise of the Father, (2 Cor. i. 20,) in every precept of the gospel, (Heb. vii. 22,) in the quickening of every vessel of mercy, (John v. 21,) in the believer's faith in God, (John xiv. 6,) and in every step to the kingdom of glory. (Heb. x. 20.)

Nevertheless, precious faith must be tried before it can be profitable to the saints of God; (1 Peter i. 7;) and we are exhorted to glorify God in the *fires*; (Isa. xxiv. 15;) and this is what Paul calls glorying in tribulation. (Rom. v. 1—5.) Now, as the term "*fires*" is in the plural, each and every decreed fire must ultimately answer the decreed end designed by him who hath decreed the same. For instance, 1st. The fire of conviction will try the reality and genuineness of its work and worth in the convicted person. 2nd. The fire of temptation will try our boasted resolutions and self-dependence, and leave us after all somewhat more than chin deep in the trial. 3rd. The fire of tribulation will try the believer's patience until he seems to have none left, which causes him lustily to cry out, "Save, Lord, or I perish." 4th. The fire of persecution sorely tries the strength of the believer's faith in Jesus, whereby he is led to commit his way unto the Lord, feeling satisfied that he must fall by the enemy's hand unless God appears for him and to him. 5th. The fire of affliction will try our submission to the very quick, whereby we feel our confidence totter, our standing shake to the very centre, and we are brought not unfrequently to weep over our frailties and infirmities, and to condemn with bitterness of spirit our own folly. 6th. There is the fire of carnal affection, by which we are often very sharply tried, that is, with respect to whether we do or do not possess a real spiritual affection, inasmuch as we often mistake the one for

the other, until we become so confused and bewildered in our judgment as not to know or properly distinguish between them, in order to decide which is right. This state of mind frequently brings us into the gulf where two seas meet, and we are brought to feel as if we should after all sink in the very sight of harbour. This fire, fed and kept up by the flesh, makes the poor tried soul cry out, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me;" and yet we are called upon to "think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try us, as though some strange thing happened to us, seeing that all things work together for good." All things *do*, not may; all things *do*, not conditionally, but all things *do now* work together for good to them that love God, and who are the called according to his purpose. Well, my brother, never mind the number of "fires" lighted up against us by the sovereign order of our divine and ever-blessed Master, for he has promised to keep us out of hell fire, and also to keep that dreadful fire out of us. Other fires are but to try us, no other fires can destroy us. O, no; hell fire shall never touch us, for our names are written in the Lamb's book of life. The *fiery tongue*, (James iii. 5,) and the scourge thereof, may and will trouble us, but our blessed Lord and Master will supply us with sufficient strength to bear us up under the same and to cast our care upon him. (Isa. xli. 10.) And although the tongue of slander is indeed a cutting instrument, yet Jesus has promised that every tongue that riseth up against us we shall condemn. (Isa. liv. 17.)

With every feeling of Christian affection to you and yours, believe me to be, my dear brother, yours truly in the Lord Jesus,

S. L.

A SECOND LETTER FROM THE LATE DANIEL HERBERT.

My dear Brother,—I received your friendly and much-esteemed letter, which I should have answered before now, but I have been rather unwell. My poor old tabernacle has been almost shaken down, but my heavenly Father has been again pleased to prop me up a little.

My dear friend, I have read over your letter very minutely, and from it I learn whereabouts you are. I can enter into all your ifs, and buts, and hows; and every inch of ground you are now walking in I have travelled over again and again. You mention in your letter the "faithful saying" which is so worthy of our attention. And what was that saying? It was a positive declaration of what Christ came into the world to accomplish. And what did he accomplish? Why, nothing less than the complete and everlasting salvation of every elect soul. Yes, my dear friend, Jesus came to do what he has completely done; therefore, if you would have peace, it must be by resting your eternal all upon him, for I am persuaded that nothing but a firm reliance upon his finished salvation will ever counteract those doubts and fears which so often perplex the mind. It would be your mercy in your worst seasons, to judge the matter as Man-noah's wife did. If the Lord had designed that your lot should have been with the lost, he would never have shown you what he has.

He has also shown you that your Adam-nature is totally corrupt, and you have found, by painful experience, what Paul declares to the Galatians to be the case, "that the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh," that is, the whole fallen nature of man is in direct opposition to everything that is spiritual, and the carnal mind, being enmity against God, cannot know anything that is spiritual. But, my dear friend, by the power of God the Holy Ghost, we know that those who are not saved must be lost; and we are further assured that those who are not finally glorified were never justified, that those who are not justified were never called, and that those who are not called were never predestinated to eternal life; but those who have the Son have life, and those who believe in him shall be saved. How came it about that you and I have been made believers? I trust we can answer the question. As many as were ordained to eternal life shall believe, and no more; so therefore, because we were sons by eternal election, our names being written in the book of life, God has sent forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, which sometimes causeth us to cry, "Abba, Father." O, my dear brother, it is the goings forth of Jehovah in his Trinity of persons which is the source of all blessedness in this life and that which is to come. How admirably well suited are the sweet covenant promises of God to such poor, lost, helpless, worthless, and polluted sinners as we are! In these promises we hear of mercy for the miserable, pardon for the guilty, cleansing for the filthy, healing for the diseased, cure for the leper, help for the helpless, hope for the despairing, liberty for the slave, rest for the weary and heavy laden, a rich Christ for a poor beggar, and salvation for the lost. O the blessings that spring from eternal love, from eternal union to the eternal Head set up before the world began, to be everything to you and me that appertains to our everlasting salvation, that we may be one with Christ, united to Christ, saved in Christ, chosen in Christ, complete in Christ, holy in Christ, and without blame in Christ, and be for ever with Christ, who declares in his word, "Because I live ye shall live also, and where I am, there shall ye be also." O, my friend, these are special blessings, arising from special love, bestowed upon a special people, eternally loved by the Father, redeemed by the Son, and brought to the feet of Jesus by the efficacious work of God the Holy Ghost.

I hope you will be so kind as to communicate my most sincere affectionate remembrance to those dear friends who have thought me worthy of their kind attention, especially my dear friend Mr. H—, whose remarkable kindness can never be forgotten by me; and you may tell him, as it is very likely that I shall never see him or any of my S— friends any more in the flesh, that I am sometimes pleased with the idea that when the number of kindred souls are gathered together in the glorious city, the new Jerusalem, I shall see him and them there, and perhaps know them to be the very friends who remembered me in my low estate, and unto whom I hope I shall hear my adorable Redeemer say, "Inasmuch as ye gave a cup of cold water unto the least of my disciples, ye did it unto me."

I believe I have told you of my going into Lincolshire every year

for the last ten years, and although I had declined all thoughts of undertaking such a long journey any more, yet I have received such a pressing and affectionate invitation to go once more, that I have resolved to do so, if my heavenly Father grants me strength of body, (my mind being already there,) and says to me, as he said to Joshua, "Be bold, and of a good courage, for the Lord thy God will be with thee whithersoever thou goest;" and my prayer is, "Lord, if thy presence go not with me, carry me not hence."

I fear my long letter will tire you, so I will conclude by wishing you to remember what the poet saith :

"Though winds may roar, and seas run high,
The soul be tempest-toss'd;
Though hell assault the new-born soul,
It never can be lost.
Unaltered his promise stands,
The oath of God secure;
The weakest saint upon the earth,
Shall to the end endure."

I remain your affectionate brother,
Sudbury, July 13, 1828.

D. HERBERT.

THE SPARK OF DIVINE LIFE UNQUENCHED AMID THE WATERS OF TRIBULATION.

Dear —,—I still keep groping for the great wall of salvation, not that I have not at all found it, but I find that there are heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths that never can be fully fathomed. My mind is agitated by the constant searching. The dear Lord continually keeps plunging me beneath the waters of tribulation; and although I never come up empty-handed, yet I often wonder where the scene will end. I am now all in a tremor, and it is with difficulty I can hold my pen; but God's providences are like himself, not to be comprehended. I find that I am not alone; many scripture witnesses, many saints both ancient and modern, like Job and Jeremiah, have cursed the days of their birth; and were it not for the power and presence of the Almighty, I am confident I should sink into black despair, or break out into open rebellion; but being held fast by his mighty hand, I continue to this day. As to what some talk about creature excellency and fleshly holiness, I am confident that the flesh, yea the whole man, all that belongs to human nature, both soul and body, has become so entirely corrupt, that all it ever did since the fall, or all it ever will do, or all it ever can do, is to maintain continual enmity against the free and sovereign grace of God. I feel that my deep afflictions work enmity and rebellion, impatience, ingratitude, yea, even blasphemy; and these things are all the produce that afflictions bring from nature. "Most certainly you are given up of God," some one would say; sometimes I say so too. "You are not in a capacity to perform good works, you have sinned against the Holy Ghost," says Satan; sometimes I say so too; yea, at times I entreat the Lord to damn me, to close the scene, and let me know the worst of it. Now, I would have you know that these conclusions are not merely speculative. I have striven with all my

powers with the human arm of free will, in all its diversity of colours; I have laboured to pay the demand of Moses until I thought I should lift up my eyes in hell. I have laboured to conform my conduct to gospel precepts until I became, in my feelings, an infidel; and this not merely when dead in sin, but since I knew what divine life was. Again; from the purest motives of love to Christ, I have striven to maintain a holy walk and conversation in the world, but I find the truth of the Saviour's words exemplified throughout the whole, that "the flesh profiteth nothing." No, as I said before, it is an enemy; and without the immediate power and presence of the Lord of life and glory working in me that which is well pleasing in his sight, there is no solid foundation to the new man, which is of God, having come down from heaven at the moment of regeneration, and which can only be fed and nourished by heavenly food, even that bread whereof if a man eat he shall live for ever. This is the fruit of my deep, my manifold afflictions; the wrath, the anguish of which divides between the flesh and the spirit. If these things are not true, and if there is no continual resurrection of the dead, then let us eat and drink, yea let us revel and drink, and drive dull care away, rather than be duped by the parsons and the parsons' text book, the bible, for to-morrow we shall die, and be like the beasts that perish. But, saith Christ, "I am the resurrection and the life. Whosoever liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." This life will at times rise superior to every mountain that stands in the way, and pluck up every sycamore tree that stands in the path; yea, though men and devils combine, though the angel of the Lord stand in the way, though the providence of God frown continually, as it does upon me, yea though the soul has to strive at times (to appearance) even against God himself, yet will this life rise through all, and discover behind the darkest clouds a smile, and in the harshest look, love. Thus faith is omnipotent, has to do with impossibilities, and counts the things of earth too low for it to traffic in. This is my religion, and I have no more will nor power in any other than Satan has. At times this is most blessedly revealed from heaven to my soul by him who said, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." The absence of these things makes me thirst, long, pant, and wish for his free gift to supply my wants; for I feel that, if left to myself, I should after all be as unconcerned as if I had never known them. Well, then, with such divine teaching as this, I read old authors, and some of the scripture commentators. But I generally find that the work of men has been in all ages to obscure the glory of the Redeemer's kingdom, and that even good men have contributed not a little towards this. May the dear Lord encourage every faithful soldier of the cross to unfurl and display the full banner of truth in all its blessed bearings, combining the whole body elect to the Head and to each other in that one glorious Head. No doubt the letter-men have their work in circulating the scriptures; but what one sows another reaps. What shall we say to these things? May we contend earnestly for living faith.

A LETTER FROM JOHN BERRIDGE TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Madam,—Thursday last I received a bill conveyed by Mr. — but presented by your ladyship, which was immediately converted into cloth for the use of lay preachers, and for their donations. I send you my hearty thanks. The Lord has promised to return it a hundred fold into your bosom, and I believe you can trust him.

I wish you had sent along with it a few minutes of your life of faith; you might then have taught me whilst you were clothing others; for, indeed, I am one of those strange folks who set up for journeymen without knowing their business. I offer many precious wares for sale without understanding their full value. I have got a Master, too, a most extraordinary person, whom I am supposed to be well acquainted with because he employs me as his riding pedlar to serve almost forty shops in the country besides my own parish, yet I know much less of my Master than I do of his wares. Often is my tongue describing him as the fairest of men, whilst my heart is painting him as the Witch of Endor; and many big words have I spoken of his credit, yea, I am often beseeching others to trust him with their all, whilst at the same time my own heart has been afraid to trust him with a groat. Neither, Madam, is this all, for such a profound ignoramus am I, that I know nothing of myself as I ought to know. I have often mistaken rank pride for deep humility, and workings of self-love for the love of Jesus.

When my Master first hired me into his service, he kept a brave table. He was wondrous free with his liquor, for scarce a meal passed without roast meat and claret. At that time my heart said, "I love Jesus," and was ready to boast of it too; but he at length ordered his table to be spread with meat from above, and water out of the rock. This my saucy stomach could not brook; my heart thought it pernicious fare, and my tongue said it was light food. Now, my love of Jesus disappeared, and I followed him only for loaves and fishes, and, like a true worldling, loved his larder better than his person.

Presently my Master detected me in a very dirty trick, which at once discovered the huge pride and amazing impudence of my heart. Hitherto I had been a stranger to the livery my Master gives his servants, only I knew he had many varieties, such as pearls and diamonds, and plenty to dispose of. Accordingly, I begged a bracelet, a necklace, earrings, nose-bob, and other pretty things of him, with which he readily parted, being of an exceeding generous nature; and will it not amaze you to hear that I had the vanity to fix these odd ornaments about my old face, intending to make a birth-day suit, to appear in at court?

Well, to be sure, while I was thus busily employed in mending my old rags, putting on my jewels, &c., in comes my Master, and gives me a sudden frown, which went to the very heart of me, and said in an angry tone, "Varlet! follow me." I arose and followed him trembling, whilst he led me to the house of correction, where he set my feet in the stocks, stripped me of my ornaments, and then, taking his affliction rod, very stoutly laid upon me till I cried for mercy; but he declared he would not lay aside the rod till he had scourged every rag from my back; and, indeed, he was as good as his word. Think then, how amazed and confounded I must have been when I found myself standing naked before him, and especially when I saw myself a leper, with an Ethiopian skin, which the rags had hitherto concealed from my sight. I kept on my legs, though overwhelmed with shame, till at length, being almost choked with the dust and stench that

came out of my rags in beating, I fell down at my Master's feet. Immediately the rod dropped from his hand, his countenance softened, and with a still small voice he bade me look up; I did, and then it was that I got the first sight of his robe.

Truly, Madam, it was a lovely sight to see a charming robe reaching from the shoulder down to the feet, well adapted for covering and defence, yea, excellent for beauty and glory. "There, prodigal Jack," said he, "put this on your back, and then thou mayest shame even an angel. It was wrought with my own hand, and dyed with my own blood; wear it, and then embrace me." I thanked him, and bowed. But, Madam, I must also tell you, though I do not desire you to be a confidant, when my Master opened his robe, he gave me a basty glance of his person; and it was divinity, sweet and glorious, and so exceedingly humane, that I fell in love; and now, would you think it of me, old fool that I am, and swarthy as a negro, nothing but a wedding would content me; nay, I have often proposed the match to my Master, who sometimes replies, "When you can leave all others I will take you." The other day, having asked him when he would take me to his bosom, he answered, "When you can humbly lie at my feet;" and then he has graciously promised to set open his cellar and larder, and keep them open for me.

I am now removed out of the book of Proverbs, which I have long studied, into the book of Canticles, but have got no farther than the second verse of the first chapter, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth." I seem to want nothing now but a close communion with the dear Redeemer. The world, at times, strives to divert my attention, but my soul is ever panting after him, yea, my heart and flesh cry out for the living God, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

The Lord strengthen your union and communion with the Prince of Peace. Amen.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

[The above letter has been published in Berridge's "Religious World Unmasked," but, in spite of its quaintness, and a tone of levity in it which we do not like, there is such simplicity, reality, and savour in it, that we have complied with the wishes of a correspondent, who has sent it for insertion, and given it a place in our periodical. Those who have never seen it will thank us for a *new*, and those who have read it before, for a *renewed* pleasure, in placing before them some of the savoury experience of honest John Berridge.—Eds.]

THIS GOD IS OUR GOD FOR EVER AND EVER.

Dear Brother in the glorious Lord of Zion,—I received a few lines from our esteemed and highly favoured friend, Mrs. —, giving me a statement of your painful affliction of body and sweet peace and composure of soul. It appears the dear Lord has thought good to deprive you of your natural sight, which is a painful affliction; but, adored be his gracious name, he gives you the sweet enjoyment of the true light. This, my dear brother, is more prizable than all creation put together. What an indescribable blessing it is that such filthy creatures as we are by nature should be brought, under the glorious unction of God the Holy Ghost, to see and feel that the Lord is our portion, our life, light, bliss, and blessedness, yea, our ever to be adored covenant God for ever and ever; and that, by a matchless gift of eternal electing love

and grace, he has made himself over to us with all he has, and is, and has done as the God of Zion; so therefore we may truly say, "This God is our God for ever and ever, and will be our guide even unto death." When the Holy Ghost sweetly reveals this God-glorifying truth to the conscience, and maintains the God-like majesty of it in the heart, we have heaven upon earth. Then, come what will, we can say, "It is well."

My dear brother, I feel thankful to learn that our blessed Lord does in such a sweet manner grant you this high favour. O glorious frame of mind! What a sweet resting place is Jesus! Let men talk of their duty faith, simple belief, moral obligations, &c., but be it my blessedness to enjoy the sweet outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and thus to enjoy the company of that glorious Friend of sinners, who searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God, and leads the soul deeply into them, and blessedly wafts the mind above all creature-good, above afflictions of every kind, to hold glorious intercourse with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost as my own covenant God. I say, let my dear Lord favour me with this blessing, and I am satisfied. They are welcome, heartily welcome, to all their boasted creature-goodness and self-attainments, and I know my dear brother M— says, "Amen, and amen!"

Well, should we never see each other again in the flesh, it will not be long before we shall be wholly swallowed up in God, and never, never sin again. O what a blessed shout there will be when all the family are gathered together in one! Then the solemn song of free grace will be more fully understood, more sweetly enjoyed, and unceasingly sung.

That God Almighty may grant you a constant sense of his presence, is the prayer of yours in the Lord,
Manchester, Nov. 3, 1829.

W. G.

FAITHFUL AND INDUSTRIOUS HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS.

My dear Friend in eternal union,—Yours came to hand; and very glad was I to receive it, and happy to hear that our dear friend M— is in any measure better; but the best of all is, the sweet peace of mind which our ever to be adored God is pleased to afford him. I often think of him when my dear Lord affords me access to himself; and sure I am that the union which exists between Christ and his dear family, and between them as one body in him, can never be broken. Let what bonds break what will, this is a bond that can never, no, never be broken. Indeed, those very storms and tempests which break in pieces other bonds, only tend, through the sweet teachings of God the Holy Ghost, to make manifest the unalterable nature and divine glory of the bond of the everlasting covenant.

You are right, in very deed you are right; for we only learn the glorious beauties of eternal realities through scenes of affliction,

either in body, mind, or estate, or in all put together; and these only tend to good purpose as God the Holy Ghost makes use of them as instruments in his glorious hands; "for no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

I can assure you that I have always been a hard learner, and have always stood in need of much discipline; but such is our dear Lord and Master that he is determined to teach, and teach to profit too. Honours crown his brow, he will bring us to his feet, yea, to his bosom, and cause us experimentally to feel that the sweetness of his lips increaseth learning. (Prov. xvi. 21.) He is determined to wean us from all false joys and false props, and make us sick of the world and of self, and bring us to cling to, twine round, and hang upon him, yea, and derive life, bliss, and blessedness from him, and so prove that we have all things in him. This being his fixed determination, therefore, if one lesson will not do, he will give another; and if a water lesson will not drown our fleshly hopes, he will give us a fire one, and so go on till we make him all and in all; and though flesh and blood may, at times, groan horribly under his tuition, he will not give up the point, but will bring us to see and feel that our afflictions have been but light, and only for a moment, and that they are very stout, industrious, and faithful servants. It is by this means that He works out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. But we only see, in reality, the utility of these faithful servants, as the blessed Spirit enables us to look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. While we are left to look at the things which common sense and flesh and blood can see, we want to discharge those faithful servants. Lord, what is man? O, my dear friend, I often think I am one of the greatest fools of all fools. A common worldling will prize a faithful servant, but so foolish am I that I often want to get rid of them; but when the blessed Spirit directs my eye of faith to the glories of Christ and the invisible realities of his glorious kingdom, I hug them in my bosom, and say, "It was well for me that I was afflicted." By these things men live, but there is no such a thing as a child of God living long together in this vain world without trials of one sort or other, and I am happy to find that my dear friend is no stranger to these things, and to those sweet visits when God tells his solemn secrets to the soul, and the soul tells its secrets to the Lord. Bless the Lord for a few close moments of solemn and secret intercourse with him! O the blessedness of that text, or rather the blessedness of the God of the text, and the sweet enjoyment of its contents: "For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock." Compared with the glorious enjoyment of these things, all the world, and all the vain show of a fleshly religion, are filth and dung.

The Lord bless you and your spouse with constant intercourse

with the Three-One Jehovah, by faith in the dear Redeemer, under the sweet unction of God the Holy Ghost.

Give my love to brother M—. Tell him that I do at times rejoice with him, and thank our dear Lord for him, trusting that he will still continue to bless him with his dear presence.

Give my love to all the friends. I hope, as a church of our dear Lord, they enjoy his love, and live to his glory. The Spring Head of all blessings be with you all. Amen.

Yours in the Lord,

Manchester, March 9, 1830.

W. G.

“I LOOKED FOR HELL, HE BROUGHT ME HEAVEN.”

My dear Friend,—Hearing yesterday from my dear husband that you were in a very low place, I felt a great desire to write to you, and tell you how gracious the Lord has been (as I have thought) to my soul of late. If my feelings have been delusion, I wish not to retain them; but if they have been of the power and operation of God's Spirit, I want to hold them; nay more, somewhat of the remembrance of them being left, I keep saying to the Lord, “Do return; let me but touch the hem of thy garment, and I shall be satisfied.” But alas! my friend, I am such a vile polluted wretch! Surely if I am the Lord's, there are not many quite so abandoned to sin as myself! But I will tell you, before the devil takes all my good feelings away, (for he has so many times told me that the things I have enjoyed have been of his making and are delusion,) although I feel still weak in body, and hardly capable of the task of writing, yet as I still hold a little of the sweetness, I will try and tell you, as honestly as I can, how the Lord has dealt with me of late. The Lord knows all things. I would be honest if I could, for I know that the eye of a holy, awful, heart-searching God is upon me, a God who has been very terrible to my feelings, ever since I have known him and experienced a gracious deliverance from him. I remember that I once talked with him as I never talked with mortal living, for indeed it was as though heaven was brought down to me. I had entered Jesus' wounded side, and his kingdom was set up in my soul. Fool that I then was, I thought I was soon to die, and be with him at once; but instead of this, I was not only to live in this dark world, but I was to be delivered over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, yes, flesh that had grown as proud as the devil in hell, and a heart which has been left many times painfully to feel itself to be the seat of many devils. The judgments of God are also continually set up in my soul. Three months at a time have I been made, with little intermission, to feel as though God would at some time, if he did not do it then, hang me up, as it were, a spectacle to men and devils of what a false apostate was, a deceitful worker, whose deeds should be made manifest. Once, indeed, as I was riding along, I was told that I was a child of the devil, an enemy of all righteousness, and I felt it was my case, and such an awful truth too, that I expected to see the horse and all buried in the deep river at the foot of the hill we were

then descending, and this was after I had tasted what I fully believed to be a foretaste of heaven. All I can say about it is, with Hart, that my contemplations of Christ had been such that I would ask on earth no happier lot, and hope the like in heaven. But to return; for I have sadly strayed away, and written to you in and out, and anyhow.

For some time past my health has been failing. As the friends have told you what I have gone through, I shall not enter into particulars; but I will just say that I had a fright from the cow some weeks ago, which most probably was the commencement, and that occurred sometime before I was laid up. From the day that you met dear Mr. — at our house the Lord began to give me some melting of soul, some feeling in reading his word, and great calmness in thinking that he was going to bring about an event which, for laying me low in body, and effectually injuring my constitution, I dreaded nothing so much on earth. With it, too, I feared that the Lord would leave me in darkness of soul; and I thought this the more as I had told my dear husband more than once before Christmas that I should soon now be brought into captivity. In preparation for the darkness and distress of soul which I thought the Lord had in store for me, I got on with my little children's clothes, as I knew that when shut up in the prison-house I could not do anything, either spiritual or temporal. But see, my dear friend, how different the Lord's thoughts were respecting me, thoughts of good and not of evil. The day came, and I was favoured with unusual calmness; in a word, I was feelingly in God's hand, and "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Nature fainted, and I was now brought lower in my feelings than ever. I asked the Lord if he was about to take me, and whether I should be with himself. I felt a holy, calm solemnity, and that one blast of the breath of his nostrils would launch me in eternity. It was a solemn moment; my idols vanished into nothing; my beloved husband was nothing; my dear five children were nothing; heart and flesh were failing. I was earnest with God to know if I should be with himself; for nothing but himself would satisfy me.

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress,"

was spoken to my soul. I spoke them in reply; the words were given to me; they were *mine*.

O my friend, I can tell you nothing of that state; it was too bright, too heavenly, too spotless for me to say anything now of its loveliness. The feeling sense of what it was to call it mine has now passed away; and I can only say that although, as Hart says, we think we know something of the value of the blood and righteousness of Jesus, we know almost nothing of it; indeed, how can such polluted wretches know it, except as the Holy Ghost is pleased to display a little of it? It is enough that I felt that I was all fair, that there was no spot in me. My dear husband came up shortly to my bedside, and asked me how I was. I said I was very well, and told him a little of what I felt, that I was all fair, that there was no spot in me. He seemed to feel something of the power of it, as afterwards he said to me,

"I know something of the darkness you have been through, but I know nothing of the feelings you now enjoy. As my body was still in great pain, the doctor thought it better to remain near for some hours after; but really the time was so sweet to me, that I could not believe it was yet night, at which time I was brought through the worst, yet I can truly say that I had the Lord's arms underneath me and around me from three in the afternoon; so that pain was not only sweet to me then, but the remembrance of it is sweet to me now. Yes, I can do all things, or can bear all sufferings, if my Lord be there. I have been favoured since with some solemnity, and yesterday morning I think I read with some feeling, and was allowed some nearness of access in prayer, so that I was enabled to lay my besetting and grievous sins before God with an awe and earnestness of soul that I have not been favoured with for a long time. How soon I shall get into darkness again I cannot say, for the times and the seasons knoweth no man. All I know is, that for some months I have looked forward, in my feelings, expecting to be brought into hell, instead of which the Lord brought me a taste of heaven, which I desire to tell you of, to the honour of his everlasting name, to which name, wretch as I am, I desire to ascribe all honour, and to crown him Lord of all for ever and for ever.

I will just add one line more, for I must tell you that your preaching has of late been very profitable to me. I have had great searchings of heart, and have been left without a foot to stand on; indeed the religion you have talked about has been so powerful that it has cut me up, root and branch, yet I have believed it to be the very truth of God, and I would not have it altered, however low I may be brought under it.

My dear husband's love and mine to you and your dear wife.
Yours, though very unworthily, yet sincerely,

Westhall, January, 1841.

A. P.

IS IT WELL WITH ME?

My dear Friend,—According to promise I have taken up my pen to inform you that I have declined going to C—, because I could not see my way there. I should have felt more satisfied about it if I could have known more clearly the will of the Lord. This seems to be withheld from me at present, and I cannot feel my mind at all reconciled to go unless I have a very particular satisfaction that it is of the Lord that I should go, and this I have never felt. The nearer the time came the more averse was my mind to go, as I could not feel it right to be the means of disturbing the cause and people of God, neither could I endure the thought of being separated from them, as I would rather choose, with Moses, to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the good things of this life, which we know is only a very short season when compared with eternity. Although this is the desire of my mind, yet something at this moment tells me that if a day of trial were to come on the church, I should shrink at the thought of enduring affliction, according to my

present feelings, for I am at such an uncertainty with regard to my state that I seem to go on from day to day without one evidence that I am born of God; yet I cannot enjoy any company but that of those whom I believe are really taught of God, and led by him in his own way. I feel so very dark, and dead, and barren, and unfruitful, that it is almost impossible, according to my feelings, that ever grace can dwell in my heart, for I seem to know nothing about living a life of faith on the Son of God, or growing in grace and in the knowledge of Him whom to know is life eternal. It is said "they shall grow up as calves of the stall;" and again, "they shall go on from strength to strength." Instead of this I seem to get weaker in every way; weaker in faith, and weaker in confidence. With regard to my first deliverance, I read of others seeing him whom they have pierced, and mourning for him, and so on, when the Lord delivered them. This sinks me afresh, as I cannot make my deliverance out, and yet, with respect to the law, I seem as if I can go with them in being killed to all hope but in the sovereign, free, unmerited mercy of God, and in this alone could I rejoice when delivered from that state. You will say this is the old story, but you must have what is on the mind, or nothing. I really feel so contrary to what I ought to feel and what I should like to feel, that it is impossible to describe the worst of it; and the Lord only knows how it will end, for I know not. Instead of bringing forth fruit unto God, I seem to be full of everything contrary; and what is worse than all, I am often so unconcerned about it that it would appear at times as if I had no soul to be saved. O my friend, how lamentable are these things! If the Lord would be pleased to lay eternal things with power on my mind, and make earthly things vanish, what a mercy it would be! He alone can do it; for I may indeed say,

" I cannot form a good desire,
If all the world to me was given;
Nor can I to a wish aspire,
If one good wish would purchase heaven."

O my friend, what helpless creatures we are, and how hopeless would our case be, were it not that God changes not, nor knows the shadow of turning; "he is of one mind, and none can turn him." I do not wish to put my puny arm to the work, for it is matchless condescension in him who is Infinite to take notice of finite, polluted, sinful, backsliding wretches, such as I am.—I remain, your affectionate friend,

O—, August, 1841.

A. W.

RESTORATION.

Messrs. Editors,—I beg to hand you the copy of a letter enclosed to me last summer by a friend, who had received it a few days before from a person whom I knew at B— in the year 1819 or 1820. He came there just as I was leaving for another part of the country, and was at that time blind and ignorant. Some time after I left, the dear friend above-mentioned, who still resided there, wrote me the follow-

ing account of the arrest of this young man by Divine justice. One Lord's day he called upon my friend at the Sunday school, who, after having dismissed the children, read to him a portion of the Pilgrim's Progress, rather than walk out with him as he desired. When he arrived at the part describing the man shut up in the iron cage, this young man cried out, "I am that man, or that is my case!" From this time he appeared to be in deep concern for his soul, and became very anxious to have the company and conversation of my friend. There being no spiritual ministry at B—, they went together to the Baptist Chapel at P— B—, where the young man seemed to get some relief. I recollect visiting B— a little before this, and he told me that he would rather be a mud scraper than stand behind the counter. This I took to be a tenderness of conscience produced by the blessed fear of God, as I hoped that eternal life and light had entered his soul. His conduct now became very exemplary, and he was baptized, and admitted into the society of the church. I looked on, and admired, but could not myself get on quite so fast. Two or three years afterwards he commenced business on his own account, and married a worldly woman. Soon after this he disgracefully fell, and remained in his fallen state nearly 20 years, as he acknowledges in the enclosed. He also therein relates how he was raised again to hope, and by what means.

It is a most blessed sight to behold a prodigal returning, famished and broken-hearted; and the Father, while his bowels yearn over him, saying, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found;" commanding the servants to bring the fatted calf and to kill it, that his son might be fed, and the ring and the shoes, that he might be clothed; that there might be that blessed merriment in the soul produced by the proclamation of pardon, peace, and reconciliation, even the voice of thanksgiving and melody.

"His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,
And threw his arm around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

'Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.'

I am, Messrs. Editors, a lover of truth in the inward parts, though an outcast from some people whose conduct and actions speak the language of the Pharisees of old, when they said, "Thou wast altogether born in sins. Dost thou teach us? And they cast him out."

Yalding, Kent, February, 1842.

A HUNTINGTONIAN.

(COPY.)

Dear Sir,—I have been a madman for about twenty years. But by the blessing of God I was recommended by an acquaintance of mine to hear a minister of the grace of God at Zion Chapel, which I did on Tuesday evening last, and God was pleased to bless the means he employed in bringing me to the foundation of the gospel by opening to me the sinner's hope and confidence, even

Jesus Christ the righteous, the accepted of the Father, and the only hope of a sinner. The cause I have for praise and thanksgiving I cannot here express. It appears that my heavenly Father had so hedged up my path that, with all my sins, I could not pass over nor get beyond the power of his grace. What a father of lies the devil has been to me by persuading me so long that I had committed the unpardonable sin! But, thanks be to God, he has now enabled me by faith to lay hold of the gospel of Christ, the freeness of his grace, and the mighty power of God to bring sinners out of darkness into the liberty of the children of God. It does my heart good to feel the fulness of his free grace. Ask Mr. — how he likes this. I heard say that he considered me a lost man. So might I be considered if you look at my past conduct; but may he and you be made to feel as I now do. There is hope for the vilest sinner on earth; no one need despair; I have been made to hope against hope. I am satisfied now that Jesus Christ would not have been revealed to me so long since in the manner he was, if it had not been that God knew what I was about to go through, for that has been my support. I have often thought that

"If Jesus did once upon me shine,
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

I shall not say any more at present, but will see you the first opportunity. Yours,
July 24, 1841.

INQUIRY.

Messrs. Editors,—In your *Standard* of this month I observe an answer to the inquiry, "Should children be taught to pray?" As having children myself, the answer and comment will certainly be of use to me; it appears to me, and I collect that your opinion coincides with that view, that children should have the truth set before them faithfully by those who have the care of them, but should not be taught to pray, which, as unconverted individuals, they cannot do in the Spirit.

But I feel an awkwardness in leading my family prayers. I do not believe that any one, besides myself, in the family, has experienced any work of grace, and I do find most amazing difficulty in shaping my prayers; not in asking the common blessings for a time state, (which I sincerely believe several of the family can join in seeking, from a conviction that the mercies of God alone can supply those blessings,) but in asking, in common with those who kneel with me, many of those blessings which I conceive it to be my privilege to pray for, and which I cannot think *they can desire*. I have no doubt that many, many others are placed in the same dilemma, if I may be allowed so to call it; and feel assured that a word on the subject, either from yourselves, or from some of your experienced correspondents, may be of great use to those who are placed in a similar situation. Verily, I am often in great straits on this account, lest I should restrain prayer before God, &c., and fear others are as much exercised on this subject as I am.

London, March 9, 1842.

A. S. J.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The Long-Suffering of the Lord: being the Substance of Two Sermons preached in the Baptist Chapel, St. George's Road, Manchester. By W. Gadsby.—J. Gadsby, Manchester; R. Groombridge, London. Price 3d.

There are, doubtless, heights and depths in experience, into which all the elect and heaven-taught family of God are not led. The child of Jeroboam, (1 Kings xiv. 13,) and the saved thief on the cross could not have had revealed to them all that was shown to David or to Paul. They knew sin and they knew salvation; but the depths of the one and the heights of the other could have been, in their time-state, but imperfectly known to them.

Such, however, is not the case with "the long-suffering of the Lord." This is a branch of experience known to all the quickened elect. Not but that there are degrees of spiritual knowledge even on this point; not but that an experience of the long-suffering of God runs parallel with the experience of all his other gracious and glorious attributes. But what we mean to convey is, that many of God's quickened children, who can enter but little into the vital experience of his love, can feelingly enter into a sense of his long-suffering. It runs backward over the days of past unregeneracy and death in sin; it runs side by side with present feelings of wretched backsliding and idolatry; and it runs forward into the future as laid up in the bosom of Jehovah for innumerable transgressions yet to come. Here meet on common ground the babe, the little child, the young man, and the father in Christ. The newly-quickened sinner and the aged saint can here unite in singing one harmonious strain; and, when touched with a feeling sense of it in their souls, can mingle their tears, their only strife being which is the more indebted to it.

We are glad, therefore, that our highly-esteemed friend Mr. Gadsby has taken up this sweet theme, and brought to it an experience of fifty years, not one day of which has been without a display of the long-suffering of God towards him, though *then* only felt by him as such when manifested in his soul by God the Holy Ghost.

It rejoices our heart to see our venerable friend bringing forth fruit in his old age, and so far removed from that hard and presumptuous tone into which so many preachers and writers that advocate the doctrines of grace are fallen. There is in his ministry no setting up the doctrine of *claim*, nor using the spiritual blessings that God has blessed the church with in Christ Jesus as so many battering rams to break to pieces all tenderness of spirit, compunction, godly sorrow, brokenness of heart, and self loathing. No; W. Gadsby has not learnt experience in the school of doctrine, but doctrine in the school of experience. His head is clear and sound, but not at the expense of his heart; nor has he been puffed up by all the acceptance he has for many years met with, and doubtless we may add, by all the flattery too, so as to forget he is a sinner, or stand elated on some

doctrinal pinnacle, out of the sight and out of the reach of any who knows his own grief and his own sore.

The life of God in the soul is to religion what natural life is to the human body. Without it, it is a loathsome carcase, a disgusting nuisance. Lace and embroidery may decorate the corpse, velvet and gilt nails may adorn the coffin, and the ostrich plumes may wave proudly over the hearse; but "bury it out of my sight" is the feeling of the fondest survivor. So with a letter religion; it stinks under all its embroidery to living nostrils, though "the dead, who know not anything," (Eccles. ix. 5,) are as insensible to its odour as the inhabitants of the churchyard to that of their fellow-corpse. William Gadsby's religion has lived through the storms of fifty years, and we believe will live throughout all eternity. Many must he have seen fall around him on the right hand and on the left; some into damnable errors, others into flagrant sins; some into awful presumption, and others into no less awful despair; some given up to believe a lie, and others to hold truth in unrighteousness; some who, years ago, whilst yet in their greenness, withered before any other herb, and others still remaining, but as trees twice dead, plucked up by the roots. And we doubt not that sometimes, in taking a view of the past, he is almost ready to say with Job's messengers, "And I only am escaped alone to tell thee." And now, on the verge of eternity, he does not come forward with any boasting of his having done this and that for the Lord, but hides his face with confusion and shame as an unprofitable servant. The circle of fifty years' experience brings him to the spot from which he set out—a debtor to free grace, a pensioner on divine alms, a monument of "the long-suffering of the Lord." Blessed, blessed spot! here, as in a consecrated place, "a garden enclosed," all the living family may meet to drink at the "fountain sealed;" as far from the hardened dry Calvinist as from the proud Arminian, as secure from the intrusion of the licentious Antinomian as of the boasting Pharisee.

The bold *claimers* who ride roughshod over every tender feeling in the soul, can know nothing experimentally of "the long-suffering of the Lord," though indebted to it for the very breath which they puff against it. They will, therefore, perhaps be surprised that such a champion for the eternal covenant should dwell so much on an attribute of Jehovah that can only be made manifest during a time state. But "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him;" and Mr. Gadsby, having tasted the sweetness of the Lord's long-suffering as a part of this secret, has brought it forth for the benefit of the church of God. Let the claimers stand upon their Mount Gilboa where there is neither dew nor rain; be it our happier lot to be led to the still waters of manifested mercy.

It is our feeling of union with the subject that Mr. Gadsby has so experimentally and ably handled that has led us to draw out our remarks on it to a perhaps unreasonable length. We read the experimental part, that is, about eight-tenths of it, with much sweetness and savour, and we could have wished that the whole had been experimental from first to last; for, in spite of all our esteem and affection

for Mr. Gadsby, (and we can honestly say there lives not a man or minister whom we esteem more,) we must say that one thing did alloy our satisfaction—we mean the political allusions under the first head. Our objection is to politics of every kind in the pulpit. Whatever be our feelings on these exciting subjects, let us leave them outside our chapel doors. They shall never enter into the pages of the *Standard*, at least with our present feelings, and we have determined to resign all our connection with it sooner than suffer them to be introduced in any shape or form. As editors we have no politics. "Let the potsherders strive with the potsherders of the earth." Let none mistake us. We blame Mr. Gadsby, not for the side he has taken in the pulpit, but for taking it into the pulpit at all; and yet we would desire to make for him every allowance. Surrounded as he is with such a mass of suffering, we can hardly wonder that his sympathising heart overflows, and that his lips give vent to what he sincerely feels; but to carry his natural feelings into the pulpit, and make that spot, solely devoted to spiritual things, a place to discuss a mere political subject, is what we cannot approve. Ministers who have not his grace will readily follow his example; and thus our chapels might soon become arenas of political conflict.

