



THE SOWER.

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

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

VOL. XI., NEW SERIES.

1889.



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

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

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'IS THIS OUR RIGHT OLD BIBLE?' (See page 6.)

THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

DEARLY-BELOVED FRIENDS,—As we enter upon another year, may the Lord give us gratitude for mercies received, and grace to look up to Him for future supplies. Many of us have been taught our constant need, and also something of that blessed truth, “My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus,” and we can say that “God is faithful, who hath called us unto the fellowship of His Son.” Life’s journey is still beset with cares, trials, snares, conflicts, and foes; but, blessed be His name, our Helper still is God, whose promise is for ever sure, whose arm is almighty, His love unchanging, and His sympathy that of a perfect Father.

Happy, then, is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, for He hath said, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” The passing by of days, weeks, months, and years reminds us that we are coming nearer the end of our earthly sojourn, when we must expect to part from all below. Happy will be our case if, instead of being rent from treasures and idols, we can feelingly welcome the call of the Forerunner, and respond thereto—

Lo, glad I come to Thee,
To dwell in Thine abode;
Thy lovely face to see,
My Saviour and my God.

The rest is promised and the kingdom is sure to all the heaven-born seed of Christ, and these are favoured now and again to enjoy the earnest thereof here below, which is a sweet in their cup of sorrows, and a help in the daily conflict with the world, care, sin, and Satan.

Remember, ye tried ones, the word of our Captain—“In the world ye shall have tribulation,” but it cannot follow you into yon pure and blessed city, where Jesus is exalted, and where His people are to see His face, and serve Him according to the desire of their hearts. Until that blessed day dawns upon us, may we be favoured with grace to seek to know His will, and to do it, for it is such as do His word that He calls His disciples. Oh, that we may be favoured so to live upon and live unto Him as to manifest that we are in union with Him!

Do we sufficiently remember that we are not our own? We fear not; and yet, as those who profess to be redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, is it not becoming that we should remember the greatness of the cost and the depth of the love that saved us from our lost estate? Oh, that all the redeemed of the Lord may be favoured to realize, increasingly so, what is contained in those precious words—“The love of Christ constraineth us.”

Then denying self, holding the things of the world with a loose hand, and presenting ourselves a living sacrifice to "Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood," will not be considered hard service; and then shall we, as loving subjects of our gracious King, seek the honour of His great name, the spread of His truth, the peace of His Church, and the extension of His cause in the earth. However others may feel about these matters, and whatever they may say of us, as being broad and legal, we can find good precedents in the New Testament, and only wish they were more closely followed by all who profess the distinguishing truths of the Gospel of sovereign grace.

Is it nothing to us that the enemies of the cross of Christ are so lively, energetic, and apparently successful in spreading their poisonous tenets among men? Is it nothing to us that the rising race generally manifest a growing indifference, at least, to the Word and house of God?

Oh, friends, we fear the poison of false teachers and atheistical literature is already producing evil fruit in the families of many professed lovers of truth even! Who, then, in the face of these things, will object to children being gathered together to read the Word, and hear the truth of God preached? The old and oft-repeated complaint of inducing children to think that by such means they become Christians is only Satan's device. May not the same objection be used against the ministry? Have not many hypocrites grown up and nourished themselves there? Let truthful witnesses, on all hands, faithfully speak out on this subject, and we shall have a record that may well make us sigh. But is the ministry to be set aside on this account? The Apostle Paul says, "We are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish: to the one we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other the savour of life unto life" (2 Cor. ii. 15, 16). Yet the ministry was not to be blamed for this. He and his fellow-workers did not corrupt the Word, but spoke it in sincerity, as in the sight of God. Thus the Word was faithfully preached by them, relying on the grace and power of the Holy Ghost to make it quick and powerful in the hearts of the chosen, even though others used the same Word to their own condemnation. And thus we are right in using all Scriptural means for spreading abroad the Word in opposition to error, remembering especially that the minds of the young will receive some kind of seed, if not truth; and while we cannot renew their minds, nor change their hearts, we may endeavour to keep them from evil influences and erroneous teaching by faithfully, yet simply, putting before them the great truths of God, leaving all in the hands of the Eternal Spirit, who needs none of our dictation respecting His working

with the Word, and preserving His own from the evil of nourishing themselves in a hypocritical form of religion.

Brethren, our desire is that, with a single eye, we may still go forward proclaiming the truth of God, opposing error of every kind, warning sinners of their danger, and admonishing the Church of God, according to the grace given us, and that in such a manner that we may be "pure from the blood of all men." Again we ask your sympathetic help and prayers that we may be strengthened in our work, and again we pray for you, and wish you each a Happy New Year, and may we during the year find that, although infidelity and Popery are spreading fast, yet our God does not forsake His cause upon the earth, but still makes His Word to prosper in the hearts of men, to their calling, salvation, and peace.

Yours in Him,
THE EDITOR.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE year is past—
Past with its load of mercies and of sins,
Of joys, of grie/s. Another year begins.
Is it my last ?

Thou God of grace,
To Thee belong forgivenesses and love :
To me, who oft Thy patience sorely prove,
Be shame of face.

Forgive ! forgive !
Vile as I am, without Thy Spirit, Lord,
And the hid manna of Thy sacred Word,
I cannot live.

Still with me dwell ;
Then if this opening year my last shall be,
'Twill launch me on a blest eternity,
Thy praise to tell.

J. P. WILES.

KINDNESS.

IN a world wherein even the heirs of eternal life have so much of tribulation to endure, how desirable is a spirit of kindness to relieve, to support, and to assist each other in our pilgrimage to heaven. There are few hearts so hard, few spirits so churlish, as not to be affected by kindness. A kind thought is influential, a kind word is encouraging, and a kind deed is at all times a blessing.

THE WORD OF GOD AND THE NEW BIRTH.

THE God of grace has implanted in the very constitution of a regenerated child of God a fervent, earnest, craving desire for the sincere milk of God's Word—the Word of His grace, the sacred Scriptures—a desire for the ministration of the Word by His sent servants. As sure as a poor sinner is born of God, he will be led to obey the Word of God—"Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of Me, and in them ye think ye have eternal life." I have seen many who have been born of God, and before that time they could not read a chapter, and some of them did not know even their letters; but such a thirst came upon them, such a desire for the Word of God, that they have got some friends to teach them their letters, and then they have been able to put two or three words together and read little sentences; and then they have got into the New Testament, and could read the Sermon on the Mount—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Afterwards they have got some books and some hymns that they found good for their souls. Oh, how fast they learn! They are the best learners, because they have the Spirit and grace of God dwelling in them, and creating a fervent desire to know the sacred Scriptures—to have them written upon the fleshly tables of their hearts by the Spirit of the living God, that they may be the living epistles of our Lord Jesus Christ, "known and read of all men"; written not with ink, but by the Spirit of God—not upon tables of stone, but upon the fleshly tables of their hearts.

We had, some years ago, a singular incident illustrating this. There lived in a village an old, grey-headed sinner, bordering upon four-score years old. There were two God-fearing men in the village, who felt for the old man; and one of them said to him, "Our minister is going to preach at a friend's house on such a night. I will call for you. Will you go with me?" "No," he said, "I won't. I am a Churchman. All my ancestors were Church people. I was christened, and confirmed, and married at church, and I intend to be buried there, and that is enough for me." "Well," said the other, "you and I have been good friends. I have several times done you a kindness, and I should take it as a kindness if you would come with me and hear our minister preach the Word of eternal life." "Well," said the old man, "you certainly have been a good neighbour, and have done me many kindnesses, and if it will oblige you, I will go." The time came, and the God-fearing man called for the grey-headed sinner, and poured out his heart in prayer that the Holy Ghost would wound the conscience of the old man. The minister drew the bow at a venture; the Holy Ghost directed the arrow, and the

man felt a wounded conscience. He went home, and, sitting by the fire, he reflected, and looked into the grate, but he said not a word for a considerable time. His old wife, an ignorant woman, said to him in the Lancashire dialect, "What's to do?" "I cannot tell," said the old man; "but yonder minister said words that sank deeper into my soul than any that ever dropped from the lips of man in all my born days." "Ah!" she said, "I thought how it would be. They'll make us as bad as themselves. We'll not desert our religion. Thou shalt go no more." So much for her ignorance. But when the Word of the Lord is riveted in the conscience like a nail in a sure place, it cannot be erased. The next time the old man did not want to be called for. He longed for the time to come, and he went again, and the Lord wrought more powerfully and effectually than before. He returned with greater exercises and soul-concern about eternal realities than ever he felt before. He sat in the same position before the fire as he did on the previous occasion, and, as a newborn babe, this man of four-score "desired the sincere milk of the Word." "I wish," he said to his wife, "you would find me our old Bible." It needed to be found, for it had not been used for months, or perhaps for years. The Bible was found. The wife takes her apron and rubs off the dust, and gives the Book to her husband. He reads a little here and there, and ponders it over in his mind, and then he says, "I say, wife, is this our right old Bible, that we had ever since we were married?" "Yes," she said; "you know we never had any other." Then he reads again, and, after thinking with great earnestness, he says, "I say, is this our right old Bible?" "Yes," she says; "why, can't you believe me? We never had another." "Well, then," says he, "if it's our right old Bible, I've got new een"—that is, new eyes. Yes, the eyes of his understanding were opened; the veil of ignorance was rent off; he had a new heart, new desires, and he began to see the wonders recorded in the sacred Scriptures.

As sure, my friends, as a soul is born of God, so sure will that soul have a desire for the Word of God; and though it condemns and reproves him, he must come to the light. "Search me, O God, and try me; know my heart, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. O Lord, teach me! I am dark and ignorant; instruct me." If we are born of God, we shall be glad that we have the Scriptures in our own mother tongue, and we shall read them for edification, and comfort, and profit. We shall say, as Jeremiah did, "Thy words were found; I did eat them, and they were the rejoicing of my heart." "How sweet," said David, "are Thy words to my taste: yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." The soul that is not born of God does not enjoy this sweetness. He does not

eat the Word of God and inwardly digest it, and live upon it by precious faith.

The man, prior to being born of God, may have been spending his Sabbaths in carnal pleasures and amusements, as thousands have been doing in your great Metropolis this day, neglecting the means of grace, and turning their backs upon the preached Gospel; and when I look at that class, I have no stone to throw at them. I see the day, in the eye of my mind, when I hated the means of grace, and fled from them as much as I could. The people of God were to me a people of no pleasure and enjoyment. I remember saying, when my father and his associates used to meet in prayer, "Poor moping fools! Men of no pleasure and enjoyment!" And I said within myself, when my father would compel me to attend prayer-meetings—for I did not like this exercise of his authority, though I revered him as a natural father—"The day will come when I shall be my own master—when I shall be from under your authority—and then I will go with my companions, and have my enjoyment." But oh, my soul has blessed the Lord a thousand times that, before I came to that age, my soul was born of God. God's grace and kingdom were set up in my heart, and the result was as I was about to describe; for if a man is born of God, old things must pass away, old companions must be forsaken, old practices must be left off, and new feelings and desires fill the soul. Where there is a thirst for the Word of God's grace, the soul will go to the house of God, and love to hear the character of the poor sinner described—delight to hear the way of salvation pointed out through the precious blood of the Son of God. Where there is a desire for "the sincere milk of the Word," as recorded in the Bible—where there is a desire for the ministration of the Word, and a delight to hear the silver trumpet of the Gospel blown—that soul is born to God. The tabernacles of the Lord become amiable. Oh, what an amazing change regenerating grace produces! The soul that is born of God can say, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord! I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, where prayer is offered, and praise is sung, and the everlasting Gospel preached, and where the saints of the Most High God meet, than dwell in the tents of wickedness." Oh, how amiable is the place where the Lord condescends to meet and bless His family!

These are tokens—undeniable Scriptural evidences—that we are born again; and if we are born of God, we are the sons of God, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with the Lord of life and glory.

But, in connection with this subject, we observe again that, if we are born of God, and blessed with spirituality, the new man is created in righteousness and true holiness. Oh, let us pause here, and seriously examine ourselves by the rule laid down.

If we are born again of God, we have a spiritual appetite, a spiritual palate, and nothing can satisfy our longing desires but God, the living God of grace, the God of salvation. If a soul is born of God, let him have all the gold and silver, and lands and tenements, heaped upon him; let him have all the honours and titles that can be given among men; will they satisfy him? Will they bring peace, and rest, and joy into his soul? No; the heaven-born soul, in such circumstances, will feel, "All is vanity below the sun, and vexation of spirit," and will exclaim, on this subject—

" Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own "—

and oh, my soul has felt the next lines—

" Without Thy graces and Thys-If,
I were a wretch undone."

The heaven-born soul can never be satisfied with the world, but must aspire to nobler, more glorious and substantial things.

If we are born of God, we shall never be satisfied with ourselves and our efforts. Other men are pleased and delighted with what they do, and have a good opinion of themselves. They are pure in their own eyes, and never see their need of being washed from their filthiness. If you and I were to test ourselves by this principle—if we are born of God—the longer we live, the more dissatisfied shall we be with our depraved natures, our evil hearts, our vain thoughts, our sinful inclinations, our evil tempers, our murmurings and repinings. Heaven-born souls exclaim, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "In me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." Thus, if we are born of God, we have humiliating views and feelings concerning ourselves; and a minister of Jesus Christ, lifting up his voice like a trumpet, can never lay a heaven-born soul too low. The soul that is thus laid in the dust, on the dung-hill of self-abasement, responds inwardly, and says, "Down with guilty sin! Oh, wretched man—unprofitable, hell-deserving sinner—that I am! I never can be laid too low." The ever-blessed Spirit of God always brings down lofty looks, abases proud hearts, and lays them as beggars in the dust; and, according to Hannah's song, such shall be regarded of the Lord, and set among princes; they shall inherit the throne of God, for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's. If we are born of God, nothing will satisfy our appetite but what is embodied in that blessed declaration, "I will abundantly bless the provision of their house, and I will satisfy their hunger with bread." Here, heaven-born soul, are the Lord's hungry poor; here is the provision of the

Father's house that satisfies the Father's children. The poor prodigal was born of God when he began to be in want, and to feel a craving appetite for the bread of his father's house—"In my father's house there is bread enough and to spare. I will arise, and go to my father." He does not say, "I will tell him what a good lad I have been." There is not a word of goodness or worthiness. But he says, "I will tell him that I have sinned against Heaven, and in his sight, and am no more worthy to be called his son." Oh, brethren, nothing will satisfy the heaven-born soul but Jesus Christ in His glorified Person, Emmanuel, "God with us"; Jesus, in His covenant engagement; the precious Christ in His incarnation; the "faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners"; Christ, in His glorious robe of righteousness, who has finished our transgression, made an end of our sin, and reconciled us unto God; Christ, and Him crucified; Jesus, bearing our sins in His own body, and carrying them into the land of forgetfulness, dying for our sins, being made a curse for us; salvation finished by the incarnate God on the cross, exclaiming, with His last expiring breath, "It is finished!" Heaven-born souls are never satisfied, never happy, never comfortable, but as they seek and enjoy their dear Redeemer as their All in all.

What is your comfort, friends? What is the joy and rejoicing of your soul? If you are born of God, and know anything of His love, your answer is, "Christ Jesus is precious to my soul; He is the joy of my heart. Oh, that He would but shed abroad His sweet love in my soul, and constrain me to love and serve Him better, more acceptably, with reverence and godly fear."

The heaven-born soul, like Paul, renounces everything in himself, counts all but dross for the excellency of Christ Jesus his Lord, for whom he suffered the loss of all things, and counts everything but dung that he may win Christ. Then the heaven-born soul says, "Oh, that I may be found in Christ, not having on my own righteousness, which is of the law, but the righteousness of God by faith; that I may be found built on the Rock of Ages, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail; that all my sins may be washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and my conscience be sprinkled with that blood of atonement which speaketh better things than that of Abel; that I may be conformed to the image of Christ, have the mind of Christ, the spirit of Christ, and that I may honour and glorify Him with my body and spirit, which are His; that I may hold on and endure to the end, be kept by His power, upheld by His mighty hand, and landed safely in immortal glory." Dost thou want the prayer of the heaven-born soul—"Guide me with Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me into glory"? Dost thou want the song

of exultation of the heaven-born soul—"This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide even unto death, and we shall be with Him for ever"?

But you whose consciences bear testimony that you are strangers to heartfelt, experimental prayer—strangers to your weakness and helplessness—you that neither see nor feel your need of grace and the blessings of salvation treasured up in Christ—who see no form nor comeliness in Him that you should desire Him—you are in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity; and if you die in that state of degeneracy, you will die in your sins, under the curse of God's law, and lift up your eyes amid the horrors of the damned. Oh, that the Lord would awaken the careless sinner, that the thoughtless would consider his latter end, that it may be said in the day of God that "This and that man were born there"! Oh, that a good work of grace may be thus wrought in your dead souls! Lord, grant it. Amen.—
Extracted from a Sermon by the late John Kershaw.

"THEY SHALL CALL HIS NAME EMMANUEL."

(MATTHEW i. 23.)

I'LL take my lyre, which long hath lain aside,
And touch a chord to Him who loved and died.
No other name can give my heart relief,
Can ease my conscience, or assuage my grief.

But that dear name can set my soul on fire,
Expand my heart, and fill my whole desire;
Can raise the fallen, make the weakling strong,
And cause the dumb to sing a heaven-taught song.

But oh, my soul, the theme indeed is high;
For powers like thine 'tis vain for me to try
To tell the wonders of that hallowed name,
Or speak the glories of His matchless fame.

Still I may try to lisp His glories forth,
And tune my lyre to sing His endless worth,
While in that name I sweet deliverance see,
And sing of Him who bore the curse for me.

His name, oh, glorious tower—sweet place of rest!
When guilt and sin afflict my labouring breast
I run into it, and am safe from fear,
For all the fulness of the Godhead's here.

Beneath those hidden depths what power's concealed!
In that soft whisper, oh, what love's revealed!
On my glad ear its thrilling accent falls,
And every power to sweet obedience calls.

Thy power, my God, here sits in royal state ;
 But 'tis Thy gentleness that makes me great.
 To sing Thy Godhead-might my soul desires ;
 But 't is Thy dove-like grace my trust inspires.

I own Thee King ; my God in flesh Thou art ;
 But as the Man, I give Thee all my heart.
 I see Thy grandeur, own Thy matchless might,
 But 'tis the Lamb that captivates my sight.

A Rock of everlasting strength I find in Thee ;
 But 'tis that Rock as cleft brings peace to me.
 My God's a Refuge, and when ills betide
 I find Him such in that dear riven side.

Blest name ! how precious when temptation's dart,
 With fiery venom, wounds my trembling heart !
 I find Thee then my balm, and quickly flee
 To pluck a leaf from life's dear healing tree.

Thy name my shield ; Thy blood my only cure ;
 Thy power my bulwark, makes redemption sure.
 As God supreme, my Jesus fills the throne.
 But as my Brother all His worth is known.

Oh, glorious name, my very bowels move
 With joy and wonder at Thy complex love.
 I hail Thee mine by ties of flesh and blood,
 And fall before Thee as the mighty God.

MARY ANNE GROOM,

Granddaughter of the late Daniel Herbert.

THE HEART IN FAULT.

MR. GRIMSHAW was once in company with a nobleman who unhappily employed his talents in the service of infidelity. He had some time before been engaged in a long dispute with two eminent divines, in which, as is usual in such cases, the victory was claimed by both sides. Meeting afterwards with Mr. Grimshaw, he wished to draw him likewise into a dispute, but he declined it, nearly in these words—

“My lord, if you needed information, I would gladly do my utmost to assist you ; but the fault is not in your *head*, but in your *heart*, which can only be reached by a divine power. I shall pray for you, but I cannot dispute with you.”

His lordship, far from being offended, treated him with particular respect, and declared afterwards that he was more pleased and more struck by the freedom, firmness, and simplicity of his answer, than by anything he had heard on the side of his opponents.

MEMOIR OF OBADIAH OXLEY.

A BREACH has been made in the little Church at Warbleton, by the loss of one who was a consistent member and deacon thereof. He was preserved in early life from outbreaks of profanity, being subject from childhood to convictions from natural conscience, and was taken by his father to the Independent Chapel at Heathfield; but nothing special appeared till after or about the time he was twenty years of age, at which time he was engaged as coachman under a gentleman. He was once referring to this period, many years afterwards, in conversation with a friend, when he said, "The first time I knelt down in real earnest to pray to God was in the stable; and I believe, if the horses could have spoken, they would have testified that there was a change, as they from then had better treatment."

About fourteen years since, he joined the Independents at Heathfield, and continued with them a short time, occasionally dropping in at our little chapel to hear, till at length he was unanimously received into the Church, and after a time it was unanimously agreed that he should fill the office of deacon.

But now he is taken from us, and will be much missed by us at the prayer-meetings, &c., as he also will be in his own home, having left a beloved wife and five children to lament his loss. Also, his godly life will be missed by all who knew him, especially so as to his influence with those on the farm among whom he laboured.

On the Wednesday before he died, one of his daughters said to him, "Some are brought to death's door, and raised up again." He replied, "I am not beyond the skill of the Great Physician, but I shall soon be gone. It will not be long; I am only waiting."

The following are a few of his sayings, taken down by his daughter, during the two last days he lived:—

"*Thursday, October 25th.*—In the morning he was much worse. His dear wife and daughter, Orpah, were sitting with him, and he was much in prayer, especially the last part of the night, continuing in prayer till daylight. Then, though in great weakness, with our assistance, he sat up in bed, and said, 'I have found pardon,' and also how he longed to be with Christ; and reaching out his hands, one might almost fancy he saw Him with his bodily eyes, such was his earnestness. His weakness kept increasing; but when he could speak, he would refer to some who had found pardon. Once he said, 'Peter found pardon.' Very many times he prayed for the Lord to take him to Himself, but said, 'I must wait with patience the Lord's time.'

"He manifested great concern for all his children. Once he took my dear mother's hand and mine, shook them, and held

them for some time, praying for each of us, that the Lord would take us under His kind care and keeping. Then he wished to be left alone a little while, to meditate and pray. Towards daylight, I said to him, 'Are you happy, father?' He said, very cheerfully, 'Oh, yes!' and he begged of us to forgive him any wrongs he had done to us. I said to him, 'We shall lose and miss a good father.'

"On Friday, October 26th, he continued to get much weaker, and in the afternoon, he said to my sister Jane, 'The Redeemer is waiting for me.' Once he said, 'I am coming, Lord.'

"On one occasion, mother heard him, in broken sentences, praying for two of his ungodly workfellows, naming some by name, and she caught the words of the poet, 'Turn their feet to Zion's hill,' &c.

"He wished me to read, and I asked him where I should read. He said, 'The last chapter in Revelation.' Then he said, 'Another Book.' This was after he was very much troubled to speak, but we could understand 'Book.' On asking him what Book, he said, 'Romans.' We asked which chapter we should read. He could now only say a word or two, a considerable time apart. He just said, 'four,' meaning the fourth chapter of Romans, but was too weak to hear it read at this time; but about an hour before he died, he tried to speak again, and said, 'Bible.' I asked him what chapter, and we found it was the last of Revelation, which was read to him again. He then was able to speak to his son, who was at his bed-side, and begged him to keep the Lord's Day, and not be led away with the multitude to do evil, and hoped that he would look well to his mother and sisters. He also wished me to look to them all. My dear mother said to him, 'I do not know what we shall do without you.' He said, 'The Lord will take care of you, and protect you.'

"When I called to see him on the Wednesday, I asked him if he had any wish to get better. He replied, 'None whatever. But,' he said, 'a death-bed is not the place for repentance.'

"He said, just before he died, that he was sorry to see us all so broken-hearted. My mother said to him, 'I hope we shall all meet you above.' He gave a cheerful nod, and replied, 'Yes.' His lips kept moving, but we could not catch his words. For some time he kept praying, and just before he died, though he could not speak, he took hold of my mother's two hands firmly, and looked up in her face. Then, just before he died, he kept saying, 'Glory! glory!' and at five minutes to ten o'clock he fell asleep in Jesus, on October 26th, 1888, in his forty-ninth year."

There might much more be said, both of the life and illness of our dear departed friend, as he was not one who had no

conflict, but just the reverse, and many of his broken sentences, above referred to, were uttered with sweat and tears. He still lives in the affections of the friends here, and I can say, for one, that I have often felt glad at hearing his earnest breathings to the Lord to bless His servants with zeal and faithfulness in warning sinners of their danger, and to use the preaching of the precious Gospel to the ingathering of many more around that remain dead in sin, as well as to the comfort and edification of those already called.

W. C.

THE STAR.

IN the night of nature, and amidst the darkness of this evil world, Jesus Christ, like the true polar star, attracts His people's faith and affections to Himself, having first touched their hearts by the magnetic virtue of His living Spirit, who from thenceforth, by the unerring compass of His outward Word and secret illumination, steers them to the haven of peace where they would be. Not a vessel, thus directed, can fail of making its desired port. No voyage upon the material sea can be conducted with such certainty of direction and safety of passage, by the rules of art, as is the spiritual voyage of the children of God, by looking to Jesus, and by being directed by Him. It is impossible to make shipwreck, when the course of a Christian lies to its right point; and because the Christian is not his own pilot, but under the guidance of that unerring Spirit who alone can lead him into the truth, to this point his course, however wavering at times, through the strong blasts of corruption, does ultimately tend. How happy, then, are the people who are in such a case; yea, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God.

As Jesus Christ is the resplendent Morning Star, the Day-star, the Star out of Jacob, so it is thy privilege, happy believer, to shine in His beams, and to become a star of light to His glory. They who are stars of God must and shall shine. There is not one of the ethereal orbs but which has more or less splendour, and must really be luminous in order to be seen; nor can there be a real believer in Jesus upon the face of the earth who does not partake of some ray of illuminating grace, or discover some reflecting beams of holiness and truth visible in its measure to all men. The darkness of this world, with respect to the things of God, is so palpably obscure that the least ray of grace, whenever or wherever it exists, must be obvious. The darkness itself will show it by contrast, nor will it endure what is so contrary to itself. A person without light in his mind, and grace in his life, has no right to the name of "Christian" while he remains in that condition, for instead of being a star preparing for lustre in heaven,

he seems only a worthless clod, mouldering away into earth. They on whom the Star of Jacob shines, and to whom He imparts His surrounding heavenly beams, find Him a Star of potent influence, communicating His genial nature to their souls, dispelling the grossness of sin, with the obscurity of error, and quickening them to every act and inclination of a spiritual life. And if Jesus thus shine upon thee in this polluted world, and scatter even glory upon the dunghill of thy outward man, in what splendour shalt thou appear, faithful soul, when thy dross shall become gold, and when thou shalt stand in the full blaze of His glory before the everlasting throne? They who stand nearest to the Morning Star shine the brightest, and they who walk closest to Christ, receive most from Him below.

But if it be thy grief (and it will be thy constant grief and regret) that thy graces now shine with a feeble ray, and that the life of faith and heavenly hope is weak within thee, look out of thyself, and turn thy attention to Him who alone can increase and strengthen, can guide and guard thy soul to heaven. The light of grace may to sense appear languid and low, but in reality it is constant and sure. All the powers of darkness cannot extinguish it, and yet one sin can deprive thee for a time of its comforts. This may seem a paradox, but thy experience will prove the truth. It is Christ who gives the light, it is Christ who maintains that light, and it is Christ who must perfect it in glory. And, blessed be God, He will perfect it, for He has solemnly engaged His Person and offices, His attributes and perfections, not to "quench the smoking flax," but to "make darkness light before thee, crooked things straight, and not to forsake thee."

Jesus on thee shall quickly shine
 With beams of favour all divine ;
 That heavenly, bright, and Morning Star,
 Which ancient faith beheld from far,
 Shall with His own illustrious ray
 Burst forth to give thee lasting day.

Before thy lingering heart shall move,
 And urge thy pace, and strength improve ;
 Nor suffer thy faint steps to slide
 In error's paths, or lose their Guide ;
 But all His radiant light and love
 Shall point thee to thy rest above.

A. SERLE.

As the principle of love is the main principle in the heart of the real Christian, so the labour of love is the main business of the Christian life.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

THE HERO AND THE HEN.

A LITTLE more than three hundred years ago, there were terrible times in France. A religious war was going on, and all over the country there were battles and sieges, and many cruel things being done, and a great many good people lost their lives. No one knows all the misery it caused, for often a family would be divided, part being Catholic, who believed in the Pope, and a portion Protestant, who did not believe in the Pope at all.

After a while hostilities ceased, and a hollow peace was patched up between the contending parties. Hollow enough and false it was indeed, on one side. The Huguenots, as the Protestants were called for many years, now numbered some of the bravest and noblest men in France among their chiefs. Two or three of the royal family were inclined to their principles, but their most devoted adherent was the grand admiral, Gaspard de Coligny. He was now about sixty years old, a grey-headed, grave, benevolent nobleman, who, you would think, could have had no enemies. But the godly Coligny, who at one time had saved France in a great battle, had two bitter and deadly enemies. One of these was the Duke of Guise, a reckless young nobleman of twenty-two; the other was the queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, a selfish and ambitious woman of fifty-five. These two persons, with several other Catholic leaders, devised a horrible plot, by which they hoped to get rid of Coligny, and, at the same time, strengthen Catholicism. This was nothing less than to organize a band of soldiery, and at a stated time, when everybody was unsuspecting and asleep, let them loose upon the populace with orders to slaughter all the Huguenots they found.

Everything was favourable for carrying this horrible scheme into execution, and one summer night, August 25th, 1672, the massacre of St. Bartholomew began. It was a fearful time. Men, women, and children were butchered. Nobody was spared unless he was a Catholic, and wore a cross on his hat and arm. Almost the first person killed was Coligny. He had been shot at and wounded two days before by some one who evidently meant to kill him, and the admiral was ill with a sort of fever consequent upon the wound. When the first alarm was heard, his chaplain, M. Merlin, was with him, reading the Scriptures. A number of persons rushed into the chamber announcing that the courtyard was full of soldiery.

"Say me a prayer, M. Merlin," said Coligny. "I commit my soul to the Saviour."

In a few minutes the mob was heard coming up the stairway.

"Save yourselves, my friends!" cried the aged admiral. "You

will have time. As for me, they will only shorten my life a few days."

The good clergyman and others ran upstairs and got out of the house through the roof. Each fled a different way. Merlin, with his Bible under his arm, clambered over the roofs of houses in the direction of the Louvre. In attempting to jump from one to another in the darkness, his foot slipped, and he fell several feet, lodging in a hayloft.

He was not hurt by the fall, and when he saw where he was, he concluded that it was a fortunate accident, and was thankful at having stumbled upon this place of safety. No one would ever think of looking for him there. The Lord had guided his footsteps. But it was a long time before he ceased to tremble. On every side could be heard the cries of the brutal soldiers—"Kill, kill the Huguenots!" and everywhere were the screams and groans of the murdered and dying Protestants. It made his blood run cold to think of the wicked work that was being done. M. Merlin had kept his Bible with him as he had fled, and, as he laid there in the hayloft, we can imagine him turning over the pages and comforting himself with the precious promises in the sacred Word.

The hours passed slowly, and he began to grow hungry, but did not dare to leave his retreat for fear of discovery, which, of course, meant death. Starvation stared him in the face if he remained there. However, he preferred to trust God's mercy rather than man's.

As he ~~hid~~ there, exhausted and almost helpless, M. Merlin heard a light rustling upon the hay, like some object stepping carefully over the loft. Had his enemies tracked him thither, and were they coming to capture him? He glanced fearfully out from beneath the hay with which he had covered himself. He felt greatly relieved to see only a hen that was evidently hunting for a nest. Soon everything was quiet again. The secretive fowl retired after a while as stealthily as it had appeared, not even making a cackle, much to the fugitive's relief.

"Surely," thought M. Merlin, "the Lord is feeding me, for He hath sent His fowls to provide for His servant," and he crawled very carefully out of the hay and crept to the nest, which was near by. In it were three shining white eggs. He broke the shells of two and ate them, leaving one for a nest egg, hoping that Biddy would come again.

Biddy did come again the next day, sure enough, and laid another egg, much to M. Merlin's great joy and need, for he was very hungry. Three days he remained concealed in the hayloft, and each day his friendly visitor laid an egg for his dinner. This was all the food he had, but it saved him from starvation. On the night of the third day he managed to get

safely away, and found a sure haven in the house of a friend. He lived many years after this, but I do not think he ever forgot how a hen once was the messenger of Heaven to bring comfort and relief in a time of great tribulation.—*Congregationalist*.

THERE'S LIGHT BEYOND THE CLOUD.

“WHEN in Madeira,” writes a traveller, “I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps, or be lost; but, as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me ever and anon, saying, ‘Press on, master, press on! There’s light beyond!’ I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was light and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens.”

So, in this world of toil, and sorrow, and mist, and darkness, however dense the gloom may be, there is always light above and light beyond. The light of life flashes through the shades of death. “The light of the knowledge of the glory of God” beams in through the gloom which the world-rulers of this darkness cast about us, and the light of eternity breaks in beauty above the mists and shades of time. Beautifully does the sweet Welsh hymn express the thought—

“ See above time’s clouds and shadows,
See, my soul, the land of light !
Where the breeze is ever balmy,
Where the sky is ever bright.

“ In it spring life’s crystal fountains ;
Through it peaceful rivers flow,
And renew its glorious landscapes,
Which with life eternal flow.

“ Storms that rage in death’s dark valleys
Die this side its golden straud ;
Sighs are lost in songs of triumph
On its shining border land.

“ Now at length a mighty rapture
Thrills this troubled heart of mine
In the prospect of possessing
This inheritance divine.”

—*The Christian*.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

(JOHN XX. 11.)

MARY at the sepulchre is a type of all sorrowful seekers after Jesus, and her experience contains much encouragement for mourners in Zion. When the Lord appeared unto her after His resurrection from the dead, the first words He uttered were in the form of an inquiry as to the cause of her sorrow, and the Object she was seeking. "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" The answer to this question supplies a most satisfactory test as to our standing before God. Reader, "why weepest thou?" Art thou mourning over sin and self? If rightly taught thy sinnership, and brought to mourn over it, the *weeping* will be accompanied with a *seeking* for a Saviour to deliver thee from sin and sorrow; therefore, "whom seekest thou?" Art thou seeking an interest in a Saviour's love, looking for thy Lord?

Let us consider the Lord's dealings with Mary, the sorrowful seeker at the sepulchre. First, Mary at the grave of her best Friend; secondly, the risen Lord's appearance to her; thirdly, Christ's manifestation of Himself.

1. *Mary at the sepulchre.* In Luke viii. 2, we learn that Jesus had delivered her from the power of the evil one, in all the perfection of the seven-fold force of his malign hold upon her soul and body. He had cast "seven devils" out of her. Since then, she had heard His words, walked in His footsteps, and delighted in ministering unto Him in humble service. But a great and utterly incomprehensible trial had befallen her. He whom she had fondly expected to see ascend the throne of David, and assume the regal crown of Judah, had been crucified as a malefactor. Her Master was dead, and had been laid in the tomb. No wonder she wept. But further trial remained. Early on the first Lord's Day morning, she was on her way to the place where the Lord lay. "It was yet dark" when she began to seek Him. Remember this. On her way, she and her companions recollected the stone which covered the tomb. "They said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" (Mark xvi. 3.) They need not have troubled. Difficulties which are apparently insurmountable in the fore-view, are often found to be removed when we get to them. Let us go on seeking for Jesus. Satan will present many things which, to unbelieving fear, seem to render our seeking useless. If we, by grace, are enabled to press forward, we shall find, as Mary did, the stone rolled away. But, alas! alas! when they looked in,

they saw that Jesus was not there. The Lord was gone—whither, they knew not. When Peter and John saw how matters stood, they seemed to give it up, and “went away again unto their own home” in a kind of despair. Not so Mary. She persevered, and waited in the place where she knew her Lord had last been. Humble penitents, who love much because much has been forgiven, are generally found to be most patient in waiting and earnest in seeking. We are told (ver. 11) that Mary “stood without.” She “stood” whilst the angels were “sitting,” which shows that she could not rest without Jesus. Mary humbly waited “without,” as servants and handmaids should. She wept for sorrow. At length “she stooped down.” Seekers after Jesus must learn to stoop with Mary. In deep humility of mind and brokenness of heart, she “looked into the sepulchre,” and a wondrous vision met her gaze. She saw the linen grave-clothes lying there, and “the napkin, that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself” (ver. 7). This was proof that Jesus had risen from the dead, and the striking fact that the napkin was folded together in a place by itself, indicates and illustrates the precious truth that, when Jesus rose from the dead, He *left everything straight* behind Him. All His work was in perfect order; there was no confusion when Jesus came forth out of the grave. What a solemn and majestic sight did the angels witness when the dead Christ “rose again for our justification,” when the mighty Captive brake the bonds, and unlocked the gates of the grave, thus fulfilling His own glorious word to another Mary, “I am the Resurrection and the Life.” However, all Mary, at the open, empty tomb, could know of this, then, was by what she could perceive of the results of His resurrection. These were gradually unfolded, first by the angels, then by Jesus Himself, until at length she was granted the full manifestation of a risen Christ as her Lord and Saviour.

“Tarry His leisure then;
 Wait the appointed hour;
 Wait till the Bridegroom of your soul’s
 Reveals His love with power.”

But we are anticipating. There was much to be learnt before this revelation was granted. The first lessons were given her by the Lord’s messengers, whom she saw “sitting, the one at the head, the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.” They said unto her, “Woman, why weepest thou?” She replied, “Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.” How helpless Mary felt, in her ignorance of where Jesus was! What next step to take she could not tell. All seemed dark. The presence of angels did not

reconcile her to the absence of her Lord. She sought, but found Him not. Her mind was filled with painful recollections of the past, and gloomy forebodings in regard to the future. Thus she sorrowed. It was the time of extremity, which always makes way for the appearance of Jesus.

2. *The Lord's appearance to her.* After expressing her fears and feelings to the angels, she "turned back." Mary was at length constrained to retrace her steps, for she had been seeking for Jesus in the wrong place. She had sought the living among the dead. How often is this the case with other true seekers! Jesus is not found in the sepulchres of the dead, but in the gardens of the Lord's right hand planting, in the midst of His living lilies. Now, when she had turned from the place of death, "she saw Jesus standing." He came to her when she could not come to Him, for she knew not where He was; and even when He stood before her "she knew Him not." Jesus was "standing," waiting to reveal Himself—waiting to show her how He had fulfilled His own promise—"I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." The Good Shepherd seeks and finds His poor sheep, and often appears for them and to them, and they know it not.

Jesus repeated the question of the angels to the weeping woman at His feet—"Woman, why weepest thou?" He added thereto another—"Whom seekest thou?" This was to test her faith, and draw out prayer. At this inquiry, imagination begun to work, and she began to guess as to who her Interlocutor might be. "She supposed Him to be the gardener," and answered His question with touching simplicity—"Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away" (ver. 15). She did not even stop to say *who* she was seeking. Her heart was so full, she could only think of One—"If thou have borne *Him* hence."

Again, what could that poor, weak woman do with the dead body of Jesus? Yet, in the vehemence of her love, she said—"I will take Him away." All she wanted was to *have* Christ. She felt, "Give me Christ, or else I die." Having thus proved her love to the Master, He now proved His love to her.

3. *Christ's manifestation of Himself to her.* A distinction is constantly marked in the Gospels between the appearances of the Lord Jesus to His disciples, and the revelations of Himself. The latter were needed to supplement the former, for it constantly occurred that, when Jesus appeared to them, "they knew not that it was Jesus." It is just so in the experiences of His people now. His presence is with them, but it is unrecognized and unrealized, through ignorance and unbelief. He must reveal Himself, as well as visit them, and they cannot discern Him until He does so reveal Himself. Till then, they seek His presence, and

mourn His absence at His feet, like Mary did. The appointed time had come, and "Jesus saith unto her, Mary!". This was enough. "She turned herself." Ah! a word from Jesus changed her position in respect to Him at once, and altered her point of view. "She saith unto Him, Rabboni," or "My Master." His sheep knew His voice, when the word from His sweet mouth reached her heart in loving, personal application. It is this which gives us to "know Him." Mary knew Him now. She acknowledges His sovereign right to rule as Master and Lord. She confesses most promptly at His dear feet her submission to His will. These were the feelings of her heart, poured forth in that warm, ardent response to the Saviour's call. Her submission, however, was soon tested. "Grace, though the feeblest, must surely be tried." It is no sooner called forth into exercise than it is put to the test. She appears to have "held Him by the feet" (Matt. xxviii. 9). Everything else was let go that she might cling to Him. Jesus, however, suffered it not, but said unto her, "Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to My Father." How sovereignly Jesus deals with His seeking, loving ones! Unbelieving Thomas was invited to touch Him (ver. 27); humble, loving Mary was gently told she must not do so. Perhaps it was to teach a blessed, needful lesson of self-restraint, or to intimate that henceforth her knowledge of Jesus must be by faith, not by feeling. A spiritual communion with Him, by the indwelling of His Spirit, should henceforth supersede the external communion in the flesh which she had hitherto enjoyed, and seems to have hoped to retain. Hence, Jesus reminded her of His approaching ascension. She would be no loser. The communion of the Spirit of Christ, *after His ascension*, led to a far deeper knowledge of Him than the earthly intercourse His disciples had had when He was with them. It will be seen that this fact explains many of the sayings of Jesus.

Taught these lessons, Mary humbly obeyed, and went from the presence of her Lord with a message of mercy to the brethren. She testified of what she had seen, and told what things He had spoken to her. It is sweet and sacred service to speak of Jesus, and to bear witness to the glory of His Person, as revealed by the power of His Word, from a personal experience of the same.

May the Holy Spirit bless these few thoughts to the increasing of the reader's desires after, and knowledge of, the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be all glory ascribed for ever and ever. Amen.

Leicester.

E. C.

NONE can make a Christian but He that made the world.—
Joseph Hart.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have been a reader of the SOWER and the LITTLE GLEANER for many years, and do still love to read them. Many times have I been encouraged by the facts recorded of the many dear children wrought upon by the Spirit of God, for—

“ He shall convince the world of sin,
Then lead to Jesus’ blood,”

“ for He shall testify of Me,” says Jesus. How shall we question the validity of that which leads to Christ, and takes away the guilt of sin ?

Dear young friends, if I might but be made the means of leading some of you to see and believe on the Son of God, how it would rejoice my heart ! I trust many of you who will read this do believe on Him, but I desire that others may be brought to seek for Him as “ the one thing needful ”—the object of your first desire, to be found in Him, washed in His blood, clothed in His righteousness, which His people realize by blessed experience, for those who seek shall find.

I am going to tell you how many more privileges you enjoy now than I did when I was young. No Sabbath Schools, or LITTLE GLEANER, or other instructive books had I—a long way to walk with my parents to hear the Gospel preached, and that not every Sabbath Day. We thought it a privilege to go once in two weeks. I would not say it was the Spirit of God convinced me when very young, but this I know, I had a great desire to be one of the Lord’s people ; but, seeing there were not many that were saved, and they were God’s elect, I had little hope of sharing in such a favour, and I had no one to pray for me, or that I could speak to, so as to get any encouragement. Could I have made known my desires to one of God’s faithful ministers, I thought there might be hope that they might pray for me. But no ; I bore the yoke of my sins alone for many years. Indeed, the years of my childhood were made bitter through the fear of dying in my sins, and there was no one to teach me, so that I found no help, except a portion of God’s Word did at times encourage me. This I read with diligence, but with little light.

At length, after many years of seeking and not finding, a grievous affliction befell one very dear to me. I forgot my own troubles in the midst of earnest entreaties for his salvation and restoration, which the Lord did manifestly hear and answer by restoring him, and has since made him a witness for Himself.

This did wonderfully encourage me, and now I sought Him more earnestly for my own salvation, as I hoped He had begun

to be gracious to me. I felt "Who can tell?" and day and night did I make my supplication that He would appear for me. At length I began to see my mistakes. I had been, by vows and resolutions, commending myself, and striving to obtain His favour, but this I found was not the way of salvation, and Jesus Christ, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," was blessedly opened to my believing view. Oh, how exalted He was in my heart! The New Testament was a garden of spices, of sweet flowers; yea, the comparison is too mean. But where I found the atonement, and Christ in His various characters set forth, I felt He was that for and to me, and that His work was a work done for me.

But time will fail to set Him forth. With the Church I said, "He is the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

Many years have passed since then, and mine has not been a smooth path, but my trials and afflictions have led me, from necessity, to call upon Him again and again; and, dear young friends, I have proved it is not a vain thing to wait upon the Lord. When it is morning, we know that by-and-bye it will be evening, when the clouds gather, and the sun retires. So with you. You are in the morning of life, and it may be bright life; but the Lord bless and make it more so. But know this—it will not always last. The wise man says, "Ye know not what a day may bring forth." Nevertheless, the Lord mercifully says, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble," and He is God, and not man, and I have proved Him as good as His word, therefore I desire still to rest upon Him, trusting in His faithfulness, and the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. May you be taught to seek Him in the morning of your days, so shall you be saved from many a snare during life, for "the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death," and

"Behold the Book, whose leaves display
Jesus, the Life, the Truth, the Way;
Read it with diligence and prayer;
Search it, for such oft find Him there."

A LOVER OF THE YOUNG.

WE often come off better than we expect, and always better than we deserve.—*J. W. Green, 1770.*

WE are not surprised to learn that it has been decided to erect a new Roman Catholic chapel at Gorleston, near Yarmouth. An advanced Ritualistic incumbent has been labouring in the parish for some time, and now the Romanists intend to step in and reap an abundant harvest from his labours. Ritualism is invariably the forerunner of Popery.

A PRIEST'S PARADISE.

"ANGLO-CELT" contributes the following interesting article to the columns of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* :—

It is said that the Pope's special Envoy to Ireland expressed his surprise at the prosperity of the priesthood in that country; and well he might, for he must have been struck with the marked contrast which exists between his own country—Italy—where the churches are fast becoming ruins, and the brand-new blue limestone edifices which are studded all over the Green Isle. If large and well-finished churches, comfortable and imposing residences, well-stocked stables with the finest of horse-flesh, are any indications of wealth and luxury, certainly the Home Rule priests of Ireland live in an earthly paradise.

Those precious gentlemen were exempt till lately from income tax, in consideration of their office and influence; and they yet manage to evade the unwelcome tax *so successfully* that it is almost impossible to estimate their enormous incomes. The priests of Ireland are, without doubt, the ablest financiers of the day. Their incomes are derived from various sources, the chief of which are the following :—

1. The weekly contributions on Sundays and Saints' days.
2. The Christmas and Easter dues.
3. The offerings at funerals and baptism fees.
4. The fees at marriages and for extreme unction.
5. The fees and offerings at "*stations*."
6. The income from "burial societies" and legacies, &c., left for Masses for the dead.

The above list does not exhaust the sources of their income. The spirit and wine merchants keep their cellars well supplied. If the parish priest happens to be a farmer, his corn his cut, his hay is saved, and his "turf is drawn" home.

For the last ten or twelve years I have made the income of the priests a special study, and the more I have investigated the subject, the more astonished I have been.

In order to illustrate my statements, I give the following facts. Let me say, by way of preface, that the *way* and *manner* of the raising of the money differ slightly in the different dioceses. I take my facts from a town in one of the midland counties in the diocese of Ossory or Carlow. It is a town of two thousand five hundred inhabitants, with two large districts outside, having a chapel in each. The town church is large, and is filled at *each Mass* on Sundays and Saints' days. There are several Masses on Sundays, and two at least any other day. "*Gate money*" is *compulsory* on Sundays and Saints' days, optional on other days,

except when there is a mission. The average takings on Sundays, &c., are £7 10s. in the parish church, and £5 in the district chapels; total, £12 10s. Remember that all who *are able* to attend Mass *must* go, and no one is admitted without paying. As a rule, they have a "silver gate" and a "copper gate," and the parish priest is generally to be seen, in a sort of sentry box, at the gate, superintending the offerings! I could relate funny stories about his *Reverence at the gate*.

Say that there are sixty such days in the year, including Saints' days, we can fairly estimate this small item in the income at £150 a year!

But the weekly offerings, however liberal, must not be compared with the Easter and Christmas "dues." On those festival occasions may be seen a set of clerks at the chapel gates fully occupied in registering the amounts given by the wealthy tradesmen, wealthy farmers, and the rank and file of the poor!

Large and small sums are freely commented upon by the lookers-on. The "dues" range from £10 downwards to 2s. 6d. The knowledge that the amounts contributed will be *read out from the altar* on the following Sunday is a powerful motive to give largely.

Inasmuch as the priests have a contempt for balance-sheets, which they never issue, it is impossible to give anything like an exact estimate of the large sums taken on these occasions; yet if I were to say £300 at Christmas, and the same at Easter, I should be below the mark. In giving this large sum as being near the truth, your readers must remember the crowds who go to chapel on those days, and the compulsory nature of the so-called "offerings." All give, and all have to give, large sums. It is a *tax*, and not an offering.

Let me take Nos. 3 and 4 together. The Irish Roman Catholic priest possesses a thorough knowledge of human nature; therefore, he levies his most exorbitant tax on the most solemn events in one's life. The fees and charges, especially at marriages and funerals, are cruel beyond description. As far as I could find out, I found that the very lowest fee for marriage is one pound. A policeman has to pay *five pounds*! A custom prevails in some districts of levying a rate upon the fortune of the bride of five per cent. Should she have £500, the fee would be £25, and so on. A license costs the priest only 3s. 6d., which he sells for £1. Thus we see that, in a country where there are no civil marriages to speak about, and where the bulk of the people belong to the Roman Catholic Church, the fees for marriage must amount to a high figure.

Funerals, however, form the priest's harvest. All the powers of heaven and earth are invoked in order to swell the amounts

collected at the last office for the dead. Strange to say, the priest seldom goes to the grave with the body, unless specially retained by a big fee. He completes his work at the house before the procession starts. Mass being finished, and the clay blessed and deposited, the table is arranged, and the clerks are seated, the bell is sounded, and forthwith business begins! The richest come first, and show a good example; then come the mourners and relatives, and lastly come the public. Out of respect, out of pity, out of compassion, the crowds press forward, and, in the presence of the priest and his helpers, place their contributions down, which are at once registered by one of the presiding clerks. No sum less than 2s. 6d. is taken in this special district, but often a £5 note is deposited on the table. It is no uncommon thing for the parish priest to receive £25 at a funeral! Be the family ever so poor—be a widow and children left—not one farthing is ever given to them, for it all goes to fill the pockets of the bachelor priest! Be it remembered that the numbers who attend funerals in Ireland are many times more numerous than those who attend in England.

Next as to “stations.” No farm-house is considered safe and holy without a “station” once a year. During Advent and Lent, the priest of the parish holds a “station” in each county house, sometimes without the invitation of the owner. The priest demands ten shillings or upwards from the owner of the house, and one shilling each from all the neighbours, who are bound to attend.

Those curious observances go on for ten weeks, four days in the week, carried on by three priests, each year. Not only do the farmer and his labourers lose their money, but also their valuable time.

“Burial Societies” are not the same as those called by that name in England. Their proper name should be “Purgatory Societies.” The bulk of the subscriptions go for Masses for the repose of the souls of the departed members. The sums thus netted by the priests are exceedingly large. The laws of *mortmain* are cleverly evaded by these societies.

Now for the gross income of the average priest in a county-town parish in Ireland. I am within the mark when I say that it is over £1,500 a year. Out of this he has to pay his curates, but they seldom get more than £10 or £15 a year, with board and lodging. Their splendid horses are also kept by the parish priest. The expenses connected with the chapels are not large. They are seldom heated, seldom lighted (for very few of them are open in the evenings), and less seldom cleaned. Repairs, &c., are paid for by *special rates*, laid on the parishioners.

This remarkable feature in the parishes of Ireland is worthy of

a separate letter. Perhaps some abler hand than mine may take up the pen and do it justice.

What an interesting operation it would be to investigate the wills of the Irish bishops and priests!

THE ORDER OF THE WHITE ROSE.

THE Indian and Colonial Protestant Mission has forwarded a memorial to the Queen containing the following paragraph. A formal reply has been received from the Home Secretary, stating that the memorial has been graciously received by Her Majesty:—

“That, it having come to the knowledge of the Indian and Colonial Protestant Mission that a Roman Catholic Society, calling itself ‘The White Rose,’ is notoriously in existence, having for its object the placing a Romanist and supposed descendant of the House of Stuart on the throne of Great Britain, and as the Act of Settlement has already secured and fixed for ever the Protestant succession to the throne, the members and friends of the Indian and Colonial Protestant Mission view with justifiable indignation this treasonable attack which is being secretly made by Papists upon your illustrious person and throne and most humbly request that a Royal Commission may be appointed, with a view of ascertaining whether any person or persons connected, either directly or indirectly, with the order of ‘The White Rose’ hold any office, position, trust, or responsibility under your Majesty’s Government at home or abroad.”

CATHOLICS IN CANADA.

THE Catholics of the Dominion have secured seventy-five per cent. of the school taxes of Quebec for the support of their schools. This leaves the amount for non-Catholic schools so small that it has to be supplemented by a charge on the pupils in the common schools of fifty cents a month, and on those in the high schools of from fifteen to fifty dollars a year, according to grade. The Provincial Government has incorporated the Society of Jesus, and granted them £67,000. This has occurred under Home Rule in Quebec. What may be expected in an island nearer Rome, when under similar circumstances? And how these religionists are growing in America! In Puritan New England, for instance, there are 906 priests, 233 seminarists, between 600 and 700 churches, 133 chapels, 45 colleges and academies, 205 parochial schools, with more than 60,000 pupils, 36 charitable institutions, and all this in a population of about 1,185,000. It is no wonder that clear-sighted men are becoming very uneasy about the future, if the aggressions of these denominationalists are not arrested.



"THAT SEEMS A NICE PIECE OF MUTTON YOU HAVE GOT." (See page 32.)

LUKE HEYWOOD, THE SOLDIER OF FORT GEORGE.

DURING the middle part of last century, the parish of Resolis was blessed with one of the most eminently useful and laborious ministers that the Church of Christ has ever seen. When the name of Mr. Hector M'Phail meets the eye of the more northern reader, it will recall to memory not a few of those striking anecdotes current among the older inhabitants of the district in which his labours were best known, and which may be stated generally as lying along the shores of the Beaully and Cromarty Friths. This remarkable man is said to have been awakened to spiritual concern after he had entered on the work of the ministry, and to have continued under deep distress for a period of no less than seven years, during three of which his mental sufferings were so great that he never knew what it was to have a night's complete rest. While in this state of protracted anxiety—or, as the Gaelic people expressively term it, while under "law-work"—he made a solemn vow that, should the Lord be pleased to grant him a sense of pardoning mercy, and clear views of his personal interest in Christ, he would never pass a sinner, with whom an opportunity for conversing should occur, without directing his attention to the great concerns of eternity, and pointing him to that Saviour to whom he himself had been led. So strictly did Mr. M'Phail observe this vow that his little white pony, the unfailling companion of his almost endless journeys, learned in no long time to halt of his own accord whenever it overtook a traveller; and not unfrequently, amid the bewildering darkness of night, as the icy blasts swept down from the hills over the wild solitudes of the Maol-bhui, did the sagacity of his four-footed Highland bearer remind the faithful servant of Christ that a fellow-sinner was at hand, to whom he had pledged himself to deliver a Saviour's message and declare a Saviour's love. With him, seeking the salvation of souls was a work calling forth a self-denial and devotedness almost apostolic in its type. Not unfrequently has he been known to draw some Highland herdboy to his side, and after leading his mind to the awful importance of divine things, to urge upon him the importance of prayer in future—a method by which he conceived the youth was most likely to be impressed.

It is said that, on one occasion, when riding in the company of a brother minister, the travellers were overtaken, near Inverness, by the equipage of one of the Lords of Justiciary, who was to preside in the circuit court about to be held that day. Mr. M'Phail suggested to his brother minister that this might be a glorious opportunity of doing some spiritual good to an influential man of the world, and urged him to assist in improving the

precious and unlooked-for moment. His companion, however, being most probably one of those rule and plummet ministers whose favourite Scripture maxim is, "Let everything be done decently and in order," was not carried away by his zeal beyond the bounds of propriety, and politely declined the invitation. But Mr. M'Phail had long learned to "be instant," not only "in season," but also "out of season," so the willing propensities of the white pony were again put in requisition. Riding forward to the carriage, Mr. M'Phail respectfully addressed his lordship, and, after a prefatory remark or two, reminded him that the proceedings in which the Court was to engage were emblematic of another judgment-seat, at which his lordship must appear, not as a judge upon the bench, but as a panel at the bar, entreating him at the same time, with respectful but affectionate earnestness, to weigh well the nature of his case, and to commit it in time into the hands of the great Advocate with the Father, who can never be an unsuccessful pleader, because He Himself is the Propitiation for our sins. His lordship appeared impressed with the address which he had heard, thanked Mr. M'Phail most warmly for his ministerial faithfulness, and invited him to become his guest at the close of the Court.

Many such anecdotes are told of this amiable and laborious man, and numerous were the instances in which these "out-of-season" efforts in his Master's cause were savingly blessed to the souls which, "by *any* means," he sought to win. Among the rest, the following is perhaps one of the most remarkable.

The parish of Resolis is situated on the southern shore of the Frith of Cromarty, lying immediately to the east of the well-known Ferrintosh. In order to reach it from the coast of Nairn, one would require to cross the ferry of Fort George, and strike athwart the peninsula district known by the name of the Black Isle. After a journey of some eight or nine miles over an immense wilderness of the most dreary moorland, lying along the entire back of the peninsula, you reach the church and manse of Resolis, situated in a spot which has lately been rendered a little more civilized-looking than the desert around.

At the period of our story, Fort George was garrisoned by an English regiment, which partook of the unusually profligate and debauched character of the British army at that time. As the neighbouring town of Campbelton is at some distance from the Fort, wooden shambles had been erected close to the water's edge, immediately below the garrison, to serve as a meat-market for the convenience of the military.

Having occasion one day to travel homewards by the route which, for more than one purpose, we have described, Mr. M'Phail was detained for some little time below the Fort by the delay

of the ferry-boat, which had to be summoned over from the opposite side. While he was standing at the water's edge, with his inseparable white companion, a soldier came into the shambles to purchase some meat, and asked the price of a quarter of mutton. The butcher named the sum. With a frightful oath, in which he pledged the everlasting salvation of his soul, the man refused to give the price, but ultimately, after a good deal of wrangling, agreed to the butcher's terms, and took up the meat to go away. All this while Mr. M'Phail, who was standing outside the shambles, overheard the conversation within, and, shocked at the awful language by which the soldier had pledged his soul, was watching for an opportunity of addressing him upon the imminent danger of his condition. No sooner, therefore, had the man left the market, than Mr. M'Phail contrived to throw himself in his way and to engage him in conversation.

"A fine day, soldier."

"A fine day, sir," replied the man, touching his cap.

"Do you belong to the Fort?"

"Yes, sir, and a dull enough place it is; nothing but drill and the blues."

"You are an Englishman, I see. What is your name?"

"Luke Heywood, your honour."

"That seems a nice piece of mutton you have got."

"So it is, sir, and cheap too."

"What did you give for it, may I ask?"

The soldier named the price.

"Oh, my friend," replied Mr. M'Phail, "you have given more than that."

Luke Heywood looked astonished.

"No, sir, I gave no more. There's the man I bought it from, and he can tell you what it cost."

"Pardon me, friend; you have given your immortal soul for it. You prayed that God might damn your soul if you gave the very price you have just named; and now what is to become of you?"

The ferry-boat was announced as ready, and Mr. M'Phail stepped on board, while Luke Heywood walked off with his purchase, and entered the Fort. Throwing off his cap, he sat down upon a form in the barracks, and in a short time his reflections turned upon his conversation with the stranger at the ferry. The gentleman's parting words were still fresh in his memory—"You have given your immortal soul for it; and now what is to become of you?" "Really," thought he, "the stranger was quite right. I have a soul, though I had almost forgotten it; and I have pawned it for a bit of mutton, too. Well, I didn't mean that; but I have done it though; and now what is to become of

me?" The thought, even to a profligate, was anything but an agreeable one, so he tried to banish the occurrence from his memory. But it would not do. Conscience was at its work, and refused to still its voice. The words of the stranger were pealing in his ears like the death-knell of his soul—"You have given your immortal soul for it; and now what is to become of you?"

In a perfect agony of terror he started from his seat, rushed bare-headed from the Fort, and arrived, all flushed and breathless, at the ferry in quest of Mr. M'Phail.

"Where is the gentleman?" cried Luke to the butcher.

"What gentleman?" inquired the other.

"The gentleman dressed in black clothes, and with a white pony, who told me that my soul was lost?"

"Oh, you mean Mr. M'Phail. He's the minister of Resolis, and you will have to go far enough till you catch him, for he has crossed more than half-an-hour ago."

The ferry-boat being about to make a second passage across the water, Luke Heywood entered it, with the design of following the stranger with whose words he had been so painfully impressed. Inquiring of the ferry-men the route he must follow, Luke leaped from the boat as it touched the point of Fortrose, and started afresh upon his intensely exciting pursuit. We know not the feelings of the agitated traveller as he rushed, bare-headed, through the little town of Rosemarkie, or toiled, all flushed and heated, across the weary solitudes of the Maol-bhui. We have not been informed regarding the astonishment of the shepherd or the cotter as an excited soldier hastily inquired whether he had seen anything of a clergyman upon a white pony, which was all the description he could give. He arrived, however, towards evening, at the manse of Resolis, and on demanding eagerly to see Mr. M'Phail, was immediately admitted. We know not how to reconcile the statement with the rules of military discipline, but so it was, that Luke remained at Resolis all that night and the two following days, during the greater part of which time he was closely closeted with the minister.

Mr. M'Phail's study was not a confessional, albeit many a poor soul had gone thither to ask counsel of the man of God; and if the walls of that little old room had but retained a transcript of the experiences to which the minister had been called to listen, how interesting the record they would now have presented of the spiritual difficulties which Mr. M'Phail had to meet—how useful to those who are entrusted with the same momentous office, and have the like responsible duties to fulfil! Numerous, however, and varied as were the spiritual cases on which this singularly godly man had been consulted, it may be questioned whether he had ever been called to deal with an ex-

perience such as Luke Heywood's. His was indeed a rare case, for into those two short days was condensed, as to its leading facts, the history which, with Mr. M'Phail, had stretched over a period of more than seven years. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." How strikingly was this passage illustrated within the study at Resolis, as the minister and the soldier knelt down together on the evening of the second day! Both were extreme specimens of the two great modes of conversion—the gradual and the sudden. He whose voice you now hear uplifted in holy thanksgiving laboured for seven long and weary years under a "horror of great darkness," unable to appropriate as his own the Saviour of sinners; while he who kneels beside him, and weeps with joy unspeakable over a newly-found peace with God, but two days ago was foremost in the ranks of profligacy. His curse was loudest and deepest; his revelry the wildest and most unbridled, even amid the sottish jollity of the canteen; and yet of him it can be predicated just as certainly as of the other, that he is now "born of the Spirit." Doubtless, the gradual method of conversion is the Spirit's usual way—to lead it through a course of careful, anxious, all-absorbing inquiry, to the full realization of a saving interest in the work of Christ—so that the progress from "grace in the blade" to "grace in the ear"* may be very gradual and very slow. This, we repeat, is the Spirit's usual way; and, for our own part, we are far more disposed to trust the depth and genuineness of the ordinary than of the extraordinary manifestations of a work of grace, in so far at least as this is to be judged of by its symptoms. But still it cannot be doubted, without doing great violence both to Scripture and observation, that there have been, and still are, cases in which the omnipotent Spirit of God has dispensed with the employment of ordinary means; and like the wind, which, "blowing as it listeth," does not always breathe in soft and balmy zephyrs, but anon, though seldom, bursts forth with the fierceness of the tornado to annihilate, with almost lightning suddenness, every obstacle that would arrest its tempest path, even such is the unfettered agency of that free, sovereign Spirit, who will not only "have mercy on whom He will have mercy," but who will also *manifest* His saving grace in whatever way He pleases. Both the minister and the soldier were, we have said, types of the two opposite methods of conversion; and as they knelt down together to offer up their parting prayer, might not each have felt how

* See Nos. 10 and 11 of Newton's Letters, originally published under the signatures of "Omicron" and "Vigil."

true were the words of one who had himself been changed like Luke Heywood, rather than like Mr. M'Phail—"There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all"?

But we must leave Mr. M'Phail in the study of Resolis, and accompany Luke back to the garrison of Fort George. Happy we, if we can join him in the "new song" with which he wakes the echoes of the moorland wilds on his way back through the Maol-bhui—

"He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way."

Like the woman of Samaria, Luke Heywood now began to feel a love for the souls of others, and, with David, to say to his comrades, "Come, and I will tell you what God hath done for my soul." The Word was "as fire within his bones," and he "could not but speak the things which he had seen and heard." He accordingly began to hold small prayer-meetings in the barracks, and to expound the Scriptures to his fellow-soldiers. By degrees, however, the piety and zeal of the former profligate became known throughout the district. The people of God were amazed when they heard that, like Paul, he that had scoffed at them "in times past, now preached the faith which once he destroyed; and they glorified God in him." His prayer-meetings attracted others than the military, and the people began to flock from the neighbouring parishes to hear the expositions of this wonderful man. An old relation of the writer used to come down among the crowd from the parish of Ardelach, a distance of about *sixteen miles* from Fort George; and his informant was personally acquainted with a godly old schoolmaster who had been a fellow-soldier of Luke's, and a very wild and thoughtless young man he was, but who, along with many others, owed his conversion to these prayer-meetings among the garrison.

But matters could not long continue thus without exciting the enmity and opposition of the ungodly. The captain of Luke's company was particularly active in his hostility to these meetings, and often threatened the godly soldier with the lash. Sending for him, on one occasion, he told him that he was going from the Fort that day, and added, with a tremendous oath, that if on his return he should hear that Luke had been holding any more of these conventicles, he would order him so many lashes. On hearing this intimation, Luke was silent for a few minutes; then, looking at his officer, he replied, "Sir, if you ever return alive, God never spoke by me"—an answer almost identical with that

of the Prophet Micaiah to Ahab: "If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me." The issue proved that the Spirit of God was even then speaking by the lips of Luke. The captain and a brother officer went to shoot in the neighbourhood of Culloden, and as the former was crouching behind a hedge, in the act of watching the approach of some deer, his comrade (a younger brother of his own, as we have been informed), mistaking him for large game, took a hasty aim at the moving object, and shot him dead upon the spot.

The regiment was soon afterwards ordered to England, and it was reported that Luke purchased his discharge from the army, and became an eminently useful Dissenting minister. He ceased to be a soldier of King George, that he might become a soldier of the cross; and we have no doubt that the walls of his meeting-house would often echo with the words, "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry, who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief."

THE WORD IN THE HEART.

A NEGLECTED Bible is the melancholy proof of a heart "alienated from God," for how can we have a spark of love to Him if that Book, which is the full manifestation of His glory, be despised? And yet a superficial acquaintance with it is of no avail. If our ear were bored to the door of the sanctuary—if the words never departed from our eyes—yet, except they were "kept in the heart," our religion would be a notion, not a principle; conviction, not love; speculative, not practical. Nor even here must they possess the mere threshold. Let that be for the world. Let the Word be "kept in the midst of the heart." Here only can it be operative, for "out of the heart are the issues of life." Here it becomes lively and substantial truth. Here, then, let a home be made for it—a consecrated sanctuary in the most honoured chambers, "in the midst of the heart."

This inhabitation of the Word is a covenant promise—the test of our interest in the Lord and in His people. This "keeping of the Word" will be "life to those that find it." Vigorous and healthy will be the soul that feeds on this heavenly manna.—*Bridge.*

PRAYER is the best piece of the Christian's armour, and trouble of various kinds is the best sand-paper to keep his armour bright.—*Henry Fowler.*

THE GARDENS.

BY THE LATE W. JAY, OF BATH.

“ Did not I see thee in the garden with Him ? ”—JOHN xviii. 26.

WHILE within my garden roving,
 And my senses all are fed,
 Rising from these loved attractions,
 I'm to nobler subjects led :
 Other gardens
 Here in musings oft I tread.

First, I enter Eden's garden,
 Yielding pain, and profit too ;
 Adam here, while sinless standing,
 Nought of fear or sorrow knew :
 But what changes
 Did from his offence ensue !

Then, with hope and joy reviving,
 To Gethsemane I go,
 And approach, in that dread garden,
 Jesus, bearing all my woe :
 From His anguish
 All my ease and safety flow.

In the garden where they laid Him,
 With the Marys there I sit ;
 Weeping, till I see Him rising,
 And embrace His piercèd feet :
 King of terrors,
 Now I can thy frownings meet.

In the Church—the Saviour's garden—
 Trees, and plants, and flowers I see ;
 Guarded, watered, trained, and cherished,
 Blooming immortality :
 All transplanted
 From thy soil, O Calvary.

But, above all gardens precious,
 See the heavenly paradise ;
 There the tree of life is bearing ;
 There the springs of glory rise :
 And the richness
 Every want and wish supplies.

There the foot no thorn e'er pierces ;
 There the heart ne'er heaves a sigh ;
 There in white we walk with Jesus,
 All our loved connections by ;
 And to reach it
 'Tis a privilege to die.

MEMOIR OF A CONVERTED JEWESS.

[The following interesting account is contained in a small volume, which we believe is now out of print. It was put into our hand by a friend, who thought it might prove interesting and useful to many of our readers. With this object in view we purpose to give it in chapters monthly, and we pray that the divine blessing may attend its reprint in our pages.—ED.]

THE godly reader who delights in observing how the Triune Jehovah "leads the blind by a way that they knew not," even to Himself, will find abundant cause for adoring His forbearance, mercy, and love in bringing the subject of the following memoir "out of darkness into His marvellous light, from the power of Satan to the kingdom of God's dear Son, from death unto life." If any reader, not acquainted with these words in Holy Writ, should be startled at the awful condition in which they exhibit all of Adam born, may the Spirit of the living God cause him to discern, desire, and experience the height of blessedness to which those are raised in whom redeeming love has wrought this mighty change.

Maria — was born of Jewish parents in affluent circumstances, and being from infancy a very interesting child, she was much beloved by her grandfather and grandmother, at whose house she passed many hours of her childhood, especially on the Sabbath. This sacred day, as well as the fasts and ceremonies prescribed by the Mosaic law, was strictly observed by them.

Maria's disposition was peculiarly free from selfishness; it was also remarkable for great sweetness and vivacity.

Ere the bloom of youth had passed away, and while anticipations of happiness gilded every thought of the future, it was the will of Him "who doeth all things well"—of Him who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind"—to cloud the scene below; and in the seclusion of a sick room, and on the bed of suffering, to open her spiritual eye to those pleasures which are at His right hand for evermore.

By a fall down a steep flight of stairs, Maria seriously injured her spine, and from that period the slightest movement occasioned acute pain. A case so deplorable excited general commiseration. A lady who frequently called to make inquiries was, on one occasion, told that there was no perceptible amendment, when from the accidental opening of an inner door she heard the cry of anguish. The mercy of God instantly suggested the desire to tell her of her Saviour—the God of patience and consolation. Though the apparent impracticability of gaining admission chilled her hopes, yet the idea was never absent from

her mind. He "from whom all holy desires, good counsels, and just works do proceed," blessed her endeavours by opening the way. With messages expressive of sympathy, she occasionally sent fruit and flowers. The basket was one day brought back by Maria's sister, with many thanks for Miss P——'s attention, and with the unexpected, but welcome, request that she would call upon her. The pleasure excited by this invitation was checked by the consciousness of her incompetency to address a Jewess on religious subjects; but looking to Him whose "strength is made perfect in weakness," she sought to subdue the trepidation with which she first entered the chamber of the poor sufferer. After having listened to the detail of pains which her solicitude and attention were subsequently permitted often to alleviate, Miss P—— requested permission to read to her, having selected those Psalms which she deemed most applicable to her situation. Maria assented, adding, she frequently read the Psalms, and had committed several to memory, which she repeated during her sleepless nights.

On her complaining that the Bible she used was so heavy that she could not hold it long, her friend left her own pocket Bible, with some tracts. These were all returned in a few days, with a message stating that Miss —— was too ill to receive visitors. Maria afterwards acknowledged that this repulse arose from the suspicion that Miss P—— was anxious to convert her. Being still desirous to possess a small Bible, she asked her father to procure one, who, instead of doing so, brought her some narratives. After reading them, she expressed her disappointment at not receiving a Bible, to which she could refer repeatedly. He had the kindness to send for some of the smaller editions, from which one was selected, having the New Testament. Maria frequently said that her father, in giving her that Book, bestowed a treasure greater than all he possessed. At the first favourable opportunity, she showed it with much delight to Mrs. B——, who, whilst turning over the leaves, said, "Let the first words I read to you from this beautiful Book be from St. John's Gospel"; but, perceiving a smile, she added, "Recollect, Maria, you will pain me exceedingly if you laugh at the name of Jesus." With her usual amiability she assured her that, if it made her uneasy, she would not. In answer to Mrs. B——'s remark, "Either you or I must be materially wrong," she replied that the difference between Jews and Christians frequently embarrassed her. In after days, Maria allowed that passages then read from the first three chapters struck her as agreeing with others in the Psalms.

Whilst looking at the print which represented the crucifixion, her thoughts reverted to a book which she had formerly read, detailing the idolatry of the Roman Catholic religion, and the

persecutions and horrid sufferings which her people had endured in the dungeons of the Inquisition. Hence the fear of falling into the sin of venerating pictures, and of worshipping images, which God has so decidedly forbidden (Deut. vii. 25, 26), deterred her, during three weeks, from opening the Bible. Maria's fears were at length allayed by Mrs. B—— assuring her that Protestants neither worship images nor venerate pictures, but deem it no sin to look at them; and she entreated her rather to let them be cut out of the Book, than neglect the Word of God. Maria appeared satisfied, and listened attentively whilst Mrs. B—— read some of those passages which prove that Christ should arise from the tribe of Judah and family of David; and before Mrs. B—— quitted Maria, she succeeded in persuading her to re-admit Miss P——, who adopted a course of reading which led her to take increasing interest in the prophecies relative to the restoration of the Jews to the land promised "to Abraham and to his seed, for an everlasting possession." She quickly committed those passages to memory; desired others to be marked, that she might learn some every day; and was pleased to hear that many students of prophecy expect the speedy return of her people. She dwelt with evident satisfaction on her descent from Abraham, supposing that the title, "Father of the Faithful," expressed his relation to her own people only. "I cannot think what the Gentiles have to do with the Messiah," was then her language. Her objection was answered in the words of her own Prophets—"My name shall be great among the Gentiles" (Mal. i. 11); "In that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek" (Isa. xi. 10; xlii. 1—6); and again (xlix. 6), referring expressly to the Messiah—"I will also give Thee for a light to the Gentiles, that Thou mayest be My salvation unto the end of the earth," &c. Maria listened, but still limited to her own nation the blessings promised to "his seed," not then distinguishing between those which are temporal, and belong to them exclusively, and those of a spiritual nature, promised to "his seed, which is Christ," and in reference to which Abraham was "made a father of many nations" (Gen. xvii. 4, 5; Rom. iv. 11, 12). She listened attentively to those passages in Genesis which exhibit his obedience of faith.

The controversial papers between Mr. Cunninghame and Rabbi Crool having been lent to Miss P——, she ventured to read the statement relative to the fulfilment of the denunciations of wrath in Deuteronomy xxviii., and to remind Maria that these heavy punishments had commenced soon after the crucifixion of Jesus, and in consequence of the rejection of their true Messiah by the Jewish nation. But her brilliant eyes sparkled and her cheek

was flushed with indignation at assertions so repugnant to her preconceived opinions, and she resolved, on Miss P——'s departure, that she should never again be admitted.

During the foregoing conversation, frequent references had been made to Isaiah and Daniel; and, when reflecting upon the passages which had been adduced from those Prophets, as well as from the New Testament, Maria determined to read them all with deep attention, and from that time, whenever sufficiently free from pain and secure from interruption, she assiduously compared these prophecies with the history of Jesus in the four Gospels, and borrowed her servant's New Testament, in order to have both Books open before her. The unwelcome light that now dawned upon her mind induced her to retract her late decision with regard to Miss P——. She again sent for her, and requested that she would once more read the paper on Deuteronomy xxviii.

Miss P—— repeatedly said to her, "Maria, though you and I hold such different opinions, the one who seeks for the teaching of the Holy Spirit will be guided into the truth." "A word in season how good it is!" In her present perplexity, she did ask to be taught of God; and He failed not, in His own good time, to answer her prayer, though the enmity of the carnal (natural) mind against God prevented her own from being as yet subjected to His Word and to His Spirit.

One day, Maria told her friend that Mrs. B—— had, some time before, entreated her to read Isaiah liii., and assured her that there, as well as in all the minor Prophets, she would find passages respecting the Messiah, and added, in a tone of disappointment, "I have read them all, but I cannot tell what Mrs. B—— meant. To me Isaiah liii. appears to refer to the state of my nation." Miss P—— offered to select from different Commentaries a clear explanation, if she would meanwhile pray to God to prepare her heart for its reception. This she promised; but when it was carried and read to her, the expected visit of a relative occupied her thoughts. Fearing she might be prohibited from seeing her again, Miss P——, for the first time, knelt and committed her to the love of the Father, to the mercy of the Redeemer, and to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that her mind might be enlightened to discern the sense of this portion of divine revelation. Maria did not unite in the prayer, but appeared convinced that it was offered with a real desire for the welfare of her soul.

The contrast between the unimpaired health and buoyant spirits which she enjoyed when she last saw this relative, and her present helpless and almost hopeless state, deeply affected Maria.

In compliance with the advice which she now received, Miss P—— was again refused admittance, and during two months

she neglected the Bible and those books which had recently interested her. Afterwards, she expressed to Mrs. B—— much contrition, and dwelt on God's long-suffering in not having cut her off whilst thus sinning against her measure of light and knowledge. "It is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is Truth," and though for a time "resisted," His gracious influences were not "quenched." This "Guide into all truth" brought powerfully to her remembrance, especially during the night, many passages in the Psalms and Prophets, some of which related to the Messiah, and she felt confounded on recollecting what she had read in the Gospels of their fulfilment in Jesus. Maria had not, however, abandoned the opinion by which many persons are deluded, namely, that every one should remain in the religion of their fathers. She did not then discern the truth of the words of Jesus, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed Me, for he wrote of Me," &c. (John v. 46, 47), which refer to the types appointed throughout the Mosaic ritual, as well as to Jehovah's promise to "raise up unto Israel a Prophet from among them like unto Moses." Nor had she then discovered that, if she had believed all that the Prophets had spoken, she would have known that the Messiah must have suffered before He entered into His glory. However, a considerable change had taken place in her sentiments respecting Jesus, which was carefully concealed, lest she should be induced to receive Christianity. When no longer able to resist the conviction that "He spake as never man spake," she endeavoured to silence it by recollecting that it would disgrace a Jewess to commend "Him whom man despiseth, whom the nation abhorreth."

Should any of her nation read these pages, may they be led to consider whether it can be a disgrace to search those oracles of God which were delivered to their fathers, and to seek the teaching of that Holy Spirit whom David prayed might not be taken from him, that so they may understand who it was that said, "I will declare the decree: Jehovah hath said unto Me, Thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee" (Psa. ii. 7). By comparing the prophecies with their fulfilments, they will learn that, at the very time appointed in the counsel of Jehovah, He whom David called his Lord (Psa. cx. 1), came as "the Child born, the Son given" (Isa. ix. 6). At the period when Jesus was born in Bethlehem Ephratah, it was the expectation of the East that "He who shall have dominion" would "come out of Jacob." This brought the wise men from the East to worship Him, which so troubled Herod the king, and all Jerusalem with him, that he demanded of the chief priests and scribes where the Messiah should be born. They answered him by Micah's prediction, that "out of Bethlehem of Judæa should He come forth, to be Ruler in

Israel, whose goings forth have been from everlasting." Hence that tyrant's massacre of all the children of two years old and under, in that Bethlehem from whence Jesus had just been carried into Egypt. At the precise period foretold by Daniel, 538 years before, was "Messiah cut off, but not for Himself" (Dan. ix. 26); and soon after, "the people of the Prince that should come did destroy both the city and the sanctuary."

Children of Abraham, may the God of your fathers put His Spirit within you, that you may come unto "Him whom He hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins." Thus may Jehovah speedily fulfil His promise, "I will pour upon the house of David the spirit of grace and supplications; and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and mourn. In that day there shall be a fountain opened to them for sin and for uncleanness" (Zech. xii. 10).

(To be continued.)

SUDDEN DEATH, SUDDEN GLORY.

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching."—LUKE xii. 37.

THE late Mr. Hall, of Arnsby, Mr. Evans, of Foxton, and Mr. Christian, of Sheepshead, three eminently godly ministers of the Gospel, attended a ministers' meeting at Mr. Woodman's, Sutton in the Elms, Leicestershire. The day was solemn, and the discourses delivered were very interesting and appropriate.

In the evening, these ministers spent their time together in the most agreeable conversation. Amongst other subjects, one of them proposed for discussion that passage in Job ix. 23—"If the scourge slay suddenly, He will laugh at the trial of the innocent." Deep seriousness pervaded the conversation, while each minister gave his thoughts on the text. When it came to Mr. Christian's turn to speak, he dwelt on the subject with an unusual degree of feeling. He considered it as referring to the sudden death of the righteous, and was expatiating very largely on the desirableness of such an event, and the happy surprise with which it would be attended, when, amidst a flood of rapturous tears, he took his flight from the world while the words were yet faltering on his tongue.

At their next social meeting, Mr. Woodman preached on the occasion from 2 Kings ii. 11—"And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." This affecting circumstance is the subject of the following lines—

Which is the happiest death to die ?

“ Oh,” said one, “ if I might choose,
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit, ere it fly,

With bright celestial views.

Mine were a lingering death, without pain—

A death which all might love to see,

And mark how bright and sweet should be
The victory I should gain !

Fain would I catch a hymn of love

From the angel harps which ring above ;

And sing it as my parting breath

Quivered and expired in death,

So that those on earth might hear

The harp-notes of another sphere ;

And mark, when nature faints and dies,

What springs of heavenly life arise ;

And gather, from the death they view,

A ray of hope to light them through,

When they should be departing too.”

“ No,” said another, “ so not I.

Sudden as thought is the death I would die ;

I would suddenly lay my shackles by,

Nor bear a single pang at parting,

Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,

Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,

Nor feel the hands of love that press me,

Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,

Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking—

So would I die !

All bliss, without a pang to cloud it !

All joy, without a pain to shroud it !

Not slain, but caught up, as it were,

To meet my Saviour in the air !

So would I die !

Oh, how bright were the realms of light,

Bursting at once upon my sight !

Even so I long to go ;

These parting hours, how sad and slow !”

His voice grew faint, and fixed was his eye,

As if gazing on visions of ecstasy :

The hue of his cheek and lips decayed,

Around his mouth a sweet smile played—

They looked—he was dead—his spirit had fled !

Painless and swift as his own desire,

The soul undressed from her mortal vest,

Hath stepped in her car of heavenly fire,

And proved how bright were the realms of light,

Bursting at once upon the sight !

—Edmeston.

GLIMPSSES OF THE PAST.

ANN HEADDING.

WHEN the Lord gives a soul real love to His truth—an appetite for it, hungering and thirsting, which He alone can satisfy—with a desire to walk in all the ordinances of His appointment, there may be hindrances and difficulties in the way, but the necessity is too great for these to remain long. According to the old saying, “Where there is a will, there is a way.” Some of our ancestors gave us practical examples of this when, for long distances, over bad roads, in all weathers, and in the face of persecution, they went in search of God’s truth, and to meet with those to whom they felt a union of spirit, and perhaps no very comfortable spot when they did meet—a barn, with a few forms, and the wind and rain driving through the cracks; but the Word of the Lord was precious in those days.

I hear one say, “Yes, but they were people of much stronger faith than the present generation.” Not all of them, as the following account of this gracious woman, which has been preserved, will testify. Though weak in faith, and often filled with doubts and fears, these did not prevent her from facing the difficulties and dangers that stood in her way of a constant attendance on the means of grace, because she could say—

“There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
There God my Saviour reigns.”

And we would advise our friends who are often fearing and trembling, to follow her example in frequent reading of God’s Word, with prayer, and a constant attendance on the means of grace, and they will find it a safe path. Look upon it that you who go to hear are as much expected there as the minister, and then doubtless hearer and preacher will rejoice together.

A granddaughter of this good woman still resides in the same neighbourhood.

Ann Headding, of Bourn, Cambridgeshire, was the wife of a farmer, and daughter of Mr. Osbourn, of Willingham, a much-respected member and deacon of the Church of Christ there. Mrs. Headding was for many years an honourable member of the Church of Christ at Great Gransden. She was an intelligent woman, possessing a general knowledge of human nature, and a deep sense of her own depravity. When she spoke of the exercises of her mind, it was most commonly evident that she laboured under many doubts and fears about her own interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. She had passed through many and great trials and persecutions from some of her nearest relatives, but it

was remarkable how diligent and how constant she was at the house of God, though the distance from her home was some miles across the country, and bad roads, extremely difficult for a person in years to travel. Her heart was in the service of God, and at His house, and she brought her poor afflicted body there to present as a living sacrifice. Till the last two Sabbaths of her life she came to God's house, though then in the seventy-first year of her age, riding on a horse, when she appeared like a shadow indeed. Her friends, considering the distance, weakness, and age, urged the necessity of her staying at home, fearing some accident might attend her on her journey, as she had not sufficient strength to guide the horse, which, however, had been so long accustomed to the road that it brought her with the greatest safety, through the kindness of Divine Providence, on which she was taught to rely. But her reply was, that "her Sabbaths were her best days," and she never perceived that she took any cold or received any injury from the air or exercise on the Lord's Day, though it is well known in the neighbourhood that, during the week, it was with great difficulty that she passed from one room to the other. Her coming to meeting attracted the attention of many, even to astonishment, some saying she would die on her journey; others, that, though they made no account of religion themselves, yet they believed, from her example, as to her frequent reading of the Scriptures, and speaking on the subject of religion, that if there was a reality in religion, she most undoubtedly possessed it. Her constancy at the house of God became a proverb, and it was as much expected that she should be there as that there should be a minister to preach.

During the last two or three years of her life, her end was kept in view. Her conversation generally turned upon the subject of her decease, and she became anxious that the Lord would prepare and call her home, as she was wearied of, and emptied of, love to the world. As her end drew nearer, her hopes became brighter. Her "outward man" became weaker, but the "inward man" waxed stronger and stronger. The Lord favoured her to partake of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper the last Sabbath she was at His house, when it appeared she was much affected, and said she would not be long here. She took her farewell of her friends, and that day proved to be the last that she spent among her Christian friends. She returned home with difficulty, through great weakness. Nature was breaking up. She continued, however, to sit up till the last few days, when she retired, to rise not till the heavens are no more.

The Lord was pleased to indulge her much. Upon visiting her on the evening of the Lord's Day previous to her dissolution, she told me she had heard the text, and how much the

words had been blessed to her for some days past. Indeed, it was well known by many that she had felt much of the painful part of the text—"My house is not so with God" (2 Sam. xxiii. 5). So far was her grief and sorrow, "but," says she, "'He has made with me'—ah! I never could say 'with me' till now—but 'He has made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure.' Its blessings," added she, "are all mine. It is well ordered. I can leave all and everything, from this consoling thought. Oh, the grace, the sovereign and free grace, of God to me!" That passage in Genesis xv. 1, appeared much to support her—"Fear not; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." On this she dwelt with a divine triumph. "'Exceeding and great reward,' and all my fears," said she, "are gone. I need not fear. My God has told me so. What can hurt me? He is my shield." The Lord favoured her with much of His presence, and, though her affliction was severe, yet she found so much comfort from that passage, "My grace is sufficient for thee" (2 Cor. xii. 9). In this she was made to triumph with a holy joy, expressing that she thought she had seen a beauty in, and felt a pleasure from, the text before its being blessed to her, when first labouring under concern of soul; but now, to use her own words, "The abundance of grace! It is sufficient—oh, what a mercy!—for all I am to suffer, to help to bear; for all I can want, to render me happy, to save me for ever!" upon which she dwelt with a peculiar emphasis. "Christ," says she, "is precious to my soul." Her chamber appeared next door to heaven. "I now can," she said, "see my dear Lord—my precious Jesus."

One of her children, hearing her expressing herself with such an air of triumph, and knowing her to labour with so many doubts and fears before, said, "Surely my dear mother is not mistaken?" upon which being spoken, though in a low tone of voice, to one that stood by, she heard it, and said, "Mistaken? No! I have had my fears, but they are all removed. I have now no doubts nor fears. Now my soul is happy. I long for my dear Jesus—my precious Jesus! 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' There is no condemnation—no separation."

Sometimes she would say, "My pains are great," but then would chide herself, and say, "What did my dear Lord suffer and endure for me? What is my suffering? Oh, nothing—nothing! I shall see Him—His wounded hands and side. I shall praise Him for ever and ever. I am almost at home now. Do not weep for me, but be glad I am going home to see my Christian friends—to see my dear Lord Jesus!"

With but short intervals, she enjoyed to the last the most unshaken hope and confidence of her safe and happy arrival in

her Heavenly Father's kingdom. How wonderful are the ways of God! Though all her lifetime subject to great fears and doubts, she leaves them before she leaves this world; and thus calmly she expired, on June 19th, 1817, aged seventy-one years.

“As she got nearer to finish her race,
Like a fine setting sun she looked richer in grace,
And gave a sure hope, at the end of her days,
Of rising in brighter array.”

Great Grandsden.

R. S.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

SOME OBSERVATIONS OF THE EXCELLENT MR. THOMAS COLE,
IN AN ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN EXPERIENCE, 1667.

I LIKEN the Word of God to a seal, and the heart of man to wax; and I must say, I have often seen what has been engraven on the seal, when, to my sorrow, I have not found full and suitable impressions upon my own heart. But yet, as in some old coin, some worn groats, there appears here and there a little, here and there a stroke, that discovers the value of the piece, and makes it current money, so, when I have said the best I can of my case, though I cannot present you with grace in as desirable characters as I could wish, yet, what I am, I am by grace; and if God should never do more for me in this world, I have reason to bless His name to all eternity for what He hath already done.

Before I had considered the grace of God, I was afraid of my own convictions. I durst not scrape too deep in that dunghill which lay before my door. There was enough already apparent that I knew not well what to do with. But the general consideration of the grace and mercy of God encouraged me to look farther. I thought thus—“There is a remedy to be had. Let things be as bad as bad can be, there is a Physician, and many promises of pardon and assistance”; whence I concluded that I might safely venture to know the worst of myself. I was convinced I could be saved no other way but by grace, if I could but find grace enough. But at that time, I saw more in my own sin than in God's mercy. But this put me on a farther inquiry after the grace of God, because my life lay upon it, and thus I was brought to the Gospel.

When I came to the Gospel, I met with the law in it, *i.e.*, I was for turning the Gospel into law. I began to settle myself upon Gospel duties, as repentance, humiliation, believing, praying, &c., and I know not how [or, what besides]. I forgot the promise of grace, which first brought me to the Gospel. But as I had before found that I could not answer the strictness of the

law, because my duties fell short of the rule, so I came to discover that I could not answer the spirituality of the Gospel, for I pressed after acts of grace upon a legal footing, making works of them all. I found I could neither believe nor pray as the Gospel required.

While I was in this plunge, it pleased the Lord to direct me to study the Person of Christ, whom I looked on as the great Undertaker in the work of man's salvation. And truly here I may say, according to my measure, as Paul did, "it pleased God to reveal His Son in me." God overcame my heart with this. I saw so much mercy in His mercy, so much love in His love, so much grace in His grace, that I knew not what to liken it to, and here my heart broke, I knew not how.

Belief of salvation must be grounded on [or connected with] some inward transaction between Christ and the soul. I began to consider whether any such thing had passed between Christ and me; and while I was looking this way, the Lord Jesus drew me, and took hold of me, in raising me up to a sensible reliance on Him. I never had a more lively sense of my acceptance with God, through Christ, than when I was sensible of the greatest recumbency [or dependence] on Him. When I laid most stress upon Him, I always found most strength in Him.

Before this faith came, I knew not how to secure myself against past, present, and future sins, but there was that largeness of grace, that all-sufficiency of mercy, that infinity of righteousness, discovered to me in Christ, that I found sufficient for all the days of my life. I closed with Christ for acceptance throughout the whole course of my life. I dealt with Him for all at once.

Though new guilt puts me under a necessity of making fresh application to Christ, yet still it is upon the old footing. I cannot put Christ upon doing that for me which He hath not already done. I daily apply to Christ for cleansing, which I call living by faith; and I never was under the power of this faith but I found a greater disposition in my spirit to practical holiness than at any other time.

DIVERSITY.

THE Holy Ghost, inspiring the Apostles, did not destroy the idiosyncrasies of each. We find these showing themselves forth in both Epistles and Gospels. There is the one common message, but various styles of conveying it. We have something of the same kind—our special talents and faculties—and when the Spirit of God breathes upon us, He develops our powers and talents "according to their kind."

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR CHILD,—Your letter safely to hand yesterday. I must say its contents did my very soul good, and I will tell you why. The night before, I took the Bible to try to read, but felt no heart nor interest in it, and the thought came into my mind not to kneel down to pray, feeling in such a sad, destitute state. Still, I felt I should bring guilt upon my conscience, so I ventured. I began to tell the Lord I could not pray, and begging for the promised aid of the Holy Ghost to teach me how to pray, and what to pray for, that He might be a Spirit of grace and supplication within me, for I was but as a beast before Him. So I was led on, and my heart began to be enlarged; and as I was pleading and begging for myself, all at once you were brought into my mind, and directly I began to beg on your behalf, I felt such liberty and earnestness with the Lord that, if it were His holy will, to remove you; but if not, to be with you in that lonely place, and speak a word of comfort and encouragement to your soul; and, indeed, much more than I can put down on paper. How long I was on my knees I don't know, but when I got up, my lamp was gone out; but it did seem a time of prayer with me. When your letter came in the morning, it quite broke me down, for it appeared that the Lord had fulfilled His own sweet word of promise—"Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." I am sure you have cause to

"Bless Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

I do not think you do wrong in eyeing His hand as a God of providence. David says, "They that observe these things shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

It gladdens my heart to see His holy fear kept alive in your heart. The fear of the Lord is to hate evil. It is also said to be "a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death," and I am fully persuaded in my own mind that the Lord will, in His own time, bring you forth to the light. He has not only separated you from the ungodly world, but from the empty professing world, and made you long for that salvation which He, in His love and mercy, provided for poor, guilty sinners. Then don't think He will put you off without satisfying your soul. The little intimations He has already given you are a pledge, or token, of what is yet in store for you. May He keep you faithful unto death, and then give you a crown of life. But look out for trials, afflictions, and temptations, for they are the promised lot of all God's children; and though for the time they are "not joyous, but grievous,

nevertheless, afterwards they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby."

I would just tell you a little of the solemn spot my soul was brought into, about three weeks ago, and how I was delivered from it. I have looked back sometimes upon it with fear and trembling, for, with David, I could say, "My feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped." But when I was delivered, the Lord had all the praise, and I did say from my heart, "The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad." My lips and heart united to exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." Oh, bless His precious, precious name for ever!

"The mount of danger is the place
Where He displays delivering grace;
And when united trials meet,
Will give a place of safe retreat."

Oh, my dear child, the more we know of this good, kind, gracious, loving, and sin-pardoning God, the more we must love Him, and not of constraint, but willingly. I really felt, if I got to heaven, I should sing the loudest of any there. Oh, these visits, though short, are so sweet, and prove that we are not of that number that have no changes, therefore know not God. It rejoiced me also to find that the Lord should in any measure use me as His instrument in conveying any little encouragement to your poor soul.

What I wrote respecting the "leaven" was dropped into my mind all of a sudden. I had never heard it spoken of in my life, but thinking about writing to you, the Scripture dropped into my mind, and the blessed Spirit shone upon it, and made it sweet to me first, then to you, so to Him alone belongs the praise. But in this way, you see, we are made helpers to one another, and that is how it should be.

But I must not stay to scribble more to-night. Hoping the Lord may be with you in your retirement to-morrow, and open up His sacred Word to you, and open your heart to receive it, and feed upon it, and that thanksgiving and adoration may flow from your heart in return to Him who alone is worthy, with fondest love, believe me to remain your mother and fellow-traveller, I hope, in that narrow way that leads to eternal life,

October 23rd, 1875.

ELIZA BRIGNELL.

AS the rain waiteth not for man, but wholly falls from God's appointment, so grace is not dispensed for man's deserts, but of the Lord's free bounty.—*Dr. Hawker.*

POLITICS AND POPERY.

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR MR. HULL,—I regret that politics should stand in the way of people uniting in a non-political association such as the Calvinistic Protestant Union, for the purpose of frustrating the designs of a system and a power which is the enemy of all civil and religious freedom, and which has, at the present time, an influence and a power in the Legislature, and other institutions of this country, altogether out of proportion to its real strength and just claims. And if the statistics quoted at the meetings of the Church Association, recently held in Brighton, in order to prove that Popery had not increased in so great a proportion as Protestantism had, were true—although, if it were necessary, I could prove that these statistics are altogether misleading—I consider that it is a disgrace and a scandal to the *very name* of Protestantism to have allowed the Papists to gain such a power and influence in the State as they have at the present time.

It must be well known to all Protestants who feel or take an interest in the affairs of the nation, that Papists, within the last few years, have held, and do still hold, positions whereby they are able to use a tremendous leverage for carrying out the nefarious designs of their corrupt and demoralizing system. What with endowing Romanism at the rate of £3,000 a day, a Popish Lord Chamberlain, Popish Home Secretary, Popish Viceroy, &c., truly, as Dr. Kerr said, this month, at Windsor, “we are giving our power to the beast.” And, as the same speaker said, “in order, as a nation, to be right politically, we must be right religiously. The fathers of the Reformation were Calvinists, and Calvinism, as respects the faith of God, strikes at tyranny and exalts liberty.”

But what can we say of those Calvinists of the present day who are so far involved in party politics that they willingly stand aside with folded arms, and look on with criminal indifference, while the two great enemies of all true religion, namely, Ritualism and Rationalism, are making such enormous strides in the professing, as well as the political world? Surely there must be something wrong somewhere.

Brighton, December 26th, 1888.

S. J. ABBOTT.

We thank our friend for his pointed and outspoken remarks, and gladly give them a place in the SOWER. We deeply regret that any of the Lord's people should be so in love with party politics as to keep aloof from a non-political Protestant organiza-

tion, because their party is at present in power. We have no wish to stir up party strife, but we fearlessly say that we are, and ever wish to be, most decidedly opposed to the action of any party which is contrary to the interest of our Protestant principles and Constitution. We unsparingly denounced Mr. Gladstone's compromising acts when he was Premier, and many commended us then who are very jealous of our speaking of like conduct on the part of those now in power; but we are bound by every principle of honesty and godliness to do so, because we hold that wrong is wrong, whether it proceeds from Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury; and facts prove that both alike have favoured Popery, advanced Ritualism, and done much that is contrary to the welfare of our Protestant interests and Constitution. Our faith in party politicians is utterly broken, since we see that they only seek, as a rule, their own advancement, even though it be at the cost of principles dear to many of those who have helped them into the seat of power. Shall we, then, as Protestants, be used by these faithless men as tools to help them to advance the enemies of civil and religious liberty? These enemies are united in their efforts to advance their cause, and shall we, by the tactics of those who are under Jesuitical influence, be still kept in adverse sections, quarrelling over party politics, while the enemy is entrenching himself in our positions?

Oh, brethren, be wise, and let us act, as Protestants in union, for the good of our common cause, which should be dear and sacred to our hearts.

We are pleased to give the following notes, taken from the *English Churchman*, relative to the action of Liverpool Orangemen, and we hope their example will be universally followed:—

“At a monthly meeting of the Walton Loyal Orange Lodge, No. 258, which was well attended, the following resolution was proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously, namely, ‘That the members of this lodge strictly and earnestly uphold Colonel Sandys, M.P. for the Walton division of Liverpool, and believe him to be a fit and proper person to continue to represent the constituency in Parliament. They therefore beg of him not to be induced to resign the membership. They also have good reasons for stating that other lodges are of the same opinion.’”

Commenting on the secession of Liverpool Orangemen from the local Conservative Association, the *Liverpool Porcupine* remarks:—“What I predicted about the Orange flare-up in the Conservative camp has come to pass. The decision of the followers of the immortal William to throw over the local Tories produced the utmost dismay at the Constitutional. So grave was the crisis that Thompson, the organizer, rushed up in hot haste to London, where he had a talk with Forwood. It has now been resolved to

invoke the aid of Lord Arthur Hill, and the astute A. B. Forwood has got that Protestant nobleman to come down to Liverpool to try and talk the Orangemen over. I am, however, in a position to say that the party led by Brother Harry Thomas are not in a mood to be blarneyed. Their attitude is one of defiance, and to the bland offers of reconciliation they intend to reply with the old war cry of the Derry boys—'No surrender!'

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN IRELAND.

THE following letter appeared a short time ago in the *Morning Post*:—

SIR,—It is not unfrequently advanced by the advocates of Home Rule that religious bigotry and intolerance are, in Ireland, a thing of the past. That "Mr. Parnell is a Protestant" is one of the so-called securities for the safety of the loyal minority. Since my arrival here, a few days ago, I am enabled, I regret to say, to furnish a practical illustration that this fallacy is only one of the many with regard to Ireland dished up for consumption by the too gullible British public.

Owing to a vacancy, a new nurse was required for the village hospital on Valencia Island. The local committee have been fortunate in securing the services of a lady of tried excellence as a nurse, and of the most unexceptionable character. The parish priest, although admitting her excellent qualifications for the position, publicly stated that, in consequence of her being a Protestant, he would do all in his power to prevent his parishioners coming to the hospital. Moreover, he would refuse them the last sacraments of the Church, and also curse them from the altar. Although the present hospital was erected with funds supplied by Protestants in the neighbourhood and elsewhere, the late nurse was a Roman Catholic; and I have thoroughly satisfied myself that the religion of Sister F—— did not in the smallest degree influence the committee, and that the election was made solely and entirely because the committee was convinced that the appointment was the best that could be made. Three Roman Catholic assistant nurses have been compelled by the personal interference of the priest to leave the hospital. Much suffering is thus inflicted on the poor people who, for seventeen years, have been accustomed to look to the benefit of the village hospital. I have been informed, but am loth to believe, that the conduct of this priest has the sanction and approval of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry, as I have heard him spoken of as a liberal-minded man.

Yours, &c.,

MAURICE FITZGERALD, Knight of Kerry.

Valencia Island.

PROTESTANT NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT at Preston, Lancashire, writes that there are some persons who seem wishful "to change the name back again to 'Priest's Town.' But," he adds, "you see a few of us do not like it; therefore we have formed a branch in connection with the Church of England Working Men's Protestant Union. The 'upper ten' do not like Protestant working men. Here we are regarded as such disturbers of the peace that no public building will be let to us for meetings. All favour is shown to Romanists. We cannot bear much longer to suffer thus. Already 116 Orangemen have left the committees of the Conservative party through their unfaithfulness to Protestantism, and we intend to organize in favour of Protestantism only, independent of them."

All honour to the working men of Preston! This is what we want to see all over the country. Let the Protestants speak out, and if Town Councils and public bodies refuse to let them halls for meetings, they must work vigorously for the next election, and remember, when the poll is taken, to vote only for sound Protestant candidates. If the working men hold together in support of Protestantism, they have the game in their own hands.

THE leaders of the Conservative party have trifled with Protestant questions for many years, but it would be wise for them, before it is too late, seriously to consider the significant fact that, as the eyes of the nation are opening to the dangers attending their patronage of Romanists and Romanizers, their ranks are becoming weaker, by the secession of Protestant electors. The Orangemen have been far too patient. They have won elections again and again for the Conservatives, and have seen the influence acquired through their votes abused by their political leaders for the promotion of Popery, and to the injury of the Protestant Constitution. At last they are awaking. In Liverpool, a large body of Orange electors have seceded from the local Conservative Association, because, when the Romanists attacked that good Protestant, Colonel Sandys, M.P. for Bootle, the Association supported them. Colonel Sandys' offence was, that he exhorted the electors to place their Protestantism before and above all party politics. We trust the Orangemen will rally round Colonel Sandys, and work hard so as to render his seat safe against the next election, and that he will make a firm stand in Parliament in the interest of the cause.

Now we note with satisfaction that the working men of Preston are organizing themselves into a Protestant party in that centre of Romanism and decaying Conservatism. We wish the new branch of the Church of England Working Men's Protestant

Union all success. Let them stand firm, and God will prosper them in spite of bigotry and intolerance. This example will stimulate others, and friends from a distance will, we hope, encourage them.—*English Churchman.*

THE JESUITS IN QUEBEC.

THE *Philadelphia Protestant Standard* says:—"The pestiferous Jesuits have succeeded at last in extorting 400,000 dollars from the province of Quebec as compensation for what they claim to have been 'confiscation' of certain estates in 1800, by the British Crown. It is a dangerous precedent, and a very bad deal all round. The Jesuits have no legal nor moral right to that money. They were not legally in existence in the year 1800, for Pope Clement XIV. had, in 1773, suppressed the infamous Order, and it was not till 1814 that another infallible (?) Pope restored the Society to its former status."

In addition to the 400,000 dollars paid from the public chest, the Jesuits receive from Mr. Mercier a transfer of the Laprairie Common, which belonged to their Order last century. On this point the Huntingdon, P.Q., *Gleaner* says:—

"The Jesuit Estates Bill has passed the Legislature, and unless Sir John Macdonald can be induced to secure it being vetoed, it will become law. The real significance of the measure does not seem to be recognized by the public. The worst aspect of it is not the taking of public money for sectarian purposes, and particularly to endow a secret society so detested as the Jesuits, but the setting at naught of British authority, by denying the validity of the Queen's title to Canada, as derived from the Conquest.

"The Jesuit Bill is not only a misapplication of public money, a squandering of the resources of the province, an endowment of a religious denomination at the expense of those who are not its adherents; it is a disloyal act—a treasonable defiance of the rights and prerogatives of the British Crown. Mr. Mercier has done what Papineau would not have done, yet a price was set on Papineau's head as a traitor. We repeat what we said last week, that this Jesuit Bill is an attack on the settlement effected by the Conquest, and renders dubious every concession of real estate in Quebec under the Royal manual, for it declares there is a title that prevails above that of the Crown patent. If the loyal people of the province fail to protest against this Bill—if they will not exert themselves to get it vetoed by the Dominion authorities—then they may prepare themselves for such fresh outrages as will make Quebec unfit as a place of abode for whoever speaks English. Prudence and every consideration of self-preservation urge that a resolute stand be now made."



"THEY WAS ALL SOLD AWAY FROM ME." (See page 59.)

AUNT JUNE'S STORY.

SHE was over ninety years old when I knew her first, and that was twenty-three years ago. She was then living in a little old hut, which would not have been thought good enough for a stable by most people. I think there are very few domestic animals that are so poorly housed in winter as this old woman was. She was too feeble in body to wait on herself, but her mind was as active as ever; and, in spite of her infirmities and poverty, and unpleasant surroundings, she was the happiest person I ever saw. She was so thoroughly contented with her lot, so perfectly resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father.

She told me her story one cold winter evening, when I accompanied my husband on one of the calls which he delighted to make at her lowly abode.

She was born a slave, and had endured most of the sorrowful changes which pertained to slave-life in the South before the Rebellion. She had never known a mother's tenderness, for her mother was sold off the plantation when she was a baby.

"But your father, Aunt June?" I said. "Was not he left to you?"

"Never knew nothin' 'bout him. 'Spect he lived and died somewhere. Never heard him mentioned. First I remember, I was running round with a heap of other young ones, and everybody called me June."

"Tell us all about it, please, aunty."

"Bless yer heart, there ain't no drefful sight to tell. I growed up as spry as a cat, and as smart to work as any girl about. Massa said I was worth a heap of money. You see I was the same as any other property to him, nothin' more. He praised me just as he did his horse. Laws! How grand I used to feel to hear him! He told the truth. I *was* smart. I was a house-servant, and I had all the rooms in my care. Missus said she could trust me just as well as herself. Think of that, ma'am, and I was only twenty years old."

Aunt June's poor withered face put on an expression of weak pleasure as she recalled her youthful achievements. It was a smile of triumph. It told a pleased consciousness of ability.

"Were you happy?"

My question changed her look in a moment.

"Happy?" she repeated. "And I a slave?"

It is impossible to render the emphasis that gave such a depth of meaning to her simple words.

"At least you were well cared for—you were not abused?" I persisted.

"I was never whipped, if that is what you mean. There was no whipping done on our place. Massa wouldn't 'low it."

"And you were well fed and clothed, were you not?"

"Yes. So was the horses well fed. I was only a slave, a nigger, after all. You can't be 'spected to understand it. You never heard the folks about you readin' their books and papers, and talkin' about them, while you were willin' to die almost if you might only learn to read the Bible. We knew it was God's Word to us, just the same as to them, and we needed it so much."

"Poor aunty!" I began to see where the dark shadows came in. "You could not be happy."

"No, ma'am, because we had souls. We were never contented, not one of us."

"And yet your lot was enviable, compared with many others."

"Yes, while I was so young. But by-and-bye I was married, and then came the dear little children, one after another, and I knew they was all slaves. They were bright and cunning, and I loved them just as white mothers love their little ones; but there was never an hour when I was awake that I forgot they might be sold. I dreaded it always. My husband was a blacksmith, and a first-rate workman. Massa was as proud of him as he was of his horse. I often heard visitors telling him he had better sell him while he was in his prime. Oh, how I used to listen and tremble! Massa promised me never to sell us, but it was terrible to know that he could. I never laid down at night without a sick dread of what might come. I never saw my husband go to his work without fearin' that I might never see him again. I was never easy—never. How could I be? Put yourself in my place just one moment if you can, ma'am."

A quick shudder ran over me. I glanced up into my husband's face, who was listening intently, and involuntarily clasped his hand. I could not bear even to fancy myself in her place.

"It's a long time ago," said the old woman, "but I feels it now. I feels it now."

We were silent a few moments, and then my husband asked, in a low tone—

"What became of your husband and children, aunty?"

"They was all sold away from me," she answered drearily, "every one of them—five boys and three little girls—all but the baby. Massa died, and the place was sold at auction, and the slaves were sold too. Missus cried over us, and pitied us, but she could not help us. Massa was in debt, and the place had to go."

"O dear!" I exclaimed; "how could you bear it?"

"We knew Jesus then," she answered, brightening up at the

thought of her early religious life. "My husband and me had found Jesus, and we knew that He had prepared a home for us clear ahead of all our troubles. We must have dropped down and died if we hadn't trusted in Him. Oh, ma'am, it's easy for them as has no crosses but such as they make for themselves, to talk about faith, but it is the furnace as tries us."

"Were you sold to a kind master?"

"A neighbour of my missus bought me and my baby, and when her affairs were settled, he sold us to her again. She came to live in the North, and brought us with her. She gave us our freedom, but I stayed with her while she lived. It wasn't for long. It was a hard stroke to her, the losing her husband, but it was the misery of our people—the broken up, sorrowful families—that pressed upon her. 'It breaks my heart to think of them, June,' she would say; and I, thinking of my lost husband and children, had no word of comfort for her; so she wasted away, till one evening in the second summer, when she died in my arms—died just as peaceful as an angel. 'Dear old June!' she said, 'you have been a faithful servant. Be faithful to Jesus. We shall soon meet again.' She said true. We'll soon meet now. I'm almost there."

"Did your baby live to grow up?"

"No. Little Juny was never strong. She lived to be ten years old, and then she left me alone."

"How long is it since then?"

"I was fifty years old. I thought I was an old woman, and it is more than forty years ago. I's had long, tired life, ma'am, but it's 'most done. There's been crosses at every corner, and troubles plenty all along the road; but I'm 'most home now, and I forgets the sorrows, and just remembers how the Lord Jesus has stood by me through them all. I'll be young again as soon as I get into the kingdom. My husband is there a-waiting. Thirty years ago a runaway slave stopped here. He was going to Canada, but he had promised my husband to find me first, if he could. He left him just dying—dying happy in the Lord. He's been a-waiting thirty years; but I'll go soon now."

The old woman's face grew very bright. I glanced round the room. How poor she was, and yet how rich! She lay on her bed quite helpless, suffering acutely from rheumatism. The unplastered walls of her hut afforded but a poor protection from the cold air without, and she was dependent upon the uncertain aid and charity of the neighbours for food and care. Very little of the latter fell to her share, but she declared that she had everything that she needed. She seemed to be wholly free from anxiety.

"The good Lord has always seen to me. It's too late in the

day to go to worrying now. Guess He can manage for me here till He gets my home ready. Don't you fret about me."

"But it seems terrible," I persisted, "to leave you here all this cold night alone."

"Alone? With my Jesus close by? Don't you think He knows all about it? I just lets Him do the planning for me, and I lays here and trusts in Him. He never leaves me for a single minute. And these nights, when the pain won't let me sleep, He comes nearer and nearer, till this little hut gets chock full of glory."

"Aunt June," said my husband, "I envy you. I can look out of your window and see elegant houses, full of costly furniture, where rich people fare sumptuously every day. But I would rather be you, Aunt June."

Aunt June did not linger long. For several days we visited her regularly, and found her, as she expressed it, with one foot in the kingdom, all ready to depart at a moment's notice. We did not see her at the last, for it was on one of those happy, painful nights that she peacefully slipped away, and entered into her desired rest.

"REMEMBER ME, O MY GOD, FOR GOOD!"

DAY by day to Thee I pray
 For guidance on life's winding road:
 Lord, direct me and protect me;
 Oh, remember me for good!

Week by week Thy help I seek
 To give Thy sheep and lambs their food:
 Lord, stand by me and supply me;
 Oh, remember me for good!

Year by year a desert drear
 I roam, beneath a weary load:
 Lord, uphold me, feed me, fold me;
 Oh, remember me for good!

Soon dark death will steal my breath,
 And o'er me roll its icy flood:
 Saviour, cheer me; still be near me;
 Oh, remember me for good!

From the tomb to hear their doom
 Shall rise the tribes of flesh and blood:
 Thou hast known me; Jesus, own me!
 Oh, remember me for good!

“THE BARREL OF MEAL SHALL NOT FAIL.”

WE read in the Word of God that “they that feared the Lord spake often one to another.” How nice it is when we are enabled so to do, and realize the truth of the wise man’s words, “Two are better than one,” &c. (Eccles. iv. 9, 10).

I remember, some time ago, when, having business to transact in one of the eastern counties, I was passing through the town of C—— early one morning, and met a friend, who, after the usual salutations of the day, said—

“In coming along, I was thinking that I was, in my circumstances, very much like the widow when she went out to gather a few sticks to bake the last cake for herself and her son, then she must die; for I have come to the end of my work. This is my last job. When I get back to the shop, there is no more for me to do, and there is no prospect of any.”

I replied, “You said the truth when you stated that you were very much like the widow, for she had arranged how matters would turn out. But in what way? She was, when left to the power of unbelief, like you and I—a poor, short-sighted creature, who could not see beyond her present circumstances. Her faith in her covenant God was at a low ebb. She had lost sight of Him who had all her lifetime provided for her. Instead of faith being in operation, carnal reason and unbelief were at work, and we know that—

“Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

“After all, how did it turn out in the poor widow’s case? Did things come to pass as she thought they would? Did she and her son die through want? Why, I question whether they were as well off at any time in all their previous lives as when the Lord appeared, and made a way for her, where she could see nothing but death possible. And the same God that provided for her will, in His own time and way, provide for you. Moses said, ‘He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness; these forty years the Lord thy God hath been with thee; thou hast lacked nothing’ (Deut. ii. 7); and Job says, ‘He withdraweth not His eyes from the righteous.’ His watchful eye, His providing eye, His keeping eye, &c., is ever upon His dear people. The gold and silver are His; the cattle upon a thousand hills are the Lord’s. All hearts are in His hand. Something will

turn up for you, I feel sure, although you, perhaps, may not do so."

Bidding each other "good-bye," we parted; but in the afternoon, on my returning to the town of C—, I felt my mind impressed to go to my friend's house. As I entered, to my surprise, his partner in life (a godly woman) was making some bread, and, like the wife of Manoaah, endeavouring to cheer his downcast heart. I smiled, and said, "Is this the last of the meal?" He was sitting by the fire-side, with either the Bible or hymn-book in his hand, and he replied, "No; we have a little left yet; but how shall we get any more when this is done?" I said, "My dear friend, do leave the future. Don't be over anxious. You are not in quite such close circumstances as the widow of old. May the Lord enable you to watch His hand."

We then began talking upon the goodness and mercy of the Lord, and how, in all ages, He has proved Himself the faithful and true God. Though, for wise ends, He often sorely tries the faith of His dear people, even in regard to temporal things, yet, in His own time and way, He always has appeared as "Jehovah-Jireh."

While thus engaged, a messenger came to inform him that some work had come in, and he was to go at once. Like one of old, he arose, went forth, and his countenance, for the time being, was not as before—sad.

How I was reminded of the circumstance of the prayer-meeting for the release of Peter, as recorded in Acts xii. Well may we say—

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

Yes, the dark and gloomy clouds that we often see in our pilgrimage have a silver lining; yet, strange as it may appear to some, there are times when we feel that we can trust the Lord for the soul, but not for the poor body. What a large portion of our time is occupied upon what we shall eat and drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed!

Oh, ye poor, afflicted, tried, and perplexed saints of the Most High, may you be encouraged to commit your way unto the Lord, as Peter says—"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." You will not then

No
"Judge the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace."

What a mercy it is when we are enabled to watch the Lord's

hand in His dealings with us, both in providence and grace! The Psalmist says, "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord" (Psa. cvii. 43).
E. COE.

PROFESSED AND REAL LOVE CONTRASTED.

THE shining of the sun may be controverted—may be denied—by those who never saw it, but it shines notwithstanding. The soul-animating views which the believer enjoys, through the shining of the Sun of Righteousness, may be reproached and despised by such as are full of themselves, and strangers to Christ, nevertheless the children of God are thus indulged at times on their way to Canaan. But what I mean now more particularly to consider, I shall name in two branches.

1. I have known various persons whose talk on this topic has been loud, whose pretensions have run high, and who have been very busy to make themselves known. Once I envied them, afterwards I pitied them. Had I not been taught that vital godliness is personal, and been led to understand the parable of the stony-ground hearers, I had envied them still. The professed experience of one can be no standard for another; and though the young Christian is often entangled with this bait, to his distress, yet, as he goes forward, his understanding is enlarged, and he is delivered. The stony-ground hearers have no root in themselves, and therefore endure for a while, and then fall away. Some such bold professors I have known drop as a candle in its socket. I staggered, I stumbled, but, through rich grace, I soon recovered.

The Gospel reveals the supreme good in its beauty and fulness. With this Book in his hand and in his head, it is not difficult for a natural man to persuade himself that the treasure is his, and that all shall be well. His confidence is firm, his sin is no burden, his joys have no ebb, for all appears secure. But when the song of the tavern and the playhouse have charms for such persons, as well as the songs of Zion—when their conduct is justly condemned by the world, and cannot be justified by the saints—I ask, Does the sanctifying joy of the Holy Spirit produce this fruit? Is Christ at last become the minister of sin? Does no self-denial result from the light of His countenance? Can they profess to triumph in His salvation, and yet join with His foes to His face? Of all the modes of self-deception, this is perhaps the most aggravated of any, because, while it professes the greatest knowledge of Christ, it is, in fact, the most flagrant opposition to His character and truth.

“Mistaken souls, that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.”