We could not forbear, however unwillingly, to touch upon this tender point; and if our remarks pain Mr. Gadsby's friends, let them be assured it pains us to make them as much as it can them to read them. Nay, so unwilling have we felt to say any thing to Mr. Gadsby's prejudice, that it has been a trial to our mind to review his work. Our conscience demanded faithfulness, our personal affection for him called out for a suppression of any expression of blame. If the feeling of faithfulness has prevailed, we trust that the feeling of affection will have been visible in the way that we have spoken.

As many of our readers will no doubt procure the work, we shall content ourselves with one extract, which seems to us as original as it is sweet and experimental:

"We imagine, whilst in this state of mind, that we cannot meet a child of God any where but in one of these two places, as though there was no spiritual experience between the most awful distress and horror of mind, and the most glorious manifestations of God's love and loveliness, and the liftings up of the light of his countenance in the soul. We may rest assured that such a frame of mind is certain in the end to bring upon us barrenness of soul. But while this cursed principle of pride vamps us up, if a poor dejected sinner comes to us, who in some measure feels his lost condition, and confesses that his sins are against a just, and holy, and good God, and that he really feels wretched because of his transgressions, fearing that the Lord will not have mercy upon him, perhaps, instead of affectionately inquiring how he was brought into this state of mind; what have been his struggles under it; how he feels in secret between God and his own soul; whether he has indeed been brought to tremble at the word of God, and to feel that the Lord would be holy, just, and good if he were to cut him off and send him to hell; whether his self-strength is gone and his self-hope rooted up; whether he has felt his heart sicken under a feeling sense of hope deferred; whether he feels real shame before God, and confesses his sins unto him, and cries for mercy when no eye seeth him but the Lord; whether he can live at ease and in carelessness, or whether he is obliged to sigh and groan for mercy when he is not able to speak; whether all his attempts to

help himself give him help, or leave him more helpless; whether he has ever thought of giving up all concern about eternal things, and at times felt awful rebellion against God because he is so wretched, and afterwards been made to tremble at his own feelings, and to sigh for mercy; whether these attempts to give up all concern about eternal things have made him more easy, or ended in deeper distress of soul; whether he ever feels any little power in addressing the Lord, or feels any gleam of hope spring up in his mind, and if so, what the ground of that hope is; whether he has ever any brokenness of spirit or melting of heart before the Lord; whether he now and then meets with a little encouragement, and if so, what that encouragement arises from; whether in very deed he believes the statement God has made in his word of his holiness and the creature's unholiness, of his goodness and the creature's baseness, of his greatness and strength and the sinner's weakness and helplessness; I say, instead of endeavouring to draw forth the real feelings of the soul, like drawing water out of a deep well, we begin at once and say, 'O have you ever been in hell? Have you felt the wrath of God and the horrors of the damned in your own soul? Have Satan and you been at close quarters, and, with your mind almost driven to distraction, have you felt as if you could dethrone God, if it were in your power?' These, and many other such hard questions we perhaps put to him, and then, with a kind of exulting spirit, say, 'I have been there, and what do you think of such a state as that? You appear to know very little of any thing real yet;' and thus we at once hang a padlock upon the lips of the poor broken-down soul, and we send him away in great heaviness. Indeed, he is so cast down by our hard questions, that he is almost afraid to speak with us again, and we are ready to exult in the depth of our own experience, and say to ourselves, 'I have given him a settler.' Or if we meet with one of the Lord's family who speaks a little of his distress and of the Lord's kindness towards him, how he has been brought to feel and confess his vileness, and of the little intimations of mercy he has felt in his soul under a sweet melting faith and feeling of the love of Christ to poor sinners, having felt a little of this love shed abroad in his heart, and had just enough of faith in Christ to view a measure of his beauty, love, and loveliness, and been enabled to say, 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief;' or, 'Lord, thou knowest that I love thee; grant me power feelingly to say, 'My Lord and my God;' let me feel the power of thy pardoning mercy, and truly believe in, and cast all my care upon thee;' instead of endeavouring to trace, and draw forth the various movements of the Holy Ghost in him, and his goings out in hope, faith, and love towards the Lord, under the teachings of the Spirit, and so encourage his faith and hope in the Lord, we begin upon high ground at once, and say, 'Can you feelingly say, without any doubt, 'The Lord loved me, and gave himself for me?' Have you ever felt your burden of guilt removed by the powerful application of the atonement to your conscience, and, by a glorious faith in Christ, had your soul carried up into heaven, and had such soul-realizing views and feelings of the love and glory of God, and your interest therein, as to be lost in wonder, love, and praise? or have you ever been baptized by the Spirit into the love and blood of Christ, and found yourself bathing there, as in an ocean of mercy and grace, and been brought in spirit and in truth to say, 'O Lord, thou art my God. I will exalt thee; I will praise thy name, for thou hast done wonderful things; thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth?' (Isa. xxv. 1.) Thus we appear as if we had no feeling for the weak in faith, or the babes of the family of God; and while this is the case, we may rest assured that we are not in the sweet enjoyment of these blessed things in our own souls; for though we once enjoyed them, we have backslidden from that blessed freedom with the Lord, and the temptations of the devil and the pride of our old nature have carried us away, to take advantage of the Lord's wonderful kindness towards us, to vamp us up with exalted views of our own experience and attainments; and thus we insult the blessed Spirit, and, in some measure, despise the poor, feeble, faint-hearted mourners in Zion."

POETRY.

THE ELECT HELD FAST.

Th' elect stand fast, from first to last, Some who have known his dying love,
 From death and endless woe, Like me, I dare to trow
 Though every tempest, storm, and blast; Have sought destruction, but in vain;
 Grace will not let them go. Grace would not let them go.

Grace held them fast when Adam fell; Rebellion oft will rise within,
 Yea, when to God a foe, And we no love can know;
 Their life was hid with Christ in God; But when we would to Egypt turn,
 Grace would not let them go. Grace will not let us go.

And when they ran the downward road, God's is an everlasting love,
 And sought destruction so, Its depths there's none can show;
 They strove in vain to damn their souls, It holds us fast, from first to last;
 Grace would not let them go. Grace will not let us go.

The league they made with death and sin Dear brethren, I in vain may try
 Did Jesus overthrow; God's sov'reign love to show;
 And, though our sins deserved it well, For when I would give up my all,
 Grace would not let them go. Grace will not let me go.

When trembling on the brink of hell, Dear Lord, protect thy chosen flock,
 With ghastly Death below, For whom thy blood did flow;
 And fearful lest we there should dwell, And tho' th' insulting Ishmaels mock,
 Grace would not let us go. Thou wilt not let them go.

Waying, Essex, Dec., 1841. J. H.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

Psalm lxi. 2.

When my heart is o'erwhelmed with grief, This Rock was once smitten so deep,
 To thee, O my God, make me cry; His streams they will never run dry;
 Lead me from the ends of the earth, He's meat and he's drink to his sheep,
 To the Rock that is higher than I. This Rock that is higher than I.

Lord, lead me from this barren place, My conscience to purge from all guilt,
 Where cisterns and springs are all dry: Blest Spirit, his blood then apply;
 I pant for the streams of thy grace, It brings me quite near him when felt—
 Thou Rock that art higher than I. The Rock that is higher than I.

A suitable Rock unto me; The prophets that spake of his fame,
 From him I get all my supply; From him they drew all their supply;
 His grace and his gifts are all free,— I feel he is Jesus the same,
 The Rock that is higher than I. The Rock that is higher than I.

Sometimes my poor heart feels so hard, My soul can speak well of this Rock;
 I scarcely can heave up a sigh, This Stone laid in Zion to try,
 Nor lift mine eye upwards toward Hath held me in many a shock—
 The Rock that is higher than I. This Rock that is higher than I.

Whatever freewillers may think, When justice for guilt did condemn,
 I now can do nothing but cry, And said for my sins I must die,
 "Lord, stretch out thine arm, or I sink, Who was it the torrent did stem?
 Thou Rock that art higher than I." The Rock that was higher than I.

I want to be saved from myself; My soul would have sunk without him,
 My heart full of plagues makes me cry, No other his place could supply;
 "Lord Jesus, draw nigh to my help, 'Twas he bore my hell and my sin—
 Thou Rock that art higher than I." The Rock that is higher than I.

O sweet and encouraging thought! He said he would lead by the way,
 On purpose to bring my soul nigh, And promised to guide with his eye.
 The Rock of all ages was smote, Help me to believe thee, I pray,
 And made so much lower than I. Thou Rock that art higher than I.

Ye tempest-toss'd souls, then, cheer up; If thou art once fix'd on this Rock,
 Ho! all ye that thirst, come draw nigh; My soul then for thine if thou die.
 Salvation he gives in his cup, He's both David's stem and his stock,
 My Rock that is higher than I. This Rock that is higher than I.

If you cannot walk he will lead, And when thou'rt in Jordan's fierce
 And if you don't drink you must die; stream,
 Draw near, and I wish you God speed This Rock then will bear thee on high
 From the Rock that is higher than I. For ever to sing unto him,
 The Rock that is higher than I.

Devon, March 10, 1842.

W. D.

GLEANING.

Unless you lay the whole stress of the salvation of your souls upon the merits of another man, namely, Jesus, that by what he did, and is doing without you, for certain, as sure as God is in heaven, your souls will perish. And this must not be notionally neither, as with assenting of the understanding only; but it must be by the wonderful, invisible, invincible power of the Almighty God, working in your souls, by his Spirit, such a real, saving, holy faith, that can, through the operation of the same Spirit by which it is wrought, lay hold on, and apply the most heavenly, most excellent, most meritorious benefits of the man Christ Jesus; not only to your heads and fancies, but to your very souls and consciences so effectually, that you may be able, by the same faith, to challenge the power, madness, malice, rage, and destroying nature either of sin, the law, death, the devil, together with hell, and all other evils, throwing your souls upon the death, burial, resurrection, and intercession of that man Jesus.—*Bunyan.*

ERRATUM.

In page 141 of our last No., the two paragraphs commencing "In the midst of these things," and "We do not believe," &c., were, through the carelessness of the compositor, misplaced. They should have been inserted before the second note at the bottom of the said page. The first note will then read as follows:

"We think this tendency in Mr. Tant's mind to ingenious interpretations is evident from several passages in the above sermon, and especially in the spiritualization that he has given of Joshua's miracle:

"In the midst of these things the wrath of the Lord is revealed, 'as in the valley of Gibeon.' There 'the sun stood still, and the moon stayed' of old; and in this stage of a sensible sinner's experience, the sun spiritually stands still upon Gibeon, (*the hill or cup*) showing the sinner only the mountain of his guilt, and the cup of God's fury, which he deserves to drink; and the moon is also stayed in the valley of Ajalon, (*strength*.) that is, faith, which derives all its light from the sun, is held by the strength of law and justice, and can apprehend God in his law, but not in his gospel."

"We do not believe that any such mystical interpretation was intended. There is very little evidence that Gibeon means 'a cup;' 'a hill' is its signification as given in the best lexicons. Ajalon signifies rather 'a deer pasture' than 'strength;' but nothing is more fallacious and less admissible than an interpretation founded on the meaning of the Hebrew words, especially in the names of places, nearly all of which were given them by the old Canaanitish idolatrous nations, whose language was the same as that of the children of Israel. Before we can found a spiritual interpretation on any such name as Gibeon, we must prove that the Holy Ghost inspired the Canaanites to name their cities with a view to Christian experience."

Then, after the words "and ranges farther," seventh line in the same page, the remainder of the large print should have followed, reading thus:

"We by no means intend to convey by the preceding remarks that Mr. Tant has been running this headlong chase. He has indeed, we think, a strong spice of this Nimrod spirit, and ranges farther afield than suits our perhaps colder and duller taste. Yet we will let him speak for himself, and thus allow our readers to judge for themselves.

"On reading the title," &c.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 79.

JULY, 1842.

VOL. VIII.

THE LORD'S PEOPLE NEITHER FORGOTTEN NOR
FORSAKEN.

"For the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake; because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people." (1 Sam. xii. 22.)

When dead in trespasses and sins, I could stoutly defend the doctrines of eternal election, particular redemption, &c., and in many controversial contests have I been engaged with Arminians. I have since discovered, through divine teaching, that there is an infinite difference between a notional and an experimental assent to these great truths. I have, therefore, little inclination to enter into such disputes, for the sake of abstract argument; but would rather follow the example of the blessed Lord Jesus, as given in John iii. 2, where, when Nicodemus came unto him with this plausible profession: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him," instead of pronouncing a high encomium on the good sense and deep penetration of Nicodemus, (as is common with man, especially in these degenerate days,) the dear Redeemer immediately introduced the subject of the new birth, insisting upon its necessity and vitality, saying, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," (John iii. 3,) which at once exposed the nature, state, and spiritual ignorance of this pharisee and master in Israel. Yes, conscience-felt condemnation and conscience-felt justification are the tests by which to try all talkers about sacred truths, and to ascertain whether their faith and knowledge are real and saving, or false and speculative.

There is a blessed soul-realization of the doctrines of the everlasting gospel, of which every one taught of God the Spirit is enabled at times to speak, and to set to his seal that they are not the "doctrines of men," (Col. ii. 22,) but "of God our Saviour," (Titus ii. 10,) "according to godliness." (1 Tim. vi. 3.) I speak with confidence here, for I know that this assertion is true, having been graciously favoured with a fresh evidence of it. And in what way? O, in just the same as all former gracious favours have been bestowed—sovereign, unmerited, undeserved, yea, often unlooked for and unsought for, as was the case in the present instance. Carnal reason and unbelief were making much havoc in my soul, and were seemingly prevailing, for there was no groaning under their pressure, no sighs at their attack, nor heart-felt cries to be relieved from their grasp. Notwithstanding, the Lord appeared for me; in an instant, my thoughts and affections were raised upwards; they even entered within the veil, "whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made a high priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec." (Heb. vi. 20.) Then carnal reasoning was gone, unbelief vanished, sin removed, Satan fled, the world out of sight—all were gone; faith was given me to believe; and strength to lay hold of this blessed promise, which came into my mind, though I never before took particular notice of the words, for I did not know where to find them in the Bible: "The Lord will not forsake his people." I felt the reality of the truth which these words import in my heart, namely, the saints' final perseverance. Surely this was a precious testimony of its truth; and this is the method which it has pleased the Lord to adopt to establish my mind in the doctrines of his written word. But what an indescribable mercy to be visited in this sovereign way! I feel a pleasure in thus recording the Lord's matchless kindness, and while I am constrained to do so, I must likewise confess my own unworthiness. If he were to deal with me after my sins, and reward me according to my iniquities, (Ps. ciii. 10,) banishment would be my portion, and no sweet reception; despair, and no hope; frowns, and no smiles. I am positive at this moment that the "Lord will not forsake his people," though they are encompassed with infirmities, and that his love, purpose, and grace cannot be affected by anything that can arise from within or without his called children. The Holy Ghost has brought me to this conclusion again and again; it is soul-supporting and encouraging. May he still bring me to this spot, for it reveals unto me that eternal and indestructible union which exists between Christ and his members, the church. It opens to my view the glory and stability of the covenant of grace; it proclaims in my experience the immutability and faithfulness of God the Father, the completeness of the work of God the Son, and the unceasing operations of God the Spirit; it endears unto me a full redemption and free salvation; and thrice blessed are the people interested herein, for though they pass through afflictions, persecutions, disappointments, cares, vexations, inward and outward conflicts, are overtaken at times by dark providences, and the Lord's dealings appear mysterious, nevertheless they are not forsaken, though they may and do fear the contrary; and nothing can render their path to the celestial king-

dam impassable, for their Redeemer is mighty, "the Lord of Hosts is his name." He is their leader, and onward they must travel. They have no really retrograde movements. In cloudy seasons they think that they are going back or standing still, and not advancing; but when God breaks in again upon their souls, they see that they have still been pursuing. *They* have lost sight of their Conductor and Keeper, but *He* has not lost sight of them, nor can he, for he saith, "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." (Isa. xlix. 16.)

May the Lord God abundantly bless his dear scattered ones with his presence, and may a double portion of his Spirit rest upon those who, like the writer, with some brethren, are suffering reproach for the cause of experimental truth, and who, through the separating power of Jehovah's grace, dare to be honest, and boldly defend a revealed and enjoyed religion. The Lord makes his children upright and sincere; he gives them a tender conscience, and they are led to abhor deception and hypocrisy. Down with the general stream of profession they cannot glide, and God be praised for it. O that he would unite the hearts of his tried family, and give them strength amidst all difficulties to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," (Phil. iii. 14.) and enable them to say feelingly, "Behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high;" (Job xvi. 19;) and again, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day;" (2 Tim. i. 12;) and this will recompense for all opposition from the church or the world.

London.

G. T.

"THY LOVE IS BETTER THAN WINE."

My dear Friends,—I received your very kind letter, for which I am thankful. I assure you it often affords me pleasure to find that I have a place in the hearts of God's dear family; for next to union with my dear Lord and Master, I esteem union to his blood-bought, heaven-bound family. Among the blessings in which your soul delights you have also your sorrows, for both of which may you be thankful, since they are all tokens of our dear Lord's love, and a proof that he has not forgotten you. "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord." These are eventful times, but the dear children of God have no just cause to fear; for they are the special care of a covenant God, and he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. All things must work together for their real good. We enjoy a sweet and solemn frame of mind when we are enabled "to sing of mercy and judgment," and feelingly to say, "The Lord hath done and will still do all things well." What fools we are! at least, I can say, what a fool am I! Were I but wise enough always to act wisely, I should never want to mend the work of God, either in providence or in grace. But alas, alas! this is one of my crying crimes. The cursed pride of my heart is so frequently engaged in finding fault with God's ways, that I blush for shame,

and often wonder that the dear Lord puts up with my brutish ways; but, thanks to his lovely name, he knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are but dust. The matchless nature of his love passeth all understanding, and when his gracious Majesty is pleased to shed it abroad in our hearts, we are compelled to say that it is better than wine, stronger than death, and better than life; indeed, life without it is but death at best. The blessed enjoyment of this love sweetens all our cares, and makes death itself desirable. I can assure you that I am quite a mystery to myself, therefore I do not wonder at other people thinking me mad; for if my life depended upon it, I can not always keep my heart in a direct line with my head; for my judgment says that the Lord's ways are at all times righteous, but my poor heart often inquires how these things can be. But when my dear Lord is graciously pleased, in a manifestive way, to put on my court dress, (the Lord my righteousness,) and call me to court, and banquet me with some of the rich treasures of his heart, and show me his lovely face, and tell me some of his secrets, and draw me into his very bosom and heart, I feel a modest blush, a sacred joy, profound reverence, and holy triumph; and O what filth a fleshly religion then appears! then the language of my heart is, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

Well, my dear friends, a few more troubles, and a few more love visits from our dear Lord, and we shall be with and like our adorable Head. I was sorry to hear of your trials, but I thanked God for you and on your behalf, that you were in very deed in the Lord's path. Be assured all is well. I hope both you and your spouse, and our friend M—, will be enabled to cling to, twine round, and daily live in our dear Lord.

Give my kind love to brother M—, and tell him the union that I feel to him can never be dissolved. I know that he is in my heart, and what is infinitely more blessed still, he is in the heart of Christ. O the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of the love of Christ! Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! that we should be swallowed up in that indescribable, boundless sea of matchless glory. Well, well, so it is, and so our dear Lord would have it.

That God Almighty may bless you all, and keep you very near to himself at all times, and under all trials, and enable you sweetly to sing, "This God is my God for ever and ever; he will be my guide even unto death, and my eternal bliss and blessedness beyond death," is the prayer of yours in the Lord,

Manchester, Nov., 1630.

W. G.

MEAT TO EAT THAT THE WORLD KNOWETH NOT OF.

Dear Brother in the Lord of Life and Glory,—I find the Lord our God near and dear to me. We were under the law, under the curse, under sin, under the delusions of the world and the prince of darkness, under death; but there is One, mighty to save, who remembered

us in our low estate, and "His mercy endureth for ever." He came under the law, under the curse, under death, that he might destroy him that had the power of death; so that these destructive powers which have held us can hold us no more. Who can number the evils, who can measure the extent of misery, or fathom the depth of the woe from which an almighty Redeemer hath delivered us? Temporal deliverances and mercies are very great, yet they are but temporal, and are but for a moment, compared with eternal things. It is an experimental knowledge of what we are, and what salvation is that enables us to set our affections on things above. These are the things in which are all the delights of the Lord our God; and to be of one mind with him is to be conformed to the image of Christ, and thus be made to feel that we have meat to eat that the world knoweth not of; that we have treasures for which they care not; that we have heavenly endearments to which they are total strangers; that earth is merely our pathway, and heaven our home; that the kingdoms of this world are but floating islands, which will soon be lost in the ocean of eternity; that the kingdom of God cannot be moved; that it is impossible we should be better off than we are in and by Christ Jesus; that our nature is full of everything vile and abominable; that the least pretension whatever to anything good in the flesh would be downright hypocrisy and delusion, and an insult to God. Hell is our desert; shame and confusion of face our rights. We feel this, and know, well know that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy;" and mercy truly it is. How firmly, how unhesitatingly does he abide by us when all other things forsake us! What then to us can be so desirable as to abide by him? His name is good, his loving kindness is good, his gifts are good, and by him we have good things, not merely in profession, but in possession; blessings never to be lost, honours never to die; and we shall live and declare the works of the Lord.

In some of the towns round about M— where I have preached, how eagerly are the good tidings received. I preached last night twenty-four miles from M—, and truly solemn was the season. The word came with power to my own soul and to the souls of the people. How few, how very few about the country are favoured to preach the word with life and power, so true it is that "Narrow is the way, and few there be that find it."

May dear mercy enable us more and more to prize, to seek, and glory in the Lord of all.—Yours sincerely in the best bonds,

May 26, 1842.

J. W.

"THE BLOOD OF SPRINKLING."

My dear Brother,—Your letter did me good, for I had a sweet feeling upon my mind during most of the day afterwards. I am glad to tell you that I have had a little reviving of late, and that our gracious covenant God has not forgotten me, as my unbelieving heart and our common enemy have often suggested. For the last few months I have been for the most part in a very dark state of mind, (not that the

Lord suffered me to sink so low as to become feelingly under his "wrath and law;") but I have been very fearful that my leaving T—and coming here was not by the Lord's good will, (that it was by his permissive will cannot be denied, for nothing can happen or take place without divine permission,) and that, as I might have taken a wrong step, he had now left me to take the consequences. Things in providence have not gone well with me of late, and I have been much tried on account of it. For a day or two lately, things appeared to be in such a state as to quite sink my spirits, and all the enemies of my "righteous soul" seemed to gain the ascendancy over me. Murmuring, discontent, and rebellion rose to a dreadful pitch. I felt reckless and careless about every thing, and cared not what might become of me, such was my desperate wickedness. The highest pitch of it was about the time of day that I generally go up stairs, and endeavour to call upon the Lord; and it was suggested to me that the time was drawing on, but I felt determined to give up prayer, for it was of no use for such a wretch as I felt myself to be to attempt to pray. I mention these things with shame and confusion of face, after having felt so much of the Lord's mercy and kind dealings with my soul. *What monsters of iniquity are we, when left to ourselves, to sin so deeply against love and blood! It is grievous enough to be a law sinner when the sins are brought home upon the conscience, but how much more deeply does it cut when we are left to sin against manifested mercy! Well, when I got up stairs, and was shaving, it was suggested to me to use the razor in a horrid manner; but immediately after I felt a difference of feeling, a softness and tenderness springing up in me, and a something "prompting me to secret prayer." I was soon made willing to obey the heavenly voice, and I fell upon my knees, and exclaimed in words something like these; "O thou great and eternal God, how can, how dare such a wretch attempt to approach thee!" when the blessed Spirit led my soul to "behold the Lamb of God," and these words of Hart rushed suddenly into my mind, and I exclaimed,

"Can blood such horrid sins atone?

Yes, blood so rich as Thine!"

These words were no sooner uttered than my heart was broken to pieces; I felt again the mercy of the Lord, and all my sins were gone. O how my soul was melted with love and gratitude whilst my mind was fixed on Calvary! O what godly sorrow, that he

"Should devote that sacred head,

For such a wretch as I!"

What tears of sincere contrition ran down my cheeks whilst I was so signally blessed! What happiness can be like this, for God's mercy and man's misery to meet in a sinner's soul! My friend, I cannot describe what I know of religion better than our immortal poet has done in these words:

"Law and terrors do but harden,

All the while they work alone;

But a sense of blood-bought pardon

Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

I need scarcely say that the enjoyment I received much more than compensated me for what I thought I might lose with my sheep. I

feel no union with those who can talk of pardon and mercy, but have never been in previous trouble. Our friend T— said, a few days ago, that surely they must be the worst of hypocrites who can talk and believe that they are children of God, without having experienced the blood of Christ, or the Lord's pardoning mercy applied to their souls.

I must now break off. I was going to plead the usual apology, but I cannot think that you will consider this letter too long, as you always take a lively and affectionate interest in my soul's welfare. The savour of the blessed feelings which I have attempted to describe to you has in some measure left me, although I am not even now quite left alone.

I remain, my dear brother, yours affectionately and sincerely,

B—, April 7, 1842.

T. E. P.

“AFAR OFF UPON THE SEA.”

My dear Friend, (I would say, “dear Sister,” but I fear to make use of such an appellation, although I should like so to do; and the reason I do not, is, because I am afraid it will turn out to be wrong at the last with me)—I seem like one fast going backward. My religion appears all coming to an end. I want to be watchful and prayerful, but it is far from me; and I am gloomy, peevish and fretful, full of mistrust and unbelief. O! if I once more could get (if I ever had it) a real broken heart and contrite spirit, from a real feeling sense of the Lord's goodness, mercy, and salvation, how glad should I be to become a new creature, to be spoken unto by the Lord, and for the good Spirit to enter into me, and set me upon my feet, that I might hear him speak as did Ezekiel (ii. 2); and that he would say to me, “Come now, and let us reason together;” how I think I would give myself up to him, and acknowledge my crimson sins, and receive the remission which he gives in and through his dear Son! But it is not so; I am far, very far off. I am a poor, cold, most vile, and filthy wretch; and yet not wretched in that way that I would be. I want my heart to be made soft; I want to know that Christ is exalted as my Prince and my Saviour, to give me repentance and remission of my sins; I want to prove that he waiteth to be gracious to me; I want to be sorry for all my sins; I want to fall down experimentally, in real soul feeling, at his dear feet, as did poor Mary; I want not for him to say of me only that I am a great sinner pardoned, but to say to me, “Son, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee. I seem to vehemently want a soft heart, a tender conscience, and that I may walk in the fear of the Lord; I want to know that God is love, mercy, wisdom, power, and faithfulness; and I want to prove it in my own soul. I can prove it clearly enough in and by the word; and so can all to whom the gospel comes in word only. The Holy Spirit, speaking of vile sinners, says, (1 Cor. vi. 11,) “And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the

name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." What if I know clearly and speak freely of the former? it will not save me; I may go to hell after all. Nay, more, suppose I could see clearly, and speak according to the holy oracles of God about the latter, that would only be in word. I must have it for myself, or perish. I must be washed, sanctified, and justified in my own conscience, or be damned. These things, I am confident of it, cause me great searchings of heart. I tremble for myself and others. My feelings respecting the state and religion of some are truly painful.

I remember that, fifteen years ago and more, I was brought into great soul trouble, and tried to beg for mercy; and such an unaccountable softness of heart came upon me, and confession flowed so freely, together with such earnest supplication, that I felt astonished; and although I did not get what I wanted, yet such lively hope sprang up in my soul affliction, in having free mercy, unmerited mercy for its base, that I would not have exchanged it for the whole world; and I can say now that such hope and such soul exercise I would prefer beyond anything which I discover or hear from some who think that they have great faith,—those false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ; for the Lord will bring his people to know Jesus as a Saviour, by being first manifestly lost in soul feeling, and then experiencing his gracious saving arm; thus only will they know the meaning of what is written: "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." (1 Cor. xii. 3.)

But I do not want to make you uncomfortable. If you and I are made and kept poor, sensibly weak, foolish, naked, vile, and destitute, with a cry in the heart, we shall be heard and answered, and not despised; for "he heareth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners." O that it may prove at last that I am amongst them!

Since writing the above, I was called suddenly to witness a most solemn but shocking spectacle,—a poor woman who, whilst taking tea, must have fallen down dead over the fire. Her clothes were burned; and that part of her body nearest the fire was burned as black as a coal. The poor mortal doubtless had heard her doom, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," &c., while her body was burning. O, my friend, what a great mercy if my hope and yours is well grounded! O that our body, soul, and spirit, may be watched over, day and night, and preserved continually! It brings to my mind a circumstance that once happened to my dear wife. She had been sitting up for me; and when I had come in, she was just going to set something on the fire, when she fell, in some sort of fit, over the fire, and must have been burned to death, it would seem, if I had not been there. I wish my poor heart could but be rightly affected. I will sing of mercy and of judgment, if I ever can; I will, indeed I will. Base wretch that I am! how is it that I am alive? O! if I could feel as I would feel, my heart should dissolve. Why does not my heart cry out aloud, "It is of the Lord's mercy I am not, with all that appertaineth to me, con-

sumed?" Ah! in a gracious way, I want to add, "Because his mercy and compassion fail not."

Give, if it be real, my Christian love to your nearest and dearest earthly friend. Indeed, I want real things. May the Lord have mercy on us, to strip us of every covering that is not of his Spirit.

S. E.

UNDER-SHEPHERDS' FARE.

My dear Brother,—I thank you for your kind letter, and, like yourself, am truly glad that the war spirit has passed away, and peace is restored. I never was so sick of contention in my life as now. There is nothing worth contending for but God's truth and glory; but the devil, like a selfish lawyer, blows a blast upon our pride and self-consequence; self-defence starts up, attended with revenge and malice, till we are, like a drunken fool, determined to fight at all hazards; and those that try to extinguish these mad sparks are viewed as enemies or fools. The devil knows that the peaceful dove can find no rest for the sole of her foot in such a storm as this; and, were it not for Him that stills the raging of the sea, our foes would never suffer us to have a moment's peace. But it is wisely ordered that the under-shepherds should sometimes have a turn or two round the field, and be hunted, worried, torn, and tumbled by the black dog. It teaches them their weakness; what is in their hearts; that they need the chief Shepherd's constant care, instruction, keeping, and directing mercy, instead of amusing themselves by whipping those poor penitents, with dirty coats and groaning souls, who are cast in the furrow, and cannot get out until lifted out by Him who, "though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion, according to the multitude of his mercies." Grieving thorns sticking in with festering anguish, pricking briars dangling at our heels, our burden twice the usual weight, and our fleece soaked with mud and mire, fit us for the good Samaritan, who comes where such are, and manifests compassion to such sin-and-guilt-afflicted mourners; heals their wounds, restores their souls, and brings them back to his fold in peace. Then their cups run over in praise, and in love and gratitude to Him who loved them, and gave himself for them. And he will have his servants feel and manifest sympathy for such. If Peter had fulfilled his fair promise, no doubt he would have viewed the rest as a set of cowards, and that he alone deserved the name of a man of valour; but he must be shaken in Satan's sieve, and learn his cowardice, that he was capable of denying his Master with oaths and curses. His Lord looked on him, and broke his heart into penitence and sorrow; thus was he fitted to write to the church, and put things in their proper place, "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Yes, my brother, those that are of any use to feed "the flock of slaughter," must groan for it. It is a journey on foot for life, taking all weathers, night and day, up and down hill, with long tiresome flats, strewed with nets, pits, and snares; in season and out of season; whether encouraged or mor-

tified, strong or weak, healthy or sick, sleep or awake, received or rejected; through evil report and good report; through honour and dishonour; as dying, and, behold, we live. In all things we are instructed; and yet it seems unfeeling if we complain of the roughness of the way to be told, "You are of no use to us without it." But our Captain will encourage us with a little prize money now and then, and then we feel able and willing to run through a troop, or leap over a wall to serve Him, or those whom he loves.

Welwyn, Dec. 29, 1841.

D. S.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A PRIMITIVE DEACON.

Messrs. Editors,—I have sent you an extract from the works of Ephrem Syrus, Deacon of the Church of Edessa,* which has been made a blessing to me; so I thought perhaps the Holy Spirit may make it a blessing to some other poor tried soul. If you think with me, perhaps you will insert it in the *Gospel Standard*. He lived in the fourth century.

Lode, Cambridgeshire.

R. P.

"O my brethren, have pity upon me, all ye that have learned to weep with them that weep. I exhort you, O ye chosen of God, to hear the request of one who, having bound himself to God, hath lied unto Him that formed him, for from my youth up have I been a vessel unprofitable and without honour; and even now, though hearing of the approaching judgment, I have emboldened myself as if I were not chargeable with great and grievous offences, nay, as one that had long been a monitor to others to keep themselves at the greatest distance from the unfruitful works of darkness; wherefore my glory is turned into shame, and every admonition to my brethren a witness against myself. Ah me! into what a condition am I brought! what confusion covers me! woe is me, that I am not truly what I appear to be! so that, unless the compassion of God speedily enlighten me, not one rag will be left. I discourse about purity with a mind full of concupiscence; I speak much against the inordinate love of the creature, while my own imagination is defiled night and day. What excuse can I now form for myself? What then shall I say to my Judge when I come to be examined before him? Will it not be too manifest that I have had only the form of godliness, without the power of it? With what face shall I meet the Lord God, who knoweth the secrets of all hearts? Even now, when I presume to approach him in prayer, I am overwhelmed with guilt; I tremble exceedingly lest fire come down out of heaven to consume me; for if such was the lot of those men who offered up strange fire in the wilderness, what may not I expect, the load of whose sin is intolerable? What then! Shall I despair of salvation? God forbid, for these trials and fears are only the artifices of the adversary, that he may lead me to the very brink

* Edessa (now named Orfa, a town containing 40,000 inhabitants) was the metropolis of the Western division of Mesopotamia, and was only two days' journey from Haran, (or, as it was afterwards called, Charra,) where Abraham dwelt after he had left Ur of the Chaldees. (Gen. xi. 31.)

of destruction, and cast me down headlong into the depths of everlasting misery. Never, never will I thus sin against my own soul, for my trust is alone in the tender mercies of God, which, through your prayers, I hope to obtain. Cease not, therefore, to intercede with the God of all grace for me, that my heart may be delivered from the bondage of corruption. My heart is moved within me, and yet, alas! it seems to be hardened; my affections are alienated from the love of holiness; my mind is enveloped in darkness; I have returned to my old sins, as the dog to his vomit; my repentance is insincere; neither are there any meltings of heart in my devotions; while I groan and complain in the bitterness of my soul and in the anguish of my spirit, shame and confusion cover my face. I will smite upon my breast, that habitation of every disorderly passion. Glory be to thee, glory be to thee, O thou good, all gracious, forbearing, long-suffering Lord, for thou art great, O Lord, in thy power, and thy mercy is over all thy works. O, gracious Father, reject me not, I beseech thee. Thou art acquainted with the first motions of my sinning heart, and the wounds of my spirit are not hid from thee. Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed. Strive with me, O my brethren, in your prayers, and implore for me the riches of that grace which endureth for ever. Let your consolations sweeten the sufferings of a soul in great bitterness for its transgressions. O what confusion unspeakable would be my portion, if they who now admire me as a spotless character should hear me doomed to eternal condemnation! I have fallen from the height of my spiritual profession into a base subjection to inordinate affections. How forward, alas, have I been to teach, but how backward to learn; how ready to command, but how unwilling to obey; how fond of binding burdens upon others, but how averse to bear them; how ready to urge others to piety, but how unwilling to engage in it myself; how ambitious of receiving honour, but how shy in paying it; how prone to slight or slander others, but how impatient of the least instance of retaliation; how officious in reproving, but how adverse to all contradiction; how ready to demand candour from others, but how unwilling to exercise it; how swift to speak, but how slow to hear; how desirous of liberty, but how rigorous in restraining others; expert in advising, but not in doing! Weep for me, ye who can come boldly to the throne of grace, for I am unworthy to behold the light of heaven. Ye who cleave with full-purpose of heart to the Lord, be afflicted for the double-mindedness of one who is unstable in all his ways; ye who are members of the blessed society of holy mourners, mourn for one that should, but cannot mourn for himself; ye who are heirs of the kingdom of heaven, let rivers of waters run down your eyes for him who has deserved nothing but the flames of hell. Ah, woe is me! my members have been the servants of iniquity, and the imaginations of the thoughts of my heart only evil continually. Look upon me, O my friends, for I am sick of sin. Let not this sickness be unto death, but entreat the Physician for the diseased, the Shepherd for the sheep, the King for his subject in captivity, the Life for the dead, that so I may obtain the salvation of Christ Jesus our Lord, even to have all my sins for-

given by his mercy, and all my infirmities healed and strengthened by the power of his grace. How often have I set the battle in array against the temptations that surround me; but still in the encounter I find my strength decayed. Through the wiles of the devil and the prevalence of sense, I become weak, fall into the hands of the enemy, and am carried away like a helpless captive. How readily am I drawn into the fire from which I have been endeavouring to save others! Instead of delivering others, I am drowned myself in the gulph of sins. I will pray, therefore, the more earnestly, that I may think of myself as I ought to think, and then He who giveth grace to the humble shall cause the ignorance that is in me to vanish, and the light of divine knowledge to shine into my heart, and to take up its abode with me, for with God all things are possible. He was the Saviour of the man who fell among thieves. Save me, even me also, O my Father! for I am fallen among grievous temptations, and am fast bound in the chains of my sins. I have no holy boldness nor confidence in Him who searcheth the heart and the reins, and yet there is no one but He, either in heaven or earth, that can speak peace to my guilty soul. Many a time have I thrown up what I thought an impregnable mound, and have fortified myself with the strongest walls and bulwarks against the incursions of the enemy; but the mound gave way, for it was supported more by my own strength than by the fear and love of God. Wherefore, O Thou who hast said, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you," behold, I stand at the gate of mercy; here I wait; be it unto me according to thy word, wherein thou has caused me to put my trust. Hear me, O Lord, for never will I give over praying till my request is granted. True it is, that for all the kindness thou hast shown hitherto unto thy servant, I have returned only evil; but shut me not out, O Lord, from the riches of thy forbearance and long-suffering; and though I merit not thy forgiveness, yet, through grace, let me obtain it for all my transgressions. Deliver me, good Lord, from every evil work ere yet the end come upon me, that so I may find mercy and favour in thy sight at my last hour. Save my soul from all fear of the wrath to come, and wash my garments in the blood of the Lamb, which can make them white as snow. Thus may I be admitted, unworthy as I am, to bear my lamp among the virgins that go forth to meet the Bridegroom, and be made a partaker with them of the kingdom of heaven, there to be introduced into the unspeakable joy of my Lord, to sing the praises of him who has delivered my afflicted soul out of the mouth of the lion, and placed it in the paradise of everlasting felicity. To Him be glory for ever and ever.

[Our correspondent R. P., who has sent us the foregoing extract from the works of Ephrem Syrus, is incorrect in calling him "Bishop of Edessa," as he never was more than a deacon of that church, having refused any higher office. We have inserted it, as there appears to be some real feeling and some honest confession in it, and as our correspondent says that it has been blessed to his soul; but we are bound to add that, to quote the words of a learned ecclesiastical historian, "there is reason to suspect that the greater part of the Greek Homilies and Tracts bearing his name, have been interpolated by translators, and that some are altogether spurious."

Whether the above is one of these interpolated or spurious pieces, we have no means of ascertaining.—EDS.]

**“HE TURNETH THE SHADOW OF DEATH INTO
THE MORNING.”**

To S—, my own son and brother, whom I love in the truth, for the truth's sake which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever.

Blessed be God our Father, who liath loved us, and given us everlasting consolation in Christ and good hope through grace. I rejoice greatly that you are kept poor and needy, and are obliged to feel your way along. None tread more safely than those who seldom see their way. “Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.”

My conflicts last week were many and severe. My wrestlings were “not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.” But, blessed be our God and Saviour, he poured upon me a Spirit of grace and of supplications; and that ever-adorable and dear Spirit enabled me to use great wrestlings with my God and Father on Saturday, pouring in wonderful arguments from the Scriptures and past experience, so that I compassed the Lord about; I wept and made supplication unto my God until I thought heaven overcome, the kingdom of heaven stormed and violently taken by a poor dunghill worm. Put I had hardly time to shout “Victory!” before the enemy made another terrible thrust at me, and down I went, and at last turned sulky; got into bed, resolving that I would seek no more, whether the Lord would help or not. But, “like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust;” and, blessed be my dear Father's name, he pitied me; he gave me a good night's rest, raised me up in the morning, gave me near access to himself, through my dear Redeemer, by the power of the blessed Comforter. And yesterday I had a good day, a day of rest, of feasting and mirth, of reigning and of triumph. Showers of blessing descended upon minister and people. O! my brother, the Lord heareth the cry of the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners; he turneth the shadow of death into the joy of the morning; he putteth off my sackcloth, and girdeth me with gladness; and I believe I shall praise him for ever and ever. I have had my poor soul dissolved with the unutterable love of the eternal Three-One Jehovah this very morning. O how this endears his blessed Majesty to my soul!

Give my love to all the lovers of our covenant God, and tell them I think that I never loved them so much as now. O! my brother, the love of God makes us delight in the prosperity of the whole kingdom of our dear Lord Jesus. Our Lord is the common family loaf; and we want not to have it all to ourselves; nor does the love of God make us hate our fellow-men who are in a state of nature, but only their wicked, wicked ways. I hope that, by this time, you have been brought out of darkness and bondage.

The Lord hath given me another son, and manifested him yesterday afternoon to me and many of the friends who were met together at my lodgings. His testimony of what God had done for him entered into all our hearts, and we rejoiced together. He was brought forth at Z— Chapel some time since. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Now, my dear brother, may the Lord bless you abundantly, both in your own soul, and in your ministry, (to which I have no doubt the Lord has called you,) and make and keep you faithful even unto death; in your family, and give you peace there; yea, may he give you peace always, by all means. So prays your unworthy father and brother in the gospel of his dear Son, and with much affection ever yours,

London, June 15, 1840.

J. S.

"WHEN I LOOKED FOR GOOD, THEN EVIL CAME."

Messrs. Editors,—I have been long inclined to address you on a matter of my own personal experience which quite confounds me; the more so, that in all my reading, and in all that I have heard from the pulpit or in conversation, I have not yet met with anything of marked similarity.

About three years since, (now I am only about to state facts; it is in vain for me to describe my feelings at the time—I cannot do it,) I think I knew what it was to walk with God, and to be lifted up out of the lowest depths of misery, temptation, sin, and despondency into the bosom of God. Do I deceive myself? Did I not say, "My Lord and my God?" did I not praise the Lord with all my powers? did I not rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory? did I not shout and leap? did I not enjoy sweet communion with my God, my Saviour? and did I not taste that he is gracious? did I not experience that when he giveth quietness none can create trouble? and did I not feel particularly applied with power to my soul this portion of the word, "Ye are come to Mount Zion, &c. &c."?

All this is true, or I am deluded. That I enjoyed a glorious sunshine is imprinted indelibly on my memory, and that I never was so happy in all my life; but the sweet feelings, the glorious sights, the peace, the love, the melting, I cannot recall, or tell you of as I would. I am not giving you the whole of my experience, but so much as is needful (as well as I am able) to lead to the particulars of the case.

Now, while the great and ever-blessed Spirit, as the Spirit of grace and of supplications, (as I trust it was,) abode with me, being much tried at the time in outward circumstances, I was enabled, with great enlargement and liberty, to pour out my soul at the throne of grace, that the Lord would extricate me, and give me this and that which I very much needed; and I believed that he would. I felt as sure as though it was done, and even prophesied good to myself, yea, great things, and felt so confident of them that nothing could move me. But alas! the very reverse came to pass in such a way as to affright

and astonish me; and not only so, but all light and life, pardon, peace, and joy left me, and left me so bitterly distressed, that I thought I could not endure. I thought that I must have destroyed myself. He who appeared as the Lover of my soul now appeared as a cruel one. And O, the distress I have experienced since has been great, both spiritually and temporally, but not greater than my sins. I find myself to be a very fool; a poor, empty, naked, lost, helpless, condemned, and perishing sinner; and the whole length and burden of my prayer now is, "God be merciful to me a sinner." It is this disappointment of my hopes, after this freedom, nearness, and assurance that I was heard and should be answered, that baffles me, and seems to write "Tekel" on all my experience; and it proves and has long proved an advantage which Satan takes to give the lie to the whole of my religion, often tempting me to give it up, as only a hypocrite and a self deceiver.

Hoping that you will please to drop me a line at your convenience in your little work, and that the Lord will command his blessing upon it, I am, very respectfully,

London, March 13, 1842.

J. H.

[We feel jealous over ourselves lest we should darken counsel by words without knowledge, and thus rather burden than benefit our correspondent. But when we read his inquiry, whether his experience is not altogether singular, the case of David forcibly struck our minds. Was not he anointed as King over all Israel, and many years before he sat upon the throne? (Compare 1 Sam. xvi. 12, 13, with 2 Sam. v. 4.) But, so far from his expectations being fulfilled in the way that he doubtless anticipated, he was "hunted as a partridge in the mountains," and, full of dismay, cried, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul!" (1 Sam. xxvi. 20, xxvii. 1.) When anointed by Samuel, he doubtless anticipated a speedy and easy succession to the kingdom, but God's ways were not his ways, nor God's thoughts his thoughts. Abraham's case too is one resembling our correspondent's. When a son was promised him, he did not anticipate the long delay, nor that everything in nature should set him farther from the fulfilment of the promise. Nor did the children of Israel, when Canaan was promised with its brooks and valleys, anticipate a forty years' sojourn in a waste, howling wilderness. And yet all these were eventually put into possession of what had been promised. David sat on Saul's throne, Abraham embraced the new-born Isaac, and the children of Israel, or at least their sons and daughters, entered into Canaan.

Our correspondent tells us, that "while the blessed Spirit, as the Spirit of grace and of supplications, as he trusts it was, abode with him, he was enabled, with great enlargement of liberty, to pour out his soul at the throne of grace, that the Lord would extricate him, and give him this and that which he very much needed; and that he believed that he would." The Lord may not yet have graciously answered his prayer, or, at least, not as J. H. expected he would do. But is the Lord's arm shortened that it cannot save, or his ear heavy that it cannot hear? He leads the blind by a way that they know not; and all these seemingly cross providences may be mysteriously working toward the very fulfilment of those petitions which J. H. put up in faith, and which the Lord will accomplish in his own time and way.

Be assured, J. H., that nothing singular has happened unto you, but an experience, for the trial of your faith, common to all the saints, in a greater or less degree, that each may know and feel that the Lord "killeth and maketh alive; he bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up; the Lord maketh poor and maketh rich; he bringeth low and lifteth up." (1 Sam. ii. 6, 7.) The Eds.]

OBITUARY.

A Simple Statement of some of the Lord's Gracious Dealings with E. T— during her last illness.

At the commencement of her illness, in a letter to her brother and sister G—, she thus expresses herself:

"I intended writing to my dear brother and sister yesterday, but it pleased the Lord again to lay me very low by pain. O my friends, I cannot in a letter tell you all that I have passed through in body and soul, but I must tell you a little. Surely the Lord is good, and his mercy endureth for ever; let the redeemed of the Lord say so. I have looked with trembling for some heavier chastisement, and I told Mr. F. so; which has come upon me, and very, very heavy has it seemed at times, there appearing to be no light nor love in my soul, and at times I have been unable even to look to the Lord, but have felt just like a stone.

"On Thursday I went to bed after breakfast, and was helped to look to the Lord, and to ponder over some of his gracious dealings with me, and I was made to pant after some of those smiles that the Lord had formerly favoured me with; and above all, I was led to pray that my pain might not be removed without being made a blessing to my soul. I was kept crying, 'Lord, sanctify the pain,' till sometimes I was almost exhausted.

"On Friday I was better, and my soul was still encouraged to wait upon God, with now and then a hope that the Lord was about to appear for me, and to restore both my soul and body. In the night I awoke quite free from pain, and my soul, melted into love and praise, lay blessing and praising God for one or two hours. O, I thought I could leave myself in his hands, to do as he pleased with me. I sincerely wished to be as clay in the hands of the potter, and thus, I thought, bear anything. But I was again to have my patience tried, and on Saturday night was worse than ever; and with the pain came the most horrid rebellion. I cannot tell you how wretched I was; but the Lord soon humbled me for my sin, and brought me with weeping and supplications to his feet, giving me some hope that there was forgiveness for me; and O how graciously has he dealt with me since! Like as a father pitieth his children, so he pities me, and permits me to converse with him on my sick couch. But my strength will not allow me to tell you all that I wish, as I am very weak, and sometimes think I shall never rally again. O Maria, I feel the ties to earth very strong, but I could sometimes willingly leave them. I want you and brother to pray for me and mine, that we may have grace to give each other up without a murmur. Ask my Christian friends to pray that I may have more patience, and humility, and love. I am quite overcome with the kindness of friends. My appetite is bad, and every one seems to think for me. I was wishing for some game, and my doctor sent me a partridge, which quite affected me, for I thought, surely the Lord disposes everybody to be kind to me."

The week following she thus writes to the same persons :

“ My dearest M.,—R— brought me the letter along with my breakfast, and I was again melted to think how kind my friends are. My dear sister, bless God with me for his abounding mercy to me, a poor weak sinner. For two days I have been entirely free from pain, and above all, I am favoured with sweet peace of mind. I have not very bright manifestations, but am blessed with a good hope. I often lie talking to God as to a kind Father, and tell him all my fears and all my cares. That passage, ‘ Be careful for nothing,’ &c., was one day applied with power to my mind, and since then I feel constrained to cast myself upon him who promises to sustain me, which he does in a wonderful manner.”

Sep. 18th. In writing to her brother and sister, she desires to ask them, and her Christian friends, two things, viz., to praise the Lord for all his gracious dealings with her hitherto, and to pray Him to grant her faith and patience to bear all that he may yet see fit to exercise her with, and, above all, to keep her from a false peace.

In the morning of Sep. 21st, she told us that she had had a very restless night, but the Lord had been favouring her with peace in her soul, so that she did not feel it so much. That passage, “ He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength,” had been sweetly applied to her mind. She said this was exactly her experience. A few days after this, her soul was so full of the Lord’s goodness, that her feeble frame could scarcely contain it. This was whilst taking her dinner. When her sister went to her, she exclaimed, “ O R—, I want a thousand tongues to speak his praise; I want you every one to praise him.”

Oct. 4th. She said, “ Ah! this poor tabernacle is falling; but that promise came sweetly to my mind just now, ‘ The Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of waters,’ ” &c. Several times, when her sister went into the room quietly, she seemed to be communing with the Lord.

Oct. 9th. She said her mind was blessedly stayed on her God, but she had had such a view of her own wicked heart, that Christ and his blood were made exceedingly precious to her, feeling, as she did, his willingness and power to cleanse even one so black as she. At one time, when harassed by Satan, she said, “ It is a mercy for me that he is chained; he has not taken away my hope; for there is one stronger than he.” She asked her sister to read that hymn, “ Thy mansion is the Christian’s heart.” Those words she felt sweet, “ God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear.” Another time she said, “ I have felt some sweet peace in my soul; ‘ He is our peace; ’ ” and she repeated that verse commencing, “ I’d part with all the joys of sense.” Two days after this, she had some sweet feeling of the goodness of the Lord and the love of Jesus, when she repeated those words,

“ Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine.

At another time, that promise, with many others, was blessedly brought home to her heart, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed," &c. She said, "O R—, I know always that the Lord is good, but O to *feel* that he is! How gracious he has hitherto been to me! I do not fear death; but I do feel that if the Lord sent me to hell, I must praise him there." She dwelt much on the blessedness of that covenant which is "ordered in all things and sure, and remarked, "This covenant shall *my* soul defend." One day she said to her father, "I get worse every day, but I have sweet confidence that he will not leave me at last to sink in trouble." "Ah!" said he, "they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed." She replied, "Yes, that promise was sweetly applied to me the other day, and I have felt it a mercy that I have been kept from fretting in the midst of great pain, and been made sensible that a Father's hand prepares the cross." A little after this, she exclaimed, "It is sweet to lie passive in his hands, and to know no will but his; it is easy to *say*, 'Thy will be done,' but none know the blessed *feeling* but those who are made willing by him to be anything or nothing. I have been kept desiring that he would make me as a little child, and have indeed found it good to be afflicted."

Oct. 31st. After apparently solemn and near communion with the Lord, whilst unable to converse with mortals, she with difficulty exclaimed, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength."

Nov. 2. She had a blessed night of communion with the Lord, from that passage being brought to her mind, "He was a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," &c.

Nov. 11th. She complained much of hardness and deadness in her soul, but said she could not cast away her confidence. She asked her sister to read the 10th chapter of Hebrews, after which she repeated those lines;

"My soul is e'en now on the wing,
His gl'ry refulgent to see."

One day a friend said to her, "Well, the conflict will be soon over." She looked very earnestly, and said, "Yes, and I have for a short time had a glimpse of the glory that will follow." He said, "You are still enabled, then, to trust in the Lord." "Yes," she whispered, "for

"I have no where else to flee;
No sanctuary, Lord, but thee."

At another time she said, "O, this sickness is so constant! but there is a needs be for every pain; for he doth not afflict willingly. I feel that I have a very vile heart, and none but Jesus can do me any good, and none but him I want." She found that *verse* very sweet:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

Nov. 15th. She said she felt a disposition to beg of the Lord to hasten her end, which she had not done before, and those words came to her mind, "I will make a short work of it." She complained of darkness, and said that she had been thinking of David's words; "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant," "and nothing," she said, "can alter that." Whilst she lay on the sofa, and all was love and praise, that verse came to her mind commencing,

"Once they were mourning here below,"

She then said, "I had once none of these doubts and fears, but now they come in every shape; yet the Lord has been very good to me, not leaving me to feel that distress of mind which some have. I have always been enabled to hang on some promise, and

"His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through."

One day she said that hymn of Watts's was very sweet to her;

"Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love," &c.

At another time, after having had sweet meditation on those words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," she said the devil had tried to reason her out of that comfort by telling her it was only from hearing her sister speak of having received comfort from them; but she said, "I can't give up my confidence; for that scripture has been often brought to my mind, 'Cast not away your confidence,' &c."

When suffering great pain, she said, "I feel that I can welcome it; it is hastening me to that bright world," and repeated that portion of Scripture, "Our light affliction which is but for a moment," &c. After this she said that she had had a sweet promise given her; "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee;" and "my hope is in God." The following day, after reading the second chapter of Hebrews to her, from the ninth verse to the end, she repeated those lines;

"Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?"

She said, "My vile nature is disposed to rebel to-day with the pains that I have felt. The Lord sees fit to hide his face, but I am still made to hope in him." After this for a week, she said very little, her cough was so trying when she talked. She said that she felt it a great mercy that she could commune with the Lord when she could not with the creature, and felt much comfort and encouragement from that Scripture, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." On the Thursday before she died, she said that the Lord had been very gracious to her during the night, having brought many passages of Scripture and precious hymns to her mind. She could not remember them then, only that verse,

"Dear dying Lamb," &c.

At three o'clock in the afternoon on which she died, she said that

she had had some blessed communion with the Lord before dinner, and felt sure that she should not be very long, but did not seem to think that her departure was so very near. She said, "O, how I am still grovelling in the 'flesh pots of Egypt,' and yet such amazing glory in view. I can say,

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

I am quite satisfied that all will be well with me at last." She was then much exhausted, and her sister, to whom she had been speaking, went from the bed, but saw her looking up stedfastly for some minutes, evidently in solemn prayer. Two hours after this, in an ecstasy, she said, "O, I am going, I am going now!" Her sister remarked, "You have just been telling me that all would be well at last." She replied, "Yes, it is!" The nurse afterwards asked her, if she felt the Lord's presence. She said, "Yes, it is but going home;" and, a few minutes before she breathed her last, she said, "O grave, where is thy victory!" She appeared to want to say more, but could not. The nurse then replied, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" She then fell asleep in Jesus, December 4.

A LETTER FROM MR. SEPTIMUS SEARS.

Messrs. Editors,—I am aware that you "lay it down as a general rule not to admit into your pages replies to your reviews," yet, as you say "replies are admissible where you have unintentionally *misunderstood* or *misrepresented* an author," and believing that you have both misunderstood and misrepresented me, I cannot do justice to myself or to the cause of truth without claiming the privilege of writing for your pages a few remarks upon your late review of my "*Songs*" and "*Wailings*."

I. As to the two grounds of "many gracious persons' suspicions that I am stretching myself beyond my measure," viz., "*youth and strong-toned expressions*," I shall but say that to be suspicious of a person because "young," looks very much like a "limiting of the Holy One of Israel," and saying, "*Days shall speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom*," instead of acknowledging that "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." (Job xxxii. 7, 8.) And since it is "out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh," I cannot help believing that if a person has *strong feelings* he must use *strong* language to describe them. I know that there is naturally a great difference in persons' styles of expressing themselves; and that I may have perhaps too great a "predilection for strong language" I will not entirely disown; yet, in the presence of a heart-searching God, I can say that I have had *feelings of misery so strong* as to make me feel a wish rising in my heart that the earth would open and swallow me; and *feelings of happy assurance so strong* as to cause me from the heart to long for death to come to dissolve the tie

betwixt my soul and body; and I have felt that I could gladly (had the will of God been so) have hailed the band of ruffians with their pebbles to stone my body to death like Stephen, that my soul might fly into the immediate embraces of a covenant God. So that, notwithstanding all my own suspicions, and the suspicions of others, if I speak at all I cannot but speak of the things that I have felt and known. That it is no new thing for the experience of good men to be received with suspicion, even by the church of God, is evident in Paul's case. (Read Acts ix. 26.) However you may disclaim the charge of being the cause of exciting these suspicions, I cannot exonerate you, after you have so unceremoniously used such words as "exaggeration," "strong language," "colouring brush," &c. &c., and have even written in the most satirical style, as if it was your determination if possible to hold Septimus up to public ridicule. But my desire is to follow the steps of my Master, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously. I shall therefore leave these suspicions, and go on to notice

2. Your charging me with unconcernedness about the levity of an expression I made use of in my desponding state, "I live on Lamb still." How true such a charge is let the following extract witness.

"A man came in and asked me how I felt, and O the awful depths to which man has fallen! O the cursed pride of the human heart! as I had before expressed such confidence to him, I was ashamed to do otherwise now, and even said, 'I live on Lamb still.' When, O the Lord's forbearance! O what a wonder that he would suffer such a lying presumptuous wretch to live! O the foolishness that is bound up in the heart of a child!" &c. See pp. 21, 22.

Your saying after reading the above that I express no concern about that proud, presumptuous saying did indeed greatly pain me, for it has been a fruitful source of grief to my mind, (at times) ever since I used it, and I sometimes think will be to the day of my death.

3. Your remarks upon my description of my bodily sufferings are certainly calculated to leave upon the minds of your readers an impression that you believe I am in this matter guilty of great exaggeration. Now, in such a matter as this, when I do not know but nearly all who were about me in my afflictions are still living, can it be thought possible, as a professor of religion, that ever I should so trifle with my reputation as to misrepresent what so many were eye and ear-witnesses of, and therefore, if the suspicion of exaggeration was well founded, it could so easily be substantiated; and I living only ten miles from the place (Chatteris) where I passed through these afflictions. I shall here state a fact. After I had published this work, and had sent some to Chatteris to sell, and knew that my parents had read it, I asked them whether they believed that I had at all exceeded in the description of my sufferings, what my sufferings really were; they at once replied in the negative, adding, "We were astonished that you said so little;" and they have told others, (and I believe no one who well knows them would dispute their word) that they were sure I might have said much more, and have kept within the bounds of truth.

4. As to my errors in words in describing my complaints I can only declare that I meant to tell the truth, though I have told it in wrong words, through being entirely ignorant of the science of anatomy; hence, in speaking of my neck, I used the word "*apparently*," lest I should through this ignorance err. What I meant by "*apparently* disjoined," &c., was simply this, that the effect of the disease of my neck (which I had long felt) from the time of the hiccup, was as if my skull bone was disjoined from the neck bone; that is, ever since the hiccup, I have been as unable to hold up my head, without other support than the neck, as if it was quite disjoined at the neck, so that you are certainly (though unintentionally) wrong in saying that "Septimus Sears really believes that his neck was dislocated." Nor do I believe that the hiccup was the *cause* of the disease in my neck, but it is certain, although I suffered greatly with pain and weakness in my neck before that time, yet, when I had the hiccup so bad, was the first time of its becoming so weak that I was obliged to have a handkerchief round my forehead, and this secured to the back of the chair (as I could not at all use my hands) to support my head.

5. As it relates to what I have said about my knee, you must know that my meaning was that my knee was bent. I am sorry I used a wrong word, but as I make no pretensions to any knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame, I must make this my ignorance an excuse for the error, and I must leave to be determined in your own consciences how far you are justifiable in taking such an advantage as you have of such a mistake under such circumstances.

6. I deny, in toto, ever having said that I recovered from a consumption. The most that ever I have said is, that "*symptoms* of consumption appeared, and most thought it impossible that I should remain long in the world without great alteration." (Part I. p. 9.) But as there are so many living witnesses of the truth of this statement, I need not say more about it.

7. I deny ever having said that I "sank into despair." So far from it, I have, ever since I have openly professed to know God, contended that it is impossible for a vessel of mercy to sink into despair, for I never found such a doctrine in all the book of God. What you mean (p. 151) by enjoyment preceding a deep law work I am at a loss to tell. That I had the words, "My son, give me thine heart," once powerfully applied, is true, and it is equally true that after this time I have sunk into such a place that I have gone forward and backward but could not perceive him; (Job xxiii. 8;) have doubted whether all I have felt has not been a delusion; have been tempted to commit suicide more than once, and have been glad to feel a gleam of what you call a "dim hope" arising from felt hatred to sin and felt love to holiness, or I hope I should not have written about them. But do you desire me to describe the path I have travelled differently to what it really has been? Or are you able to do what that deeply taught servant of God, Hart, felt he could not do, "Chalk out a certain path by which all the children of God must walk." Your speaking as if it was a rare thing for a person to sink

as I have done, after they have enjoyed the Spirit of adoption, shows you know for yourselves but little of the path that Job and Jeremiah and others trod after they had enjoyed the Spirit's witness that they were sons of God; (See Job iii., vi., xvi., xix. chapters, and many others; and Jer. xv. 18, xx. 7—9, 14—18;) and that your approval of Warburton's experience and letters, and Hart's hymns, is something like the dead Calvinist's approving of the doctrine of grace, not so much from feeling as from judgment. Warburton had enjoyed the Spirit of adoption when he felt what he relates of the depth of *doubt* into which he has sunk; (See p. 279, 280, Vol. VI. of the *Standard*, and many expressions which he has made use of in letters you have inserted in the *Standard*,) which shows that to this day he is often left with but a "dim hope;" and "the tall grenadier is dwindled down to a babe of a span long!" Again, Hart, after he had enjoyed the Spirit of adoption, sunk so low as

"Scarce to perceive a glimpse of hope."

(See Hymn 30, Supplement.)

Your saying that I have *concluded* the second part with only "a dim hope," greatly surprises me, when the book contains sixty-two pages, and your quotation is from page 48.

I hope the above will be received in affection, as I am sure that I allowedly breathe nothing toward you but Christian esteem, and can from my heart conclude with an earnest desire that the *Standard* may long continue what it often has been, a word in season, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Sheffield, May 5, 1842.

SEPTIMUS SEARS.

OUR ANSWER.

The objections to the admission of replies to our reviews are so great, that sooner than make a general rule to admit them we would discontinue our reviewing department altogether. There must therefore be some reasons of weight in our mind to induce us to give insertion to the foregoing letter. The writer has alleged a reason that we have formerly given, viz., "where we have misunderstood, or misrepresented an author;" to which we may add another, "where an author has misunderstood, or misrepresented us." There may be a little of each on both sides, which a mutual explanation may, with the Lord's blessing, tend to remove.

Two things we much like in the above reply to our review;—1. The spirit in which it is written; 2. The simplicity and soberness that run through it. Had Septimus Sears always been as simple and as sober, we believe that such expressions as "the colouring brush" would never have dropped from our pen. We will endeavour, if the Lord enable us, to meet him in the same spirit, and that, we trust, not from any hypocritical aping of what we do not feel, but from some movement of godly fear in our heart, and from our real esteem and regard for the writer.

1. We admit, then, that we have used expressions which would convey the idea that we have been suspicious of many things in

Septimus Sears. His bombastic language and extravagant expressions have forced upon us the conviction that he has been guilty of "*unintentional* exaggeration." This conviction of our mind we have unhesitatingly and repeatedly stated; nor can we fully divest ourselves of it to this day. But we never doubted his reality, and we never suspected any *intentional* exaggeration. What we disclaim is, first, having *excited* any such suspicions as we know are abroad, and which we believe to have arisen quite independently of us; and, secondly, that we ever once insinuated there was any *intention* on his part to exaggerate. Our wonder is that Septimus, with his knowledge of his own heart, does not see what a proneness there is in us to set off things to the best advantage.

We never said that his youth was a cause of suspicion in ourselves, but merely assigned it as a probable cause of suspicion in others. And indeed, when people see a young man send forth book after book from the press upon the deepest experimental subjects, and writing as a father in Israel, at a period of life when most of the children of God are "under tutors and governors," we cannot wonder that they should suspect that he is stretching himself beyond his measure. It is his mercy if these suspicions are unfounded, and if the experience of a few years makes those who may now suspect him acknowledge with sorrow their unjust thoughts.

We will not vindicate sarcasm in ourselves or in others, but if we have fallen into it, it has been unintentionally, and from no desire to hold Septimus up to ridicule.*

2. Our remarks that S. S. expressed no concern for the levity of an expression, we think he misunderstands. Our impression was that the pain arose *from the lie which he told*, not from the expression itself. He speaks of himself as a "*lying* presumptuous wretch." *With the lie* we had nothing to do, except to regret that a child of God should be left to act so. Our pain arose from the light, trifling expression applied to the Lord of life and glory. But if he feels the *levity* of it as well as the *falsehood*, we are very glad, but certainly we did not so understand him. Our impression was that it was a common phrase of his, for he said, "I live on Lamb *still*," as if he had said it often before to the same friend, with this difference, that on previous occasions it was a truth, but on that particular one a lie.

3. We never intended to convey an idea that he had exaggerated his bodily sufferings; nor can we find whence he has gathered that "we believe him in this matter guilty of great exaggeration." The only passage in our review which we can find at all looking that

* He has sent us all his publications for review; and on a late occasion, when his "*Songs of Summer*," &c., did not reach us immediately, he wrote to our publisher requesting him to forward them without delay. We do not understand how this anxiety to be reviewed agrees with his opinion that we have endeavoured, if possible, to hold him up to ridicule. We certainly do not suspect him of acting on Madame Guyon's principle, who kept a most ill-tempered servant that was her daily plague in order to have the benefit of a daily cross.

way is where we point out his repeating the word "dreadful" four times in about as many sentences. We have not dropped a hint that we thought him guilty of exaggerating his bodily sufferings; nor could we do so consistently with truth, as we saw nothing to create such a suspicion but the recurrence of the word "dreadful." But we have, on the contrary, most distinctly said, "That he suffered greatly in body is most evident, and that he means to give us a faithful description of his bodily complaints is equally clear." How, after this declaration of ours, he should say that "we believe him in this matter *guilty of great exuggeration,*" we cannot comprehend. Our remarks were directed, not against his description of his sufferings, but against the description he has given of *their effect*. These are two very different things, which S. S. has confounded. The sufferings the patient only knows; nor can any one safely pronounce the description of them exaggerated unless he had been an eye witness of them. Of the description of *their effect* we may be better judges, and when we understood him to say that a dreadful hiccup dislocated the vertebræ of his neck, we felt bound to point out the mistake.

4. Our impression certainly was that Septimus Sears really believed that his skull (for we suppose he means that, when he says the "skull bone," there being no such bone as the skull bone in the body) was separated from the neck bone, and we believe that perhaps nine tenths of his readers would think the same. Had he used the expression "felt as if," or "seemed to me as if," there could have been no mistake; but the word "apparently," conveys a different idea. For instance, we say, "A man was taken out of the water apparently dead;" that is, all the marks and symptoms of death appeared in him, so that life was barely hoped for as still remaining;" or, "A man was thrown from his horse, and his neck was apparently dislocated;" that is, all the symptoms of dislocation were apparent in him." So we understood Septimus, that he had every symptom of a dislocated neck when he used the word "apparently." Our object was to show the impossibility of such a circumstance, and from such a cause. Now he has told us what we said must have been the case, that he suffered from the weakness of the neck long before. We wish he had stated matters in the same simple way before, and all this painful controversy might never have occurred.

5. If he did not know anything about the ligaments of the knee, why did he talk about them? Why did he not say simply that "his knee was bent or contracted?" Our object was to show an analogy between his description of his bodily sufferings and spiritual experience, and not to take advantage of his ignorance on a point of no consequence.

6. "Symptoms of consumption" indicate consumption, or they are not symptoms. Had he said "symptoms resembling those of consumption," there could have been no mistake. Our decided impression was that he believed himself to have recovered from genuine consumption.

7. We were wrong in saying that he sank into despair. We agree with him, and have long held, that a vessel of mercy never can come there. Our meaning was, such a state of despondency as is, *in one's own feelings*, despair, and *that* he certainly fell into, for he speaks of meditated suicide.

Septimus may not understand what we mean by enjoyment preceding a deep law-work, but that does not prove that it is neither possible nor unfrequent. In order to show him our meaning, we have thrown under our head "Gleaning," an extract from the experience of John Wade, which may perhaps satisfy him better than many words of our own.

He quite misunderstands us in our remark that it is a rare thing for one who has enjoyed so much as he to sink so low. We never doubted that for a moment. But we perceive in Warburton and Hart what we do not perceive in Septimus, though he compares himself with them, and that is, a sweet resting at times upon past manifestations. Warburton never speaks of "hoping because he has a principle that loves holiness," but because he can look to the hill Mizar, &c. As Hart says,

"To look on this when sunk in fears,
While each repeated sight," &c.

Now when Septimus speaks of so "many, many walks in Gethsemane," we want to know what has become of these former manifestations. Does the Holy Ghost never revive them? That blessed Remembrancer does not seem to own them; and Septimus, with the experience of a Hart or Huntington, seems to have no more firm standing in his soul than many weaklings who cannot speak of great manifestations. It was this which led us to think that his "many, many walks in Gethsemane" were not of the Holy Ghost, and that he had unintentionally magnified some sweet feelings that he had in times past into an experience such as few are favoured with.

His comparing us to the dead Calvinists we must leave to the judgment of our readers, merely remarking that we wonder he should wish us to review his publications if he has such an opinion of us.

What we meant by his concluding "with a dim hope," was not that he finished the book with it, but that that was his present experience.

We cannot conclude without expressing our great regret that this unpleasant controversy should have arisen between us and Septimus. We greatly esteem him, as all our reviews have shown, and have spoken of him in the highest terms; but we cannot burn incense to his self-love and self-esteem, by withdrawing all mention of his blemishes and faults; and we hope the time may come when he will prove the truth of those words, "He that rebuketh a man, afterwards shall find more favour than he that flattereth with the tongue."

THE EDITORS.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The Riches of God's Free Grace displayed in the Life and Conversion of Cornelius Cayley. 7th Edition. Brighton: Tyler. London: Groombridge. Price 1s.

It cannot be doubted that previous to the early part of the last century spiritual religion and vital godliness had suffered a great declension. There was doubtless "a remnant, according to the election of grace," which worshipped God in the Spirit, rejoiced in Christ Jesus, and had no confidence in the flesh; but these hidden ones appear to have been widely scattered, and little gathered into gospel churches. Certainly, so far as the preaching of the gospel was concerned, "The word of the Lord was precious (or "rare") in those days; there was no open vision." (1 Sam. iii. 1.) As a proof of this we may mention the rare occurrence of any gospel publications between 1688, the date of Bunyan's death, and 1735, the time when Whitefield began to preach. The very doctrines of the new birth, justification by Christ's righteousness, eternal election, and final perseverance seemed as it were lost; and the few saints that were vitally acquainted with them appear to have learnt them experimentally in their holes and corners without the instrumentality of a preached gospel. At any rate, when Whitefield went about preaching the new birth, it appeared as novel, as unheard of a doctrine as if he had introduced a new Bible.

Whatever ignorance, whatever free will, whatever false zeal were mixed up with Whitefield's preaching, none who know what the grace of God is can doubt his being a partaker and a preacher of righteousness. We may have in our day more light, more knowledge, more outward clearness in the scheme of gospel revelation; but it may be perhaps justly doubted whether we have not made a poor exchange of light for life, knowledge for love, clearness of judgment for warmth of divine feeling. Whitefield's free-will invitations we may justly disapprove of; but perhaps were that despised and persecuted preacher to rise from the dead, and see the present religion of the best of our churches, he would have more occasion to censure our carnality and lukewarmness, than we his deviation from the strict line of gospel truth.

No doubt, in that period of great natural excitement, as well as of great spiritual blessings, there were many potsherd covered with silver dross, who were considered vessels of the Lord. But after all the deductions that must be made for excitement, delusion, deceit, hypocrisy, and presumption, it cannot be well doubted that there were a goodly number of living souls who stood up upon their feet, the breath having come upon them from the four winds, betwixt the times of Whitefield and Huntington.

Cornelius Cayley seems to have been one of these vessels of mercy, afore prepared to glory, who lived at that period. He was born in the year 1728, and was called by grace in 1751, when 23 years of age. He at that time occupied what he himself calls "a genteel situation," as clerk in the Princess Dowager of Wales's

treasury, (the mother of George III.,) and had the prospect of great preferment through the interest of Lord Scarborough, who gave him the situation. He speaks of certain feelings that he had in childhood and boyhood, which he calls "the drawings of the Father," and yet believes himself to have been at that time destitute of the grace of God. What "drawings of God" there can be without grace we cannot understand, nor have we ever seen such a doctrine in the Scriptures of truth. We will let him, however, speak for himself of what he felt in childhood :

"In my earliest years I can remember that my soul was under the drawings of the Father, and had impressions of divine things so powerfully on my soul as to make me at times quite indifferent to the amusements of that childish age. Sometimes the apprehensions of future judgment would deeply oppress my spirits; but I more frequently was under the power of spiritual enjoyments, having many impressions on my mind of the goodness of the Lord, and of his being the felicity of my soul. I think before I was seven years of age the Lord often captivated my infant soul with glimpses of his own divine beauty, so that my spirit was drawn to love him; particularly once I remember, when about seven years old, or younger, my father was reading a sermon on a Sunday evening to the family; all at once I was filled with such an enjoyment of God that I could not contain, but went to him, and said, 'O, papa, you don't know what I feel; you don't know what I feel!' And indeed I well remember I felt in God a divine felicity that was unutterable and full of glory; the consequence of which was a panting after the Lord, and in private pouring out my heart to him."

We pass on to the days of his boyhood, and to the description of his feelings previous to, and after his confirmation by the Bishop—according to church of England doctrine, one of the three conduit-pipes of grace, Baptism and the Lord's Supper being the other two, that is, when rightly administered by a legitimate successor of the apostles, whether he be a fox-hunter or a gambler it matters not :

"As near as I remember, I left this school when fourteen years old, and returned home; and I think it was about this time my parents were desirous of my being confirmed by the bishop; and accordingly I set myself seriously to consider the nature of the obligation I was going to lay myself under, and read some books upon the subject, pressing to a strict obedience to the commands of the law. From this reading I gathered, that if I kept my confirmation vow in living free from sin, from that time I should be one of those that should walk in white, being clothed in white robes. This made me greatly burn to be holy and pure; and before the day came, I was continually begging of God to grant I might never sin any more, and made solemn promises I never would. And now I thought I would be one of those happy few that should have higher places in heaven; because I resolved I would walk in innocence from that time; and with tears of joy I prayed to God, and promised I would do all this, and I thought I now should be enabled so to do. Now all this time I was quite ignorant that the tree must first be made good before the fruit can be good. I did not know that my heart was desperately wicked and corrupt. I thought by nature I had a free will to good or ill, and had no idea of any being naturally dead in sin. These mistakes led me to gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. But, alas! how fruitless this search I soon found by woeful experience. When the day of confirmation came, having reiterated my prayers and promises, I went to church and was confirmed. Now, thought I, by a life of pure innocence, I will obtain of God to walk in white; for I imagined all my former sins were cancelled, and that if I sinned no more, I should be one of those virgins that are without fault before God, and partake of a higher degree of felicity than other Christians. These thoughts elated my heart, and filled me with

great joy for some days; but, alas! in less than a fortnight's time it was all over, for I found sin overcome me, and trample upon me in spite of all my vows, tears, and prayers; at which I was greatly confounded and surprised, for I did not consider that my building was founded on sand, and liable to be thrown down with every puff of temptation."

He continued in this, what Hart calls, "uneasy round of sinning and repenting" for several years:

"Thus did I go on for some years, not being able to acquire rest to my soul. Sometimes hoping, and at other times full of fears, though all this while I did not discover my situation to any, being willing to hide it from all."

Our next two extracts will show, 1st, his own subsequent judgment upon his religion at that time, and, 2d, how little proof it was either against guilt, or against the pleasures of the world:

"Let the reader judge, then, if I was not in this state dead in sin in the sight of God, though in the eye of men all this while very sober and religious. But God looketh to the heart and requireth truth in the inward parts. Of this I was convicted, and therefore knew very well that I was not what the world took me for. I think I was enabled to see about this time that many here contented themselves with the outside of religion, and I wondered at it, because I found that the evil that I felt in my mind filled me full of guilt and fear, though continually stified by youthful pleasures and amusements."

"At this time I was at home with my parents without any particular employ; of which the late Lord Scarborough hearing, (who was then treasurer to the late Prince of Wales,) sent for me to London to fill up a clerk's place vacant in his office, so that I was obliged, on a sudden, to hasten there. In leaving home I was necessitated to cross an arm of the sea, a passage of about five or six miles, and it happened to prove a very stormy day, so that the sailors thought it dangerous to go out; but a shower of rain settling the wind a little, (and my affairs being urgent,) they were prevailed with to sail; but not a quarter of an hour after, a very violent storm arose, so that we were in much danger of being lost; the pilot himself expressing his apprehensions of it. Now I was overwhelmed with horror and distress; all my sins appeared, stared me in the face, and I thought as sure as I was drowned hell would be my portion. I had no hopes of salvation, for I knew not the merits of Christ, but God appeared to me as a terrible judge, and my conscience durst not bear the strict scrutiny of his justice. O what terror and agony I was in no tongue can describe, for I expected every billow would have buried us all in the great deep! Now I began to reflect on my carelessness for some time past, and my spirit trembled within me, for I expected nothing but death, and after that to go to hell. O what a shocking thing is the near prospect of death to a guilty conscience not washed in Jesus' blood! and I am sure I found it so beyond all description." * * *

"But, to return. All this time of my horror of mind I said nothing, but was fixed in desponding silence. I do not remember I prayed at all, for I thought it was in vain, but I would have given a thousand worlds to have been on shore. At last it pleased God to deliver us, quite contrary to my expectation, and permitted me once more to set my feet on solid ground, upon which I felt as much joy as before I did horror. Any person would have thought now I should be changed and reformed by such an awful providence, but, alas! it was far from being the case, as the sequel will discover."

Here for the present we must leave Cornelius Cayley, reserving to a future No. his own account of a work of grace being begun upon his soul, and our remarks upon our present extracts.