I am confident that every manifestation of the love of Christ to the soul does, in its own nature, embitter sin, empty of self, and give a godly jealousy for His honour. Such professors, therefore, have much reason to fear an awful disappointment at the last.

2. When a man tells me that he knows his sins are forgiven, that Christ loved him and gave Himself for him, and that his eternal all is safe in His hands, I do look for more than words. Actions, that speak louder than words, in this case are necessary for my conviction. I am not satisfied with negative righteousness, without the addition of suitable deportment to glorify God. If such experience truly exists as before expressed, will it not be operative? Were it ever known that the effects of such a cause were mere sound? Does the kingdom of God consist in words? Is it not in power? And can there be power, in the sense of the Holy Ghost, where there is not action to the praise of His name? Let the least esteemed in the Church judge.

However, in some instances I am satisfied, encouraged, animated. I behold the late excellent Hervey, and see profession and practice agree to his latest breath. I follow the English Apostle, George Whitfield, and have before me one continued effort to win souls to Christ for five-and-thirty years. The one, though confined in a country parish, employed his purse, his voice, and his pen with affectionate assiduity to promote and publish the truth of God. The other traversed half the known world to proclaim the salvation of Christ. When I hear these men speak of rapturous delight in communion with God, I believe. Their profession and practice accord.

Nor have I any doubt of such a man as Dr. Gill, who was confined to his study or his pulpit for upwards of fifty years to digest, to minister, and defend the truths of the Gospel. When one man's pen produces nine volumes in folio, and eight in quarto, amidst the labours of his stated ministry, and all to subserve the cause of Christ, I am convinced that his application and diligence must have been almost incredible.

Here you have different gifts, but the same spirit. They had such views of their glorious Lord, and such experience of His mighty love, that each was willing to spend and be spent to glorify His name. And as soon as God revealed His Son in Saul of Tarsus, he cheerfully entered on his work, made the tour of the then known world maugre all opposition, to minister the grace of God to all nations, and rested not till he had finished

his course, as a proof that his whole heart was in his work. The practice of such men is an honour to their profession and their Master. They give evidence that the love of Christ constrained them.

I am far from limiting "the Holy One of Israel," but I do believe that this cause will produce corresponding effects wherever it is felt. I know that there is a diversity of gifts, and different spheres of action—more various than perhaps I am apprised of, and to which, therefore, I am not disposed to set bounds. But can it be supposed that large engagements of fellowship with God engender supineness and inactivity in His work and worship? What! has the love of Christ lost its efficacy? or is there no deception in the case? James was ready to attest the truth of his faith by his works, and our Lord says, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Will not these passages apply here?

Possibly such persons might not impertinently ask themselves this question—"When I declare my confident assurance of eternal life, and the transporting experience of God's love to my soul, who will give me credit, except they see me zealous and active to promote the kingdom of Christ?" All the world have agreed that love begets love, and therefore unanimously reject the profession of it where there is not a corresponding conduct. A profession of divine love especially should not be in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth, to gain credit with men, or bring honour to God. Must not such persons feel a reproof of their indolence when they see the active usefulness of their inferiors in knowledge—of the timid and the fearful—so far out-shine theirs? The Lord commends the active servant—"Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things," &c. Though his joys and confidence might not abound, his gifts not splendid, his sphere of action not extensive, yet, being diligent in using what he had to the honour of his Master, his Lord approved his faithful service. This is applicable as well to private Christians as to ministers, to whom it more immediately belongs.—*Omicron*.

GRACE is a living spring that never faileth, a seed that never dieth, a jewel that never consumeth, a sun that never setteth.—*Brooks*.

THE Old Testament is the water-shed of the New. These deep springs, which irrigate and fructify the New Testament Church, took their rise from the mountains of Judæa, and ascended, like the volume of the Nile, to fertilize the landscape around them.

MEMOIR OF A CONVERTED JEWESS.

(Continued from page 43.)

ABOUT two months after the visit of her relative, Maria was removed to her grandmother's house. During that interval she had desired that Miss P—— might be told she was too ill to see her, but now, on hearing her voice, she requested that this friend might be invited into her room. She received her with visible pleasure, and entreated that the visit might be repeated. This request was eagerly complied with, and Miss P—— had thus many opportunities afforded of reading, in the old lady's presence, portions from the Jewish Prayer Book, as well as some chapters from the Old Testament. In allusion to a passage in the former, one brief opportunity was afforded of bringing forward the subject she was so anxious to enforce. Maria quickly replied, "Yes, I was well assured that you would not admit of any other atonement than that by Jesus." The look and tone of voice encouraged the hope that, although Jesus was not yet received as her Saviour, He was no longer despised.

In the spring, Maria returned to her father's house; and, as her sight was much impaired, she told Miss P—— it would be an act of charity to come frequently and read to her. Thus the latter obtained the long-desired privilege of repeatedly proving, from the New Testament, the fulfilment of every prediction concerning the Messiah. When referring to the Epistles, Maria would sometimes remark that she was forbidden to read that Book; but, on Ephesians ii. being selected, her previously averted eye was fixed on the reader, and from that period, no opposition was offered to any part of the New Testament. She soon voluntarily acknowledged that it breathed such a spirit of love and mercy, that it seemed fitted to minister consolation under every trial. The sublimity of Hebrews i. struck her exceedingly, but she was particularly interested in the Gospel and Epistles of St. John, from which she requested that verses might be repeatedly read, in order to learn them by heart.

The Holy Spirit having convinced her judgment that the promised Messiah had already appeared, now proceeded to work in her that faith which justifies a sinner, and renews the heart to love the Lord God. References to His agency had already been pointed out to her, in the Old Testament, but by the numerous passages in the New, she was impressed with the importance of continually seeking His help and teaching. Graciously were her prayers heard, and abundantly were they answered. She "received the Word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost," and became "an ensample to all who believe."

Her acquiescence in the divine will, under complicated suffer-

ings, was now fully evidenced. She had been subject to frequent attacks of cramp from the time of her accident, and soon after, to severe spasms, which she henceforward bore with exemplary patience, and, as her able medical advisers urged perseverance in one position, she cheerfully submitted to be fastened with straps to a fracture-bed.

Maria told Miss P—— that, during this irksome confinement, she enjoyed great tranquillity of mind, and had then learned to understand Isaiah xxvi. 3—“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.” Prayer was now never a weariness to her, but, when thus occupied, she was unconscious of the flight of time; hence, instead of dreading solitude, she spoke of enjoying much soothing meditation on passages in the Psalms relative to the Messiah, and to the spirituality of the law of God. Thus acquiring clearer views of the sinfulness and deceitfulness of her heart, she saw that God alone, by His Holy Spirit, can “create a right spirit within us.” Her private prayers were generally formed from the fifty-first, 119th, and other Psalms.

The pocket editions of the Prophets, and of some of the Epistles and Gospels, were procured, in order that each portion might be brought close to the eye, that being the only way in which Maria could now discern the letters. On Miss P——’s return home, after a month’s absence, she was anxious to ascertain the subjects which had occupied her thoughts. While listening to the recital, her friend felt such gratitude, on perceiving her rapid progress in divine knowledge, that she said, “Maria, I must kneel and praise God for all that He hath done for your soul. Let us praise His name together.” Maria fervently united in the thanksgiving, distinctly repeating every word, and then added, “My sister has often read to me, and takes great pleasure in the Bible. She wishes to be in the room when you come. Pray speak and explain to her, as you do to me.”

Thus, when Andrew heard of Jesus as “the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world,” he first found his own brother Simon, and said unto him, “We have found the Messiah!” and brought him to Jesus. So Philip found Nathanael, and bade him come and see Him. An early proof of the *reality* of conversion is given, in the persevering desire to bring those who are near, and afterwards those afar off, to behold His salvation. Such was the missionary spirit exemplified by Maria to her last hour.

On one occasion, whilst listening with breathless attention to John xx., she seemed much struck with verse 29—“Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: *blessed* are they that have not seen, and yet have believed”; and exclaimed, “I should like to be blessed also. Lord, teach me to believe!

Thomas deserved the reproof, because he would believe only what he saw and touched. He ought not to have doubted his Master, whose miracles he must have frequently witnessed. But we must be among those who believe many things in Scripture which we cannot understand." This first interesting communication of her sentiments was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of some of her friends.

The words, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed," "still rang in her ears," as she expressed it; and one day, when her family were at dinner, she searched the Gospel of St. John till she found them, reading the passage repeatedly, with the five preceding verses. In the fervency of supplication she exclaimed, "Lord, I seek to be blessed! Make me also blessed! Thou hast promised Thy blessing to those who believe. Lord Jesus, I believe! Help Thou mine unbelief!" Hitherto she had "asked nothing in His name," but the following pages will clearly prove that, from the time she besought the Father, in the name of Jesus, to make her blessed, abundant answers were bestowed, and that Jesus sent to her from the Father the "Comforter, even the Spirit of truth, to testify of Himself."

The following day, being that of atonement, was kept by her family, as it is by the whole nation, with fasting and prayer, in the vain hope of making propitiation for their sins. Mr. — conversed about two hours with Maria and her sister, and satisfied the former that the English version of certain important passages, about which her mind had hesitated, was correct. Whilst speaking on the wonderful predictions of Isaiah liii. delivered 750 years before they were fulfilled in Jesus, he remarked, "Zechariah xii. 10, was undoubtedly spoken of our nation, for you and I have pierced no man, have murdered no man, yet we must 'look on Him who was pierced and mourn.' Respecting whom could this prediction be uttered except of Jesus, who was, by the counsel of the Jews, pierced?" On Proverbs xxx. 4, "Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended? who hath gathered the wind in His fists? who hath bound the waters in a garment? who hath established all the ends of the earth? what is His name? and what is His Son's name?" Mr. — observed—"That text, and Daniel iii. 25, 'The form of the Fourth is like the Son of God,' place it beyond doubt that our own Scriptures assert that there is One who is called in a peculiar sense the Son of God." These remarks were very valuable to one who pondered them in her heart, and implored the Lord to guide her by His counsels. Thus the last stumbling-block to her simple reception of "the truth as it is in Jesus" was cast down, when she was convinced of the faithfulness of our translation.

On Miss P——'s next visit, Maria was suffering severely from

the cramp. As soon as some palliatives had been used, and they were left alone, she said, "Now entreat the Lord to afford me some relief." Miss P—— complied, adding a petition that the Lord would make His face to shine upon His servant, and teach her His statutes; and had the satisfaction of hearing, for the first time, every supplication that was offered in the name of Jesus audibly and fervently repeated.

Maria said, "I often felt indignant at the remarks you made upon the Scriptures, but sometimes they suggested doubts which I could not satisfy. For a long time I was assured that the Rabbis could not err. This made me disregard the predictions of Moses and the Prophets. But the denunciation in Jeremiah xvii. 5, 'Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord,' &c., induced me to reconsider them. Since the overpowering conviction that Jesus was the suffering Messiah of Isaiah liii. took possession of my mind, I have rejoiced in every proof of His divinity, because it assures me that He is able to save. His willingness to lay down His life for His enemies took away every doubt of His willingness to 'save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him.' Yes, 'He is the Rock; His work is perfect'" (Deut. xxxii. 4).

After Psalm lxxxi. had been read, she remarked—"How blind was I once to the spiritual meaning of that Psalm! How little touched by the Lord's entreaties that His people would hearken to Him! Had the Jews hearkened to the words of His Prophets, we should have known a greater deliverance than that from Egyptian bondage. I now know that to be fed by His love is better than the finest wheat, and that His words of promise are sweeter than the choicest honey."

A lady referred her to Psalm cxxi. Maria said, "It has often comforted me. I am well assured that my help is from the Lord alone. He promises not to let my feet be moved, therefore these afflictions shall only draw me closer to Him. He is watching over me with more than a father's love, for 'He who keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps.' He sees me when all other eyes are closed. He is my Keeper. He promises to preserve me from all evil. I used to think pain an evil, but He can make the bitter sweet; therefore tell Mrs. A—— that in every trial I do 'look to the hills, from whence cometh my help,' and ask her to pray that my faith may be strengthened from day to day."

Maria frequently referred to Psalm ciii. When speaking of it to her sister, she said, "How often have we forgotten all His benefits, though they are more in number than the sand of the sea-shore! And now, beyond all others, I feel the blessing of being assured that all my iniquities are forgiven, for His sake who

bought me with His own blood, and who 'healeth all my diseases,' for He sanctifies us by His Holy Spirit. Remember, sister, it is the Spirit alone who makes us believe His Word, and His Word is truth. It is the Lord Jesus Christ 'who redeemeth our life from eternal destruction, who crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies.' He is indeed 'long-suffering, and slow to anger,' or He would have consumed me, who so long neglected His Word, and resisted His truth. Yet 'as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.' See how He 'pitieth them that fear Him.' Truly we are fearfully made, for in one moment I was rendered helpless for life. 'My days are as grass; the wind passed over me, and I was gone'; and soon 'this place shall know me no more.' But observe! David thinks little of death when he speaks of the everlasting mercy of the Lord, and repeats the promise of righteousness to such as believe the covenant of mercy in the suffering Messiah—who make it their only ground of hope, and seek, by God's grace, to 'remember His commandments to do them.' Mark how everything is called upon to bless the Lord! Not only 'angels' who delight to do His will, but also 'all the works' that He has created—everything is commanded to 'bless the Lord.' How can any one really bless God in his heart, and yet, soon after, curse those who are made after His likeness?"

The recollection of verses in the New Testament, compared with passages in the Old, especially in the Psalms, cheered her mind during her usually sleepless nights, and she found much pleasure in pointing out their agreement to her sister, thus awakening her observation to the unity of design in the Old and New Testament dispensations.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF IMMORTALITY.

BUT how do I know of this immortality? Wherever God has implanted a desire, He has provided the means of gratifying that desire. He has given us thirst, and He has filled the streams with water. He has given us hunger, and He has covered the fields with grain. We long for music, and He throngs the woods with songsters; for beauty, and He paints all nature with His brush; for love, and "He setteth the solitary into families"; for immortality, and He promises an immortality. What if we slight it?

Have you never heard that illustration of the songster? See, here on the limb of a tree sings a little bird. It is summer, and the woods are filled with foliage, and from many a nest

there comes an answering song. But after a time the wind begins to whistle through the forest. The leaves are changing their hue, and already some have fallen rustling to the ground. The days are darker, and the nights are nearer. Fly away, little bird, for the winter will soon be here. God has given thee an instinct which tells thee of a south, where the days are always warm, and the woods are always green. But the bird says, "I have seen no south. This limb on which I sit is real. Shall I leave that which I can see, simply to listen to some mysterious promptings in the breast which I cannot explain?" And the days go by. Now the winds in the forest bend the great trees and make the old roots creak. Fly away, little bird. The answering songs have long since ceased in the branches. Thy companions of the summer are already winging them away, far onward toward sunny climes. But the bird says, "I am wiser than they. I cling to that which is real." But what is that? A snow-flake—another and another. It is winter, and the storm is here. Now on its leafless branch the bird sits crouching for shelter. The storm grows wild. "The south! the south! Let me at last fly thither." But the wings which once responded to every breeze are now numb with cold. "Pity!" But will Heaven have pity on the bird which sins against its own instincts—the voice of God within it? Crouching on its treacherous perch, covered with ice and snow, the wintry winds moaning above it, the swallow sits frozen—dead!

Be not like the bird, my soul, when the voice of God within thee tells of a coming winter and of yonder sunny clime. Turn thy face toward that country. Oh, may it be thine, the south, with no wintry storms of sorrow, or lowering skies of sin! Thou "shalt hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on thee, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed thee, and lead thee to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from thine eyes"—tomorrow! to-morrow!—*From a Sermon by George Thomas Dowling.*

REMEMBER DEATH.

THERE will (Jeremy Taylor suggests) to every one of us come a time when we shall, with great passion (that is, earnestness) and interest, inquire—"How have I spent my days? How have I laid out my money? How have I employed my time? How have I served God? How repented me of my sins?" Blessed is he who, concerning these things, takes care in time.

GOSPEL holiness includes a heart broken for sin, a heart broken from sin, and a perpetual conflict with sin.—*Samuel Medley.*

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

"When she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart."—1 KINGS x. 2.

THE royal person referred to in this text is held up by Jesus as an example to the men of that generation (Matt. xii. 42), and her most interesting history affords us a very striking illustration of one who sought and found true wisdom. As the Queen of Sheba came from the far south to the feet of Solomon, so from the "ends of the earth" poor sinners are brought, by the power of sovereign grace, to learn wisdom's lessons at the feet of Him who is greater than Solomon. We see Jesus here, and from the words transcribed above we note—first, that the Queen of Sheba came to Solomon; secondly, she sought communion with him; thirdly, she attained to a good degree of knowledge of Solomon's greatness and wisdom; and fourthly, she was made a partaker of his bounty.

I. *The Queen of Sheba came to Solomon.*—In her far-distant home she had "heard of the fame of Solomon." A measure of faith came by hearing, and she partly believed the report. She heard and believed enough, at all events, to make her dissatisfied with herself and her own religion. This is always the first effect produced in the heart when the testimony of a precious Christ is received in faith, however feeble. The substance of this report of Solomon's wisdom related to heavenly things—"concerning the name of the Lord." A desire sprang up in her heart to learn something of Solomon's God; and the question arose—Was it possible to know whether his God could be hers? The only way to ascertain this was by leaving her own people, and travelling a long and unknown path, to see if Solomon would instruct her. He knew the Lord, and could teach her. She could only learn of God through Solomon. Solomon's Antitype said—"No man knoweth the Father but the Son, and He to whom the Son will reveal Him." These anxious inquiries can only be resolved at the feet of Jesus.

Now, doubtless many of the neighbouring monarchs had heard of Solomon, but we do not find that any others were drawn to him by a desire to obtain a knowledge of true religion.

Methinks some of our young readers do long to have a religion of the right sort. It is grace bestows this, and such a desire will draw them to the feet of the King in Zion, to learn of Him, however far from Him they may be in soul-feeling—even though, like the Queen of Sheba, at the "uttermost parts of the earth." Like

her, such will be willing to leave everything—old notions, old companions, and old habits. They will be found turning their backs upon the world “which lieth in wickedness,” and forsaking all in order to reach the presence of the King. These are true disciples, who, finding no help in any other teachers, seek His blessed feet, to learn of Him the way to heaven, under a felt sense of their ignorance.

As her wise men all failed, therefore the Queen of the South came to Solomon. She had a two-fold purpose in so doing—first, to bring her “hard questions” to him; secondly, to learn from him all he could (or would) teach her about God and heaven. So our tried and troubled souls come to Jesus with many a hard question about God’s mysterious providences, which are so perplexing till we can leave them with Him—about the inward conflict, in which victory often hangs in doubtful scale; about promises which to us have never been fulfilled, or Gospel doctrines which seem so puzzling to seekers. There are many such questions which it is well to commit in humble prayer to the Lord Jesus. None ever regretted bringing their heavy loads (see ver. 2) and laying them at His feet. When she did this, however, the Queen of Sheba had attained the presence of the king. The toilsome journey was over, and she looked upon the mighty potentate, the fame of whose power and wisdom had reached her ears, touched her heart, and brought her so long a journey. When she stood in his presence, she felt that at last her object was gained, which was, to have communion with him.

II. *The communion she sought and found.*—Solomon did not refuse her admittance, neither did he reject her suit, or turn her case away. He permitted her to commune with him of “all that was in her heart.” In this grace to a stranger, he stands a manifest type of the Lord Jesus Christ. How unspeakably blessed is communion with Jesus! How earnestly quickened souls long for it! What could we do without it? It is the most satisfactory mark of discipleship; and to bring everything to the Lord sanctifies the path, helps us through its difficulties, encourages our too-often faint and weary hearts, and keeps us in our right place. Jesus is exceedingly wise, and, as our glorious Solomon, knows all things. He is also, like him, exceedingly kind, and is willing to answer all questions, in His own way and time. “Solomon told her all her questions; there was not anything hid from the king which he told her not.” The essence of communion is, mutual intercourse in prayer. It is characterized by perfect confidence. Nothing is concealed. A clean breast is made of sins, temptations, circumstances, ignorance, and follies. There is an unreserved pouring out of the heart. The case is made known and committed into the hands of the King. But, above all, the soul

experiencing communion is not only communicating his wants and wishes to the Lord, but also receives from Him the answer to prayer, the supply of the need, and the fulfilment of the desire. Doubtless the Queen of Sheba found it a great relief and high privilege to make known her request, but she was not satisfied with this. She wanted answers to her questions. Formalists may be pleased with their prayers; sincere petitioners must have answers; and they who thus ask shall receive. "Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

Communion with Jesus sought, found, and experienced will lead to a fuller and further acquaintance with Him. Hence we observe next—

III. *She attained to a knowledge of Solomon's person and power.*—The path of communion with Jesus is the only way to attain to a knowledge of Jesus and of the Father. To know Him is "the one thing needful," and by experience alone can we rightly know him. The Queen of Sheba thus gained her knowledge of Solomon and of Solomon's God. Let us trace out her gradual growth in this respect.

1. She saw his wisdom, and the house which he had built (ver. 4). This chapter is full of descriptions of what Solomon had, and of what he did; of his possessions, and of his works. Now, a sight of what Jesus is as King—of what He has and does—will increase our knowledge of Him, according to the measure of light by which He is revealed, and the measure of sight by which faith apprehends Him; and this is the result of the degree of the unction from the Holy One vouchsafed by the Giver of every good gift. Oh, for more of the Holy Spirit's anointings and revealings!

2. She had right feelings (ver. 5). It is very easy to make a mistake in evidences, and put wrong for right. Her growing knowledge of Solomon so wrought in her, and the sight of his glory so humbled her, that she *sank to nothing at his feet*—"there was no more spirit left in her." This is the sure effect of an increasing acquaintance with a precious Christ.

3. This self-abasement led to a humble confession of unbelief (ver. 6, 7), in not having credited altogether the report she had heard in her own land; and this acknowledgment of her sin was joined to a glad acknowledgment of his greatness and glory—"the half was not told me." It is a blessed thing to know a precious Christ in this self-same manner.

4. She then expresses her sense of the very great happiness of Solomon's servants—"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants" (ver. 8). She felt that to "stand continually before his face, and to hear his wisdom," was the most desirable lot on

earth. How she wished to be among them! It is a great evidence in our favour if we desire to be found amongst the servants of King Jesus, and reckon fellowship with them at His feet the chief of all time blessings.

5. After all this instruction, the Queen of Sheba at length came to know the reason why Solomon had been "set on the throne." It was "because the Lord loved Israel for ever" (ver. 9). This is highly significant, and points to the Gospel fact that the reason why Jesus is highly exalted as King in Zion is, because God loved His people "with an everlasting love," and for their sakes hath anointed His dear Son as Prince and Saviour.

Now, the best proof we can have, as individuals, that the Lord loves us is, if He hath exalted His dear Son very highly on the throne of our hearts, to reign over us as King. To know, by experience, Jesus as King, ruling in us with the sceptre of His grace, directing us as our Law-Giver, blessing us with His royal peace—that peace which stands in reconciliation with Himself, and keeps hearts and minds in blessed subjection to Himself, whereby in sincerity we desire to submit to His royal will—this will cause us to rejoice in Christ the King, as the Queen of Sheba rejoiced in the greatness and goodness of Solomon, of which she was also made a partaker.

IV. *She received the bounty of the king* (ver. 13).—Solomon regally gave her much unasked, and she requited his kindness in a somewhat singular way—by asking for more, whereupon he gave unto her "all her desire, whatsoever she asked beside that which he gave of his royal bounty." He granted her requests to the utmost limits of her desire. This is a true representation of the favour the Lord bestows upon seeking, praying souls. To him that hath shall more be given. But He will be "inquired of by the house of Israel, to do these things for them," and suppliants are often encouraged

"From His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more."

Royally, of His fulness, He bestows upon needy suppliants grace for grace.

At length the Queen of Sheba "turned, and went unto her own country," richly laden with precious gifts. Even so the Lord's living, praying, seeking family will, ere long, "return home," not one good thing having failed, but having learnt of Jesus wisdom's lessons, and received from Him the supply of all their need, thus at last entering their "own country" *fully satisfied*.

Leicester.

E. C.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR —,—I could not but feel grieved when I saw you yesterday ; and, knowing what an aversion you have to any one speaking to you about the things which concern the future state of your soul, I felt pained to think that you should be in your present state, without a few faithful words from some friend, who, by the teaching of God, knows in some degree the value of an immortal soul. In a very short time—shorter probably than you are aware of—God alone knows how soon—you will be where no letters can reach you ; and can I be so cruel and heartless as to see your poor body wasting away, with every prospect of your shortly entering eternity, without giving you one faithful word of warning ? God forbid !

You, like myself, were brought up from early childhood to hear God's truth faithfully preached—the truth that was preached by Christ and His Apostles—the same truth as was preached by the Reformers and godly martyrs—the same as was preached by the Puritans, Owen, Bunyan, Flavel, Goodwin, and others, and later by Romaine, Toplady, Whitfield, Huntington, &c. You cannot deny that what they preached was God's truth, unless, for having rejected and turned your back upon it, God has given you up to strong delusion, to believe a lie. And if what they preached was truth, then what you have heard, for the most part, during the last few years is not the truth, but dangerous, soul-deceiving error.

But we read of some that, "because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved, God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." These are solemn words, and an awful judgment to fall upon the rejecters of God's truth.

Whether you are one of those whom God has left to perish in their own deceivings, it is not for me to judge or determine ; but I have heard nothing that would justify me in believing that you have been called with that holy calling with which God effectually calls His people, and separates them in spirit, affection, and practice from the world, or that you have been the subject of divine teaching. Christ says—"It is written in the prophets, They shall be all taught of God, and he that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto Me. And this is life eternal, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Christ also said that the Holy Spirit should teach His people all things, and lead them into all truth ; that He should take of the things of Jesus and show them to His people ; and that He also would reveal or manifest Himself to them as He did not to the world.

Do you know anything about these things, or are you a stranger to them? "Examine yourselves," says the Apostle, "whether ye be in the faith: know ye not that Christ is in you, except ye be reprobate?" Can you honestly say that you have at any time really felt His power and influence in your soul, causing you to love and reverence His name, to love and delight in reading His Word, to feel that prayer is a sweet privilege? Can you say that your soul has gone out after God in holy, ardent longings, so that you could say with the Psalmist, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God"? Can you say that you have ever felt such love to the Bible, which is God's own Word, as to esteem it above all other books, and say sincerely, "How precious are Thy thoughts! Oh, how I love Thy law! It is my meditation all the day"? Has it at any time been sweeter to you than honey or the comb, causing you to delight in reading, searching into it, and meditating upon it? Can you say that you have felt a delight in approaching to God, to pour out your soul to Him in secret prayer, or that your heart has gone up to Him in earnest longings for a manifestation of His love and favour? Be honest, and let conscience answer these plain questions. If you are altogether a stranger to these things, depend upon it you are yet "without hope, and without God in the world," with a prospect of very shortly entering into the solemn and awful realities of eternity, where your state will for ever remain unchanged, for in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall lie.

Oh, consider these things, and may God, in His infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, awaken your soul, and teach you by His Holy Spirit, and prepare your soul for that great change, so that you may "long for His appearing, and be looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." This is the sincere desire and earnest prayer of

Yours affectionately,

Brighton, December 21st, 1884.

S. J. A.

"GATHER up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost" (John vi. 12).

GOD knows best what to do with us. We are not qualified to choose for ourselves. The patient ought not to prescribe for the physician, but the physician for the patient.—*Toplady*.

UNBELIEF is the fruitful parent of anxious care, and the principal limb of the old man; and it will work in the members even of those who may be in general strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.—*Fowler*.

PROTESTANT INFORMATION.

THE following is a proof of the usefulness of truthful lectures and literature, and should encourage lovers of truth to unite together for the spread of truth in opposition to Popery, and its handmaid Ritualism, as promoted by Jesuitical proselytizers, who are seeking to bring back our nation to groan again under the iron yoke of idolatrous Rome.

Brethren, let us pray and strive in union, in hope that God will give us good success:—

To the Editor of the Sower.

DEAR FRIEND,—The following incident, in connection with our first lecture, is matter for thankfulness and encouragement. Humanly speaking, it was quite by an accidental circumstance that it came to our knowledge.

A member of our committee had in his shop-window a Protestant leaflet, which induced a young man—apparently about twenty or twenty-one years of age—to come in, and ask if he could take him into his employ, at the same time stating that he was anxious to leave his present situation, in order to get away from the influence of Father ——. Our friend understood that he had for some years been going to Father ——'s church, attending four or five services on Sundays, and confession, &c., during the week, but that latterly he had felt uncomfortable in his mind respecting the teaching of Father ——, which did not seem to accord with what little he could remember of the instruction he had received from his mother, who died when he was a child, leaving him an orphan.

Seeing the announcement of our first lecture, on "Protestantism, Past and Present," to be delivered in the Music Room of the Royal Pavilion, posted up on the public notice board outside the Wesleyan Chapel, he determined, if possible, to go and hear it, and for that purpose his master allowed him to leave business earlier on the Monday evening, instead of Wednesday, which was the evening usually allowed him for going to confession. By mistake, he went to the Dome, and finding that there was no meeting there, he made inquiries of the people in the locality, but being unable to get any information, he went up to the chapel, about half a mile distant, to see what mistake he had made. In consequence of this, he was somewhat late, but the force of what he heard from Mr. Sinden was the means, in the hand of God, of opening his eyes to see in some degree what dangerous, soul-destroying errors he had been receiving, and he resolved to have nothing more to do with such a God-dishonour-

ing system. He observed that the filthy questions put to him in the confessional made him miserable all the week.*

As he absented himself from church, Father — called on him to know the reason, and it seems that a somewhat painful scene ensued. He told Father — that his teachings did not agree with what he read in the Bible. "The Bible!" exclaimed Father —; "you mustn't read that! If you do it will only make you miserable. The Bible is for God's ministers."

The young man wept much as he related the above to our friend, and asked if he knew where he could hear such Protestantism preached as he had heard at the lecture. He was told where to go, and he attended one place in the morning, another in the evening, and spent the afternoon in his room reading his Bible. He said that Mr. Lawson quite confirmed what he had heard at the lecture, and that he felt quite a different young man after hearing Mr. Harbour. He suffered none of that bondage while hearing him preach that he had felt before.

He has now left the town, in order to get out of the reach of Father —.

May this encourage others to unite for the purpose of spreading the truth and strengthen the hands of the promoters of the Calvinistic Protestant Union. With Christian love, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

S. J. ABBOTT,

Secretary of the Brighton Auxiliary C.P.U.

REFLECTIONS IN CONNECTION WITH THE LATE BUNYAN BICENTENARY.

OUR FATHERS: THEIR TESTIMONY AND TRIUMPH.

THE whole Gospel was exceedingly hateful in our fathers' days, as it may be now. The men who were "pressed in the spirit" to give testimony concerning it were made to feel the effects of the hatred they provoked. Their experience might be described in the language of Hebrews xi. 36—38. It certainly may be said of them, in the words of the same Epistle—"They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance" (Heb. x. 34). No mercy was shown to them. On the contrary, one persecuting decree was followed by another, and the governing powers seemed only bent on devising new methods of vexing and tormenting their inoffensive and worthy fellow-countrymen. The prison, the pillory,

* We call the special attention of our young readers to this testimony, and warn them not to be led to that foul sink of every uncleanness, the confessional, which is both debasing and God-dishonouring.—Ed.

the rack, and sometimes the fiery pile and the cold, dark river, were all brought into requisition. One writer tells us—"Above four hundred were crowded into Newgate, besides many more in the other prisons belonging to the City and parts adjacent." Another says—"They were dragged from their peaceable habitations, and thrust into prisons, almost in all counties in England, to the utter undoing of themselves and their families."

Among those thus imprisoned for "the word of their testimony," John Bunyan may be placed in the foremost rank—foremost in time as well as in honour. Before the Act of Uniformity had been framed, they contrived to seize him under an old Act of Queen Elizabeth, and to Bedford Gaol was honest John consigned for twelve years. Another worthy man, a Mr. Thomas Brewer, was suffered to lie in gaol for fourteen years on no other charge than that of being "a Baptist preacher"! Many of the localities in Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire contain memorials of these times of persecution, having been the scenes of these terrible transactions. At Winslow (Buckinghamshire) lived an eminent Baptist minister, whose godly wisdom still enriches the Churches—Benjamin Keach. Besides his usual ministry of the Gospel, this good man ventured on teaching through the press, and was audacious enough to print and publish a book entitled, "The Child's, Instructor." For this he was indicted at the assizes as "a seditious and schismatical person," having published "a seditious and venomous book, wherein are contained many damnable propositions, contrary to the liturgy of the Church of England." He was sentenced to stand in the pillory, in the market-place at Aylesbury, upon market day, from eleven to one o'clock; and in the same manner, and for the same time, during the holding of the market in his own town of Winslow, where also his book was to be burned by the common hangman. The younger ones among us do not know what the pillory was. An upright frame upon a scaffold, with three holes, set in a transverse movable frame, in which were fixed the head and hands of the offender, who was thus left exposed to the folly and fury of a thoughtless or malicious crowd. To such exposure Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chief Justice of England, delivered up a worthy minister of the Gospel. Even then, the word of testimony was not withheld. "Good people," said Keach, as he stood fixed in the pillory, "I am not ashamed to stand here. My Lord Jesus was not ashamed to suffer on the cross for me, and it is for His cause that I am made a gazing-stock." He managed to slip one hand out of the frame, and drew his Bible from his pocket, telling the people, as he showed it to them, that all the things for which he was now suffering punishment were written in that Book. The sheriff snatched the Book from him, and threatened

to gag him, but he continued at intervals to preach to the people, and declared to them that "even this yoke of Christ was easy, and God's grace did make the burden light."

A Baptist minister at Aylesbury was also the object of the hatred and cruelty of the authorities, and was, on one occasion, seized, with eleven of his congregation, including two women. They were arrested under the same Act which sent John Bunyan to prison (Eliz. XXXV.). Refusing to comply with the conditions, they were told they would be adjudged guilty of felony. They were even sentenced to death, but measures were promptly taken, with the assistance of William Kiffin, an influential Baptist merchant in London, to bring the case under the king's personal notice, and even Charles II. thought it would not do to suffer such a wholesale murder as this. The intended victims were therefore reprieved, and ultimately released.

Turning our thoughts to Bristol, we find in the "records" of the Church at Broadmead some remarkable illustrations of the faith and zeal which animated our fathers, alike among ministers and people.

Macaulay writes about this period—"Never, not even under the tyranny of Laud, had the condition of the Puritans been so deplorable as at that time. Never had spies been so actively employed in detecting congregations. Round the buildings where the little flocks gathered together, sentinels were posted to give the alarm if a stranger drew near. Worship was sometimes performed just before the break of day, and also at dead of night."

Such things as these were of actual occurrence in the experience of our fathers at Bristol. But "the Word of the Lord was precious in those days," and the brave ones who spake it and heard it, "they loved not their lives unto death." The first pastor of the Church, Mr. Ewins, was several times imprisoned—once for a whole year; but during that time his people gathered in the precincts of the prison, and heard him preach to them from the window of the cell in which he was confined.

Their second pastor, Mr. Hardcastle, was in prison when they gave him the invitation to take the pastoral charge. He contrived for three or four years after accepting the charge to elude the vigilance of the informers, but it was done by the adoption of several very strange, though clever methods of self-preservation. They hired two houses, knocked holes in the wall, and had the people in one house listening to the preacher preaching in the other. They secured an up-stairs warehouse for a chapel, with not too commodious a stair-case to approach it, and this stair-case they kept occupied by girls and women-folk, so that the informers might have "much hindrance" in getting up. During the scuffle steps were taken to protect the minister.

Their third pastor, Mr. Fownes, was repeatedly interrupted and imprisoned, and ultimately "died in Gloucester Jail." (See "Broadmead Records.")

Amidst it all how calm they were! What brave endurance! Theirs was the fortitude of men who knew the ground on which they stood. "They knew whom they believed." The pastors, especially, maintained an attitude of "glory in tribulation," and sent forth from their prison chambers words of cheer, letters of exhortation, and lines of song.

Has this story been told in vain? Is the record of the faith of our fathers to lie among the forgotten records of men and things that may very well be allowed to pass from remembrance? No, surely not. We, who have come into a heritage of light and liberty through their brave struggles and noble sacrifices, cannot allow it. We dare not. They must not be forgotten.

But more than this. Our hearts should, in this time of danger, when our enemies are seeking to bring us again into bondage, respond to the call our fathers give us to be followers of them, as they were of Christ. "Their zeal hath provoked very many," but many others are, alas! unconscious of its kindling power, and uninfluenced by the consideration of the glorious ends attained through their sufferings.

Oh, that the young of to-day may rise to the apprehension of the precious privileges which they enjoy in the truth and freedom of worship; and let them remember with how great a sum this freedom was purchased. Oh, that the glorious "testimony" our fathers gave—strong in their faith in "the blood of the Lamb," and with holy devotion "loving not their lives unto the death"—may summon us to renewed devotion and fidelity! At least, may these things arouse us from slumber, "that we be not slothful, but followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."—*Extracted from an Article in the "Baptist."*

A PRIEST THREATENS IRISH PROTESTANTS.

THE following is an extract from a speech by Father Hughes at a meeting of the Monasterevan branch of the National League, of which he was chairman. It was reported in the *Leinster Leader*. Referring to Moroney's release, the rev. gentleman said:—

"But though 'all's well'—that is the defiant cry that runs along the line of battle—we will feel that the strain is very severe, and that now, in the last hour of the struggle that has been going on for seven centuries, Ireland needs the helping hand of all her children. Now, that help Ireland does not receive

from her Protestant children. (A Voice: 'They are only step-children.') Where are the Protestant farmers of this parish? Are they here to-day or this evening? No, they are not: I have just been informed that three or four are present. I am very glad; but, taking them in a body, I have a right to complain of their base conduct. I say they are contemptible dastards (cheers), and I say they are imbeciles if they hope that, by-and-bye, when the fight is over and the battle won, their refusal to help shall not be remembered. ('Hear, hear,' and cheers.) Let no man say this is bigotry."

"This is not," writes the Dublin correspondent of the *Times*, 'the first time that the Protestant loyalists have been warned of the vengeance they may expect if ever the government of the country is handed over to the persons who are endeavouring by all means to get hold of it.'"

HEAVENLY LONGINGS.

(REVELATION vii. 9, 10.)

SHALL I, unworthy one, be there?
A crown receive, a palm to bear;
To hear the all-enchanting word,
"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord"?

And can it be that God will look
Upon me there without rebuke?
In robes of glory to appear,
Without a spot or wrinkle there?

Oh, blessed hope! though now I know
So little of it here below;
Here 'tis but sips; but there on high
Shall know it fully by-and-bye.

I sometimes am beclouded here,
And suffer much from doubt and fear;
But this I know, though thus it be,
"I once was blind, but now I see."

This heart, which once was shut by sin,
The Lord hath ope'd and entered in;
Hath cast down Satan, with his train,
Himself enthroned, and there to reign.

Oh, blessed Sovereign—easy yoke—
The Lord has now my fetters broke!
My body, soul, and spirit—all
He by His love does now enthrall.

In Christ I would be swallowed up,
Drink deeper of salvation's cup,
Until I need the streams no more,
Live near the fountain evermore.



"TELL HIM THAT I AM HAPPY." (See page 89.)

HAPPY DEATH OF A FRENCHWOMAN.

THE following pages contain a translation we have just made of a letter received from a Christian friend in Pau. The writer is a Frenchman, whose acquaintance we made in Boulogne in 1857. We have continued to have some correspondence with him from that time. The letter relates the illness and death of his eldest daughter. During a visit to Boulogne, a few years since, we were privileged to be present at her baptism, and to break bread to a few French Christians professing faith in Jesus, and submission to His Kingly rule. The writer, Monsieur D—, was then accustomed to speak the Word to this little gathering, which has, since his departure from Boulogne, been scattered. True believers are few everywhere. "Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." But in France, true Christians are singularly few. Popery and infidelity embrace the masses, and in the Protestant Establishment there is, we fear, a large portion of Rationalism and mere formality, while among the Dissenters there are frequently very indistinct views of the doctrines of grace. No doubt, both in L'Eglise Nationale and the Protestant Church, and among the Dissenters, there are persons who are by grace what they are—not in accordance with, but in spite of, their surroundings. The whole field of Christendom is sown with tares and wheat; and a blade of wheat, we believe, is found in the ancient town of Pau. There, in the vicinity of the Pyrenees, lives Monsieur D—, with his family. His last letter we translate for the benefit of our readers:—

Pau, Basses Pyrenées, May 25th, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER IN OUR LORD,—I will to-day seek to satisfy your wish, by giving you some details of the illness and death of our dear Julia. I can do this with all the more exactness because I have now these details under my eye, having put them down in writing, in order to keep them in memory for the benefit of my family. I ought, however, to tell you beforehand that a simple letter could not contain all the blessings granted to us by what the Lord did for her during her long illness. I must content myself with transcribing the brief record I have preserved in my memorandum-book, headed—

"Sickness and departure of our dear Julia for the blessed city, into which she entered by grace, through faith, on the 23rd of August, 1866, in her twenty-fourth year.

"For many years past our dear Julia's health was very precarious. *Le germe* of a chest disease caused us much painful apprehension for many long years before the Lord took her to Himself.

“In the month of May, 1866, she was taken decidedly ill, and, for my part, I in no way deceived myself about the result. I cast myself down before God, begging Him that He would make me heartily submit to His will, and prepare my dear child to depart; and let Him be a thousand and a thousand times blessed that He heard and answered abundantly my request.

“During the first days of her illness, dear Julia shed some tears when she saw that she had commenced to raise blood; and, although I saw her state, knowing she was a child of God, I did not believe it was my duty to tell her that her sickness was unto death. I preferred that it should be the Lord Himself who showed her this; and, indeed, this was soon shown her. One morning she was seized with a violent pain in the stomach, and begged that the doctor might be called up (he was accustomed to come every day). ‘My daughter,’ I said, ‘let us pray to the Lord. He is the true Physician, and the first to whom we ought to address ourselves.’ We at once prostrated ourselves at the feet of our Heavenly Father, to beg His assistance; and scarcely was the prayer finished before the pain abated, and our dear Julia said to me, ‘Oh, certainly the Lord is here! He has heard your prayer’; and from this moment, for the first time, she could speak to us freely of her approaching death as a thing she waited for without the least fear, but in peace and confidence she awaited the moment when the Lord should see fit to remove her.

“From the end of May to the 23rd of August her feverishness was continual, but never so violent as for one moment to distract her mind from the things of God. Night and day she kept her New Testament and her hymn-book near to her. She read and prayed, and talked with us, and with the brethren and sisters who came daily to visit her, of the goodness of God and of His promises. She was never tired of visitors. One day more than forty persons came to see her, so happy were persons to listen to her. Towards the end of the day another person came, and I was afraid to let her come in, because she is a great talker. I said to Julia, ‘Can you, or will you, see Madame B——? You ought to be quiet.’ ‘That says nothing,’ she said. ‘Let her come in, poor woman, or it will give her pain, since so many others have come. We ought not to give pain to any one. Her coming in will not make me worse, and it might be a blessing to her.’ Nothing but the things of God interested her.

“Six weeks before her death she had another violent attack. Her pulse had risen to 150 pulsations a minute. Many friends were present with us. We thought, and she thought, that the end was come. She bade us all farewell, pressing us in her arms one after another. She gave her Bible to her mother, and asked for

a pen and ink, to write some words upon the first page. Friends hastened to give her them, and held her up in bed, and she wrote, 'A keepsake to my loved mother.'* 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.' Then she said to us, 'You must not cry. I am going to be with the Lord. We shall soon meet again.' We wept afresh, but she consoled us.

"On the evening of this day, seven or eight young girls of her friends came to see her, thinking she would not continue through the night. She kissed them one after another, speaking to each one of the necessity of Jesus having the heart, exclaiming, 'He is so good! I am happy! Do not weep.'

"The following day the fever was not so strong, and she was much more feeble. The physician proposed giving her something to revive her spirits, but having learnt it was something to give her artificial strength, she said, 'It is useless. I do not wish for any false strength. I do not need it. I have no fear of death.' 'But, mademoiselle,' said he, 'you are not near death. I am pleased to see your moral courage; † but, after all, death is the worst thing we can meet. I am sure you ought to take something to strengthen your courage.' She smiled with such a smile as so greatly astonished the doctor that he left, evidently greatly moved, and from that day he judged further visits to Julia were unnecessary, but he continued to come, on account of our youngest child, Paul, being taken with acute rheumatism in his joints. He slept in a room adjoining that of his sister. She comforted us about him, telling us she believed the Lord would leave him to us, in answer to her prayers. She prayed much for him, and for all our sick friends, one by one.

"One day a dear brother, Monsieur B—, said to her in a visit, 'It is painful to suffer thus.' She was greatly overcome. 'Oh,' said she, 'you must not say that! What are my sufferings in comparison with what the Lord suffered for me?'

"At another time she said, 'It is in Gethsemane that one can understand something of the love of God. What love! How good the Lord is! Oh, how good He is to me!'

"Some friends were accustomed to bring her daily some flowers, which she much liked. One day they brought her a palm branch, with which she drove away the flies, which greatly tormented

* "*Souvenir d ma mère chérie.*"

† Poor man! We should fear, from the tone of this speech, that he was unacquainted with the secret that is with the righteous, of supernatural strength given in time of need.—ED.

her from morning to night. Seeing this palm in her hand, I said to her, 'See, you are already bearing a palm.' 'Yes,' said she, with one of her sweet, constant smiles; 'and I have done nothing to merit it,' and afresh she spoke to me of the love of God.

"Another time, her sister Clémence said to her, 'I am going to write to our brother Ernest. What shall I tell him from you?' 'Tell him that I am happy, and that I beg of him not to forget the things which are above.'

"Another day, she called Paul to her when he was a little better, and whispered into his ear, 'My dear Paul, I desire for thee that thou shouldst be made a servant of Jesus. He is good.'

"Her conscience was made admirably tender. One day, having asked her sister for something, she took quite another thing. She said to her lightly, 'Oh, Clémence, you are a silly!' She directly became quite sad, and called her sister to her side, saying she had something to say to her. 'What is it, then?' 'Pardon me, my dear, for having called you a silly,' although, when she used the word, it seemed more like a simple familiarity than a wrong, but her tender conscience was sorely troubled.

"It seemed to all around her as if she lived in a celestial atmosphere. She passed day and night in a continual sense of the love of the Saviour, and her patience never failed for a single instant. We, and all those Christian friends who were continual witnesses of her love and patience, felt it an edifying sight. 'It is miraculous,' they said. At those times when she was suffering most, she would exclaim, 'Give me, Lord, to exalt Thy love by patience, until the day when I shall lift it high to perfection.' She said, again, 'I do not wish that my life should be either prolonged or shortened. *As* the Lord will, and *when* He will. I am submissive to His will. He has given me this grace.'

"Another time she said to us, 'How good the Lord is to have given me this long illness, and enabled me to read His good Word!' She read day and night. Some Christian women and young girls took it in turn to sit up with her. She would show them the hymns she liked best, which were all those which spoke of her approaching departure. Then she would point out chapters to them.

"She scarcely ever slept. One morning, she said to her mother, 'I think any one might become habituated to do without sleep.' One day, as I saw she made an effort to keep awake, I said to her, 'My dear child, you must not do that. If the Lord will give you a little sleep, accept it with gratitude.' 'Father,' she said, 'I like much better to be awake. I do not wish to die sleeping.'

“One morning, on entering her room, I found her looking sad. It greatly affected me to see her, always so joyous, now in sorrow. I asked her what was the matter with her. ‘Father,’ said she, ‘Satan has been telling me I shall not go to heaven.’ ‘And what is your answer to him?’ She opened quickly her Testament, and read this passage—‘The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost’; and she added, ‘God is love.’ The temptation soon passed. I said to her, ‘My dear child, if he comes again, meet him with the Word. He will flee before that.’ She doubled down a multitude of passages, as if she wished always to have that powerful Word at hand in case of temptation. She seemed always to be watching and praying, and to be ever in armour.

“She delighted much, in order to appreciate the love of the Saviour, to place in contrast the care with which she was surrounded with the abandoned condition in which her Saviour was left. ‘I,’ said she, ‘am surrounded with friends, who give me all sorts of good things to drink, and my Saviour was deserted by all, and in His thirst they gave Him gall and vinegar to drink; and it was for me that He suffered so much! Oh, what love! God is love!’ ‘God is love’ was her motto. That word we heard daily from her lips, and even in her moments of greatest suffering.

“The evening which preceded her death, after a season of extreme suffering, she could find no place of ease to rest herself upon, and asked to put her head upon the knee of her sister Marie. A pillow was placed upon her sister’s knee, upon which she laid her dying head. She rested in this position from nine o’clock until midnight. Two Christians who sat up with her this night, with Marie, said to her, ‘Dear Julia, we will take the place of Marie, that she may go and rest a little.’ ‘Let me alone a little while,’ she said; ‘it is so sweet to rest one’s head on a sister’s knees. My Saviour had nothing but a cross for His head.’ A little while after, Paul took the place of Marie. Thus she passed the night.

“In the morning, she grew weaker every hour. She was constantly in prayer, or reading in her New Testament, or bidding farewell to friends who entered the room one after another, having a smile and a suitable word for each one. At length, towards eleven o’clock, she ceased to have power to make herself understood. I took hold of her hand, and spoke to her of the Saviour, and asked her to squeeze my hand as long as she could understand me. She made a sign for ‘Yes.’ At length she closed her eyes. I said to her, ‘My dear child, the Lord is coming. Behold Him!’ (*Le voici.*) She opened her eyes. I added, ‘By faith—see Him by faith.’ She murmured, ‘Yes, by

faith.' Then her hand ceased to press mine. We cast ourselves down upon our knees, saying, 'Lord, accompany our dear child! Thou gavest her to us. We give her back to Thee. Blessed be Thy holy name.' At the same instant her soul was dislodged, to 'be with Christ, which is far better'; and here we remain in the land of the combat, still to weep for a few days, but not as those who have no hope. Her memory to us is indeed blessed, and we can now look and think upon her as in heaven."

A little more patience, and we shall reach the end.

Your brother in Christ our Life,
D.

Dear readers, what constant proofs our pages furnish that death is continually fixing its shafts in young bosoms! Are you ready to meet death? You are not ready if you are not born again, but you are ready if, through true repentance, sin has become your sorrow, is confessed and forsaken—if, through living faith, Christ has become your hope and foundation, and if, through a principle of holiness wrought in the heart, your chosen path is the way of God's commandments.—*By the late Editor, S. Sears.*

A SPIRIT TO BE DESIRED.

WHILE contests rend the Christian Church,
Oh, may I live the friend of peace!
The sacred mine of Scripture search,
And learn from man—vain man—to cease.

Oh, teach me, Lord, Thy truth to know,
And separate from all beside;
This I would guard from every foe,
Nor fear the issue to abide.

But keep me, Lord, from party zeal,
That seeks its own, and not Thy praise;
This temper I would never feel;
Or when I do, would own it base.

Be mine to recommend Thy grace,
That sinners may believe and live;
That they who live may run the race,
And then a crown of life receive.

Lord, search my heart—oh, search me through!
Detect, destroy what's not Thine own;
Whene'er I speak, whate'er I do,
Oh, may I seek Thy praise alone!—*Kelly.*

MEMOIR OF A CONVERTED JEWESS.

(Continued from page 71.)

ON account of the frequent indisposition of her mother, Maria expressed a desire to pass a second winter with her grandmother ; and having derived much benefit from eleven months' perseverance in one unchanged position, she was now enabled to bear the fatigue of being carried into the parlour, and of remaining below during three or four hours.

One Friday evening, a conversation took place with her grandmother respecting the Sabbath ; and before it concluded, Maria was undesignedly led to avow her entire belief in Jesus as the Saviour crucified for sinners. This confession, though no doubt productive of pain, excited less anger than might have been expected. From her frequent remarks, some suspicion of the truth must have been awakened ; and probably this affectionate relative would not, by reproaches, add mental distress to the acute sufferings of one already so heavily afflicted and so dearly loved.

On the Friday following, an opportunity occurred of explaining the striking fulfilment of prophecy in Christ Jesus. When giving a detail of the conversation to Miss P——, Maria said, "I prayed a long time before I had courage to speak, but when I began, words seemed to be put into my mouth and thoughts into my mind. For nearly two hours I spoke so earnestly that I seemed to tell her more than I knew" ; and E——, who was present, added, "My mistress sat looking at Miss Maria with great astonishment, but never once interrupted her." Thus did the Spirit of Truth bring to her remembrance things which He had caused to be written for her instruction in righteousness.

Having learned the new commandment, "that ye love one another, as I have loved you," the influence of this precept was not confined to her own family, but was also manifested by anxiety for the souls of others. Maria omitted no opportunity of addressing those Gentiles who entered the house, on the blessing of having such a Redeemer, and of entreating them, while they were in possession of health and strength, not to "neglect so great salvation," but to look at her, and take warning, for her days of vanity and folly had brought no real happiness, whilst those of suffering were accompanied by abiding peace of mind and "gladness of heart" ; and she would frequently repeat to them those passages of Scripture which had been most blessed to herself.

Although no longer able to distinguish the persons of those who were admitted, yet she quickly recognized the accents of her own people, and watched for a favourable moment to ask whether they diligently read their Bible, whether they understood what they

read, and whether they prayed to God to teach them its true meaning? Probably some questions of this kind were the inducement which led Mr. C—— to call at her grandmother's; for, on the preceding evening, Maria had earnestly entreated a young Jew, not merely to read the Hebrew, but to endeavour to learn its signification, and to study that holy Book with prayer.

After speaking upon different subjects, Mr. C—— mentioned his desire of teaching Hebrew, and stated that, for that purpose, he had called upon some of the clergymen, to one of whom he had said it was a delusion to believe that a Jew was ever really converted to Christianity, for those who professed it did so from hypocritical motives—either to gain money or an advantageous situation. Maria listened with breathless anxiety, and lifted up her heart to the Lord, to enable her to refute so unjust an assertion. Soon after, Mr. C—— turned towards her, and inquired whether she had long been ill. Her grandmother gave an account of her accident, of her nearly total loss of sight, and of the suffering she had endured. Maria immediately said, "I thank God for all my afflictions, for He has sent them to bring me to the knowledge of Himself. I have just heard you say, sir, that no Jew can become a Christian except from interested motives." Mr. C—— replied, "Decidedly so!" "Look at me, sir! What could a situation, or money, do for me in my helpless state? And yet I tell you, sir, that I firmly believe that Jesus of Nazareth has suffered and died for us, and that there will be no other Messiah." Mr. C——: "Who told you this?" "My God taught me!" Mr. C——: "What induced you to believe?" "Reading the Scriptures; and I can say yet more—I dare die this moment in the faith of Jesus!" Mr. C——: "What! are you going to turn Goia? Are not your father and mother Jews?" Her grandmother here interposed, observing, "To be sure they are, and so are all her family and relations." Mr. C—— took up a Bible, saying, "The forty-third chapter of Isaiah will convince you that there is but one God." At the third verse, Maria interrupted him—"The Holy One of Israel is He in whom I believe. He is my Saviour, and I want no other." When he ceased reading, she continued, "Now take the fifty-third chapter, sir, which will prove that the Holy One must be a suffering Messiah." Mr. C—— threw the Book on the table, uttered an execration against the name of Jesus, and quitted the house.

This conversation seems to have made a very deep impression on the mind of Mr. C——. He wrote thus to an aged saint—"I have met, for the first time in my life, with something extraordinary in the character of a Jewess, twenty-four years old—the first instance that I can be convinced of a Jewess believing faithfully in your Redeemer. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. ——

a Jew and Jewess, by a fall three years ago, injured her spine, and can now only sit in a chair. She told me that she was quite satisfied in her situation, for that, during her illness, God had convinced her that there was a Saviour, and she was fully convinced in her heart that Jesus is the Redeemer, and she believed in Him, and that He died to save sinners. I was surprised. I read Isaiah xliii., but it was of no use. I said no more. This girl, I believe, has been converted by God to the Christian faith! I write this because I know you are no hypocrite, and to let you know I now believe that a Jew may be converted."

A few minutes after this interview, Miss P—— found Maria crying very bitterly. On inquiring the cause of these unusual tears, and of the perturbation betrayed by her grandmother, the latter answered that Maria had been speaking improperly to a learned Jew, and she feared had much displeased him. Maria vindicated herself, asserting that she had spoken strongly, yet not in anger; but, having prayed to the Lord for help, she felt impelled to declare her faith in Jesus before these Jews, and could not now refrain from tears, because it wounded her like a knife to hear Mr. C—— speak against her Saviour.

A few days after, when listening to Matthew x. 32, Maria exclaimed, "Did not I confess Jesus before that blaspheming Jew?" "Undoubtedly; and you may apply to yourself your Saviour's own promise, 'Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven.'" Her joy and expressions of thankfulness were most gratifying; and when Miss P—— alluded to her subsequent indisposition, evidently caused by agitation, and the exertion of speaking to Mr. C——, she replied, "Oh, that was only a 'light affliction,' richly overpaid by this promise. This is solid joy and happiness, and will never pass away."

Some weeks after this conversation, the extract from Mr. C——'s letter (previously referred to) was read to Maria. She appeared thoughtful and abstracted, but expressed great thankfulness to God for what she had heard. The next morning, she told Miss P—— that, during the past night, she had been praying earnestly for Mr. C—— and another Jew, that the Lord might rend away the veil, and open their hearts to the truth.

When speaking on prayer, Maria said to Miss P——, "You often ask that I may not again undergo such suffering as I have already experienced. Is that right? I dare not join you in that petition, but I may safely use my Saviour's words—'Father, if it be Thy will, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done.'"

A lady, who had felt much interest in Maria's conversion, paid her a visit, and said that the impression left on her mind would

not be soon effaced. Maria entered freely into conversation with Mrs. A——, stating the delight with which she had traced Jesus as the Messiah, through the Psalms and Minor Prophets, especially referring to the fifth chapter of Micah, adding, “Miss P—— has been a kind friend to me, and is very useful in explaining many difficulties ; but I am not taught by her. It is God Himself who has taught me by His Holy Spirit. Miss P—— could only bring the Word of God to my ears—the Spirit brought it to my heart, and caused me to understand it.”

To a clergyman who afterwards requested to see her, she made nearly the same declaration—“Teachers, sir, are very useful in leading us to God ; but we must all be taught by His Holy Spirit.”

Let it not be supposed that Maria was ungrateful to the friend who had cared for her soul. On the contrary, when she did allude to the subject, her expressions were very forcible—“I can do nothing for you here but pray my God to bless you. In eternity I will thank you. When we meet before the throne of God, and you witness and partake of my happiness, then indeed you will be repaid.” “But her clear views of the Gospel plan of salvation, and of the operations of the Holy Ghost in conversion, prevented her from leaning on any arm of flesh. She knew that Jesus was “the Author and Finisher of her faith,” and that it was “the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus which made her free from the law of sin and death.” Hereby she knew that she dwelt in Him, and He in her, because He had given her of His Spirit, and that “where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.”

Maria having been presented with a copy of the “Memoir of Miss Alexander,” a child of Hebrew Christian parents, she listened to the record of her faith, patience, and consolations, with the same attention and feeling as she would have shown had it been that of a beloved sister, with whom she was assured she should soon dwell in mansions of everlasting bliss. Delighted with the deep submission and blessed hope exhibited by one so young, Maria observed, “This is another promise fulfilled—‘They who seek Me early shall find Me.’ I believe there are some of my people who, when death draws near, show resignation to the will of God, but I never heard of their joy. Can I wonder at it, when I know they dread death, and avoid conversing on the future state of the soul? This leads me to reflect that it is Jesus alone who hath abolished the fear of death, and ‘bath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.’ [See Hebrews ii. 14, 15.] I love to listen to those passages which speak of heaven, and of the happiness of the blessed, when Jesus shall ‘come to be glorified in His saints.’ Sometimes I restrain the desire, ‘Come quickly, Lord Jesus!’ lest it should arise from impatience for

my release. But I have a good hope, through grace, because Jesus promises salvation to all who believe. He 'came to seek and to save that which was lost'; and should He call me, even the next hour, to pass through the dark valley, which is merely 'the shadow of death,' for all is bright beyond, I should 'fear no evil,' for He promises that He 'will never leave me, nor forsake me.'"