The present edition, (the 7th,) is very neatly got up, and is sold at a very cheap rate, and we may add, that if our readers have an odd shilling to spare, they may spend it much worse than in purchasing the experience of Cornelius Cayley.

POETRY.

TRIALS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

When billows shall over me roll,
And Satan his darts shall let fly,
O Lord, then deliver my soul,
Thou Rock that art higher than I.
'Tis thou that deliv'rest the poor
And needy whenever they cry;
Thou always keep'st plenty of store,
Thou Rock that art higher than I.

How tranquil was my throbbing breast
When I was first by Jesus blest!
My inbred foes appeared all dead;
But they were only from me fled.
But when from me he hid his face,
The swelling tide soon rose apace;
I cried aloud, (whilst Satan roar'd,)
"Once more return, O gracious Lord!"
Whilst fiery darts were thrown from hell,
I fancied I could brimstone smell;
I ranged the fields in midnight air,
But could not find my Jesus there.
O Christian friends you may believe
I something know of Satan's sieve;
I something know, but know in part,
What things are in the human heart.

Great Wakering, Essex.

Though many months this storm did
last,

The Lord in mercy held me fast;
My mind impair'd, my wasting frame,
In time enjoyed their strength again.

O bless the Lord, my soul can say,
That I became not Satan's prey;
Christ held me fast, though low I fell,
Nor would he let me sink to hell.

I praise the Lord that ere I felt
Temptation's pains, and stings of guilt;
They make me prize the gifts of God,
Which flow alone through Jesus' blood.

All honour crowns, dear Lord! thy
brow,

That I should to thy sceptre bow;
The praise is thine, that I should be
Made willing to be taught by thee.

I cannot sin, as some would say,
That God might more his grace display.

O no! I find 'tis even so,
That sin is still my greatest foe.

Can doctrines dry a strength impart?
I want them seal'd upon my heart,

By the good Spirit of my God:
Then they become substantial food.

W. W.

AFFLICTIONS PROFITABLE.

My dear Brother in the Lord,—I can truly say that it has done my soul good to hear of the Lord's kindness to you. What a wonder-working God we have! and what an infinite wonder it is that *we* should be among the thrice blessed few, who, under the sweet unction of God the Holy Ghost, can say, "This God is my God for ever and ever; he will be my guide, even unto death!"

I have been afflicted myself, and have often thought of you in my affliction; for the dear Lord has been very kind to me indeed; bless his precious name, there is no God like him.

I have composed a few lines, and will send them in this letter. I felt some sweetness in composing them, and hope that you will in reading them.

Afflictions! what are they?

The servants of the Lord.

Nor will they disobey

Jehovah's sov'reign word;

They come, and work, and last, and end, "Why this?" we cry; "what can it be?
Obedient to his wise command. Is this the love of Christ to me?"

These servants oft repel

Our pride and self-renown,

And labour hard and well

To tread each Babel down;

Commissioned from the Lord on high, The chast'nings of our Father dear;
They war all false, delusive joy. And not in wrath, nor too severe.

Our idol-gods they scorn,

And hurl them in the fire;

And when we see them burn,

We sicken and retire.

Though painful they may be

To dying worms like us,

Our God will make us see

In them there is no curse:

We oft from right rules range,
 Elated or distress'd
 By ev'ry trifling change, ●
 And thus start from our rest.
 The world now smiles,—we lofty grow;
 It frowns,—and we are plung'd as low.

Then comes our dearest Friend,
 With some kind chast'ning stroke,
 To make our spirits bend
 'To his most gracious yoke.
 Love holds the rod, well steep'd in blood;
 And each stroke says, "Behold your God;

"Behold him as your rest,
 Your portion, and your all;
 Recline upon his breast;
 In love's embraces fall."
 God speaks with power; we hear his voice,
 Adore his name, in him rejoice.

We feel ourselves the care
 Of the great Three-in-One,
 His sov'reign acts revere,
 And boast of him alone.
 By faith, we plunge in love and blood,
 And sing, "We've all things in our God."

Let worldlings boast their store,
 And pharisees their good,
 What can my soul have more
 Than God, a cov'nant God?
 In Christ I stand complete and free:
 What can my God give more to me?

His person, oath, and blood,
 Life, light, and righteousness,
 With all that's dear to God,
 And suited to my case,

He makes my own; gives me his heart,
 And says he'll never with me part.

This God my portion is:
 Here let my soul be stay'd,
 And daily drink in bliss
 From him, my Fountain Head.
 Then, come what will, my soul shall sing
 The honours of her God and King.

Afflictions sanctified
 Are blessings from above;
 By them, the Lord may chide;
 In them, he shows his love.
 The furnace is a sacred place,
 When Jesus shows his lovely face.

No God, besides our God,
 Such wonders can perform;
 He makes the scourging rod,
 The most distressing storm
 A cordial and a balsam prove,
 Mix'd up with everlasting love.

O what a God have we!
 How faithful, wise, and good!
 He sets my spirit free,
 By faith in Jesus' blood;
 Seals me his own, anoints my breast,
 And calls my wand'ring heart to rest.

Then let afflictions come,
 And troubles swell their tide,—
 I can't be far from home
 With Jesus at my side.
 He is my God, my life, my rest;
 And in him I'm completely blest.

I hope that this will find you much better in body, and still sweetly blessed in your soul. O what a glorious Friend is Christ! In very deed, he is a friend in need; and his friendship is better than life. Well, my dear brother, it will not be long before we shall see him as he is, and be like him too. Welcome, welcome day!

The Spring-Head of all blessings richly supply your soul with fresh manifestations of his never-to-be-forgotten, everlasting love. So prays yours in the Lord,

Manchester, December, 1829.

W. G.

GLEANINGS.

"The relation of all the events which filled up the space of more than twenty years would be too tedious to insert, the first three or four of which were made up of convictions, vows, and backslidings, until the word of the Lord came into my soul, "Wherefore, come out from among them," &c. (2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.) The power that came into my soul with these words broke as it were my covenant with sin and sin-

ners, and separated me from my old company and outward sins. My awful state by nature as a sinner and a whole life of sin were brought before me, and I was led to cry for mercy, day and night, as a poor guilty creature before God.

"After some time had passed in this state, it came to pass one night that I dreamed I saw Jesus Christ crucified upon the cross for me, and I kneeling at the foot of the cross. I thought I said, "Blessed Jesus! didst thou suffer this for my sins?" I then awoke in tears, with my mind overflowing with love, peace, and comfort, the sweetest that I ever experienced in the whole of my pilgrimage until the year 1829. I had sweet and frequent communion with Christ, and felt the assurance of the pardon of my sins and the freeness of his love to me.

"Thus, while dandled on the knee, (Isa. lxvi. 12,) I concluded my warfare was at an end; but the Lord soon undeceived me, when I was weaned from the milk and drawn from the breast. (Isa. xxviii. 9.)"

All this was previous to a law-work on his conscience, the effects of which he thus describes :

"In this furnace all my free-will religion seemed to be burnt up, and shown to be cursed hypocrisy before God. My mouth was stopped, and I was covered with shame and confusion, and filled with guilt and terror of soul. If I attempted to cry to God, there appeared nothing but wrath and terror before me, and Satan close upon me, so that I dare not open my mouth; and if I attempted to ask a blessing on my food, as soon as I began to speak, these words would come with such power and stop me and sink down my soul into the deepest distress: 'I will even curse your blessings;' (Mal. ii. 2;) and these words would follow me continually: 'Ye are cursed with a curse.' The Lord had not laid 'judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet; his hail was now sweeping away the refuge of lies, and his waters overflowing the hiding-place.' (Isa. xxviii. 17.) I heard of the promises of God to them that believed, to them that loved and feared God, and that were sanctified, whose hearts were purified by faith, and who fled for refuge to lay hold on Christ, &c. But, alas! as for me, I had none of these things, but quite the reverse. I was full of sin, unbelief, rebellion, enmity, and darkness, and estranged from God, nor could I hear of anything to give me hope."—*Drawings of Everlasting Love,* 2nd edit., pp. 1, 2, 4, 5.

I find, to this day, seven abominations in my heart. 1. Inclining to unbelief. 2. Suddenly to forget the love and mercy that Christ manifesteth. 3. A leaning to the works of the law. 4. Wanderings and coldness in prayer. 5. To forget to watch for that I pray for. 6. Apt to murmur because I have no more, and yet ready to abuse what I have. 7. I can do none of those things which God commands me, but my corruptions will thrust in themselves; "When I would do good, evil is present with me." These things I continually see and feel, and am afflicted and oppressed with, yet the wisdom of God doth order them for my good. 1. They make me abhor myself. 2. They keep me from trusting my heart. 3. They convince me of the insufficiency of all inherent righteousness. 4. They show me the necessity of flying to Jesus. 5. They press me to pray unto God. 6. They show me the need I have to watch and be sober. 7. And provoke me to pray unto God, through Christ, to help me, and carry me through this world.—*Bunyan.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD,

OR,

FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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A LETTER FROM A VETERAN TO HIS FLOCK.

To the Church of Christ meeting for the worship of the Lord at St. George's-road, Manchester, the saints of the most high God.

I understand that since I saw your faces the Lord has been pleased to take some of our friends to their long home; and be assured, my brethren, it will soon be the case with us. The Lord enable us, by vital faith and feeling, to sit upon our watch-tower, and to look forward to the blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; and may we feel our hearts at rest in him. While in this vale of tears, trials we must have, but the Lord has promised to be a very present help in trouble. But it is an awful fact that, by the workings of our corrupt nature, the power of unbelief, and a giving way to our own cursed, carnal, fleshly hearts, we manufacture many of our own trials, and bring our souls into bondage; and there we are, sinking under the weight of the dreadful burden we have heaped upon our own consciences; nor can all the legal efforts we make deliver our souls, or in the least degree lessen the burden. A degree of shame and confusion of face takes place, and we really fear to ask the Lord to deliver us, being quite sure that, with all the innumerable evils which encompass us, our own iniquities have taken hold of us, and we are not able to look up; (Ps. xl. 12;) and here we are, trembling alive, till the dear Lord breaks into the mind with a little light and life, and produces a measure of tenderness of conscience, and brings us feelingly to say, "I will declare mine iniquity, I will be sorry for my sin;" and we in very deed confess our transgressions unto the Lord. Then his gracious Majesty, in his own time, appears, and freely and sweetly

forgives us our sin. (Ps. xxxviii. 18; xxxii. 5.) It is not our feeling shame and confessing our sin that is the cause of the Lord pardoning us, nor the cause of his gracious Majesty manifesting pardon; but the Lord, in mercy, gives us to feel shame and to confess our sin because he has forgiven us and designs to let us feel his pardoning mercy. Bless his precious name, he works in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure; so that all we have in life, in hope, in faith, in tenderness of conscience, in godly fear, in love, or any branch of spiritual feeling, and all that comes from us in confession, shame, or prayer, or godly contrition, or thanksgivings, or adoration, and every breathing which goes from us to the Lord in, and by, and through the Lord Jesus Christ, is all the free gift of God's grace, and springs from the eternal love of a Three-One God, and therefore to him belongeth the glory.

My dear friends, I have been your pastor, as a church, for nearly thirty-seven years. Have I been a means, in the hands of the blessed Spirit, of ministering any blessing to you? Each one of you examine your own conscience, and see whether or not you are made the rich partakers of the grace of God, what measure of that grace the Lord, in mercy, has communicated unto you, and where, in spiritual faith and feeling, you now stand in the divine life. Examine yourselves whether you be in the faith; and may the Lord help you to "look to yourselves, that we lose not those things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward;" (2 John 8;) and may you live much in faith, and love, and prayer, and praise; for "whoso offereth praise glorifieth God; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will he show the salvation of the Lord." (Ps. l. 23.)

My dear friends, have we not, as a church, many things to be thankful for? Take a short survey of the goodness of the Lord towards us both in providence and grace, and must we not say, "The Lord hath done great things for us?" Yes, I am sure we must. And can we remain careless, prayerless, and unthankful? O Lord, forbid it! May the dear Lord lead us more feelingly into the glorious realities of the gospel of his grace. And O blessed Spirit! give our souls a solemn plunge into the love and blood of the dear God-Man Mediator; and may our souls drink deep into the mysteries of free grace, that we may live in, and to, and for the Lord.

Brethren, how long we may remain together in this vale of tears the Lord only knows; but while it is the case, I pray that we may live in each other's hearts, as we stand in and have a spiritual life in and from the Lord Jesus Christ. What a mercy it is to have our life hid in him who is the resurrection and the life, and, indeed, who is the life of all that live in him; "Because he lives, they shall live also." Whatever trials you have, the dear Lord is a sympathizing friend. There you may take all your sorrows and pains, and his gracious Majesty has promised to be a very present help in trouble. What a mercy it is that we are the care of the Lord! Bless his precious name, he never will forsake his people; no, nor will he let them quite forsake him. Sure I am, that if the dear Lord was to

leave me to the management of my own soul, I should be one of the most despicable reptiles in the world, not only in feeling, but in practice too. Blessed be the name of the Lord, he does not, will not leave me to myself; and now and then his gracious Majesty grants me a few drops of his love, and a few moments' intercourse with him; and when the dear Lord sweetly enters into my conscience with the power of his love and blood, and enables me in faith and feeling to enter into him, I can from my heart say that all is right. Do, my dear friends, pray for me, that I may preach God's blessed truth under the sweet unction of God the Spirit, and that the dear Lord will make it a real blessing to his people, and that he will bring me among you in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ; and if we meet again in this world, may we meet in the dear bowels of Christ, and find our souls refreshed in him.

I hope the dear Lord is with Mr. W—, and that he preaches and you hear in the life, and fear, and love, and power, and unction of the Lord. My love to him.

That the God of peace may be with you all, and grant you much nearness of soul to himself, and enable each of you to live by a vital faith in Christ, and act in all things as becometh the gospel, and that you may have sweet and solemn rest in the Lord the Lamb, is the prayer of your loving pastor,

May 28, 1842.

W. G.

THE PRODIGAL SON PRAYING TO BE "AS A HIRED SERVANT."

As I never set myself up that I was a preacher, I shall, as a private Christian, nevertheless, venture on the following exposition, the latter interpretation therein having flashed in my mind in a moment on a certain day. "If anything be revealed to another that *sitteth by*," let wise men judge. (1 Cor. xiv. 30.)

It is concerning the meaning of God's "hired servants," which the prodigal son prayed to be made as one of. Some say it is that he wished to be a preacher; but to be made a *parson*, was, I think, about the last thing that entered our "independent merchant's" mind, for so Huntington terms him. Our tattered and torn prodigal would have cut a poorish figure then in a pulpit; still Balaam, and gifted men of that kind without grace, are, scripturally, God's hired servants, I believe, for we are well persuaded they are not sons. O how deep is the infinite government of God in grace, as well as in providence! Thus such men as Balaam, Abithophel, and Judas shall be made God's gifted instruments of good, perhaps, to his people, and yet God shall have no more intention of final good towards them than to Ahab or Jezebel. Abithophel was as if any one had inquired at the oracle of God, so wise was he. (2 Sam. xvi. 23.) He was David's "counsellor;" and they went sweetly together to the house of God. Balaam, also, had the Spirit's gifted illumination. (Num. xxiv. 2.) Thus Balaam and Abithophel were God's hired servants in gifts of wisdom, &c. "Thus saith the Lord God, If the prince

give a gift unto any of his sons, the inheritance thereof shall be his sons'; it shall be their possession by inheritance. But if he give a gift to one of his servants, it shall be his (the servant's) only to a certain time, not for ever." (Ezek. xlvi. 16, &c.) This latter was the character of such as Balaam, and is the character of many in our day. "As for their knowledge, though it come from God," (Num. xxii. &c..) which is a tough test to try many by, "it shall vanish away."

But there is another sense of "a hired servant of God," which, I think, is the true interpretation of the prodigal son's prayer when he roared out in his deep distress and insufferable agonies, that he would go to his heavenly Father, and set off on this very errand, namely, saying, "Make me as one of thy hired servants." "I will arise," says he, "and go to Him, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son;" and then put in his prayer to be as in hired servitude unto God. Could it *then* have entered into his mind to be a preacher, think you? I know, by bitter experience, in some degree, I believe, what was the meaning of it. The poor prodigal had made sad work of it. He had had the "portion" that fell to him. Is it not evident that he had the Spirit of adoption? Otherwise, how could he call God, *Father*? I believe, as Huntington observes, that an honest hearted child of God would no more call God, Father, until God had authorized him in his conscience, no, he could no more spiritually do it than he could fly. God has given his children an honest heart, and they are children that will not lie, so he was their Saviour. (Isa. lxiii. 8.) Therefore it turns out, it seems, that the prodigal had been a *sad* character after he had received the Spirit of adoption, enabling him to call God, Abba, Father. I know it was so with me. I got, like him, into a *far* country. The unmerciful enmity of the devil (as far as he is permitted) is like that of the Chaldeans against the children of Israel. "I was but a little displeased," said God, "and they helped forward the affliction." O when the younger son gets the share of spiritual goods that falleth to him, ten to one but the devil now tempts him, (and God, as in Job's case, permits temptation,) that now having got his share, he may do as he likes. O how like that "bitter and hasty nation," the Chaldeans, the devil is! The younger son thus the devil will blow up like a bladder. Off into a far country the younger son will go; leave all, and set off. Poor thing, he thinks there is not such a Christian in the world as himself. Now the devil gets him even into the country of believing that sin will do us no harm, if we are children of God. O the broken bones the youngster gets when he falls into this temptation, and acts upon it outwardly at all more particularly! Inward sins are poison, but outward sins are a raging fire that devastates widely. O how cut up the wretch is when the devil has got him into this net of sinning because it will not do a *child of God* any harm! I know, in distant times, (ten years back,) I have tasted of the splendid poison; splendid, for did ever any one hear of such outlandish wickedness? Achan thought the wedge and the Babylonish vest were nice keepsakes of sin, but God ordered him, and all he had, to be stoned and burned, for he troubled Israel. (Jos.

vii.) O the horrid goings on that are often between Satan and a newly fledged child of God! The devil will persuade him that he can fly *further* than God has authorized. I know, for my own part, like him, I have been entangled, the many years back I have mentioned, in these dangerous traps of the devil. Seeing, therefore, the terrible abuse he had made of the share, or portion, of goods that fell to him; (his whole inheritance, or sonship, of which the Spirit of adoption is the "earnest" or inward "first fruits;") lo! *confounded* at where he had got to, at his backsliding, at the awful use he had made of his Father's "riches" that had, as his noble portion, been "divided" to him, staggered into the dust at the upshot, as to how he had also been deluded by Satan, our prodigal, in making up the awful distance between his heavenly Father and himself, concludes his prayer by roaring out, "Make me as one of thy hired servants!" Shocked at the state he had got into, see how the devil, like a robber, along with the wickedness of the heart, will rob a child of God, and then make him cast away his confidence! See how a backsliding child of God is shocked; prays his heavenly Father to keep a tighter hand upon him as in hired servitude. He does not pray *for* hired servitude, but to be *as* in it, (mark the words,) "*as* one of thy hired servants," while adoption *breaks through* the gloom in the word "Father."

Moral men are God's hired servants. Is it not evident, I think, from the following scriptures? "If thou doest well shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." "Now, I say that the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant." "Verily, they have their reward." Thus morality has blessings which immorality has not *naturally*, and it is well known what *earnestness* and *watchfulness*, as a hireling, a child of God has while under the law in bondage to God.

As every stage of backsliding, and especially any turning the grace of God into licentiousness, will bring a child of God into sore places of feeling, he will tremble for the future more at being trusted with any thing, or at trusting to himself. Thus they who have backslidden much from God know what it is to have amazing repentance from God. Thus they have not the infernal jealousy, spite, and venom that some have. Thus the haughtiness and conceitedness so apparent in some are crushed in those who, like the prodigal son, have had their pride stained, and who have thus been brought into the beautiful paths of humility, where soaring finds its poison in pardoning blood, and where each Diotrephes that *will* have the pre-eminence shall never come. But see how the kind Father will not hear of his son being made as a hired servant, though the son had so vilely strayed. No; "Bring hither the fatted calf," says he, "and let us be merry." Undeserved mercy triumphs against justice through the all-conquering excellency of the Surety. Warieness, watchfulness, and more carefulness for the future shall not, as in a hireling, but as in a son, spring and rise from the past in him, when repentance has done its work, while adoption and wisdom finally *supply every defect*.

UNKNOWN, YET WELL KNOWN.

I have so long delayed answering yours of the 7th June, that by this time I shall not wonder if I hear you have concluded that I either esteem you an hypocrite in Zion or a deceiver deceived; but the Lord knows, before whom I write it, that I cannot help hoping, from the contents of your letter, and the piece in the *Standard*, that you are one among the very few whose eyes God the eternal Spirit has opened, and to whose soul the holy Comforter has imparted divine life. And, O mercy of mercies! what an unspeakable mercy, that while thousands of tinkling cymbals, who are high in doctrine, and stand high in the estimation of the "religious world," are content with a form of sound words and a round of services; I say, what a mercy, if the Lord has brought you and me really to pant after the *inwardly* manifested kingdom of God, which stands not in word only, but in power! I don't know how it is with you, but I often wonder how I dare to go about bearing witness against a form without power, and contending for a feeling religion, when, for the most part, I seem to be nothing but a dry formalist, and seem to be as destitute of spiritual feeling as a pebble; but even then I know that nothing will bear weighing in the balances of the sanctuary, and have "pure religion" stamped upon it by the Holy Ghost, but soul feeling, and its consequent effects produced by God the eternal Spirit. Confessions of sinfulness, without *felt* hatred to sin; expressions of thankfulness, without *felt* gratitude; and petitions for favour, without *felt* desires, are what my soul dreads. But O how seldom it is that I can feel sin really hateful, self really abhorred, God's goodness really admired, and his mercies really desired; yea, I never feel these things but when he himself produces the feeling, and never (in my right mind) wish to do; for if I produced the feeling I should no doubt take to myself the praise; but I do from my soul wish it would please his dear Majesty to produce these feelings oftener. I know that we are charged with wanting to live upon frames and feelings; but what I want is to live upon a felt Christ; I want to feel him a solid rock beneath me, a wall of fire around me, a glorious fountain to me, a blessed covert over me, the hope of glory within me, a complete robe upon me; yea, I want to feel him the bread on which my soul feeds, the staff on which my soul leans, and the water that my soul drinks; yes, he knows that I want for *myself* to feel that he is living *in me* my all and in all. But alas! alas! I sometimes don't even *want* him; I am neither drinking nor thirsting, eating nor hungering, desiring nor having, praying nor praising, asking nor receiving, hoping nor fearing. Surely this is being free (from all feeling) among the dead, like the slain in their graves. O, nothing do I dread like this unfeeling feeling! The language of my soul of late has been, "Lord, make me sigh if I cannot sing; Lord, help me to groan if I cannot speak; give me an appetite if I am not eating; do let me *feel* some signs of life."

MAN'S EXTREMITY GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

Dear Friend,—I trust these few lines will find you and yours in health. I am glad to hear that you find though you change, God changeth not.

O, my friend, what deadness and darkness has my soul gone through since I saw you last! it has been tossed up and down by Satan, but I hope that there is still a looking, at times, towards the Lord's holy temple. O what snares has Satan laid for my feet! but the Lord has broken them many a time, for which I desire to give unto him all the praise; and when I think of the past mercies of the Lord to such an unworthy wretch, my soul is filled with love and wonder.

I have had a great deal to contend with in regard to temporal things, and my way has been hedged up many times. I now have five children, which is no light burden to bear in these hard times. Two years ago myself and family were so reduced that we were obliged to go into the workhouse; but the Lord, who put us in, brought us out again, so that I might praise his mercies the more, and never can I forget the hand that supplied our needs. I do remember with pleasure the conversations we have had together. O that I could now enjoy as much of his presence as I then did, but it is not so. Sometimes I think there never was such a one as I am. To be a child of God! my feelings seem to keep me back from such a hope. At times my heart is so devilish that I feel convinced that hell will be my portion, and that it is the most proper place for me. Such were my feelings a few months ago, when the Lord broke in upon my soul with light, joy, and peace. If it were not for these seasons of love, I should be the most miserable of all men; but, bless and praise his holy name, he comes to our relief at the last extremity and when we cannot help ourselves, which makes him the more precious to us. O what a blessing it will be when we shall be without sin, and for ever enjoy the presence of the Lord! O this sin! how it mars our communion, and separates us from God! The passage in which Christ speaks of having given ten talents to one, to another five, and one to another, came into my mind, and I thought I was he who had received the one talent, and had hid it, or misused it. I almost thought I was gone, although I at the same time knew that if the Lord had begun the work he would never leave it unfinished; but so blind and stupid was I that I could not get rid of it; till one morning, when I was chopping a few sticks to light a fire, the Lord broke the snare, and released me from the bondage I was then in. I am now again in doubts and fears. O that the Lord would give me a true token that he has loved me with an everlasting love.

You inquired about all the friends. All are still alive save one, your old friend D—, who has made a happy exchange, leaving a blessed testimony that the Lord was his God, though his mind was very dark for a long time before his death. O poor man, with what restlessness and anxiety did he wait for the Lord! but at last he came, according to his own words, "At evening time it shall be

light." I shall never forget the change that took place in him whilst Mr. — was at prayer. When he made use of these words, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," &c., he was delivered from his doubts and fears, and had a sure and certain hope, which was never taken from him.

We should be glad to see you at N—, if at any time you can make it convenient, and I hope it will not be long before you do come, that we may see each other once more in the flesh.

Now, my friend, I must conclude, having a poor, dry, barren heart, full of emptiness, so that I can hardly write a line. Wishing that the Lord may give you much of his presence and love, believe me, yours in sincerity,

Nottingham, February 17, 1840.

J. P.

THE COMING OF THE SET TIME TO FAVOUR ZION.

My dear Friend and Brother in tribulation,—It is a high privilege of the church of God to hold spiritual communion and intercourse one with another. "Come all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul," was the language of one who had passed through sharp trials, and been delivered, and will be the language of the Lord's tried and delivered family until time shall be no more. That which I have seen with my eyes, which I have looked upon, and my hands have handled of the word of life, declare I unto you. (1 John i. 1.) O James, the Lord has been very good to my soul. He met me last Lord's day, and broke my heart with his love and mercy. He can make use of the most feeble means to bless his people, when the set time to favour Zion is come.

On Lord's day I went to chapel as usual, and when I had taken my seat in the pew, dear — stood up and gave out the 120th hymn:

"With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness;
His bowels melt with love;"

and the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th verses, in particular, were made exceedingly precious to my soul. Truly I felt him to my soul in his mediatorial and priestly capacity, for he is touched with our infirmities, and not only *our* infirmities, but *my* infirmities. O how I wept before the Lord! My heart was so filled with his love, that I could scarcely hear — preach. At the first entrance of the words of the hymn into my soul, unbelief sprung up, "Is it from the Lord?" but the precious teeming out of his mercy in his loving, long-suffering, mediatorial, and priestly capacity was so sweet and powerfully felt, that all fears fled away, and I could truly exclaim, "Great is the peace of thy children." The good Lord took possession of my soul, as it were, and put all enemies under my feet. Unbelief, carnal reason, ungodly thoughts, and evil temptations, which have so much teased and distressed me, and often made me fear that I was not a child of God, and that I should one day clearly manifest it—all these, and many other dreadful feelings, like so many unclean beasts, skulked into their dens, and I felt that the Lord had taken

possession of my soul. The strong man was now bound, and all his armour, wherein he boasted, was taken from him, and the spoil divided. I continued to enjoy these precious feelings till I returned from the chapel, and as I was walking through the street, a little before the prayer meeting in the afternoon, this passage came to my mind, "He rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still; and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm," when I again burst into a flood of tears. O the long-suffering of God to sinful me! I again looked back at what a wretch I had been, how the Lord had led me, to what lengths I had run, and what extreme feelings I had been the subject of; and I saw the hand of God, as it were, weaning me from self, and making me sick of the world. Truly that morning, with light sent down from heaven into my soul, I had a view of the world and all its vanities, and I exclaimed, in my feelings, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

At the prayer meeting in the afternoon, I sat in the pew with great peace of mind, and I looked at —, my feelings continually repeating, "Thou blessed of the Lord, thou blessed of the Lord," and wishing him to ask me to pray. At last he did invite me, and I gave out the same hymn that had been made such a blessing to my soul. I then attempted to pray, and was about to express what I had experienced a month before, that day being the ordinance of the Lord's supper, when that passage followed me, "Feeding themselves without fear." This I feared was the case not only with me, but with others of my brethren; consequently, I left the ordinance, but durst not sit down. The thoughts of this, and the great contrast which I then experienced in my feelings, again overpowered me, and, under a sense of his great mercy, I was obliged to sit down. And O how I again wept before the Lord, feeling that I sincerely loved him, and the brethren too. I had no hard feelings towards them, and I felt full of forgiveness, and in possession of that charity which suffereth long and is kind.

On the Monday I felt my mind very solemn, and was greatly afraid of going into the world again, and getting into my old place. I was very diligent in business on Tuesday, and the Lord prospered my way. On the Wednesday, as I was coming up the street, my heart was again broken with the mercy of God. I had some money to pay, and trade being very bad, I could not see where it was to come from, which distressed me very much; but the Lord sent it me in a way I little expected, and enabled me to pay my debt, leaving me something handsome to spare. O I felt the Lord just such a blessed God as I stood in need of; for I knew that I needed to be borne with, and I felt sensible that if left, I should again sin against him, and the prayer of my soul was, that he would not only forgive me for the sins I had committed, but for the sins I should commit. And O what nearness I felt to him! I saw things quite in another light to what I did formerly, and I felt persuaded, being a living witness, that the Lord has delivered and will deliver his people out of their afflictions in his own good time.

Preston, June, 1842.

R. W.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FLOWERY AND FRUITFUL PREACHING.

Dear Brother,—May mercy and peace be with you, and the God of all comfort support and bless you.

Yours I received, and can truly say that I was glad to hear from you. I was very glad to read the contents of your letter. It appears that God is keeping you in a low place, emptying and stripping you of self, and endearing his blessed sovereignty to your soul. It is a great blessing to be kept a poor pauper upon mercy's store; for there is no want of blessings treasured up in Christ for poor beggars that have no where else to depend on; and never one yet was sent empty away. Bless his dear name, he never did nor ever will despise the sighing of the needy; he will, in his own time and way, lift the poor out of the dust, and the beggar from off the dunghill, and set him amongst the princes of his people. Bless his dear name, he has done this both for you and me many times; yes, and will do it again. But, my dear friend, you and I must not expect to have the sweets without the bitters, the day without the night, prosperity without adversity, healing without wounds, clothing without stripping, feeding without famishing, singing without groaning, shouting victory without fighting, having sips of heaven without pangs of hell. My dear friend, God has set these one against another, that we should find nothing after us to glory in; but "let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord;" and the Lord be praised that we can say at times, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" yea, we can exclaim, with David, "Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy name be glory, for thy truth and mercy's sake."

But it is trying work to flesh and blood when the word of God is a sealed book; when the heavens are as brass, and the fountains of the great deep of fallen nature are working and boiling up in the heart, like a pot, with all manner of evil too base to hint at. My dear friend, I have known what it has been, scores of times, to go into the pulpit believing in my very heart that God would make it manifest that I was nothing but an apostate, and have been obliged to stammer out my misery as well as I could, and determined that if I could but get through this time, I would give it all up, and never preach more; and I have gone home staggering and reeling to and fro in my soul, and at my wit's end, thinking that I should never be made a blessing to one soul, and was quite sure that the people were sick at heart both of me and my preaching; for I was confident that it was nothing but the same thing over and over again and again; and my very soul has roared out like a bear bereaved of her whelps, till I have determined that I would give up preaching, and go into some way of business to get my bread. Then I have cried again unto the Lord with my soul, that he would show me what to do, and have many times had nothing but this answer—"He that has set his hand to the plough, and looks back, is not fit for the kingdom." This has brought me down to his feet like a child, to beg of him that, if he had sent me into his vineyard, he would be so kind as to furnish

me with every blessing that I stood in need of; and that my poor blind eyes might be opened that I might see wonderful things out of the book of his law, and go before the people like a good steward of the manifold grace of God, and feed them with wisdom and understanding. Here I have cried, groaned, and wrestled by the hour; and at length the dear Lord has been pleased to speak a word of peace, saying, "It shall be given thee in the same hour. Thou needest fear not; for I am with thee. Be not dismayed; for I am thy God." This has set all right for a time; and then I have been encouraged to read and pray over the dear word of God, and hoped and expected that the dear Lord would lead me into some mysterious part of God's word, that I might come up before the people with some precious new things which they had never heard or seen before. But, alas! when Saturday has come, I have been in the old spot again; instead of having any new things, I have been as dark as a dungeon, as hard as the nether millstone, as stupid as a mule, as unfruitful as a barren heath, as rebellious and peevish as the devil; the Bible has appeared full of nothing but inconsistency, trumpery, and lies; and religion has altogether seemed nothing but an empty bubble of confusion.

Ah! my dear brother, this is hard work. But God will bring down high looks; and the loftiness of man shall be bowed down. God has brought me down hundreds of times till I could only just whisper out of the dust, and has made me willing to be anything or nothing, and to feel quite willing, if it would add to his honour and glory, to stand up before the people, and be dumb; and say, Amen to it. Here I have found solid peace and quietness in the Lord, feeling that if he opens, it is well; and if he shuts, it is well. He is, I find, and see, and feel at these times.

"Too wise to err;
Too good to be unkind."

At these times, I have found the Lord to be with me in a precious manner; not giving me, as my flesh has wanted it, a deal of fine flowery things to tickle the ear; but solid, weighty experimental truth, with divine anointing attending it, and proving as nails fastened by the Master of assemblies in a sure place; and I have then proved, by soul-experience, that the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power, in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.

My dear friend and brother, I have been so shocked before now with great preachers, when I have heard the glorious, grand, and precious things which they have brought forward, and have then compared my poor stammering with their preaching, that I have blushed and been ashamed like a thief, and not known where to hide my head, and whispered, "Can I ever have the face to attempt to stand up again?" I have really thought that it would be the greatest presumption even for me to try again. But what is all this? A pack of pride and fleshly trumpery. My dear friend, "God's thoughts are not our thoughts." What we call little things, God owns as great things. What do the children of God want? Is it flowery speech? No. Some of them come to the house of God with their heads hanging

down like bulrushes, fearing that they never knew the Lord aright for themselves. Others come bowed down with the corruptions of their hearts, believing in their very souls that they have not one grain of grace in their hearts more than the devil has. Others come so stupid, dead, and barren, that they can neither pray nor desire to pray, and firmly believe that they are totally dead and plucked up by the roots. Others come with the fiery darts of the devil flying through their poor souls, and all manner of blasphemous thoughts against the Holy Trinity, especially against the Holy Ghost; they fear that it's all over with them, and that they can have no forgiveness, neither in this world, nor in the world to come. Others come that are shut up in the dungeon of darkness, with only groans and sighs: "Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die." Others come so bowed down with providential trials that they are afraid they never can hold on their way. My dear brother, what sort of preaching will do for these poor dear souls? They must have the stumbling-blocks taken out of the way, and the standard lifted up, with the divine power and unction of the Holy Ghost attending it. And who is he that can take up these stumbling-blocks out of the way of God's people? The man that God has thrust out into his vineyard, and that has known and proved these stumbling-blocks in his own soul from day to day and year after year, and keeps proving by happy experience how the Lord takes them up out of his way; and as he proves and feels the goodness and mercy of a covenant God, in helping, comforting, and delivering, so he comes forth with it, and testifies that he cannot but speak of the things he has handled and felt. God owns such preaching, and ever will own it. Paul declares, "We comfort you with the same comfort with which we ourselves are comforted of God; and whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation."

We are going on happily and comfortably as a church and congregation. We had seven added to us last ordinance day, and we are going to have more. We are quite crowded as a congregation. I am quite astonished, and wonder how it is that the people flock from all parts around to hear such simple truth. O the mercy, kindness, and goodness of God to such a worthless worm! O that I had but more grace, that I could but praise and honour him more, who has done, and is doing so much for me!

God Almighty bless you, my dear brother, and keep you near to his blessed self, and bless you with much of his love and grace, to bear you up under all your conflicts, both of flesh and spirit. I firmly believe that God will ever stand by you. I can assure you that you are in my very soul; and at times I can carry you to a throne of grace when I cannot carry myself. O that we may be kept little in our own eyes, and that we may ever walk and act like servants of God, and never say, "A confederacy, to those that say, A confederacy."

That God may bless you and all the friends, is the soul's desire and prayer of your unworthy brother,

Trowbridge, July, 1834.

J. W.

AT ANCHOR OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Dear Sirs,—The following was received by me from a brother who left England for New Zealand, and was wrecked at the Cape on his passage in last September, when he lost all that he possessed; but the Lord hath wonderfully provided for him, so that he and his family have wanted for nothing.

London, March 16, 1842.

W. F.

My dear Sister,—I have for a long time been wanting to write to you, but have been prevented through illness, having been confined for the last month with a complaint that is very fatal here; but, blessed be my Father's holy name, here I am, the preserved of the Lord, in a fair way of recovery, ready for another trial. As one sharp trial passeth over, I expect another just as sore, perhaps a sorer yet.

The Psalmist lamented that no one cared for his soul. Now, my dear sister, you lie very near my heart, and I should like to have some conversation with you of Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. We have had some sweet conversation, and have walked to the house of God together; but we are now far apart in body, though near in spirit. He, the only object of the saints' delight, has He so made himself known to your soul that you can say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his?" That it may be so is the sincere prayer of him who now makes the inquiry. And while I do sincerely hope that you may escape the bitter soul travail which I passed through before I was brought to know the Lord, I heartily pray that you may be filled with all the fulness of God, and that you may know "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." These things in your soul's experience is the greatest blessing I can wish you, so that you may know Christ in his relationship to his Church; that all he did he did for her, and that all that he has is for her, and is hers. "He that spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" meaning that he *has given* us all things. God the Father cannot give his children one blessing but in Christ, so that the soul may boldly enter into the very heart of God, by Christ being her husband, and there read the mind and will of her Father. Did *Christ* need the promises that are contained in him, or were they given him *for another*? "We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden mystery which God ordained before the world unto our glory." The mind and will of God is revealed unto us by his Spirit, for "the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God;" and the Apostle says further, that "we have the mind of Christ." Now, we are in Christ, and Christ is in God. Is this truth? Then we are wrapped up in God as a holy people; Christ, the Fountain of blessings, contains all blessings for us. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends; and ye are my friends," saith he. See how he loves us! "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." So you see,

my dear sister, that the great gift of Christ is the effect of the Father's love. What, then, must be the greatness of the love of God that the apostle John speaks of, when he calls up the attention of the church with that sweet expression, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" Now, in this world of sin and misery, what a delightful thought that, whether under the cloud of a disappointing providence, or in the sunshine of enjoyment of all the heart desires, the everlasting love of God abides the same in Christ, "the Ancient of Days," and the faithfulness of Him whose name is the Faithful and True Witness causes all things to work together for good to them that love the Lord. It is indeed most sweet to me to contemplate his person as perfectly suited to all my wants, miseries, distresses, and afflictions. "His mouth is most sweet, yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my Friend." May the Lord, in his own time, enable you to say the same.

I must conclude, as my strength fails me. May the Almighty go before you, and the God of Abraham bless you and your husband; so prays your loving brother,

Cape of Good Hope, Dec. 6, 1841.

WILLIAM MALSURY.

**"HE WAKED ME, AS A MAN IS WAKENED OUT
OUT OF HIS SLEEP." (ZECH. IV. 1.)**

To all the true, experimentally taught children of God, meeting at —. Beloved of the Lord,—I have made a profession of religion more than twenty years, and although my path has not been the smoothest, yet I felt myself pretty well at ease as to my religion. Sometimes I used to awake up as one out of sleep, and be very uneasy for fear I should be deceived, and there were but very few preachers that I could hear to my satisfaction; but I used to take up the old cant word and say the fault was in myself, and true enough it was, but I found I could not help myself, and so fell asleep again. Few preachers set forth my state, few opened up the work of the ever blessed Spirit upon the heart of a poor sinner, and how he works in his various ways to bring poor ruined sinners to really know themselves. Yes, the preachers of the day talk about what God has done for his people, (I do also believe that he has done a great and glorious work for his elect,) but what is that to me if I am not interested in it? I want to hear the evidences set forth by the servants of the Lord, so that I may judge for myself, and see whereabouts I am. I have been satisfied with a gospel "not now and not nigh" for a long time, but it will not do any longer for me; my soul wants more than sign. But I dare say some are saying, how came you to be awake now? Well, if the Lord enable me, I will tell you, and may it rebound to his glory, as it was nothing in me that merited his favour. I, for one, can say, it is all of grace that I am made to see differently to what I did, and wherein "I was once blind now I see." Yet I am not satisfied about my adoption, but wish to feel myself in

a waiting posture, until the blessed Spirit shall reveal Christ to me more to my satisfaction.

About three or four years ago, I hope the ever blessed Spirit took me in hand the second time. I dare not by any means say he had not begun the work before, although at times I have doubted the whole. The first words he addressed me with were these, "Woe be to them that are at ease in Zion!" I pondered them over in my mind a long time; at last, they were opened up to me in this way, that we were all at ease in the church at —, and there was a woe denounced against us. I looked round and believed it was the same case with both minister and people, and that we were buoyed up with a false peace. I began to be very much distressed in my mind, and I could not hear the preaching, as it never reached my case. Once, in particular, I well remember, (for it is like a nail fastened in a sure place) that in this place of worship I was more burdened than usual, and was waiting and watching for the minister to speak something to my troubled soul, but could hear nothing but an empty sound to me, when all in a moment these words struck me, "The poor and needy seek water, and there is none; but I the Lord will open streams in the desert." But my unbelieving heart said, "Where shall these streams come from in this desert land?" Yet the Lord, who never lets his word return unto him void, accomplished the promise, and sent me the little work called the *Gospel Standard*, which, through the power of the ever-blessed Spirit, brought these blessed streams to me. There I read my own experience, and it was also made the means of establishing my heart in the grand gospel truths, also showing me my helpless state, and my self-righteousness, which sticks so close and haunts me wherever I go; it has also been the means of showing me the necessity of a law work upon the soul, and a gospel deliverance from the same. I then began to read the word of God with new eyes; and I met with this passage of scripture, "And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith: that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death," (Phil. iii. 9, 10,) which made me exceedingly fear and tremble. I could not tell what it meant, for I believed I had never experienced it, and should have been very glad to have heard it preached from, but never did. I hope I can say that what knowledge I have gathered from passages of Scripture has been imparted to me by the Holy Ghost, who always gives the true meaning. But I assure you that I have had great searchings of heart to know whether I had ever felt the power of his resurrection on my dead soul, and I was quite sure that I had not felt such a fellowship in his sufferings as I saw there was in that passage, and therefore could not conscientiously sit down to the ordinance of the Lord's supper. I never remembered being taken into the garden to mourn over the dear Lord's sufferings for my sins as I could wish; nor am I yet satisfied, though I do hope that I am like Lazarus, whom Christ raised from the dead, having the grave clothes

about me; and if so, I know in his own blessed time he will say, "Loose her, and let her go." But I can assure you that at these times I have been so guided with the eye of God being upon me, that I have been afraid of my own thoughts, much less words and actions, for fear I should prevent the Lord's mercy. But now the case is altered. I feel sin to prevail, and I mourn in darkness. I wish from my heart that these or similar scriptures would kill me to sin and to my wretched self, which is an unwearied enemy. I feel that I am like the woman in the gospel, nothing better but rather worse, therefore you see I have nothing to boast of. My real desire is to live without sin, under which I groan, being burdened. Daily and hourly it brings me into bondage and darkness, robs me of the little evidences I have, and shuts me out from a throne of grace. To cut it short, my life is full of contradictions; sometimes I think I have a little spiritual life, and at other times I think I have none. I hope you will be able to judge righteous judgment concerning my case. I wish you to understand that I have no desire to be deceived, nor yet puffed up, but to be kept a humble penitent at the footstool of mercy. I dare say some will say that this is a very unconnected letter; so it is, but I do not like things studied, as they are not to be depended upon. I have no scruple of conscience in sending you this, as it is just as it flowed warm from my heart. I am well aware it is full of defects, therefore the more like myself. Yours in hope,

E. S.

CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.

Dearly Beloved in the tribulation and peace of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,—I received your salutary epistle, and will, as far as lies in my power, fulfil every request you have so courteously made; being willing, I trust, to give not only my labour, but my life, if the dear Lord supports me, on behalf of his church. I wrote once before this to you, but I could not overcome my diffidence to send it. I will, however, with the dear Lord's blessing, send this letter, and I trust you will overlook every fault that it contains.

I have not spent such a blessed Sabbath morning for a long time as the one I enjoyed that morning I heard you at Mr. B.'s chapel. Ah, my dear Sir, I felt the unction of the divine Spirit to blend my soul with yours, when you were stating that your most poignant sorrow had been caused by sin. When I appear before the dear Lord in secret, I often blush to look up to his Majesty, I am such a wilful, stubborn, and rebellious wretch. O what could I do if it had not pleased the ever-blessed Three-One God to form the covenant in such a gracious way as he has done! Surely, if the sovereign election and drawing by the Father of his elect were not as complete as the redemption of the church by the Lord Jesus, and the quickening of the church with her teaching, anointing, renewing, and correcting; I say, were not the glorious work of the blessed Trinity complete in each department of the province of grace, I am sure that I never could hope for salvation. But, blessed be God, salvation is of

the Lord, and I know in my soul that it is so; and what a mercy that you, my dear Sir, (shall I call you brother? yea, you are more; you are a nurse; "Gentle among you, as a nurse cherisheth her children," 1 Thess. ii. 7,) you know it to be so too. O what a favour it is to be privileged with communion with the Lord.

But I must come to a close, by desiring you to give my kind love to Mr. —. Tell him that I have written a letter or two for him long ago, but I did not send them, fearing that the Lord would make it manifest that I was a glaring hypocrite, and bring him into grief, and myself into disgrace. But tell him that I experienced a signal triumph over my fears and doubts the night that he preached from the text, "Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory."

I am not engaged at T— yet; but my Master says that I am still to work, and, as far as I can see, I shall remain another year. Remember me, a foolish, stubborn wretch, in your prayers, and send me word how you are, whenever opportunity suits, as I shall be happy to hear from you as soon as possible.

Your unworthy brother in love,

Houghton.

T. C.

THE PLAGUE OF THE HEART.

The forbearance and long-suffering of the Lord to me is wonderful. I am at times astonished that he does not discharge me from his service, I am such a hard-hearted, worldly-minded, sinful, polluted wretch. I am not so much troubled with outward sins, as I am plagued with that fountain of sin which I feel working within, both by day and night, and often even in my dreams. What a struggling I feel within between the old man and the new, the flesh and the Spirit! Thanks to the Lord for the 7th chapter of Romans, especially the 20th verse,—“Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.” My brother, this sin that dwelleth in me causes my very soul to groan and sigh, and often makes me ready to knock my head against the wall, and to say, “Wretch that I am, to wander thus in my reading and in my prayers!” My very soul cries out, with Job, “O Lord! I am vile;” and with David, “My wounds stink, and are corrupt, because of my foolishness.”

I know that it is a mercy to see and feel what I am, as a sinner, and to be truly a sin-sick soul; for “the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.” I know that there is nothing which can cure the disorder but “the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin;” I felt its power thirty years since, in purging my conscience, and washing all my sins away; and I then thought that the worst was over; and so it was, as it respected law-terrors and despair, but not as it respected the workings of sin within; for I have felt far more of sin within than I did before the blood of sprinkling was made manifest in my soul. To look for justification by the works of the law will sink every one to hell who

rests upon it. Nothing but the glorious person of Immanuel, his covenant engagements, incarnation, perfect obedience, atoning blood, the triumph of his cross, and the power of his resurrection made manifest in my soul, by the power of the Holy Ghost, will do for me.

My friend, I want to know and feel more of Him whom to know is eternal life. My very soul says that I love him; and I will rest my eternal all upon him. At times I am begging and beseeching him to make me more and more as he would have me to be, and make me abundantly useful in his vineyard; and that he would gather in the number of his elect that are scattered abroad, and appear in his beauty.

The Lord be with and bless you, is the prayer of a poor, polluted worm,

Rochdale, Feb. 10, 1842.

J. K.

**“THE LAW IN THE MEMBERS WARRING
AGAINST THE LAW OF THE MIND.”**

Dear Sister in the Lord,—May grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and from Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father in truth and love, rest upon you. We received your letter, and were glad to hear you were well, and still more glad to find that you were not carried away with the empty sound of truth as known in the judgment or by speculation; for let the truth be preached ever so clearly, if it is not known in its life and power, the preacher of it will be but a dry breast to God's living family. You say that the preacher whom you hear does not describe the way that the living family are walking in; then, my dear sister, you must not expect to profit by his ministry; for if God had ever sent him to preach, he would point out some of the strippings and clothings, pullings down and liftings up, woundings and healings of God's spiritual Israel; but if he says nothing of this, it is because he is not God's mouth, and does not, therefore, “take forth the precious from the vile;” for the vile, as Jude says, are “clouds without water, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever,” and against such the Holy Ghost has denounced a solemn woe. My dear sister, we have reason to bless the Lord that, being taught by him, we cannot follow such strangers, notwithstanding our folly and baseness. What a mercy it is that Jehovah, in his everlasting kindness, should have picked up such poor dunghill worms of the earth as you and I, and set us among the princes of his people, to inherit thrones of glory, which inheritance he has made so secure, that neither sin, death, nor hell, nor things present, nor things to come, shall ever be able to wrest it from us. But, doubtless, you feel something like myself, having a law in your members warring against the law of your mind, and bringing you into captivity to the law of sin and death, and you are constrained to cry with Paul, “O wretch that I am!” I can assure you this is the case with me, and I often feel sin raging within me like a burning fever, threatening

to devour me; and sometimes I begin to fear that all is over with me, and that I shall never reach the promised land, for I feel that my "heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," the seat of every foul and unclean bird; which causes me to groan out, "My hope is perished from the Lord," and to fear that I am given over to a reprobate mind, by reason of what I feel working within me. I feel such cravings after ungodliness, and such fretting against the Lord in his dealings with me, that I am sure, if he were not a God whose mercy endureth for ever, he would destroy me in a moment; so that I must acknowledge that it is of the Lord's mercy I am not consumed. Sometimes, when in this plight, I take up the Bible, but every promise appears to have lost its sweetness, or is sealed up from me, and then it is that I know something of what Job meant when he cried out, "O that I knew where I might find him!" and thus, my dear sister, I have to walk in darkness and grope for the wall like the blind, and often cry out, "Changes and war are against me;" and sometimes I have had to go into the pulpit in this state, when I have trembled like a leaf, for fear that God would cut me down for my presumption; for really it has appeared to me to be awful presumption that such a wretch as I am should ever attempt to stand before the people as God's mouth. O how the devil has often jeered me with, "Where is now thy God?" and telling me that I should be confounded before the people, which has made me cry out with David, "Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up." These things, as means, have taught me what it is to lie at the feet of the dear Lord as a poor helpless pauper, being confident that if salvation depended on works, in whole or in part, I should be lost for ever. But O what a precious truth, and pride-mortifying, devil-defeating, sin-subduing, world-overcoming, soul-humbling, and God-glorifying grace there is wrapped up here! "Now to him that worketh not, but believeth in him that justifieth the ungodly, (wondrous grace!) his faith is counted for righteousness." And O what an eternal mercy for such poor God-provoking wretches as you and I are, that nothing can be added to this righteousness, for there is nothing deficient in it; it is the righteousness of God, and it was his own devising and his own accomplishing; it will bear the very daylight of heaven, for Jehovah declares that "he is well pleased for his righteousness' sake;" and when blessed with faith in it, we can from our very hearts shout, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb." We can also see another mercy couched in this righteousness; as nothing can be added to it, so nothing can be taken from it. No, dear soul, not all the filth of our corrupt nature, (and truly that is most awful, at least I find it so,) nor all the unbelief with which we are plagued, can alter our state of blessedness. But, notwithstanding our security in Christ's righteousness, while we are vexed with this tormenting devil, (unbelief,) we often make wrong conclusions, and begin to cry out with fear and trembling, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever?" and this, my friend, will make us exclaim, "O

Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!" and here we lie, sighing and groaning, with no more power to help ourselves than we have to create a world, till God the Holy Ghost is pleased to apply the suitability of the Lord Jesus to our case, showing us that he is able and willing to save to the very uttermost. Then it is, and not till then, that we see and feel that he is ours, and that we are his; then it is that our hearts melt, our eyes flow over with tears, and our souls leap within us, and we shout with joy, "This is my God, I have waited for him." Now, my dear sister, if the Lord has, in any measure, blessed us with a religion of this kind, it is what the devil can never destroy; it surpasses all the skill that devils are in possession of, for "our life is hid with Christ in God;" and Paul, by the Holy Ghost, says, "Christ is ascended up far above all heavens," therefore it is out of the reach of devils; for Christ, as our High Priest, has offered himself without spot to God for us, that he might present us holy and without blemish before him in love. Christ has said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth;" and O what an eternal mercy! He has power over devils, men, and sin. He has also opened his eternal mind by saying, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory;" and "the glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one even in us," "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." O what an unspeakable mercy to sinners so vile! and it is all free to poor starving wretches who feelingly know that, without an interest in this heirship, they are lost for ever. When these poor souls feel their lost and ruined condition, they are led, from real necessity, to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" "Lord, save, or I perish!" but when the Holy Ghost is pleased to breathe into them the Spirit of adoption, they will most gladly join with the children of old and sing, "In the Lord Jehovah have I righteousness and strength." O what rich and eternal grace the children of God are heirs to! and how safe it is, seeing that it is all secured by the oath and promise of the immutable God! and what a mercy it is, that such poor worms as you and I should be enriched with his heavenly grace, and brought to trust in him; for David says, "Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust."

Now, my dear sister, that the dear Lord will cause his face to shine upon you, is the prayer of yours for Christ's sake,

H—, February, 1842.

T. W:

FRAMES AND FEELINGS.

My dear Friend,—My mind has been very much exercised of late respecting true evidences of the soul's acceptance with God, on account of professing Christians, by their conversation, and in their prayers, asking to be kept from, or trusting in, or even taking any notice of what they are pleased to term "frames and feelings." Often while endeavouring to describe what I sincerely believe to be the

work of the ever-blessed Spirit, they have stopped me, and said, "O, these are only 'frames and feelings,' and not to be depended on."

Now I ask you, my dear friend, or any Christian brother or sister, what am I to look to or depend upon as an evidence? or where shall I find consolation in this barren and soul-starving wilderness, if it be not the soul-invigorating influences of the Holy Spirit, speaking peace, pardon, and love to my sin-sick soul? I would ask, is it possible, after being pressed down, burdened, and almost overpowered by an enormous load of guilt, to feel that load wholly removed, without an almost extravagant breaking out of joy, a delightful frame of mind, which only pardoned souls can ever feel? But, without longer intruding on your patience, I will endeavour to show you my experience of what they call "frames and feelings," and if you see false hopes, or a foolish dependence, I beseech you, spare me not, for the stripes of a friend are better than the kisses of an enemy.

I find, at times, lust and sin get so fast a hold of me that I cannot pray, or hear, or read; the heavens seem as brass above my head; the children of God seem, by their holy walk and conversation, to spurn me. I appear a loathsome thing; my sins seem to have separated between God and my soul; all, all is dark, no ray of hope appearing in this miserable condition. I go halting to one who appears to be basking in the sunshine of divine favour; I deplore my sad case, and thus I get for consolation; "Ah, I'm sorry for you; but you are very wrong to go on so; you should look up, you should remember your election; these are only 'frames and feelings;' you should not give way to them." Sometimes it has appeared as if Satan had a special commission to buffet me even in the house of prayer, at the prayer meeting, for when many seem to hold communion with God, their Saviour, and sensibly enjoy his blessed presence, I have been barren and forlorn. They have piped, but I have not danced; they have made melody in their heart to their Lord, but I have been dumb, both heart and voice being shut up, and could not come forth. I know that God is true; I know that he is a faithful and unchanging God, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," but when he withdraws his lovely countenance, down sinks my poor soul; and this my enemy, the devil, knows full well, and in he comes with all his hellish insinuations, endeavouring to persuade me that all is false, that all my religion is fleshly, or that there is no God, no hereafter; and my evil heart of unbelief too readily listens to his suggestions; though always in the worst stage of unbelief and misery, a secret something seems to whisper, with a sigh, "O that I knew where I might find him!" Then it is that I venture to hope that sin shall not have dominion over me; yet still the fear that I shall, one day, fall by the hand of (this) Saul is not kept away. What can a poor soul do without his Lord? Nothing. Often when leaving the house of God, having heard a true doctrinal sermon, wherein the faithfulness of a covenant God has been declared, his majesty spoken of, his sovereignty asserted, his wonders shown, his beauty described, and his immutability set forth, I have not experienced nor felt any savour, and have left the place just as barren as I came. Perhaps some

have asked how I had heard, and when I have complained of my darkness, "O!" say they, "that is only giving way to 'frames and feelings.' Look up, look up. I always cast such foolish notions into the dust-heap, their proper place. Look up! I say; remember a covenant God and his promise." O, my friend, is this comforting those that mourn? is this helping the feeble minded? is this bearing one another's burdens? If it be true, it is not in season. Now to contrast this with once or twice when I have walked home with you, and have been in a state of mind more easily imagined than described. I have heard you tell of some of the Lord's dealings with you; his mercies, his manifestations, his shinings forth out of darkness, his goodness, and his love experimentally enjoyed. O it has seemed to impart a glow of divine feeling! I have therein been able to trace some of his mercies towards worthless me, like in water face answering to face. "Be ye helpers one of another." Your joy has brought forth my joy, and we have rejoiced together, and any one in the secret might have taken knowledge of us that we had been with Jesus. But O the misery and uncertainty of this time state! When I have thought I had him, and held him fast, he has vanished out of my sight, and I have gone mourning and crying out against my sins, that they had taken away my Lord, and I knew not where they had laid him. O for daily visits from Jesus! O for sweet manifestations of Jesus! It is not enough for them to tell us that he reigns; we must have him reign in us. It is not enough for us to hear of his love; we must have him kiss us with the kisses of his lips; we would seek, and find him, and, finding him, keep him, and never, never part with him. To hear of him may be good, nay, is good; but I would have him, enjoy him, and sensibly feel his presence. I would sit at his feet, and bathe them with my tears. This is joy! This is happiness! But, ah! his visits are of so short duration that well may Hart say,

"More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last."

And without these visits, of what use to my soul is it that any speak of election, or of the Saviour's faithfulness, unless I experience my interest therein; and how, I ask, am I to know this but by feeling the love of God shed abroad in my heart, speaking peace to my troubled conscience, making me to feel that my sins are removed by his precious blood, as far from me as the east is from the west? And what will this do but produce a holy, happy, joyous frame of mind, making my soul like the chariots of Amminadib, feeling too full of love to my precious Lord to contain myself, constrained to make known to some one of the dear Lord's family what great things his love has done for my poor, needy, perishing soul. I read that those who feared the Lord spake often one to another; and what could it be for but to recount the dear Lord's goodness, or speak of their own wants and desires, to rejoice with those that rejoiced, to weep with those that wept, and to comfort those that were afflicted, helping one another, or praising the dear name of the Author of all their mercies. Sometimes his love has broken in upon my soul with

such transporting, melting tenderness, that I have wept and rejoiced by turns, and felt that I must recount his gracious dealings, or the very stones would cry out. What are these but delightful *frames* of mind and *feelings* of love?

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

Then say these people, “Why, you confess the Lord has been gracious to you, and how ungrateful are you not to remember, and trust.” Miserable comforters! This is being wounded in the house of one’s friends. Do they forget that present trouble requires present help, and present sickness requires a present remedy? I find I am so peevish, so unbelieving, that I want present proofs, present comfort, and present peace in believing. “Ah! but,” say they, “you ought to trust. He has been gracious, and he will be gracious.” All true; I am compelled to grant and confess that I, as a child of God, ought to trust my heavenly Father, ought to do much that I leave undone, but I find I can do nothing that I ought to do. I cannot sing the song of the Lord in a strange land; and if they are ever brought to the place of stopping of mouths, they will find it so too. I don’t wish them more soul trouble, but I do wish they had more feeling.

May you and I, my dear friend, be stayed upon the Lord. May he bless and keep you and yours, and me and mine. May we be continually fed out of his fulness, and may all the redeemed family find, in God’s own time, joy and peace in believing.

Should this appear in the *Gospel Standard*, send an answer through the same channel. You have for a long time promised to write.

Yours in Jesus Ch.ist,

May 10, 1842.

T. J. C.

SEPARATING GRACE.

My dear Friend and Labourer in the Church of God,—I have sent you a small packet, according to my taste, of good things; however, I am willing for you to taste them for yourself.

I am convinced more and more the longer I live, that *power* is the great test to try every man’s work of what sort it is, for whatsoever may be spoken or written either in doctrine or experience, whether it be of sorrows or joys, can be learnt by men, and is; and never, I think, did experience-preaching and talking abound more than it does now; at least it appears so to me; and yet I do not think it all of the right kind. It does not appear to separate from the world at all, and I am sure what is really of God is hateful to the world, either professing or profane. The more the Lord has to do with us, the more we have to do with him; and the more we have to do with him, the less we are like the world; and the more life we receive from God, the more dead are we to the world, and the more does the professing world hate us. I often tremble, my dear friend, at myself and for myself. I often find myself one of the most light, vain, worldly-minded fools on earth. I know

that it is so with me, and I cannot alter it, nor always cry to God to get it altered; and knowing the way I have been generally dealt with, it makes me afraid at times even to ask the Lord to revive me. I tremble at the rod, and to be under the rod, and yet tremble to go without it. I cannot often make myself out, and therefore often feel,

"Lord, what a riddle is my soul,
Alive when wounded, dead when whole!"

I often have and do now sometimes, as I think, beg from my heart, as poor Newton says,

"that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face."

But O the way that it is brought about drives one almost to despair! I often find in these times, in feeling and sense, all hope of being saved lost; reeling and staggering like a drunken man, and am at my wits' end, at the end of prayer, and faith, and light, and every thing else; for I cannot see aright, feel aright, hope aright, or believe aright. I am sinking, yet cannot cry, "Lord, save!" oppressed, yet cannot cry, "Lord, undertake!" lost, yet cannot cry, "Seek thy servant!" I am indeed brought to a point that salvation is wholly of the Lord; and sometimes after much darkness, deadness, unbelief, and wretched stubbornness, the God of all grace is pleased to revive, enlighten, and soften my poor heart, and I begin to feel and cry, like poor Jonah, by reason of my affliction unto the Lord; and though in soul feeling I have said that I am cast out of his sight, yet his sweet voice says to and in my soul, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God, and beside me there is no Saviour;" and then my soul, divinely broken and dissolved by an overpowering sense of unmerited love, goodness, and mercy, responds, "Yet will I look again toward thy holy temple." O the solemnity there is in one's soul when the Lord comes manifestly to commune with it after such grievous revoltings! I never did hate and abhor myself so much as now. Words cannot reach it; it is a mysterious depth. "Behold, I am vile, I am as a beast before thee!" is from the inward parts confessed solemnly unto Him who is the searcher and trier of hearts and reins, from whom no thought can be hid. How true it is,

"The more thy glory strikes mine eye,
The humbler I shall lie."

How sweet it is to be divinely led into sovereign, free, and rich salvation! Really, my friend, had it not been for such renewings as these, such washing, and cleansing, and strengthening times, my soul had long since sunk to rise no more. Indeed, I do find sometimes that He gives power to the faint, and "to them that have no might he increaseth strength;" and I believe that it is in this way I am kept from saying a confederacy with the flesh and blood religion and religionists of the present time. I am too poor, polluted, helpless, naked, and foolish for them. They don't want me, unless I had a better creed, as they think; and I am sure, on the other

hand, that I neither want to see, hear, taste, nor smell them or their religion either, though I feel myself such a poor vile wretch. I keenly feel who has made and does make us differ; and sometimes I can and do sing, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto His dear name be all the praise, for his mercy and truth's sake;" and I am certain that all those whose religion differs from this, and is not wholly and entirely of God, their religion will leave them when they most want it, and they will find themselves eternally damned.

I did not mean to write such a scribble, but things bubbled up, and my pen kept moving. The desire of my heart is that your soul may be kept sensibly poor and needy, and that you may often prove that the Lord thinketh upon you; and *that*, I believe, will keep your taste keen and good, so that you will know what comes from the Lord's table from that which comes from the devil's; children's bread from serpent's dust. May the dear Lord's strength be made perfect in your weakness, and encourage and prosper you in your work of faith and labour of love, for Christ's sake.

Malmsbury, Feb. 9, 1842.

S. E.

INQUIRY.

Messrs. Editors,—J. M. solicits one of your correspondents to explain, or give their opinion, if there is but one unpardonable sin in the Scriptures, declared in the Hebrews. Now, if so, does that agree with Numbers, xv. 30? or does it mean the person so sinning was merely to die, or be slain by the law of Moses, or does it infer that the person is likewise to be lost? The distressed soul J. M. would esteem it a favour if the editors would insert this in the *Standard*, as she has been labouring under the awful apprehension that the unpardonable sin has been committed by her. She has been under these painful feelings for eighteen years.

April, 1842.

THE BEST INVESTMENT.

Messrs. Editors,—As we intend having a collection at Mr. F—'s chapel, Edmonton, on Sunday week, and, I understand, one at Winchmore Hill, for the purpose of sending what can be gathered to our respected and beloved brother Gadsby, for the relief of the Lord's poor at Manchester, it has occurred to me that if you were to make it known in the *Standard*, and yourselves, as Editors, were enabled, under the Lord's blessing, to stir up the minds of his dear people, it might be the means of other places, where they love the truth and feel a sympathy for the Lord's poor people, to have a collection also. I would advise all whose hearts are opened and made willing to give to such a case of extreme distress, not to pay or send their money in any other way than by a post office order to Mr. Gadsby, who, we are sure, will see that the money is justly given, and applied to the purpose for which it is intended. I remain yours, for the truth's sake,

Tottenham, July 1, 1842.

C. S.

[We like much the suggestion of our correspondent, and should be glad to

see it acted upon. The distress is indeed dreadful in the manufacturing districts, and in this general calamity the righteous must suffer with the wicked. (Eccles. ix. 2.) Our friend Mr. Gadsby, from his long and extensive acquaintance with the household of faith in the north of England, as well as from his sympathizing heart, is the very person to whom we should most wish the distribution of the money to be intrusted. The best way of sending the money to Mr. Gadsby will be by Post Office order, directed to him, Redbank, Manchester.—Eds.]

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Zion's Songs, or Hymns: composed for them that love and follow the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. By John Berridge, A.M. A new Edition. With a Preface by J. C. Philpot. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; Devonport: J. Heydon. Price 2s. 6d. bound in roan.

John Berridge was in many respects a very singular man, both naturally and spiritually; and these remarkable features in him are the more conspicuous from the great honesty and transparency of his character, as visible in his writings. A large share of sound sense, a penetrating mind, and a strong vein of quaint humour seem to have been his most marked natural features. A deep acquaintance with his own heart, a firm cleaving to his dear Lord in faith and affection, and great honesty and sincerity of word and action appear his most conspicuous traits spiritually. There is in him such simplicity, reality, and truthfulness; such plainness of speech; such an original and yet unctuous breathing forth of the feelings of his soul; such an absence of self-exaltation; such genuineness, and such sweetness of experience, that he wins over our heart. Were he anything but what he is, we should stop and find fault with many things that have dropped from his pen. We should be displeased with his quaint and humorous expressions that he introduces into the most solemn subjects; we should be offended at his "offers of grace;" we should be stumbled at his making the law a rule of life; we should wonder at his connexion with John Wesley,* after he had tasted that the Lord was gracious; we should want to know where was his light and life, where his conscience, and jealousy for God's honour and glory, when he could take tithes of ungodly farmers, sprinkle infants and pronounce them regenerated by the Holy Ghost, and commit to the earth all that died in his parish in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.

* John Wesley, in his "Journal," gives an account of a visit that he paid to Everton, and of the effect of Berridge's preaching. The scenes he there witnessed of persons falling down crying for mercy, and others shouting out on account of deliverance, very closely resemble those that occurred under Wesley's own preaching.

Judging from some expressions in the Preface to his *Zion's Songs*, and from his preaching annually at the tabernacle, Berridge seems at a later period to have separated from any connexion with J. Wesley, and to have cleaved to Whitefield.

We do not say that these things in Berridge do not greatly offend and stagger us now; but in spite of these serious drawbacks, we have a union with him as a heaven-taught soul that, to a great extent, throws a mantle of love over these offences. It seems in him to have been more a want of light than of life, and though we should be glad to see him possessed of an equal share of each, yet, if we must take our choice, we prefer a deficiency of the former to a deficiency of the latter. In other words, we have more union with Berridge as a living man, in spite of all his errors, than we have with the most clear-sighted dry doctrinalist, who "understands all mysteries, and all knowledge," and yet, as lacking charity, (or, love,) is but "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Berridge's Hymns strike us as by far the most powerful and valuable of his writings. There is less in them, though still too much, of that vein of humour which makes his "Religious World Unmasked" in many places truly ridiculous. They were written during a serious illness, which laid him aside from the ministry for some time, and during which he was at times so rebellious, that he could not bear to hear the church bells ring, because he could not preach. He appears to have had no idea of publishing them when he composed them, which was mostly in the sleepless hours of the night, his complaint being of a nervous character, and preventing sleep. He therefore wrote as he felt—little thinking that his illness was sent for the benefit of God's people, and that in it he was to compose hymns which should be made a blessing to the church when he was in his grave. Both causes seem to have co-operated to produce sweetness and simplicity. The furnace produced the former; the absence of the idea of publication doubtless tended greatly towards causing the latter, God working by means of each.

Mr. Gadsby having introduced many of Berridge's hymns into his Selection has much tended to make them known. But though he has selected perhaps the best, yet there remain many, if not so well adapted to public singing, yet not inferior for private perusal.

Of the new Preface we shall say but little, and merely content ourselves with observing that its main object is to point out the distinguishing features of the Hymns, and to show both sides—their *beauties*, and their *blemishes*; eight of the former being enumerated, and five of the latter.

The following extract from that part of the Preface which points out their excellencies will give some idea of its drift:

"7. *The spirituality and heavenly-mindedness* apparent in these hymns forms a no less prominent feature.

"In clearness of doctrinal statement Berridge is excelled by Kent, in depth of experience and terseness of language by Hart, in elegance of poetical diction by Cowper, in ethereal buoyancy of feeling and expression by Toplady; but in the simple breathing forth of his desires after communion with his Lord, he has, I think, no rival. There is no dry theoretical statement what communion is; no boasting for himself, because he has had it; no flogging of others, because they have had it not; but there is a pressing after it in his own soul, as the only thing desirable, loved for its own sake, valued for its own sweetness, mourned after when lost, rejoiced in when found. In this, and the feature immediately

following, the chief value of Berridge's Hymns lies. His soul was athirst for the living God. To walk with him as a reconciled, adopted child, to see his face, hear his voice, and enjoy his presence, was the longing desire of his heart. Thus he says,

"I hunger now for heavenly food,
And my poor heart cries out for God.

Lord, enter in my breast,
And with me sup and stay,
Nor prove a hasty guest,
Who tarries but a day;
Upon my bosom fix thy throne,
And pull each saucy idol down.

"I would be near thy feet,
Or at thy bleeding side,
Feel how thy heart does beat,
And see its purple tide,
Trace all the wonders of thy death,
And sing thy love in every breath."—*Hymn 13.*

"8. The *dew* and *savour* that rest upon, and, as it were, clothe these hymns, is the last excellency that my limits allow me to point out. In this crowning point, this supernatural gift, without which all others are of little value, *Hart* alone of all others equals or excels him. *Unction* and *power* do not depend upon depth of divine teaching, still less are they the same thing. They are superadded to God's other gifts, as a special blessing for others, more than for the individual to whom they are given.

"A hymn may contain the soundest doctrinal truth, may be expressive of the deepest experience, may be clothed in the most elegant language, may possess every poetical requisite, and yet be valueless to the church of God. The Holy Ghost has not shed his divine unction over it, has not impregnated it with life, has not dipped it in heavenly dew. It is therefore dead and powerless; it melts no heart, touches no conscience, softens no spirit, edifies no soul. As it has not sprung from its holy inspiration, the blessed Spirit condescends not to use it for the edification of the elect. It therefore falls powerless to the ground; and in proportion to its doctrinal correctness, its want of savour makes it a burden rather than a benefit to the living family. Berridge has few poetic ornaments. His rhymes are often false, his metre limping, his language slovenly and ungrammatical, and his expressions rude and coarse. But there is in his hymns a heavenly unction which buries all defects; and though it hides them not, yet are they but as the straws and the wings of flies contained in amber, which neither detract from the beauty, nor diminish the value of the precious material in which they are encased, and by which they are preserved."

The chief recommendations of this new edition are its portability, (being a size larger than the 32mo edition of Mr. Gadsby's Selection,) the neatness and accuracy of the typography, which does the publisher great credit, and the considerable reduction in price from the old editions, which, besides, have for some years been out of print.

Having a heartfelt union with many of Zion's Songs, we hope that this new edition may be a means of more widely diffusing them among the quickened family of God.

We cannot conclude our Review without expressing our surprise and regret that the original Preface by Berridge has been omitted in this edition; but we have reason to believe that it has been done without the knowledge of the author of the new Preface, which was intended by him not as a substitute for, but as an addition to Berridge's own characteristic introduction.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 83. NOVEMBER, 1842. VOL. VIII.

DOING THE WILL OF GOD, AND THE NEED OF
PATIENCE: A SERMON PREACHED AT ATTLEBOROUGH,
WARWICKSHIRE, ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1842, BY WIL-
LIAM GADSBY.

(Continued from page 280.)

Thirdly. There is a doing the will of God *sufferingly*. God's people must endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. (2 Tim. ii. 3.) They must not expect a life of ease here; for they are strangers and pilgrims; but they must expect the dogs to bark at them, and sometimes to worry them, yet they cannot devour them. It may be that they will, for conscience toward God, have to endure grief, suffering wrongfully; (1 Peter ii. 19;) and it becomes them patiently to endure, for “that is acceptable with God.” (ver. 20.) Therefore, to be patient in tribulation is doing the will of God; it is through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom of God; and whatever our fleshly feelings may say, infinite wisdom sees that there is at times a need be that we should be in heaviness through manifold temptations. (1 Pet. i. 6.) Temptations, trials, and distresses of various sorts, from various quarters, must be the lot of the people of God, but the manifold wisdom of God will overrule them all for his own glory and their good. (Eph. iii. 10—16; Rom. viii. 28.) We may and do at times stagger at our trials, and think it strange that we should have to bear such things, forgetting that unto us it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake. (Phil. i. 29.) But the Lord by Peter says, “Beloved, think it not strange 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. If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified." (1 Peter iv. 12—14.) So that trials of various sorts we must expect; and sometimes our trials will evidently appear to come from the Lord himself; for the Lord trieth the righteous, to withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. His gracious Majesty knows well what we need, and when and which way will be the best to lay his rod upon us. But his chastenings are all in mercy, and we are doing the will of God, when, under the teachings of the blessed Spirit, we patiently endure them; and in the end they will prove blessings: "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." (Heb. xii. 6—11.) A great part of the precious promises of the gospel suppose troubles and conflicts; as it is written: "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. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour: I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee." (Isa. xliii. 2, 3.) We must have both watery trials and fiery trials, and both go into and through them, in order to enjoy the presence of the Lord therein, or enter feelingly and spiritually into the blessedness of this promise; and thus we shall find many of the exceeding great and precious promises of God connected with great troubles, and sometimes exceeding great troubles; but when, like Moses, we choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, we are doing the will of God, for this is one branch of the work of faith. (Heb. xi. 24—26.)

In connection with our text the apostle speaks of the believing Hebrews enduring a great fight of afflictions. Paul experienced fightings without and fears within; (2 Cor. vii. 5;) and David was no stranger to them; as it is written: "Be merciful unto me, O God! for man would swallow me up; he fighting daily oppresseth me. Mine enemies would daily swallow me up; for they be many that fight against me, O thou Most High! What time I am afraid, I

will trust in thee. In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me. Every day they wrest my words; all their thoughts are against me for evil." (Ps. lvi. 1—5.) Both Paul and David found the Lord to be their comfort in their affliction.

But we now proceed,

III. To notice, that, in doing the will of God, we have *need of patience*; and if, under the teachings of the blessed Spirit, we are enabled to act faithfully, there will be abundance of trying circumstances which will call for patience. We shall have trials from the world, from Satan, from our own hearts, and from the direct hand of the Lord himself; yet, it becomes the people of God to be daily concerned to do the will of God. Some of the people of God have been called upon by the Lord himself to do things very trying to nature and staggering to reason. The Lord promised Abraham a son by Sarah his wife; but before the promised son was born, reason seemed entirely out of patience, and free will began to work very powerfully both in Sarah and Abraham. This led them to act very wrong, and they both smarted for it. Their free will and impatience led them to try to hasten God's promise; and a pretty job they made of it. They brought misery and confusion into the family. Sarah must give Abraham her servant Hagar, and she brought forth a son, which caused much confusion. This was not doing the will of God, but doing their own will; they had not patience to wait the Lord's will. But notwithstanding their impatience and folly, the Lord was graciously pleased to renew his promise, and bring forth the beloved Isaac. I dare say both Abraham and Sarah were very fond of the lad, and watched his growth with all the fond affection of parents, thinking, no doubt, what a comfort he would be to them in their old age. But the Lord came and called Abraham, and Abraham said, "Behold, here I am. And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." What would nature say to this, think you? "O that can never be, Lord. What! offer Isaac, after having had so much trouble about him, both before and since his birth! Isaac! who came in such a manifestive way of mercy! what, cut *his* throat! light a fire under *him*! offer *him* to God for a burnt offering! O no, Lord; not so; it is contrary to nature; it is contrary to thy law, which says, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' I can never attempt any such thing." Here nature would shrink. But the Lord brought patience into exercise, and said, "Abraham, go." He went, and believed in his soul that God would raise Isaac again from the dead. So Abraham went to offer up his son, and he did it intentionally. I have often thought how blessedly the Lord wrought with Isaac; for when they got near the hill, the lad said, "Father, here is the wood and the fire, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" Perhaps he had some forebodings in his mind that he was to be offered up. Now he was a strong, lusty lad, and if the Lord had not made him willing, when his father bound him to the altar, he would have resisted, and

endeavoured to make his escape. But the Lord so ordered it, in the riches of his grace and mercy, that Isaac should be willing. His father had taken the knife, and was just about giving the fatal stroke, when the Lord called to him, and told him to withhold his hand. Don't you think he had need of patience in doing that part of the will of God? If we search the word of God, we shall find, in a variety of instances, God calls on his people to do his will in such a way, and under such circumstances, that it tries all the powers and faculties of nature; they have to give up all to the will of God. The Lord has promised to help them in trouble, and they will find him faithful to his promise.