This remark, which Maria often repeated, was no vain boast, and arose from no unfounded confidence. Before that week had expired, her faith was put to the test. A severe illness, of an inflammatory nature, rapidly reduced her strength. She was also suddenly deprived of the use of her left hand and arm, which was never restored. During some minutes she lost the power of speech, and from that time her then imperfect sight entirely failed. Frequent attacks of spasmodic asthma followed, sometimes exciting fears of immediate suffocation.

Was not this also a dispensation of mercy, that "the trial of her 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, whom, having not seen, she loved; and in whom, believing, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory"? The few words she could utter at intervals were of peace. Her smile expressed perfect serenity, and her oft-uplifted eyes indicated the sweet communion she was holding with her God and Saviour.

One afternoon, Miss P—— was hastily summoned, having been told that Maria was apparently dying. She found the poor sufferer supported by her affectionate mother.

On the first abatement of the spasms, Miss P—— reminded both her mother and grandmother that Maria was already a Christian, and had long been anxious for admission into the Christian Church by baptism. Being somewhat revived by powerful stimulants, Maria faintly articulated some words of importunate appeal, entreating that her mother would not refuse her dying request. Mrs. —— alluded to the disgrace which, in the opinion of their nation, would be brought upon the family by such an act, asserting that her own learned relatives were far better judges in matters of religion than one so young, and who could have but little knowledge on these subjects. Maria answered every objection by renewed entreaties that she might be baptized in that name in which alone she trusted. Her only wish was, to obey her Saviour's command, and then to say, "Lord, now let Thy servant depart in peace." The mother, deeply affected, was influenced only by the accents of her child, and for some time evidently struggled with contending feelings. At last she said, "The father is the head of the house. If he chooses to allow it,

he can do as he pleases." Maria's alarming situation was announced to Mr. —, and his permission solicited, but this was positively refused. Her medical attendant told him that recovery from this attack was not impossible, but he could not answer for his daughter's life. If the unfavourable symptoms should increase, instant suffocation might ensue. Maria then entreated her friend to urge her father to come without delay. On meeting with him, Miss P—— implored him to see his child immediately, and to listen to her dying request (for such it was expected to prove), repeating some of the passages which had so powerfully influenced Maria's mind, and adding that her examination of the Scriptures, with earnest prayer for the teaching of that Holy Spirit spoken of by David and the Prophets, had compelled her to believe that the Messiah, whom their nation expected daily, was that suffering Redeemer whom the Prophets had so clearly predicted, especially Isaiah, in the fifty-third chapter, the whole of which prophecy she considered had been accurately fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth.

(To be continued.)

A THORNY PATH, BUT THE RIGHT WAY.

"A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds," &c.—
JOEL ii. 2.

How expressive the above words are, in the day in which we live, to many who are sorely tried as to how things will turn out with them in their business affairs. The severe competition in trade, and last, but not least, the adversity and loss, cause many to feel at their "wits' end," as the saying is, respecting how they are to "make things meet and tie."

Many of the Lord's living family are no strangers to these things, and they feel very sensitive as to whether they shall still be able to pay every man "his own," and they know from experience that the Lord, who hath said, "I will do all My pleasure" (Isa. xlvi. 10), hath permitted many of His redeemed to pass through "fiery trials," and therefore the living now are so weighted with tribulation as to "wonder where the scene will end."

Well, dear brother, or sister, the writer can feel for you, as he has to contend with the same things, the same troubles, that you now feel. Only to-day I was saying to a dear relative—

"Perhaps, after all, I shall finish up in a workhouse. There was Mr. —, you know, who, though at one time was well off, yet died in a hospital at last, and nothing but trouble and trial has seemed to be my lot for ever so long. At the same time, I don't

want to grumble. I know I deserve it all, and much more, for my sins are great."

"Well," was the reply, "you are not in the workhouse yet. Hitherto we have been fed and clothed; and depend upon it, if the Lord sends you to the workhouse, He will give you workhouse grace."

As my dear relative spoke, there came into my mind the circumstance of my visiting an aged man of God, a stranger to me, in a workhouse in London. Once he had been well off, as we say, but now there was not one he could walk and speak with upon the things dear to his heart. I had to sit in a large room to wait to see him, wherein were many of the inmates of the house, for this poor man had not even the privilege of seeing a friend alone. But by-and-bye he came, and we sat in a corner, and spoke of the things we loved; and as we sat, and he affectionately grasped my hand, I can never forget how, more than once, he earnestly exclaimed, "Oh, the goodness of God to me, a poor sinner!" Here was "workhouse grace" in exercise indeed; and soon after, he was "absent from the body, present with the Lord," free from all his sorrows, griefs, and adversity, but not free from what grace had begun below, namely, praising Him he loved, for though the language might be altered there, the substance of his song still is, "Oh, the goodness of God to me, a poor sinner!"

And, after all, how many times fear and trembling come upon me on Monday morning, as to how things will go with me through the week. When Saturday night has come, on going to bed, the writer has felt constrained to fall upon his knees by the bed-side, and confess the goodness of God to him. How much better has He been to him than all his fears foreboded! Yes, the Lord always has been, and still is, better to me than I have deserved—yea, far, far better. Then let us fall into His hands

"Who cannot do but what is right,
And must be righteous still."

"Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" which, after all, He hath said "shall work together for good to them that love God, and who are the called according to His purpose."

"Then trust Me, and fear not; thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect; supreme is My power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in My likeness to shine."

THE LORD'S LEADINGS AND TEACHINGS.

PUBLISHED NOTES OR DIARY OF A DECEASED SERVANT
OF CHRIST.

October, 1862.—There is not any theme like redeeming love, or any Saviour like Jesus, for He passes by the wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own conceit, and chooses and calls the poor, maimed, helpless, lost, blind, and sinful to His footstool; leads and teaches as none else can; receives sinners, and eats with them. Nor will He cast them out on that account, seeing He came to call such, to give them repentance and remission of sins, having taken all their load, and fully satisfied justice on their behalf.

“ So rich a cost
Can ne'er be lost,
Though faith be tried by fire.”

Faint at times, I am, through mercy, still kept pursuing, and under the aboundings of hope, predict that I shall weather every storm, and come off more than conqueror at last.

The light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for our eyes to behold the Sun of Righteousness, and enjoy His healing beams. But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. When night comes, then the beasts of the forest creep forth.

“ And every ransacked corner shows
Some unsuspected sin.”

But the sun arises, and then they gather themselves together, and disappear all the day. But the Canaanites are yet in the land, nor can we drive them out, for they have chariots of iron. But that shows who can purge the filth of each polluted soul—yea, and He will too; therefore trust thou in Him—cry and look to Him alone—for all power in heaven and earth is His.

May, 1863.—Returned home once more in safety, blessed with journeying mercies, health, and strength, for all which and many other mercies I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the covenant God of Israel. The weather has been, and still is, wonderful, and I hope you enjoy it as I do. Morning after morning I walk some few miles before breakfast, and admire the wondrous works of God's creative power; but I most admire the grace that brought me to know for myself the God of Israel as mine.

My dear friend died on the morning of the 1st. I preached there, on Thursday, to a very attentive audience, and was enabled to bring some solemn appeals to the conscience of each. to know how and on what foundation they stood, if the Lord

should call them hence. She appeared last year at this time as well as I do now—was a great sufferer, but favoured for some time before she departed with peace; and such was her end. She had been a very retiring, shy, still one, but I believe a sincere seeker for many years. The Lord will have His own. “Not a hoof shall be left behind.” The purchase of the Saviour’s blood is of such infinite value that

“ So rich a cost
Can ne’er be lost.”

Mr. H—— is a faithful, searching preacher. I told him I was compelled to speak of the same things, and that an Antinomian, I doubted not, would call it a very legal discourse. So much empty, hollow profession sickens me, and drives me to faithful, searching preaching. I am sometimes much favoured, then feel as if I had no religion left; sometimes rejoicing in hope, then sinking in fears; mounting up to heaven in sweet communion, anon going down into the deep in apparent desertion, but not left without hope, blessed be God.

June, 1863.—As age advances, the faculties fail, which must be expected. These are the effects of the fall. “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return”; hence, when old age comes on, we stoop and bend towards our parent earth. But none of the things incident to our poor fallen nature can ever separate a vessel of mercy from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Love in the heart of the Father gave them to the Son; love in the heart of the Son moved Him to quit, in the fulness of time, the Father’s bosom, assume our nature, become a “Man of Sorrows,” &c., fulfil every jot and tittle of the law, and die for us, rise again, and ever lives and pleads for us, that we may eventually occupy that place He is gone to prepare for us, unto which we are kept by His own arm and power. The love of the Holy Spirit is seen in condescending to come upon and take possession of us, quickening us into life who were before dead in sin; causing Satan, the strong man, to be bound and cast out of our hearts; leading us to see and feel our lost state, and need of Jesus, the only Refuge appointed of a Triune God for the destitute; and until we are made sensible of our destitution, we never seek after this Refuge in sincerity and truth. He is a Refuge for the oppressed; and though all are under the oppression of Satan, but few sensibly know and feel it; nor do we cry out by reason of this oppressor until life enters, for the dead know not anything. The cry and struggle of a new-born infant is a certain proof of life natural; so it is spiritually. This life is the free gift of God to men; is eternal, imperishable, and can never be lost; is put into the hands of Christ for His own people, seeing Adam, our

first head, made shipwreck of all the life put into his hands by his Creator. Satan, who has no part nor lot in this blessing, is ever opposed to the objects of it, disputing every inch of their ground, being the sworn foe to the image of the Second Adam, wherever he finds it, which is "created in righteousness and true holiness." This life is beyond his reach, although he has instigated his agents to destroy the natural life of its possessors in very many of the nations of the earth, and that for ages past. Exterminate this seed he never can; sow discord amongst them he will, and sorely cast them down and bruise them; but their spiritual life is "hid with Christ in God," and is for ever safe from all his wiles.

You are low, you say. This is nothing new. "When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up," and God will save the humble person. In and out, up and down, night succeeding day, has been my pathway for more than forty years in this wilderness, and I do not expect it to be much otherwise. The trials by the way stir me up to prayer and watching, keep me from settling on my lees, and longing after a closer union and communion with that "Brother who is born for every adversity" into which we can possibly come—that Friend whose love is ever the same. "What is our life?" A vapour. Our days? Swifter than a weaver's shuttle.

October, 1863.—I am brought to know by experience the truth of the Psalmist's words—"All my springs are in Thee," and, with the Apostle, to say, "When to will is present with me, how to perform that which is good I find not." These experiences deeply convince me of the onerous reality of these words, "*Thine is the power.*" And truly Jehovah must work in me to *do* as well as to *will*. What a poor, helpless beggar upon divine bounty I feel myself increasingly to be! If I judged by sense, I sometimes should conclude I had neither part nor lot in the matter, and that it was little short of presumption to think I had any religion, or ever had. Perhaps you will say, "You are a pretty standard-bearer in the army of Israel!" Truly I am astonished at the long forbearance of my Lord and Master, and wonder He can and does exercise such long-suffering towards one so poor, so lost, so base as I. I suppose it is because His ways and thoughts are as far above mine as the heavens are high above the earth. Certainly there is no searching of His understanding; and His enduring my manners in this wilderness is and must be because "His mercy endureth for ever," and because nothing can move us out of His loving-kindness, induce Him to break His covenant, made from everlasting with Christ, and me in Him, cause His faithfulness to fail, or ever alter the thing which has gone forth out of His sacred lips. All the unbelief, perverseness, idolatry,

and rebellion of Israel of old never did or could alter the thing gone forth out of His lips to Abraham, wherein He promised to give the land of Canaan to his seed ; much less can our sin, perverseness, and folly, induce Him to lie to our spiritual David, or cause Him to break the everlasting covenant between Them. Nothing in us ever produced these covenant engagements, and sometimes I feel persuaded that nothing in us will alter one jot or tittle of His faithful promises, for they are not yea and nay, but just the very reverse. "I am the Lord," not man. "I change not, *therefore* ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." No other reason but this—"Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." If these things can alter, I must fall, having no faith in a changing, disappointed God.

I have done little in this way of late, but hope, ere long, the breezes from the everlasting hills will spring up, and then, when He makes His wind to blow, the waters of the spring, I hope, will bubble up once more, and perhaps, like Jordan in the time of harvest, overflow all its banks. If so, I shall be a ready scribe.

Mr. Tiptaft is at Oakham, completely laid aside from preaching, and has been some months, having lost his voice.

So the poor old pilgrim is gone home at last. Truly labour and sorrow must have been her lot of late, but what an unspeakable mercy it is to be found upon the Rock! No storms of adversity, rains of affliction, floods of persecution, or winds of temptation and error, will ever prevail to separate that soul from the love of Jesus. Love in the heart of our Triune God first moved Him to devise a way by which He could be just, and yet justify a poor, lost, helpless race of sinners, who should, in His own time, way, and manner be brought to feel their need of that rich salvation determined upon by the Father, wrought out by the Son, and revealed and applied by the Holy Spirit. Well may this be called God's salvation, and it is everlasting. No change in God, whose wisdom, love, and power provided it ; nor in His immutable love to those who are made the happy sharers in it. No affliction, tribulation, losses, crosses, pains, or woes, from whatever source they may spring, alter the decree, or make His promise void, or cause His faithfulness to fail. Here is our security. We sought Him not until He sought us. He began with us, not we with Him. His work is perfect, and will never be forsaken or fail. The place He has gone to prepare for us we must, in His own time, fill. Heaven and earth may pass away, and will, but

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

Afflictions abound ; so it must be. "This is not our rest : it is

polluted." "Here we have no continuing city," but are looking out for one to come. It is a mercy to be enabled to hold fast what we have already received—to mind the same things, and walk by the same rule—not turn aside. Oh, the weakness of poor human nature! I am desirous to keep my eye steadily fixed upon what the Lord hath done for me, and wrought by His Spirit in me. May we press forward daily towards higher and holier things—be led deeper into the mysteries of the kingdom—sit still at the feet of Jesus, and daily learn of Him. Jesus, who once said, "Go, and sin no more," and "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee," is "the saving health of all nations." There is none like Him—no theme like His redeeming love.

November, 1863.—My preaching is more fit for hod-men and barrow-women, as "the immortal coal-heaver" said his was, than for ladies and gentlemen, riding in their carriages, and keeping their livery servants. My pathway and theirs essentially differ. The poor, afflicted, tribulated, tempted, and feeble, fearing, and despised will cleave to me. With David's ragged regiment I am ever at home, being often discontented, often distressed, and always in debt. It is no wonder, as "birds of a feather flock together," that I should be at home with such. Tribulation to the end we must have, but peace in Christ is as sure to all the seed. May you and all the Israel of God be blessed with an abundant increase of it, arising from clearer and brighter views of our own personal interest in the atonement and righteousness of our Redeemer, of whose mercy, love, power, and faithfulness I hope to speak to-morrow.

(To be continued.)

WISDOM OF THE WORLD.

CHRIST puts His trumpet to His mouth, and up come His warriors, clad in fishermen's garb, with the brogue of the lake of Galilee—poor humble mariners! Here are the warriors, O Wisdom, that are to confound thee. These are the heroes who shall overcome thy proud philosophers. These men are to plant their standard upon thy ruined walls, and bid them fall for ever. These men and their successors are to exalt a Gospel in the world which ye may laugh at as absurd, which ye may sneer at as folly, but which shall be exalted above the hills, and shall be glorious even to the highest heavens.

IF the very idea of having a hard heart makes you tremble, it is a certain sign that your heart is not hard.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

[At the request of friends, and in the hope of profiting our readers, we purpose giving, now and again, in the SOWER, an extract from Flavel's "Touchstone of Sincerity," and we have thought it best to preface them with his "Epistle to the Reader" entire, as it contains weighty and pointed remarks well suited to the present times.—ED.]

READER, among the difficulties and severities of true religion, the faithful searching and diligent keeping of our hearts are found in the first and highest rank of difficulties. These two take up the main work of a Christian between them. I had hopes that these Essays for searching of the heart might much sooner have followed my former for keeping the heart ("A Saint Indeed"), but Providence hath resumed it for the fittest season.

It comes to thy hand, reader, in a day of straits and fears, a dark and gloomy season, when the nations about us are made drunk with their own blood, and filled with the wine of astonishment—in a day when the cup is ready to pass unto us, and a storm seems to be rising in the fears of many, and threatening the Protestant interest in these reformed nations. Some men, very considerable for piety and learning, from that Scripture, Revelation xiii. 3, the "deadly wound" (namely; that given the beast by the Reformation) "was healed," have concluded that Popery will once more overrun the reformed nations; and one of great renown in all the Churches of Christ, foretelling this furious, but short, storm, comforts the people of God with this—that it is likely to fall heaviest upon the worshippers in the outward court, namely, the formal professors of the times.

Oh, how much is every man now concerned to have his estate and condition well cleared, and to "give all diligence to make his calling and election sure"!

It should both amaze and grieve a pious mind, to see how some ingenious persons can sit with unwearied patience and pleasure, racking their brains upon some dry school *problem*, or some nice mathematical point, while no reasons nor persuasions can prevail with them to spend one serious hour in the search or study of their own hearts.

It was the saying of the great Cicero, "I would give all the wealth in the world that I might wholly live in my studies, and have nothing to hinder me." What a brave offer had that been if heaven, and the title to it, had been the subject-matter of these studies! Saith another, "Believe me, it were a sweet death to die in the study of mathematical arts"; and I should be apt to believe it, too, did I not know that eternal judgment immediately follows death, and that they who stand at the

door of eternity have higher matters to mind than mathematical niceties. To discern the harmonies and proportions in nature is pleasant, but to discern the harmony and proportion of the signs of grace laid down in the Word with the works of grace wrought in our souls, is a far more pleasant and necessary employment, and to be extinguished in a work like this were a lovely death indeed. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing!"

My friends, a day of trouble is near—a dying hour approacheth us—and when our eye-strings and heart-strings are breaking, when we are taking the last grasp of Christ and the promises, you will then know to what purpose those hours spent in such work as this were. Search yourselves, yea, search yourselves "before the decree bring forth," as that text may be read, Zephaniah ii. 1, 2. "Enter into thy chamber, and shut thy door." Sit close to this employment thou art here directed to; and however times shall govern, whether it be fair or foul weather abroad, thou shalt never repent such an expense of thy time. "I am never better than when I am at my Book, or on my knees," said a devout soul once.

This may seem but a dull, melancholy life to the brisk and airy spirits of these times; but let us be content with it as it is, and leave them (if we cannot have their company) to their sportiveness and frolics, never once grudging them in their short and dearly-bought pleasures. Assurance that sin is pardoned, and Christ is ours, with the unspeakable joys that are inseparably connected therewith, is that white stone and new name which none knows but he that receives it, for no words can possibly signify to another what that soul tastes and feels in such an hour as that is.

And be not discouraged at the difficulty of obtaining it. This white stone is no philosopher's stone, which no man could ever say he had in his own hand; for many a Christian hath really found it in waiting upon the Lord by prayer, and diligently searching the Scriptures and his own heart.

Reader, the time will come when they that scoff at the serious diligence of the saints, and break many a pleasing jest upon the most solemn and awful things in religion, will tremble when they shall hear the midnight cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" and see the lamps of all vain and formal professors expire, and none admitted into the marriage but such whose lamps are furnished with oil; that is, such whose professions and duties are enlivened and maintained by vital springs and principles of real grace within them.

It is a very remarkable story that Melchior Adams records in the "Life of Gobelinus"—that, a little before his time, there was a play set forth at Isenaco, in Germany, of the wise and foolish

virgins, wherein the Virgin Mary (one of the five saints that represented the wise virgins) was brought in with the rest, telling the foolish virgins that cried to her for oil that it was too late; and then others, representing the foolish virgins, fell a weeping, and making most bitter lamentations. Hereat Prince Frederick, who was one of the spectators, greatly amazed, cried out, "What is our faith worth, and to what purpose are all our good works, if neither Mary nor any other saint can help us?" And such was his consternation that it threw him into a sore and violent disease, which ended in apoplexy, whereof he died about four days after.

If the representation of these things in a play ended the life of so great a man so tragically, oh, think with thyself, reader, what will the effects of the Lord's real appearance in the clouds of heaven, and the mourning and wailing of the tribes of the earth in that day, be? Think, I say, and think again and again; what the dismal effects of such a sight and sound will be upon all that neglect serious preparation themselves, and scoff at them that do prepare to meet the Lord.

The design of this manual is to bring every man's gold to the touchstone and fire—I mean, every man's grace to the trial of the Word—that thereby we may know what we are, what we have, and what we must expect and trust to at the Lord's coming. I pretend not to any gift of discerning spirits. Such an extraordinary gift there once was in the Church, and very necessary for those times (wherein Satan was so busy, and the canon of Scripture not completed), which the Apostle calls the gifts of discerning spirits (1 Cor. xii. 10). And some are of opinion that, by virtue of this gift, Peter discerned the hypocrisy of Ananias and Sapphira. But whatever that gift was, it has utterly ceased now; no man can pretend to it; but the ordinary aids and assistances of the Spirit are with us still, and the lively oracles are among us still. To them we may freely go for resolution of all doubts, and decision of perplexed cases; and thus we may discern our own spirits, though we want the extraordinary gift of discerning other men's spirits.

I have little to say of this treatise in thy hands, more than it is well aimed and designed, however it may be managed. The ear tries words as the mouth tasteth meat; there, things will relish according to the palates it meets with.

It is not the pleasing, but profiting, of men that I have here laboured; for I know of nothing in it that is likely to wound the upright, or slightly heal the hypocrite, by crying, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." Scripture light hath been my Cynosura; and with that thread in my hand, I have followed the search of hypocrisy through the labyrinths of the heart. Some

assistance I hope I have had also from experience, for Scripture and experience are such relatives, and the tie between them so discernible, as nothing in nature can be more so. What we feel in our hearts, we might have read in the Scriptures before ever we felt it.

That the blessing of God may go forth with it, and accompany it to thy soul, reader, is the heart's desire and prayer of

Thine and the Church's servant in Christ,

JOHN FLAVEL.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR NIECE,—I was not at all surprised at the tidings you sent me respecting your dear father. The last time we all met, I remarked how very unlikely that we should all meet again, as I had my fears about your father.

I hope, with God's blessing, the means used may prove beneficial in your father's case, and that he may be spared to you longer yet; but more especially I desire that the affliction may be sanctified to the welfare of his soul. As to the body, we know it will soon fail, even at the longest term of life, but the soul lives on for ever; and unless our spirit is renewed in righteousness, our heart changed by divine grace, and we are brought to true repentance before God, to believe in and love the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall not be with Him in heaven hereafter. These considerations, on our own account, are very solemn, and they are not less so on account of those who are near and dear to us. The Scripture cannot be broken. Jesus says, "Ye must be born again; for except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." And further, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His"; and the Spirit of Christ is exactly opposite to the spirit of the world, therefore, where this Spirit is not, the condition is awful in the extreme, as all will prove who are destitute of it. But wherever a consciousness of sin is felt, and a fear of falling short at last, and of being lost for ever, takes possession of the heart, and this fear leads to earnest crying for mercy, confessing of sin, and forsaking it, and pleading the name and blood of Jesus at the mercy-seat, this is ground to hope that the blessed Spirit of God is at work, convincing of sin, leading to confession, teaching to pray, &c. And if it abides and increases, it gives more ground for hope that it is the Lord's work. Then the cries recorded in the Scripture will be felt in the heart, such as "Behold, I am vile!" "I am ready to perish!" "God be merciful to me a sinner!" "Lord, help me!" "O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul!" with many others of a like nature. All these heart

prayers the Lord hears, and He will answer. Then, when the poor trembler is led to see Jesus as the sinner's only Friend, as given by His divine Father to die for sinners, the Just One for the unjust ones, and to hear God declare that "whosoever believeth in Jesus shall never perish, but have everlasting life"—to hear Jesus say, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and to hear the Holy Spirit in the Scripture say, "He is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him"—this, dear niece, this leads, encourages, and helps a poor guilty sinner to trust his soul in the hands of Jesus. His heart now longs for Jesus, loves His name, and wants to realize the blessing of interest in His precious blood and righteousness, and the Lord says He will satisfy such longing soul.

The Lord bless you all. A—— joins with me in kind love to you all.

Your affectionate uncle,
P.

COMING TO CHRIST.

WHILE we endeavour to prepare our way to Christ by holy qualifications, we do rather fill it with stumbling-blocks and deep pits, whereby our souls are hindered from ever attaining to the salvation of Christ. Christ would have us to believe on Him that justifies the ungodly, and therefore He doth not require us to be godly before we believe. He came as a Physician for the sick, and doth not expect they should recover their health in the least degree before they come to Him. The vilest sinners are fitly prepared and qualified for this design, which is, to show forth the exceeding riches of grace, pardoning our sins and saving us freely (Eph. ii. 5—7). It is no affront to Christ, or slighting or contemning the justice and holiness of God, to come to God while we are polluted sinners; but rather it is an affront to, and contemning the saving grace, merit, and fulness of, Christ, if we endeavour to make ourselves righteous and holy before we receive Christ Himself, and all holiness and righteousness in Him by faith (Matt. xi. 28).—*Marshall*.

WE should be in a bad condition indeed, if our salvation was suspended on conditions of our own performing.—*Toplady*.

THERE is nothing so sweet to the taste of the spiritual man as the mercy of the Lord in Christ Jesus. Mercy made known in the heart is a most effectual cure for our own misery.—*Henry Fowler*.

PROTESTANT NOTES.

AT Clifton, the other week, Lord Halifax, Chairman of the English Church Union, is reported to have said that "the Revolution which drove James II. from the throne" was one of the "fatal obstacles in the way of the revival and spread of Church principles." It is evident from this statement that had Lord Halifax been alive in 1688, he would have taken the side of the Popish King, who was bent on destroying the Protestant liberties of his subjects. His lordship appears to be of the opinion that, had James II. succeeded in overcoming the Revolution, there would indeed have been a "revival and spread of Church principles." But he must be aware that they would have been those of the Church of Rome. The President of the English Church Union seems to regret very much the failure of the efforts of the last Popish King of England.

THE following speaks volumes as to the intentions of the Ritualists:—

"Three busy centuries have slipped away since England broke with Rome, and a generation has arisen which, like Israel under the Judges, knows little of the days of the Protestant Exodus, and of the struggles in the wilderness. Partly, too, from a cowardly dislike to religious controversy, partly from a secret desire to appear liberal, and condemn nobody's opinions, the Reformation period of English history is sadly slurred over, both in Universities and public schools. It seems an inconvenient subject, and men give it the cold shoulder. For some reason or other, the Reformation period is too often shunted on a siding, and has not that prominent place in the education of young England which such a character-forming period most richly deserves. The whole result is, that few people seem to understand either the evils from which the Reformation delivered us, or the blessings which the Reformation brought in. In short, many now-a-days regard the subject of Popery as a 'bore.' They blindly persuade themselves that there is no mighty difference between Protestants and Papists at the bottom. They say in their hearts, 'A plague on both your houses! It is six of one and half-a-dozen of another. It matters little whether you give your allegiance to Canterbury or to Rome.'

"I ask your attention to the following fact, as a proof of what I am saying. I find that, at the annual meeting of the English Church Union, in June, 1885, Lord Halifax, the President, at the conclusion of a long and carefully-prepared speech, used the following words—'We must strive for union, especially with the

great Latin Church, from which we were separated by the sins of the sixteenth century.' I quote these words from the report of the *Church Times*, which was probably revised. The report of another paper differs slightly, and is as follows—'The restoration of visible unity with the members of the Church abroad, East and West alike, but, above all, with the great Apostolic See of the West—with the holy Roman Church, which has done so much to guard the true faith—these surely should be our objects, and the objects nearest our hearts.' Whichever report you take, I call that very ominous and painful language indeed.

"I have no doubt that Lord Halifax, who spoke these words, is a devout and honourable man, and believes that he is doing God service, though he is not like the Lord Halifax who led the cheering when the Seven Bishops were acquitted in Westminster Hall, two hundred years ago. But, of course, we all know that 'the Latin Church' means the Church of Rome, and the 'sins of the sixteenth century' mean the Protestant Reformation.

"Now, I find that the society which he addressed, the English Church Union, includes among its members no less than 3,200 clergy and twenty thousand laymen, and has branches and ramifications from one end of the land to the other. I find, moreover, that the noble president, who used this language, and is, of course, the mouthpiece and representative of these 3,200 clergy, was heard without the slightest objection being made, and I cannot find that his sentiments have been repudiated or disavowed by the members of the Union down to the present day."—*Bishop Ryle, extracted from the "English Churchman."*

A GENTLEMAN, writing from Clacton-on-Sea about Ritualism, says :—

"I would warn my Protestant sisters to be very watchful lest their own homes become invaded by these insidious Ritualizers. I speak from practical experience, finding one in my own home circle who was brought to the open admission that she was praying to her patron saint to release her mother from purgatory. I am grieved to add that she was admitted as a teacher in the Sunday School."

POPERY AND TREASON.

From the "English Churchman."

WE give the following paragraph as a warning against conspiracy, the Queen having been notified of it by a public body of Protestants. The writer says that, some time since, there was ominously started a society called "The Society of the White

Rose," with Lord Ashburnham at its head, the object being to keep the history of the Stuarts before the public mind. Two men, John Sobieski Stuart and Charles Edward Stuart, so-called grandsons of the Pretender, were brought before the public notice in the Romish newspapers, and it was then recommended that they should go to the Empress Eugenie, a thorough Jesuit, the exciter of the war against Protestant Germany, which she called "*M^s guerre*," the hope being to enforce the Papal Infallibility thereby, and to rehabilitate the Papacy in its worst form. It was suggested that she should cause an inquiry to be made into the history and pedigree of these pretenders, and have it enrolled for future use. John and Charles Edward Stuart lived on the Continent. They have both since died "childless," but Rome is never at a loss, and the following account, written by a Companion of the Order of the White Rose, will explain all, and speak for itself:—

"Its objects, as set forth in one of its official documents, are as follow—To keep in perpetual remembrance the sorrows and sufferings of the House of Stuart, and to encourage a belief in true kingship and the Divine Right. Everybody knows that Maria Theresa, daughter of Prince Ferdinand of Modena, and consort of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, is the representative of Charles I. I am not aware that the members of the Order have any *immediate* [italics mine] intention of offering her the crown of England, or that she would accept it if they did. I may add that the Order is in no sense a public society. It consists for the most part of descendants of Cavaliers and Jacobites, and the general public are not invited to join it."

In 1745, a young Irish lady was refused admittance to a State ball at Dublin Castle on account of wearing a white rose in her bosom. She, however, quickly borrowed an orange lily from some Whig sister, and so gained admittance. Lord Chesterfield uttered this impromptu on the occasion—

"Say, lovely Tory, where's the jest
Of wearing orange on thy breast,
When that breast upheaving shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose?"

This may be laughed at as sentiment. Yes, but sentiment rules the world, and the very present exhibition of Stuart relics in London is intended to fan that flame, and will yet bear its fruit. Rome has many modes of operation, and chuckles, as Father Chiniquy has told us, over Protestant simplicity, dulness, and wilfully blind wrong-headedness. The present carrying of another Oaths Bill, doing away with all such formula, is a very significant public act; and to see Rome helped forward in her plans by atheists, Nonconformists, and bishops of the Church of England, is enough

to stop one's breath, and cry out amid the gulpings, "*Quousque tandem.*" Dr. Pusey too well said, "It is in the nature of an Englishman to put up with almost anything." A day of reckoning is, however, coming, and terrible will be the retribution. Rome is now cooing like a sucking dove; but Count De la Poer, a Roman Catholic nobleman near Waterford, has told us that, if Home Rule (the last card to be played) be granted, in six months an attempt will be made to exterminate the Protestants of Ireland, and that the horrors of that attempt will be worse than even those of the old Inquisition. Yet Radical Protestants laugh!

S. G. POTTER, D.D.

[Quite true. And if many Conservative Protestants can have their politics, Protestantism may, for what they care, go to the wall.—ED. SOWER.]

ROME AND EDUCATION.

FROM a sermon by the Rev. S. Bourke, C.C., preached in the Roman Catholic Chapel, North Anne Street, Dublin, January 6th, 1889 :—

"In these days of ours the great world, as it is called, of society seems to be possessed with a morbid fear that, if the little children of our lanes and alleys are taught to read and write, they will become the agitators, insurrectionists, and revolutionists of the future. So thought Herod of the Infant Jesus; and, like Herod, the great world of to-day would coax or coerce us to neglect the poor, and to keep them in the worst of all slavery, that of the intellect."

From the *Dublin Review*, in an article on "Catholic Higher Education in England" :—

"We are far from meaning that *ignorance* is the [Roman] Catholic youth's best preservative against intellectual danger, but it is a *very powerful one nevertheless*, and those who deny this are but inventing a theory in the very teeth of manifest facts."

The *Dublin Review* is one of the leading Roman Catholic organs in Ireland.

Setting the two extracts side by side, we must assume, out of the mouth of Rome herself, that she, like Herod, "would coax or coerce us to neglect the poor, and to keep them in the worst of all slavery, that of the intellect."



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

THE YOUNG MARTYR.

A STORY OF QUEEN MARY'S REIGN.

ON a bright summer evening, about three hundred years ago, two young men—scarcely to be called men—the one sixteen, the other a year or two older—walked down Cheapside, London, together.

Business was over—people kept early hours then—the clumsy shutters were for the most part closed. Tradesmen lounged at their doors, pretty faces looked out of lattice windows, and apprentices played at clubs, quarterstaff, or singlestick in the road, and woke up quiet people with their clatter. While things were thus, the two young men I named before—Mark Lorimer, the younger, and Edward Dawmer, the elder—walked down Cheapside together. They were talking very earnestly, and did not seem to heed the boys at play, or the loud laughter that rang through the Cheap, and made the rooks upon St. Mary's come out of their homes to see what was the matter.

"I am sorry that it should be so," the elder lad observed, "and sorry that our lot should be cast in such troublous times."

"Would God," returned Mark, "we knew when they would end!"

"I understand," went on the other, "that there is to be another burning in Smithfield to-morrow, and that Queen Mary and her husband will be present."

"God pity them!" said Mark. "May they find more mercy in the last judgment than they have meted out upon the earth."

"Amen."

"Why," said Mark, and his face flushed crimson, "I heard, and know it for a truth, that they burned a child not many days old in the flames with its mother. They drove another frantic, and then slew it for its mad words. They are crowding the streets with orphans, and offering up, in the fires that are daily kindled, the best and bravest of the land."

"Hush! hush!" said Dawmer; "there are ears everywhere. Be careful."

"I am not afraid," Mark answered, with all a boy's heroism.

"I say again that these things ought not to be."

"Yes, yes, that is all very well," Dawmer returned, "but it is not a pleasant thing to be tied to a whipping-post, as more than a score of lads were, not many days ago, and lashed almost to death."

"I would not deny the truth," said Mark, "if the whips were scorpions, and the whipping-post the stake."

"But supposing now," Dawmer asked softly, "they were to come to you, and say, 'What do you think about the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper?'"

"What do I think of it?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Bread and wine."

"But after the prayers of the priest?"

"Bread and wine."

"Why, don't you know," said Dawmer, "that it would be flat heresy to say so?"

"Why?"

"After the priest has consecrated it, it is bread and wine no longer."

The young man laughed. "What is it, then?" he asked.

"The body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"That I deny," said the young man, "and always will deny."

"Well, you know it's better to be cautious," said Dawmer.

"Nobody can tell what may happen in these troublous times. Better, I should think, try some cunning way of getting out of it."

"What!" said Mark, smiling again, "frame some pet verse, like poor Princess Elizabeth—God save her—

"Christ was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and break it;
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe, and take it" ?

Thus talking, the young men passed on, crossed the Stocks Market, and shaped their course for London Bridge, where they parted.

Mark Lorimer lived with his father on this famous old bridge, for in those days it was covered with houses, and had the appearance of a regular street. It was evening, and the sun was setting when Mark reached home. In a small room which overhung the river sat his old father. He was watching the stream as it flowed rapidly onward, gurgling and struggling against the piles of the bridge, as it dashed wildly under the narrow arches. The old man turned his head as Mark entered, and clasped his hands. They sat and talked together about the troubles of the period, about the cruelty of Queen Mary, and the dread that was on all those who held the Reformed faith. They talked of those whom they had known, with whom they had often worshipped, but who had suffered death by fire or sword for the faith they had held so dear. They sat and talked together till the last rays of the sun had glided away, and the pale moon had risen in the heavens, and cast its flood of mellow light on the picturesque old city. Then the old man summoned his servant—a godly woman, stricken in years—the cloth was laid, a frugal meal spread out, and they sat down to supper. The old man asked God's blessing on their food, and, as he ended, there was a loud knock at the outer door. Margery withdrew to open it. A few moments more, and a tall, well-made man strode into the room. He lifted his cap, as he did so, with a courtly air; then, pointing to a paper which he held in his hand, said, "*In Queen Mary's name.*"

They saw it all. The old man arose, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth! Margery wept aloud, but the young man was gone. The few moments which had elapsed between the knock and the entrance had been sufficient to apprise the old man of his son's danger. The other knew and felt it, and, at his sire's command, had concealed himself in one of those secret closets with which old houses then abounded.

"Sir," said the officer, "I have come here, commanded to arrest your son. Let him come forth."

"Sir," returned the old man, "my son is but a child; yet do your errand if you list."

"Your son was seen to enter here—he is here now. Surrender him at once!"

The old man refused. The officer called aloud to his men who waited outside, and five or six stout fellows, in leathern jerkins and half armour, came at his command. They searched, but searched in vain; and when every effort proved fruitless, they turned fiercely on the old man, who watched their every movement.

“Old blood shall pay for young blood, if you conceal him longer,” said the officer. “As I live, you shall taste the rack for this.”

“Spare the green, and take the ripe,” the old man answered, “and God be Judge between us.”

What needs it to repeat all that was said—how oaths were mingled with the holy name of Jesus, and how they roughly used the venerable man, and were about to test him, as they said, by holding his hand over a burning lamp? Just at that moment the secret door was opened, and the young man came forth.

He was thrown into prison that night, and the old man, with a heavy heart, was left in his home. The next day and the next he sought to see his son, but sought him in vain. On the third day he was told that he was condemned—that he who had betrayed him had borne witness against him—conclusive evidence, they said, of guilt. This fellow was but a lad himself—no other than Edward Dawmer. Judas that he was, he had sold his friend for the blood-money, and had left him now to die.

Again there was another high holiday. Crowds thronged the way again from Newgate to Smithfield; thousands gathered in that open space; and city officers and soldiers kept guard about the stakes, which were ready for the victims. Six or seven were to die that day, and huge bundles of faggots were being brought together for the burning. At the hour fixed, the prisoners were brought through the street—four men, two women, and the lad Mark Lorimer. They were exhorted by the priests to repent, but remained true to the Gospel, were fastened by strong chains and iron rings to the stakes, the faggots piled about them, and at a given signal fired. So the black smoke curled up, and the fire leaped and danced, and some of the people wept. It was more than an hour before it was all over, and then the people went their way. So perished young Mark Lorimer—a victim to the persecution of Queen Mary's reign.

If you had entered the old house on the bridge, and gone with Margery to the little room that overlooked the Thames, you would have seen the old man kneeling down. If you had touched him, you would have found him dead.

[Oh, that many of our young readers may be blessed with “like precious faith”!—ED.]

JESUS gives grace to the lips, understanding to the heart, eyes to the blind, feet to the lame. “The bread shall be given, and the water shall be sure, and the defence shall be the munitions of rocks.”—*Dr. Hawker.*

THOUGHTS ON ZECHARIAH IV. 10.

SMALL and despised, great God, I am indeed ;
 In self, a briar, a thorn, and worthless weed ;
 Small faith, small hope, small love—how small my grace !
 Still do I long to see my Surety's face.

But let me not despise this dwarfish day,
 For two great promises lie in my way—
 "Ye shall rejoice—yea, and shall surely see
 That dear Zerubbabel shall measure thee."

The plummet taken out of Moses' hand
 (Surrendered also by Prophetic band) ;
 Here may my soul enjoy her perfect rest ;
 Zerubbabel has it within His breast.

The eye of Justice, pleased to set me free,
 Looks on my Surety, and then smiles on me ;
 Unites with Mercy's eye, and says, "'Tis well
 All Thou hast done, Thou dear Zerubbabel."

The eye of Wisdom, sagely grave, appears,
 Approves the contrite soul in godly tears ;
 And Love's eternal eye, with Pardon's swell,
 Greeting the sentence of Zerubbabel.

The eye of Power is the plumb-line's weight—
 Holds in the way, and brings through every gate ;
 Here eyes omniscient, omnipresent dwell—
 Thus seven meet in our Zerubbabel.

That eye which melted Peter's heart to tears,
 And then removed his anguish and his fears.
 Blest plummet—blessed hand which broke the spell,
 Flowing with grace from our Zerubbabel.

To see the plummet in my Saviour's hand
 I'd fearless venture, here to take my stand ;
 Though guilty and condemned, I joy to tell
 There's plenteous grace in my Zerubbabel.

A sinner welcomed to a mercy-seat ;
 Here all perfections of the Godhead meet ;
 I see redemption free, which saves from hell,
 And love that's boundless, in Zerubbabel.

The soul fixed here, faith has the victory won ;
 All judgment is committed to the Son ;
 His sentence final, guilty souls sets free ;
 Oh, blest Zerubbabel, do smile on me !

A. B.

GOD, who enables sinners to thirst after grace, will surely give them the grace they thirst after.—*Dr. Arrowsmith.*

THE LORD'S LEADINGS AND TEACHINGS.

UNPUBLISHED NOTES OR DIARY OF A DECEASED SERVANT
OF CHRIST.*(Continued from page 103.)*

January, 1873.—The name of Jesus—that name which of all others is most sweet and precious to a sensible poor and needy sinner. Oh, the goodness of God to you in turning your captivity, and once more bringing you into a heartfelt realization of the precious contents of Psalm cxviii. and Isaiah liv. I doubt not but they, amongst other portions of God's Word, have been blessed to very many of God's tribulated children. I grieve for the divisions in the Churches of truth. The enemy is coming in like a flood upon us, and we, instead of being united, and "terrible as an army with banners," are rent asunder by internal divisions. "From sinner and from saint I have met with many a blow," and have ever found it far the best plan to carry my matters to God, commit them to Him, and entreat Him to undertake for me and plead my cause, for "vain is the help of man." This practice I can with all confidence recommend, as I have proved its value several times. Not a weapon formed and brought into use against me has prospered yet, for the Lord has taken part with those that helped me. I often beseech the Lord not to suffer the wild boar of the wood to waste His vineyard, for I am led so to supplicate because I visit so few where discord does not prevail. This is a source of sorrow to me. The Psalmist complains of those who wrested his words, and it is not the first time with me. Forty years ago the Lord led me by painful experience to understand something of those words of Solomon, namely, "There is a time when one man rules over another to his own hurt." Thus a rich brother treats his poor brethren liberally and kindly. This seals their lips when they see what is wrong in the wealthy. One contended with me about styling myself "the chief of sinners," a title to which I should cling to the last hour of my existence. What he said led me to wonder if the fountains of the deep of his heart had ever been broken up; and he would contend for a full assurance, and nothing less. I am one of the Little-Faiths; and if ever he should be led through such an ordeal as you have been, he will join Mr. Hart and say—

"My staggering faith gives way to doubt,
My courage yields to fear."

The weak hands and feeble knees are to be strengthened and confirmed. I am not to erect a standard six feet high, and because Little-Faith can only reach five feet, cast him off. I do not envy that confidence that nought can cast down. I feel in good com-

pany when I can travel with Paul, David, Mr. Hart, and others. I am a poor trembler. I have been more than fifty years under divine tuition, and have made very little progress. I think I have learned a few lessons, nevertheless. One is, to know I am a fool ; another is, to know that all my fruit springs from union to the true and living Vine ; another is, to know that without Christ I can do nothing, and to feel as dependent on Him from day to day as I did when first brought to believe on Him. Another lesson I have learnt is, to know that there is no more submission to the will of God in me by nature, than there is in Satan. Another lesson I trust I have learnt is, to know beyond a doubt that the old man will never be a saint, nor the new man a sinner—that there is between these two parties an irreconcilable enmity, and what one loves the other hates. They are ever at war, and though, as Augustine says, they both have a lodging under the same roof, they occupy separate apartments. These twins none but sheep bear, nor is there a sheep of Christ on earth but does bear them—none are barren. When nothing but evil I see in self, I am glad to be able to do as dear Mr. Hart says. Though I have nothing in myself, upwards I cast my eyes, and see that my treasure is immense in Christ Jesus, for it pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell “in Him.” To glorify Christ is one of the sweet offices of the Holy Spirit, and He is the Man, too, the Father delights to honour. He placed Him on Zion, the hill of His holiness, and says, “To Him shall men come, and all that are incensed against Him shall be ashamed.” He humbles Himself to “gather the lambs with His arm, and to carry them in His bosom.”

“Some over-drive, some frighten back,
And others lull to sleep.”

We live in very perilous times. Each seek their own, not the things of Jesus Christ. Satan has come down in great wrath, “knowing that he hath but a short time.” He has sown his seed, and is now watching for the crop. In the National Church he has planted Popery, through the Oxford Tracts, thirty-five years ago, and a dreadful crop is now sprung up from that seed. In the Dissenters he has sown strife and infidelity. I believe lots of Independents, who formerly had a sound creed, are no better than Unitarians. They have sunk below Arminianism. Look, too, at our Queen and her family, and at her advisers. Would George III. have gone to visit the man of sin—the whore of Babylon ? “Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth.” Look at Spain as well as France. God has a long reckoning to settle with those blood-stained infidels. “Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord. But none of the wicked shall understand,” &c.

December, 1873.—I wish you a happy Christmas from a sweet view, by faith, of interest in the prodigal's feast, the ring, the robe, the shoes, being all thine; and thus equipped, feast on Christ, the fatted calf, by the faith of the operation of His Holy Spirit. This is, to my mind, to enjoy a merry Christmas; and a happy New Year consists in the privilege of now and then being led into the banqueting-house, and the banner of love displayed over us—to be led about, instructed, and kept as the apple of the eye, seeing we have no power to keep ourselves. Upon the objects of the Lord's choice His eye is at all times for good, watching over, keeping, and watering us as He sees needful; also putting us into the furnace, chastening us with "the rod of men, and stripes of the children of men," and all to hide pride from us, to purge away our dross, and take away our tin, that we may prize and shine all the brighter in His blessed image. "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" Yes, but not in this sin-polluted world. Oh, what a dream does this poor span of life's little day appear! What manner of persons are we? We know a little of what we ought to be, and what we desire to be, but how short I fall of what I wish to be, and am increasingly anxious to know how I stand—on what foundation all my hopes rest for futurity.

"No help in self I find,
And yet have sought it well;
The native treasure of my mind
Is sin, and death, and hell."

By this deep heartfelt knowledge of the effects of the fall I am compelled to do as dear old Berridge goes on to state—

"To Christ for help I fly,
The Friend of sinners lost;
A Refuge sure, and safe, and nigh,
And there is all my trust."

March, 1874.—It is an evil time in which we live, and induces silent mourning before God in the best of His people. I thought of the words of dear Hart—

"Though faithful Abraham us reject,
And though Thy ransomed race elect
Agree to give us up,
Thou art our Father, and Thy name
From everlasting is the same;
On this we build our hope."

I have had the cold shoulder from some few in my time, and found it hard to be weaned from the people of God, but so it must be. As dear Mrs. Freeman, of Aslockten, once said (a

choice woman, a friend of Mr. S. Turner's), "I have three sorts of friends—first, neighbours, who live peaceably by me, and show me acts of kindness; secondly, those I meet with at worship from time to time, whose conduct seems proper, and who show me much affection, and cleave to the truth—of them I hope well; and a third sort there is I have received into my heart, to live and die with." Just so it is with me. Mr. S. Adams is a man of God. I have known him more than twenty years. The chapel at Newark was built in 1806, and was opened by Mr. Huntington, and Mr. J. Chamberlain was brought into Gospel liberty at that time.

May, 1874.—Oh, may our God be pleased to increase the number of His faithful ambassadors a hundred-fold, that the kingdoms of this world may become His in deed and in truth, being turned from darkness to light.

It has pleased the Lord to lay His afflicting hand upon me again, and to prevent me from fulfilling my engagements. I was completely prostrated and shut up a prisoner for ten days, suffering severely part of the time. The outward man decays. Oh, what a dream is this poor little span of life!

It is fifty-one years next month since I heard dear Mr. Turner, at Bottesford, and on that occasion I met with J. M——, to whom my heart has been knit in the best of bonds ever since; and, blessed be God, that brotherly love still continues. He lives in one of the Nottingham almshouses. I find few or none like the old ones who are gone. There is a sad deficiency in the religion of this day.

"Children of fancy, finely dressed,
Abound on every hand."

Truly the foundations of the earth are out of course, but the Lord reigns. Blessed be God, that He is pleased to keep me from murmuring; and though not joyous, yet am calm, peaceable, quiet, feeling fully satisfied that infinite wisdom and love performs the thing appointed for me, and I know He cannot err or be unkind to His own.

"In heaven, and air, and earth, and seas,
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed
That what He does is ever best."

In the first part of my affliction, my sighs and groans appeared to be in vain. Clouds and darkness were round about Him. The heavens appeared to be iron, and the earth brass. He had, to all appearance, compassed Himself about with a thick cloud, so that my prayers could not come through. In and out my soul has

gone for fifty-one years past. Moab was settled on her lees, and her scent remained unchanged. Not so Job, to whose character Jehovah bore so admirable a testimony. He said, "changes and war were against him," yet according as he predicted in the darkest path so it was—"When He hath tried me, I shall come forth like gold." And so it comes to pass, Jehovah's furnace and fire are both in Zion, and always at work to purge away our dross and tin.

"Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not [yea, dare not] if he might."

Oh, the madness and folly which the bulk of mankind are pursuing!

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

I am constrained to live more by faith, and can only do so really as the Lord is pleased to favour me with that grace in exercise. Oft have I turned those lines into a prayer—

"Oh, give me submission and strength as my day,
While here in this valley of conflict I stay!"

I met some godly men lately—Dr. Doudney, Hewlett, Battersby, and Walker, of Wymeswold.

June, 1874.—What is the Lord's intention in this affliction I am at a loss to clearly see, but to me His way has often been in the sea; yet what I know not now I shall know hereafter. He will ever do that which is right, I am bound to believe. What I long for is, a complete submission to His will, and to find an increase of His favour, more and closer access at a throne of grace, every desire of my new heart more intensely breathing after Him, and the corrupt desires of my poor, fleshly, depraved nature more thoroughly subdued, and, if possible, for ever rooted out. I have no expectation of this being accomplished until

"Death, that puts an end to life,
Will put an end to sin,"

as dear Hart says. I can travel with that man of God in the heights and depths he has been so admirably led to depict in his various hymns.

Jesus is most precious. How sweet those names and titles of His sound in the ears of a poor ten-thousand-talent debtor, with nothing to pay! I have no ground for faith and hope to rest upon but the complete salvation His own arm wrought out and brought in. When charged with all the sins of all His people, He looked

in vain for help from man, and thus "trode the winepress alone"; and as He thus procured eternal redemption for poor, lost sinners (and just such I am), He is worthy of, and shall have, all the glory. Perish I must unless He saves me, fully and freely, without anything I can do in the matter. The very worst of causes He pleads, and never did, nor ever will, lose one.

July, 1874.—"What is man?" Micah said. The best was a briar—the most upright, sharper than a thorn hedge. I desire ever to follow where the Lord leads. Blessed be God, I am in His hand, and underneath my soul are the arms of everlasting love.

"He is so wise to choose my lot,
And regulate my ways."

Whatever may arise to separate communion, nought can sever divine union. To be instrumental in shutting out the Gospel from any place is by no means an enviable position. Such deserve our pity rather than our anger. It is our lot to live in very sad times. Zion's highways are forsaken; the great bulk of professors prefer to walk through by-ways. And why is this? Because they have never been led by the Spirit of God, consequently are not His. Does not this enhance God's free salvation a hundred-fold to you and me? Why, oh, why were we made to hear His voice "of whom Moses and the Prophets spake," and enter while there was room? Must we not say, "Oh, to grace how great a debtor!" &c.?

Well, if God ever began a work of grace in our souls, He will carry it on and perform it—so the Apostle declared in his Epistle to the Philippians; so says that master in Israel, Mr. Hart—

"To trust Him endeavour; the work is His own;
He makes the believer, and gives him his crown."

I am led to believe that Jesus has a greater interest in our salvation than we have. Why? Because of the inestimable price at which He bought us. Depend upon it, "so rich a cost can ne'er be lost."

(To be continued.)

GRACE cannot be severed from its fruits. If God gives you St. Paul's faith, you will soon have St. James's works.—*Toplady*.

THERE is a needs-be for every temptation, not only that the trial of faith might be precious in God's sight, but that it might be made so manifest in the believer as to appear altogether wrought in God.—*Ambrose Serle*.

THE WORD OF GOD.

DR. JOHN M. WATSON, in writing on this subject, says—"But unto you who are reconciled to the Word of God, let me say, it is an evidence that you are reconciled to God, to Christ, and to His providence.

"Further, that God Himself has wrought that reconciliation in your heart, and that it is an evidence that you are sealed by the Holy Spirit until the day of redemption. And I may add that it is an evidence or an earnest that you will enjoy in glory all the blessings which are revealed in that Word.

"Then never—no, never—give up any part or portion of it; never sell the truth; never, for any consideration, compromise it; never reduce it to a level with the teachings of men, however great, learned, or good they may seem to be; never shun any part of it because it may be unpopular; nor ever fail to comply with its requisitions when in your power. It furnishes a knowledge of all good works. Learn them and practise them, for it is the Lord that has spoken, and let us see that we refuse not Him who has spoken to us from heaven. Oh, blessed Word! triumphant Word! the gift of the Father! the manifestation of the Saviour! the light of the Holy Spirit! Who will not bow to it? Who will not be taught by it? Who will not walk by it? Who dare change or corrupt it?

"Sinners, though this Word reveals a Saviour full of grace, mercy, and truth, yet it also reveals a fiery law, full of wrath and indignation against sin, demanding of you full obedience to all its commands, and a full satisfaction for all your sins. Can you comply? The Gospel, in its mercy and grace, says you cannot, and directs you to One, the Man Christ Jesus, who has done all this for the hopeless sinner, and calls upon such to look unto Him and be saved—saved from those sins which otherwise, under God's law and justice, will for ever damn your soul in perdition. The exhortation is to look to Him and be saved, and may God, of His infinite mercy, lead you to a saving knowledge of Him 'whom to know is life eternal.'

"Be it known to you that you are now admonished by one who was once the chief of sinners, but who found mercy, grace, and pardon through Christ, according to the teaching of God's Word and its power on his heart."

THE most convincing argument and most infallible demonstration that the Scriptures are indeed the Word of God is, to feel their enlivening, enlightening, and transforming power in the heart.—*Toplady.*

MEMOIR OF A CONVERTED JEWESS.

(Continued from page 97.)

MISS P—— was heard with more attention and forbearance than she could have anticipated.

Mr. — soon visited his child, when she said, “Dear father, I have one request to make. Remember, it is my dying request—the last favour I shall ever ask of you, father.” With much kindness he inquired, “What is it, my dear?” “It is, father, that you will consent to my baptism.” “No, Maria, I cannot do that. You were born a Jewess, and you must die one.” “Father, that is impossible, for I am a Christian. I believe that Jesus is the Saviour, and that without Him we should perish everlastingly!” “Maria, what have you to do with these opinions? You were brought up a Jewess!” “No, father; the religion we observed was not that of the Bible. It did not cleanse our hearts; but now I know that we must worship God ‘in spirit and in truth.’ Father, the Messiah is come. I know Him. He is my only hope. Father, it is my last, my dying request I have no fear of death, for my blessed Saviour has procured my pardon.” Again Mr. — desired her to remember that all her family were Jews, and that she must not forsake her religion. Maria replied, “No, I have not forsaken my religion. It is the poor Jews who forsake it. If they would read their Scriptures, they would then know that Jesus is their Messiah. He saves from sin. He alone has made me happy under all my pains. He died for me! It is my dying request.”

These sentences were uttered at intervals, and Maria now lay gasping for breath; but when again enabled to speak, she renewed her entreaties in the most supplicating tone.

Mr. — then observed, “But, Maria, what will your mother say?” With as much strength as her exhausted state permitted, she answered, “My mother has said, it is for you to decide. Father, I beseech you, do not refuse me!” He appeared agitated, was silent for some minutes, and at length said, “Maria, if I should be brought to consent, remember, you must be buried wherever your friends may choose.” “Father, I care little where you place this poor body, provided my soul be with Jesus.”

Having thus obtained her father’s consent, the minister was asked to attend, and administered the ordinance in accordance with the rites of the Established Church.* That night Maria had some refreshing sleep, to which she had long been a stranger; but on awaking, she, as well as those who watched her, thought

* We need scarcely add that the service of the Church of England admits that baptism by immersion is the Scriptural mode.—ED.

her end fast approaching, and under this impression she repeatedly expressed her readiness to "depart and be with Christ." But the Lord appointed that she should still glorify His name, for from that eventful day she gradually recovered from the effects of the spasmodic asthma, and during some weeks her sufferings were less acute.

A short time after this, Maria expressed a desire to receive the Lord's Supper. Wishing to ascertain her motives, Miss P— inquired the reasons of her great anxiety to partake of this ordinance. In a tone expressive of surprise, she replied, "Did not my Saviour command all His followers to do this in remembrance of Him? I have so few ways of showing love and gratitude, that I wish to prove my desire to obey all His commands, especially this, His last. When He was about to die for us, whatever He commanded was sure to be for the benefit of our souls; besides, have you not told me that it is a means of grace? And I pray to Him so continually to teach me by His Spirit, that I shall gladly come in the way He has pointed out, expecting the blessing and grace to help in time of need."

To the observation that many defer receiving the Sacrament on the plea of not being worthy to participate, she answered quickly, "I do not wish to receive it because I think myself worthy. No one can be worthy, for 'there is none righteous, no, not one.' 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' But 'to obey is better than sacrifice' (1 Sam. xv. 22); and in obeying we may expect a blessing, though we do not exactly know the manner in which it will be bestowed. But I trust He will increase my peace and patience in suffering. He has granted so many blessings in answer to my prayers, and such abiding peace in my soul, that I feel sure not to be disappointed here. Christ has blotted out my many sins and transgressions, by His precious blood shed for us; and if we ask for bread, God will not give us a stone. He will give nothing but good to His children."

Miss P— then told her that many sick persons desire this ordinance, when near death, though they have previously neglected it. They seem to imagine (but oh, how vainly!) that it will prove a sort of passport to heaven, as if any work of their own could open the gates of heaven—as if an act of obedience, occasioned rather by the terrors of approaching death and judgment, than by faith or love, could please God. They forget, or are ignorant, that habitual disobedience to our Lord's gracious command proves that they count the blood of the covenant unnecessary for the salvation of their souls, and thus do despite to the Spirit of grace and revelation of the will of God. After a short silence, Maria answered, "But no real Christian can think so, for we believe in Jesus Christ that we may be 'justified by

faith' in Christ, and not by works. Christ says, 'I am the door : by Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved.' Again He says, 'I am the Way : no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' His words, on commanding His disciples to take and eat the bread, were, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' But He does not promise salvation for doing so, though I feel I should be very wrong to neglect it."