In doing the will of God *sufferingly*, do not we need patience? We do the will of God *sufferingly* when we endure the contradiction of sinners against ourselves. If you read the next chapter to the one out of which the text is taken, you will see what a long list of God's saints there is, and what they had to endure and bear. They wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins; they were sawn asunder and put to cruel deaths; they were destitute of homes, and had no place in which they could lay their heads. They, being followers of Christ, endured affliction. I have often heard it said, "Such a minister is respectable; he has a respectable congregation." What does that savour of but human merit and pride? If you want to see a list of God's respectables, read the 11th chapter of Hebrews, and there you will see a wonderful list: "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented." What should we say to them in our day, if they called at the door of some of the good folks clothed in their sheep skins? Why, they would shut the door upon them. These very characters were doing the will of God *sufferingly*: "Of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and in caves of the earth." Mind what God says in his word; "If any man will live godly (mind!) in Christ Jesus, he *shall* suffer persecution." A man may live what he calls a godly life; he may go on with external religion, with an outward show of godliness, and so pass for a very pious man; but let a man be brought to live godly in Christ, to trace all his religion up to Christ, to say and feel none but Christ, to have no religion but what comes from Christ, to maintain that that religion only is right which is between Christ and conscience, and that all other godliness is nothing worth; let a man come here, and he will suffer persecution; he will be sure to suffer if he will live godly in Christ Jesus. When this is the case, we are doing the will of God *sufferingly*, enduring the contradiction of sinners. If we are willing to submit to the will of God, we shall, in a variety of instances, see that there is need of patience. I have heard it said that Martin Luther made the following remark: "At times I have need of patience with myself; I have need of patience with my church; I have need of patience with my wife Kate; and need of patience with my God. My conflicts, troubles, and sorrows are such, that I need to have patience with

God." "Why," say you, "that is outrageous; surely we can be patient with God." When God's hand has gone out, and takes away a right eye—"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, or if thy hand offend thee, cut it off;" something that is very near and dear to us, as dear as a right eye, which we have been idolizing, and God says, "Cut it off, pluck it out"—I say, when this is the case, we are like one of old, "O Lord, it is but a little one, spare it." But God takes our right eyes, and cuts off our right hands; so that our trials make us ready to cry out with one of old, "The hand of God has gone out against me;" and it is at these seasons that we have need of patience to endure the will of God. Say you, "Can you find any of the Lord's people in the word of God that ever exhibited peevishness against God?" Yes. One told God that he did well to be angry even unto death; another said, "O that he would let loose his hand and cut me off!" I will venture to say that some of the trials you have had in your families, some of your right eyes and right arms, some of the conflicts and trials which you have had within and without, in which you have experienced great darkness, have caused you to say, "Surely the Lord hath hedged up my way with thorns; he hath broken my teeth with gravel stones; he hath covered me with ashes. Surely against me is he turned; he turneth his hand against me all the day. Yea, all seems completely against me." But when the Lord the Spirit comes into your conscience, and shows you what you are and where you are, you cry out, "Lord, I have need of patience. Lord, give me patience." So you find that you need patience with God in his dispensations. It is very blessed when we are enabled to act and say with David, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God; many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord." (Ps. xl. 1—3.) "For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."

I have often admired a hymn of old John Berridge's, the following words from which have been frequently applicable to me:

"For patience when I raised a cry,
Fresh burdens made me roar;
My foolish heart would then reply,
For patience pray no more."

But at length the Lord brings us forth from this tribulation, and this tribulation worketh patience. I tell my people that this is the Lord's grand piece of machinery, and it fits vastly well. The apostle says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God; and not only so, but we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." Here tribulation drops into patience, turns that round, and patience drops into experience, and

experience produces hope, and hope, being exercised, makes us not ashamed. Here is the grand piece of machinery, well put together by the God of heaven. First tribulation, then patience, after patience experience, and then hope; all these things work confidence. Now in all this the machine wants some power to turn it; it will not move; it will never do any execution without power. "True," say you; "but what power does it want to make this grand machine, tribulation, patience, experience, and hope all to work together?" The word of God shall tell you; "And hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Here is the *power*—the love of God. When this is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, the machine runs well, works well, and brings glory to God. Even in tribulation the Lord blesses us with patience. We have need of patience in all these things. Tribulation worketh patience in a two-fold way, for if the Lord sends patience he always finds patience something to do. Some men are of a naturally quiet, calm, easy temper, and they may talk about possessing patience, but the men who know anything about the need of patience in a spiritual sense, are those who find everything within go wrong, who find all their schemes upset and crossed, and almost upset themselves. We meet with so much from men and devils, that we always find patience something to do. But sometimes we seem to roar like a bear, and we act in such a manner that we are ready to conclude we have not a particle of patience left, and we are obliged to cry out for help, saying, "O Lord, help me! my patience is all gone." By and by the Lord is pleased to produce patience, and we are led to see that God has delivered, that he does deliver, and we trust also that he will deliver. Thus, he works patience, and patience is brought forth into sweet act and exercise; "For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." The Lord comes and cuts off our right arms, and takes away our right eyes, in order to keep us from some horrible crime, some mischief into which we should fall that we are not aware of; there is a need be for all that the Lord brings upon us: "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them and carried them all the days of old." You never were in one trouble, cross, trial, or perplexity *alone*, since the Son of God revealed himself to you, and you never will be. Whether you see him or not, he is there; when we pass through the waters he is with us, and he has promised in his word, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." His blessed Majesty has promised to hold you up with the right hand of his righteousness. See what patience Moses needed. He was raised up of God to be very useful, to be the deliverer of Israel. He believed it many a long year before the Lord called him to the work. I have often admired the dispensation of God to Moses. He believed God had raised him up to deliver Israel when he was forty years of age; he was a very strong man, and when he saw the Egyptian smiting the Israelite, he thought the time was come for him

to deliver Israel, for both the time and place seemed favourable; but the time had not come; Moses must have a little more patience. The Lord sent him forty years to college in the desert, to qualify him for bringing the people from Egypt. The Lord was teaching him to be humble and meek; and after he had been forty years in the wilderness he did not run so zealously, for he said, "O Lord, send by whom thou wilt send. I am not eloquent. I am slow of speech." There was not a word about this, forty years before. Now that the Lord had been qualifying him for the work, he shrinks back, and does not like to go; but the Lord had determined to bring him forth. Moses had need of patience before the Lord made known his truth to him, and brought him forth to lead his people through the desert. So we find in every instance that we need patience in doing the will of God. Moses esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. If the Lord has blessed your soul, you will esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. What an honour, what a glory is the very reproach of Christ! greater than all the treasures of the world. You see how God exercises the patience of his people; sometimes he works in such a blessed way, that we are made willing to suffer reproach, to be set at nought, to be contemned, to be held up to ridicule, to be anything, to suffer all things, and to bear the cross; and thus the Lord blesses us with patience, and we are enabled to say, "The will of the Lord be done." But the family of God will need daily supplies from the Fountain-head. Moses, with all his faith, and the wonderful dealings of the Lord with him, found that he needed patience in doing the will of God in leading Israel through the wilderness; he found it hard work to endure the murmurings, insults, and contradictions of the people, and he cried unto the Lord, saying, "What shall I do unto this people? they be almost ready to stone me;" (Exod. xvii. 4;) and though the Lord appeared so blessedly conspicuous, and brought forth water out of the rock, a sweet and blessed type of the water of life that flows through a once smitten Christ to poor parched up sinners; I say, although this was the case, when they wanted water again, and the people chode with Moses, and the Lord said to Moses, "Take the rod, and gather thou the assembly together, thou, and Aaron thy brother, and speak ye unto the rock before their eyes; and it shall give forth his water, and thou shalt bring forth to them water out of the rock; so thou shalt give the congregation and their beasts drink;" (Num. xx. 8;) Moses does not appear to be over burdened either with faith or patience; for when he had gathered the congregation together before the rock, instead of speaking to the rock as the Lord commanded him, he spoke to the people, and that not in a very patient way either, and said, "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock? and with his rod he smote the rock twice." (xx. 10, 11.) Had faith and patience been in sweet exercise, this swelling free-will "*we*" would never have fallen from his lips; and this *we* and its connections kept him out of the land of Canaan. (Num. xx. 12; Deut. xxxii. 51, 52.) Indeed, Moses needed pa-

tience, and he smarted for his peevishness and unbelief. God's ways are sometimes very mysterious, and we need both faith and patience to wait upon him, and act according to his revealed will. It was a strange way that the Lord took to raise Joseph next to the throne of Egypt, for the purpose of preserving Israel in time of famine, and to keep them in Egypt till the time appointed for their deliverance; and do you not think that poor Joseph needed patience in all the sharp trials he had to endure? In a word, if we are led to examine the dealings of God with his people, as revealed in his word, we shall find that in every age they have been a tried people, and have needed patience to endure and do the will of God with solemn submission. David, Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and the various prophets and apostles, and the thousands who have suffered in and for the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ, all had need of patience. God grant that we may be enabled to let patience have its perfect work, and in all things act as becometh the gospel of Christ. But mind, the promise is sure; what a mercy is that! Though we have unbelieving fits, the promise is fixed on the verity of God, and secured in the life of Christ. Thou shalt find, poor tried, tempted child of God, whatever trouble thou art in, that God's promise is sure, that eternal life is sure.

May God Almighty bless you and me with a feeling sense of his faithfulness, and enable us to cleave close to himself, for his name and mercy's sake.

THE CASE OF ELIZABETH EDWARDS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dear Sirs,—Seeing in your magazine for the present month, (September,) under the head, "A Lamentable and Distressing Case," an account of Elizabeth Edwards, (with the particulars of whose painful history I was not previously aware you were acquainted,) I instantly resolved to address you on the subject, in order to apprise you of what has come under my own notice, and to add my feeble testimony to the truth of the statement you have so feelingly laid before your readers.

My attention was first called to the afflicted Mrs. Edwards by a letter which I received from her in or about the month of November last. The depth of her experience, and the singularity of her case, induced me to seek her out. I found her in a most painful condition, labouring, as your correspondent has described, under hypochondriasm, and, to all human appearance, on the very verge of despair. Still, the sweet train of experience she had opened up in her letter, the jealousy for pure gospel truth, and the ardent longings which she betrayed after another love-token from her apparently long-lost Lord, afforded me, and still does afford me, the most satisfactory inward conviction that Elizabeth Edwards is a vessel of mercy, and, in the Lord's good time, will, to her own soul's comfort and joy, be again manifested as such.

The picture of distress which your correspondent has drawn is

quite correct, added to which he might have mentioned, that the circumstances under which she lost her husband, who, she informs me, was a kind, affectionate companion, were of the most heart-rending description, and have tended, in a very considerable degree, to produce, or, at all events, to nourish the complaint under which she labours. In a moment of aberration, (to which at occasional intervals his nerves were subjected,) with a knife, which for some domestic purpose she had but a few minutes before placed in his hand, he committed suicide while in the street in the pursuit of his accustomed calling. This afflictive intelligence, added to excessive darkness of soul which she had previously been labouring under, from a supposition, as she says, of the revealed wrath of God against her, for having presumptuously purchased sixpenny worth of old brass which the adversary suggests to her mind was stolen, but which she has not the slightest evidence to prove; these combined circumstances, I say, have instrumentally thrown her into the utmost darkness of mind, distress of soul, and extreme bondage. She can neither rest night or day; has little else but a fearful looking for of judgment; says she is a lost soul, that she is and shall be as surely damned as the lost spirits now in bell; and yet, in the same breath will exclaim, "O, cruel, cruel! they have taken away my Christ—him that I have been seeking for twenty years!" evidently betraying a love, a jealousy, a longing after Him that her soul loveth, that none but the eternal Spirit could ever implant in the heart.

The result of my interviews with this poor woman, her correspondence, and the occasional sweet access with which I have been indulged at a throne of grace in her behalf, is such, that if I thought it possible Elizabeth Edwards could be eternally lost, I believe I should never raise my head again as long as I live. She is the most striking instance of the sustaining, upholding power of a faithful covenant-keeping God that ever I met with. Scarcely a ray of light ever breaks in upon her path. She has oftentimes been upon the very point of self-destruction; passes whole nights upon the floor, fearful of going to bed, or lying down to sleep. And yet, (all glory to His name who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, and so faithfully and effectually keepeth his Israel, that nothing can by any means destroy or injure it,) for now nearly two whole years this poor woman has been preserved in this (I may justly term it) "dying" life!

O that the same Lord who out of a Mary Magdalene could cast seven devils, and bring a mad Gadarene to his dear feet, "clothed and in his right mind," may be pleased to pour out upon that part of his church among whom your work may fall, a spirit of grace and supplications on behalf of this, their, and our afflicted sister; that his blessed Majesty may graciously condescend to disappoint the adversary, "take the prey from the mighty," deliver this lawful captive," and bring forth this our sister in affliction and bonds to bless and praise his great and holy name, exclaiming, in the language of his waiting church, "Lo, this is *our* God; *we* have waited for him. He will come and save *us*." The Lord hasten it in his time.

Finally, dear Sirs,—for I must beg pardon for having thus detained

you,—to any measures you may think proper to adopt for the support of this poor woman, (who is by her afflictions wholly incapacitated for trade, and obliged to give up her former shop,) I shall be most happy to respond. If a small weekly allowance can be made her I should rejoice.

And now, that the God of all grace, the eternal Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Israel's one God, may bless you and your labours, is the prayer of, dear brethren, yours in the best of bonds,

London, Sept. 1, 1842.

D. A. D.

[We shall insert no more communications on this subject, and therefore take this opportunity of mentioning that a kind friend in Town has, at our request, undertaken the labour of love in visiting Mrs. Edwards, and that we shall be happy to forward to Mrs. E., through her, any contributions which our correspondents may send us. Viewing it as a peculiar case, we have gone out of our way to bring it before our readers, and shall therefore not make it a precedent for similar communications, or turn the *Gospel Standard* into a religious beggar-book, believing we should soon be overwhelmed with applications for relief, and the larger number most probably from those who, as Huntington says, "mump a living" from the humane and benevolent of the family of God.—EDS.]

TO THOSE KIND FRIENDS WHO HAVE SO LIBERALLY GIVEN TO THE DISTRESSED POOR IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

In the name of the poor, I sincerely thank you for your kindness; and I can, in the fear of the Lord, say that your bounties have been much blessed to a great many of the Lord's dear tried family. I have already been enabled to send of your bounty to more than twenty places besides Manchester, and from some places I have received acknowledgments of heartfelt gratitude and thanks. To some places I have sent five pounds, to others four, three, two, and to some few places one pound, and have also disposed of a considerable sum to poor distressed private persons and families both in Manchester and elsewhere. To the Manchester Soup Kitchen I have sent twenty pounds, and, through mercy, I have still some on hand. How long this will be the case I know not, for things are still very trying, and I fear that in these parts we shall have a dreadful winter. I wish to act as cautiously as prudence and righteousness will admit, and to dispense of your kind gifts, as far as I am able, agreeably to your wishes, namely, as much as possible to the poor distressed people of God, who are in suffering from a want of sufficient employment. O my dear friends, what a mercy it is to be enabled, and to feel a heart to give to the really needy! Whilst I have received your bounties for the distressed poor, it has really been made a blessing to my own soul, and that portion of God's word has fallen upon my conscience with some sweetness, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts xx. 35.) When I have seen some of God's people in very deep distress, I have felt amazed that in the midst of such calamities I should be favoured with all the necessaries of this life; and when I have seen others in deep distress who neither know themselves nor the Lord, I have really at times been lost in wonder, and in some little measure of love and praise, that the dear Lord has blessed me

with a good hope through grace; and now and then, whilst enjoying a few moments' intercourse with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, I have been constrained to exclaim, "O thou blessed Friend of Sinners! why such matchless love to so vile a wretch as I?"

My dear friends, it is my intention (God willing) when my stock is quite exhausted, to give a more minute account both of what I have received, and how I have expended it. O that both givers and receivers may be found to be of that blessed number of whom it is said, "All things work together for their good," and that we may, under the divine teachings of God the Spirit, view and feel the good hand of God upon us, and drink deeply into the deep things of God! What a matchless, discriminating blessing it is to be loved with the everlasting, electing love of God the Father, with the redeeming, marrying, securing, feeding, clothing, separating, sympathizing, pardoning, justifying, cleansing, keeping, immutable love of God the Son, and with the quickening, enlightening, leading, teaching, heart-searching, convincing, Christ-applying, anointing, sealing, prayer-inditing, and prayer-answering love of God the Holy Ghost! To be enabled to say, "This God is my God for ever and ever; he will be my Guide even unto death," is to be blessed indeed. Why, my dear friends, if, under the unctuous teachings of God the Spirit, we can truly realize our interest in this one triune Jehovah, and feelingly say, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him," however trying our path has been, is now, or may be in time to come, it must wind up well at last; and while we pass on, we are the special care of the Lord, and he will prove a very present help in trouble. Bless his precious name, as he is the light, and salvation, and strength of the life of his people, of whom or of what shall they be afraid? (Ps. xxvii. 1—6.)

O my dear friends, one and all, both you that are very poor, and you that have the good things of this life, remember, if Christ be ours, our treasure is secured in him, and with him we have all that can be for the glory of God to give, and our real good to receive. Trials may be sore, but they must be short, and *will* end well; they are all true workmen, and the end will prove that there was a need be for their work: as it is written: "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." (1 Pet. i. 6, 7.) And again: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.) All trials and afflictions are in the hands, and under the sovereign control of the Lord of the house, and are real workmen working for the real good of those who are exercised thereby. And shall we wish to discharge faithful workmen because they are rather rough in their appearance and actings? I know the coward

flesh shrinks and often rebels, but the dear Lord will see to it that they shall do their work well. We poor crawling worms are constantly erring in one way or other, but our dear Lord cannot err. God help us to trust him, and under his blessed teachings may we be enabled to commit the keeping of our souls and bodies into his hands, and feelingly leave ourselves, with all our concerns, in his special keeping and to his blessed control.

That the God of peace may rule in each of our hearts, and grant us peace and joy in believing, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, is the prayer of yours, my fellow brethren, in the path of life and tribulation,

October, 1842.

W. GADSBY.

OBITUARY.

The following is the substance of what was communicated by Mrs. Rogers (the subject of these lines) to her son a few weeks before her death.

She lived in sin and wickedness, having no fear of God in her heart, until she attained the age of thirty five years. The first sin that she was convinced of as being criminal was taking the Lord's name in vain, of which she had been guilty for some years. This happened when she was pregnant with her seventh son, in 1811, and gave rise to great fears in her mind concerning her eternal state, so that the fear of death lay heavy upon her mind. She lived near to the church, and she used to walk round the churchyard on a Sunday, thinking that she should soon be laid there, perhaps before another Lord's day. At that time Mr. B—, a minister from M—, used to come and preach at F—, whom she went to hear; and she thought that her brother, who was very intimate with the minister, or some other person who knew her condition of mind, must have told him of her fears of death and of her convictions of sin, for he appeared to her to direct his discourse to her individually. Upon one occasion she concealed herself, being determined to ascertain whether such was the case, but the preaching was the same as before, a precise description of her state. I suppose that she felt something like the woman at the well, when she said that Christ told her all things that ever she did; for the minister was showing what all men were by nature, and she, being quickened by divine grace, had a feeling sense of the truth of his statements, which made her suppose that he spoke personally to her.

As she was, one Lord's day, going to hear a Mr. C— preach, in company with a neighbour of hers, Mrs. K—, she spoke of the distress of her mind, saying that she feared it was impossible for her ever to be a believer in Christ, for she was so shut up in darkness and unbelief, that she appeared to be beyond all hope. "Why, Mrs. Rogers," replied Mrs. K., "I seem just like a door upon its hinges; I keep going and going to chapel, and don't appear to profit at all by the word preached; but still I cannot stay at home." But upon their arrival at chapel, the minister, having taken his text, was led, in the course of his sermon, to quote the following words: "Will ye

also go away?" which came with such power to Mrs. R.'s mind, that she could say with Peter, "Lord, to whom shall I go, for thou hast the words of eternal life?" All her unbelief was gone in an instant, and she was enabled by precious faith to exclaim with Thomas of old, "My Lord and my God;" for she had a feeling sense of the love of God shed abroad in her soul. Upon being asked by her daughter-in-law, after the service, how she had profited by the word preached that day, she answered, with a heavenly joy in her countenance, "O it was all for me!" She said that she scarcely knew how she got home that night, her mind was so elevated and overjoyed. She then thought that she could endure any trouble or trial for the future, knowing and believing that she had God for her friend, although she had at that time many outward enemies to contend with.

At one time, whilst hearing Mr. —, at a time when she was in great distress of soul, these words were applied to her conscience very powerfully: "God will be your friend for ever," and she experienced in her soul such a feeling sense of the love of God, that she had great difficulty to keep her seat. This promise was a great support to her mind for some time afterwards. At another time, when she was in private, and in great doubt concerning her eternal state, the following words were brought with power to her mind: "I am the true bread of heaven;" and the Lord gave her faith to believe that she was interested in the Bread of Life, which was another support to her desponding mind. Upon another occasion, being in great trouble of mind, she poured out her prayer to God, saying, "Lord, save, or I perish," and the Lord answered her prayer by applying these words: "Cast not therefore away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward." This was at a time when she had a great deal of work to do for her family, and she feared that, owing to her great affliction of mind, she would not be able to get through it; but when she received an answer to her prayer, faith sprung up, her distress of mind fled away, and she went through her work with ease and joy, being strengthened by the Spirit of Christ.

At another period of her life, she thought that she had sinned against the Holy Ghost, and was greatly afraid that she should die in that state of mind. With these feelings in exercise, she one evening retired to rest, but could not sleep, her distress was so great. But at length she seemed to fall into a trance, and she thought she saw the devil standing over her, who, pointing his finger at her, said, "You shall die! you shall die! you shall die!" She imagined that she felt her breath getting shorter and shorter, until it appeared almost gone, when the thought struck her that she would pray for mercy as long as she had breath, and, with a last effort, as it were, she poured out her soul in prayer to God, which he graciously answered by these words: "Thou shalt *not* die." She then thought that she saw, at a distance, the Saviour appearing for her in a bodily shape, and believed that if she could but touch the hem of his garment, she should be made whole. He then seemed to come nearer and nearer, until she thought that she touched his face, which was the most pleasant she had ever seen. She then awoke very comfortable in her mind; and although she was ill at the time, she soon afterwards recovered.

Now the last of these remarkable evidences which she named was at a time when her distress of mind concerning eternity appeared greater than upon any former occasion, for she verily thought that she must sink into despair for ever, when these words were brought home to her conscience: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," which fully delivered her from the law of Moses. This was about seventeen years after she was quickened by the grace of God.

A short time before she died, her nurse said to her daughter, who was much grieved to see her mother so severely afflicted, "Don't grieve, for your mother's sufferings will soon be over," upon which Mrs. Rogers said, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; he is my God, and he is your God." She also said, "You know what God does, he does for ever." At another time, (speaking to her daughter) she said, "Don't grieve for me, for to-morrow I shall see with new eyes, and behold the brightness of his (Christ's) glory; for he is mine and I am his, and he is yours also." Her daughter replied, "When you are gone my all is gone, and I shall have no one to comfort me." But she answered, "I shall be with my God, and I shall leave the same God behind for you, and I hope he will strengthen you, and bring you through all your troubles. Why grieve for me? I am happy." A little after this she said to her daughter, "Your brother will be a friend to you. The Lord has been a friend to me for many long years, and he is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother; he is a friend at all times." She then seemed in great pain, during which she cried out, "Lord have mercy upon me. Is anything too hard for the Lord? No, no." A little before she died, her son and her nurse having been speaking of what it was to be delivered from the curse, he said, "You know what it is to be delivered from the law, mother;" to which she replied, "Yes, years ago." She then became very restless, for the time of her departure was at hand. She said, "What a ray of light I see!" and immediately breathed her last.

INQUIRIES.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Messrs Editors,—I wish to ask your thoughts upon a portion of the word of God that I have lately heard preached from by one who is called a man of truth. The passage is from Isaiah xxii. 24. In his discourse he gave an interpretation of the different sized vessels, and when he came to "the flagons," he said that "the flagon was a vessel made of *flags*, and would hold nothing, for the devil would take it up and wring it all out," adding, "if a child of God had a good hearing under the word, and all the communications of God's love, mercy, and grace were brought home with power by the Holy Ghost, and he were to go and have some conversation with another child of God, he would suck him, and drain him as dry as an old lime basket."

The other passage is concerning Jesus Christ stopping forty days and forty nights upon earth after his resurrection, to see whether there was anything more to be done than he had done, in case the

work was not finished and complete; to see whether justice or the law had any more demands upon him. Now, dear Sirs, when we hear those who are called men of truth advance such things in the pulpit, we must say that they were not taught them by the Holy Ghost; for they thus trample under foot the foreknowledge of the ever-blessed Trinity, and do away with the counsels of peace by the great Three-One God before all worlds. If this is the case, my salvation is an uncertain one, and my foundation is removed.

If it should meet with your approbation to give your commentary upon these passages of the word of the Lord, by publishing it in your *Gospel Standard*, it may be a satisfaction to many that heard it. I shall now leave it with God and your conscience, as I do not wish to say anything upon the matter myself.

Yours in the everlasting bonds,

A POOR WORM.

[It is no pleasant task for us to be called upon to give our opinion freely on points where preachers are involved; 1. on account of its invidiousness, as they are professedly teachers of others; 2. because there is a probability that what has dropped from them may be misunderstood or misrepresented; and, 3. because, as the best of men are fallible, we must not make any one an offender for a word.

Assuming, however, that the extracts given above from the preacher's sermon (whose name is not mentioned to us by our correspondent) are accurately reported, we are compelled to say that a more gross case of misinterpretation in the one case, and of doctrinal error in the second, has rarely reached our ears. We shall therefore drop a few hints on each.

1. The word "flagon" has not the slightest connexion with the word "flag;" nor is it derived from it in the remotest degree. Its meaning is (that is, literally) a large flask, or bottle, and it is usually applied to such as hold wine. Thus we read, 2 Sam. vi. 19, "To each a flagon of wine;" and again, Hos. iii. 1, "Who love flagons of wine." The word translated "flagous" (Isa. xxii. 24) signifies an earthen vessel, or bottle, and usually one of a large size, such as wine might be carried, or preserved in. Our translators render it sometimes "bottle," as 1 Sam. x. 3, xxv. 18, Jer. xiii. 12; sometimes "vessel," as Isa. xxx. 14; sometimes "pitcher," as Lam. iv. 2; and sometimes "flagon."

Interpreted spiritually, we believe that vessels of mercy are intended; and that whilst the "cups" that hold little represent the smaller, "the flagons" point out the more largely filled vessels of mercy. Each hang upon "the nail fixed in the sure place," the Lord Jesus, and each are supplied out of his fulness. They are equally each "the glory of his Father's house," whether the small cups, or the larger flagons; are each "its offspring and issue;" are each empty in themselves, and merely have what they receive, (1 Cor. iv. 7,) and will hereafter shine with equal glory.

Nor do we believe that the experience is more correct than the interpretation. Elihu says, "I will speak that I may be refreshed;" (Job xxxii. 20;) and we find on one occasion, when Paul had "continued his speech until midnight," so far was he from being "sucked and drained as dry as an old lime basket," that "he talked afterwards a long while, even till break of day." (Acts xx. 7, 11.) We grant that an old dead professor will often bring barrenness and leanness into the soul of a child of God if he talks to *him* about his comforts; but where there is life and feeling in the hearer, as well as in the narrator, both their hearts will often burn within them by the way, (Luke xxiv. 32,) while they are speaking one to another. (Mal. iii. 16.) When not spoken of in a boasting way, but in simplicity and godly sincerity, the Lord will often shine upon his own work when his mercy and goodness are told; a sweet savour and dew will rest upon it; and the conversation, "being seasoned with salt," will not only "minister grace to the hearer," (Col. iv. 6, Eph. iv. 29,) but also be savory and refreshing to the soul of the speaker.

2. The second point on which our unknown correspondent has consulted us appears to us worse by far than that on which we have already given our opinion. An ignorant man naturally, though in divine things spiritually taught, might confound "flagons" with "flags," though one would think common sense would teach him that "a lime basket" could not hold oil or wine. But the other mistake shows a far worse ignorance; and if it be his real opinion, and not one unwittingly dropped, (though a man is hardly fit to stand up in a pulpit who drops anything that he is not established in as a truth); if, we repeat, it be his real matured opinion that Christ remained forty days upon the earth to see if the law had any more claim upon him, it appears to us that he must be an erroneous man, and not sound in the truth. For such a sentiment quite denies that Christ's was a finished work, and boldly and unblushingly declares that He did not put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, that he did not fulfil the law and make it honourable, that he did not blot out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, nor took it away, nailing it to his cross. (Col. ii. 14.) The Holy Ghost, by Paul, (Eph. ii. 15,) expressly declares that the Lord Jesus "abolished," (or, as the Geneva Bible reads, "abrogated,") "the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances." Now, if he by his death abolished, or abrogated the law, *i.e.*, utterly removed it out of the way, it was no more in existence, as far as he was concerned. He slew it, so to speak, by his death, ("that being dead wherein we were held." Rom. vii. 6.) But to wait upon earth forty days to see if it had any more claim upon him, was to make the Son of God uncertain whether the law were dead or alive, and leave him at a peradventure whether he had finished the work which his Father had given him to do. Were such a sentiment true (and, blessed be God, it is a lie) it would overthrow the Deity of the Son of God, (for it would take from him infinite knowledge and power,) would disannul the covenant of grace, and leave all the elect under the curse of the law.

The reason why Christ tarried upon earth was to afford the clearest proof of his resurrection, according to the testimony of the Holy Ghost, (Acts i. 3,) "To whom" (*i.e.*, "the apostles whom he had chosen") "he showed himself alive after his passion, by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." Thus were they enabled "with great power to give witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus," (Acts iv. 33.) and to testify to others of what they had thus "seen with their eyes, which they had looked upon, and their hands had handled of the word of life." (1 John i. 1.)—Eds.]

EDITORS' REVIEW.

A Defence of Particular Redemption; wherein the Doctrine of the late Mr. Fuller, relative to the Atonement of Christ, is tried by the Word of God. In Four Letters to a Baptist Minister. By Wm. Rushton, jun., Liverpool. 2nd edition. To which is appended a brief Memoir of the Author. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Liverpool: D. Marples & Co. 1839.

The amiable Author of the above work is no longer upon earth, having departed this life February 6, 1838. This second edition was, therefore, published after his decease, "in compliance," as we are informed in the Preface, "with the numerous requests of his friends." It having been forwarded to us for Review, and it being, as we consider, a clear and able defence of particular Redemption, we shall freely deliver our thoughts upon it, as they occurred to our mind during its perusal.

The most distinguishing feature of the work is the clearness with which the author has disentangled Fuller's knotted web, and shown his inconsistency, not only with the Scriptures, but with himself. Andrew Fuller was indeed a most sophistical and plausible reasoner; and had the art of dressing out his statements in a manner wonderfully cal-

culated to lay hold of the ignorant and unstable. But the author of the above treatise has with considerable clearness of thought, and with great simplicity of style, unravelled the web so artfully woven, and shown that neither warp nor weft are to be found in the Scriptures of truth.

But it may be asked by some of our readers, "What were Andrew Fuller's views on the subject of the Atonement?" As far as we can gather his views from Mr. Rushton's extracts from his works, he appears to have struck a middle path between universal and particular redemption; and to have held what Mr. R. well calls, "an indefinite redemption," that is, to use Fuller's own words, that "there is such a fulness in the satisfaction of Christ as is sufficient for the whole world, were the whole world to believe in Him;" and that "the particularity of redemption lies only in the purpose or sovereign pleasure of God to render it effectual to some, rather than others." Thus Fuller denied that Christ died for *persons* altogether; and stated broadly that He neither stood in the place of *all* men, nor in the place of *some* men, but died for *sin*, not for *sinners*. The following extract will convey an idea of Fuller's views, and afford a good specimen of his specious style:

"Were I asked concerning the gospel, when it is introduced into a country, For whom was it sent? if I had respect only to the revealed will of God, I should answer, It is sent for men, not as elect or non-elect, but as sinners. But if I had respect to the appointment of God with regard to its application, I should say, he hath visited that country 'to take out of them a people for his name.' In like manner, concerning the death of Christ, if I speak of it, irrespective of the purpose of the Father and the Son, as to the objects who should be saved by it, referring merely to what it is in itself sufficient for, and declared in the gospel to be adapted to, I should think I answered the question in a scriptural way in saying, It was for sinners as sinners. But if I have respect to the purpose of the Father in giving his Son to die, and to the design of Christ in laying down his life, I should answer, It was for his elect only."

"If the satisfaction of Christ was in itself sufficient for the whole world, there is no further propriety in asking, Whose sins were imputed to Christ? or For whom did he die as a substitute? than as it is thereby inquired, Who are the persons whom he intended finally to save?"

"In short, we must either acknowledge an objective fulness in Christ's atonement, sufficient for the salvation of the whole world, were the whole world to believe in him; or, in opposition to scripture and common sense, confine our invitations to believe to such persons as have believed already."—*Fuller's Dialogues*, pp. 224, 227, 231.

On Fuller's subtle and deceitful style Mr. Rushton has the following sound remarks:

"The extracts to which I have called your attention are very ingeniously written. But the very ingenuity is suspicious, because truth requires none. Such are the obscurity and artfulness which run through them, that of the many persons who have read Mr. Fuller's Dialogues, &c., very few understand them. Some imagine he held the doctrine of particular redemption, because he sometimes speaks of Christ dying for his people. Others suppose he teaches universal redemption; but many, though they do not altogether understand him, plainly perceive that he favours their predisposition to Arminianism, and therefore they approve of his system. In some instances, no doubt, Mr. Fuller has been misunderstood from inattention, but this has not always been the case. There is an uncommon degree of subtlety in his statements, attended with much speciousness; palpable inconsistencies are hid with great ingenuity; and the difference between him and his opponents is so artfully lessened, that it appears to many readers to be of little importance. He evidently wishes not to be considered an opponent of particular redemption; yet he neither agrees with the Particular Baptists on the one side, nor asserts boldly, with the General Baptists, that Christ died equally for every man; but maintains a kind of

metaphysical medium, which is as far removed from the simplicity that is in Christ, as it is from that gospel which is hid from the wise and prudent."

Mr. Rushton has divided his subject into four parts, corresponding with his "Four Letters." In his *first* Letter, after some preliminary observations, he gives considerable extracts from Fuller's writings; in his *second*, he compares Fuller's sentiments with themselves, and clearly shows that they are indistinct, confused, inconsistent, and self-contradictory. In his *third* Letter, Mr. R. compares Mr. Fuller's sentiments on Redemption with the statements of the inspired word. This we certainly consider the best part of the work; and it is evident from it that he saw all the weak points of Fuller's system, and has directed against it a succession of attacks, showing from the Scriptures that it is utterly incompatible with the doctrine and experience of the Atonement therein set forth. The following extracts from his second Letter will give a very good idea of his simple, yet clear style of argument:

"But it is easy to perceive that an atonement for *sin in general* cannot be particular redemption. An atonement which in itself may suffice for an individual only, or for a world, but which was not offered for any particular number of individuals, but merely for *sin as sin*; such an atonement may be called by some other name, but particular redemption it cannot be. The particularity of the atonement consists in the vicarious nature of the death of Christ; in his representing the persons of the whole elect unto God; in his bearing their sins and sorrows; in his dying for them, and for them alone; and in thus purchasing them, body and soul, by his most precious blood. This view of the atonement is both the result of the sovereign purpose of God, and in unison with it; but an indefinite atonement is not only a thing different from particular redemption, but it is also at variance with the sovereignty of the divine purpose, and the particular application of atoning blood."—Page 27.

And again:

"Whenever the Scriptures speak of the sufficiency of redemption, they always place it in the *certain efficacy* of redemption. The atonement of Christ is sufficient because it is absolutely efficacious, and because it carries salvation to all for whom it was made. It is sufficient, not because it affords men the *possibility* of salvation, but because with invincible power it *accomplishes* their salvation. Hence the word of God never represents the *sufficiency* of the atonement as more extensive than the *design* of the atonement, which Mr. Fuller has done. The Scriptures know nothing of a sufficient redemption which leaves the captive to perish in slavery, nor of a sufficient atonement which never delivers the guilty; but they speak of a redemption every way sufficient and efficacious,—a redemption which cannot be frustrated, but which triumphantly accomplishes the salvation of all its objects. *Let Israel hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is PLENTIFUL REDEMPTION. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.*"—Page 34.

Having thus proved the inconsistency of Fuller's views, not merely with his other professed sentiments, but, what is of far more consequence, with the word of God, Mr. R. proceeds in his *fourth* Letter to show very pointedly what have been the practical consequences of the wide spread of Fullerism in the churches. A few extracts will show that he has handled this part of his subject in a faithful and uncompromising way:

"The precious truths of the gospel, which were once the glory of our churches, and which always expose the professors of them to reproach, are now very rarely heard amongst us. Covenant engagements, precious promises, eternal election, immutable love, free pardon, and complete justification, are subjects seldom insisted upon. We still profess these things in our circular letters, but the open preaching of them is judged by no means expedient, and, as is thought, can answer no other end than to discourage practical religion, and to bring us into disrepute. Instead of those glorious truths of which the apostle Paul has

given a catalogue in Ephesians, chapters i. and ii., as constituting the substance of his own preaching, human piety, human worthiness, human greatness, and human influence stand exalted, so that the glory of Jesus is eclipsed among us."—Page 153.

"This lifeless profession appears moreover in the constitution of our churches. We do not lay the stress we ought on *regeneration*, as absolutely necessary to communion of saints. Persons who are *seriously inclined*, whose moral character is good, especially if they are zealous in the missionary cause, and possess a high opinion of their minister, are judged very proper subjects for fellowship, without much inquiry whether they are dead to the law, and possess a living faith in Jesus, or whether they have ever been brought as lost sinners, by the Holy Ghost, to the blood of sprinkling."—Page 155.

Mr. R. has indeed drawn aside the curtain from the very churches with which he was, more or less, himself in connexion, preaching, as we understand, regularly in their pulpits. But if his statements are true, and we believe they are rather under than over the mark, we cannot find one feature of gospel truth, or of vital godliness in these churches. Two short extracts will, we think, suffice to prove our assertion:

"Covetousness, pride, self-righteousness, and the love of this present world, are quite compatible with the character of an eminent professor. Persons may be manifestly under the dominion of such lusts as these, and yet, if they preserve a pious exterior, and contribute freely to the Missionary cause, they are highly extolled. And with all this, we cry out against Antinomianism, and are afraid that unless the doctrines of grace are *well guarded*, they will lead to licentiousness!"

"But who that is spiritual can doubt of the feebleness of this grace (brotherly love) in the churches? So little is it in exercise, that many cannot tell wherein it consists; nor have they any distinct ideas of what it is that holds them together as a church. They seem to have no notion of spiritual love beyond that *friendly feeling* which exists among the members of an earthly society. Some are drawn together because they must go to some place of worship, and they assemble where they and their fathers have been accustomed to meet. Others are united by the spirit of a party; a quarrel from some frivolous cause having separated them from their former religious connexions. Others seem to be united by the good opinion which they unanimously form of their minister; they agree in a blind adoration of their favourite preacher, so that when he dies there is an end of their union."—Page 159.

These, be it remembered, are not the angry accusations of an enemy, but the faithful reproofs of a friend. But all we have to say, if indeed this be a true picture, is, that such assemblies are not churches of Christ, but synagogues of Satan. Where the new birth is not known, nor brotherly love felt, the Spirit of God is not present, and all is darkness and death.

Mr. Rushton traces this declension of the Baptist churches to their having imbibed Fuller's perivicious views; and thus his fourth Letter furnishes an instructive commentary on the necessary consequences of error, and practically illustrates its fatal results.

The institution of Academies for making preachers, he thus pointedly refers to:

"In this respect also our Baptist churches have begun to imitate the Antichristian apostacy. As we have our *clergy* and our *laity*, so also have we our *colleges* for preparing and qualifying pious young men for the Christian ministry. Exalted Saviour! and have thy people yet to learn that thy Spirit, and He alone, is sufficient for this? Do they not know that thou holdest the seven stars in thy right hand? Surely the true Christian divinity cannot be taught as human sciences are taught! How can a theological tutor impart to his neighbour that knowledge which is necessary for the Christian ministry? How can he teach him to understand the mystery of godliness, as it is opened in the wonderful

person of Christ, in all the steps of his humiliation, sufferings, and death, and in the unspeakable wonders of his blood and righteousness?"

Our copious extracts must have given our readers so good an idea of Mr. Rushton's book that we think we need pursue them no farther.

But, according to our usual plan, we shall advert to what we consider its most prominent excellencies and defects. The author is beyond the reach of our praise or censure; and thus we shall, in his case at least, not be suspected of motives that have been imputed to us (we hardly need say unjustly) when reviewing the living.