After Miss P—— had read Hebrews x., Maria requested that the nineteenth verse might be read again, and repeated, "that we may have 'boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, that is to say, His flesh.' How different is this from the observances of our ceremonial law ! It reminds me of what you read from a friend's letter—"There is one Sacrifice for sins. It was the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once. He, the Son of God, is the living Way. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." He is ever occupied in this part of His work of love and mercy.' How encouraging are such remarks to me !"

On hearing the twenty-second verse, she observed, "To come 'with a true heart.' Is not that, one which is really devoted to God—one that is seeking to possess the 'pearl of great price' ? And 'in full assurance of faith.' Is not that believing all His promises of grace, mercy, and salvation ? I do believe them all. I do rest upon them. Again, 'having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience.' The blood of Christ alone can do that ! Is it not somewhere called 'the blood of sprinkling' ? And the words, 'our bodies washed with pure water.' Our hearts must be cleansed by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit."

Thus did the mind of this interesting Jewess unfold itself under divine teaching, amidst all the disadvantages of education and subsequent loss of sight. Whenever her Christian friend had the privilege of reading to her, she was desirous of inducing Maria to make remarks, in order to learn whether she rightly apprehended the Word of God, and was gratified in watching her progress in Scriptural knowledge.

Maria having herself become acquainted with that great truth, "The just shall live by faith"—first revealed in Habakkuk ii. 4, and thrice repeated in the New Testament, Romans i. 17, Galatians iii. 11, Hebrews x. 38—was much interested when told that the mind of Luther had three several times been forcibly affected by the same passage—first, when alone in the cell of his convent ; again, when sick in Lombardy ; and also that, when inflicting upon himself at Rome the painful penance of slowly ascending upon his knees the supposed staircase of Pilate, the above important declaration had flashed on his mind, and roused him from dead works to serve the living God.

Maria abhorred the idea of works having any part in our salvation, and observed, "All the writings, both of Prophets and Apostles, are opposed to it. All the sacrifices of our law, which were types of the sufferings and death of Christ, show us that 'without shedding of blood there is no remission.' It is 'by grace we are saved, through faith; and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.' 'Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.' He is 'Jehovah our Righteousness.' He is my justifying righteousness. 'He is our peace.' He is my peace, my All in all. If I now had to stand before God in fancied righteousness, without the atonement, without my Saviour's righteousness to hide my sins from the light of God's countenance, I should wish to linger here in this suffering state, for all before me would be fear and terror of death. But now, if Mr. O—— should say, 'She will die to-night,' I should think them the kindest words he ever uttered, for all is sweet peace when Jesus is known, loved, and acknowledged."

A few days after, Miss P—— referred to former sins. Maria thought for some time, then exclaimed, "How many sins have I forgotten! How many that I did not think to be sins! Of how many secret sins have I been guilty! The Lord remembers all I have forgotten, and 'He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.' Oh, where should I be if I had not a Saviour?"

On seeing her the next day, Miss P—— remarked that Maria's usually cheerful tone, on hearing her voice, was changed for one of deep depression. When she found that this was not occasioned by increased suffering, she quoted the Psalmist's inquiry, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?' Maria replied, "Ever since you left me, I have been thinking of my former sins. I besought the Lord very, very earnestly to give me a deeper sense, a clearer view, of them, that I might not put them out of sight, but bring them all to Christ for pardon. He has answered me, for they have been brought before me in such a manner that they appear to weigh me down. In the stillness of the night, I was enabled to go through all my past life. Everything seemed to rise afresh to memory. One thing brought another to my recollection. Like a chain, one after another, they kept coming before me. I do not describe it clearly. No, I cannot make you understand half of it; but it seemed a reality, as if I lived my life over again. It was a long, painful night. I saw the unrestrained evil of my heart in a degree I had never done before." She then mentioned many of what are erroneously deemed slight transgressions, for every sin is an act of disobedience to God's holy law. So far back as her fifth year, she

remembered taking a very trifling article from a person, knowing she was doing wrong. “But,” added she, “‘against Thee, Thee only, O my God, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight!’ Then, my former neglect of God! How little I had thought about Him! How little feared His anger! In what thoughtlessness, idleness, and vanity I lived, losing the time given me to prepare for eternity! These thoughts preyed on me heavily, but there was one load still more oppressive. For how many years of my life have I despised the name of Jesus, denied the Lord who bought me with His blood, derided His foretold and miraculous birth, thought scorn of His sufferings and crucifixion, and laughed at those who believed on Him! Yet this is He who has shown me such mercy, such forgiveness, such pardoning love! He who has reconciled me to God by His own death, and is now my only hope, my refuge in this day of affliction! These reflections became such a burden that, if He had not said, ‘Look unto Me, and be ye saved’ (Isa. xlv. 22), ‘Turn ye to the Stronghold, ye prisoners of hope’ (Zech. ix. 12), I felt as if I could not have borne the weight. All my pains seemed light in comparison with this.”

(*To be continued.*)

“THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH, AS IT IS IN
HEAVEN.”

(MATTHEW vi. 10.)

THY will is done in heaven, O Lord,
Without a single murmuring word,
Without e’en one hard thought of Thee;
On earth, with us, so let it be.

In heaven Thy will is gladly done;
No wills run counter to Thine own;
And none dispute Thy wise decree;
On earth, with us, so let it be.

In heaven all wills are lost in Thine,
Where saints and angels sing and shine;
’Tis perfect bliss to yield to Thee;
On earth, with us, so let it be.

In heaven how bright Thy glories show!
Oh, send a beam on us below!
For when on us Thou deignst to shine,
Our wills are swallowed up in Thine.

And thus the prayer will answered be,
Which oft our hearts put up to Thee—
“Thy will, O Lord, on earth be done,
E’en as it is before Thy throne.”

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

THE PATHWAY OF GRACE.

"But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."—ROMANS vi. 22.

THERE are four stages in the "King's highway of holiness" by which the children of God travel to glory, and each stage is particularly described in this verse, which therefore reveals to us the "pathway of grace." The commencement of this path is the being brought into Gospel liberty—a state wherein we are "made free from sin." Through this experience there is a passing into the second stage, namely, the service of God—"and become servants to God"; thirdly, this service is neither barren nor unfruitful, but produces "fruit unto holiness"; and fourthly, the end is "everlasting life."

1. *The freedom from sin.*—This freedom from sin constitutes that state of Gospel liberty so often referred to by the great Apostle to the Gentiles, as the glorious privilege of the household of faith. It is implied that there was an original bondage, a former state of servitude or slavery, from which the soul has been delivered. Very bitter is the bond of iniquity, and very strong are the bands of spiritual death, in which the unregenerate are held fast in the darkness of their birth-state and alienation from God, being "dead in trespasses and sins, enemies to God by wicked works." Into this condition of helpless, hopeless misery the whole race of ruined mankind have come by the fall. Grace, in its freeness and sovereignty, rescues them who are made partakers of it from the horrible pit and miry clay, delivering its possessors from the bond of iniquity by bringing them into the liberty of the Gospel, and from the bands of death by imparting divine life.

The Apostle speaks of a present state of liberty—"But now being made free." We cannot at the same time serve God and mammon, nor be slaves to sin and servants of the Lord. "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness" (ver. 16). Evidently, then, all true Christians are brought into this state of freedom from sin, because, according to the tenor of the Word and the analogy of faith, there can be no serving the Lord in any other way.

The question now arises—*What is freedom from sin?* What does the Apostle mean by stating we are "made free from sin"? In attempting to answer this question, and to describe the state as clearly as the Lord may enable us to do so, we premise that it does not mean freedom from indwelling sin, for the following

chapter is, to a great extent, a mournful lamentation over the existence of inward corruption.

We will take a four-fold view of this Gospel liberty, without an experience of which there can be no salvation, and we trust that the reader may be led to examine his own state before God in the light of divine truth. First, saints are made free from the *consequence* of sin; secondly, from the *condemnation* of sin; thirdly, from the *curse* of sin; and fourthly, from the *controlling* power of sin.

First, Gospel liberty is a freedom from the *consequence* of sin, and that is—death. “By sin came death,” and “death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.” “The wages of sin is death.” This death, which so universally reigns as the fruit of sin, is much more than the mere dissolution of the body, which terminates this mortal scene. It embraces that death spiritual in which all men are held, being by nature “dead in trespasses and sins,” destitute of spiritual life, with neither will nor power to move God-ward, and totally ignorant of divine things. “The dead know not anything.” From this lost and lifeless condition the soul is delivered the moment the quickening Spirit is imparted. So soon as God breathes into the hitherto dead soul the breath of life, there immediately is wrought freedom from the consequence of sin.

“But now being made free from sin.” The question is—alive or dead? Which is it, reader? The regenerated soul is a new creature in Christ Jesus, and possesses divine life, which is manifested in a loathing of sin, and groaning for deliverance from it; in the breathing forth of true prayer—“God be merciful to me a sinner!” in a sighing and longing for a manifestation of Jesus; and in unquenchable desires to be found amongst the living family of God. Living souls long to be like Christ, and wonder whether they may venture to hope they will ever be with Christ. They seek for a word from the Lord to assure them of their interest in Christ. Those who possess these evidences are “now made free from sin” in the first sense—from its consequence, spiritual death—and this by the quickening power of the Holy Ghost.

Secondly, the liberty of the Gospel is a freedom from the *condemnation* of sin, which is the judgment to come, the wrath of God, the penalty (the second death) due to man's trespass. This freedom is wrought by the dear Saviour's sufferings and death. He thus endured the wrath that otherwise must have been visited upon the Church. Sin must be punished. The sinner is justly liable, but the Surety intervenes, and interposes His sufferings and His death, by which full satisfaction is rendered to divine justice.

On the ground of the atonement alone is salvation found, and here alone has God revealed Himself as just, and the Justifier of those who believe in Jesus.

Thirdly, Gospel liberty denotes freedom from the *curse* of sin, which is a broken law. Its threatenings hang over all "under the curse." The curse is removed by the righteousness of Jesus being imputed, by an act of sovereign grace, to the transgressor. The righteousness of Jesus consists of His perfect obedience to the law of God, which was consummated when He cried, "It is finished!" the result being, that the sinner stands perfect in the Saviour's righteousness—"complete in Him" who lived to "weave the robe of righteousness." Freedom from the condemnation of sin is effected by the Saviour's substitutionary death, and from the curse of sin by His life of obedience imputed.

Fourthly, the liberty of the Gospel imparts freedom from the dominion or *controlling* power of sin, according to the promise in verse 14—"Sin shall not have dominion over you," which means, that it shall not have entire overruling power. Sin does not so reign in the believer that he is held in unresisting captivity thereto. Grace is an actively opposing principle. For instance, unbelief has not so the dominion that faith is excluded. On the contrary, the life of faith is so vigorous that a constant conflict with unbelief is maintained, and in many ways faith sometimes overcomes unbelief. Sin does not now sit on the throne of the heart, loved as an idol. Rather is it hated as an enemy, and trampled underfoot as an odious thing. Therefore, sin does not reign, though it exists within; it does not now please, but torments; it has not the sole dominion, though it is constantly struggling for the mastery. The fact that its undisputed reign is ended is proved by the conflict sustained, in which "sovereign grace o'er sin abounding" gains the final triumph. "Here is the faith and patience of the saints," and thus they are freed from the dominion of sin, which is one of the fruits of the Saviour's intercession.

This blessed liberty of the Gospel leads to the second stage in the path to glory, because we are "made free from sin" that we may "become servants to God."

2. *The service of God.*—Those who have "become servants to God" are called into liberty. Their service is that of sons, who once were slaves, but are now God's freemen. When the slave, in the year of jubilee, was set free from the legal bond, if, from affection to his master, he desired to remain in his service, he made a declaration—"I love my master"—and thenceforth was bound to him by the willing surrender of himself, notified by the piercing of his ears with an awl to the door-post, from which time his willing service had love as its motive, and love as its

bond. "Service" signifies activity directed to the doing of the Master's will, as expressed by His Word, directions, or precepts. The spiritual service of God is displayed in the spiritual activities of the members of the new man. God gives faculties for use, and He takes care they shall be used. Grace must be tried for the purpose of bringing it into exercise, and this exercise constitutes the true service of God, as respects spiritual things.

Regarded as the bringing forth into exercise of love, hope, and faith, it is, first, a service of seeking; secondly, a service of waiting; and thirdly, a service of trusting.

First, it is the *service of seeking*, in which the spiritual faculty of love is in exercise. Seeking implies desire to obtain possession of what one is destitute of. The true Christian feels poverty-stricken. He is truly poor in spirit, and knows his state by the teaching of the Holy Ghost. The object he is always, more or less, seeking after is, communion with the Lord. He wants the Lord to appear to him and for him. It is obvious we only seek continual intercourse with those we love, therefore, to seek the Lord's presence and the Lord's blessing is to have love in exercise. Love is the choicest gift of God. "We love Him because He first loved us." The servants of God are always wanting their Lord. They cannot do without Him, and hence they seek His face because they love to have a word from Him. They love to catch glimpses of His Person, and rejoice in every token for good. For these things love seeks.

Secondly, it is a *service of waiting*. Servants have to wait to know their master's will, and then sometimes they are kept long waiting for instructions how to do it. Even so the servant of God waits constantly on the Lord till He reveals His will, and then He waits for the Lord to communicate strength to enable him to do it, and grace to enable him to submit to it. A large portion of the time of service is spent in the, to us, tedious and wearisome occupation of simply waiting; and here the Christian learns patience, and in this service the grace of hope is kept in exercise. How many are hoping for a word from the Lord—hoping for a manifestation of His mercy—who little dream that the constant exercise of hope in waiting upon the Master for these things is truest service! "If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."

Thirdly, the service of God is a *service of trusting*. Servants are dependent upon their master. A daily increasing humble distrust of self, and a daily increasing sense of dependence upon the Lord, calls faith into such rich exercise that, in the darkest seasons, the soul exclaims, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Faith is the going forth of the soul towards the Lord, in dependence upon His grace and power. There are various degrees

in the exercise of faith, but faith is the same whether it be strong or weak. Faith as a grain of mustard-seed is faith. Perhaps the lowest degree is that called the faith of *adherence*, namely, the cleaving of the soul to God's Word, God's truth, and God's people, notwithstanding all the opposition raised by sin, Satan, and the world, and perhaps by the brethren too. The second degree is the faith of *reliance*, or the soul's leaning upon almighty power, which is the effect of entire dependence. This is attained through the weakening of our own strength till there is none left, and we become wholly dependent upon Him. Hence it is written, "To them that have no might He increaseth strength." The fullest degree of faith attainable here below is the faith of *assurance*, which is enjoyed when faith can

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

Faith is strengthened to trust fully, and commit everything unreservedly into His hands, without a doubt as to His willingness or power. This is the service of trusting, or faith in exercise.

The service of God is fruitful. Hence, the third stage in the "pathway of grace" is—

3. *The "fruit unto holiness."*—Now, the fruit of service must be holy to be accepted by a holy God. It is certain that this depends upon the object. For instance, the object of love is the Lord's will, His Word, and His Son, and these are holy, perfect, pure, and good. The object of faith is Christ's Person and work. By faith alone can we enter into the sweet experience of the standing of the believer as "complete in Him." The object of hope is the blood and righteousness of Jesus.

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

These are holy, and make their partakers holy too. The seeds of hope, and faith, and love, which produce the fruit, are sown by the Holy Spirit, and are from Jesus; and the fruit is to Jesus and for Jesus, not for the glory of the servant, but for the glory of the Master. "This people have I formed for Myself, and they shall show forth My praise." "By their fruits ye shall know them." A humble, sincere, godly life, walk, and conversation is the outward mark of these inward fruits, which are produced by grace, to the glory of God, in the new creature of heavenly birth, which is "a plant of the Lord's right hand planting."

In due time the fruit ripens and mellow, and then cometh the last stage of all.

4. *"The end, everlasting life."*—This is the final ingathering of the ripened soul into the Master's garner—the rich crown of glory which awaits every serving son. What is this "everlasting life"?

We cannot even think of the blessedness of the glory which is to be revealed. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit" (1 Cor. ii. 10). Eternal glory is to be *with* Christ and *like* Christ. As Kent sings—

"All that we know they do above
Is, that they sing and that they love."

Leicester.

E. C.

DARK PLACES.

I WAS recently looking at a photograph, one of the most perfect I had ever seen. Every feature was reproduced with the utmost exactness, and the artist had caught the original's happiest expression. I marvelled at its beauty and perfection, and, with the picture still in my hand, fell to musing on the art of photography and its constant improvement and development. I repeated to myself, half unconsciously, the Greek roots from which the word is derived, *photos grapho*. "Yet," thought I, "it is the work of the light; it is literally light-written. And is it not thus that the image of Christ is reproduced in His children by the Sun of Righteousness, God's Spirit, His love?"

Vaguely wondering how it was, and why I, like many others, was such a poor copy, I closed my eyes, and—did I dream? Perhaps. The burden of pain and sorrow was heavy upon me, and my mind did not forcefully grasp ideas; but thoughts came to me in dreams, half waking, half sleeping. Something spoke to me—

"Yes, it is light-written. The work of the sun is indeed marvellous. But you forget one thing. This picture had to go into the dark place, else it had been but a blur. The artist's most important work is done in the dark. Keep that in mind, and learn a lesson. The clouds that are so black above you now have not blotted out the sun. It is shining just the same. You are only in the 'dark place' for a little while. It must needs be if you would reflect the image of Him who was 'made perfect through suffering.' The Great Artist knows best. Trust Him, and wait in patience."

While my eyes were closed, my heart was warmed and comforted. I woke to feel that angels had ministered unto me. Faith felt the re-grasp of the hand, and we have not since parted company.

Then take thou comfort, fellow-pilgrim. Believe with me that God smites not in anger, but always for our highest good, and that some day we shall thank Him for the "dark places" in our lives, as well as for the sunshine.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I felt for you in your miserable, dejected state, for I know, by painful experience, what it is, and I am sunk so low in my feelings now, fearing I never knew anything aright, either of myself as a guilty sinner before God, or of the sensible remission of my sins by the application of the precious blood of Christ to my conscience; and I well know all my religion, short of this, will leave my soul destitute, just where it found it, “open to the wrath of God,” and so I am full of trouble and confusion, and none but the Lord Himself can settle this solemn and all-important matter to my soul’s satisfaction. Yet it is a blessed thing to be made restless and uneasy about it, longing for the Lord Jesus to assure our hearts that we are His by adoption and grace. I believe you, as well as myself, could say, from our very hearts, that we would rather have this blessed testimony sealed home upon our hearts than have the whole world to call our own. Then there must have been some change taken place, for by nature we can love only the world, and the things of the world.

That dear man of God, the late Mr. Mortimer, used to say, “When the Lord takes a soul in hand, he is turned right round, his face to God, his back to the world, so that he cannot delight in the things he used to.” But even this does not satisfy us. We really want to know the Lord for ourselves, and if He has quickened our souls into divine life, there will be no rest until we do, although ten thousand fears arise that we never shall.

I do feel for you, to be deprived of the preaching of God’s truth. I hope the Lord will comfort your heart with the consolations of His Word and Spirit. He, and He alone, can do it; and when He does it, it will be well done. I feel I cannot do it, for I need Him to speak to my poor, sinking, desponding soul.

To Him I would desire to commend you, both body and soul. I felt glad that you were enabled to be a witness for Him against the wicked and ungodly conversation of those around you. It proves you are not of them. It was said of Lot, in Sodom, that “his righteous soul was vexed from day to day by the filthy conversation of the wicked.” Thus we see that it is a blessed mark of a gracious soul to be troubled by the conversation of the ungodly.

I must now conclude, with the kindest love of

Your affectionate mother,

October 1st, 1875.

ELIZA BRIGNELL

FAITH is the eye of the soul, and the Holy Spirit’s influence is the light by which it sees.—*Toplady*.

POPERY, RITUALISM, ETC.

MR. BRIGHT'S PROBABLE LAST LETTER.

THE subjoined letter is probably the last which Mr. Bright wrote on the subject of Home Rule:—

One Ash, Rochdale, February 8th, 1889.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter, received a month since; also for your pamphlet, which I have read with much interest. It is pleasant for me to know that you have approved of the course I have taken on the Irish question. I cannot consent to hand over the Irish people, Catholic or Protestant, to the wicked men who have laboured for seven years or more to destroy amongst them all sense of honesty, and all regard for the moral law.

I do not deal with the question of the Papacy, but I feel confident that a people subject to the "confessional" can never, in some, or many, respects, be equal to a people free from that bondage. The more I examine this Irish question, the more I am driven to the conclusion that Mr. Gladstone's policy is full of danger, and that it is altogether impracticable. I have not spoken in any public meetings since my election in July, 1886, but have written some letters, as opportunity seemed to offer, in which I have explained my views. A good many persons have blamed me, but I have seen no answers to the letters.

Thanking you for your friendly letter, I am,

Very truly yours,
JOHN BRIGHT.

[As a politician, John Bright set a very worthy example, in placing principle before party interests and friendship. Well would it be if this were the rule, and not the exception, among all classes and professions of men.—ED.]

Do Jesuit priests sanction lies? Father Morris, a Jesuit priest himself, frankly acknowledges that they justify lying. Writing of Father Gerard, S.J., who was implicated in the Gunpowder Plot, Mr. Morris states, "It is quite true that he, *and many others*, considered themselves justified, when their own lives, or those of innocent persons, were at stake, in the use of assertions that were simple falsehoods in the ordinary sense of the terms employed. These they called 'equivocations'" ("Condition of Catholics under James I.," p. ccix.). And Father Morris quotes Father Henry Garnett, the Jesuit who was executed for the Gunpowder Treason, as teaching that even "in case a man be urged at the hour of his death, it is lawful for to equivocate, with such due circumstances

as are required in his life" (p. ccxx.). These statements explain the reason why so many Roman Catholics, who have been put to death in England as traitors to their country, died with lies on their lips. They were taught by their Jesuit instructors that it was no sin, under certain circumstances, to equivocate, even "at the hour of death" !—*English Churchman*.

"I AM AS INNOCENT AS A PRIEST."

IN the *Freeman's Journal* of Saturday, March 9th, there is a report of a murder trial at Maryborough, Queen's County. A middle-aged man, named Peter Stafford, was charged with the murder of Patrick Crowley. The murder was a barbarous one. Stafford shot Crowley one evening with a revolver, then dragged him, half dead, some distance, and said that if he would swear not to give information, he would not go further. Crowley identified his murderer, and swore a deposition in the presence of two magistrates that Stafford was the man. He was found guilty, and Mr. Justice Holmes said he fully concurred with the verdict. When the prisoner heard the sentence, he cried out several times, "I am as innocent as a priest!" The unfortunate people here look upon their priests as gods, who can do no sin, or else that what would be sin in another man is no sin in a priest. But many murderers here have died saying, "I am innocent." Why? Because they have received absolution from the priest, and have been told that they are now "as innocent as a child," and "washed as white as snow," because the priest has said, "I absolve thee." But is not this, too, the teaching of the Ritualistic priest? Is it not what we find in their manuals for confession? To be told, however, that we are "as innocent as a priest" would be, by many of us, considered a rather doubtful compliment.—*English Churchman*.

A CLERGYMAN CENSURED BY HIS BISHOP.

THE *Central News* says—"The Rev. (?) F. A. Gace, Vicar of Great Barling, Essex, who recently published a catechism, in which he denounced it as a sin equal to lying and theft, to attend a Dissenting place of worship, has been censured by the Bishop of St. Albans for his publication. The Bishop says that the Vicar's assertions are most unrighteous. In South Wales, the offensive words had been printed on election placards, and had done a great deal of mischief. His lordship adds that he fears he can do nothing to restrain Mr. Gace. He hoped that such publications—which he had to notice twenty years ago—had now gone out of date. Their revival had caused great scandal."

MR. GACE'S CATECHISM.

AT a Ruri-decanal Conference, held at Saffron Walden, on Thursday, March 27th, the notorious catechism published by Mr. Gace came on for discussion, and furnished an opportunity for the utterance of some very uncharitable remarks. The Rev. (?) E. S. Randolph expressed surprise at the Bishop of St. Albans' attack on Mr. Gace, the Vicar of Great Barling, and author of a now famous catechism. He asked what ground the Bishop would have them take up in reference to Dissenters, who certainly were a nuisance in their parishes. He did not know what he meant by saying that he had a short way with his clergy. Having characterized Dissenters as heretics, and expressed surprise that a Bishop should shield them, he moved that the attitude of the Church towards Dissenters be discussed at the next Diocesan Conference. This was seconded by the Rev. (?) W. Godber, who said that the remarks of the Bishop were most discouraging. The motion was agreed to.

[After this we may pray to be saved from Popery in that Church which was once looked upon by some as a bulwark of Protestantism. These men are hastening her sure destruction if matters thus continue.—ED.]

 WHAT IS THE CHURCH COMING TO ?

A BAZAAR was recently held in connection with a well-known Church (Established) in the East of London, to raise £800 for the extension of school premises, and the chief attraction was "Ally Sloper and Tootsie," also dramatic entertainments, &c. A special foot-note on the programme stated that, owing to the illness of Mrs. Sloper, the Baby would not appear. All this (says the *British Weekly*) to raise a few hundreds for the extension of God's work! What is the Church coming to? Most of the Dissenting ministers in the neighbourhood were invited at the opening, but we need hardly say that one and all were conspicuous by their absence.

IN an article, rightly headed, "The Devil's Mission among the Churches," the *Baptist* recently gave an account of a "Wild West Bazaar," held by the Primitive Methodists at Northampton, to pay for renovating their chapel. A stage and scenery were fitted up, a comic play performed, and Buffalo Bill, with accompanying characters, was represented, and "all," says the paper, sarcastically, "for the glory of God." Alas! alas! for religion!

CARDS, DRINK, AND DANCING.—CLERICAL PROTEST AGAINST
“NEW COMMANDMENTS.”

W. H. BULLOCK, Chaplain of the Forces, lectured at Rochester the other week on “The Church and Amusements.” He protested against adding any new commandments to the Decalogue. Three commandments were added by what he might call religious people—he would not say Church people—“Thou shalt not play cards”; “Thou shalt not drink a glass of wine”; and “Thou shalt not dance.” Surely they had enough to do to keep the ten. He saw no harm in playing a game of cards, in enjoying God’s good gift of wine, or in the whirl of the dance. He would not allow any man to interfere with his liberty, nor would he interfere with the liberty of another man. The Dean of Rochester endorsed every word of the lecture.

[Surely the “Devil’s Mission” is obtaining on all hands. Dissenters and Churchmen, parsons, deans, and bishops, are found among his missionaries, and are zealously doing his devilish work. Let us cry to God. Lift up Thyself, Thou Judge of the earth, and render these their reward!—ED.]

A WORD OF COMFORT.

WITHIN the gloom of this dark day,
Where nature gropes and finds no way,
That “still, small voice” to faith doth say—
“’Tis I; be not afraid!”

When billows round our barque appear,
And tempest’s angry voice we hear,
Above it all sounds, rich and clear—
“’Tis I; be not afraid!”

When troubles gather fierce and strong,
And weary ones for respite long,
This fills the heart with joyful song—
“’Tis I; be not afraid!”

When sorrows and afflictions stand
Around the saint on every hand,
By this the spark of faith is fanned—
“’Tis I; be not afraid!”

In pain and sickness, or in health,
In greatest poverty, or wealth,
The power of this sweet word is felt—
“’Tis I; be not afraid!”

Oh, blessèd Lord, we cease to fear!
Our troubles bring Thee still more near,
Where Thy blest voice doth sound more clear—
“’Tis I; be not afraid!”

G. W. F.



"A RESPECTABLE THOUGH POOR FAMILY, RECENTLY BEREAVED OF AN ONLY SON." (See page 141.)

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

IN the nineteenth century, in Protestant England, in the darkened chamber of death, lay the mortal remains of a Roman Catholic gentleman whose spirit had lately left its earthly dwelling-place, in sure and certain dread of the fires of purgatory. Two priests had officiated in the last rites of "the Church." They had performed extreme unction, according to the orthodox practice, and according to the idea thus set forth with curious simplicity in an old Roman Catholic book of devotional exercises, entitled, "The Beehive of the Church"—"Whensoever any body lies a passing, so that there is no more hope of life in him, the priest shall anoynt him with holy oil, bless him with crosses, and conjure him with certaine words, and then he can never come in hell; for all the devills will runno away from before the crosses lyke a dog before a flyche of bacon; and therefore must he take up his lodging eyther in the suberbes of hell, or in purgatory, where he shall have his house-hyre and firewood free, till such time as he have gotten a plotte of ground in heaven to builde a house thereupon of merit and good workes"—the purchase-money thereof being Masses and prayers, and the torment of temporary fires, the very smallest of which fires, as described by an Irish Roman Catholic peasant, who had been so far enlightened by his spiritual director and teacher, "had at laste [least] sixteen hundred clamp of turf in it, and all rid hot through!"

The cross had been held up before the glazed eyes, and now lay upon the quiet breast. Candles were lighted around the bier, and the only sounds that now broke the solemn silence were the stifled sobs and fervent prayers of the desolate widow who, kneeling before an image of the Virgin and Child, wept, and fasted, and prayed for the immortal soul of her departed husband, which she imagined to be in fearful anguish, half lost, half saved, and dependent for final deliverance upon her prayers, and the prayers and propitiatory sacrifices of the Church, for securing which a munificent sum had been bequeathed.

Shall it be said that, because those prayers were fervent and sincere, therefore they reached the indulgent ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth? Nay, verily, for "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." But it was a source of gain to "the Church" to permit to an affectionate heart, bereaved of a beloved object, the sweet delusion of hoping thus to contribute to the peace or the safety of its departed dead.

The mourner charged upon her confessor the performance of Masses night and day. Relays of priests knelt at the altar, and she was assured that the passage of the soul would be as short

and easy as could be attained by any sinner so favoured by earthly possessions and devoted love.

Some time—perhaps a few weeks—passed by, and one of the clerical staff from the chapel she attended visited the young widow again. She was still sad with sorrow, and weary with her fastings, and penances, and will-worship; but now her eyes brightened with hope, and her heart beat with thankful emotion. Doubtless he was come to tell her that the soul so precious, so beloved, was at last in peace, and she hastened to welcome the heavenly messenger.

“Oh, father,” she exclaimed, “you bring me glad tidings? Our prayers and the holy Masses have prevailed? The fearful gulf is passed?”

“Not quite, my daughter. You forget the sin that cleaves to mortal man, and that without holiness no one can see the Lord. The time of perfect deliverance is, however, near, and a small addition to the sum already expended will provide the concluding Masses.”

“How much, father? Oh, how gladly will I give anything—nay, all I possess—to be assured that his spirit is at rest!”

The priest was slightly embarrassed. Could it be that he was meditating the use of such an opportunity to swell the demand already agreed upon? At last he announced that she would be the Church's debtor to the amount of twenty-five guineas more.

She hastened away to her secretary, and in a few minutes counted out the sum. She stood leaning upon the desk, with the money in her hand. She felt the gold, literal gold, stamped with the royal image and superscription. It had been dug out of the earth, it had been turned into coin by human process and skill, it had been earned by industry, and was hers by inheritance, and now it was going on a high errand—it was going to save a suffering soul, which was valued by the Church at twenty-five guineas more than the liberal estimate made by the soul itself when it was in the body.

A strange train of thought passed rapidly through her mind. Then came doubts, then fears, and she started with surprise when a servant came to remind her that the priest still waited below. She entered his presence with feelings strangely changed, and with a flushed cheek and trembling hand, laid the money before him and again withdrew, forgetting to wait for his benediction.

The “Church,” the infallible Church, had made a mistake that morning. Covetousness is a part of her idolatry, and had ventured too far in revealing the mystery of her iniquity. Had she remained content with the original bequest, perhaps heretical thoughts touching *the price of a soul* had not been suggested by

counting out literal gold. But mysterious are the ways of God. The first blow was struck at the authority of the Church in another mind. The first doubt was engendered, and the first fear sustained. The fear passed away, but the doubt remained, and mind began the movement towards emancipation from priestly thralldom.

In the neighbourhood of this lady's residence dwelt a respectable though poor family, recently bereaved of an only son. She suddenly resolved on a visit to the house of mourning, with the double purpose of affording assistance, if needful, and of ascertaining how Protestant poverty provided for the dead.

"I heard that you are in affliction," she kindly said, "and sympathy has brought me here, for I am in sorrow too."

"May we be able to comfort each other, dear lady," said the Christian mourner, with a refinement of tone and manner above her station in life. "I will venture to tell you what it is that comforts me. My hope is in 'Christ, the hope of glory.' My treasures are in heaven, and I look forward soon to enjoy the rest that remains for the people of God."

"May I ask," said the lady, happy to find such an opening, "how you know that your treasures are in heaven?"

"I know that Jesus is at the right hand of God, ever living to make intercession for His people. I believe that He is my Saviour, and I am His child by adoption and grace, therefore He is my Treasure, my All."

"Pardon me. I thought, perhaps, by 'treasures' you might mean some of whom you have been bereaved."

"And so I do; but if I had ten thousand treasures, Jesus is Chief among them all. Yes, I have other treasures, and they are gone home a little while before me."

"I know you have lost a dear child lately, and it struck me that, perhaps, as I am blessed with riches, and you are not, you might give me the great pleasure of assisting to provide for the necessities of——"

"Dear madam," interrupted the good woman, "you are indeed kind, but we have enough, with economy, for all our wants, and we are content."

"That is not exactly my meaning. Your son's soul—have you no anxieties for that? The Church to which I belong teaches that we have power to assist those we love even after they are taken from us."

The mother looked with mingled incredulity and astonishment into the lady's face, as if uncertain whether she could be in earnest. At last, comprehending her meaning, she replied—

"Madam, my son, I am persuaded, was a believer in Jesus. He was washed in the precious blood that 'cleanseth from all

sin,' and now, 'absent from the body, he is present with the Lord,' and he now awaits in peace the resurrection of the just."

"You speak confidently. Do you not think it possible that an intermediate state may be necessary, between this world and the next, for purifying the soul from remaining sin?"

"No, madam, I know it is impossible, because it is not written in the Book that reveals salvation, and because it is written there that Jesus Christ 'offered one sacrifice for sins, and by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.' 'He that believeth in Jesus hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.' Oh, madam, surely the sin that the blood of Jesus has not atoned for must doom the soul to everlasting ruin. He who can 'save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him,' has left nothing for the sinner to endure or to do to purchase salvation. It is a perfect work, or it is a useless one. Forgive me, dear lady, but I must speak the truth."

"I desire that you should do so; and tell me, do you not read that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord'?"

"Yes, truly, and I know that the mind that was in Christ Jesus should be in us; but that is wrought by the indwelling of God's Holy Spirit, working within us 'to will and to do of His good pleasure'; and the chastening dispensations of God's providence are means towards our sanctification, for 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth'; and, therefore, 'we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.' But all this is while we live on earth, and 'there is no knowledge nor device in the grave' that can affect us. We are told that 'it is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment.' There is no intermediate state mentioned, and he that dies filthy will be filthy still, and he that dies holy will be holy still."

"But does it not seem presumptuous to suppose that a sinful creature, after a life, at the best, of many imperfections, is fit to appear at once in the presence of a holy God?"

"It might—indeed, it would—if the sinner were trusting in himself, or in anything he has done, for acceptance with God; but trusting in Jesus, and clothed in His righteousness, he may fearlessly stand before the throne, because it is written, 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.' He has reconciled us 'in the body of His flesh, through death, to present us holy, unblameable, and unreprouvable in His sight.' Can anything more completely oppose the idea of intermediate purification? Recollect, too, madam, that our Lord, in all His purity and holiness, said to the dying thief, who was

just—only just—become a believer and a penitent, ‘To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.’”

“Well,” said the lady, “I perceive you are very decided in your own opinions, and able to maintain them, too. It is, therefore, needless for me to offer to provide Masses for the soul of your son.”

“Masses! Oh, madam, may your kind heart be delivered from such an unhappy delusion—such a misconception of God—as to suppose that riches or poverty can affect the condition of the soul in His sight. This were an insult to the blood of ‘the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.’ I do not wonder that you are in sorrow, for there is nothing of the loving-kindness of the Lord in such a faith as yours—nothing of the tender consolation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.”

“Your faith is certainly a happy one, if your friends die in it.”

“It is a happy faith. The Gospel was announced as ‘glad tidings of great joy.’ It is ‘peace that passeth understanding,’ and in it my precious child fell asleep here, to awake in glory to join in the beautiful song, ‘Unto Him that was slain, and hath redeemed us by His blood.’ There he hungers no more, and thirsts no more, and the Lamb in the midst of the throne leads him by living waters, and has wiped away all tears for ever! Oh, it is a happy faith! Blessed be God for His unspeakable gift!”

“But,” added the widow, “what if those you love die without this faith? Would not purgatory then be hailed with thankfulness?”

“Not by a believer concerned for the honour of God, however fearful is the thought of a lost soul, ‘forasmuch as we know that we were redeemed not by corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot.’ The blessing is of faith—‘He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned.’ God has said it, and shall we invent another way, to save our feelings or flatter our self-love? ‘They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches; none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him; for the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever.’ Then how should we ‘beware lest He take us away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver us.’”

The lady retired, instructed, surprised, for she had not before encountered a heaven-taught Bible student, and she resolved to study the Bible herself. She searched for purgatory, and could not find it, but she found the Gospel as her Christian neighbour had stated it. One point of the mystery of iniquity thus revealed, she searched further, and found Rome wanting in all the

pure simplicity of "the truth as it is in Jesus." She studied and prayed often and long, and she came out from among the superstitions and idolatries in which she had been trained, humbly reposing upon the finished work of redeeming love, and lived striving to "adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things."
A. T.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

IN Eastern lands, o'er mountain sides,
And rugged defiles, stern and grey,
The lonely shepherd gently guides
His flock upon the homeward way.

But if, from waywardness or fear,
They linger, heedless of his call,
Reckless of hidden danger near,
Or spellbound by some powerful thrall,

He from among them takes a lamb
In his strong arms, and onward goes,
Knowing full well the faithful dam
Will follow him through friends or foes.

And oh, methinks, while here below,
Unheeding our kind Shepherd's call,
We try, as comforts come and go,
To make this fleeting world our all!

And fondly think to make a home
In some green spot amid the waste,
Though gentle warnings often come,
Bidding our lingering footsteps haste.

Sometimes He takes our dearest one
Up in His arms, and leads the way
Through rugged paths of piercing stone,
Upwards and onwards, lest we stray.

Then, by a process all His own,
The danger shows in which we dwell;
Helps us to look to Him alone,
And in our hearts say, "It is well."

G. NEWMAN.

IF an angel were sent from heaven to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity, but perhaps a cripple in a poor-house, whom the parish wish dead, and humbled before God with far lower thoughts of himself than others think of him.—*Newton*.

THE LORD'S LEADINGS AND TEACHINGS.

UNPUBLISHED NOTES OR DIARY OF A DECEASED SERVANT
OF CHRIST.

(Continued from page 123.)

August, 1874.—I fear our place will come to nothing, believing that “the anger of the Lord hath divided the people.” Some who opposed and set at nought my ministry have since been constrained, in God’s wonder-working providence, to make me their friend. The course I was led to pursue was, to be still, pray to God, and watch His hand; and in due time He made my foes my friends. What pains the Lord takes with us poor, blind, erring mortals, to teach us those lessons He designs for our good and His own glory! Oh, the captivating power of sin! How oft have I cried—

“Shocked at the sight, I straight cry out,
‘Can ever God dwell here?’”

Beyond all contradiction, these things prove to me that “by the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified,” and have caused me to realize what dear old John Berridge has written—

“No help in self I find,
And yet have sought it well;
The native treasure of my mind
Is sin, and death, and hell.”

See Genesis vi. 5; also Galatians v. 19—21. What effect has this knowledge on us? To say, with the Apostle, “I know that in my flesh dwells no good thing.” The effect of this sad and painful teaching leads me, or drives me, with Berridge, to say—

“To Christ for help I fly,
The Friend of sinners lost;
A Refuge sure, and safe, and nigh,
And there is all my trust”;

for is there not more efficacy in the precious blood of Christ than there is guilt and heinousness in sin to damn? Were it not so, where would Lot, Noah, David, Peter, and you and I be? Do we by these things take a licence to sin? By no means. God forbid! Do not these things, felt more or less daily, cause us to loathe and abhor ourselves, and magnify that grace, which reigns to pardon such multiplied and aggravated transgressions, above all conception?

Oh, the precious truth contained in those words of dear Hart’s! Speaking of the fountain opened in the side of Emmanuel, he says—

“And if guilt removed return and remain,
Its power may be proved again and again.”

I have no idea why I am led thus to write, save and except that the thing is of God, and may be, under Him, a lasting blessing to you.

In Christ we are viewed by the Father complete, perfect through that comeliness which He has put upon us. It is for want of a deep sight and sense of the fall that some find fault with me for styling myself "the chief of sinners." I will never give up my claim to that title to the last hour of my existence. Looking to and poring over self always sinks me, and begets unbelief. It is only as enabled to look to Jesus by faith, and behold that precious Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of His elect world, that I find and enjoy peace. Consider these words—"taketh away"—to-day, to-morrow, and every day, ever living and ever pleading in our behalf the merits of His precious blood shed for His people. By these things we are enabled to lift up the hands that hang down, and make straight paths for our feet.

I am possibly a far better hand at giving sound advice to others, than I am at practising it myself. What is the heavenly song? "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins," &c.

October, 1874.—May every new covenant blessing be thy portion evermore. Amen.

I am acquainted with Mr. Walker, of Wymeswold. He is a very learned and good man. Mr. Fisher, of Leamington, I did not know before I saw him at the last Conference. I very much liked what he said. His drift was, Christ all and man nothing, and that is what just suits me. Nothing but imperfection in self, yet perfect in Christ on account of that comeliness He has put upon me, imputing His everlasting righteousness and eternal holiness to me by virtue of that eternal and indestructible union existing between the Head and member. From Him—united to Him—all our fruit is found. All our springs are in Him, without whom we can do nothing. Men talk about free-will! It is a nonentity while men are unconverted. Their will is not free. They are the bond-slaves and willing drudges of sin and Satan, and only by the power of God alone are any delivered from this captivity, and made the willing subjects of the Prince of Peace, who works on the will with omnipotent sweetness and a sweet omnipotence, as Luther says. When brought under His sweet sway, we prove the fact that He must ever work in us to do, or no fruit would be brought forth. Paul says, "When to will is present with me, how to perform that which is good I know not"; and he tells us that the flesh and spirit are so opposed, that we cannot do the things which we would. Can the thoroughly helpless condition of man be more fully and plainly set forth? Yet he dreams he is rich, and increased with goods. But on judgment being laid to the line, and

righteousness to the plummet, the hail of God's law entering the conscience, sweeps away every refuge of lies, and the waters of divine wrath overflow every false hiding-place. Then it is not "Will you be saved?" but, "Will God save you?" Not whether "you will" be a Christian, but whether "you may."

Increasingly the world is a wilderness to me. "It is not our rest: it is polluted." I feel the decay of the outward man; and the removal of friends, with the trials of life, all tend to wean from things below, and set my face heavenward.

The Lord God of Israel bless you, and keep you walking in His fear, filled with His love, guided by His counsel, and preserved from every false way to His heavenly kingdom.

November, 1874.—Tribulation is the pathway of most of the children of God, which becomes such by the deep depravity of our poor fallen and corrupt nature; by the temptations of Satan, who has such access to us; by the afflictions of mind, body, and estate, to which we are all liable, but especially the heaven-born family, by the desertion of real and pretended friends. The former I have found hard to bear. So Micah found, and the man after God's own heart said, "If it had been a stranger, I could have borne it; but it was thou," &c. This, too, was the lot of our Lord and Master, and it is enough that the servant be as his Lord. Paul endured the same from his Galatian and Corinthian converts, who sought a proof from him of Christ's speaking by him. I have wondered what they thought their own religion was worth, if they questioned the truth of Paul's, by whose ministry they had been called and begotten to Christ. To Timothy, he says, "Thou knowest that all they which are in Asia have turned away from me," and he mentions two by name, as though he had said, "You most likely will be surprised to hear that these two are among the number!" "What is man?" Well may it be said, "Cease ye from man, for what is he to be accounted of?"

Through this trying path it has been my lot to pass. The effect will be profitable, if it leads to deep heart-searching, to know, beyond all contradiction, on what ground and foundation we stand, and if it has the effect of driving us closer to that Brother born for every adversity we can possibly sink into, and that Friend who loves at all times, in all conditions, under all circumstances, with a love that knows no abatement, change, nor shadow of a turn. Then we can say, with the poet—

"Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home."

Yet we do not love "storms and sorrows."

I am just now laid by the heels from a trying pain in my ankle

so that I am shut up to-day. Whether it is gout or not, I cannot say. What changes does time make, and what a dream does my life appear! It is fifty-one years since I first heard Samuel Turner preach at Bottesford. How soon I shall be gone! but that, blessed be my gracious God, does not trouble me. I have not been left to follow cunningly-devised fables of men. Though I have had a long and trying affliction, I have not been prevented from preaching more than two or three Sabbaths all summer. I am led to exclaim, with Lyte—

“Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!”

Bless Him, He “is not a man, that He should lie,” and He has promised never to leave nor forsake us. “Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world,” will ever stand good.

December, 1874.—Where the Holy Spirit teaches, what a oneness of heart, oneness of way, and what a pure language do such speak! They are not barbarians to each other, though hidden completely from the world and the professors of the day.

I have, through the mercy of my most gracious God, been kept quiet, calm, peaceable, and favoured with a little melting of heart from a sense of His love, which I prize, though this is not my salvation, nor ground of my hope. No!

“On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.”

His immutability is a solid foundation to rest upon.

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

Do not forget me at court. I would be spoken for to the King, and also to the Captain of the host.

May, 1875.—Satan is unwearied in his attacks upon me, and such deadness and barrenness befall me that I stagger at the promises, or rather, at my interest in them, through the various exercises I am called to endure, and the unbelief to which I am subject. I do not doubt of your acceptance with God by my own. I am such a sink of iniquity, barrenness, apparent fruitlessness, and so fearful lest, after all, I am deceived, or deceiving myself. I cry to be searched and known, to be more fruitful in every good work, but seem to make little or no progress. I sigh to be freed from this burden and daily plague, and sometimes a little respite is granted, a little light is permitted to shine upon my path, but it is so transient and fleeting. I have no faith in erroneous teachers and teaching. Satan has put on his canonicals, and, as an angel of light, is, by his transformed minister, deceiving thousands,

while "truth is fallen in the streets, and equity cannot enter." If it were possible, they would deceive the very elect. All shall worship the beast (error of some kind) whose names are not written in the Lamb's book of life. Keep quiet, and cleave close to Jesus. It is an evil time, truly, in which we live. Because iniquity abounds, the love of many has waxed cold indeed, and no sect in this day is despised like ours. But this was our Master's lot, and shall we repine or shrink from His cross? What a high encomium did Manning pass on us, when he said they "had hopes of converts from all sects but Calvinists"! Oh, how unsearchable are God's ways and judgments towards the children of men!

The removal of Joseph Pickering and his wife was to me a very dark dispensation. How oft has His way, to me, been in the sea, His path in deep waters, and footsteps unknown!

"Let all fruitless searches go,
Which perplex and tease us;
We desire nought to know
But a bleeding Jesus."

May every new covenant blessing rest on thee evermore. It cannot, in reality, be otherwise, for where the Lord has blessed, it is irreversible, and makes rich, containing eternal life wherever it falls.

I am obliged to be solemnly searching in my preaching, feeling it to be of such vast importance to be right; and seeing so many of my old companions gone, the world becomes to me increasingly a wilderness. "Friend after friend departs," until I feel isolated, and am ready to say, with Cowper—

"See me cast forth a wanderer on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost," &c.

Were it not for the ties I feel in my family, I should like to be gone; yet I am not suffered to be impatient. I am anxious to occupy until called home. Oh, what a dream is life! How short a time, when looking back, does fifty years appear! Well, our comfort is, concerning those who are gone home, "they without us cannot be made perfect," for "not a hoof shall be left behind" of the Saviour's purchase. How the so-called religious world is running mad! So it must be. If it were possible, the very elect would be deceived. This, blessed be God, is not possible.

I sensibly feel the effects of increasing years, yet do not regret it. The outward man decays. Be it so. My uppermost desire is, for the inward man to be renewed day by day, and that I may be more and more assimilated and transformed into the image of Emmanuel.

You once asked me if I knew Mr. S. Adams, of Thornton. I have known, loved, and corresponded with him nearly twenty-five years past. I love to cultivate union with all the good men I meet with, as in this sad, sad day in which we live, discord is too much the order of the day.

Wherever you go, endeavour to sow the seeds of affection and love. May this ever be my delightful employment while here below.

I have been preaching at Littleport. The Lord has hitherto stood by His poor fearing worm, and been to me far better than all my fears, but I am led to believe He has an interest in me, not being my own, but bought with a price—and what a price! How incomprehensible to all the wisdom of this world! so that “whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord”; so that, living or dying, we are the Lord’s. Oh, soul-cheering thought! His, not our own. Can so rich a cost ever be lost? Never!

But how do I know I am really interested in this wondrous love? By His Spirit, which dwelleth in me, and daily raises up an opposition to the lust of my poor, fallen, and depraved nature. To this warfare I once was a stranger, but have been acquainted with it now for nearly fifty-three years, and I draw comfort and assurance from the fact that I can read my own soul’s experience in that of the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and almost all the good men who have left their testimonies behind them. So I come to this conclusion—that, unless I were taught by the same Spirit, I could not read my own experience in their writings, as I do, and have done, for years past; so, in comparing spiritual things with spiritual, I believe I am in the footsteps of the flock. “Go and do thou likewise.”

(To be continued.)

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

SOME of the Lord’s saints have not yet received dying grace; but then they are not going to die yet. Saints are prepared before they go. Our Lord does not pluck His fruit unwisely. Foolish people may tear the green apples from the tree with a pull and a wrench, and bruise them as they throw them into the basket; but our Lord values His fruit, and so He waits until it is quite ripe, and then He gathers it tenderly. When He puts forth His hand, the fruit bows down to it, and parts from the bough without a strain. When the believer comes to die, it will not be to an end which he feared, but to an end which he expected.—*Selected.*

MEMOIR OF A CONVERTED JEWESS.

(Continued from page 129.)

WHEN Miss P— had read to her Psalm xxv. 5, 6 ; lv. 22 ; ciii. 10—12 ; Matthew xi. 28—30 ; Acts xiii. 39, Maria replied, “ Some of these passages, and many others, came to my mind in the night, but, in my distress, they did not appear so cheering as formerly. Their sweet message of love, pardon, and peace seemed clouded, so that I could not apply them to myself. I repeated Psalm li., and acknowledged my sins unto the Lord ; yet the mountain of my sins seemed to fill the space between Christ in heaven and me on earth, and to shut out the light of His countenance from me ; but He did promise to cast them into the depths of the sea. He has said, ‘ I will blot out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins ’ ; and ‘ He is faithful that promised. ’ I know that ‘ the wages of sin is death ; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ. ’ ‘ Thanks therefore be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. ’ ”

Her friend again took the Bible, and read Psalm xxxii. 1, 2 ; Proverbs xxviii. 13 ; 1 John i. 7 ; Romans viii. 1. Maria answered, “ Yes, these passages are full of consolation, and the Spirit brought to my remembrance the assurance that whosoever believeth on Him is not condemned ; and likewise that, ‘ if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, ’ and He is the Propitiation for our sins. ” Miss P— inquired whether Maria believed that these promises were written for our encouragement, especially under deep conviction of sin ? “ Yes, ” said she, emphatically, “ ‘ that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope ; and the God of hope will fill us with all joy and peace in believing, through the power of the Holy Ghost. ’ You must pray with me, for I think all these things have been brought before me, that I might have a deeper sense of my need of a Saviour. Oh, how merciful was God, not at first to let me see these things as I now see them, when I have had so much experience of the love and mercy of my Saviour—have drunk of the well of living waters—and know that ‘ there is a fountain opened to the house of David for sin and for uncleanness ’ (Zech. xiii. 1). But even with these assurances of His pardoning love and mercy, a horrible dread at times overwhelmed me, and then I cried, ‘ Make haste to help me, O Lord, my salvation ; restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit. ’ ” And He who is “ able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, ” gradually dispelled every fear, and restored Maria’s mind to its usual state of calm submission and confiding peace.

Those Christians who, like her, have earnestly cried for "the Spirit of grace and supplication," to teach them to ask such things as are according to the will of God, and to "convince them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," have probably been thus answered, and have experienced similar self-abasing views of their state as sinners before a holy and heart-searching God. Maria was aware that the Searcher of hearts traces every action to its motive. He alone can know the measure of light and knowledge vouchsafed, and mark the presumptuous neglect of His will and commandments.

On comparing her thoughts and feelings before, and since, she had received the precious gift of faith, Maria observed, "At that time, I dared to repine at my confinement, privations, and sufferings. I did not then know that these trials were the appointment of a tender Father, who says, 'As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.' What peace-giving words! I should think those in health cannot understand the peace they give me when my pains come on in the night, and so little can be done to help me. Formerly, when the cramp and spasms caused such severe anguish for hours, I did not watchfully restrain the expression of sufferings, which were not greater than what He now enables me to bear, often without complaint, because I know I have not one pain too many—not one but I shall bless Him for in eternity. Then, all my desire was to recover, and partake, like others, of the pleasures of this life, for I did not think of those which are 'at God's right hand for evermore'" (Psa. xvi. 11).

On Matthew xxiii. 37, being read, Maria noticed the beauty of the comparison, and the idea of the shelter and security which it conveys. "Thus," said she, "all who come to Christ are gathered under His protecting care, and none can pluck them out of His Father's hand; but this prediction, 'Ye would not,' is fulfilled even to this day. My people will not come to Christ—will not 'search the Scriptures,' that testify of Him. They say they believe the words of our Prophets, but they will not study them, nor ask God to teach them. Yet 'to Christ give all the Prophets witness,' and Moses foretold that God would raise up unto Israel a Prophet like unto Himself, from the midst of them, of their brethren (Deut. xviii. 15), but they will not believe Moses. Our Saviour said, 'Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed in Me,' for One did rise up from among His brethren, of the tribe of Judah, of the house of David. He opened the eyes of the blind, as was foretold of the Messiah (Isa. xlii. 7); and thanks be to His name, He has made me, who was blind, to 'see out of obscurity, and out of darkness'" (Isa. xxix. 18).

After reading "Your house is left unto you desolate," Miss

P—described the present desolation of Jerusalem, and of its temple, and alluded to the oppressions to which its rightful possessors are subjected, especially in that country. Maria raised her head, and said impressively, “I do now fully believe that the rejection of Christ, and His crucifixion at the instigation of the Jews, was their great sin, for which they have been scattered over the earth; but they say, it was for their fathers’ idolatries. These, and other provocations, did bring upon us one captivity, and various chastisements, but none to compare with what our people have suffered since Jerusalem was destroyed. Do you remember reading to me Deuteronomy xxviii., and proving that the last part could not apply to the captivity in Babylon, but that many of these threatened woes took place at the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans, and were inflicted, as you believed, because our nation had crucified the Son of God, the true Messiah? I felt very angry with you then; but when I read that chapter again, I was much confounded and agitated, perceiving that such terrible judgments must be for some crying sin. That chapter made me so uneasy, I twice asked you about it; and then you read that Jesus wept over Jerusalem, when He said it should be laid ‘even with the ground,’ and not ‘one stone’ of the temple ‘be left upon another.’ And you told me that its foundations were ploughed up, as foretold in Jeremiah xxvi. 18, and Micah iii. 12, whilst Jews fell by thousands under the Roman sword, and the rest were carried away captive, but that the Christians ‘escaped to the mountains,’ because they believed His words. I could not then help thinking that Jesus must be a true Prophet. You added that, if the Jews had believed Daniel, they would, like Simeon, have expected the Messiah at the very time He came, and would have known the day of their visitation. I frequently thought of these things; and though I had supposed I never could believe Jesus was the Son of God, yet when I learned to pray for the Spirit to teach me whatever was His revealed truth, and not leave me to my own imaginations, I saw clearly that Isaiah vii. 14, which had presented such distressing difficulties to me, was fulfilled in Jesus—that He is ‘God manifest in the flesh,’ ‘God with us.’ I prayed much about these words; and after I believed them, I loved to hear the texts in which He is called ‘the Son of God,’ because then I was sure He must have power to be my Saviour, and able also to ‘save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him.’”

Mrs. R—having heard a detailed account of Maria’s illness, asked her some questions respecting its duration, &c. She replied that she had been confined to a sofa or bed more than three years, but would be willing to endure every suffering again, if that might be the means of bringing one of her people

to God. Her faith was so strong the preceding night, that it appeared to her as if their conversion could not be far distant. She applied some passages, that Mrs. R—— read, to her own helplessness, and to that clear conviction of sin which had been vouchsafed, expressing her desire for perfect conformity to the will of God.

When speaking of her loss of sight, and of the use of her limbs, she observed, "God 'doeth all things well.' I often pray not to be impatient for my removal, because He sees something wanting in me, which He designs to perfect, or He may intend to make me an instrument of good to others. To listen to the Scriptures is my greatest gratification, and yet God can at all times speak to me by His Spirit." When her unimpaired faculties and retentive memory were mentioned as extraordinary for one whose pain in the head was frequently so acute, she replied that, since her loss of sight, it had been her earnest prayer that her memory might be strengthened to retain the words of God, that she might have a store to dwell upon, especially during the night. To such applications for strength may be ascribed the surprising energy with which she would sometimes entreat and exhort those she loved to seek that Saviour, in and through whom alone she had found perfect peace.

(To be continued.)

TO AN INQUIRER.

YOU rightly observe that the two points named are very important ones—responsibility and repentance. Yet, although much has been written upon them, the views of some respecting them are very circumscribed, and of others, very vague—often the result of following the teachings of men who go upon the lines of party sentiment, instead of the simplicity that is in Christ. In saying this, we do not allude to any persons in particular, nor do we boast of proficiency in ourselves. We have been grossly misrepresented by some "who affirm that we say" things we never thought of saying on these subjects, therefore we shall avail ourselves of the present opportunity of mentioning what the Word of God says, and we believe, respecting the subject in question.

Oh, that the Holy Spirit may ever lead us into the truth, and help us to set it forth clearly and acceptably, to the profit of souls and the glory of God!

The responsibility of man to God is admitted by all who hold the truth spiritually at least, and it is abundantly demonstrated by the Word of God, which is our only rule of faith. Man was

created a free-willer, but placed under responsibility to God. "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat : but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat" (Gen. ii. 16, 17).

Now, as responsibility implies ability on the part of the responsible person, so we find God meets Adam, after he had eaten of the forbidden fruit, and, charging him with wilful transgression, pronounced the curse, and drove him from the garden of Eden. Thus, "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin ; and so death passed upon all men, for that [or, as the margin reads, 'in whom'] all have sinned." "God made man upright." Adam was created free from sin, and all that were to proceed from him were alike created in him without sin, and were alike endowed in him with ability to obey God's holy law, as also to hear and receive *any* word that might at *any time* proceed from His mouth, as it is written, "By every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live" (Deut. viii. 3).

Thus, in connection with all God's demands upon men, we must remember that original ability was given equal to, and consistent with, these requirements ; and though the fall deprived Adam and all his seed of that ability, yet their transgression did not abrogate God's law, nor render Him unjust in still demanding of them perfect obedience, because it was their sin, not Him, that placed them in a state of incapability. This is a part of the counsel of God that must be jealously maintained, and clearly set forth by every true minister of Jesus Christ, or he will grievously miss the mark of truth.

All found under the law will be judged according to their deeds, when Christ shall judge the world, and every mouth shall then be stopped, and all the world of sinners shall stand guilty before God, since He, neither by His counsels, purposes, nor covenant, respecting the salvation of His people, made sinners what they are, nor yet designed them to be such. Only man's sin has wrought all the ruin, and all who are saved, are saved by grace, through faith in Christ Jesus, given to them by God. In doing this He did no injury nor injustice to those left in their sin, as He would have been just had He left all to perish in their transgressions. Thus, His mercy to some is no injustice to others.

While man is responsible to God under the law, there is also a responsibility belongs to him under the Gospel, which is to those who hear it, "the savour of life unto life, or of death unto death." It is the Word of God, and those who reject it reject Him, as Jesus said, "He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath One that judgeth him : the word that I

have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day" (John xii. 48).

Some may object that this implies that man has the ability to believe the words of Christ. We say that it rather implies, or attests, that man has lost that ability. Thus the Lord Jesus, when speaking to the Jews, charges them with the want of will—"Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life" (John v. 40), clearly proving that the want of will was their own fault, since it had been given, consistent with His requirement, by God, and lost by them, and this accounts for their inability, as stated in John vi. 44.

Again, an objection may be raised that man's ability under the law does not apply to his ability, or responsibility, under the Gospel; but the word, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might" (Deut. vi. 5), proves that ability, in accordance with the command, was given to receive "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord thy God," or otherwise man could not be required to "love the Lord with all his heart," &c.

Here, then, comes the force of Christ's charge against the Jews, and which tells with equal force upon all who hear the Gospel, and reject it—"The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him at the last day," clearly proving that the ability to receive "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord thy God" has been lost by man through his sin. Thus, "every mouth shall be stopped, and all the world be proved to be guilty before God." But Christ is Surety for all believers.

The responsibility of saints opens up another part of the subject, with which we have not space to deal, save to say that, while they are not under the law, still they are under a new covenant responsibility, which is couched in the words, "As we sow we reap"; but this only as it refers to their walk, and the Lord's approval of, or His chastenings for, the same (see Psalm lxxxix. 30—34); for while He deals with those under the law in a legal way, He deals with those under grace as a Father, and according to the new covenant of grace, which is established upon better promises than the old one of works; so that, while those who continue not in all things written in the latter are cursed, those who are interested in the former are chastened for their sins, that they may not be condemned with the world.

We can only write briefly on the subject, but we hope our remarks may be the means of leading you and others to a right apprehension of the truth on this important point; and, as want of space forbids us proceeding further this month, we hope to conclude our answer in the next number of the SOWER.

THE EDITOR.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

GOD brings His gold to the touchstone, and to the fire, even in this world, before the awful and solemn trial they must come to in the final judgment; and if we desire to be satisfied what the design or end of God in making such probations of His people is, we must conclude, in the general, He certainly designs His own glory and His people's advantage and profit in them. If He suffers them to be tried by reproaches, happy are they. The Spirit of God and of glory resteth on them. There is their profit; and though His name be evil spoken of, yet in the meekness of their spirits He is glorified, as it is, 1 Peter iv. 14. "If the scourge slay suddenly, He will laugh at the trial of the innocent" (Job ix. 23). Not at their afflictions, but at the effects and blessed issues and results of them—not that it gives them pain, but that it gives them glory. Upon this account the Apostle bids us count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations or trials; and still the more trials, the more joy, for thereby God will produce such effects as are "more precious than gold that perisheth" (1 Peter i. 7). Oh, who can value the comfort that is tasted by the soul, upon the trial and discovery of its sincerity, when, after some sore temptation, wherein God hath helped us to maintain our integrity, or after some close, pinching affliction, wherein we have discovered in ourselves a sweet resignation to, and contentment in, the will of God, a heart cleaving to the Lord, purged and made more spiritual under the rod, we can turn to the Lord, and appeal to Him, as the Prophet did, "But Thou, O Lord, knowest me; Thou hast seen me, and tried mine heart toward Thee"? (Jer. xii. 3.) I say, who can duly value such an advantage? Who would exchange such a comfort for all the gold and silver in the world? How many trials soever God brings His people under, to be sure neither His own glory nor their interest shall suffer any damage by them.

But more particularly, let us bring our thoughts close to the matter before us, and we shall find many great advantages and benefits arising out of these trials of sincerity; for—

First, hereby hypocrisy is unmasked and discovered; the vizard is plucked off from the false professor, and his true natural face and complexion shown to the world; and in this there is a great deal of good.

Obj. "Good!" you will say. "Where lies it? All the world sees the mischief and sad effects of it. Many are stumbled, many are hardened by it. 'Woe to the world because of offences'" (Matt. xvi. 7).

Sol. True, some are prejudiced and hardened by it, so as never to have good thoughts of the ways and people of God more.

That is sad indeed! However, therein God accomplishes His word, and executeth His decree; and though these perish, yet—

1. Others are warned, awakened, and set searching their own hearts more narrowly than ever, and this is good (1 Cor. x. 11, 12). Now, these were our examples, “wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.”

2. Hereby sin is ashamed; and it is good when sin, that hath exposed men to so much shame, shall be itself exposed to shame. This is the just reward of sin. “This is thy lot, the portion of thy measures from Me, saith the Lord; because thou hast forgotten Me, and trusted in falsehood. Therefore will I discover thy skirts upon thy face, that thy shame may appear” (Jer. xiii. 25, 26).

The turning up the skirt is a modest expression of exposing a person to the greatest shame in the day of trial. God, by discovering hypocrisy, shames the hypocrite; and surely, many such discoveries are made of men at this day. We may see sin, that lurked close in the heart before, now laid open before all Israel, and before the sun.

3. Hereby the poor, self-cozening hypocrite hath the greatest opportunity and advantage that ever was before him in all his life to recover himself out of the snare of the devil. Now, all his pretences are gone. Now, that which, like a shield, was advanced against the arrows of reproof and conviction, is gone. Now, a poor creature stands naked, and stripped out of all his pleas, as a fair and open mark to the world and his own conscience; and happy will it be for him, if now the Lord make conviction to enter point blank into his soul. All these are blessed effects of the discovery of hypocrisy.

Secondly, by these trials integrity is cleared up, and the doubts and fears of many upright and holy ones allayed and quieted, resolved and satisfied.

Oh, what would many a poor Christian give for satisfaction in that great point of sincerity! How many tears have been shed to God in secret upon that account! How many hours have been spent in examination of his own heart about it, and still jealousies and fears hang upon his heart! He doubts what he may prove at last. “Well,” saith God, “let his sincerity then come to the test. Kindle the fire, and cast in My gold. Trials are the high-way to assurance. Let My child see that he loves Me more than these—that his heart is upright with Me. I will try him by prosperity and by adversity; by persecution and temptations; and he shall see his heart is better than he suspects it to be. This shall be the day of resolution to his fears and doubts.”

The Apostle, speaking of heresies (1 Cor. xi. 19), puts a necessity upon them. “There must be heresies,” saith he, “that

they which are approved may be made manifest." The same necessity there is, and for the same end, of all other trials of grace, that the lovely, beautiful, sweet face of sincerity may be opened sometimes to the world, to enamour them; and to the soul in whom it is, to satisfy it that it doth not personate a Christian, but lives the very life of a Christian, and hath the very spirit and principles of a Christian in it.

Thirdly, by these trials, pride and self-confidence are destroyed and mortified in the saints, as much as by anything in the world. We never see what poor, weak creatures we are, until we come to the trial. It is said, God led Israel through the desert to prove them, and to humble them (Deut. viii. 2). When we are proved, then are we humbled. Those that over-reckon their graces before the trial, see they must come to another account, and take new measures of themselves after they have been upon trial.

"Ah! little did I think," saith one, "that I had so much love for the world, and so little for God, until afflictions tried it. I could not have believed that ever the creature had got so deeply into my heart, till Providence either threatened or made a separation, and then I found it. I thought I had been rich in faith, until such a danger befell me, or such a want began to pinch hard; and then I saw how unable I was to trust God for protection or provision." Oh, it is a good thing that our hearts be kept humble and lowly, how rich soever they be in grace!

Fourthly, by trials, grace is kept in exercise, and the gracious soul preserved from security and spiritual slothfulness. Trials are to grace what the estuations and continual agitation of the water are to the sea, or what the racking of wines from the lees is into it. Were it not for our frequent trials and exercises, we should quickly settle upon the lees, and our duties would be, as God complains of Ephraim, like sour or dead drink (Hosea iv. 18), flat and spiritless. "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity: therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed" (Jer. xlviii. 11).

Much after that rate it would be with our hearts, did not the Lord frequently try and exercise them. Let the best man be without some trial or other but a few months, and you may find the wants of it in his prayers and conferences quickly. Oh, what a tang of formality will be found in them! And is it for the honour of God, or the profit of His people, that it should be so? No; the Lord knows it is not. But how shall their spirits be reduced to their former zealous heavenly temper again? "Why," saith the Lord, "they must into the furnace again. 'I

will melt them, and try them; for how shall I do for the daughter of My people?' (Jer. ix. 7.) I love them too well to lose them for want of a rod. Alas! if I should suffer things to go on at this rate, what will become of them in a little time? What delight can I take in their duties, when the faith, fervour, humility, and holy seriousness of their spirits are wanting in them? I will therefore 'refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on My name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is My people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God'" (Zech. xiii. 9).

And thus the Lord chides Himself Friend again with His people. Thus He recovers them to their true temper, and thus His visitations do preserve their spirits. And when the Lord sees these sweet effects of His trials upon them, it greatly pleaseth Him. "Oh, now," saith God, "I like it. This providence hath done them good; this rod well bestowed; the letting loose of this temptation, or that corruption, upon them, hath made them find their knees again. Now I hear the voice of My child again."

Beloved, this is a blessed fruit and effect of our frequent trials; and how ungrateful soever they are to flesh and blood, that affects ease, and is loth to be disturbed, yet it is necessary to the preservation of our spirits.

Fifthly, by the trial of our graces, Satan is defeated, and his accusations of the saints found to be mere slanders. It is a very common thing with the devil and wicked men to accuse the people of God of hypocrisy, and to tell the world they are not the men and women they are taken to be, and that if their inside were but turned out by some thorough trial, or deep search, it would appear that religion did not indeed live in their souls, as they pretend, but that they only act a part, and personate heavenly and mortified persons upon the public stage of profession. Thus the accuser of the brethren suggests the hypocrisy of Job—"Put forth Thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face" (Job ii. 5); that is, "Well might Job serve Thee, whilst Thou hast been so bountiful a Master to him. He hath been well rewarded for all the service he hath done Thee. But if Thou stop the current of his prosperity, Thou shalt see how quickly he will stop the course of his duty. A few lashes from Thy hand will make him curse Thee to Thy face." But oh, what shame and disappointment was it to that envious spirit! What a vindication of Job's integrity when, under the greatest trials of his faith and patience, he still held fast his integrity, and showed himself as great a pattern of patience under the cross, as he had been of piety in the days of his greatest prosperity! Satan gets nothing by bringing forth

the saints upon the stage, to be "made a spectacle to angels and men," as it is, 1 Corinthians iv. 9.

Sixthly and lastly. The frequent trials of grace exhibit a full and living testimony against the atheism of the world. These prove beyond all words or arguments that religion is no fancy, but the greatest reality in the world. Men would make religion but a fancy, and the zeal of its professors but the intemperate heat of some crazy brains, overheated with a fond notion. They that never felt the real influences of religion upon their own souls will not believe that others do feel them. Serious piety is become the ludicrous subject with which the wanton wits of this atheistical world sport themselves. But behold the wisdom and goodness of God exhibiting to the world the undeniable testimonies of the truth of religion, as often as the sincere professors thereof are brought to the test by afflictions from the hand of God, or persecution from the hands of men. Lo! here is the faith and patience of the saints; here is their courage, meekness, and self-denial, shining as gold in the fire. They have the real proofs of it before their eyes. Instead of casting them into hell, and convincing them by eternal fire, He is pleased to cast His own people into the fire of affliction, that they who scoff at them may be convinced at an easier and cheaper rate. It is no new thing to see the enemies of religion brought over to embrace it, by the constancy and faithfulness of the saints in their trials and sufferings for it. God grant that the atheism of the present generation do not occasion a more fiery trial to the people of God in it than they have yet suffered.—*Flavel*.

THE IMAGE-BREAKER.

THE late Archbishop Trench tells in verse a story of the great Mohammedan conqueror of India, Mahmoud, the image-breaker. He found an image, fifteen feet high, and was about to destroy it, when persons interposed, offering him an enormous ransom if he would but spare this idol. He put their beseechings from him, and, answering that he would rather be known as the breaker than as the seller of idols, he struck the image with his mace. Others followed his example, till it was broken to pieces. As it broke it poured forth such a wealth of diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones as far more than outweighed the ransom he had just refused. So, when our weak heart pleads that this or that which we fear to be wrong should be spared, let us remember that we shall gain much greater riches of peace and joy by putting from us what is evil, or even what is doubtful.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR JAMES,—We received your letter and also Susan Lane's, and were glad that ours reached you all right, and did you good. I find it somewhat warmed your heart, and made the Lord and His ways right with you once more, and brightened up your hopes of a better world to come, when death removes your soul from this wicked scene. As you say, I cannot be here much longer. I am seventy-two on the twenty-sixth of this month (May), and am very feeble. A walk of half a mile would spend all my strength at my best health now. But to have a consciousness that we have a well-grounded hope of an interest in the salvation of God, what a strong prop this is to our souls, in view of a never-ending eternity!

Amidst all the changes I undergo, all the dungeons I get into, all the sins that come to remembrance, and all the aversion there is in my nature to death, I am helped to remember that the Lord showed me, last August, He had not a single sin left to charge me with. It was all made straight by the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, so that I stood blameless before Him. This is my comfort amidst the miseries I pass through from sin and Satan, and other burdens that fall upon me, that the Lord acquits me for His own name's sake. Surely to me it is like keeping the best wine till last. God hath blessed me before with manifestations of His divine favour, but this of interest in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, it settles everything. It produces peace in trouble, and brings the witness into the conscience, according to the word, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself."

I see now that a sinner may be able to believe that everything is straight between God and his soul, made so by Christ Jesus, yet have sin and Satan raging in his conscience, and, according to his feelings, prevailing against him.

There are two courts—one in heaven, in the presence of God, where everything stands fixed and unalterable, as seen from all eternity; and the other in quickened sinners' consciences, where trials are proceeding daily, and storms, disputes, and quibbles are raised, so that many fears arise as to a good issue of our case. When anything is brought in against us that we have done, we fear and quake, and expect to be dealt with accordingly, and this makes us cry for mercy, and pardon, and peace, and beg the Almighty not to enter into judgment with us, feeling sure that in His sight no man living can be justified according to the law; and until we get some intimation of divine favour, we do not get free in a right way. Sometimes we have to wait a great while for a token for good, and are kept in suspense and misery

till God, in a way of grace and mercy, encourages us with a good word, by finding our real character explained by the ministry to be the living in Jerusalem, so we have hope again, and venture on afresh. But when the Almighty lets us know how matters stand in the upper court—that we are unblameable before Him in love, and manifests it in this lower court, the conscience—oh, what deliverance, what solid comfort, what a foundation, what a certainty of heaven, this at last produces within!

Through mercy, I am still pursuing after God and godliness, “reaching forth to the things that are before, pressing towards the mark of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” My acquaintance with Jesus Christ is so scant that sometimes I fear it is not enough to be saving, and the body of sin and death is such a great weight! Oh, for a greater acquaintance with Him, which the Holy Spirit alone can give! Oh, how I do need the Holy Spirit!

Now I feel quite dried up again, so I expect I may be necessitated to send this letter as it is, without any other finish, for if I stop to conclude you may never have it; but you would rather have it as it is than not at all.

Adieu, dear James. I heartily wish you an abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whenever He shall call you away from this evil world. Amen.

Accept the love of your friend and companion in the path of tribulation,

Strongsville, Ohio, May 2nd, 1886.

HENRY MILLS.

“I WANT not only the truth of grace, but the growth of grace, and I come daily to the fulness of Christ for it.” If this is your language, it is one of the best marks of being “born again” that you can give.

THE course adopted by Lord Massereene, in advertising for Protestant tenants to take his farms, has aroused the wrath of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, who imprudently allege that it is an insult to their Church to assume that Protestants are more honest and trustworthy than Romanists. But the facts of the case establish beyond question that the policy adopted by Lord Massereene is dictated by true wisdom. Lord Massereene has no sectarian object in letting his land only to persons who will not sympathize with disloyalty, nor be intimidated by agitators. But every one who has studied Irish discontent to any purpose, knows full well that the Irish priesthood have been engaged in fomenting it for many years, and that the best tenants are those who are least under priestly control. The extinction of Romanism would be the salvation of Ireland in a political sense.

THE CALVINISTIC PROTESTANT UNION.

THE Annual Meeting of the above Union was held on Friday evening, May 3rd, at Soho Baptist Chapel, London, Mr. Vaughan, of Hackney, occupying the chair, who, after reading the forty-sixth Psalm, and engaging in prayer, called on the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Sinden, to read the annual Report, which was of an encouraging character, and showed that the Committee had not been idle during the past twelve months.

The Report referred to two especial agencies which, under God, had proved instrumental in awakening the latent Protestantism of the people. One was, the commemoration meetings held throughout the country in 1888; and the other was, the visit of Mrs. Edith O'Gorman Auffray (the "Escaped Nun") to this country.

It was encouraging to note that the Lord's people were to some extent recognizing the necessity of combining in organized Protestant efforts, and to this end auxiliaries of the Union had been formed at Brighton, Eastbourne, South-West London, Hackney, Richmond, &c., all of which auxiliaries were, by public lectures, distribution of Protestant literature, children's addresses, and lending libraries, doing their utmost to witness for the truth, and scatter information in the Protestant cause.

One method of assisting the Union mentioned in the Report is worthy of imitation—some friends who, though not sufficiently strong to form an auxiliary, had established a monthly Protestant prayer-meeting—and who can estimate the help these praying friends are to those more actively engaged in Protestant work?

Reference was also made to the petition for the compulsory inspection of convents, which is to be presented to Parliament by Col. Sandys. This petition, which has been largely circulated by members of the Union, bore over 13,000 signatures.

The financial position of the Union was satisfactory, the balance-sheet showing a small balance to carry on to next year.

The Report, which was full of interest and information, is well worth obtaining and perusing. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. Sinden, 37, Ashley Road, Crouch Hill, London, N., will be pleased to forward it to friends interested in the cause of Protestantism.

Mr. Lawson, of Brighton, in proposing the first resolution, referred especially to three objectionable doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome. First, discountenancing the use of the Scriptures by the people; and, in speaking of this, mention was made of the sixpenny Testament which had lately been published by Roman Catholic authority, and the hope was expressed that, although it was a corrupt version, and although the notes

endeavoured to explain away the text, he hoped God would own and bless it. The next error was, the worship of the Virgin Mary; and the third was, the doctrine of the sacrifice of the Mass. In speaking of this, Mr. Lawson referred to the Pagan origin of Popery.

Mr. E. Wilmshurst next spoke of the unchangeable character of Romanism. Rome never changes. It may change in its manner of preaching certain things—it may change its front from time to time—but its spirit is ever the same. It has become Papal, persecuting Rome; it remains Papal, persecuting Rome; and it ever will be Papal, persecuting Rome. Rome is pretending to-day that it is a changed character, but it only means us to walk into its den, and it will not make any way for us out again. Mr. Wilmshurst especially exhorted all present to use their influence in the position God had placed them, and to instruct the young in the principles and faith of Protestantism.

Mr. Evans, of Clapham, explained that it was against the system of Rome, and not against Roman Catholics personally, that we fought, and strongly deprecated the policy of letting things drift, and said that the lethargy and supineness of some Christian men and women is alarming. "They seem to me," he said, "to be sinking into that state that, so long as they hear a good sermon, they are perfectly satisfied, and their sympathies never go beyond their own miserable selves." Mr. Evans hoped that those present would not only sympathize with the objects of the Society, but support it.

Mr. Abbott, of Brighton, referred to the encouragement their auxiliary had met with, and mentioned instances where good had been accomplished through meetings held at Brighton.

Mr. Rundall spoke of some of the encouragements in God's Word for those who had the cause of Protestantism at heart.

Mr. Taylor pointed out that Romanism was not only a religion, but a dangerous political organization, and he hoped the Lord would help us to be firm, to each act for ourselves in our own little sphere, and do the best we can.

After the usual votes of thanks, the meeting closed with the Benediction.

To see the hand of God in the present, and to trust the future in the hand of God, is the secret of peace.

THE longer you read the Bible, the more you will like it. It will grow sweeter and sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it, the more you will get into the spirit of Christ.—*Romains.*



"WHEN SHE HAD REACHED THE ADVANCED AGE OF EIGHTY YEARS HER SIGHT FAILED HER." (See page 170.)

OLD RUTH.

AMONG the many poor in this world, but "rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom," we have seldom met with one who may have been more truly said to "rejoice in the Lord alway" than "Old Ruth."

She was the child of godly parents; but until the last eleven years of her life, their dying prayers for her seemed unanswered.* When she had reached the advanced age of eighty years her sight failed her, and she could no longer work for her livelihood. This obliged her to apply to the parish for relief, in answer to which an order was given her to go into the workhouse. On being brought into the neighbouring town for this purpose, she was taken to a house, there to await the arrival of the relieving officer. As soon as she was placed in a chair, she immediately exclaimed, in a voice of entreaty, "Oh, don't let me ever leave this house again!" Her earnest appeal to the kind-hearted inmates, and afterwards to the parish officer, had its effect, and consent was obtained for old Ruth to remain with her new friends.

Doubtless many a rich blessing has descended on that family, in answer to the frequent supplications of this aged saint. "You'll have your reward," was her frequent mode of thanking the invaluable friend who, from the moment of receiving this stranger under her roof, behaved to her with the most unvarying kindness and tender love.

Murmuring and discontent were once such prominent features in her character that, in her native village, she was often termed "grumbling old Ruth"; but when the eyes of her understanding were opened, her cheerfulness, contentment, and "joy in the Holy Ghost" were so evident, that no one could visit her bed-side without being struck by her patient submission. She was confined to her bed during the last eleven years of her life, being perfectly blind and very deaf.

The following incidents and remarks, given in her own simple language, well show her character, and the change which had been wrought in her soul by God's grace:—

August 31st, 1841.—On being told of an awful death which had occurred, she exclaimed, "I'm often astonished at the goodness of my Lord—so many taken, and I spared, and what for? Is it to glorify my blessed Lord? Oh, how good He is!" adding her usual doxology, "Praise Him now! Praise Him now!" "One day last week, Satan was with me almost all the day. He said I was to be lost, but my Lord strengthened me, and I said,

* We are sorry that the account of Ruth's conversion was not given by the writer.—Ed.

‘Get thee behind me, Satan!’ I pointed him to the blood of Christ, and I told him my Lord would lift up His standard against him; and with that he was soon worsted, and so I got off more than conqueror, through my Lord’s strength. I’m nothing in myself, but ‘they that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded’—no, not one. He says, ‘They that seek Me shall find Me’—not *may*, but *shall*.” Speaking of her body, she said, “I have lost my sight, but I never give it a frown. I know my Lord did it for His glory and my good. Oh, He does all wonderfully!”

Good Friday, 1841.—She said, on taking our hands, “I’ve been praising my Lord, for ‘He has done great things for me, whereof I am glad.’ He’s always a Friend to me. He’s not a friend to-day, and an enemy to-morrow, for He’s a faithful God. He never looks coldly upon me; no, my Lord never looks coldly upon me. He never disappoints me. I do love my Saviour, but I can’t love Him enough”; then adding, with more than her usual emphasis, “Oh, praise Him now! Praise Him now!”

Speaking of the sufferings of our blessed Lord, she said, “If it were possible, I feel as if I could shed tears of blood for my precious Saviour, when they served Him so! Oh, when they struck His dear head! When they ran the spear into His precious side!” adding, in strong emotion, “Who could but love my blessed Lord? Oh, come to the Saviour now! Come to Him now! The Lamb of God! Who can bear to think of a soul being lost? Who can bear to think of a soul going down where there is no hope? Oh, convince them, Lord—convert them—compel them to come in!” Then, referring to herself, she added—

“’Tis boundless and amazing love
That I am out of hell.”

At another time she said, “My first prayer in the morning is, that my Lord would keep me steadfast, watchful, immovable, ‘always abounding in the work of the Lord,’ that so I may be ready whenever my Lord shall call me. Pray for me, that I may be more faithful and more zealous. I want nothing but my Lord. He is my Rock, my salvation, and my abiding-place. Oh, who can live without an interest in Christ? My father’s text was, ‘Lord, save: I perish!’ and that’s my prayer.”

Speaking of heaven, she said, “Oh, heaven is a holy place! Heaven is beyond this world! I have six children already round the dazzling throne, and He’s leading me on step by step, and by-and-bye He’ll put forth His hand and take me. I’m waiting to go. I only wait for Him to say, ‘Now, Ruth, I require your soul,’ then ‘I’ll clap my glad wings and soar away,’ to be with Him; and there I shall be with Abraham, and Isaac, and

Jacob. But what shall I say when Christ puts my crown before me? Then I 'shall sing more loud, more sweet.' Oh, ma'am, there's beautiful music there! I shan't think about my children then. I've only that one trouble on my mind now, and He has kept them hitherto, and I would not mistrust Him now. He'll do nothing wrong. My Lord never did anything wrong. Oh, praise Him now! Praise Him now! He's worthy to be praised 'from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.'"

Speaking of her own conversion, she said, "My Lord saw I was in danger, so He brought me out of the darkness into His marvellous light—His marvellous light—and now He'll never leave me nor forsake me."

On being asked if many of her prayers appeared to be unheard and unanswered, she replied, "No." Then, after a moment's pause, she continued, "I wouldn't speak a word but what I feel in my soul, but I can't tell of one. I do wait sometimes, but my Lord never leaves me without some answer."

Whenever we visited her towards the end of the week, she never failed, at parting from us, to remind us of the coming day of rest. She used to say, "I hope you'll have a blessed Sabbath—a high day—a holy day."

The children of the kind friend in whose house she lodged were almost as dear to old Ruth as her own. Speaking of one who was living at service in London, she begged me to write and tell Caroline that she needed a God to go to, adding, "And tell her that she will find that like 'a well of water springing up unto everlasting life,' and then 'all things will work together for her good.' I pray to my Lord for her, that the enemy may get no advantage over her. There are so many snares and traps in London."

We asked her once if the days appeared long. Her answer was, "Oh, ma'am, time seems nothing to me, when my Lord is with me. The days and the nights are shorter than ever. God is with me, ma'am. I've got the presence of my Lord. Oh, what should I do, so many hours by myself, without my Lord in this room. He never leaves me. Once I had Satan buffeting me for three days, but my Lord had him for forty. I wouldn't give up my Lord for all the world—no, if this room were to be filled with silver and gold," energetically adding, "for what's that but brass? It is only brass!"

Speaking of family prayer, she said, "A family without prayer is like a dry root out of a dry ground."

As she drew nearer her end, weakness of body made her speak less and with difficulty. Once we were fearful that talking hurt her, and told her so, but she said, "I must talk. It is so good to talk of the things of God. Oh, I would praise my Lord all

the day long—my precious Saviour! my loving Saviour! Oh, praise Him now! Praise Him now!”

Her sayings from this time were fewer, but very weighty and full of thought. I have sometimes been delighted in listening to her speaking to her Lord when, from her loss of sight and dulness of hearing, she did not know that any one was in the room. She had her seasons of depression, but they were not of long duration, and were generally succeeded by the holy rapture which, without any tinge of excitement or extravagance, was peculiarly characteristic of her heavenly-mindedness, rejoicing in God her Saviour.

A few weeks before her death, the message she sent to a Christian friend was, “Tell her I’m very happy, but I’ve hard work sometimes with Satan. He’s trying to sift me as wheat, but he can’t hurt me. No, the spirit soon faints, but

“Not a doubt can arise
To darken my eyes,

“without my Lord’s leave.”

Her benedictions were very simple and beautiful—“The Lord ever bless you, ever keep you, ever support you. The Lord make you useful. He will, because you are His servant.”

Our intercourse was now drawing to a close. On December 16th, 1846, we again visited her dying bed. She could say but very little. We asked, “Are you happy?” to which she answered, “Oh, yes! God is my Shepherd, and He’s promised He’ll never leave me, nor forsake me. My faith is in the blood of Christ. Tell Miss C——, if we never meet again here, we shall meet again hereafter, and ‘our conflicts then will all be past.’”

A day or two afterwards, when speaking was a great effort, we asked, “How are you, Ruth?” She said, slowly and impressively, “Very near eternity.” I asked, “Are you afraid?” She answered, “No; the sting is gone. I wish to wait my Lord’s appointed time, but I hope He’ll be pleased to cut it short.”

Her strength gradually diminished, and her sufferings were at times very severe; yet memory, and consciousness, and all her natural ardour of affection for her friends, were still retained, and especially for the unwearied kindness and tender thoughtfulness of her invaluable nurse. Old Ruth could only give returns of love and prayer, and in this she delighted to the very last.

On her kind friend expressing the deep sorrow and regret which she felt in the prospect of losing the benefit of these petitions, the aged saint, though very near her end, roused herself, and said energetically, “Oh, is the work done?—is the work done?” adding, “Then it won’t be long—it won’t be long.”

After this she scarcely spoke, excepting in low whispers, and she appeared to sink into the sleep of death as into a father's arms.

And now to her the veil is removed, and she is realizing the heavenly enjoyments which she delighted to speak of, and to anticipate, whilst she was a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth. But oh, how far beyond her highest imagination is her present experience of what it is to be "for ever with the Lord," even as it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Old Ruth fell asleep in Jesus on December 24th, 1846, aged ninety-two years, the last thirteen of which had been passed in total blindness.

DYING WORDS.

SOME THINGS SAID BY MR. T. COLE, ON HIS DEATHBED,
SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1667.

"MANY plead for those opinions and notions upon which they would be loth to venture their souls in a dying hour. I value more the judgment of a dying saint about justification than all the wrangling disputes of learned men."

"It would be miserable dying, if we had not something every way adequate to the demands of the law to ground our hopes of eternal life upon. We have an abundant entrance into the kingdom of God by the way of Christ's righteousness. The devil and the law may meet us, yet cannot hinder us from entering into heaven by that righteousness."

"Christ can defend His own truths when His poor creatures and ministers who contended for them as well as they could are laid in the silent dust."

"I wait for a peaceable dismissal. I long to see His salvation. 'The Spirit saith, Come; and the bride saith, Come.' Come, O come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

"My desire is, that God would do His own will, and glorify His own name, by my life or death, which is the best disposal of me that God Himself can make."

When rising, he said, "To rise for a little time is but a sorry rising, but to rise so as never to go to bed more is a glorious resurrection. Then we shall be 'for ever with the Lord.'"

"It is well for us that our souls do not stand upon the same terms with God as our bodies do, for they must die, but eternal life possesseth the soul, and will never leave it."

To one who said, "Sir, your death will be a great stroke. I know not any likely to stand up in your room," he answered, "God can make the want of ordinances the greatest ordinances to

you. If God keeps His truths alive in the hearts of some few serious Christians, they will preach one to another. I bless God for what He hath done for my soul. I give up my body to Him. Let Him do with it what He pleases. How soon is nature upset by the God of nature, if the God of grace doth not stand by to support it! A finite creature could not endure, if the everlasting arms were not underneath. Though they would not suffer me to preach the Gospel of free grace quietly, yet God suffers me to die in the comfort of it. As for my going, God can make it no loss to you. God can take off and set on His own workmen when He pleases. I have done with all other satisfaction but what God in Christ can give. We live but dying lives in the body. They are but short recoveries which we have at any time, until mortality is swallowed up of life.”

When he was removed to the other side of the bed, he said, “This is but turning from one side to another, but I would fain turn from the dark side to the light side. One turn more, and then I shall be at rest.”

“PEACE, BE STILL!”

WHAT can calm my troubled breast,
When by sins and fears oppressed?
Is it not when I can feel
God in Christ speaks, “Peace, be still”?

When aught does my quiet break;
Graces languish and are weak;
Then, Lord, do most sweetly seal
To my soul Thy “Peace, be still!”

Make me cast my daily care
On Thee, Lord, by faith and prayer;
Oh, subdue my stubborn will!
Calm it with Thy “Peace, be still!”

When I’m called to yield my breath
By the icy hand of death,
Grant that I may sweetly feel
What that meaneth, “Peace, be still!”

Then may heaven be clear in view,
And my title to it too;
Then I’ll rise and have my fill
Of eternal calm and still.

Penmon.

J. S.

HE who doeth whatsoever He will, must do it how He will
It is for us to receive, not to appoint.—*Bishop Hall.*

MEMOIR OF A CONVERTED JEWESS.

(Continued from page 157.)

ONE day she made a remark which should be deeply impressed on the mind of every Christian. It had often occurred to her that, if some of the Christians with whom she had associated had known the value of a soul, and had really loved the Saviour, as she had since learned to love Him, they would have acted more like Him whose name they bear. Some made the Sabbath a day of travelling, visiting, &c., so that it appeared to her that they neither loved nor feared God, nor believed the commandments to be His, but had put them away with the ceremonial law. "We know," added she, "that Protestants do not 'fall down before the stock of a tree,' but can we suppose that despisers of the Sabbath really worship the God of Israel, 'a God of truth, without iniquity: just and right is He'?" (Deut. xxxii. 4.) When I heard the New Testament read, and saw what a perfect Example Christians are commanded to follow, and learned what are the fruits of the Spirit, I thought, 'Surely they are more guilty than my people.' But you fear that those are only nominally Christians, who seem to forget that 'they are not their own—that they are bought with such a price.' Is not this what you mean when you say they 'crucify the Son of God afresh, and put Him to open shame'?" When you began to read from the New Testament, I was unwilling to attend, and told you I was not allowed to read that Book; but before you suspected it, I listened eagerly, for it seemed suited to my wants, and gave such consolations under my sufferings as nothing else had done. It taught me to think less of earth, and to raise my thoughts and hopes to heaven. I received much benefit from learning by heart, portions from the law and the Prophets, particularly Isaiah, and I hope ever to thank and praise my God for the comfort afforded by the Psalms, during the first part of my illness. There the Lord opened my eyes to see wondrous things. But in the New Testament we find that Jesus was indeed the 'Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, who bare our griefs and carried our sorrows.' Had I been then on earth, He might have said to me, 'Damsel, arise!' but now, if my mind is stayed on Him, He will give perfect peace, and 'seal me with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our heavenly inheritance.'"

Prayer and intercession were not only her delight and support, but might be termed her occupation. The silent movement of her lips was often noticed when she thought herself alone, and thus engaged, she passed many sleepless hours of the night; yet

she would say, "They seemed but short; I had so many things to ask of God. I asked the Lord to 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus'—to feel more strongly that without Him I can do nothing, for my soul is in a more helpless state than this poor body. I prayed that the Holy Spirit might ever be in me, a well of water springing up to everlasting life—that He might bring my dear people into His fold, in His own time and in His own way—and that He might bestow all spiritual blessings upon every member of my own family. Oh, that they may recollect that my faith in the atonement of Jesus is the source of all my hope and consolation! This alone can give the assurance that all my sins are blotted out, and that, when the Lord sees fit to take me, I can joyfully say, 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.'"

Oh, Christians, and you who are only nominally such, if your eye should rest on these pages, ask yourselves, how many of your wakeful hours have been thus occupied, and whether you can make her fervent petitions your own?

As the spring advanced, Maria's various sufferings became more acute. Her little portion of strength sensibly diminished, and she often expressed the hope that the time of her deliverance was at hand—that Jesus would soon, of His free grace, give her that crown of righteousness which He has promised "to all who love His appearing."

Having frequently said that Jesus would soon come to fetch her, Miss P—— inquired whether she had any particular impression as to the manner in which her soul would pass into heaven, when separated from the body? She replied, "Yes, I think He will receive my spirit, for how could I look upon that glory which shall be revealed, if Jesus were not near to say, 'Fear not: I am with thee. It is I: be not afraid'?" Her friend rejoined, "Do you think your first view of heaven will be the vision of Jesus face to face?" "Undoubtedly! When heaven opens before me, He will be all my confidence. Here He has given me all my peace and happiness, and there He will be my All in all. I must be changed. The white robe of His righteousness will then cover me, and this poor, helpless body shall be 'fashioned like unto His glorious body,' when released from this bondage of corruption."

Maria often told those who attended her that it was impossible to express her happiness. It seemed as if angels had visited her, as messengers of peace from the God of truth.

One morning, she said to Mrs. W——, "Now, I only feel as if I were going a long journey, where I shall be happier than can be imagined, having nothing but heaven in view"; and soon after added, "The Lord makes all His goodness pass before me;

and when He sends dreams and visions of the night, they are usually happy ones."

But in one instance, Maria dreamed of being carried, in spite of entreaty and resistance, before the throne of God. As she was borne onward, a scroll, bearing a long catalogue of her sins, seemed to be unrolled before her. In largest characters appeared, neglect of the Scriptures and of seeking to know His revealed will. She begged that some sacrifice might be offered, some expiation made, but was told the temple was destroyed—no sacrifice could now be offered or accepted. She pleaded having observed the rules for Jewesses—having read the prescribed prayers, and fasted on the Day of Atonement—but was answered in the words of Isaiah lviii. 5—"Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is it such a fast that I have chosen? saith the Lord." The scroll then appeared to wind around her, wrapping her in a garment of sins, as she expressed it. Thus she appeared to approach the throne, but clouds and darkness were round about it; and from every side voices resounded, "Judgment! Judgment! Come to judgment!" She awoke in great terror; but the moment recollection was restored, the following texts were applied, like healing balm, to her soul—"Peace, be still!" "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." "I have cast thy sins into the depths of the sea" (Micah vii. 19). "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." She said, it was impossible to convey any idea of the sudden change from terror and consternation to peace in Jesus, when picturing to herself Jesus dying on the cross for her sins, knowing that she was bought with that precious blood, ransomed by that costly Sacrifice, once offered, and so admitted into that blessed company who can say, "Our iniquities are forgiven, our sins covered" (Psa. xxxii. 1), and who, like her, can add, "I know what it is to lean on Jesus."

After united prayer for all the beloved members of her family, individually, she expressed a strong hope that they would not die unbelieving Jews. And may we not be assured that these incessant entreaties and supplications are registered in heaven? for we are told, in Revelation v. 8, that the sweet odours which arise from the golden vials before the throne of God are the prayers of saints. It appeared to her that God had sent her afflictions that her friends might see and believe who gave the strength to bear them, not as formerly, with impatience, but as being "strengthened according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness"; adding, "I once dreaded pain, but now I rely on the Stronghold in the day of trouble. If the Lord appoint that my afflictions shall abound, I

am sure my consolations will abound also ; for 'the Lord loveth whom He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.' He would not prolong my life in such lingering pain, except for a blessing to others and to my own soul. And when they look at this bed, and remember my helplessness and sufferings, may they also remember how often I have told them that Jesus is 'the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever' ; and that, though natural firmness of mind may enable a person to bear great pain for a short time, yet a confinement of three years and a half, without power during many weeks to move a limb, and in total blindness, requires support from above. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, He hath hearkened to the voice of my complaint, and whispered peace, of which I have no words to give an idea, even to you who have the same faith. This so fills my mind that, when the cramp comes, which is so hard to bear, I feel assured the Comforter will come also ; therefore I do not now pray to be spared pain, nor anything the Lord sees good to send, but He teaches me to ask for spiritual blessings. And 'this is the confidence we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us.' He tries me, but He assures me I shall receive 'the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.'"

The long-cherished desire of partaking of the Lord's Supper was at length gratified. When Maria had received the elements of bread and wine, and fervently united in the service, she testified much calm satisfaction, saying that she now felt more like one of Christ's disciples, having done what her Lord had commanded, and trusted that the Holy Spirit would bestow upon her a larger portion of His sanctifying grace, that she might be "sealed unto the day of redemption." She afterwards said, "If I continue on earth, and should an opportunity occur, I hope I may be permitted to receive it again ; and may I 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus.'"

Her small degree of strength was now rapidly failing, and one morning she said to Miss P——, "I have been very ill all night. I think the Lord has taken away my right arm also." Friction and stimulants were applied, but from that day it was as powerless as the other. She expressed no regret, but said with much animation, "Now the Lord will come quickly. Do you not think He will soon take me home ?"

Under this impression, she gave to her brother, who had uniformly shown her much kindness and attention, the work she so much valued, "Both One in Christ," entreating him to read it with prayer for God's blessing. Her highly-prized Bible she had previously given to her devoted sister. To her beloved and affectionate mother she gave a copy of the Psalms in large type,

and pointed out many gracious promises respecting the Messiah, which were exactly fulfilled in Christ Jesus, saying, "He was the suffering Messiah of whom Moses and all the Prophets spoke. I never knew peace till I believed in Him; but 'all things work together for good,' though He does try me in the furnace, as silver is tried. When I am gone, and you grow old, you can read this large print, and think how the Psalms comforted me, and how cheering were the promises, when I besought my blessed Saviour to send His Spirit to apply them to my soul. Miss P—— calls this, communion with God; and it does seem as if He answered me, for I cannot describe the sweet peace I enjoy."

Her sister observed, "I think Maria remembers every passage that I want to understand, for when I have read the Scriptures without seeing the meaning, she has next day told me she had thought on those words, and prayed the Holy Spirit to teach her, and felt that she could give the meaning." Maria replied, "I always do so, for He is faithful who has said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive'; and when His children ask for bread, He never gives them a stone. He never sends them empty away."

Having been considered worse during the day, her sister was anxious to sit up with her a second night, but Maria declined this request, expressing a wish to be left alone, saying, "I am assured that God will be with me. He has always helped me, and He seems especially with me in the night. What better? When you told me of the brightness of yesterday's sun-set, making this room full of light, I bade you pray that the Sun of Righteousness might shine into your heart, then all would be light, and joy, and glory there. Our sun soon leaves the earth in darkness; but as the pillar of fire guided our people through the wilderness all night, so the Angel of God, the Lord Jesus, will be near me this night, and no evil shall befall me."

A few days after, Maria appeared much depressed, and on being asked the reason, replied, "This morning, I have heard so much of Satan's temptations, and of the trials to which many Christians have been subjected from the wiles of this enemy, that I feel cast down and discouraged, lest I should yet be exposed to some unknown fiery trial; but it is written, 'Greater is He that is for us than he that is against us.' I deeply feel that my faith and this abiding peace are the gift of the Holy Spirit, and that, should He ever withdraw His support, and leave me, in my own unassisted strength, to contend with the enemy, who would rejoice to draw me into his net, I must fall. I do indeed know that I deserve to be passed by, but Jesus 'came to seek and to save that which was lost.'" Miss P—— reminded her that once, when the Lord gave her such deep conviction of sin, He had not permitted her mind to be clouded by any doubt of His ability or willingness

to save, and inquired whether Maria remembered the promise that God "will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it"? adding, "After every return of pain, do you not tell your grandmother that you love the Lord better than before—that He binds you closer to Him with cords of love? Is not this a proof, not only that you are renewed by the Spirit (for the natural man cannot love the hand that chastises him), but also, that you are 'more than conqueror, through Him who loved you, and gave Himself for you'?" Maria rejoined, "Yes, it is all the Lord's doing. He teaches me to love Him, and to lean on Him with increasing confidence; and I trust that, as my bodily afflictions are so great, the Lord will, in pity, spare me these more fearful trials. May I never have to say, 'My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' but rather, 'Lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon me, and that shall give me peace.' The Lord has hitherto done this, and I ought to feel assured that He will never forsake me, for 'He is full of compassion and tender mercy.' Yesterday I was told to 'keep my mind stayed upon God.' I pondered much on these words, yet I feel I cannot do even this by myself. All my sufficiency is of God. My Saviour knows all my weakness, and has promised that none shall pluck me out of my Father's hand. May I not say that, whether sleeping or waking, His presence is ever with me? for, in my dreams, I often seem to see forms of glory, so dazzling and so bright, which, had I my eyesight, I could not bear to gaze upon; and when I awake, I feel so happy in thinking of them! Why should I dread any evil, when my God is such a 'present help in time of trouble'—when the Lord Jesus is the strength of my confidence?"

(*To be continued.*)

· GOD'S gracious biddings are effectual enablings.—*Wilcox.*

TRUTH is the best flower in the Church's crown. We have not a richer jewel to trust God with than our souls, nor He a richer jewel to trust us with than His truth.

LUTHER said once, "I thank Thee, O God, that Thou hast made me a poor man on the earth." When the Elector sent him a valuable present, he wrote back that he could not refuse what had been given by his Prince, but begged His Highness to send no more, and not to give ear to those who said he was in need of anything, for he was not—that somebody else had sent him sixty florins (about six pounds), and he began to be afraid that he should be numbered among those whose portion is in this world.

THE LORD'S LEADINGS AND TEACHINGS.

UNPUBLISHED NOTES OR DIARY OF A DECEASED SERVANT
OF CHRIST.*(Continued from page 153.)*

August, 1875.—Fellow-sufferers under a daily cross, fellow-soldiers in the unequal war with the three-fold troop, and fellow-sinners who are made sensibly such by the life-giving influence and operation of the Holy Spirit.

May every new covenant blessing still rest evidently on thee! "I live by the faith of the Son of God" from day to day, knowing that I have no spiritual life but what is derived from my union to Him, and long to enjoy more of His soul-refreshing and heart-cheering presence, but hope to be kept from murmuring, as I find Him near sometimes—yea, did so last night. What is all worship without Him? How heavily do we drag on! But one sweet whisper from His dear voice puts all in tune. If He but says, "It is I; be not afraid!" how we blush at our unbelief and folly! "His way is often in the sea, His path in deep waters, and His footsteps are unknown." Yet we are bound to believe that He is ever doing that which is right, although to understand His dealings is often too painful for me. I know not what His mind is yet about remaining here, but am on my watch-tower daily, and long to see His leadings clearly, and be perfectly willing to follow. He that "is wise, and will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

The destruction of the hay crop has been fearful, and of the potatoes too. The cattle again are smitten severely in some parts. I well know that God has a controversy with our native land, and was led to speak fully upon these things last Sabbath. "Cease from man." The best is as a briar. "What is he to be accounted of?" They that fear God, and are led, or driven, to commune together, will fare the best. Oh, that He would pour out abundantly of His Spirit on His living Churches, and especially mark those who sigh and cry for our abominations!

September, 1875.—Poor John L.— is very delicate, and much afflicted at times. Mr. S. Sears, too, is a poor afflicted man—both good men. The parts of the country they live in are very nice, and scenery pretty. Bedford, too, the capital, is an exceedingly nice town, and the Gospel is preached at three chapels, besides lots of formality. If the things in hand succeed, I hope to die here. I need not tell you to seek direction from above. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him." I should not like to stand in the position of one whose conduct tends most fully to shutting out

the Gospel from either a chapel, church, or town. "God moves in a mysterious way" truly. Clouds and darkness surround His throne often. I still deeply feel my less, and am at times almost distracted. The child was so beloved. Then I am again quieted by, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" The Lord God of Israel keep me walking in His way and in His fear. By whatever channel comfort may come, all real consolation is from my most gracious God and Father.

Mercy and peace be multiplied to thee through the blessed unctuous teaching of that Heavenly Comforter whom the world, or professors generally, do not either receive or know. I am sadly shaken.

"Trials may press of every sort;
They may be sore, they must be short."

I am at times sorely assaulted by the enemy, who appears to dispute all I ever knew, and rakes up my manifold sins, setting them before me in such a manner that, had I not the precious blood of Christ to plead, the sight of them would sink me in despair. I am, as Luther says, compelled to own his power, for he is outrageous in his attacks upon me. The Spirit does, at times, most graciously lift up a standard against him, or I could not stand.

I have much enjoyed the memoir of the late Mr. Gilpin, of Hertford, and the account of his first wife is superior to most I have met with lately. We live in awful times, but "the Lord reigneth." I have been comforted, too, by reading the posthumous letters of Mr. Huntington. I hope to be employed in my Master's business to-morrow, although in this Satan has sorely assaulted me during this week—I think never more so—and it does appear at times as though I never can go on speaking in the name of the Lord. He drove me into it, and He only can keep me in it. I have to tell Him that I never sought this office, but dreaded it. Oh, what a conflict it is! The Lord keep me steadfast to the end.

October, 1875.—Tribulation—the pathway of all, more or less; the effect of sin, and the peculiar pathway of the children of God, who must tread in the footsteps of Him who was a "Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and who has said, "It is enough if the servant be as his Lord, and the disciple as his Master." "A daily cross" not only is our lot, but, as John Kent says of Israel—

"A daily cross, a stubborn will,
A heart replete with every ill,
Affections prone from God to go,
Arc bonds which only Israel know."

I fear that Mr. M—— has no such experience. I never could yet believe that he was rightly led and taught of God. I have never read his works, nor have felt any desire to do so. Many have been charmed by reading them. I call it faith when, under deep exercises, the soul is driven to call upon God in secret for a supply of his need. The dear Lord hears, and the Heavenly Comforter begets in that troubled heart an assurance that God has heard his cry, and will, in His own time and way, appear for their deliverance. I have proved these things more than once. I have often been mortified at some of the pieces which have appeared in a certain periodical. Lately there was a paltry piece in about some man asking a girl if she had given her heart to the Lord. I hope Mr. L——'s pamphlet may teach the editor to be more cautious. I have for years felt a union to Mr. L——.

I hope you got the "Basket of Nuts" safely. I relied on the providence of God for the expense of publishing them, and have been amply repaid, without letting a soul living know that I was doing so.

Mr. Hart and Mr. Huntington were men of faith, besides a host of God's own taught children. Kings, against whom there is no rising up, are very stately in their goings.

On one occasion, when I was the guest of Mrs. R——, she asked me to read two or three tracts she had had sent her. I did, and said to her, "These are almost calculated to deceive the very elect, for the doctrines of the Gospel are set forth very beautifully; but there is one grand deficiency, and Mr. Hart describes the writers in one verse of his—

" 'I want no work within,' cries one;
' 'Tis all in Christ, my Head';
And thus the soul goes blindly on,
And trusts a faith that's dead."

A resting on the letter of the Word. But oh, my friend, what an unspeakable mercy it is to be made to differ! "Almost Christians" are made by Satan in multitudes, but, as one says, "none but He that made the world can make a Christian."

I still feel keenly, at times, my loss, and believe I shall, more or less, all my days, yet I am mercifully kept from rebellion, and divinely supported. My desire is to wear, and not rust out. Christ is my only Rock and unfailing Refuge.

I have found the good Lord very gracious to me here, and the Word blessed to the people. I am astonished at His goodness to one so vile as I, but well know that His ways and His thoughts are as far above mine as the heavens are high above the earth. Had He dealt with me according to my deserts, I had long since

been where hope never comes. He is a God ready to forgive, and whose "mercy endureth for ever." How often have God's ways been in the sea in His dealings with me! Clouds and darkness have surrounded His throne, and prayer at times appeared to be disregarded. Unbelief then works, and misery and confusion are the effects produced.

God has again displayed His judgments in our neighbourhood, sending rain in torrents, flooding a second time many houses and streets, and the surrounding country, drowning seven people, fifteen beasts, and many sheep. I do not expect a cessation of His judgments, but rather an increase, for to complete blindness has God given up our rulers, both in Church and State. What the end will be, He only knows. But He neither is, nor will be, mocked. As we sow, we shall be sure to reap. The lessons set before Christian nations in the Book of Judges appear to be utterly lost to us. The Lord guide, lead, teach, and keep His living family daily on their watch-tower, and seal His instructions upon them.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST, OUR "ALL AND IN ALL."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN, "JUST AS I AM."

I NEED no other plea
 With which to approach my God
 Than His own mercy, boundless, free,
 Through Christ on man bestowed.
 A Father's love, a Father's care,
 Receives and answers every prayer.

I need no other priest
 Than one High Priest above;
 His intercession ne'er has ceased
 Since first I knew His love:
 In Him my faith shall never fail,
 Though called to pass through death's dark vale.

I need no human ear
 In which to pour my prayer;
 My great High Priest is ever near;
 On Him I cast my care:
 To none but Him do I confess
 Who can alone absolve and bless.

I need no works by me
 Wrought with laborious care,
 To form a meritorious plea,
 The bliss of heaven to share:
 Christ's finished work, through boundless grace,
 Has there secured my dwelling-place.

I need no prayers to saints,
 Beads, relics, martyrs' shrines;
 Burdens 'neath which the spirit faints,
 Yet still, sore burdened, pines:
 Christ's service yields my soul delight;
 Easy His yoke, His burden light.

I need no other book
 To guide my steps to heaven
 Than that on which I daily look,
 By God's own Spirit given:
 And this, when He illumes our eyes,
 Unto salvation makes us wise.

I need no holy oil
 To anoint me at my death;
 From such delusions I recoil,
 To bless my parting breath:
 Long since those words bade fear to cease—
 "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

I need no priestly Mass,
 No purgatorial fires,
 To cleanse my soul from all its guilt,
 When this brief life expires:
 Christ died eternal life to win,
 And shed His blood to cleanse from sin.

I need no other dress,
 I urge no other claim,
 Than His all-perfect righteousness,
 And His great saving name:
 It was for me my Saviour died,
 And I can need no priest beside.

TRUTH is the ground of our faith. It gives us an exact model of religion; it shows us what we are to believe.

JOHN THE BAPTIST was a burning and shining light. He did burn in his doctrine and shine in his life.—*Watson*.

GREAT was the work of creation, but greater was the work of redemption. It cost more to redeem us than to make us. In the one, there was only the speaking of a word; in the other, the shedding of blood.

THE greatest difficulty in conversion is, to win the heart to God; and the greatest difficulty after conversion is, to keep the heart with God. Even a gracious heart is like a musical instrument, which, though it be exactly tuned, a small matter brings it out of tune; yea, hang it aside but a little, and it will need setting again before you can play another lesson on it.—*Flavel*.

TO AN INQUIRER.

HAVING in our last Number briefly shown man's responsibility, and the consistency of God's requirements relative to obedience to His Word, both with respect to the law and the Gospel, we now shall endeavour, as enabled by the Holy Spirit, to follow up the subject by giving the teaching of God in His Word respecting repentance; and we wish it to be borne in mind that repentance is so connected with responsibility that the former could not be enforced save on the ground of the latter, for although man, created a responsible being, able to do all that God requires of him, lost his first estate by transgression, and rendered himself incapable of obeying the Word of God, and of fulfilling his just obligations to his righteous Creator, yet he was, and is, as much amenable to the law of God as though he had never sinned. Take, as a faint illustration, the case of a hardened felon who has broken the laws of his rightful sovereign, and become virtually an outlaw. Do not the very laws he has broken still demand his obedience, and threaten his every transgression with punishment? Even so the sinner, who by transgression has become hardened in his sin against God, is still required to yield perfect obedience to His commands, and is called upon by Him to repent, and amend his ways and doings (see Jer. vii. 3; xviii. 11; xxvi. 13; also Luke xiii. 3, &c.).

If it is urged that man has no power to do this, we quite agree with it as a fact; but we must also speak in God's behalf, and protest against His being charged with "reaping where He has not sown, and gathering where He has not straved." Again we say that ability was given man consistent with all the requirements by God, and if man has lost that ability, the fault is his, and not God's; therefore it is not for preachers of the Gospel, when declaring God's just demands of repentance and obedience from men, to try and excuse, or even soften down, their neglect of God's words, by telling them that they have not the power to obey, as that is no excuse for their sin, because we say again, their inability is the result of their transgression against God. Suppose a judge, having a hardened felon, as before described, before him, convicted of some gross crime, were to say, "I know you are in such a depraved state, by reason of constant crime, that it is as natural for you to do such things as for you to breathe, therefore, on that account, I shall not deal with you as the law demands, but shall consider your hardened condition as an extenuation of your guilt." What would be the result, think you, of such a proceeding? Why, people at once would say that all security against evil-doers would be destroyed, because the law would not only be nullified, but a premium would

thus be put upon desperate transgression. And every minister who not only shuns to charge faithfully upon the sinner his sin, but also pleads inability on the part of the sinner as a reason for so doing, is doing violence to the Word of God, and dishonours His holy name by excusing that which He has justly condemned.

When Peter was preaching to the multitude, on the day of Pentecost, he charged them in a most direct manner with the murder of Christ, saying, "Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain"; and God blessed that faithful dealing to the wounding of many hearts, and to their saving conversion, even to as many as received and obeyed the call to repentance; and in their case we see the close connection of responsibility and the call to repentance, which is also found in every case where repentance is enjoined. "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent," because "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." The prophets taught this in days of old, as the Scriptures plainly prove. John also taught it in his ministry, and we read (Matt. iv. 17) that "Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

It may be urged that there is a common repentance which is the duty of all men, and there is a Gospel repentance which only belongs to vessels of mercy. This we also firmly maintain, and find it a great help in our ministry, because, while God is just in demanding repentance of all sinners, He is gracious in providing it, in Christ, for those who are brought by Him to feel that they have no power to obey His exhortation. Thus we read that He is "exalted . . . a Prince and a Saviour, to give unto Israel repentance and the forgiveness of sins."

Now then, we look at the universal command to repentance, and are obliged to confess that that is binding upon all men, notwithstanding their want of ability. But, when we look at Gospel repentance, we see that it is only to be found in those to whom grace is given in Christ Jesus; and if it is asked, "What, then, is the use of our enjoining repentance in our ministry upon all who may hear the Word from our lips?" we reply that we have not seen the sacred roll of God's elect, any more than had Peter when he said, "Repent, and be baptized, *every one of you*, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins." Thus the exhortation was general, though not received by all, for we read (Acts ii. 41), "Then *they that gladly received his word* were baptized," &c.; and thus it is to the present day. The servants of Christ are to "preach the Word"; the issue is with the Lord. They may be "a savour of life unto life" to some, and also "a savour of death unto death" to others, but that is out of their power to tell until the

Lord discovers it by the effects produced. If the former, it is all due to His sovereign grace; if the latter, it is all due to the sinner's sin. When God carried Ezekiel to the valley which was full of bones, he beheld that "there were very many, and lo, they were very dry." But he was commanded to "prophesy upon them"; and the Word of the Lord was powerful, and produced the effects recorded, though there was no ability in the bones to receive the Word preached. Just so in the case of sinners "dead in trespasses and sins." We may look upon them as Ezekiel did upon the dry bones, and think them very unlikely characters to be savingly affected by the Word of God; but it is well when, in answer to the question, "Can these bones live?" like him, we reply, "O Lord, Thou knowest." He was not told to parley with them, or make offers to them, but to "prophesy upon them"; so it becomes the servants of Christ to "preach the Word," as He has commanded, to every creature, remembering that "power belongeth unto God," who has said, "My Word shall not return unto Me void," &c. Therefore, however some may object to the preaching of repentance, on account of man's inability to comply with it, ministers, like Ezekiel, are to preach as their Master commands them, and leave the result with Him.

The good seed of the Word falls on different kinds of ground, but we know not which is good or bad, until the effects produced thereby give evidence of the same. Some, like those on the day of Pentecost, may be pricked in their hearts, and made to cry for mercy; and all such will find it to be good news to them, that Jesus is "exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and the forgiveness of sins." And they will rejoice to find that what they cannot produce in themselves, He freely gives. In this the free Gospel of Christ exceeds all the conditional preaching of men, because they teach the sinner that *he* must do this, whereas Christ has it to bestow upon every one who seeks Him, and they are favoured to receive of Him what they find they cannot of themselves bring unto Him; while others who hear repentance preached are content to talk of their inability, never truly mourning over it, but making it their excuse, instead of seeking it of Christ, who has it to impart. This shows their want of will as well as of power, and proves that they love their sins, and choose their evil way, and yet try to lay the fault of their being in such a state at God's door, of whom they never truly seek the grace of repentance, nor salvation from their sins.

We wished to add a little more to what we have here written, but we find we must now close our present paper, for want of space. We hope to give a few further thoughts on the subject next month, and also a few extracts from the writings of some godly men.

THE EDITOR.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

RUTH SITTING STILL.

"*Sit still, my daughter.*"—RUTH iii. 18.

IT was a critical and anxious period in Ruth's history when Naomi kindly and tenderly advised her, in the words of the text, to "sit still"—to quietly wait—thus tacitly rebuking the uneasiness and restlessness which the circumstances of the case would naturally tend to produce. Natural tendencies, however, must be rebuked.