1. He has arranged his materials in the most lucid order—the result doubtless of much thought, as well as of a clear head. Thus his arguments *tell*, because they mutually support each other, and, like a well ordered army, come on to the attack without confusion.

This *clearness of arrangement*, and *simplicity*, yet *perspicuity* of style, we consider the most prominent excellency of Mr. R.'s work.

2. A second is its *impartiality*. He takes care not to misrepresent Mr. Fuller, and therefore quotes his words without putting upon them any false construction. Side by side lie Fuller's text, and Rushton's commentary. We can then form our own judgment, believing he would not misquote the text, and able ourselves to judge whether he misrepresents it.

3. *Absence of all bitterness and rancour* that so often mingle their gall and wormwood in the iuk of controversy, is another thing we have observed with pleasure in Mr. R.'s work. He often reproves, but never rails; pulls Fuller's cobwebs all to pieces, but does not pull the writer limb from limb; does not spare his writings, but spares his name, character, and person. We do not indeed perceive in it any thing very original; but what there is in it is well worked out. There is nothing in it very striking, nothing that flashes instantaneous and irresistible conviction; nothing that moves or melts the heart; and yet there is a calm flow of argument that carries us along as surely, though not as forcibly; and we rise from the perusal of the work more and more satisfied that the doctrine of Particular Redemption is that of the Scriptures.

But it has, in our judgment, no less marked defects.

1. A striking deficiency is a *lack of energy*. Though very faithful, and, indeed, in places pointed, there is a want of that animated flow of language which the subject demanded. Viewing Mr. Fuller as the chief author of the awful and rapid declension of the Baptist churches, Mr. R. has not poured out that flood of indignant reproof against him that he richly deserved. We do not mean by this any unbecoming reproaches or unchristian invective. Far from it. But we should have liked less tameness, less of that gentlemanly calmness which runs through Mr. Rushton's book; and, without wishing for Luther's occasional violence, we miss that noble vehemence, that earnest contention for the faith, that throwing of his whole heart and soul into the controversy, which shine so conspicuously in Luther's defence of "the Bondage of the Will" against "the Free Will" champion Erasmus. All this energy and force might have existed, without one word of violence, and one unbecoming expression.

2. Another thing, which struck us in Mr. Rushton's book was *the way in which he continually identifies himself with the corrupt Baptist churches*.

The expressions "we," "us," "our churches" are continually used in his fourth Letter, in which he so pointedly shows the present fallen

state of the Baptist churches. But if so fallen, what had Mr. R. to do with them? If Babylon has made them drink of her cup of enchantments, why did he not flee out of them, and renounce all communion with them? Believing them to be so far gone into apostacy, he should not have identified himself with them in word or deed. We are Particular Baptists, and our Periodical defends those principles; but neither privately nor publicly have we any more communion with the great mass of Particular Baptist Churches, than we have with the Wesleyans.

3. A third deficiency, as it strikes us, is that *the subject should have been handled in a more experimental, and in a less doctrinal manner.* It is indeed a doctrinal subject, and, as such, a measure of argument and of doctrinal discussion was needed; but there is a way of handling the most doctrinal subject experimentally; witness, for instance, Huntington's "Contemplations on the God of Israel." We are inclined to think, however, that Mr. R. was more at home in doctrine, than in experience. We well remember, in a conversation with him a few months only before his death, using the expression "dry doctrines," when, in his gentle way, he took us up on the expression immediately, and said, "Dry doctrines! how can the blessed doctrines of grace be dry?" His remark showed us in a moment to what school he belonged, and that he had no very deep acquaintance with his own heart. Most true it is that the doctrines are not dry *in themselves*, but they are very often dry *to us*; and in that sense Hart doubtless used the words when he wrote,

"Dry doctrines cannot save us."

4. Closely connected with the deficiency just hinted at is *a want of divine power and unction.* This can only be where the subject is handled experimentally; for such writing and preaching alone does the blessed Spirit crown with his dew and savour. Mr. R. seems to have been somewhat sensible of this, for he makes this apology in his Preface, p. 3:

"The only persons to whom I would offer anything like the shadow of an apology for the polemical style of the following letters are the afflicted, broken-hearted children of Zion. I know that disputings gail and distress a tender mind. But how can we contend earnestly for the faith, without disputation? Were not our Lord and his apostles often engaged in reasoning with the opponents of truth? I hope, therefore, that the lambs of the flock will not be offended, especially when they reflect that the things contended for in the following pages are of the highest importance,—things with which the honour of God and the glory of a dear Redeemer, are concerned; and which are absolutely necessary to the strengthening of their own weak hands, and the confirming of their feeble knees."

But, with all these drawbacks, we must acknowledge that we have read Mr. Rushton's book with pleasure and interest, as a clear and well-arranged defence of the important doctrine of Particular Redemption. It has indeed reached our ears that some have accused us of Fullerism, misunderstanding some expressions in our Review of Mr. Wells's "Moral Government;" and if the denial of so foolish a surmise be necessary, we here make it in the most unqualified terms. We have therefore an additional motive to recommend Mr. Rushton's work to a class of persons in the church of God, to whom it might prove very useful—we mean the weak and unestablished who are mixed up, much to their perplexity, with a ministry and a people tainted with Fuller's views. Fuller's sophistry and real Arminianism, in spite of all his pretended Calvinism, are so clearly exposed and so scripturally

overthrown, that we know no better book of the kind to put into the hands of those who are halting between two opinions, and are half caught in that cobweb which Fuller's disciples are so craftily winding around the weak and wavering.

To this second edition a brief Memoir of the author is appended, of which we cannot speak very favourably. Mr. R.'s biographer* evidently differs in some points from him. Thus he drops a sentence which, were it true, would quite overthrow Mr. R.'s fourth letter:

"But, at the same time, he must dissent from some of the opinions of his friend (Mr. R.) on other matters in that volume" (the one under review.) "He questions whether we are warranted to indulge the gloomy fears expressed in various passages. Surely within these fifty years there has been a great revival and spread of evangelical truth, and a rich harvest of its blessed fruits among Churchmen and Dissenters." * * * "Nor does the writer of this memoir enter into the views of his friend (Mr. R.) on the subject of academies connected with the tuition of men for the ministry."

In other words, Mr. Lister (the writer of the Memoir) believes that the Baptist Churches are very flourishing, and academies very useful; and, as a necessary consequence, that Mr. R. has misrepresented the state of the Baptist Churches, and attributed to Andrew Fuller's doctrine results which have not flowed from it.

With such views, we could not expect any very interesting or profitable memoir of Mr. Rushton. Were he possessed of any deep experience, his friend would not understand it. Not that we think Mr. Rushton possessed a deep experience. Judging from his own account of himself, inserted in this memoir, he cannot be said to have been very deeply taught in divine things. Sincerity is more evident in him than depth. When we mention that he was baptized, and added to the church when he had just reached his fifteenth year, we cannot think that, at that time at least, he knew much of spiritual dealings upon his soul. From a paper of his own writing, contained in the memoir, we make the following extract of his own experience:

"I was born in sin on Good Friday, March 25th, 1796. Having many times escaped death, both from sickness and accidents, (being, I believe, more than once given up by the physician,) the set time came when I was to be born again from above. How true it is that the Lord's people are preserved in Christ Jesus before called! It was the beginning of December, I believe about the 6th, in the year 1806, that I began to be in trouble, or rather began to feel something of my state as a sinner, but was soon enabled, by the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, to depend and trust upon the Lord Jesus for salvation and eternal life; and so trusting, I received peace and joy in believing. I had no deep and poignant conviction of sin, none of those thunders and terrors of the law which sometimes are experienced by the Lord's people; and this caused me to doubt whether I really had been born again."

The most satisfactory thing to us in this Memoir is a hymn of Mr. R.'s composition, which we have inserted under our head Poetry. If he really felt what he there has penned, and we have no reason to doubt it, his soul is now "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

* Mr. Lister talks of Mr. Rushton's "favourite topics in preaching being *the higher doctrines of grace*." Are then some of the doctrines of grace high, and some low? Or does it mean that divine sovereignty, election, the eternal covenant, &c. are the *high* doctrines of grace, and general invitations *low* doctrines of grace? Such language, to say the least of it, is very suspicious, and displays no love towards the doctrines of grace.

POETRY.

"IN THEE, O, LORD, DO I HOPE:"

"I never can forget the day,
When first by faith I saw the Lord;
When all my sins he took away,
And taught me to believe his Word.

Then I rejoiced in pardoning love,
In grace and mercy, rich and free;
And long'd to take my flight above,
To dwell, my dearest Lord, with thee.

'How long, O Lord,' my soul would say,
Ere thy bright chariot will appear;
Long seem the hours of thy delay,
While I am kept a prisoner here.

Welcome, pale death, my soul would cry,
For thou hast lost thy dreadful sting;

O grave, where is thy victory?
My heart would say—my tongue would
sing.

Then would I pass the days away,
Longing to be dissolv'd and go;
Why do thy chariot wheels delay,
And keep me lingering, waiting so?

But now, alas! my joys are gone,
The world and sin distress me sore;
And unbelief impels me on,
To fear I ne'er shall see them more.

But in my loneliest, worst estate,
Thy word still cheers my spirits up;
I wait for thee, my soul doth wait,
And in thy promise will I hope."

W. RUSHTON, JUN.

Vide Editors' Review, p. 322.

"LORD, IF THOU WILT, THOU CANST MAKE ME CLEAN."

Jesus, how oft I hear of thee,
And what thou didst for man;
Oft, too, I read the mystery
Found in thy gospel's plan.

Therein I read of torturing smart,
Of death, and cruel scorn,
The Father's wrath, that pierced thy
heart,
For vile transgressors borne.

How suited to my helpless case
That Christ the righteous died,
And, for the basest of the base,
Became the crucified!

And yet, with all,—though no one, Lord,
Can more that mercy need,—
Lifeless I seem to hear thy word;
As though 'twere vain, I read.

Sometimes I feel a hope therein,
And that thou diedst for me;
But O! too faintly mourn that sin
Which nail'd thee to the tree.

Could waves of sorrow o'er thee roll,
Of infinite extent,
And no compunction fill my soul,
At what those sorrows meant?

Yet so it is, too oft, I find!
Each pain, each word, each groan,
May reach my ear, my gaze, my mind,
And leave me like a stone!

Ah! I confess—I feel my shame—
How vile have I behaved!—
Thine is, indeed, the only name
By which I can be saved,

Exeter.

But when *my* ways I fain would leave,
To walk *thy* paths alone;
When, for myself, I would believe,
And bend me at thy throne;

O! how corruptions gather still;
Methinks I harder grow;
No sweet compliance with thy will,
Nor melting at thy woe.

What am I, Lord? O! is there hope
For such a case as mine?
Will e'er thy Spirit lift me up
Into the life divine?

Jesus, in *me* thy power display;
Make good thy word afresh;
Take, take this stony heart away,
And give a heart of flesh,
That I no longer may remain
So senseless, carnal, cold;
But on "the Lamb for sinners slain,"
By living faith, lay hold.

I am not satisfied to *hear*
That thou hast power to save:
I long to *feel* salvation near;
Its *fruits* are what I crave.

But hope deferr'd still makes me groan:
Ah! hear my fainting cry;
Renew me, Lord; thy grace make known;
Thy cleansing blood apply.

Yet may my soul thy faith obtain,
And with thy love be fraught,
That I may glow with love again,
And serve thee as I ought.

J. B.

THE CHURCH IN NO DANGER.

The elect are eternally safe;
The name of the Lord is their tower;
Though Jews, Turks, and infidels laugh,
They trust his omnipotent power.

Not in armies, nor buildings of men,
Nor traditions upheld by the law,
But in Jesus, the faithful Amen,
Who keeps men and devils in awe.

No steeples they need to proclaim
The hour of assembling for prayer:
When He sets the soul in a frame,
They know that Jehovah is there;

Who gathers his church by his love,
And not by the sound of a bell;
Being drawn by his Spirit, they move,
And draw all they have from his well.

But churches established by law,
Cannot be establish'd with grace;
Nor can they be favour'd to draw
A smile from Immanuel's face.

His church is distinguish'd by fruits,
And for grace on Immanuel waits;

Bridgforth, May 5th, 1842.

It studies not carnal pursuits,
Nor clamours for tithes, dues, and rates;

But looks up to Him for supplies,
Whene'er it is straiten'd and wants;
And he is so good and so wise,
That everything needful he grants.

The law claim'd its utmost demands
From him for his church, his elect;
And 'tis by his grace that it stands;
Therefore, it can never be wreck'd.

Not one of his seed can be lost,
Or else he has suffer'd in vain;
But they are preserved at his cost,
And glory shall surely attain.

For he keeps possession of all;
His fulness supplies all his flock:
His church cannot totter nor fall;
For it stands on eternity's Rock.

And none but the needy and poor,
Who have not a rag of their own,
Are able to enter the door,
Which leads to his glorious throne.

W. T.

GLEANINGS.

EXTRACT FROM BERNARD ON HIS OWN EXPERIENCE OF THE INWARD OPERATIONS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

“ I was sensible that He was present with me; I remembered it after his visits were over; sometimes I had a presentiment of his entrance, but I never could feel his entrance, or his exit. Whence he came and whither he departed, by what way he entered or left me, I confess that I am even now ignorant; and no wonder, for his footsteps are not known. You ask me then, since all his ways are unsearchable, whence could I know that he was present? His presence was living and powerful; it awakened my slumbering soul; it moved, softened, and healed my heart, which had been hard, stony, and distempered; it watered the dry places, illuminated the dark, opened those which were shut, inflamed the cold, made the crooked straight, and the rough ways plain: so that my soul blessed the Lord, and all that was within me praised his holy name. I had no evidence of the Lord's presence with me by any of the senses—only, from the motion of my heart, I understood that he was with me; and from the expulsion of sin and the suppression of carnal affections, I perceived the strength of his power; from the discernment and conviction of the very thoughts of my heart, I admired the depth of his wisdom; from some little improvement of my temper and conduct, I experienced the goodness of his grace; from the renovation of my inward man, I perceived the comeliness of his beauty; and, from the joint contemplation of all these things, I trembled at his majestic greatness. But because all these things, on his departure, became torpid and cold, just as if you withdrew fire from a boiling pot, I had a signal of his departure. My soul must be sad till he return, and my heart is again inflamed with his love; and let that be the evidence of his return. Nothing else is pleasing while He is absent who is pleasure; and I pray that he may not come empty, but full of grace and truth, as he was wont to do.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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“HE LOVED ME, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME.”

Gal. ii. 20.

Dear Friend,—Yours came to hand, and I was glad to hear that your daughter was better. I hope the Lord will restore her, and that if he does it will be in mercy, for neither health nor affliction, prosperity nor adversity, honour nor degradation, prove blessings only as the Lord makes them so. Christ and his blessed salvation brought home to the conscience by the glorious power of God the Holy Ghost, will give solid satisfaction in any situation in life. Then indeed the soul can say, “The will of the Lord be done;” and while a blessed Jesus, in the glorious openings and manifestations of his love and blood, is sweetly enjoyed, the believer can say, “I have all things in Christ;” and the Lord and the soul hold sweet intercourse together. But when the child of God is left in the dark, or with only just light enough to discover the wretchedness of his corrupt heart, and life enough to feel the risings up of the filth of his detestable old man of sin, and taste and smell enough to be almost suffocated with its horrible stinks, and thus sinks in sensible loathsomeness; I say, when this is the case, he is in a mournful state, let him have what he may of this world's good; nor can all that men or angels can do make him happy. In this state, men may tell him that he *ought* to believe and be happy, but his case is out of their reach, and out of the reach of any power of man, or of any faith that stands in the power of man. Duty faith and its agents may strut about him, chatter to him, snarl at him, or invite him; but reach his case, or raise him up, they cannot.

But when a Three-One God, made manifest in the glorious Person, work, fulness, worth, and worthiness of the Lord Jesus Christ, is made manifest in the conscience, by the divine power and under the bedewing operations and heavenly unction of God the Holy Ghost, the soul enjoys a measure of heaven upon earth. O how cheering, how captivating, how soul-ravishing, how exalting is such a glorious revelation of the Lord to the soul! Here we find sin subdued, the world overcome, devils defeated, and the fear of death swallowed up in the glory of life. Yes, my friend, in vital faith and feeling we can then say, "He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*." Then in very deed we prove that vital godliness is really and truly personal, and there is an indescribable majesty and glory in Christ, and in all he is, and has, and has done, and has promised to do for us and in us. The sweet truth that "he loved me, and gave himself for me," flows into the conscience with indescribable sweetness; and O with what solemnity is it again and again repeated, "He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*." Then indeed we feel where we are, and on what ground we stand for eternal glory. But my friend complains of dreadful darkness of soul, after some such sweet enjoyments. No marvel; no, no; for he and we must suffer together, as well as reign together. Honours crown his brow, he sank into the very depths of horrible deeps, and went into the blackest darkness, to raise up and bring out such poor wretches as you and I. The most we can feel is but little compared with his, and by these things we are led in a measure to know a little of what it cost the Lord of life and glory to redeem and save us, and bring us to himself, and we are also taught feelingly that all light, life, hope, faith, peace, love, joy, and every spiritual grace is of the Lord, and is the Lord's own work both for us and in us, and he both must and shall have the glory. When we are in darkness and in the shadow of death as the effect of our folly and transgressions, and all hope of help faileth us, he is there to put a cry into our hearts to deliver us; (Ps. cvii. 8—20;) and when we have to pass through deep waters, or hot fires, still he is there; (Isa. xliii. 2;) and though we may neither see him nor feel his supporting arm, he is there, and he is as much our kind friend then as he is when we feel his love, though we are not able to perceive it. But in the end he will enable us to glorify him, and offer up a pleasant offering unto him, and solemnly sing, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Remember, my friend, that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;" (Heb. xii. 6;) so that those professors who live wholly without rebukes and chastenings have no scriptural proof that they are the children of God. I have sometimes thought it a great mercy that the people of God, while in this vale of tears, are not at all times either in the deeps of darkness and wretchedness, or in the heights of life, light, and glory; for if either were always the case, they would not be fit to attend to the business of this life, and worldly things must in a great measure manage themselves for them; for in one case they

would be too miserable, and in the other too happy to fill up their place in business as needs required. But the Lord is too wise to err, and though we are often producing some horrible lumber, the Lord keeps a fire and furnace in Zion, and there we must be put to burn up our lumber. (Isa. i. 25; xxxi. 9; Zech. xiii. 9.) Satan and corrupt nature can take advantage of the most soul ravishing moments views and feelings we are blessed with, to vamp up the mind with pride, when those glorious moments cease; and pride blunts the edge of prayer and praise, and brings on darkness of soul and hardness of heart, and thus we slip into some dreadful gulf. Our enemies now magnify themselves against us, (Ps. xxxviii. 16,) and we are as a despised lamp in the thought of him that is at ease, (Job xii. 5,) and he smiles at our weakness; but it is no smiling matter with us; no, no; we feel to our sorrow that we have backslidden in heart, and we are in measure filled with our own ways. (Prov. xiv. 14.) But after all, it is an indescribable mercy that the Lord changeth not, and in the end his gracious Majesty will make darkness light, crooked things straight, and rough places plain, and these things will he do unto us, and not forsake us.

Give my love to your daughter, and tell her I hope I do not forget to pray for her. May the Lord bless her with his sweet presence. Give my love to your husband, to Mr. N., to mine host, to your sister, and to all friends. That the Lord may lead and guide you all into all things, is the prayer of yours in the Lord,

Manchester,

W. G.

**“WHERE THE VOICE OF A KING IS THERE
IS POWER.”**

Dear Brother,—May mercy, and peace, and the God of all comfort be with you.

I expected to have heard from you long ago, as you promised, the last time I saw you, to drop me a line or two soon. I have not heard anything about you since I saw you, except that you had been sounding the trumpet in London, and I understand that you gave it a certain sound. I should have written to you sooner, to know the reason of your silence, but we have been removing to a new habitation, near the chapel, and my mind has been so taken up, that I have had little time to write; and indeed, I have been so barren in my soul, that I could scarcely either write, read, pray, or preach. What a mercy it is, my friend, that our God resteth in his love! It is from this blessed cause that such poor worms as I am not consumed. I assure you that never a poorer worm moved upon this earth. I sometimes wonder why the Lord still spares me upon the earth, and what end can be answered; but, blessed be his name, his thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are his ways as our ways. I verily believe sometimes that my preaching is gone completely out, and that God will never return in love to me any more, and I sob and cry, “Is his mercy clean gone for ever, and will he be favorable no more?” “We wait for light, but behold obscurity; for

brightness, but we walk in darkness; we grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes; we stumble at noon-day as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men; we roar like bears, and mourn sore like doves; we look for judgment, but there is none, for salvation, but it is far off from us." Here I am obliged to sigh and groan till God is pleased to appear for me, with no more help in myself than a new-born infant cast out into the open field, full of unbelief and carnal reason, and fearing that I may have been deceived, notwithstanding all my preaching and profession; and this brings me to cry from my very heart, "Lord, search me and try me, and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." At these times my poor soul is willing that God should teach and instruct me, a poor, blind worm, being confident that none but He can teach to profit. And how blessedly he condescends to hear the sighing of the poor prisoner, and how gloriously his powerful voice sounds in my heart, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." O this blessed voice! "Where the voice of a king is there is power." When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. Yes, cries the spouse, "The voice of my Beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My Beloved is like a roe or a young hart; behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice. My Beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." O my dear brother, this is a sweet voice! I heard it yesterday, and it truly did my poor soul good; it brought poor old John out of the prison, and made him to sing and to shout, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp round about me, yet will I not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."

We are still going on very comfortably as a church and people, and I have the pleasure of seeing the work of the Lord going on, giving seals to my ministry. O how it melts my poor soul to see and prove that God honours such a poor worm as his mouth! We shall have an addition to our church in about a fortnight. It has quite revived my soul to hear them tell how God has brought the truth home to their hearts with power.

That the Lord may bless you, and be with you, is the prayer of, yours in truth's bond,

Trowbridge, August 22, 1832.

J. W.

**“NO MAN CAN SAY THAT JESUS IS THE LORD,
BUT BY THE HOLY GHOST.”**

Dear Friend,—Through mercy I have had my health very well since I saw you, but they have been working me hard. The Lord has been very precious to my worthless and vile heart; he has been pleased to water and anoint my soul four or five times very sweetly since I left home. Last Saturday evening I had a blessed and glorious sight into the eternal power and Godhead of Jesus Christ. O how gloriously did I see him with the eye of my understanding! He is, indeed, “very God of very God.” Jesus is, indeed and of a truth, the self-existent Jehovah, the eternal God who made all things, and for whom all things are created. He is “the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature: for by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created *by* him and *for* him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist.” And mark how blessed this is, “He is the head of the body, the church.” (Col. i. 15—18.) O what blessedness and glory to think that this almighty and all-creating God is in very deed the glorious Head and Husband of poor, vile, helpless worms, who feel hell to be their desert. He is the brightness of God’s glory, and the express image of his Person, upholding all things by the word of his power; and yet, though he is the eternal Jehovah, the God of glory, he condescended to be made a little lower than the angels: he took upon himself the form of a servant; made himself of no reputation, made himself under the law, sin, guilt, and the curse, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; that by the once offering of himself he might put away sin, the sins of all his people; yea, he has put them and purged them away for ever and ever. “Once in the end of the world hath he appeared, to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.” Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.” By the which will we are sanctified, through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.” “By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.” “When he had by himself purged our sins, he sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.” “He entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.” Having thus cast the sins of his people into the sea of his blood, and having obtained eternal redemption for us, he is now set down on the throne of mercy and grace at the right hand of the Majesty on high, and kindly invites his tried and tempted children near, with all their infirmities. “Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.” (Heb. i., iv., ix., x.) These things have been sweet thoughts to my heart of late, by the blessed anointings of the Lord the Spirit. Jesus is indeed the Almighty Jehovah, “God over all, blessed for ever.” “Unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God! is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.” (Heb. i. 3—8.) It has really been sweet to my soul, to see that Jesus is

indeed man and Jehovah in union, in one Person for ever; that he was subject to all our human passions, temptations, and trials, (sin of his own excepted,) "that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God;" "that he might have compassion on the ignorant and them that are out of the way;" and truly I do often feel out of the way and very ignorant. This blessed and sympathizing High Priest suits me well; and even when through my vileness I stagger assuredly to claim him as mine, he is often made dear to me. A sight of him, by the dear Spirit the Comforter, warms up and gladdens my heart. Bless his holy name, I love him dearly! he is so suited to my wretched, ruined, and helpless case. I need bearing with, and he is all forbearance and long-suffering; I need forgiveness, he is all grace and pardon; I need constant help, "he is the everlasting God the LORD, the Creator of the ends of the earth, who fainteth not neither is weary." My case is so deep and desperate, my sins so vile, that nothing but God Jehovah could justify me, and atone for my vile sins; he is Jehovah our righteousness, his righteousness is "the righteousness of God," (2 Cor. v. 21,) and his blood the blood of God. (Acts xx. 28.) He is therefore, as Paul declares, "God manifest in the flesh." "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." God walked upon this earth, and spoke upon this earth, when Jesus Christ did. Our Jesus, therefore, is God, and God Almighty is our Jesus, our Immanuel, God with us. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." (John i. 1.) The Word was not only *with* God, but actually *was* God; thus Jesus the *Word* was actually God Jehovah, and distinct from the Father, yet one with the Father. Was it not Jesus Jehovah that spake to Moses out of the burning bush, (Exod. iii. 2—6,) that said he was the "*I am that I am*?" Was it not Jesus Jehovah that delivered the people out of Egypt, and "put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel," and led them through the Red Sea? who marched in the cloudy pillar in the rear of Israel, and was to them a lamp of light and glory by night, but a cloud of darkness and confusion to the Egyptians; and in the morning watch looked with "eyes as a flame of fire" through the fiery pillar, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot wheels so that they drove heavily, and brought his people out with a high hand while he buried their enemies in destruction; (Exod. xiv. 19—31;) and who provided for them, guided, fed, and carried them through the wilderness, and planted them in Canaan? "The Angel of his presence saved them," "and that rock was Christ." He met Joshua as "the Captain of the Lord's host," "the Captain of our salvation." It was with Jesus God that Jacob wrestled all night. "Then wrestled a *man* with him until the breaking of the day;" and Jacob would not let him go till he had blessed him, and Jesus's tender heart could not deny him, for he "blessed him there." Now this man was also God. "Jacob called the name of the place Peniel; for I have seen *God* face to face, and my life is preserved." "By his strength he had power with *God*." Thus Jesus is indeed Jehovah; and God the "Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." "The children being partakers of flesh and

blood, he likewise took part of the same." And it is a blessed and soul-supporting truth when revealed and made sweet to our souls by God the Spirit, for I know of a truth that "no man can call Christ, LORD but by the Holy Ghost." People may think they believe Jesus to be God when they really do not; they may believe it in their judgment, as a creed, which is right enough as far as it goes, but this is not believing it savingly. There is a glory, solemnity, truth, reality, sweetness, and power in it to the soul, when spiritually felt, which endears the God-man, God-incarnate to the heart.

But excuse me; I need not preach to you. I felt the subject a little sweet, and have thus expressed my mind.

Yours most affectionately for truth's sake,

London, Sept. 25th, 1842.

J. M'K.

· ALL IS WELL IF CHRIST BE MINE.

My very dear Friend,—I long to know how you all are, both in soul and body. I suppose that you are still in the wilderness, for if it had been otherwise, I think some of you would have written to me. I often think of you all, and you are all very welcome to my heart. Is your poor dear mother yet alive in this trying world, still groaning under a body of sin and death, but looking forward to the hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ her only Lord and Saviour? Is the dear old lady getting weary of this wicked world, and her still more wicked heart and filthy nature? Is she indeed longing to be with Christ, and all the redeemed family above, to join their ceaseless song of praise to the Lamb that was slain? If so, may the Lord fulfil her expectations, and crown her longing soul with eternal delight. O what a mercy that the Lord will not cut off the hopes of his people! It hath pleased the Lord to make them his people by his own sovereign grace, in his own eternal purpose of love, in all covenant blessings, in the sure mercies of David. He hath viewed all of them alike precious to himself, and therefore can never forget them, for they are graven on the palms of his hands, and their walls are continually before him. Well, my dear friends, how are you getting on in your souls? Are you yet full of trouble; yet cast down by reason of the way; yet doubting, and fearing, and fighting, and sighing; and yet longing for and looking towards that blessed hope and kingdom, where your Lord and Master dwells? In the midst of all this, can you, at times, say with David, and in the same faith, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want!" Is it not wonderful that One so high should condescend to come down to take the charge of such little, insignificant beings, and guide them safe to glory. If I see the Saviour as my Shepherd, as the Shepherd of my soul, I shall, I must, feel an attraction, for my soul will be drawn out towards him. O, my dear friends, there is too much of speculating upon the precious truths of religion. If we really look at Jesus as our Shepherd, then we shall see how he takes the charge of all our concerns. And if Christ takes charge of us, how

safe are we! what can go wrong? O, how secure our feeble and trembling souls are! There is not one whom he has taken under his care but what he is feeding, and if you are in his charge, he is feeding you in body and soul, and will provide all things needful, yea, he *has* provided everything needful for his church. What poor tottering trembling creatures we are, as if we had no one to take care of us. Why, Jesus is all-sufficient! If we trust him, we shall lack nothing that is for our good, for he will make all his goodness pass before us. So, if we feel our poverty, he will make us rich with the precious blessings of faith, and love, and every needful grace; if we feel our nakedness, he will clothe us with his robe of righteousness, which is "unto all and upon all them that believe" in him, without which no soul can ever be admitted into his kingdom; if we are weary, Jesus will carry us in his bosom, and lead us along to the fountain of all blessedness, and bear us up, and give us strength to lean on him as our best beloved, and will strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees; if we are straying, he will bring us back; and O the strayings of our poor minds! prone to err as the sparks fly upwards. Although I have been in the way so many years, I feel my wicked heart as prone to stray from the Lord as ever it was; and if God were to enter into judgment with me for one day's living, and that even my best, I must perish for ever. I can only get comfort as I am enabled to look at that precious blood that cleanseth from all sin, and as I can see that all sins past, present, and to come, were all atoned for in that one sacrifice offered on the cross. When I can see that Jesus died for all my offences, and rose again for my justification, and all according to God's sovereign will, this gives me comfort when nothing else will. I can never look at any thing that I have ever done; everything is mixed with sin; but when I am enabled to look at the finished work of Christ, and can say that it was for *me*, this does indeed give comfort. Christ died for the redemption of his people. Now just look at that. What a glorious act it was! If the Lord had not died to redeem my soul, I must have died for ever and ever! But how ready the Lord was to accomplish this great work. "I have a baptism to be baptized with," says Jesus, "and how I am straitened till it be accomplished! Lo, I come to do thy will, O God! And may it be all our salvation and all our desire to know that Jesus died for us, and that he is the chief beloved of our souls, the one thing needful for time and eternity. Jesus sits at the helm of all our affairs, and delivers us from numberless dangers, for sometimes we are in as great danger as the lamb which David delivered from the paw of the bear. What then do we not owe to Jesus! What should be our affection to him, and our conduct towards him! We have often fallen into pits of trouble and darkness, and there should we have remained, had not Jesus rescued us. Our sufferings would be eternal were it not for the grace of Jesus. Who but Jesus could have wrought such deliverances for us? Christ is with us if we are called to go through the fire, and through water, for he says, "I

will be with you, yea, I have been there before you, and can feel for you in all your trials and sorrows." Do not mind, my beloved, what the mere professing world may say; they know nothing of Jesus' faithfulness and grace to his own people; they are out of the secret, and therefore will persecute the children of the free woman, for having no spiritual knowledge of Jesus, nor of the work and operation of the Holy Ghost, they are in nature's darkness in which they were born. If we have the true light shining in our souls, then indeed we are blessed, for our adorable Jesus will perfect his own work in the souls of all his redeemed family, and all that the Father hath given him, in an everlasting covenant, shall come to him. Christ bore with the manners of his people in the wilderness, and when they went astray he used various means to bring them back again, but he never lost sight of them, even in their most awful state of wandering and backsliding from him, but said, "Return unto me, ye backsliding children, for I am married unto you."

Our Lord says, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." God's flock is a little flock. It is but here and there that we find a traveller seeking the heavenly rest, for the greater part seem to mind their own things rather than the things of God. But the Lord's people are a people separate from the world both in heart and life. "Ye are not of the world," says Jesus, "even as I am not of the world; if ye were of the world, the world would love its own." We must have the Spirit of Christ to be his, and all Christ's people have a mark set upon them, and that mark is the Spirit of truth, for we must partake of his Spirit, and have his likeness, to be transformed from the world and all the things of it. The ungodly cannot understand why the Lord's family separate themselves from them. O no; they do not know the feeling of the regenerate soul, although they note the change that grace has made. It is not the *persons* of the righteous that the world hate; it is because they profess godliness, and have the Spirit of Christ, and have renounced their ungodly practices, and turned their backs upon their sinful ways. This is the grand reason of their hatred. Another reason why the world hates us is because we love to meet together. This was evident in the days of our Lord, and it was this which enraged the self-righteous pharisees. But, beloved, let none of these things move us, neither may we count our lives dear unto us, so that we may finish our course with joy. O it will be a joyful thing to be found at Christ's right hand at the last great day; and if, through grace, we are now believers in him, then he will own our worthless name before his holy angels.

Notwithstanding all the trials of the Lord's people, there is still a happiness attending them all through their pilgrimage, and this springs from the hope that they have of eternal life through Jesus Christ. At times the soul is enabled to look forward with pleasure to that period when it shall part with the body of sin, to groan under it no more, leaving every infirmity, trial, and temptation for ever, and that for a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Numbers of peo-

ple make a great mistake, and worship a false God. Anything will do but the true God. My friend, find out where your soul fixes its affections, where your thoughts most are, and there is your God. I know that, by nature, we hate God; but if our hearts are reconciled, by grace, to Him; our inmost soul at times draws near to him in love and affection, and this proves our adoption, because we have the spirit of his children. If indeed the Lord is our God, then we are "bought with a price," and shall strive to glorify him in all we do or say, for this will lie near our hearts. Our chief happiness consists in having the power of God to support us, for what, my beloved, can hurt us, if the Lord be on our side? In the Lord have we righteousness and strength, and infinite wisdom also to instruct and guide us. With such a Teacher, what lesson can be too hard for us? There is a fulness in Christ to supply all our needs; what then can we want when the Lord supplies our necessities "according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus?" There is also the grace of Christ to adorn, to form anew, to beautify; is not this happiness? We have also the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost; and this is a great source of happiness. Again, my beloved, Christ is made over to us in an everlasting covenant, and is become the treasure of our souls. The believer is engrafted into Christ, and is one with him. He has the Spirit of Christ, the mind of Christ; the inexhaustible treasures of Christ are all his, and he lives upon him here and to all eternity. The Christian has joys that the world knows nothing of. If he is in trouble, or cast down, he cannot be destroyed, for the wings of his God spread over him. All the sufferings of the Christian in this world tend to teach him what his God is. If Daniel had not been put in the lions' den, he would not have known what an almighty deliverer he had in his God. Perhaps you are longing to say that Christ is yours, and are fearful. If you long and desire to know more of Jesus and his salvation, you are in a blessed state; and if your heart is made willing, all is willing, and heaven is willing; be not afraid. Think, beloved, of the death and resurrection of Jesus; it was to bring us nigh to God, and from it flows ten thousand streams of comfort, peace, and joy. If Christ is ours, we are risen with him; there is a change, a new creation in our hearts; our best affections are set on God; at times Christ fills our hearts, our thoughts, and desires; and here the Lord will rest for ever, for he saith, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." When our Lord rose from the grave, all his blood-bought family rose with him, and the church being one with him, she shares with him in all things, in his joy, his triumphs, his glory; all is made over to her. Does Jesus rise to live for ever? so does the church; "I give unto them eternal life." Has Christ arisen to sit in heaven? so believers are made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Does Jesus rise to reign? so believers are made more than conquerors through him, for they shall "sit with him on his throne," "even as he overcame, and is set down with his Father on his throne." The very day the Holy Spirit breathed life into your soul, you were alive for evermore. You are to go to heaven, my beloved, to see his glory.

May you be enabled to look, then, to what the dear Lord has promised, and rely upon it; for although your poor body may be scattered to the four winds, not a particle of it shall be lost; the very dust of the righteous is precious in the sight of the Lord; and may you and I rest assured that nothing shall separate us from his love.

I expect to hear from you, my beloved young friend, before long. Give my Christian love to your dear mother and to all friends.—I am, most affectionately yours,

July 5, 1842.

R. T.

“SEALED UNTO THE DAY OF REDEMPTION.”

Dearly Beloved,—The blessing of him who dwelt in the bush, and who dwelleth still and for ever in Zion, rest upon thee, and most blessedly attend thy labours. Consider it not forwardness in a despised outcast in thus addressing you, my well-beloved for Jesus and his truth's sake; for my heart is so full, that I must give it vent, and not only so, but I am also encouraged to venture from the recollection of your kind invitation to write to you at any time. Therefore, bear with me a little, and let your sympathising heart pardon my weaknesses and infirmities.

But methinks your first inquiry will be, “How came you into the sheepfold? Have you the Shepherd's mark in your forehead? Have you on the wedding garment?” Give me a reason for the hope that is in you, and then I shall be better able to form an opinion; for there are many in our day who are running to and fro, and crying, Lo, here is Christ! and Lo, there is Christ, who know nothing at all savingly of his love and blood with power within.” Now, my dear friend, you have known me for many years, and my late dear father and mother also, who I trust are both now singing in glory, and, from the church's report, you may hope well of me; but my soul knoweth right well, that nothing less than a feeling, consistent answer to these very blessed and solemn questions will ever make me manifest in your conscience; and until then I know you could not rest satisfied of the nearest and dearest friend you have in the world. I therefore, in tears of love and joy, sit down to write as lengthened a reply as my very limited time and poor abilities will allow; and should the dear Lord the Spirit give you a little feeling interest therein, I have one more request to make, namely, that you will fall with me at the foot of the cross, that we may weep and sing together, in hope, ere long, of singing together above the high praises of him, whom our souls love, where we shall see his face, and sin, and grieve, and sorrow no more.

O my highly-honoured father in Christ, permit me to claim the near relationship, for we have not many fathers in Christ, not many left with whom my soul can feelingly commune concerning the best things. When Christ and his blood are the theme, some how or other my heart and soul are so melted down within me at the sound, and so drawn out in love towards him, that I cannot help but sing, and talk, and write of him. But to resume.

"How came I into the sheepfold?" By Christ, the Living Way, the Door, the Truth, the Resurrection, and the Life, being quickened and brought from flaming Sinai, with the terrors of a broken law in my conscience, crying, "Refuge, refuge, refuge," and trembling long amidst hope and fears, with nothing but a "Who can tell? who can tell?" to keep me from sinking into black despair. At length Christ, the "Wicket Gate," as Bunyan has it, the Door, was in sight, but how to get in, and be safe from the manslayer, who was hard at heels behind me, and be freed from the terrors I endured, my soul could not tell. In vain were my strivings and my prayers, and as to my tears, although I was ready to burst asunder with trouble, I felt my heart so hard that I could not weep. In this trying, helpless, and forlorn state, groaning I lay before the entrance, and concluding in my own mind to give up all for lost. I looked up once more, and mournfully cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner! Lord, save, or I perish!" thinking haply that there still might be mercy designed for me, when lo! a sweet and solemn sound thrilled through all the powers of my inmost soul, as though it was the voice of a man speaking expressly to me, and saying, "Fear not, I am thy God; be not dismayed, I am with thee. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness." Then, as quick as thought, my distress was gone, my fears were removed, my soul was calm and composed and serene, my heart was melted with love and joy, my eyes were bathed in tears, and a new song was put in my mouth, even the song of praise and thanksgiving to God and his Christ, for the great things he had done for me. "Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth!" "Why me, Lord?" was then my cry; "sure salvation must be all of grace, or I must have been lost."