To rightly understand the sweet instruction Naomi gave to Ruth, we must consider, first, *Ruth's position*, and then, secondly, *Naomi's advice*.

I. *Ruth's position*.—She was by nature a heathen, a Moabitess, who were ancient enemies to God's people. She had lost her husband, and so was a widow, not being yet united to Boaz. Some there are who are dead to the world, and the world to them, but who are not yet manifestly united to Jesus, of whom Boaz was a striking type, just as Ruth is a beautiful figure of a true seeker. She, however, desired to love and serve the Lord, and was anxious to be found amongst His people (see chap. i. 16, 17). Her mind was fixed upon this. She was "steadfastly minded to go with Naomi." Subsequently she became acquainted with Boaz. Thus spiritual desires to be one with the people of God lead to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, and the blessed experience of union with Him. Knowledge precedes manifest union.

Let us trace her growth in the knowledge of Boaz, and the many tokens for good she received in the path which ended so blessedly.

1. Ruth had *seen Boaz* when he visited the reapers in the field where she was gleaning (chap. ii. 4). Do any of our readers remember when "first they saw the Lord," as they were gleaning in the fields of Scripture, or trying to pick up some ears of corn under the preached Word?

2. She had *heard his voice*, encouraging her to persevere in gleaning, and exhorting her to abide by his people (chap. ii. 8). Precious instruction! Encouragement is found, and the precept is obeyed, before the promise which seals the union is given. After she had done the will of Boaz, she received the sealing promise. Seek on, dear gleaner, in the fields of the Heavenly Boaz, and keep close to His people.

3. She had *experienced his kindness* (chap. ii. 16). He had instructed his servants to "let fall some handfuls of purpose for

her," although she scarcely knew that the rich result of her glean-
ing was due to the care and kindness of the master. Even so,
Jesus sometimes causes His ambassadors to drop a handful of
precious seed here or there of purpose for glean-
ing Ruths.

4. Moreover, she had *lain at Boaz's feet* (chap. iii. 7). Instructed
by Naomi, she had visited him at night, and had even rested at
his feet. It seems great presumption, but whither can a poor
sinner fly for rest but to the feet of Jesus?

5. Then, she had also *received gifts* from Boaz (chap. iii. 15).
Jesus bestows many gifts upon the waiting, seeking, spiritual
"widows indeed" (see the character described, 1 Tim. v. 5).
Love to Himself is His gift, and a spirit of prayer, a sense of
need, a longing to be near Him, a true repentance toward God
and faith in His name, are tokens for good, and proofs of His
love.

6. By these things *Ruth's heart was won* (chap. iii. 16), and
then, strange to say, Boaz sent her away! This seemed very
peculiar dealing to Ruth, and she came to Naomi, in an anxious
state of suspense and anxiety, and told her all about it. To
allay this, Naomi gave her a word of instruction.

II. *Naomi's advice*—"Sit still, my daughter." There is a time
for all things done under the sun. Ruth had been diligent in
gleaning—diligently she had obeyed Boaz's commands and Naomi's
behests. She must now cease from toil, and "be still," which is
often the hardest thing to do.

Now, let us note—

1. Before Ruth is united to Boaz, she must learn to relinquish
her own doings. They would not help her in this all-important
matter. Nothing Ruth could do would avail in winning Boaz,
neither would her efforts help him in settling matters with the
nearer kinsman.

2. She must leave it all in his hands to manage all for her. To
"sit still" is to be enabled by grace to obey the precept—"Com-
mit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He will
bring it to pass" (Psa. xxxvii. 5).

3. "Sitting still" is the posture of quiet waiting, and "it is good
to both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord,"
watching His hand, and patiently awaiting the development of
His purpose, the accomplishment of His will.

4. Moreover, Naomi meant that Ruth should *rest* as well as
wait. "Sitting still" is more than "standing still," inasmuch
as it implies restfulness. Gleaners and seekers can never find a
more profitable resting-place than when waiting for Jesus to
manifest His love. But it is very difficult to attain to *rest in*
waiting. "Rest in the Lord." "Wait patiently for Him."
"Sit still." "Do not put your hands to it." If the Antitypical

Boaz has a purpose of mercy towards His Ruth, He will perform it in His own time, therefore—

5. "Sitting still" likewise implied a sweet trustfulness in Boaz to finish what he had begun, and a blessed confidence in his wisdom and ability to finish the matter.

6. While Ruth quietly and trustfully waited, Boaz made all things straight, and delivered Ruth from the hand of the nearer kinsman who had, by nature, the first claim, and who, perhaps, we may take as a figure of the law. Anyhow, the analogy holds good in a spiritual sense. Then, when he had removed every obstacle, the union was consummated.

A gracious Lord Jesus brings all His dear ones to the same place of rest, and teaches them the same lesson of "sitting still," and patiently waiting till He manifests Himself to them as theirs.

Now, are our readers thus looking and longing for Christ to appear? If so—

"The time of love will come,
When you shall clearly see,
Not only that He shed His blood,
But each shall say, 'For me.'

"Tarry His leisure, then ;
Wait the appointed hour ;
Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
Reveals His love with power."

We would have you mark for your encouragement that Boaz was the one who had "no rest" (see the end of the verse); and so the Lord waits to be gracious, but hastens to fulfil His purpose at the appointed time, and to reveal His love to every seeking, waiting soul. Meanwhile, such must learn to "sit still."

Leicester.

E. C.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. BELCHER, OF NEW ENGLAND.

I HAVE seen a need of everything God gives me, and wanted nothing that He denies me. There is no dispensation, though afflictive, but either in it, or after it, I find I could not have done without it. Whether it be taken from me, or not given to me, sooner or later, God quiets me in Himself without it. I cast all my concerns on the Lord, and live securely on the care and wisdom of my Heavenly Father. My ways are in a sense hedged up with thorns, and grow darker and darker daily; but yet I distrust not my good God in the least, and live more quietly in the absence of all, by faith, than I should do, I am persuaded, if I possessed them all. I think the Lord deals kindly with me, to

make me believe for my mercies before I have them. The less *reason* has to work on, the more freely *faith* casts itself on the faithfulness of God. I find that while faith is steady, nothing can disquiet me, and when faith totters, nothing can establish me. If I tumble out amongst means and creatures, I am presently lost, and can come to no end; but, if I stay myself on God, and leave Him to work in His own way and time, I am at rest, and can sit down and sleep in a promise, when a thousand rise up against me; therefore my way is not to cast beforehand, but to work with God by the day. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I find so much to do continually with my calling and my heart, that I have no time to puzzle myself with peradventures and futurities. Faith lies at anchor in the midst of the waves, and believes the accomplishment of the promises through all these overturning confusions and seeming impossibilities. Upon this God do I live who is our God for ever, and will be our Guide unto death. Methinks I lie becalmed in His bosom. As Luther, in such a case, I am not much concerned. Let Christ see to it. I know prophecies are still dark, and the books are sealed, and men have all been deceived, and every cistern fails. Yet God abideth faithful, and "faithful is He that hath promised, who also will do it."

Many things more I might say, but enough, O brother! Keep close to God, and then a little of the creature will go a great way. Maintain secret communion with God, and you need fear nothing. Lay up all your goods in God, so as to be able to overbalance the sweetness and bitterness of all creatures. Spend no time anxiously in forehand contrivances for *this* world; they will never succeed. God will turn His dispensations another way. Self-contrivances are the effects of unbelief. I can speak by experience. Would men spend those hours they run out in plots and contrivances, in communion with God, and leave all to Him by believing, they would have more peace and comfort.

Creature smiles stop and entice away the affections from Jesus Christ. Creature frowns encompass and tempestuate the spirit, that it thinks it doth well to be angry. Both ways grace is a loser. We have need to "watch and pray, that we enter not into temptation."

BE still, my soul, and wait, and hope;
The promised blessing's on the wing;
Although the blessing tarry, wait;
Thy Lord will soon salvation bring.

—Daniel Herbert.

THERE is not the least spot on truth's face. It breathes nothing but sanctity.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I received your letter, and was glad to find you well in body. But, above all, what a mercy it is for any poor soul that is brought savingly to know the Lord, and have the inwrought testimony and witness of the Spirit in their hearts, before being laid upon their death-bed ; for then, instead of terror and dread, they can look forward and long for the happy moment when body and soul will be disunited, and they will for ever be in the presence of Him who loved, bled, and died for them. Then they will have passed for ever out of the reach of sin and sorrow, and where “not a wave of trouble can ever more roll across their peaceful breast.”

Oh, that it would please the Lord to lay these eternal things with deeper weight upon my heart, that I may not be so much taken up with the things of time and sense !

I deeply felt the description you gave me of your brother G——’s letter. Poor boy ! He is, you see, in the same state every one of us is in by nature. And how we lived contented and well pleased with the devil’s drudgery, until a divine ray of light and life was let down into our sin-bound souls ; and, were not the Lord almighty, and above sin and Satan, not one of us would ever get to heaven, for I am sure we should have destroyed ourselves, and should have been well-pleased in doing so, until we had opened our eyes in hell. We are, by nature, so in league with the devil against God and goodness.

Oh, then, my dear child, what cause there is for thankfulness, if the Lord has opened our blind eyes, unstopped our deaf ears, and put a desire in our hearts to be found in Him, washed from our sins in His blood, and covered with the robe of His imputed righteousness, that we may stand at last before God without spot, and blameless !

When you write back, may the Lord enable you to be faithful and loving towards them, and not ashamed of that dear name whereby you hope to be saved, or you will bring guilt upon your conscience, and have to bear the accusations of the enemy in time to come. Oh, that it would please the Lord to remember them in their lost estate !

Oh, that He would pour into my heart a spirit of prayer and supplication ! I feel so dark and bound in spirit, and have so many fears regarding the salvation of my own soul. Hymn 297 describes my state. Oh, that the Lord would fulfil the last verse, to the joy and comfort of my soul, and the glory of His grace !

But I must conclude for the present. With love, from

Your affectionate mother,

Swindon, December, 1875.

ELIZA BRIGNELL.

THE ROMEWARD MOVEMENT.

WE have long protested against Protestants placing any confidence in the leaders of either of the political parties, since they have alike proved their preference for Popery, and we are very sorry that any true Protestants should still lean to either, as friends of the faith and cause dear to our hearts.

The following letter, in the *English Churchman* of May 30th, tells a sad tale, which we hope may not be lost upon our readers.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I be allowed, as a watchman carefully scanning the signs of the awful apostacy from the Protestant faith that is going on within the Church of England, and the increasing influence that the Babylonian woman seems to possess upon those who are without spiritual understanding, to draw your attention to a passage in a "Lecture on the Mass," delivered in South Place Institute, on Sunday, May 5th, by Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, L.C.C. ? I need scarcely point out that the lecturer is evidently a Roman Catholic, an ardent believer in the blasphemous doctrine of the Mass, and that his advanced views on the subject are thoroughly in accordance with those of the Church of Rome. The saddest picture of the lecture, to my mind, was that in which he pointed out the favour with which this doctrine is looked upon by many in our country placed in positions of eminence and influence.

The following may be seen on page 767, in the *Tablet* newspaper of May 18th, 1889 :—

"I have said that, to the majority of the English people, the Mass was a by-word ; but I must remind you that there is a large and important section of your people who have nevertheless been drifting steadily towards all forms of Catholic usage and belief. You who are here may not be of them ; you probably mix but little among them ; but if you would reckon with the current of the time, you cannot overlook the startling growth of the Pro-Catholic party in England. Many of them commonly speak of the Mass—sometimes by name—in terms an outsider would not be able to discriminate from *our* own. The fact has its significance, even for you. If you count those who, since Newman, have joined the Church outright with those who have come so close to it that, for this purpose, they are *our* allies, you will find that there is a Catholic school of thought among you which may well claim a respectful hearing. Men who are eminent in politics ought to be no bad judges of a thing so human as religious tendencies ; and it is a curious fact that *the actual*

chiefs of both the political parties are earnest and avowed believers in everything, I suppose, which I shall have to say to you to-day. We pray you to remember that, apart from other times and other lands, there are those among your political leaders, among your judges and your greatest lawyers, among your best scientific men, and in every rank and circumstance of English life, who, being no more fools than any of you, yet find it possible and imperative to believe these strange and startling things, as truths for which they would be well content to die, if need were."

Is there not something inexpressibly sad in this? How vain at this time is the help of man! Political leaders and ecclesiastical leaders are, with but very few exceptions, more against us than for us. Let this state of things lead us to cry to God, that He may come to our aid in protesting against these "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," and in proclaiming that there is "none other satisfaction for sin but the offering of Christ once made."

W. LANCELOT HOLLAND.

All Saints' Vicarage, Hatcham Park, S.E., May 18th, 1889.

CONVENTUAL AND MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS.

ON Friday, May 24th, Colonel Sandys, M.P., presented to the House of Commons a petition in favour of the appointment of commissioners to inquire into the state of the conventual and monastic institutions of Great Britain. The petition was signed by 22,225 inhabitants of Beckenham, Bromley, Shortlands, Greenwich, and neighbourhood. Colonel Sandys read the petition in full to the House, very much to the annoyance of the Irish Home Rulers.

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

To show the strong contrasts which we in this great City of London may meet with at any moment of our waking lives, I, fresh from the discussion of the most awful problem which can agitate the mind of man, passing by Broad Street station, saw men selling newspapers, which, according to what was bawled out, contained "the winner." I believe that referred to a horse-race in France that afternoon. I think the police authorities might put an end to that sort of thing, on Sunday evening, at any rate.—*City Press.*

FAITH holds the promise in one hand, and Christ in the other.
—*Watson.*



"A MIDDLE-AGED NEGRO, WHO WAS TILLING THE GROUND." (See page 198.)

THE HAPPY NEGRO.

SOME years ago, an English gentleman had occasion to visit North America, where the following circumstance occurred, which we relate in his own words :—

Every day's observation convinces me that the children of God are made so by His own special grace, and that all means are equally effectual with Him, whenever He is pleased to employ them for conversion.

In one of my excursions, while I was in a province of New York, I was walking by myself over a considerable plantation, amused with its husbandry, and comparing it with that of my own country, till I came within a little distance of a middle-aged negro, who was tilling the ground. I felt a strong inclination, unusual with me, to converse with him.

After asking him some little questions about his work, which he answered in a sensible manner, I asked him to tell me whether his state of slavery was not disagreeable to him, and whether he would not gladly be at liberty.

"Massa," said he, looking seriously upon me, "I have a wife and children. My massa take care of them, and I have no care to provide anything. I have a good massa, who teaches me to read; and I read good Book—that makes me happy."

"I am glad," replied I, "to hear you say so; and pray what is the good Book you read?"

"The Bible, massa, God's own Book."

"Do you understand, friend, as well as read this Book? for many can read the words well, who cannot get hold of the true and good sense."

"Oh, massa," said he, "I read the Book much before I understand; but at last I felt pain in my heart. I found things in the Book that cut me to pieces."

"Ah!" said I, "and what things were they?"

"Why, massa, I found that I had bad heart, massa, a very bad heart indeed. I felt pain that God would destroy me, because I was wicked, and did nothing as I should do. God was holy, and I was very vile and naughty. I could have nothing from Him but fire and brimstone in hell."

In short, he entered into a full account of his convictions of sin, which were indeed as deep and piercing as almost any I had ever heard of; and what Scriptures came to his mind which he had read, that both probed to the bottom of his sinful heart, and were made the means of light and comfort to his soul.

I then inquired of him what ministry or means he made use of, and found that his master was a plain sort of man, who had taught his slaves to read, but who had not conversed with this

negro upon the state of his soul. I asked him, likewise, how he got comfort under all his trials? "Oh, massa," said he, "it was Christ gave me comfort by His dear Word. He bade me come unto Him, and He would give me rest, for I was very weary and heavy laden"; and here he repeated a number of the most precious texts in the Bible, showing, by his artless comment upon them, as he went along, what great things God had done in the course of some years for his soul.

Being rather more acquainted with doctrinal truths and the Bible than he had been, or in his situation could easily be, I had a mind to try how far a simple experience, graciously given, without the usual means, could preserve a man from error, and I therefore asked him several questions about the merit of works, the justification of a sinner, the power of grace, and the like. I own I was as much astonished at, as I admired, the sweet spirit and simplicity of his answers, with the heavenly wisdom that God had put into the mind of this negro. His discourse, flowing merely from the richness of grace, with a tenderness and expression "far beyond the reach of art," perfectly charmed me.

On the other hand, my entering into all his feelings, together with an account to him which he had never heard before, that thus and thus the Lord, in His mercy, dealt with all His children, and had dealt with me, drew streams of joyful tears down his black face, so that we looked upon each other and talked with that inexpressible glow of Christian affection that made me more than ever believe, what I have often too thoughtlessly professed—the communion of saints. I shall never forget how the poor creature seemed to hang upon my lips, and to eat my very words, when I enlarged upon the love of Christ to poor sinners, the free bounty and tender mercy of God, the frequent and delightful sense He gives of His presence, the faith He bestows in His promises, the victories this faith is enabled to get over trials and temptations, the joy and peace in believing, the hope in life and death, and the glorious expectation of immortality. To have seen his eager, delighted, animated air and manner, would have cheered and warmed any Christian's heart, and have been a masterpiece for any painter. He had never heard such discourse, nor found the opportunity of hearing it before. He seemed like a man who had been thrown into a new world, and at length had found company.

Though my conversation lasted at least two or three hours, I scarcely ever enjoyed the happy swiftness of time so sweetly in all my life. We knew not how to part. He would accompany me as far as he might; and I felt, on my side, such a delight in the artless, solid, unaffected experience of this godly soul, that I could have been glad to have seen him oftener then, or to see his

like at any time now, but my situation rendered it impossible. I therefore took an affectionate leave, with feelings equal to those of the warmest and the most ancient friendship, telling him that neither the colour of his body, nor the condition of his present life, could prevent him from being my dear brother in our dear Saviour; and that, though we must part now, never to see each other again in this world, I had no doubt of our having another joyful meeting in our Father's home, where we should live together, and love one another, throughout a long and happy eternity. He replied, "Amen, amen, my dear massa! God bless you, and poor me too, for ever and ever."

If I had been an angel from heaven, he could not have received me with more evident delight than he did; nor could I have considered him with a more sympathetic regard if he had been a long-known Christian of the good old sort, grown up in my affections in the course of many years.

Happy world, if all were Christians! or, at least, happy Christians, if they showed more of this brotherly love to each other in the world! None can deny that it ought to be so. Oh, that every one who "names the name of Christ," and believes himself to be a member of His undivided body, would pray for faith and love in the blessed Jesus, that, through the grace of the Holy Ghost, they might live in the same spirit!*

Blessed Lord, Fountain of life and love, send forth the Spirit of Thy Son into my heart, and into the hearts of all my brethren, that, waiving all mean and selfish distinctions, we may first love Thee above all things in Jesus Christ, being reconciled through faith in His blood, and that we then may love each other for Thy sake with a "pure heart fervently." Subdue animosities and all the separating corruptions of the flesh, and let us consider ourselves as brethren, fellow-heirs of the grace of life, persons who shall pass an eternity together, as parts of each other, and members, holy Jesus, of Thy body, Thy flesh, and Thy bones (Eph. v. 3). Even so let it be, for Thy glory, and for our present and eternal consolation, through Thy grace! Amen.

"Blest be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are joined in heart.

"Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do His work below.

* We hope that many of our readers will add their hearty "Amen" to these godly expressions, and may the day soon come when the spirit of professed Christians will witness that their love is not in word only.—Ed.

“ Oh, let us ever walk in Him,
 And nothing know beside,
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.

“ Closer and closer let us cleave
 To His beloved embrace;
 Expect His fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.

“ But let us hasten to the day
 Which shall our flesh restore,
 When death shall all be done away,
 And bodies part no more.”

CHRIST OUR KING.

THE august title of “ King ” which is given to Christ denotes His universal dominion. The kings and lords of this world have only a limited sway. They rule over a certain tract of country, and a certain portion of mankind, but they are independent of each other. But Jesus Christ rules over them. They are all His vassals, and more entirely subject to His will than the meanest of their servants are to theirs. He has already given abundant proofs of His almighty power and universal dominion.

Are we deeply concerned to know whether Christ be our King? We must not imagine that He is our King merely because we profess ourselves His subjects. We must inquire whether we have been translated from the kingdom of Satan, and brought as strangers into the kingdom of Christ. We must also inquire whether we are living in obedience to Him, for there is nothing more certain than that “ His servants and subjects we are to whom we obey.” Other kings may be subdued, but He never can. Other kings may bring the heaviest calamities upon their subjects; He will bring nothing to them but peace and joy. If He be for us, none can be effectually against us. “ Let the children of Zion, therefore, be joyful in their King.”—*Simeon*.

THE spiritual riches of the poorest saints infinitely transcend the temporal riches of all the wicked men in the world (John iv. 13, 14).

GOD hath written a law and a Gospel—the law to humble us, and the Gospel to comfort us; the law to cast us down, and the Gospel to raise us up; the law to convince us of our misery, and the Gospel to convince us of His mercy; the law to discover sin, and the Gospel to discover grace and Christ.—*Mason*.

THE LORD'S LEADINGS AND TEACHINGS.

UNPUBLISHED NOTES OR DIARY OF A DECEASED SERVANT
OF CHRIST.

(Concluded from page 185.)

December, 1875.—May I prove that, as afflictions abound, so do the consolations of God's Spirit abound too, until I, from my inmost soul, say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," and "I know that Thy judgments are right, and that in faithfulness, mercy, and love all Thy afflictions are sent." Thus taught, the peaceable fruits of sanctified affliction are yielded, and quietude, peace, and resignation are enjoyed in the soul, and, with Hezekiah, we are constrained to say, "O Lord, by these things I live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit. The living, the living shall praise Thee, as I do this day." Thus the storm becomes a calm, the waves are stilled, and we again enter into rest, sit at His feet, and listen for what the Lord will further say, and hope to follow as He is pleased to lead, content for infinite wisdom to choose our way, and hope He will still lead us on.

How little do we know what lies before us in the womb of providence, and it is well that it is wisely hidden from us. As the poet says—

"Who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our way?"

Yet, when left to the buffetings of the adversary, we wonder what the Lord is about to do with us, and cry, "Wilt Thou break a leaf driven with the wind, and pursue the dry stubble?" This is the cry of one of whom the Lord Himself bore such honourable testimony—that there was none like him—a perfect man—aye, in Christ complete—that "feared God, and eschewed evil." Oh—

"How strange is the course that a Christian must steer!
How perplexed is the path he must tread!"

So wrote that eminent servant of God Joseph Hart, and so I have proved it many times. What dark, trying, and painful lessons does the Lord put before us to learn, and what a poor blunderer I am at trying to understand them! I feel like Agur and Asaph, both men of God; so, after all, I conclude that I must be in the footsteps of the flock, or their recorded language would not so fitly describe the feelings of my poor tempest-tossed and tribulated soul. Hence I am sometimes comforted, and led to "thank God and take courage." What tossings to and fro, what reelings

and staggerings I am the subject of, the Lord alone knows. He has planted a desire in my heart to love and serve Him with all my heart, soul, and strength; to live close to His bleeding side; to bring forth daily fruits pleasing to Him. But I fail in every duty—cannot do the things I would—and looking within only sinks me lower, for there is no good thing there. All is a wreck, and only as I am enabled to look to the Lamb of God, that taketh away all sin by His precious blood shed, am I enlightened and not ashamed. I am a poor fool, and slow of heart to believe. I do not find it so easy a matter as is made to appear by the fashionable teaching of this day of formality and falsehood. I feel unable to bless the Lord sufficiently for His mercy.

It is thirty-seven years this night since my father died—just a year older than I am now. I sometimes wonder if I shall live until then, and depart at the same age. But about this I am not solicitous to know, being satisfied that “all my times are in His hand” who hath “loved me with an everlasting love,” called me with a high and holy calling, justified me in an everlasting righteousness, and saved me with an everlasting salvation; and however low at times I sink, which I often do, He has put a hope in my soul which I dare not part with, if I could, for all that this poor, paltry, perishing world calls good or great. That it is not my rest I have abundant proofs—no continuing city here.

Oh, for a closer communion with that dear One whom, having not seen with my bodily eyes, yet I love, and have long since been taught to do so! May He keep me in His fear, and preserve me firm in His truth to the end of my days.

March, 1876.—I keep losing many of my friends and companions in this “waste, howling wilderness,” and expect soon to follow, so I desire to keep closer and closer to my beloved Lord, and

“Let all fruitless searches go
Which perplex and tease us”—

to live and walk in the Spirit, and be blessed with an increase of spiritual-mindedness, and prove beyond all doubt my interest in the finished salvation of Jesus; so I travel with my brothers Paul, David, &c.—tolerably safe company, I think; and I am willing to let high-flying lights run before me, seeing “there is first that shall be last, and last who shall eventually be first.”

The Lord keep me at all times cleaving closely to Him, and trusting in Him at all times who will not deceive me, nor ever leave me a prey to my adversaries.

My arm is painful with writing, yet it is well with me. Infinite wisdom and love unchangeable make no mistakes.

August, 1876.—I have been out in several counties on my

Master's business, and have been favoured at times with His gracious approbation who has been pleased to bless the Word from my poor mouth to His own blood-bought family. This is to me soul-humblng, and leads me to say, "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my father's house, that Thou shouldst put such honour upon such a poor fool as I feel myself to be?"

What a mercy it is to be kept still under trying and dark dispensations! Do not you now see that the Lord will work, and none shall overthrow His purposes? You have proved this.

Is it not singular that Mr. Huntington's place, Mr. Turner's, Mr. Chamberlain's, and Mr. Oxenham's have, or are coming to nothing? The Lord is not confined to times or places to accomplish His purposes. We are lamenting and thinking how sad it is to see such desertions. Few, if any, of the children of parents now gone home stick to the old places, especially where truth is faithfully and experimentally preached. With us it is so. The young folks like to go to other places, and associate with new companions, where there are more attend, better singing, and a variety of causes, all tending to prove that the deep teaching of the Holy Spirit is wanting.

There is a race sprung up who "knew not Joseph." The children are born so wise. Really it is the case that "truth is fallen in the streets, and equity cannot enter." Politics have long ceased to trouble me, seeing the professedly best is as a briar, and those who should be upright are sharper than a thorn hedge. This drives those rightly taught to the same Refuge the Prophet sought (Micah vii. 7). This is my hope, and will neither fail nor deceive. Dark as it is, God has not left Himself without witnesses to His truth. Asa's and Jehoshaphat's are straits into which God still brings His people, to display His power, and cause us to cry to Him as He did Israel at the Red Sea. He says (oh, wondrous thought!)—"Let Me see thy face, let Me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice [amazing!], and thy countenance is comely." Ah! it is so only through that comeliness He puts on us, which covers every defilement, so that He sees no sin in Jacob, no perverseness in His Israel. "Complete in Him!"

Doomed to suffer, sooner or later, as a nation, I believe we are, for the blindness of our rulers, both in Church and State, appears almost incomprehensible, only on the recollection that God gives men up to a strong delusion, to believe a lie, and on no other ground can I understand their blindness. Children are our rulers, and I often think we must be a laughing-stock to Europe. Have we any assurance that our nation shall not perish as others have before us?

How blessed it is to be kept cleaving close to the dear Redeemer, seeking to know more and more of Him—be kept thoroughly dead

to this world, and all its trash and painted baubles—yea, “to trample on its whole delights”!

Soon, with me, time will be no more. I am, through mercy, kept longing after more intense communion with my most precious Lord, for

“No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.”

T. S.

[A few months after the penning of these lines, this tried follower of the Lord was called to his eternal rest.]

TO AN INQUIRER.

IN our two previous Numbers we gave a few thoughts upon the subjects you wished to have opened up in a Scriptural way, and although we feel the matter is but feebly handled, yet we hope we know of what we write, and that our observations are in strict accordance with the divine oracles. Several readers have already tendered their thanks to us for them, and we sincerely pray that what we have written may be made widely useful to seekers after “the truth as it is in Jesus.”

We now submit some remarks by other godly men on the subjects in question, confirming what we have written, although they are but brief compared with what might be adduced.

The first extract is upon the responsibility of men under the Gospel, as well as under the law. Mr. Philpot, in his “Meditations,” Vol. I., page 497, answering a supposed objection that the Bible is for the elect only, writes as follows:—

“According to your view, that the Bible has nothing to do with the non-elect, the words and works of Christ had nothing to do with the non-elect Jews. But this was not the doctrine which Christ preached and taught. What did the Lord Himself say? ‘But I have greater witness than that of John; for the works which the Father hath given Me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of Me, that the Father hath sent Me.’ (John v. 36). And again, ‘Then came the Jews round about Him, and said unto Him, How long dost Thou make us to doubt? If Thou be the Christ, tell us plainly. Jesus answered them, I told you, and ye believed not: the works that I do in My Father’s name, they bear witness of Me.’ And did not their rejection of Him, after all His mighty works, add to their sin? What are the Lord’s own words? ‘If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloke for their sin’ (John xv. 22). Thus we see that one main use of external

evidences, such as miracles, is to clear the justice of God, and leave the unbeliever without excuse.

“It is a great mistake to think that the Bible is only for the elect. Is not the law in the Bible? And for whom is this? Paul shall tell us—‘Knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners, for unholy and profane, for murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers, for manslayers,’ &c. (1 Tim. i. 9).

“And has the Gospel only to do with the elect? Has it nothing to do with the unbeliever? Hear what the Lord says—‘He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned’ (Mark xvi. 16). Then there is a being damned for not believing the Gospel. And what says the Holy Ghost by Paul? ‘And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ’ (2 Thess. i. 7, 8). Then there is ‘flaming fire’ for those who do not obey the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And what think you of another passage—‘That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness’? (2 Thess. ii. 12.) Then there is a being damned for not believing the truth.” [See also John iii. 18.]

Having supplemented our own remarks on this subject by this weighty and pungent extract, we now give a few extracts from Dr. Gill, on the subject of repentance, as enforced by the Word of God and the teaching of the Apostles. First, hear what he says on Acts xvii. 27, 30, 31 :—

“‘That they should seek the Lord’—or God, as the Alexandrian copy and others, and the Vulgate Latin, Syriac, and Ethiopic versions read—their Creator and kind Benefactor, and who has appointed their time of life, and their habitations for them; and this should engage them to seek to know Him who has done all this for them, and to fear and serve Him, and to glorify His name.

“‘If haply they might feel after Him, and find Him,’ which shows that, though it is possible for men, by a contemplation of the perfections of God, visible in the works of creation and providence, so to find God as to know that there is One, and that there is but one God, who has made all things, and so as to be convinced of the vanity and falsehood of all other gods, and to see the folly, wickedness, and weakness of idolatrous worship, yet, at the same time, it very strongly intimates how dim and obscure the light of nature is, since those who have nothing else

to direct them are like persons in the dark, who feel and grope about after God, whom they cannot see, and after all their search and groping, there is only a 'haply,' a peradventure, a may-be, that they find Him."

The truth here taught by the Apostle is that, even in the times of ignorance alluded to, men were responsible to God, who did not leave Himself without witness, but by His various works and dealings admonished them to "seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him"; and since, by His shaking them and troubling them, some might be brought to consider their ways, and turn unto Him, how much greater is the responsibility of men, when not only by His providences, but also by the loud voice of the Gospel, He calls them to repentance and submission; for if, in those dark ages, God intended His works and dealings to be thus understood, how can we expect less under the preaching of the Word in Gospel times? So the Doctor goes on to say:—

"'And the times of this ignorance God winked at.' Not that He approved of, or encouraged, such blindness and folly as appeared among the Gentiles, when they worshipped idols of gold, silver, and stone, taking them for deities, but rather, the sense is, He despised this, and them for it, and was displeased and angry with them; and, as an evidence of such contempt and indignation, He overlooked them, and took no notice of them, and gave them no revelation to direct them, nor prophets to instruct them, and left them to their stupidity and ignorance.

"'But now commandeth all men everywhere to repent'—that is, He hath given orders that the doctrine of repentance, as well as remission of sins, should be preached to all nations, to Gentiles as well as Jews, and that it becomes them to repent of their idolatries, and turn from their idols, and worship the one living and true God; and though for many hundreds of years God had neglected them, and sent no messengers nor messages to acquaint them with His will, and to show them their follies and mistakes, yet now He had sent His apostles unto them, *to lay before them their sins, and call them to repentance; and to stir them up to this,* the Apostle informs them of the future judgment in the following verse.

"Repentance being represented as a command, *does not suppose it to be in the power of men, or contradict evangelical repentance, being the free grace gift of God, but only shows the need men stand in of it, and how necessary and requisite it is; and when it is said to be a command to all, this does not destroy its being a special blessing of the covenant of grace to some, but points out the sad condition that all men are in as sinners, and that without repentance they must*

perish; and indeed, all men are obliged to natural repentance for sin, though to all men the grace of evangelical repentance is not given. The Jews call repentance the command of repentance, though they do not think it obligatory on man, as the other commands of the law. The law gives no encouragement to repentance, and shows no mercy on account of it. It is a branch of the Gospel ministry, and goes along with the doctrine of the remission of sins; and though in the Gospel, strictly taken, there is no command, yet being largely taken for the whole ministry of the Word, it includes this, and everything else which Christ has commanded, and was taught by Him and His apostles (see Matt. xxviii. 20).

“ ‘Because He hath appointed a day.’ The day of judgment is fixed by God in His eternal purposes, and is sure and certain, and will come, though it is not known by men or angels; and this is a reason why God will have the doctrine of repentance everywhere published, both to Jews and Gentiles, since all must come to judgment; and the day for it is appointed by Him, ‘in the which He will judge the world in righteousness.’ The whole world will be judged, and every individual in it, good and bad, righteous and wicked, and this judgment will be a righteous one. It will proceed according to the strict rules of justice and equity, and upon the footing of the righteousness of Christ, as that has been received or rejected by men, or as men are clothed with, or are without, that righteousness.”

In these remarks we may see the true sense of these Scriptures, as given by the Doctor, and which to our mind clearly shows the mind of the Spirit with respect to the preaching of repentance—that it is to be preached to *all*, by God’s command, though compliance therewith is only bestowed upon *some*, in Christ, who is exalted to give it, it being one of the blessings spoken of in Ephesians i. 3. Thus it is secured to all who were given to Christ, and they all are not only called to, but are made the subjects of, repentance in the day they hear the Word, attended in their hearts by the life-giving power of the Holy Ghost. But their having it thus secured to them in Christ by covenant promise is no excuse for any who neglect it, since, while God’s decrees concerning the salvation of His people are the ground of all their spiritual blessings, those decrees never made any man a sinner, nor ever separated a single soul from God. Sin alone has wrought all man’s ruin, and God’s decrees secured the salvation, by Christ, of all who are brought to repentance and to believe in Him for the remission of sins. Thus, while God’s decrees concerning salvation benefit many in a way of free and pure grace, they do no harm to those who are not included therein, since

they are only left in the state of sin which they choose and take pleasure in, neither seeking nor desiring repentance and the forgiveness of sins. Yet even to such repentance is to be preached, though their sins may be of the most desperate kind, and there may seem, to our minds, little hope of their ever being savingly wrought upon under the Word. Take the case of Simon (Acts viii.), to whom Peter, after he had denounced his sin, gave the earnest exhortation to repentance and prayer, recorded in the twenty-second verse, on which portion we will give another extract from Dr. Gill :—

“ ‘Repent therefore of this thy wickedness,’ for a great piece of wickedness it was to offer money for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and to imagine that that could be purchased with money. And what made the wickedness still greater was, the evil design he had in this to advance himself in opposition to Christ and His Apostles, as he afterwards did ; and when the Apostle puts him upon repentance, his view is, to show the heinousness of his crime, the need he stood in of repentance, and that, without it, his case must be miserable.

“ ‘And pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee.’ Though he was in a state of nature, the Apostle exhorts him to the duty of prayer* ; for prayer is a natural duty, and binding upon all men, though none but a spiritual man can perform it in a spiritual way. And though this sin of Simon’s was a very heinous one, and came very near unto, and looked very much like, the sin against the Holy Ghost, yet it was not the unpardonable one. It might be pardoned by the grace of God, and through the blood of Christ ; and therefore Peter, *who wished his salvation, and not his damnation, put him upon prayer for it*, which was possible, though difficult, but not certain. The Apostle says not this as doubting. *If it was a case wholly to be despaired of, then he would not have directed him to the means ; and yet the wickedness was so horribly great, and he in such a wretched, hardened state, that there was no great hope or expectation of his repentance, and so of the application of pardon to him.* However, this advice was not given ironically. Peter was too grave and serious to speak sarcastically, or break a jest upon a man in such circumstances, whom no doubt he heartily pitied, though he abhorred his sin.

“ ‘For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness,’ alluding to Deuteronomy xxix. 18, and xxxii. 32, with which compare Hebrews xii. 15, and signifying that he was in a state of nature and unregeneracy, under the power and dominion of

* “If haply he might feel after God, and find Him.”—ED.

covetousness, ambition, and hypocrisy, and in a way pernicious to himself, infectious to others, and ungrateful to God and to good men; and that, instead of the root of the matter, the truth of grace, being in him, there was nothing in him but the bitter root of sin, which bore gall and wormwood, and everything that was nauseous and disagreeable.

“ ‘And in the bond of iniquity,’ referring to Proverbs v. 22, or to Isaiah lviii. 65, and suggesting that he was held fast bound in the bonds of sin, and with the cords of iniquity, or was entirely under the government of his lusts. The preposition which we render ‘in,’ may retain here, as is by some observed, its proper sense of ‘for,’ or ‘into,’ and have the same signification it has in Hebrews i. 5—‘I will be to Him for a Father, or a Father, and He shall be to Me for a Son, or a Son’; and then the sense of Peter is, ‘I plainly perceive and clearly see by thy words and actions, that thou art nothing else but a lump of bitter gall and a bundle of sin and wickedness.’”

Yet, notwithstanding that Simon was in this bad state, Peter, as Dr. Gill observes, put him upon prayer for salvation from his sins; and if the Apostle thus dealt with so dreadful a character, is it “putting a piece of new cloth upon an old garment” when a Gospel minister in like manner shows unto sinners what is the only course to be pursued with any hope of success? Does not the Apostle’s conduct rather afford an example worthy of imitation by all who are sent to declare the counsel of God to sinful men? for, although man’s inability to do these things of himself is admitted, yet, knowing that the Gospel is “the power of God to every one that believeth,” and that faith is the gift of God, we feel the work is the Lord’s, and, therefore, like Ezekiel, we are to prophesy, even though it be upon dry bones.

In the use of the means God has appointed, we cannot tell who may hear the Word to their salvation, as we do not know who are the Lord’s chosen ones among the unregenerate, therefore it becomes ministers to deal faithfully with all, showing them their sins, their need of repentance, and of the blood of Christ, pointing out the way of salvation, and how it may be sought; for who can tell but some, if not all, who hear, may seek the Lord, as a result of these faithful admonitions? in which course they are to be encouraged, on the ground that “haply they may feel after Him, and find Him.” In fact, this is the way God has appointed the Gospel to be preached; and since it is the Spirit which quickeneth thereby, who can tell how widely it may prosper? This we know, that all Gospel grace and blessings are promised and sure to those who are the seed promised to Christ, and they shall receive His Word, and sit at His feet, while those who

reject Him are left without excuse (see Rom. i. 28—32, and ii. 1—11), God dealing with them on legal grounds, and measuring to them the just reward of their sin, because they did not like to retain Him in their knowledge, and turned away from His Word, spoken by His Son. But of all who are "predestinated to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ" it shall be said, "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

We have, in the midst of severe affliction and much weakness, thus far endeavoured to answer your inquiry, and we hope that the Lord will bless what we have written, and that you and other readers will excuse any seeming want of enlargement in our well-intended remarks on the subject. THE EDITOR.

"IN HIS FAVOUR IS LIFE."

COMETH sunshine after rain;
 After mourning, joy again;
 After heavy, bitter grief
 Dawneth surely sweet relief.
 And my soul, who from her height
 Sank to realms of woe and night,
 Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

He whom this world dares not face,
 Hath refreshed me with His grace,
 And His mighty hand unbound
 Chains of hell about me wound.
 Quicker, stronger leaps my blood
 Since His mercy like a flood
 Poured o'er all my heart for good.

Now, as long as here I roam,
 On this earth have house and home,
 Shall this wondrous gleam from Thee
 Shine through all my memory.
 To my God I yet will cling;
 All my life the praises sing
 That from thankful hearts outspring.

I will meet distress and pain,
 I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
 I will lay me in the grave,
 With a heart still glad and brave.
 Whom the Strongest doth defend,
 Whom the Highest counts His friend,
 Cannot perish in the end.

—*Paul Gerhardt*,* 1650.

* A Lutheran, imprisoned in Germany for the truth's sake.

MEMOIR OF A CONVERTED JEWESS.

(Concluded from page 181.)

DURING another conversation, Maria said, "Before I learned to love God, I felt only fear, when thinking of His power, therefore I strove to drive away the remembrance of His judgments. I was one of those who lived 'without God in the world,' and yet, like them, hoped to go to heaven at last, but I had no foundation for my hopes. Moses tells us to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and mind, and strength. That one commandment is sufficient to show us our great sinfulness in forgetting God. We are told to 'set the Lord always before us,' yet during many years I desired that my own wishes should be gratified, and not His blessed will obeyed. I might plead that I was then ignorant of His will, but I felt no desire to know it. In love and mercy He sent me this heavy affliction. I first turned to my Jewish prayer-book, and the great beauty and comforting expressions in the Psalms struck me forcibly; and I also found that, in our prayers for the coming of Messiah, many passages are taken from the Psalms; and in meditating upon those I knew, with prayer for the Spirit's teaching, I learned that the triumphant King whom we expect must first have appeared as a suffering Messiah (Dan. ix. 26). 'The entrance of God's Word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple.' Then I saw that without an atonement there is no hope. I never knew rest nor peace till I found it in Jesus."

As Miss M—— was reading the third chapter of Malachi, Maria interrupted her by asking whether she had ever seen silver purified. Being answered in the negative, she continued, "I have frequently. A crucible is placed in the hottest part of a clear fire, which is closely piled around it. The person employed sits blowing the fire the whole time, and never for one instant ceases to watch the process. The moment he can see himself in the melted silver, he takes it off. I have heard this beautifully explained, and now this passage affords me sweet assurance that all my sufferings will cease so soon as the Saviour's image is made perfect in me. These trials are working together to purify me, that, by the power of the Holy Spirit, I may be cleansed from the remaining corruptions of my heart. This conviction often restrains me from praying to be released; and instead of giving way to the 'desire to depart and be with Christ,' only makes me beseech the Lord to give me patience to submit to His will and wait His time."

About a fortnight before her death, Maria complained of an internal burning pain, which also attacked her throat, and

sometimes rendered speaking too painful an exertion. This new affliction was borne with unabated patience.

A passage having been read to her from a tract entitled, "The Last Days of Dr. Payson," she drew a comparison between their relative states, both being in outward affliction, and both enjoying inward peace, adding, "I, too, have been deprived of those common blessings, one after another, which must be taken away before we feel the true value of health, and of the free use of our limbs. First, the Lord permitted my back to be dreadfully injured; then the cramp and spasms followed; next, my sight was taken away; then, I lost the use of my left arm; afterwards, these terrible strokes attacked me; and now my right arm is helpless. But in the time of trouble the Lord has come in, and filled up their place. I trust this new burning pain is what Dr. Payson calls 'an arrow tipped with love.' Do not you think it is one of the Lord's last messengers, to say, 'Thy warfare is accomplished'? How merciful that, when it becomes almost unbearable, then medicine is permitted to give me some relief!"

Once, when the unusual violence of the pain rendered the speedy repetition of the remedy necessary, Maria turned her still most beautiful and expressive eyes upon her friend, and, with a look of reproach, said, "You could not wish that medicine to do me good when you gave it, as you forgot to ask God's blessing upon it." As a Jewess, she had been accustomed to hear repeated expressions of thankfulness to God for the blessings bestowed upon His creatures—a practice in which many Christians are lamentably defective. The pain having abated, she said, "The tract you have been reading is very excellent, and suited to my case; but I wish now to hear nothing but the Scriptures. Nothing but God's own Word can support me now."

A few days after, while Mrs. B—— was sitting by Maria, her bodily strength and power of utterance so suddenly failed that death seemed rapidly approaching. Her father, and afterwards her brother, coming to visit her, were deeply concerned at her sufferings. The former laid his hand upon her, saying, with much commiseration and affection, "Poor Maria!" After a pause, during which she appeared struggling with deep emotion, she replied, with recruited energy, "Not poor Maria, father, not poor Maria, but rich, in the love of Christ my Saviour! I am quite happy. I am going to heaven through Him. He is Jesus, the true Messiah. It is He alone who has made me so happy." Afterwards, addressing her kind brother, in a tone of remarkable sweetness and firmness, she said, "My dear brother, be good, and never, never despise the Messiah, Jesus Christ. I am going to heaven, and may I not hope to meet you

there? I have prayed for you, and for all my family; and it is my belief that the Lord will answer my prayers, and show His salvation to you all. Oh, remember the Sabbath! Pray go to hear the Word of God. That Word is now all my comfort. Good-bye, my dear brother! May I meet you in heaven!" Once more she was unable to speak, but on recovering, said to Mrs. B——, "I am very thankful that the Lord gave me strength to speak to my father. I have again confessed Jesus to him. May the Lord now give His blessing to my earnest prayers for him and for all! Did my father look displeased?" Being answered that, on the contrary, both he and her brother were deeply affected, she added, "I thank my God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and may they never forget these few words!"

Greatly as Maria exulted in the anticipation of the future greatness of her nation, when Mount Zion shall again be the glory of the whole earth, yet, toward the end of her course, the eye of her faith rested not here, for, as her friend was one day speaking of the time when Jerusalem, no longer trodden down of the Gentiles, shall be called "the city of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel," she replied, "But there is a new and heavenly Jerusalem, the city of the living God, where there is an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant! This is now the object of all my hopes. That these gates may be opened to me is the subject of all my prayers. He that openeth, and no man shutteth, will not cast me out, for I seek to enter only in His name—that 'name which is above every name'" (Phil. ii. 9, 10).

Whilst Mrs. B—— was speaking to Maria of the joy the redeemed will feel on seeing each other in glory, her countenance assumed unusual brightness, and she replied, with marked emphasis, "That is the very subject which occupied my mind. You seem to read my thoughts. I was then dwelling on those joys which shall know no change."

After a pause, occasioned by acute pain, she said, "Perhaps the Lord has sent this new affliction to try whether I do wholly submit to His will. Yes, blessed be His name, I can say from my heart, 'Thy will be done' in all things"; and soon after, in a tone of perfect resignation and joyful anticipation, added, "I think He will now soon take my willing spirit to Himself."

Relieved by change of posture, she said to the young servant, who had moved her with much tenderness and caution, "'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee.' I pray the Lord to bless thee, and to give thee the saving knowledge of His love and mercy."

The morning preceding that of her death, she told Miss

P— how powerfully it had been impressed upon her mind during the night that she must confess Jesus more fully to her relations, before she could be released ; and, having called her attendants to her bed, bade them mark that it was the Lord who had sent her mother to sit up this second night, that she might hear and believe. During her sleepless hours she had inquired whether her mother was convinced that her senses were yet perfect. "Yes, my love," was the reply. Maria then proceeded to say, "The Lord has told me that He will not take me out of my present sufferings till I have more fully confessed Jesus to you all."

About noon, finding that her mother had had some rest, she requested to see her again, as well as her grandmother, and exhorted them, with great clearness and strength, to seek the Lord Jesus, assuring them that there is no "salvation in any other"—that none can be saved without coming to Christ as the atonement for their sins—and repeated, "It is He who has given me all the peace and comfort I enjoy. Oh, mother, when we see our need of a Saviour, then we can rejoice that 'God so loved the world' that He gave His Son to die for us all. Our sacrifices were all types of Christ ; they were shadows of good things to come. Christ bore the sins of many, and was sacrificed once ; and 'there is now no more offering for sin,' because by Christ there is pardon for all that will believe on Him. Faith in this Saviour is now my support. My sins will He remember no more. The knowledge of Him has given me peace. It is because I have found Him that I am now so happy." Her mother replied, "Yes, my dear, we are all sure you are going to happiness." "But I could not attain heaven without Christ. It is only through Him that our souls can be saved." Then, endeavouring to raise her head, she said with great emphasis, "Mother, we must go to the Father through the Son. 'He ever sitteth at the right hand of God, making intercession for us.' Jesus 'gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity.' If we will but believe that the Scriptures alone can point out the way of salvation, we shall there learn that we must pray for the teaching of the Spirit. He will teach all who ask, and then He gives us 'grace for grace,' and Jesus gives us peace by the 'Comforter.' It is He who has taught me, and who comforts and supports me under all these sufferings. How often have I said, 'Not one pain too much' ; and now they are as chaff before the wind. They are nearly over, but if more be appointed, peace and assurance will also be given in a way that I cannot describe, but it will be perfect peace, for I can trust in Him who has so often upheld me. 'I will fear no evil, for the Lord is with me.'"

This avowal of her views and feelings, though spoken only at intervals, had nearly exhausted Maria's little remaining strength. Her sister therefore proposed to read Revelation v., but her ardent spirit did not permit her to listen in silence. At the fifth verse she again raised her head, saying, "Mother, 'the Lion of the tribe of Judah' is Christ Jesus. He was of the tribe of Judah, of the family of David, then in low estate; and Isaiah prophesied that He should be as 'a root out of dry ground.'" At the sixth verse, "Yes, Jesus was the Lamb slain for us."

As her grandmother was now obliged to leave the room, her sister said, "Maria, do not forget your usual custom. Will you not give your grandmother a text?" The latter used many expressions of affectionate solicitude, to which Maria replied, "Dear grandmother, 'may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" The fervent "Amen" uttered by Mrs. —, as she quitted the apartment, evidently gave Maria much satisfaction. It was the last word she heard from the lips of this dear relative, for severe indisposition precluded her return to the bed of her dying grandchild, whom she had loved from infancy with such undiminished affection as had induced her twice to request that she might be committed to her watchful care.

Miss P—— united with her friends in enjoining silence. It was decided that her sister and the servant should remain with her during the first part of the night, that her mother, who was nearly exhausted with watching, might obtain some repose, but at eleven o'clock the symptoms appeared so alarming that she was summoned. In about an hour Maria so far recovered as to request her sister to read Isaiah vii. 10—13; and soon after, though frequently pausing from debility, said, "Dear mother, these words were once a stumbling-block to me. I would not believe the express Word of the Lord, because I could not understand it. But when the Lord told Ahaz to 'ask a sign of the Lord his God, either in the depth or the height above,' was it likely that that sign would be a common thing? No; it was sure to be something wonderful. Wicked Ahaz said, 'I will not tempt the Lord,' but he would not obey, and Isaiah reproaches him, and says, 'The Lord Himself shall give you a sign: a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel.' Mother, that means 'God with us.'" She then desired her sister to read Isaiah ix. 6—"For unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." When the verse was finished, Maria added, "Mother, this is our Messiah." As

she was unable to proceed, her sister asked whether she should continue reading. Isaiah liii. was selected, on which Maria made comments as often as her failing strength permitted her to speak. At the conclusion of the chapter she said, "Dear mother, all this was fulfilled in Jesus Christ."

Some refreshment having been given, Maria appeared revived, and said, "Pray read St. John xx. 29. Mother, it was from this passage I found such comfort. Thomas was faithless, and would not believe till he had seen Christ; but Jesus said unto him, 'Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.' I thought much about these words. I wanted to be blessed, and often prayed very earnestly that I might believe according to the will of God; and then, mother, I was blessed also, for I found Jesus was my Saviour."

Though her weakness was rapidly increasing, yet so perfect was the possession of her faculties that, soon after one o'clock, she said, "Open the window. I think Miss P—— is at the door." Being told the hour, and reminded that her friend was not expected till three, Maria entreated her mother to lie down and endeavour to rest, saying, "Pray do so; and when you are all quiet, I think I can sleep too." Miss P—— arrived at the time appointed, and finding her in a most peaceful and apparently refreshing sleep, sat down and watched beside her till nearly six, when, on looking anxiously to ascertain whether she had been disturbed by an unusual noise in the street, her forehead was observed to have become as white as marble. Not the slightest movement was perceptible. She quickly, though softly, breathed, drew one faint sigh, and the redeemed spirit passed into the presence of God her Saviour.

"In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death;
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up her breath.

"One gentle sigh her fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, 'She's gone!'
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

"Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light."

Thus peacefully did Maria enter into that "rest which remaineth for the people of God." It was through "much tribulation," but the Lord strengthened her to "glorify Him in the fire," which was not permitted to destroy, but to purify, thus fulfilling the gracious promise, Isaiah xliii. 2.

We have here a striking instance of the power of divine grace overcoming the prejudices of birth and education, and gradually opening the heart to the reception of truths once despised. And what was the mighty agency producing such effects? The "sword of the Spirit," in the hand of the Spirit. The Word of God, brought to the outward ear by friends who felt the value of her soul, was made effectual and mighty, through the operation of the Holy Ghost, "to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God."

When once led to feel the need of His teaching, and, consequently, to pray for it, according to the command, and in the name of Jesus, Maria soon found that none teacheth as "the anointing teacheth" (1 John ii. 27). Under His guidance she was "led into all truth," "and the truth made her free."

May the readers of this simple record of Maria's sufferings and consolation be partakers of "like precious faith," and, encouraged by her example, may they thus seek, and thus find, "Jesus, the true Messiah," "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

THE forgiveness that is with God is such as becomes Him—such as is suitable to His greatness, goodness, and other excellencies of His nature, such as that therein He will be known to be God. It is not like that narrow, difficult halving and manacled forgiveness that is found amongst men, when any such thing is found amongst them; but it is full, free, boundless, bottomless, absolute—such as becomes His nature and excellencies. It is, in a word, forgiveness that is with God, and by the exercise whereof He will be known so to be. If there be any pardon with God, it is such as becomes Him to give. When He pardons, He will abundantly pardon. Go with your half-forgiveness, limited, conditional pardons, with reserves and limitations, unto the sons of men. It may be it may become them—it is like themselves. That of God is absolute and perfect, before which our sins are as a cloud before the east wind and the rising sun. Hence He is said to do this work with His whole heart and His whole soul, freely, bountifully, largely, to indulge and forgive unto us our sins, and to cast them unto the bottom of the sea—unto a bottomless ocean—an emblem of infinite mercy.—*Owen.*

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

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

THERE are grounds of abstinence from sin by which "the children of God are also manifested," and such are these that follow:—

First, a sincere heart dares not sin, because of the eye and fear of God which is upon him. So you find it in Job xxxi. 1—4, he durst not allow his thoughts to sin, because he lived under the awe of God's eye. Nehemiah durst not do as former governors had done, though an opportunity presented to enrich himself, because of the fear of his God (Neh. v. 15). The soul that lives under the awe of this eye will be conscientious where no discovery can be made by creatures, as if all the world were looking on. "Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling-block before the blind; but shalt fear thy God: I am the Lord" (Lev. xix. 14).

What if a man do "curse the deaf"? The deaf cannot hear him. And what if he do "put a stumbling-block before the blind"? The blind cannot see him. True, but God sees him; God hears him. That is enough to a man that hath the fear of the Lord upon his heart.

Secondly, as the fear of God, so the love of God is a principle of restraint from sin to the soul that is upright. This kept back Joseph from sin—"How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" (Gen. xxxix. 9.) *How can I?* He speaks as a man that feels bound up from sin by the goodness and love of God, that had been manifested to him: q. d. "Hath He delivered me from the pit into which my envious brethren cast me? Hath He, in so miraculous a way, advanced me to all this honour and power in Egypt? And now, after all His kindness and love to me, shall I sin against Him? Oh, how can I do this against so good, so gracious a God?" So Psalm xcvi. 10—"Ye that love the Lord, hate evil." Love will cry out in the hour of temptation, "Is this thy kindness to thy Friend?" "Dost thou thus requite the Lord for all His kindness?"

Thirdly, as the love of God, so the intrinsical evil and filthiness that are in sin, keep back the gracious soul from it. "Abhor that which is evil" (Rom. xii. 9); hate it as hell itself; or, as the French translation hath it, *be in horror*. As the apprehensions of hell, so the apprehension of sin impresses horror upon the mind that is sanctified. Nothing more loathsome to a holy soul. Its aver-sations from it are with the highest indignation and loathing.

Fourthly, the renewed nature of a saint restrains him from sin. "The Spirit lusteth against the flesh, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would" (Gal. v. 17). "Ye cannot." Why cannot ye? Because it is against your new nature.

Beloved, this is a very remarkable thing in the experience of

all renewed men, that, upon the renovation of men's principles, their delights and their aversations and loathings are laid quite cross and opposite to what they were before. In their carnal state, vain company and sinful exercises were their delight. To be separated from these, and tied to prayer, meditation, heavenly discourse and company, oh, what a bondage would that have been! Now, to be tied to such a carnal society, and restrained from such duties of godliness, and the society of the godly, become a much sorer bondage to the soul.

Fifthly, experience of the bitterness of sin is a restraint to a gracious heart. They that have had so many sick days and sorrowful nights for sin as they have had are loth to taste that wormwood and gall again, which their soul hath still in remembrance. "In that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought" (2 Cor. vii. 11). He would not grapple with those inward troubles again—he would not have the cheerful light of God's countenance eclipsed again—for all, and much more than all, the pleasures that are sin.

Sixthly, the consideration of the sufferings of Christ for sin powerfully withhold a gracious soul from the commission of it. "Our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (Rom. vi. 6). Were there a knife or sword in the house that had been thrust through the heart of your father, would you ever endure the sight of it? Sin was the sword that pierced Christ, and so the death of Christ becomes the death of sin in His people. Thus the children of God and the children of the devil are manifest, in the principles and reasons of their abstinence from sin.

They are also manifested by their hatred of sin. This puts a clear distinction between them, for no false or unregenerate heart can hate sin as sin. He may indeed—

First, hate sin in another, but not in himself. Thus one proud man hates another. "*Calco superbiam Platonis,*" said Diogenes, when he trampled Plato's fine clothes underfoot—"I spurn the pride of Plato." "*Sed majori superbia,*" as Plato smartly replied—"Thou tramplest upon my pride, but it is with greater pride." "Why," saith Christ to the hypocrite, "beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" (Matt. vii. 3.) How quick in espying, and rash in censuring, the smallest fault in another, is the hypocrite! It was but one fault, and that but a small one, but a mote, that he could find in another, yet this he quickly discerns. It may be there were many excellent graces in him. These he overlooks, but the mote he plainly discerns. It may be, that mote in his brother's eye had drawn many tears from it, but these he takes

no notice of; and meanwhile there is a beam—that is, great, horrid, flagitious evil—in himself. But it is too near him to be discerned or bewailed. This is a sad symptom of a bad heart.

Secondly, he may hate it in its effects and consequences, not in its own nature; as the thief hates the gallows, not the wickedness that he hath done. It is not sin in itself, but sin in its connection with hell, that is frightful to him.

The unsound professor could wish that there were no such threatening in the Bible against sin. When sin tempts him, "I would," saith he, "but I fear the consequence. Oh, sin, could I separate thee from hell, nothing should separate thee from me!"

Thirdly, he may hate it in a mood or pang, but not with a rooted, habitual hatred. It is plain, from 2 Peter ii. 22, that sin may sometimes lie upon the conscience of an unregenerate man, as a load lies upon a sick stomach, and so he may discharge himself of it by reformation, restitution, &c.; but a little time reconciles the quarrel between him and his lust again. If they fall out, they will fall in again. "The dog returned to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

But an upright soul hates sin in another manner, and in this hatred of sin the children of God are manifest.

First, the opposition of sin to God is the very ground and formal reason upon which a gracious soul opposes and hates it. If it be opposite to the holy nature and law of God, it cannot but be odious in His eyes. This cut David's heart. "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned" (Psa. ii. 4); that is, "I have wronged Uriah greatly; I have wronged myself and family greatly; but the wrong I have done to others is not worth naming, in comparison of the wrong I have done to Thee."