"Free grace shall be my theme;
Dear Christ, my all receive:
My joyful songs shall be of Him;
He died that I might live."

Thus was I brought, yea, drawn among his chosen sheep, to mingle my prayers and tears, my sorrows and joys with theirs, and learn with them to take up my daily cross, and bear the sneers, and frowns, and ill-will, and hard speeches of a scoffing and ungodly world, and a host of empty professors also. But when the love of God is shed abroad in my heart, I can feelingly rejoice and say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, that I may win Christ, and be found in him." Having thus far been enabled in some little measure to give vent to my feelings, I trust that by this time you will perceive that I am not an intruder amongst my Lord's dear flock, with whom (in tears I now record it) I desire, and long, and pray, and hope to live and die, and live, and feast, and reign above for ever.

But you ask, "have I got the Shepherd's mark in my forehead?" My dear friend, I trust by this time you may be able to guess; and to the Lord, and to you, as his mouth and his servant, I appeal. "But what is the Lord's mark," say you, "and the blessedness known by those who wear it?" The Lord's mark, my dearly-beloved, is God

the Spirit's impress, whereby God's children are known to each other, and whereby they are assured themselves of their adoption character, the blood of Christ felt with power in the conscience, the love of Christ stamped on and in the heart, and the Spirit's seal, sealing them up to the day of redemption. O the blessedness of feeling it! for it will do no soul any good to know it by theory, without they feel it. What will it avail any one to be pleased and borne up with a false hope, and die at ease, and be lost at last? My soul trembles for thousands. Deluded mortals! my very heart bleeds for them when I see them bowed down with afflictions, and, on the verge of an awful eternity, come in with intense desire for advice and help. I know in my own conscience they are not fit to die, but what can I do? My mouth is stopped; I cannot encourage them to hope; I cannot exhort them to repent, and believe, and come, for I know they are spiritually dead, and cannot, any more than the dead can rise from their graves and perform living acts. But this it does, it melts me down the more in wonder, love, thankfulness, and praise to God, who has made me to differ, for I feel myself no better than they are, and no more worthy of the discriminating and sovereign favour than the lost in hell. But having obtained mercy, I am encouraged to pray for them, and I leave it with the Lord, with a "Who can tell?"

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee,
Till for ever
Set from sin and sorrow free."

The whole blessedness, my well-beloved, of being feelingly sealed the Lord's anointed ones, we must die to know, and the little that I have felt is beyond my power to express; but suffice it to say, it is sufficient to crucify the love of self, sin, and the world; to stamp within a deep-rooted hatred, abhorrence, and detestation of sinful self and righteous self in all its serpentine and cursed workings, and to sin in all its forms and shapes; to plant within an abiding love to Jesus, to his truth, and to his despised followers; to produce an anxious searching for Christ in his word, in private and public prayer, in his ordinances, among the assemblies of his saints, in the counting house, in the shop, in the fields, at home and abroad, in bed or up, on the land or on the sea, in distant climes or in our neighbouring circle; to make us jealous over our own hearts and over Christ's honour; to melt the hardest heart; to bring down the most turbulent and stubborn will, and bend the haughtiest sinner to divine sovereignty; to bring down the joys of heaven into the soul, which make a dungeon a paradise and the heaviest troubles and afflictions light; and to raise the drooping soul, on the wings of faith and love, to the suburbs of glory, into the sweet embraces of her Lord, and to make her triumph gloriously in the God of her salvation. This blessedness my soul rejoices in; and it is known by none but those who are sealed in love and blood up to the day of redemption; Praise ye the Lord.

But again; "have I on the wedding garment," do you still ask me? Had I no better righteousness than my own, I am sure divine Justice would frown my guilty, leprous soul down to the regions of eternal despair; and how do you think I could bear to part with Christ, my life, my love, my heaven, and my all; to be banished from his presence into endless woe, never to see his face any more, nor feel him precious any more,—Him, who, by his spotless life and ignominious death, has fulfilled the law in my room and place, and on my account, that I might go free,—Him, in whom are wrapped up all my soul's desires and affections,—Him, in whom all my hopes are secured for a blissful eternity,—Him, to whom I am looking for help and salvation, and deliverance from a body of sin and death into yonder rest prepared above, to sing, and love, and wonder, and cast the laurels of victory at his dear feet, and crown him Lord of all for ever and ever? What! be banished from Him! My weeping soul cannot endure the thought.

"No, my Lord, it cannot be,
Since I ne'er can part with thee."

My dear friend, Christ having thus enabled me to apprehend him, by faith, as the wisdom of God and righteousness of God, made over to me in him in covenant from of old, and having enjoyed his love, blood, and peace in my conscience, as the blessed effects thereof, I trust you are willing to believe that he has clad me from top to toe in his own robe, and constituted me worthy, for his worthiness' sake, to enjoy a humble place amongst the royal guests while here, and that he has given me a good hope, through grace, of being found at last in their company above, to share in the marriage supper of the Lamb, and sing his praise and sin no more.

Having said thus much, lest I should weary you with my detail, I will now hasten to a close, in the hope that I have given you a sufficient reason of the hope that is in me, and so answering your kind (supposed) questions to your satisfaction.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for his "unspeakable gift," and for giving us unto Him and Him unto us in covenant from everlasting, with all that he has made over to his church, his ransomed bride, in time, even on that blessed appointed day, the day of our espousals; and immortal thanks to his precious, holy name, for a good hope, through grace, of being found in him, the Christ of God, with his mark on our foreheads and in our hearts, having on his wedding garment, hungering and thirsting for him, the bread and water of eternal life, and feeding on him, the sum and substance of the gospel and of all the promises, and with a lively expectation of better days to come, even the enjoyment of his presence above without a veil between.

That a hope so blessed, blooming with immortality, may dwell in each of our breasts, and that the divine blessing may attend you and yours, and your labour of love in our Master's vineyard, is the prayer of a despised Nazarene, who remains, yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bridgenorth, July 6, 1842.

G. T. C.

HUNTINGTON ON PRAYER.

Messrs. Editors,—The following is an extract from the truly valuable writings of Mr. Huntington, which, if you feel disposed to insert it in the *Gospel Standard*, may fall into the hands of some who might otherwise never see it, and prove an encouragement to them.

L—, July, 1842.

B. W.

“I have been secretly engaged in that greatest, best, most blessed, and most glorious privilege that ever perishing sinners were favoured with.

“Private prayer is my court visit to my God, the life and breath of my soul; it is the ascension of the soul to the Almighty, and its returns are the descension of Christ to the soul’s help; it is the assuasion of grief, the easement of a burdened heart, and the vent of a joyful one; it is the rich savour of mystical incense, the overflowing of a living Fountain, an all-prevailing sacrifice, the delight of the Almighty, and a ravishing charm to the heavenly Bridegroom.

“Prayer has made the Sun of Righteousness to stand still in his firmament, though discharged from the lips of a blind beggar. It has brought the Ancient of Days to dwell in a bush; and even a worm, by this simple means, has held the King of kings in the galleries; yea, Omnipotence itself has been constrained to say, ‘Let me go, for the day breaketh.’ But dust and ashes replied, ‘I will not, except thou bless me;’ and he blessed him there, and allowed that himself had been conquered, and styled his antagonist a prevailer with God.

“Prayer is a defence against the spirit of this world, and a guard against the inroads of vanity; it is a maul upon the head of the old man, and a lash of scorpions for the devil.

“Prayer is a bridle in the jaws of a persecutor, a spell to a voracious enemy, a dagger at the heart of a heretic, a key to parables and dark sayings, and a battering ram on the walls of salvation. ‘The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.’

“Prayer opens the bountiful hand of God, opens the door of mercy, keeps Christ in the throne of our affections, and covers every rival and usurper with shame and confusion of face.

“Prayer is my royal exchange, where I have brought thousands of cares, burdens, snares, troubles, vexations, temptations, doubts, fears, misgivings of heart, sorrows of mind, fainting fits, unbelieving fits, fits of love-sickness, fits of carnal and spiritual jealousy, hardness of heart, rebellion of heart, and ingratitude of heart; together with every other disorder, as the leprosy, the evil of the heart, the plague of the heart, and the plague of the head; together with deaf ears, blind eyes, feeble knees, languid hands, halting feet, and a stiff neck; with many oppositions, persecutions, false charges, slanderous accusations, and vile reproaches; and have, by this simple means, got rid of them all at times. I have gone to this ‘Change with all sorts of devils, as an unclean devil, a false preaching devil, a blasphemous devil, a reforming devil, a furious devil, a fawning devil, and a sleepy devil; and

have left them in the hands of Him that could manage them, when my strength has been all gone, and self despair has seized me. All these, and thousands more, have I taken to this royal exchange; and you know that one of the names of a believer is that of an exchanger; (Matt. xxv. 27;) and I have received in return thousands of kisses, blessings, mercies, and deliverances; many refreshings, renewings, revivals, restorations, and returns of comfort, peace, love, and joy; together with fresh discoveries, love tokens, wholesome truths, profound mysteries, glorious glimpses, bright prospects, terrestrial views, undoubted evidences, infallible proofs, heavenly lessons, confirming visits, conspicuous deliverances, earnest, pledges, and foretastes, reviving cordials, precious promises, or bank notes, payable this day and every day through life, and even to millions of ages after date, signed, sealed, and delivered by Jehovah himself; and God knows, and conscience too, that I lie not.

“Prayer has scattered many confederate enemies of my soul, marred the schemes of Jacobins, frustrated the whims of liars, and has made diviners mad; it counteracts the designs of Satan and his children; it hath made me the enemy of the world, the rival of imposters, the envy of hypocrites, an eyesore to the devil, an admiration to perishing sinners, a spectacle to the world, and a wonder to myself. ‘He that prays to his Father, that seeth in secret, shall be rewarded openly.’

“By prayer the poor come up from the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill, and get a seat among the princes of God’s people, and an inheritance in the throne of glory. Mental prayer hath brought me from sleeping in a barn to a comfortable lodging, from a lodging to a cottage, from a cottage to a house, and from a house to a little farm; it hath brought food for my need, apparel for my use, furniture for my dwelling, fuel to my hearth, money to my pocket, and faithful friends to my heart, and hath kept my pot boiling almost thirty years. ‘For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel, that I may do these things for them.’

“Prayer brought me from the coal barge to a pulpit, from being a servant of servants to be a ruler in the Lord’s household; it delivered my hands from the shovel and my shoulders from the sacks. Yea, earnest desires hath raised four houses of prayer for God, and brought the presence of God into the houses; it hath brought living waters to my well, oil to my cruse, joy to my heart, and a blessing to many souls. This has caused the very objects to gather together about me, and the eyes of the envious to look on me, who have seen it, and grieved, grudged, and gnashed, and wandered up and down, and gone round the walls of my dwelling grinning like a dog. ‘No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.’

“Prayer hath brought the souls of some, when departed, back into their bodies again. It engages the Almighty on the side of the suppliant, and establishes an alliance with God. It hath stopped the bottles of heavens for three years and six months, and opened them again at the expiration of that time; yea, and brought a miraculous plenty into the house of a poor widow, while destruction and famine were riding all around in universal triumph. ‘All things are possible

to him that believeth;’ and ‘ whatsoever ye ask (in prayer) believing, ye shall receive.’

“ Prayer hath brought health to the sick, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, eyes to the blind, life to the dead, salvation to the lost, and even driven the devil himself from the heart of many, and brought the God of heaven to dwell in his room.

“ Prayer is pouring out the soul before God, and showing him our troubles; it is casting our cares upon him that careth for us, and our burdens upon him in whom we have to say we have righteousness and strength; it is opening to our well beloved, opening our minds, our hearts, and our mouths to him who tells us to let him hear our voice, and see our faces, the one being sweet and the other comely. This is besieging an everlasting kingdom, moving the throne of grace, and coming with a treble rat-tat at the door of mercy. In prayer we must take no denial; if we have but a feeling sense of our wants, a scriptural warrant to go upon, or one promise to plead, we must sue, argue, reason, plead, supplicate, intercede, confess, acknowledge, thank, bless, praise, adore, repent, importune, observe, take hold of, and turn every thing that we can to our own advantage, so that we can but get something for the soul. Sensible sinners, that are poor and needy, have gotten many invitations, encouragements, precedents, promises, the covenant, the oath of God, the merits of Christ, and all his covenant engagements, undertakings, and performances, the covenant characters that he sustains, his incarnation, and near relationship to us; together with all the glorious train of divine perfections found in the proclamation of the name of God to Moses; for they all harmonize and shine in Christ crucified.”

“ I WILL BE THEIR GOD.”

We find the whole of the word of God to be as unchangeable as God himself, and therein it is written, “ I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.” I say, here we have the eternal choice of the church fully set forth, and nothing can turn the “ I will ” of God, for “ where the word of a king is there is power.” “ I will be their God ! ” Here also is the Godhead of our precious Jesus proclaimed, for all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, and the “ I will be their God ” is an eternal promise which was made before the foundation of the world; therefore the dear children were blessed before they fell in Adam, and what a mercy it is that God, in his great love for his people, provided a refuge, and that too before they wanted it, so that it might be all of grace. This shows forth the eternal choice of the church in Christ Jesus, and that by him were we chosen before the foundation of the world and blessed with all spiritual blessings; for as soon as man fell, the suretyship of Christ was proclaimed: “ The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent’s head.” This, then, is the open proclamation of the “ I will be their God.” We were blessed before all things, yea, before angels had an existence, for they are not eternal, but our blessing is no other than

the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the eternal God, our refuge, and no other refuge will stand but the eternal God, so that angels desire to look into these things. It is said in God's word that Jehovah made all things that are in heaven and in earth, and we know angels were, and are, in heaven; but our blessings are eternal blessings, yea, eternal as God himself, so therefore it is Jesus Christ, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," who is the "I will be their God," for God is our salvation and our salvation is God, so our salvation is no other than an eternal salvation. Thus the child of God is as safe as if he had never sinned, and although the devil tries to break the salvation of God he never hath nor never can. There has been, and always will be, a storm against the wall, but no power of Satan can alter the "I will be their God," and never can his malice shake the foundation, for the word of God hath and ever will be firm. "Upon this Rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" so, therefore, we have not only the eternity of the choice of the church, but their sure safety in time and their eternal glory and happiness after time. Here, then, comes in another "*I will,*" or "*shall,*" for God says, "Where I am, there ye shall be also; and because I live, ye shall live also." The disciples in the days of their flesh wanted those things opened more and more unto them, and in the 14th chapter of John the love of our dear Lord was so opened up to them and his dear church that we cannot be too thankful for it. The dear Lord Jesus knew their minds, and how hungry they were after the precious truths, and that by his drawing out questions from them which by his answering should prove a blessing to all his dear people, and thereby add to the glory of his own precious name. Jesus said, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." Thomas saith unto him, "Lord," mark the fulness of the word, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest." Here Thomas speaks forth the mind of the poor child of God in all his wanderings through this wilderness after the Lamb, and it is then that he cries, "O that I knew where I might find Him!" Here comes in a sweet passage, and mark the words: "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me. If ye had known me ye should have known my Father also, and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him." Here again flows forth the love of his heart with, "Let not your heart be troubled," and removed the "if ye had known me," with "ye know him, and have seen him;" and this answer brought forth another question, namely, "Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." These words spake Jesus, and in all his manifestations to his dear people such fulness of love is displayed that the poor child of God is filled with wonder, love, and praise, and at the end of every sentence, under the sweet feeling of it, he cannot but cry out, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

"I will be their God, and they shall be my people." This was the eternal choice of God the Father and the choice of God the Son, who betrothed them unto himself, and the choice of God the Spirit, who engaged to quicken them; so therefore we have a union-love eternal and equal. I say eternal, for this love had no beginning and will have no end, and if there can be any change in the love of God to his dear people, there must be a change in God, for God is love. This love is sure to stand as long as God stands, and if ever the love of God ceased towards his own dear people God must cease to exist. The 17th chapter of John reads as I should wish to speak, and especially the first verse, which I hope you will mark, and not read over in haste, as every word from the first to the last is full of eternal love. Here is shown a little of the eternity of the "I will be their God." How often hath the poor worm that is now writing tried to get out of this love, but found, to the present moment, himself one of the creeping things in the sheet that Peter saw knit at the four corners, and after all my trials and Satan-persuadings I have found myself so bound up in the knitted corners that the "I will be their God" is, and will be for ever to me the unchanging promise of God who cannot lie. O what a mercy it is that it is as impossible for a poor sinner that is born of God to get out of the sheet that was knit at the four corners as it is for any clean Arminian to get in. Those that Peter saw were unclean in man's sight, but the "I will be their God" overtops and under-bottoms all. A child of God is no common thing, for He hath chosen him for himself, so that the "I will be their God" is the eternal choice of his dear children, as will be shown forth in their holding on in the way described in the following lines:

"Nor sin, nor death, nor hell
Can make him hate his choice,
The cause of love is in Himself,
And in Him we'll rejoice."*

We have no other person to rejoice in but the eternal God, who is our refuge, and how often doth the poor child of God fear, when the abominations of his carnal mind are opened up a little, that he is too great a sinner for God's mercy, and thinks he is growing worse and worse? We were conceived and born in sin, therefore must be sinners, as a corrupt stream cannot send forth pure water, but we are kept by the power of God, and can boast, but our boasting will be, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory." Amongst the precious cluster of promises in the 27th chapter of Isaiah it is said, "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Here, then, comes in the fulness of the word, "I will be with them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." This is union, oneness, safety, and security, but often the poor child thinks it impossible that God can dwell in him and walk in him. Knowing that God hates sin, and feeling sin within, he begins to fear, and

then Satan sends in such a flood of cutting and trying temptations that they are obliged to cry out, "We sink in deep waters where is no standing, do reel to and fro like a drunken man, and are at our wit's end." I speak from what I have handled, tasted, and felt; and, my dear sister, when a poor sinner hath a little of this faith it will keep him from the alehouse, the horse race, or the card table; yes, he would sooner be alone under some hedge or tree pouring out his complaint to God; and I do believe Nathaniel was at that when our dear Lord said unto him, "When thou wast under the fig tree I saw thee."

Now, I will leave what I have written in the hands of the Lord, and should it prove a comfort to you, praise his dear name for it. I know He can, and often doth, make use of weak and little things to comfort his own dear children. May the dear Lord lead you to think on and speak to each other about the many precious blessings which the Lord has bestowed upon poor sinners, and may he also open up the fulness of his dear word more and more to your soul's comfort, and when you are alone may Jesus draw near and shed abroad his love in your heart, that you may be able to say to him, "My Lord and my God!" Then you will have more than all the workmongers at their chapel. "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."

S———, July, 1842.

J. Y.

"I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN, AND YOUR HEART SHALL REJOICE."—John xvi. 22.

My Beloved Sister,—I rejoice greatly to hear that you are restored to your wonted health, and I hope you are enabled to say, "He hath done all things well." For my own part, I find the path as crooked and as rough as ever, so that my soul "is much discouraged because of the way." And I have looked so long, "for I hasted unto the coming of my Lord," that both eyes have frequently failed, and I often think desire will soon fail also. But just as hope seems expiring, my Beloved puts in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels are instantly so moved for him that I arise to open to my Beloved, expecting that he is coming to tarry with me. But alas! alas! he withdraws himself and is gone, and my poor soul has only been enabled to *ask* unutterable things, encouraged by his word, for he says he will "show me great and mighty things which I know not;" that he will lead the blind, &c.; that he will "*surely* do me good;" "never fail me nor forsake me;" "bless me and make my name great;" get me "praise and fame in every land where I have been put to shame." Yea, he says he "delighteth in me." Oh! my sister, "who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord, who can show forth half his praise?" It was but yesterday that I thought I had so long looked for a visit in vain that I made up my mind to look no more for happiness of any kind in this waste howling wilderness, notwithstanding the Lord's repeatedly assuring me that he would see me again; (see what an evil heart of unbelief I am plagued with;) but I had no sooner made this resolution than he whispered, "At our gates

are all manner of pleasant fruits." (Cant. vii. 13.) This again raised me to hope in his mercy, and I heard the word with more satisfaction than for some time past; and to-night he broke (Micah ii. 13) my heart with those precious words of Hart's,

"He pities all that fear his name,
When wounded, pained, or weak,
As tender mothers grieve to hear
Their infants moan when sick."

"Who is a God like unto thee?" On Saturday I wished myself a brute, merely because he was fulfilling a promise he gave me some years ago, viz., "Ye shall be hated of all men." The only reason I can assign why he does not immediately send such a rebel to hell is because he is "God and not man." "He will not forsake his people because it pleased him to make us his people." O when he shows me the complete freeness of every promised blessing, that he takes every motive from himself, ("not for your sakes do I this,") how it encourages me to "come boldly to a throne of grace," what intense desire is kindled to be "filled with all the fulness of God," to be "holy as he is holy," to be held up every moment, to have as much of God as himself can bestow while I sojourn in Meshech. "Blessed be he that enlargeth Gad," for he never upbraideth, but whispers, "Every one that asketh, receiveth."

"My soul, ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?"

O how my soul pants to be

"The footstool low,
On which his throne might rise;
His pompous grace around to show,
My husband does me prize."

For he says, "Them that honour me I will honour," though it be only in desire. He has shown me that "if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not." Glory, glory to his dear name!

"Not with the terrors of a slave
Do I perform his will;
But, with the noblest powers I have,
His sweet commands fulfil."

And though I painfully feel that

"My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth;"

yet I cannot help presenting my body a living sacrifice, and believing it acceptable to God, because

"My Surety's merit makes me clean,
My Husband's beauty white."

My soul exclaims,

"'Mong all the husbands ever were,
My Husband wears the bell."

"This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

April 11, 1842.

"I AM FULL OF CONFUSION."—JOB x. 15.

Messrs. Editors,—Can it indeed be possible, from the wretched state of my mind, that I am born of God? I am now thirty-five years of age. In the year 1832 I had some powerful religious impressions upon me, which lasted about eight months, but by degrees they died away, and being at that time in good circumstances, I rushed into all the earthly pleasures that London afforded. If ever there was a libertine, I was one, and likewise a confirmed sceptic, till about February, 1840. At that time a very powerful conviction came into my heart; it appeared like an arrow; however, I took no notice of it, but tried to forget it, which I almost did. About three weeks afterwards, as I was standing at my street door, the same conviction returned with increased power. Feeling myself very miserable, I went among the Methodists, who set me to work, and sure enough I worked as hard as I could. I had no idea then that it was a call from God, and am very suspicious of it now. I could not find what I wanted amongst the Wesleyans, so I went to Sir Astley Cooper, and to some other of the faculty, to see if they could do me any good, but I found them no better physicians than the Methodists. I went on in this way till the 27th July in the same year, when, all of a sudden, I felt a wonderful change. For a few weeks after this time everything went down sweetly. I read the bible with comfort, and all the medicine which I received from the knowledge of the Methodist ministers, class leaders, and spokesmen at experience meetings seemed to come sweet to me. But, alas! I soon became like a full cask with a hole at the bottom; all my moisture ran out, and left me quite dry—all my comeliness was turned into corruption. You may imagine what I went through without my saying anything.

I continued among the Wesleyans for some months, but their medicine at last proved so bitter that I really could not take it. I then went and joined a large chapel behind the London Hospital, where about six hundred members sit down to the Ordinance, but still the medicine did not agree with me. I got worse and worse. I could not sleep at night for fear of waking in hell in the morning. In this state of mind I went to see the minister. Having told him my case, he said it was a very serious one, and recommended me to exercise simple faith. And now, as though these people thought I had not sufficient to contend with within, they set me hard to work in distributing tracts. My burden now increased daily. God and myself only know what a hell I carried about with me. My mouth was shut, and I was not able to open it. All the other tract distributors beat me at the work. They all appeared very happy, whilst I felt as if I were full of devils. I thought these never could be the feelings of a converted man, and the name of a Calvinist stunk in my nostrils.

About a twelvemonth since it so occurred that two of J. C. P.'s sermons came into my shop among some waste paper. I began to read these sermons, and found them to agree with my feelings in such a manner that as it were, eat and drank them. I soon

stocked myself with other sermons written by him, and they were like balm to my wounded soul. I now began to doubt the reality of the Methodists, and likewise of other dissenters. After many doubtings and shakings, I at length made up my mind to come out from amongst them altogether, and set them down as physicians of no value.

I have made you acquainted, dear Sirs, in as few words as possible, with what I have had to contend. Ever since the comfort which I have mentioned I felt within left me, I have been like a blind man without a leader—always groping. Since I have found out who the Lord's stewards are, I have followed them up closely, but I cannot get my guilt removed. I am in a continually distressed state of mind, so much so that my whole body is affected, and I am as weak as a child. I very frequently call upon God to bring my soul out of prison, but he seems as if he did not hear me, or rather as if he turned a deaf ear to all my supplications. Truly indeed I carry a perfect hell in my conscience wherever I go. I have not a spark of the glorious light of the gospel that I can discern, neither have I any well grounded hope that the Lord will deliver me. My hope appears to be perishing. O what a misery I am to myself! To behold the glorious Redeemer pouring out his precious blood for lost and helpless sinners, that they might have forgiveness of all their sins, both of omission and commission, and to feel the blessed seal of the Holy Spirit witnessing that this precious Redeemer has saved them, paid their debts, satisfied the justice of a holy God, so that they can go to a throne of grace with boldness, and call God their heavenly Father, and lean upon their Saviour day by day, and have the internal assurance that their names are written in the Lamb's book of life, is the experience which I am short of. O that I could but trace one sign, that I had but one spot of the dear children of God, I should be almost contented! O that I could get a little help to throw all my guilt and burden, which I carry about with me all the day long, upon him whom my soul longeth after! O the mountains of unbelief, pride, and rebellion, how hard they are to walk over! I dare not call God *my* father. The cry of my soul is, "If thou hast called me with a holy calling, O, in thy mercy, do thou draw me by thy Spirit to the dear Redeemer, that I may clasp him as my own, that I may be able to believe that I am one in mystical union with him, as he is one with thee." Thy terrors, O Lord are upon me while I am committing my thoughts to paper. O for deliverance for my captive soul! "Why art thou so far from the words of my roaring?" Grant me a broken and a contrite heart, O God, that I may be enabled to come to the footstool of mercy. O thou glorious Being, hast thou not made me sensible of my natural deadness and helplessness? I beseech thee to raise me up from these ruins, and cause these dry bones to live; show thy wonders to the dead, and let the dead arise and praise thee; give me thyself, or I must perish. Glorious God, thou who hast the hearts of all in thy power, breathe upon me that I may come forth, for I am bound in affliction and iron. My chain is heavy; all my help is fled; the door of my understanding is strongly barred;

my dungeon is so dark that I cannot discover a ray of light. My sun is indeed gone down. My hope is taken away. If I am thy child, why am I thus? Didst thou not make me willing to hear thy voice? O, then, why am I to endure these miserable days and restless nights? I call upon thee, but thou dost not answer me; thou shuttest out my prayer. I have prayed for pardon, but feel nothing but guilt and condemnation. I have prayed for patience, but feel nothing but discontent. I have tried to stand still, but cannot be quiet. I am like the troubled sea, for I am never at rest. I have prayed for a grain of real faith to feel the virtue of the precious blood of Christ to my restless soul, but cannot prevail, for instead thereof, unbelief is still stronger. I have prayed to get rid of my pride, but it sticks fast to me. I have prayed for the glorious illuminations of the light of thy countenance, and a smile of thy love, but instead thereof, thou hast filled my cup with bitterness and gall. Thou hast led me into darkness, and not into light. Lord, turn my captivity, and enable me to know my standing; let me know the worst of my case. Lord, if thou hast bought me with a price, seal the manifestation of it to my heart; mould and fashion me in thy glorious image, and make me what thou wouldst have me to be. If I have never prayed before, Lord, teach me to pray now. If all my repentance has been nothing but the workings of a natural conscience, do thou grant unto me that repentance which needs not to be repented of. O Lord, open my mind to understand thy word, so that I may be able to read and run. I want to believe that I do believe. O, it is a precious pearl! I cannot do without it. Let me dig for it while I have breath. O, if I could but touch the hem of Christ's garment, I should be healed. O, these stinking rags, how do I long to get rid of them for a robe of righteousness, that will cover me all over! O Lord, if thou dost not take some notice of my bitter complaint, I must conclude that I am of the bondwoman, and like Esau, who sought the blessing but found it not, although he carefully sought it with tears. Can it be possible that there is a spark of spiritual life in my soul? Yours,

London, July 23, 1842.

R. B.

OBITUARY.

The following is a brief account of the work of the Lord on Mary C—, wife of John C—, jun., of L—.

She was taken ill on the 11th of June, 1825, but, for a short time previous, she had been under concern about the salvation of her soul. As her illness increased, her travail of soul increased also, and feeling herself in a lost state, she cried out in the language of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." As she continued in great distress of soul, and could find no relief, she wished me (her father) to desire Mr. V— to call and see her, which he did, and by her desire prayed with her. She was very thankful that he came to see her, yet did not appear to get any immediate relief, but was in great distress of soul, and continued in fervent prayer all night.

In the morning she said but little, and I left her for a short time, but soon returned again, and found her sitting up in the bed with Mr. Romaine's sermons in her hand, blessing and praising God. As soon as she saw me, she said, "O, Father, such love and joy have flowed into my heart as I never felt before." We both rejoiced together, and I left her praising the Lord. Shortly after, however, she sank again into great darkness, and said she was afraid that she should be deceived after all. I visited her again on Sunday morning, and found her a little revived, but she could not lay hold of Christ by faith. She wished me to pray with her, which I did, but finding no immediate relief, she said, "Pray again, Father; we should never be tired of prayer." I prayed again, after which the cloud passed away, and she rejoiced in the Lord, and said, "Dear Lord, thy love is so great, I cannot now doubt." This was Sunday evening, and she was then very happy. When we left her she said to her brother, "Give my love to my sister, and tell her that if the Lord give her the witness within she will not be afraid of death, and tell her that if Christ never come to her, she will never go to him." That night she again sank, and her faith was greatly tried. She prayed and wrestled earnestly with the Lord, and for some hours seemed in great agony of soul. She prayed that eternal death might not pass on her, and pleaded the promises, and the thief upon the cross. About four o'clock the cloud passed away, and she broke out and said, "I am happy, I am happy, and shall be happy for evermore." After this she never again sank in her soul. In the morning the doctor called, and said that she had no pulse, and would live but a few hours. She replied, "Whether I live or die, I am the Lord's." Being somewhat revived, her sister said to her, "How happy you look;" her answer was, "I am pardoned." She inquired, "Where are the dear men of God, Mr. V— and Mr. H—?" I told her that they were not at home. She then said, "Tell my dear mother and all the people of God what a dear Saviour I have found." She said that she knew her Redeemer lived ever to make intercession for her, and she would break out at times and say,

"O, the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!!"

She said that her happiness was more than she could express, that it was an eternal weight of glory. Soon after this her body got very weak, and much convulsed, but when the convulsive fits wore off, and her senses were restored, the high praises of God were in her mouth, and she would say,

"Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good;
Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus!!
Thou art precious to my soul."

After this she prayed for her husband and children. She now shortly got much worse in body, but continued in prayer and praise. Her last words were, "Dear Lord, I am dying; thou hast given me precious faith." She then lifted up her hands in holy triumph, and her spirit departed to the mansions of eternal bliss, on the 28th day of June, 1825. She was aged 28 years.

INQUIRIES.

Messrs. Editors,—A Poor Weakling, a member of a church whose pastor was taken to glory, January, 1842,—two brother members having supplied the place, and there being now some candidates for baptism,—asks, if it would be scriptural for one of the two to baptize them, and to administer the Lord's supper; or ought we to send for an ordained minister?

As there is a division in the church on the subject, a Poor Weakling would esteem it a favour if the Editors would insert this with their remarks in the *Standard*.

August 8th, 1842.

A POOR WEAKLING.

[As far as the administration of the ordinance of baptism is concerned, we have no doubt in our own mind that it is perfectly scriptural for any member of the church, say, for instance, the deacon, to administer such, where the place of the pastor is vacant. As "all things are to be done decently and in order," we give the preference of course to a minister of the gospel where his services can be procured, but we have no superstitious idea that it is indispensable to obtain them. Both Peter and Paul (Acts x. 48, 1 Cor. i. 14—17,) seem to have entrusted to others, most probably to what are called in ecclesiastical language *laymen*, the administration of baptism; and Philip, who was only a deacon certainly baptized the Samaritan converts. And the wisdom and foreknowledge of the Holy Ghost seem to have been in these instances specially manifested. The arrogant assumptions of the clergy, in which the essence of Popery exists, were foreseen, and foreprovided against by these instances left on record in the New Testament. Were there no example of Baptism or of the Lord's Supper having been administered by other than the apostles, what strength would it have given to Rome's arrogant claims, and to her daughter the Church of England's no less bold pretensions, that the ordinances, or, as they term them, the sacraments, can only be administered by priestly hands. And as there is a strong tendency in the modern dissenting priesthood to set up a similar claim, we are glad to take this opportunity of protesting against it, and of asserting the liberty of the churches.

As to sending for "an ordained minister," the party that proposes that step should, to be thoroughly consistent, go a step further, and send for a Catholic priest. If a man be sent of God to preach the gospel, he wants no ordination from man; and if God has not sent him into the vineyard, not all the ordination of man can make him a minister. As Rushton well remarks, in the book which we lately reviewed, dissenting ordination "is but a pitiful imitation of the original. In the Church of Rome the dominion of an anti-christian priesthood appears in all its grandeur, but ours (dissenting ordination) has neither antiquity nor splendour to support it. 'Theirs,' says the ingenious Robinson, 'is nature in the theatre of the metropolis; we are strollers, uttering bombast, in cast-off finery, in a booth at a fair.'"

Dissenting ordinations are, indeed, but a poor third-hand mimicry, borrowed from the Church of England, which copied them from Rome.

We have spoken somewhat decidedly on this subject, as much of the clerical assumption of "Reverend," wearing of robes in the pulpit, and other arts of priestcraft are clearly traceable to these dissenting ordinations, and are strongly stamped on some of our most zealous declaimers against popery, who do not see how inconsistently they act in condemning Rome when dressed out in her rags, and in protesting against her principles, when one of her strongest, the monarchical character of the priesthood, is manifested in all they say and do.

As we have in a previous number expressed our sentiments concerning the administration of the Lord's Supper, we need not here repeat them. Suffice it to say, that we consider it quite scriptural for any member of a Gospel Church to break bread to the rest, their consent being obtained, where there is no Pastor.

—Eds.]

Messrs. Editors,—Feeling a great interest in the welfare of Zion, I should like to know if it can be considered scriptural for a minister of the gospel to write his sermons beforehand, learn them off by rote, and come before the people as an extempore preacher?

I understand this is done even by some of whom better things might be expected; and if they should be called upon unexpectedly to preach, if they have not time to compose and learn off a sermon, they resort to their already written ones, and make a selection of one which they conceive best suited for the occasion. Can such persons be rightly termed God's sent servants? And is the blessing of God likely to attend a church who has such a minister?

My impression is, that the man who writes his sermons, and reads them openly before the congregation, is the much honest one of the two. May the Lord grant you every needful blessing.

Liverpool, 11th Aug., 1842.

F.

[Such an inquiry as the above can have but one answer from any who fear God, and know anything of the Spirit's inward teachings. If the Lord is to be, according to his promise, mouth and wisdom to his sent servants, what need have they to write their sermons? But first to write them, and then to learn them by rote, (we cannot call it "by heart") and then come forth and pretend to preach extempore, what is this but mocking God, and deceiving the people?

If these gentlemen preachers knew something of the exercises of the servants of the Lord, and like them had to cry and beg for a text, which perhaps often did not come till they were in the pulpit, and the second hymn singing, they would learn a lesson which would knock all their crutches out of their hands. Where the Holy Ghost qualifies a man for the ministry, he will need no notes nor skeletons, no Saturday evening writing, or Sunday morning repetition, but will come before the people all weakness and helplessness, and in it will find the strength of Christ made perfect. He will thus be made manifest in the people's consciences as a workman who needeth not to be ashamed; will at times feel his own soul watered, and his mouth opened, and have reason to bless and praise the Lord for his appearing in time of need to one so destitute and ignorant.

And if a man know not something of these things experimentally, there is no evidence that the Lord has sent him into the vineyard, and therefore will not own or bless him.

The same remarks apply to those ministers who have their sermons by rote (or "by heart") without writing them, and who boast that they have six or eight sermons ready, "weeks before the time."—Eds.]

POETRY.

GOSPEL PARADOXES.

I'm full when nothing I have got;	I slay, yet never see the slain;
I'm rich when poverty's my lot;	I conquer, but no conquest gain;
I'm most at ease in greatest pain;	I live in war, yet peace still reigns;
I suffer loss when Christ I gain.	I'm pierced through, yet feel no pains.
I see the most when I am blind;	I dwell down low, yet live up high;
I win the race when most behind;	I seldom think, yet thoughts have I;
I speak the most when nought I say;	I'm on the rock, yet sink in floods;
I plead, yet think I never pray;	I have no flowers, yet see the buds.
I'm full of fears, yet nothing fear;	I feel,—alas! what do I feel?—
I'm always deaf, yet all things hear;	My heart quite soft, yet hard as steel;
I'm quite at rest, yet full of cares;	I'm full of light, yet dark as night;
I'm far from grief, yet drown'd in tears.	I'm always wrong, yet always right.
I'm seeking peace when bent on strife;	How strange a being I must be!
I long for death, yet cling to life;	One like myself I seldom see;
I do not move, yet strive with might;	But those I love who feel like me,
I dread the war, yet love to fight.	That grace is sov'reign, rich, and free.

South Chard, Nov. 10, 1840.

ADONIJAH.

PROVERBS XVI. 25.

There is a way that seemeth right, That leads to everlasting night; The path is large and broad: A dangerous way, a treacherous guide, With millions dying on each side, Their backs all turn'd toward God.	The Living Way, the only Gate, Though it be narrow, close, and strait, Is yet the gospel door. No lion shall be there, 'tis said, But living water, living bread, For the wayfaring poor.
This way then only <i>seemeth</i> right; For Jesus never is in sight; (Whatever men may say, There is no road that leads from death, But that where sinners walk, by faith, In Christ the Living Way;)	None less than God the Spirit's might Can turn from that which seemeth right. His sword must give the wound. Man's self-importance must be slain; Nor, till the soul is born again, Can any heart be sound.
This way, most surely, seemeth right To all the pure in their own sight. However pure they be, The Lord declares their sin remains, They'll perish in eternal pains, Because they say, "We see."	O bless the Lord, my soul, this day, Who brought thee forth from that false way Where death stands at the end! The Way of Life to me was seal'd, 'Till Christ was to my soul reveal'd My nearest, dearest Friend.

Devon, March 10th, 1842.

W. D.

GLEANINGS.

The cross of Christ is the invincible sanctuary of the humble; the dejection of the proud; the destruction of the devil; the confirmation of the faithful.—*From a very old Book.*

Sweetness in temporal matters is deceitful—it is a dangerous pleasure.—*Ibid.*

Lust is a sharp spur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a false gallop.—*Ibid.*

UNION WITH CHRIST.

"When sinners begin to discover themselves to be but the degenerate plant of a strange vine, whose grapes are wild and whose clusters are bitter, and see also the bad soil they grow in, so as they feel the power of faith attend the word, and the power, grace, and beauty of Christ is set before them, the whole bent of the soul is after him, and faith goes to the Lord, attended with an innumerable train of desires and prayers, tears and longings, to obtain nearness to him and an interest in him; and when once faith lays hold, and is strong enough to maintain its hold, the soul finds life and strength sensibly communicated to it, just as the sap of the vine is communicated to the branch. This is the main work in order to obtain life and power from Christ, to make us fruitful to God. 'I am the vine, ye are the branches; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me.' And as sure as Christ admits the soul to nearness and access to him, so does faith embrace his dying love; and as faith gains ground it purifies the heart from sin. This removes the wretched evil that separates him from us, and where love comes in, it pulls down all our idols; and as sure as faith gives the Lord a residence in us, or, as Paul says, 'Christ liveth in me,' or 'dwells in the heart by faith,' so sure does love exalt him, and crown him king without a competitor in the renewed affections."—*Huntington.*

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