Secondly, the upright soul hatessin in himself more than he hates it in any other, as a man hates a serpent in the hedge, but much more in his own bosom. "But I see another law in my members" (Rom. vii. 23); and verse 21—"I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me"; that is, "I do not know how others find it, but I am sure I find sin in my very bosom, in my very bowels. It is present with me. 'Oh, wretched man that I am!'" A gracious soul can mourn to see it in others, but to find it in himself pierceth him to the very heart.

Thirdly, the gracious soul hates not only this or that particular sin, but the whole kind—everything that is sinful. True hatred is of the whole nature or kind. "I hate every false way" (Psa. cxix. 104). His reasonings proceed *a quatenus ad omnia*—from sin as sin, concluding against every sin—sins that are profitable and pleasant, as well as sins that have neither profit nor pleasure; sins that are secret, as well as sins that are open, and will defame him. And before this trial a false heart cannot stand, for he

always indulges some lust. There is an iniquity which he cannot be separated from.

Fourthly, the sincere soul hates sin with an irreconcilable hatred. There was a time when sin and his soul fell out, but there never will be a time of reconciliation between them again. That breach which effectual conviction once made, can never be made up any more. "They will return no more to folly" (Psa. lxxxv. 8). And indeed it seems to them that have suffered so much for sin, that have endured so many fears and sorrows for it, the greatest folly in the world to return to sin again. No; they admire the mercy of their escape from sin to their dying day, and never look back upon their former state but with shame and grief.

Ask a convert, "Would you be back again where once you were? Would you be among your old companions again? Would you be fulfilling the lusts of the flesh again?" and he will tell you that he would not run the hazard to abide one day or one night in that condition again, to gain all the kingdoms of the world next morning.

Fifthly, the sincere soul hates sin with a superlative hatred. He hates it more than any other evil in the world besides. Penal evils are not pleasant in themselves, but yet, if he must endure them or sin, then sufferings he chooses—"Choosing rather to suffer affliction . . . than enjoy the pleasures of sin" (Heb. xi. 25)—the worst of sufferings rather than the best of sin.

Sixthly, to conclude. So deep is the hatred that upright ones bear to sin, that nothing pleases them more than the thoughts of a full deliverance from it do—"I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. viii. 34). What doth he so heartily thank God for? Oh, for a prospect of his final deliverance from sin, never to be entangled, defiled, or troubled with it any more! And this is one thing that sweetens death to the saints as anything in the world can do, except Christ's victory over it, and lying in the grave for us. To think of a grave is not pleasant in itself, but to think of a parting-time with sin, that is sweet and pleasant indeed.—*Flavel*.

TRUTH is the seal that leaves the print of its own holiness upon us. It is both a glass to show us our blemishes, and a laver to wash them away.

CHRIST has the same love in His heart now as He had when He was nailed to the cross. He has not changed His heart. Though He has changed His state and changed His place, yet His heart is still the same.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR FRIEND,—Yours to hand. I was truly glad to hear that the Lord had spoken by me to you and others. I am much tried at times on this point, and your testimony is encouraging in this dark and cloudy day, when the power of God is greatly withheld, both from speakers and hearers. It is a rare thing to hear of one being blessed in any marked way. Surely there must be a cause. Oh, that the great Head of the Church would pour upon His people "the spirit of grace and supplication," and grant us a Pentecostal blessing! This is what is needed at the present time.

I have been much exercised of late about the spring of my profession, &c. Does Christ live in me by the Spirit? If so, my religion is of a right nature, and will take me to heaven; but if it stands only in the power of the flesh, it is worthless. "Examine yourselves whether ye be *in* the faith; prove your own selves." Has the truth brought Jesus Christ into my heart, made Him precious, caused me to love and serve Him, and desire to glorify Him in body and spirit? If so, this is real godliness. "Christ *in* you the hope of glory." This is the good old way the prophets went to glory. All fleshly holiness, righteousness, and goodness, without Christ, is nothing better than hypocrisy, having a specious show on the surface, but rotten within.

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

Remember me to all friends, and may grace, mercy, and peace be with you. I remain, yours in the truth,
Hitchin, October 17th, 1878. WILLIAM BRAY.

RITUALISTIC TACTICS.

A LADY engaged as governess in a girls' orphanage, who has closely watched the effect of High Church teaching, writes:—

The practice of the confessional is an abominable farce, and worse. Four of our girls and two young servants, all under eighteen years of age, are communicants, and *have* to go to confession every month before "receiving." They do confess little things that no one thinks much about, but sins that they are really ashamed of they say nothing about to their confessor. One girl was kept away from Communion because she, at evening prayers, laid before God the real needs of her own heart, instead of using the book provided for the purpose. Another was asked questions that could only be suggestive of wrong-doing.

Penance is imposed sometimes, and it often takes the form of having to read certain Psalms, thus making a punishment of what should be a delight. Girls and young servants come from homes where they have been under evangelical influence, and are as soon as possible put under preparation for confirmation; and after that, all unknown to their friends or relatives, they are sent to confession.

They are taught to consider every one outside the High Church party as heretics. One child has not been allowed to see brother and sister, because they belonged to the Church Army. Practical Christian charity outside their own party seems a thing unknown.

The highest attainment in spiritual life (?) is seclusion, and the only people to whom a holy life is possible are "sisters," &c., who spend the greater part of their time in meditation.

Of course, confession is alluded to in a guarded way. Never once have I heard it mentioned openly in church; it is instilled privately.

Some time ago, there was a whole course of sermons preached to prove that "evening," or even "un-fasting," communion was a *sin*.

After the prayer of consecration, the "priest" bows his head to the ground three times before the bread and wine, infringing the injunctions of the Prayer-Book. They *do* rejoice in conscious pardon and peace, but through what? Christ's offering on Calvary? *No*, but through Christ's body and blood [so-called] offered on their altar by their "priest"!

What is the difference between these High Churchmen and the Church of Rome? I fail to see any, except the invocation of saints, and even that is done in some sisterhoods. Sympathy with the High Church seems very like sympathy shown by a lamb towards a wolf which is waiting to devour it. It is not a question of "prejudices," but of vital "principles," which the heroes and martyrs of the Reformation thought worth dying for, and which the High Church party are avowedly doing their utmost to throw over. They, as well as we, are looking for another Reformation struggle, and they say they are going to "knock us over like a stack of stubble," because we have "no one at our back"; but we know we have the "Captain of the Lord's host."

The effect of this teaching on children's minds must be obvious. The Lord has enabled me to counteract much of it in individuals, yet it is but a drop in the sea.

[We know such places as homes for invalids are used for the above purposes, and we would warn any of our readers, parents, or young people against resorting to them for help.—ED.]



"AND WENT ALONE INTO THE WOOD TO PRAY." (See page 226.)

THE WONDERFUL PROMISE.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you."—JOHN xvi. 23.

THIS is a wonderful promise for times of trouble. We can none of us get through the world without trouble, and it is a great blessing to know of something that will be sure to help and comfort us when troubles come upon us. I know of nothing that will do this better than this wonderful promise, if we only make a right use of it.

Some years ago, there was a great preacher in Germany whose name was Paul Gerhardt. He loved to preach about Jesus—to show the people what a great Saviour He is—and unless they repented, and believed in Him, and lived according to His laws, they could not be saved. But the ruler of that part of the country—he was called the Elector of Brandenburg—did not like that kind of preaching, and he sent word to the minister that he must either quit preaching in that way, or go out of the country. Paul Gerhardt sent back this message—"that it would be very hard for him to leave his country and friends, and go with his family among strangers, where they would have nothing to live on; but, as for preaching anything else than what the Bible taught him, he would rather die than do that." So he had to go into banishment with his wife and little children.

At the end of their first day's journey, they came into a wood, and rested for the night at a little inn they found there. The little children were crying from hunger, and clinging to their mother, but she had no food to give them, and no money to buy any with. She had tried to keep up all day, but now she began to cry too. This made Paul Gerhardt have a very heavy heart. He left his family, and went alone into the wood to pray. It was a time of great trouble to him, and there was no one to whom he could go for help but to God. While he was alone in the wood praying, this text of Scripture came into his mind. It seemed to him as if an angel had come and whispered it to him—"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass" (Psa. xxxvii. 5). This gave him great comfort. "Yes," he said to himself, "though I am banished from my home and friends, and do not know where to take my wife and children for a shelter, yet God, *my* God, sees me in this dark wood. He knows all about us. Now is the time to trust in Him. He will show me this. He will 'bring it to pass.'"

He was so happy in thinking on this text, and so thankful to God for bringing it into his mind, that he walked up and down, under the trees, and made some verses on it, which were afterwards written down and printed. Each verse begins with two or

three words of the text, so that when you have read through the hymn, you get the whole text. Perhaps you would like to hear the verses before we finish the story. Here they are—

“*Commit thy way,*” O weeper—
The cares that fret thy soul—
To thine almighty Keeper;
He makes the world to roll.

“*Unto the Lord,*” who guideth
The wind, and cloud, and sea;
Oh, doubt not He provideth
A footpath, too, for thee.

“*Trust also,*” for 'tis useless
To murmur and forebode;
The almighty arm is doubtless
Full strong to bear thy load.

“*In Him*” hide all thy sorrow,
And bid thy fears “good night”;
H'll make a glorious morrow
To crown thy head with light.

“*And He shall bring it*” near thee,
The good thou long hast sought;
Though now it seems to fly thee,
Thou shalt ere long be brought

“*To pass*” from grief to gladness—
From night to clearest day;
Then doubts, and fears, and sadness
Shall all have passed away.

When he had finished making these verses, he went into the house. He told his wife about the sweet text that had come into his mind, and repeated to her the verses he had made upon it. She soon dried up her tears, and began to be as cheerful and trustful as her husband. The children were in bed and asleep. The husband and wife knelt down together, and prayed, and resolved to “commit their way unto the Lord,” and leave it for Him to “bring it to pass” as He saw fit. Then, after writing down his sweet verses, they went to bed.

Before they had fallen asleep, a great noise was heard at the door of the inn. It seemed as though some important person was knocking there. When the landlord opened the door, a man on horseback was standing before it. He said, in a loud voice—

“I am a messenger. I come from Duke Christian of Merseburg, and I am trying to find a minister named Paul Gerhardt, who has just been banished from Brandenburg. Do you know whether he has passed this way?”

"Paul Gerhardt?" said the landlord; "why, yes. He is in this house, but he has just gone to bed. I cannot disturb him now."

"But you must," said the messenger. "I have a very important letter for him from the Duke. Let me see him."

The landlord went upstairs, and told Mr. Gerhardt, who came down to see what all this could be about.

The messenger handed him a large sealed letter; and, to his great joy, he read in it that the good Duke Christian had heard of the intended banishment of himself and family, and had written to him, saying, "Come into my country, Paul Gerhardt, and you shall have a church, and people, and a house and home, and plenty to live on, and liberty to preach the Gospel just as much as you please."

Then the minister went up and told his wife, and they praised God for this love; and the next morning, they started off with glad hearts and cheerful feet to their new home. How I should like to have heard Paul Gerhardt preach a sermon on this wonderful promise—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you."—*Newton*.

OF PRAYER.

BEFORE you enter into prayer, ask thy soul these questions—First, to what end, O my soul, art thou retired into this place? Art thou not come to discourse with the Lord in prayer? Is He present? Will He hear thee? Is He merciful? Will He help thee? Is thy business slight? Is it not concerning the welfare of thy soul? What words wilt thou use to move Him to compassion?

To make the preparation complete, consider that thou art but dust and ashes, and He the great God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that "clothes Himself with light as with a garment"—that thou art a vile sinner; He a holy God—that thou art but a poor, crawling worm; He the omnipotent Creator.

In all thy prayers, forget not to thank the Lord for all His mercies. When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words, than thy words without a heart. Prayer will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer. The spirit of prayer is more precious than treasures of gold and silver. Pray often; for prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge for Satan.—*Bunyan*.

MEDITATION has a transforming power in it. The hearing of the Word may affect us, but the meditating of it doth transform us.—*Watson*.

PHILADELPHIA BEESLEE, OF CRANBROOK.

I HAVE had it long on my mind to pen down a few particulars of the above, it having been my privilege to have had a life-long acquaintance with her, and I trust the account may be acceptable and profitable to some, if you think fit to publish it. Most of the particulars were penned down by myself during my visits to her, but many things are lost from my mind that were worth recording.

Philadelphia Parrett was born at Heathfield, in the county of Sussex, on the 8th of January, 1790. Her father was foreman in a brickyard, and attended at the parish church, and while she was young removed to Horsmonden, Kent. Her mother was inclined for many years to attend a chapel, and used to walk to Cranbrook to hear Mr. Huntington and Mr. Brooks, when they preached there. There is some hope that she was a partaker of grace. Once in particular, the late Mr. Holden, of Cranleigh, expressed that he had a hope about her, after some close conversation. She lived to a great age, and died in her ninety-fifth year.

The subject of this memoir left her home to go into service at the age of seventeen. She went first to live with a Mr. Lavender, of Goudhurst, who was a man that feared God, and attended at Providence Chapel, Cranbrook. When she went there first, she preferred attending the church, but while living there she read so many books, such as Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," Huntington's Works, and others, that she used to say, "The minister at the church does not seem to know anything these good people speak about in their books," which led her to stay at home, but she did not like for weeks to speak to any one about it. At last she asked her mistress if she would allow her to go to chapel with them, to which she replied, "Oh, yes, if you like." Mrs. Beeslee said :—

"I used to ride with them sometimes, and sometimes I walked there with a young woman named Bet Bannister. After a time I left there, and took a situation with a Mr. Bourne, a chemist in Cranbrook, with whom I lived four years, and attended the chapel. I had a feeling that I must live with people who loved the truth.

"I remember a circumstance that occurred while living at Goudhurst. Old Master Jones, a godly man, visited my master, and when he left I saw him shake hands, but he took no notice of me, which caused me to go upstairs and weep bitterly, for he was the first I felt a love towards for the truth's sake. I feared I was a castaway. About this time I had those words come to me, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou

hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit' (John iii. 8). I never forgot it, but I cannot say much about it.

"While I lived at Mr. Bourne's, old Master Diprose died, and I went to see him, and he said to me, 'Can you give up all for these things?' He was so happy in his soul. I replied that I thought I could. He then said to me, 'Be sure you never bring a slur upon the cause.' He repeated, just before he died—

"Oh, how the thought that I should know
The Man that suffered here below, &c.

"While there, Mr. Beeman came in to see him, to whom he said, 'I did not think there was to be enjoyed what I now feel.' Mr. Beeman said, 'I came to try and comfort you, but you have comforted me.' He died about three hours afterwards.

"When I saw Mr. Beeman and other godly men, how my heart and affection went after them! While Master Diprose was working at Angley, a fellow-workman so persecuted him for his religion, but all at once this man's speech was taken from him, and he went about the town a sad spectacle. About this time, I remember hearing Mr. Huntington, but nothing particular to take effect on me.

"After this, I left my situation, and went to live with Mr. Harman, of Hockridge Mill. He was a good and faithful man. I had such a love to the Lord's people and His preached Word. They were my delight.

"In the year 1814, the second Sunday Mr. Beeman preached, I felt in the afternoon as if the eye of Justice was upon me; and as I was going down the White Well Lane, on the high path, I felt as if an eye was looking upon me, and showed me where all the world was by nature, and myself too. I stood still and wept. I could not move, it so struck me. I said to myself, 'Such a gulf between the righteous and the wicked—such a narrow way.' I said to myself, again and again, 'If I am lost, I must be lost; but I must be lost in seeking.' I said, 'I have loved the Lord's people and the services of His house.' I did not know any one was near, but a man in the road below called out, 'What do you weep for, young woman?' I was confused, and walked on. I used to go to bed with this great weight upon me. I could get no relief. Directly I awoke in the morning, it all returned.

"I went on like this for a few weeks, and then I spoke to my master, who was a godly man. He said, 'You seem to be in the Slough of Despond. Whether you will get out on the side next your own house, I do not know,' which remark greatly cut me. I did so fear it, yet I felt I must keep seeking. But I lived to

prove the wounds of my friend were better than the kisses of an enemy.

"I went on in about the same state for some time, till one day I was in the back kitchen, and I said to myself, 'If I am lost, I am lost. I can do no more. I have no strength. My strength is all gone,' when those words came with such power—'Look unto Me whom you have pierced,' and then followed, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' It did come so sweetly. I went into another room, and sat down in a chair, and exclaimed, 'Why me? Why me?'" I did weep. It was like being brought from the sentence of death to everlasting life. I told my master, who said, 'Now, Philly, I could live and die with you.'

"On the next Sunday, I went to chapel. It was a day never to be forgotten. Mr. Beeman spoke from the eighth chapter of Romans, and that hymn of Hart's was given out—

"The soldiers pierced His side, 'tis true,
But we have pierced Him through and through.

"On the Monday after that, the eighth of Romans was greatly blessed to me—even more than on the Sunday; and all through my life it seems to have been more to me than any other portion of the Word."

I have given particulars to this point almost verbatim, as taken down from her lips. She lived in the situation last named and others till she was married to a small farmer, named William Beeslee, and went to reside at Staplehurst, Kent. After her husband's decease she carried on the farm, till her advancing age compelled her to relinquish it. She continued to attend Mr. Beeman's ministry, to which she was much attached, till his death, in 1838, about which time she became acquainted with Mr. Henry Birch (who officiated at the chapel for a time after Mr. Beeman's death), whose testimony so commended itself to her that she felt constrained to follow Mr. Birch when he established a cause at the "Dane House," where she became, and continued, a Church member.

I cannot give many further particulars that would be interesting to the reader, till I come to her last days; but I can testify that she was one kept alive in the things of God, and was one who loved a discriminating and truthful ministry. It was frequently remarked that you could not be in her company many minutes but she would introduce spiritual things, in which she delighted. She, like all the rest of the fallen race, had her failings and besetting sins, but, through grace, was enabled to walk consistently.

There is one circumstance which I well remember. I called

upon her on the Easter Sunday after she had attained her ninetyeth year. She at once said to me, "I have had such a blessing this afternoon. I went to my cupboard to get something, and those lines came with such power—

"Jesus whispers this sweet sentence—
'Son, thy sins are all forgiven'";

and a portion of the Word I do not now remember, which she said, "made me weep"; and added, "I exclaimed, 'Abba, Father!' and, after I had said it, I felt no guilt, for, though the Lord has blessed me from time to time, I had never before felt I could use those words." During the four remaining years of her life, she seemed firmly established in her interest in divine things.

I now come to her closing days. After she had attained her ninety-fourth year, besides being blind, she became very feeble, and it was evident her end was near. She was much favoured. I frequently visited her, and at different times, while sitting by her bed-side, pencilled down her utterances, some of which I will now give exactly as she spoke them.

"Saw Mrs. Beeslee this evening; found her very weak, but comfortable in her mind. She said, 'When I see Him as He is, I will praise Him as I ought. I will! I will! Oh, the goodness and the mercy of my God!' She gave many directions of a temporal nature, and said, 'When the doctor came to-day, I was obliged to tell him how happy I was.'"

A few days after, I found her weaker, but in a stayed, comfortable state, and Mrs. Beeslee earnestly said, "'Father, if it can be Thy will, let this cup pass from me. Not my will, but Thine be done.' What a mercy He drank it up! Oh, what everlasting love—from everlasting to everlasting; and I feel it, too. 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'" Asked if the fear of death was taken away, she replied, "All taken away."

Some days later, I found her very low indeed in body. She could only at intervals say anything. Said a few things about her weakness and pain at times, then said, "What a mercy the same Spirit that quickened Jesus Christ from the dead at the resurrection, quickened me from the dead! Oh, what a mercy!" And after a little time, repeated part of the hymn—

"Mercy is welcome news indeed
To those who guilty stand."

I said—

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

"None, none," she replied, and then repeated part of "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." "Oh, that love—from everlasting to

everlasting ! I cannot bear much. I am so weak I can scarcely breathe." She gave a kind message to my wife. I repeated the following lines—

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His."

She said, "I know I have been brought there lately." After that I left her.

At another time, while I was sitting by her side, she appeared to be dozing. After a little time, I heard her say, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." I spoke to her, when she recognized me, and said, "I thought I was almost departed. I seemed to have no power, and those words came, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,' and it revived me." She did not say more for a few moments, then said, "I have felt the power of the enemy, but the blessed Saviour conquered death, and overcame the devil. Conquered ! conquered ! conquered ! 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'

"Oh, the thought that I should know
The Man that suffered here below !

"What a mercy to be in the shadow of death, and fear no evil ! 'O grave, where is thy victory ?' Rejoice, rejoice ! 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' The Rock is all my stay, the Rock Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God.

"Thy sweet communion charms my soul,
And gives true peace and joy.

"Oh, the blood of Christ—dear dying Lamb of God—hanging on the cross 'with strength enough, and none to spare,'" and repeated—

"Lamb of God, we fall before Thee,
Humbly trusting in Thy cross ;
That alone be all our glory ;
All things else are dung and dross.

"Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only Source of all that's good ;
Every grace and every favour
Come to us through Jesus' blood."

"These are dear in Jesus' eyes." Here she seemed confused, and remained quiet for a time, then said, "He has brought me through many fears, and enabled me to say 'He has loved me.' O death, thou hast lost thy sting ! 'O grave, where is thy victory ?' Oh, death is overcome, overcome ! To be one of the fore-known children, loved from everlasting ! 'Light shineth in darkness, and darkness comprehended it not.' Victory, victory, victory, over sin and death !

“ Oh, what is honour, wealth, and mirth
To this well-grounded hope ?

“ ‘ I am,’ saith Christ, ‘ the Way.’ Evermore to call Him mine in glory ; for evermore in glory to shine with all them that love Him.” Here she appeared to feel faint, and I left her.

From this time she gradually sank, though she lingered on for some weeks. She was kept in a calm and peaceful state of mind to the last. A few days before her death, an old friend called to see her, as she was leaving the neighbourhood for a few weeks. At parting she said, “ I cannot expect that you will see me again. If it is the Lord’s will, may you have what I feel I possess, to meet death with.”

On the tenth day of June, 1884, about two o’clock in the afternoon, she entered her eternal rest, in the ninety-fifth year of her age, and was buried in Cranbrook churchyard, by her express wish, very near to her loved Pastor, Mr. Henry Birch, “ till this mortal shall have put on immortality.”

“ Blessed are they, and only they,
Who in the Lord, the Saviour, die ;
Their bodies wait redemption’s day,
And sleep in peace, where’er they lie.”

March, 1889.

JONATHAN WILMSHURST.

THE CHRISTIAN’S INHERITANCE.

IN this world of earth and sense, a title to some great estate gives honour and respect, and often procures a most commanding influence among our fellow-creatures. But what are all the riches or possessions of this world in comparison with the riches of grace—the possessions which faith opens to the prospect of the true believer ? Here the child of God has no inheritance ; but how glorious that to which he is entitled by the promises of the Gospel ! None other than the fulness of Christ Jesus. By faith he views the immensity of his possession, suited to the nature, equal to the wants, and commensurate with the duration of the immortal soul. Ye rich and noble, who, great and self-sufficient in your extended possessions, boast of secure titles and a long succession, what is that long succession but itself a proof of the uncertain tenure by which your possessions have been held, and by which they are now held by you ?

Believer, though poor in this world, thou hast an inheritance above. It is nothing less than the infinite fulness of thy Redeemer Himself. Death shall only realize the title, and place thee in the full and eternal possession.—*Goode.*

PERPLEXITY.

PERPLEXING is my path; I fear
 I've lost my way;
 Darkness and gloom surround me here,
 Day after day.

Whether my road is wrong or right,
 I cannot see;
 My Leader gone—without a light—
 Ah! woe is me!

What step to take I know not now;
 For help I cry;
 Before Thy gracious throne I bow,
 My God, Most High.

Oh, take me by the hand, my Lord!
 Be near to me;
 Direct me by Thy faithful Word;
 My Leader be.

Now draw me by Thy special love
 Hard after Thee,
 And raise my trembling heart above
 Perplexity.

Be Thou my God, my gracious Guide,
 Although unseen;
 Be ever, ever at my side,
 With nought between.

Art Thou not leading even now,
 Whilst I distrust?
 Oh, let me humbly, meekly bow
 Low in the dust!

I'm blind, and cannot see the road,
 For it is night;
 But tribulation is the goad*
 Which keeps me right.

The darkness leads me to depend
 On Thee for light;
 My ignorance do Thou befriend,
 And give me sight.

I trust in Thee, though unbelief
 And fears assail;
 Increase my faith, subdue my grief,
 Let grace prevail.

Leicester.

E. C.

* The goad is used in Oriental countries to keep the stubborn ox in the right furrow.

OLD MR. HOLD-THE-WORLD.

AMONG the many beauties of Bunyan, the episode of Mr. By-ends and his three friends, Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love, and Mr. Save-all, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," will ever rank as one of the greatest.

In the first edition of the book, the meeting of Christian with Mr. Worldly-wiseman, and the incident relating to By-ends and his fellows, had no place. The first appears to us now almost a matter of necessity, to describe how a sinner, alarmed about his soul, oppressed with a heavy burden of guilt, and plunged into dependency, but still struggling forward, will turn aside to seek ease by his own doings, and try to satisfy the law of God and obtain peace by works.

But the second addition, where By-ends and his companions are introduced, seems more of the nature of an ornament, fitted on, as it is, with inimitable skill. Here are to be found some profound and searching truths touching the difference between worldliness and godliness, professors and possessors, between the living and the dead. May not a man, to gain some worldly advantage, turn religious and yet be honest? If he be a preacher, may he not alter his principles to suit some of his people who object to the truth? May he not turn hypocrite, to gain more custom to his shop, if he is in business, and may he not have the pleasures of the world, and follow its ways, and yet be bound for Mount Zion? These four gentlemen came to the unanimous conclusion that it can be done. And now, having satisfied themselves on the point, and thinking no one could gainsay their conclusion, they agree to propound the matter to Christian and his fellow, and bid them to answer if they could. But it is not to be left to Mr. By-ends this time—the open hypocrite, who looks one way and goes the other—but old Mr. Hold-the-world is to put the question, as being the eldest, and perhaps the most experienced in such matters.

Assuming the reader to be well acquainted with the passage,* it is needless to quote from it further, but look more into the old gentleman's character touching religious matters, both in the past and the present.

We are sometimes left to wonder whether Bunyan, in describing the characters of so many that met the Pilgrims in their journey, is treating them as professors merely, or whether they

* We hope our young readers, especially, will rather acquaint themselves with the "Pilgrim's Progress" than with the trashy and misleading literature of the day; and some of our older readers might, no doubt, take useful lessons therefrom.—ED.

are inward conflicts and inclinations which he himself had experienced in his own case. But in the case of Mr. Hold-the-world, it is probable that he had in his mind the many professors of religion that have, in all ages of the world, endeavoured to make their profession and the world go hand-in-hand.

As a passing remark, we may say that none of the Lord's true children need any admonition to leave the world, however old the custom with professors, and however congenial to the flesh, for when the fear of God is implanted in the heart, they will surely come out of the world.

It is indeed a suitable term to use to call him "old," for, compared to By-ends, Money-love, or Save-all, he is a most ancient character. He was a great man with Cain, Ishmael, and Esau, each of whom had some knowledge of God according to the flesh, but in heart they clave to the world, and followed the teachings of Satan. In the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness, the offerings of Korah, and the sacrifices of Abiram, may be traced to the same spirit, and so all through the Old Testament, proving that the world and the people of God are separated by a clear, deep gulf, and however much it may be in the minds of professors of religion to mix them up together, it can never be done. In the days of the Lord Jesus and His Apostles, there were still the same classes—the followers of Christ, and the followers of the world—as distinct as the wheat and the chaff, or the goats and the sheep.

The sacred writings are clear upon the matter, and there can be no excuse for neglecting their plain testimony; but many, not having the root of the matter in them, are led, by the subtlety of Satan and their own fleshly inclinations, to call worldly matters by new names, and the world, though denounced and rejected in profession, is embraced and loved in reality. The words of the Lord Jesus Christ, in John xvii. 16, are discriminating, as to a difference in His people and the followers of the world—"These are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." And the testimony of John, James, and Paul is equally plain. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 John ii. 15). "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (James i. 27). "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you" (2 Cor. vi. 17).

Many other passages, and indeed the whole of the New Testament, may be cited to prove there is to be a difference between the children of God and the children of the world. But many, forgetful that there are but two classes upon the earth, are vainly trying to reconcile their worldly minds with the Word of God,

and while of the worldly spirit of Cain and his followers, are boasting of the faith of Abel, and speaking of the one sacrifice which he offered.

“What is the world,” says one, “and how are we to judge whether our pleasures are worldly and unlawful, or whether they are harmless and innocent?” It is plain, when such questions are asked, that old Mr. Hold-the-world is still with us in this generation, and with all his sophistry too, to beguile and entrap the unwary. As there may be some who are assailed by him daily, with his enticing charms, and causing them to stumble in the day-time, it may not be out of season to offer a word or two upon the matter, as presented to us in our daily life and experience.

Taking up the question about the lawful mixing with worldly pleasures, and not wishing to be too severe, the first thing that suggests itself to the mind is, Can you enjoy yourselves in the pursuit of pleasures that are pleasing to this present evil world? If there be a real work of grace wrought in the heart, and a desire for communion with God in secret, the world loses its charms for such an one; and with this holy jealousy, as to the company they meet, and the conversation they enjoy, there is set up in the heart such a power, and such an aversion to worldly vanities, that instead of its being a denial not to mingle in the so-called pleasures that the worldling enjoys, it is a sweet privilege to remain away; and if business matters claim the presence of the body with worldly men, and in worldly places, yet there is a feeling of relief when the Christian can escape, and there is no desire to linger over the necessary time even for a moment. “Remember Lot’s wife” is indeed a solemn matter for the professor, who finds the path too straight and narrow, and is looking wishfully back to the lusts of Sodom, and the sins and vanities of a bewitching world. Far more sweetly the poet Cowper expresses the desire of the true believer in the lines—

“Far from the world, O Lord, I flee;
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.”

And when this desire is felt, and the soul finds enjoyment in secret communion with God, the assaults of old Mr. Hold-the-world have no enticing effect upon the mind. Many of the Lord’s true disciples often feel unworthy to be called by His name, but could not possibly go back and live a worldly life.

A preacher once said, “For the living child there is no way back. Even the backslider, who has tasted the love of God in truth, is one who has not turned aside or turned back, but,

as the word implies, has found his feet slide from under him, and his face is still towards the Lord, even as Peter, when he cursed and swore that he never knew the Man, yet even then glanced towards the Lord, and could by no means join hands with the world."

Some may take comfort in this matter by comparing their pursuits with those of others, and, like the hypocrites they really are, ready to condemn many things but their own immediate and special failings. Thus some take credit that they are not worldly, because they do not frequent the openly profane amusements of the wicked, as the prize-fight, the race-course, or the gin-shop; but when it is a concert, the theatre, or the ball-room, they can freely indulge in the matter, and would feel offended if they were termed worldly or vain; and yet, as touching the mere matter of worldliness or godliness, there is, in their case, but little to choose between. Society and morality distinguish between them as widely different, but the Scriptures are found to class them all under the persuasion of Cain and his followers.

Much of the wisdom of old Mr. Hold-the-world is displayed in making all these amusements consistent with a profession of religion. "I believe my daughter is on the Rock," said a mother to the writer of these lines—and truly this is a blessed place to be found upon—but mark the expression that quickly followed. "I wish she could sing at one of these concerts, as she has a fine voice; and are not voices given by God to be used, and are not the concerts for a good purpose? Many poor people find benefit from them in the winter, as coals are distributed with the money realized, and thus good is done by simply using the gift of a good voice." And so the concert takes place. The mixture of comic, sentimental, and sacred matters is produced, and the matter pronounced as a great success—no one the worse for it, no one hurt, many amused, some benefited with warmth and other help, and only a few, a very few, that find any harm, or see anything objectionable in the matter. But these few are those that fear God, and who have the testimony of Scripture on their side—that could not go into such company any easier than they could go and sit down in a fire, from an inward feeling that it would be as death to their soul, robbing them of all real peace.

It is truly a bad sign when young members of Christian Churches are blaming the elders for being too narrow in their walk, and too careful of their company, by contending for a distinction between the family of God and the world in the amusements of the day. Truly a young man who can ask what harm there is in the different games which the world calls harmless, and feels the desire to join in them, whatever professions he may

make of religion by his words, by his actions, and walk, and inclinations, betrays an acquaintance with old Mr. Hold-the-world that speaks of death in the soul. And yet we find many who have been scarcely a year in Church fellowship assailing those who contend for vital godliness, and blaming even their minister for narrowness of thought and practice.

One poor young man abstains from the regular prayer-meeting with the vague remark that he would rather go to another meeting, where light songs and trifling matters are introduced, and try and "win some young soul for Christ." Thus we really find some now in our very midst who vainly imagine that Christ is in the world, and is of the world, and that, by joining in worldly matters and meetings, they are doing those things which are pleasing in His sight as means for extending His kingdom. But the Word says, "Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God" (James iv. 4).

Some carry their taste for worldly matters still farther than mere harmless meetings or games, and come out boldly as the comrades of sportsmen and lovers of the chase. A short time ago, the writer passed a large company of horsemen and ladies, numbering, all told, about two hundred, pursuing a harmless stag, which for over six hours was pursued by the brutal crowd of men, women, horses, and dogs; and to make it the more disgraceful, the company had been entertained at breakfast by a gentleman prominent among religious bodies, one who fills a prominent place at an old-established cause of truth, and, if not the superintendent of the Sabbath School, takes a leading place and part in it. Can such people sing the hymn—

" Let worldly minds the world pursue ;
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free " ?

It is much to be feared that such are the servants of the world, "the enemies of God," and closely acquainted with our friend in the "Pilgrim's Progress," old Mr. Hold-the-world. How different the feelings in the heart of a man of God who saw a poor stag toiling along in front of hounds and horses, and wept in sympathy with one of the dumb creatures of God's creation! How different the sentiment in the lines of one of our poets—

" Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

But some will say, "It cannot be so with true Christians," and we will say the same. But the few instances recorded here—and

they are few indeed compared with our daily experience—are all drawn from those places and people professing to know and love the truth, and who sit under it from Sabbath to Sabbath. There is nothing here touching the errors and dogmas of Rome, nothing of the superstition and folly of the Ritualists, nothing pertaining to Arminian bodies, but relating exclusively to Calvinistic Protestants,* whose cleaving to the world and its practices has called forth these few feeble remarks, and from one who can vouch for the truth of each incident recorded, and who has been an eye-witness, and heard with his own ears, the things herein recorded.

As a closing remark, and as a staunch Calvinistic Dissenter, I ask, Would it not be well, while contending against the errors of the Romanist, the Ritualist, and the Rationalist, to seek at the same time to cleanse our own causes of truth from some of the vanities and customs indulged in by carnal professors; and thus, by keeping our own doorstep cleaned, and purging out the old leaven, show at least that we, like true pilgrims to Mount Zion, have no affinity with that enemy to God and religion, and of our own souls, old Mr. Hold-the-world?

J. D.

[We have read these latter lines with mingled feelings of grief and shame, and believe many of our godly readers will do the same. Perhaps some may blame us for inserting them, but godly honesty compels us to do so, that the world may know that its friends are not reckoned among ours, however strong their profession of Calvinism may be. Such characters are an awful incubus, and a dead weight upon the Church of Christ in her efforts against error, and for the spread of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Oh, that the saints of God may ever separate themselves from all such, whatever be their station, name, or profession!—ED.]

RIGHTEOUSNESS, holiness, perseverance, victory over sin, death, and hell, and life eternal—all these are the blessings freely held forth to poor sinners in Christ.

THE greatest honour you can do Christ this side of the grave is, to trust more to His love, and go daily to Him that you may trust Him more still, and commit every concern of yours into His loving hands and tender care.

* This truly is a grievous and serious charge, which we would not insert, but with the hope that God may bring it home to the consciences of the guilty parties, and that the world may know that we reprobate their unholy conduct.—ED.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

MISTAKES ABOUT PRAYER.

"I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity, he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."—LUKE xi. 8.

MY text is the conclusion of a familiar parable used by Christ, whereby He instructs His disciples touching the doctrine and use of prayer. The occasion offered to Christ to fall upon this subject, is intimated in the first verse of this chapter. One of the disciples said unto Him, "Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples." Whether it was one of the twelve apostles, or one of the seventy disciples, that propounded the question, is not easy to determine, nor is it material to know. Hereupon Christ gives them a platform or directions for prayer, to direct them about the matter; and, withal, gives them a parable to inform concerning the manner of praying. For the matter of it, you have it in these words—"When ye pray, say, Our Father," &c. Not as though it were a command from Jesus Christ that always, when we pray, we should use that form of speech which is here set down. Jesus Christ, indeed, intended it for a platform or a pattern to direct us in the making of our prayers, for there is nothing we stand in need of, and go to God for, but it is to be found in these words; but He never intended to tie up His people to this form, and that I will prove by four reasons.

First, because, though Luke here saith, "When ye pray, say, Our Father," &c., yet Matthew varies in his expression, and saith, "When ye pray, say after this manner" (Matt. vi. 9), to teach us that we are to stick to the matter contained in this prayer; but we are not confined, every time we pray, to use the same expressions. By Luke we learn that the using of this form of words is lawful; by Matthew, that it is not necessary.

A second reason is this—because, in the recital of the Lord's prayer, by Matthew and Luke, there is much difference; and though the difference be not material, yet it is verbal, which is enough to prove what I intend, to wit, that we are not bound to the words. In the third petition, it is thus in Matthew—"Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." In Luke, it is thus—"Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth." In the fourth petition, it is said in Matthew, "Give us this day our daily bread." In Luke, it is said, "Give us day by day our daily bread." In the fifth petition, it is said in Matthew, "And forgive us our debts." In Luke, it is said, "For we forgive every one

that is indebted to us." Lastly, it is said in Matthew, "For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever. Amen." But these words are wholly left out in Luke, which variance teacheth us this much—that we must not recede from the matter or purport of the words, yet we are not to be superstitious and solicitous about the expressions, as Chemnitus observes.

Thirdly, another reason to prove that we are not limited to that form is this—because Jesus Christ Himself, and all His apostles, did never use this form in all their prayers. And if there had been a necessity that we should have used it, Christ would (as He might easily) have left a command behind Him in the Word, and also He would have practised it Himself, that it might have been our example.

This reason Chemnitus gives—"There are many prayers in David's Psalms, many in the Prophets, many in the Acts of the Apostles, many in the Epistles of Paul, which are different in expression from this form, and yet doubtless received acceptance from God."

Fourthly, another argument is this—because it is the work and office of the Spirit of God, not only to help the people of God in the manner how, but also in the matter what, to pray—to put even words into our mouths. "We know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit helps our infirmities" (Rom. viii. 26). And upon these grounds it appears that we are not bound to use that form of words. Ministers do sometimes use this form of prayer to justify the lawfulness of it, and sometimes they do not use it lest people should dote too much on set forms. And so much for the matter of prayer.

I come now to the manner, and that is expressed in this parable, which parable is laid down in the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth verses—"And He said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves: for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him? And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee. I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth"; which parable consists of two parts—first, a prayer; secondly, an answer to it.

In the prayer here are four parts.

First, the relation of the person praying, to him to whom he prays, is, his friend. "Which of you shall have a friend?" &c. (ver. 4). Whence observe, God must be a Friend to us, before any of our prayers can be accepted.

Secondly, the time of his address. "At midnight" (ver. 5), in time of greatest need, of extremest necessity. "With my soul have I desired Thee in the night" (Isa. xxvi. 9), from whence observe that the chiefest time for God's people to be earnest in prayer to God is, a time of trouble.

Thirdly, the matter of his request—"Lend me three loaves"—by which some interpreters understand the Three Persons in the Trinity, or the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Some refer them to the three cardinal graces, faith, hope, and charity; but these are vain interpretations. It is observable that, in parables, some things are used for ornament only, not for the sense. The intent and design of it is this—that we are to order our prayers according to our present necessities.

Fourthly, there is the occasion of this request. "A friend of mine is come, and I have nothing," &c. (ver. 6). The answer returned to this request is double.

First, by way of negation. "Trouble me not," &c. (ver. 7). Observe, that God's people may have denials to their prayers. The reason of this denial is, "The door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed." There are some times when God's own people may pray to Him, yet He shuts His ears to their prayers. God will, as it were, hide Himself from the prayers of His own people, that they shall not come at Him. Not only the doors are shut, but his children are in bed with him. These children here spoken of are the creatures of God, from whence observe that there may be times when God may take away all His creature comforts from His own people, that they shall not any ways be helpful to them.

Secondly, by way of concession; and that is in the words of the text—"I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needs"—in which words you have, first, the relation of him that prays, to him to whom he prays—a friend.

Observe, there must be a state of friendship between God and a sinner, before his prayers can be heard.*

Secondly, the condition upon which the prayer was heard, and that is set down two ways. First, negatively; he will hear him, not because he is his friend. Secondly, positively; he will hear him, because of his importunity.

Observe, first, that merely a state of friendship and reconciliation with God is not a sufficient ground for us to believe that our prayers shall be heard and accepted by God. Observe,

* There was in the case of the publican, although he did not know it until he received the answer to his prayer.—Ed.

secondly, there must be a holy importunity, even in God's own friends, in their prayers, to which they expect a gracious return.

Secondly, here is the amplification of the concession. There is more given in the concession than was desired in the supplication. He desired but three loaves, and because of his holy importunity, he did rise and give him as many as he needed, whence observe that, where there is a holy importunity in our prayers, God doth, in His returns to that soul, give more than was desired.

The first part of the text was the relation of the prayer to him to whom he makes his prayer. The observation is this—a man must be brought into a state of friendship or reconciliation with God before any prayer he makes can be accepted.

I will prove this doctrine by three reasons, and then apply it. The reasons are three.

God accepteth not the person for the prayer's sake, but the prayer for the person's sake. We read, "God had respect to Abel, and to his offering" (Gen. iv. 4)—first to Abel, then to his sacrifice. God did accept of his service, because his person was in a state of favour with God. God is first pleased with the worker, before He can accept the work. This is also laid down in Hebrews xi. 5—"By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death"; for before his translation he had this testimony, that "he pleased God."

Now, without faith in Christ to justify thy person, thou canst not please God. Here lies the great difference between the Papists and us. The Papists say that works justify the person; we say, the persons justify the work; for, make the tree good, and the fruit must needs be good.

Secondly, because, till we be brought into that state of reconciliation, we have no share in the intercession, satisfaction, and righteousness of Jesus Christ; and till we have a share in them, our prayers cannot be accepted. Jacob could not receive the blessing from his father but in the garments of his elder brother, nor can we receive anything from the hands of God but in the robes of Christ. No prayer can be accepted by God but in and through the intercession of Jesus Christ. If Christ be not an Intercessor in heaven, no prayer will be heard on earth. In Revelation viii. 3, it is written, "There was an angel that came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne." The word in Greek is to this purpose—that he should add it to the prayers of saints; as if the prayer of Christ and the believer were all one. In Isaiah lvi. 5, 7, God promiseth, "I will bring My people to My holy mountain, and

make them joyful in My house of prayer," &c. In the Hebrew it is thus—"I will make them joyful in the house of My prayer." Our prayers are but as so many cyphers, that signify nothing, till the intercession of Christ is added to them; without that, they cannot be accepted.

Thirdly, because, until we are in a state of friendship and reconciliation, we have not the assistance of God's Spirit to help us; and if we have not the assistance of the Spirit, we shall never find acceptance with Him.* All requests that are not dictated by the Spirit are but the breathings of the flesh, which God regards not. Now, unless we are reconciled to God, we cannot have the Spirit. "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father" (Gal. iv. 6), so that, unless you be sons, you cannot have the Spirit.

And so much for the reasons. I come now to the application.

If this be so, that a man must be in a state of friendship before his prayers can be accepted, hence learn that all that ever thou doest before that estate is odious to God—not only thy sinful actions, but even thy civil, thy national, yea, thy religious actions. Not that they are so in themselves, or in regard to God, but in regard to the doer of it—"Let his prayer become sin" (Psa. cix. 7). Thou makest a prayer against sin. God will turn thy prayers into sin.† Many prayers cannot turn one sin into a grace; but one sin wilfully and resolutely continued in, can turn all thy prayers into sin. "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord; how much more when he bringeth it with a wicked mind?" (Prov. xxi. 27.)

A diseased body turns that food into corrupt humours which a healthy body doth into sound nourishment.

Prayer is an ordinance of great excellency—of great efficacy—but if it be in a dead man's mouth—if it come out of the heart of one that is "dead in trespasses and sins"—it loseth all its virtue. Water that is pure in the fountain, is corrupted in the channel.

Secondly, this doctrine overthrows one main pillar of the Romish religion—justification by works. If God accepts the person before He accepts the work, how can any person be justified by works? Unless thy person be justified—unless thou art reconciled—thy works are wicked works; and can wicked

* The soul that hungers and thirsts after righteousness is born of the Spirit, even though it may not realize that it is in friendship with God.—Ed.

† Or, God will reckon them as sin, because they arise from sinful motives, even though they may be made against some sins.—Ed.

works justify? Good works make not a man good, but a good man makes a good work; and shall a work that a man made good return again and make the man good? If we had no other reason against justification by works (saith M. Perkins) but this, it were sufficient.

Thirdly, let this teach you, not only to look to the fitness and disposedness of your hearts in prayer, but also to make inquiry what thou art that prayest. It is our duty—and it is very good to look to the qualification of the heart in prayer—to look to the qualification of the duty; but the main work is, to look after the qualification of the person, and to see whether thou art in a state of favour and reconciliation with God, for, if the person be not in favour with God, you may be confident the petitions will not be heard nor accepted, but God looks upon it as the corrupt breathings of thy sinful and corrupt heart. You are to look, therefore, in the performance of a duty, whether you can go to God in prayer as a Father. There are many that look after the qualification of their duty; but few look after the qualification of the person, to see if they be justified or not—whether God be their Friend or not. But we should mainly look to this, for, let the heart of a man be ever so well disposed—let us suppose it, for, indeed, no unreconciled man can be well disposed, to speak properly—yet, if thy person be not justified, thy prayers cannot be accepted. God cares not for the rhetoric of prayers, how eloquent they are; nor for the arithmetic of prayers, how many they are; nor for the logic of them, how rational and methodical they are; nor for the music of them, what a harmony and melody of words thou hast; but He looks to the divinity of prayers, which is from the qualification of a person, from a justified person, and in a sanctified manner. It is good to inquire, “Is my heart right? Is my mind composed? Are my affections raised, kindled in prayer?” But chiefly inquire, “Is my person accepted of God?”

Fourthly, let me give a caution here. Take heed you do not mistake this doctrine. Let no man think that, because God accepts no prayer except the person be justified, therefore, wicked men are excused from prayer; for, though God doth not accept of every man's prayer, yet every man in the world ought to pray, for—

First, they must pray as creatures that stand in need of their Creator. The ravens cry, and God giveth them meat.

Secondly, the Lord blames wicked men for not praying to Him. “Pour out Thy fury upon the heathen that know Thee not, and upon the families that call not on Thy name” (Jer. x. 25). “There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God” (Rom. iii. 11).

Thirdly, they are commanded to pray. Peter said to Simon

Magus, "Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity" (Acts viii. 22, 23).

CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

GOOD THOUGHTS IN COMMON ENGAGEMENTS.

DRAW spiritual inferences from occasional objects. David did but earnestly consider the heavens, and he breaks out in self-abasement and humble admiration of God (Psa. viii. 3, 4). Glean matter of instruction to yourselves, and praise to your Maker, from everything you see around you. This was Adam's task when in paradise. Dwell not on any created object only as a *virtuoso*, to gratify your rational curiosity; but, as a Christian, call religion to the feast, and make a spiritual improvement. No creature can meet our eyes but affords us lessons worthy of our thought, besides the general notices of the power and wisdom of the Creator. Thus may the sheep read us a lecture of patience; the dove of innocence; the ant and bee raise blushes in us for our sluggishness; the stupid ox and dull ass correct and shame our ungrateful ignorance (Isa. i. 3).

And since our Saviour did set forth His own excellency in a sensible dress, the consideration of those metaphors, by an acute fancy, would garnish out divine truths more deliciously, and conduct us into a more inward knowledge of the mysteries of the Gospel. He whose eyes are open cannot want an instructor, unless he wants a heart.

Thus may a tradesman spiritualize the matter he works upon, and make his commodities serve for wholesome meditations to his mind, and at once enrich both his soul and his coffers; yea, and in part restore the creatures to the happiness of answering a great end of their creation, which man deprived them of when he subjected them to vanity.

Such a view of spiritual truths, in sensible pictures, would clear our knowledge, purify our fancies, animate our affections, encourage our graces, disgrace our vices, and both argue and shame us into duty, and thus take away all the cause of our wild wandering thoughts at once. And a frequent exercise of this method would beget and support a habit of thinking well, and weaken, if not expel, a habit of thinking ill.—*Charnock*.

COMPLAIN of your weakness, but do not let your weakness make you forbear leaning on Jesus. If you do, you will fail.

THE LITTLE PRAYER HEARD AND ANSWERED.

JESUS, both by example and precept, taught His disciples to pray—"always to pray, and not to faint"—for this reason—that His Father and theirs observed all that was, and is, uttered before Him "in secret," that is, when they are alone, and when led to ask for those things they needed, "in accordance with His will," "for," said He, "thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." And nothing, perhaps, humbles us more in a gracious way, and strengthens little faith more, than to know and feel at times that He does take notice of us, and that

"Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee 'Nay.'"

I knew a man who seemed to be doing a good business, with which he supported his wife and a family of small children, of which there were four. But bad times came, and they were sold out, and lost all. Then they took a little place, and tried to sell a few vegetables. This, with some work the husband got, helped for a while ; but soon the husband was discharged, and was out of work for many months, so that things became so bad that it came to my knowledge (the wife told a friend in confidence) that they had but three-pennyworth of pieces of meat all the week for the family, yet this poor woman would not run into debt for what she could not pay for. She said, "I will not run into debt," though she could, if she had liked to do so.

Ah ! my friends, this family would often come before my mind, and their case greatly helped me, for, although I was sorely tried myself, through adversity and depression of trade, yet, when I compared my own circumstances with their severe trials, it made me feel more content and submissive with my own.

Well, now and then one of the children was sent to my shop for little articles. He was the youngest—a dear little fellow of about five years old—with curly hair, and by him sometimes I sent something in the eatable line to help them, for I did not like to offer the parents the things I gave the child, because I knew them when they were better off, and did not like to wound their feelings.

But one day, about the 20th of December, 1888, they came again before my mind. Husband still no work ; things as trying as ever ; and I could not help keep thinking about them, and wishing I had the power to do them some real good. But the thought came that, if some great thing could not be done, could not some little thing ? There were the children. No hope at present for a

plum pudding or good plum cake for them, like other children in better circumstances are looking forward to; so I filled a bag with different things for them, weighing about six or seven pounds. But, when ready, as I did not like to send it, the thought came, "How shall they get it?" Then another thought seemed suggested, like this—"These people are in distress certainly, but is it right for you to help them, knowing how tried you are yourself?" This seemed so to damp me that I was almost ready to undo the parcel again, and give it up, being so perplexed; and, as I stood pondering it over at the counter, it all at once came to my mind that God was the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. But then I thought, "This seems too little to ask Him about. Besides, how many things I have seemed to pray about, and no notice as yet seems to be taken of me or my petitions, in respect to many of them; yet I will try. 'Who can tell?'" and, being alone, standing at the counter, I said, "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest all things—my own affairs as well as this poor family's. If Thou hast approved of my helping them now and then, and of getting this parcel ready for them, do let that little one of the four children come and fetch it. Grant me this favour, if it be Thy will, though I am unworthy of the least notice or mercy." Directly I had uttered it, the thought darted into my mind that the prayer was not a bit of good, as all the children went to school, and now it was quite half-past two o'clock. It seemed very stupid of me not to have thought of this before, and so convinced I felt of this, that I put the parcel aside, and for some ten minutes or quarter of an hour leaned over the counter, looking out in the street, when who should I see coming in but my little curly-headed friend I had just before prayed about, and asked the Lord to send for the parcel!

Ah! my friends, what I felt no gold nor silver could buy; and I think I see him now, going home with his burden clasped to his breast; and many times when these things, and the answer to my prayer, come to mind, it fills my eyes with tears, and melts and softens my heart. Truly the Lord blessed me *in the deed*, and, however some may ascribe the little one's coming in at that time to mere chance, I truly feel that there was nothing in it of chance to me, for it being the answer of God to my soul, He makes me to prize that circumstance as a proof of His having all hearts and people at His command, and thus putting it into my mind what to ask Him, constraining the mother to send the child, and turning the little one's feet just to the spot where I was waiting for him, and all this though I was so unbelieving. How good it is that the people of God should ever love to trace all true answers to prayer up to Himself who is "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

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

And He graciously withholds those things we ask amiss for ; and anything taken from us by Him who cannot err, He will give His children, sooner or later, to discover that it was not good for them to keep, but in love was taken from them by their Heavenly Father, who is infinite both in wisdom and power.

May, 1889.

HOPEFUL.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR BROTHER in Him whose Spirit holds you to this day, and will not let you go,—Many thanks for your experimental letter, and kind remembrance of me. I am sorry to hear you are so poorly, but the clay in the potter's hand has to undergo many rough processes before it assumes its proper size and shape, “as seemeth good to the potter to make it” (Jer. xviii. 4). Sometimes the clay is sick, lame, and seems but poor stuff—abhorred and thought nothing of by men—as dear old Berridge wrote—

“If sick, or lame, or poor,
 Or by the world abhorred ;
 Whatever cross lies at our door,
 It cometh from the Lord.”

I hope, if the Lord will, you may soon be restored again. The Psalmist was like you and I—sometimes looking around and wondering where friend, lover, and acquaintance were. He said they were far from him, but he saw the hand of God in all this ; and then we find, in the very next verse (Psa. lxxxix.), his mind and thoughts were turned another way, namely, “looking unto Jesus,” and he exclaims, “I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever.” You and I hope for no better employ than this, either here or hereafter. To see Him as He is, and be like Him, will cause us indeed to “sing of His mercies for ever.” Here there are times to mourn, but even these mourners God pronounces blessed, and declares that “they shall be comforted.”

One has said, “It is the glory of the all-sufficient Jehovah to employ the necessities of His people for the display of His infinite resources.” In that sense it is sweetly true—

“Thy fulness needs my wants ;
 Thy wealth, my poverty ;
 Thy healing skill my sickness needs ;
 Thy joy, my misery.

“Thy strength my weakness needs;
 Thy grace, my worthlessness;
 Thy greatness needs a worm like me
 To cherish and to bless.

“It was Thy need of me
 That brought Thee from above;
 It is my need of Thee, O Lord,
 That draws me to Thy love.”

The God of Jacob and of Israel bless and comfort the heart of my dear friend, make all his bed in his sickness, give you to feel His hand is with you, like as it was with Jabez, and that it is strong enough to supply all your needs, to protect you from enemies, able to reach and comfort E. C——, of whom the Lord hath sworn, “Thou shalt not be forgotten of Me.”

Affectionately in the Beloved,

Brighton, June 7th, 1888.

D. FISK.

MEETNESS FOR HEAVEN.

No man has any warrant to expect that he shall ever behold the glory of Christ by sight in heaven, who does not in some measure behold it by faith in this world. Grace is a preparation for glory, and faith for sight. The soul that is not previously seasoned with spiritual illumination and faith in the Son of God, is not capable of glory, or seeing Him as He is. All men, indeed, think themselves fit enough for heaven. What should hinder? Men in general will say, and that confidently, living and dying, that they desire to be with Christ, and behold His glory; but, in fact, they know not what it is. They can give no reason why they should desire any such thing. Men will not be clothed with glory whether they will or not. Heaven would be no place of happiness to men that die in their sins, were it possible for them to be admitted there. Music has no charms to those that cannot hear, nor the most beautiful colours to those that cannot see. Take a fish from the bottom of the ocean, where all is cold and dark, and place it under the cheering beams of the sun—it will derive no benefit from them; it is not its element. Heaven itself would not be more advantageous to persons unrenewed in the spirit of their minds while in this world. Hence we find the Apostle giving thanks unto the Father, “who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.”—*Owen*.

TRUTH is the most glorious thing. The least fling of this gold is precious.



"ONE OF THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES."

ROBERT GLOVER, OF MANOR HOUSE, MANCETTER, WARWICKSHIRE.

THE ancient Manor House, at Mancetter, in Warwickshire, now partly modernized, is the same building which stood in the reign of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, when it was inhabited by the family of the Glovers. It was purchased about A.D. 1550, by John Glover, of Baxterby, who then removed to Mancetter, and, at his death, in 1558, left the estate to his nephew Hugh, the eldest son of Robert Glover.

The original structure of this house resembled that of the usual large buildings of the period when it was erected, and within a century ago it exhibited the massive framework, with the timbers painted black, contrasting with the white plaster, of which occasional specimens are still to be seen. But the most interesting feature of Mancetter Manor House is, that it recalls to our recollection the devoted Robert Glover, one of the cloud of witnesses who, in the reign of Mary, sealed their testimony to the truth with their blood. The particulars of his history connect themselves with this ancient structure, and are thus related in the

“History of the British Reformation,” published by the Religious Tract Society.

On the 20th of September, 1555, Robert Glover was burned at Coventry. He was of a respectable family, at Mancetter, in that neighbourhood; and, with his brothers, suffered much from the persecutions of the Romanists.

John Glover, the eldest brother, had for many years been much troubled and cast down in spirit, fearing that he should perish everlastingly. This painful apprehension was overruled for good, and tended to create within him a strong hatred and abhorrence of sin; and, as Fox observes, “God would not heap too many sorrows upon one feeble soul, nor commit him to the flames of fire who had been already baked and scorched with the sharp fires of inward affliction, and had sustained so many burning darts and conflicts of Satan so many years.” His profession of the Gospel, even under these painful feelings of doubt and fear, attracted the notice of the Romish prelate of that diocese, and orders were sent to the mayor of Coventry to apprehend him. The mayor gave John Glover private intimation, just in time to enable him to quit the house before the officers arrived. Disappointed of their prey, the bishop’s officer obliged the sheriff to seize his brother Robert, then sick in bed, and grievously troubled in mind, although they had no authority to do so.

Robert Glover afterwards wrote to his wife, giving a full account of his sufferings and examinations, which plainly showed, that what others count to be loss, he found to be gain. “Christ,” says he, “likened the kingdom of God to a precious pearl, which, whosoever findeth, selleth all that he hath to buy it. Yes, whosoever hath but a little taste or glimmering, how precious a treasure the kingdom of heaven is, will gladly forego both life and goods for the obtaining of it. But the most part now-a-days be like Æsop’s cock, which, when he had found a precious stone, wished rather to have found a barley-corn. So ignorant are they how precious a jewel the Word of God is, that they choose rather the things of this world, which, being compared to it, be less in value than a barley-corn.” How applicable is this remark to our own times!

His examinations before the Romish bishop of the diocese were in the usual form. This prelate said that he was his bishop, and therefore Glover must believe him. “If you will be believed, because you are a bishop,” said Glover, “why find you fault with the people who believed Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, and others that were bishops?” He was sent to Lichfield, and there put in a close prison, next to the dungeon. He thus describes it—“Narrow of room, strong of building, and very cold, with small light, a bundle of straw instead of a bed, without chair, form, or any other

thing." There he remained till he was condemned by the bishop, who had declared, that at the end of his visitation of his diocese, he would "weed out all such wolves."

Such was the treatment of a gentleman of respectability, taken from a sick bed without warrant or accusation. Contrast it with the treatment now experienced even by atrocious felons. The chancellor of the diocese urged the superiority of the Church to the Word of God, because the latter was made known by the former. This is a favourite argument with Romanists. Glover at once said, "There is no good reason, for it is like unto this—John showed the people who was Christ, therefore John was above Christ."

Robert Glover remained in prison eight days, till the bishop's arrival, "in which time," he says, "I gave myself continually to prayer, and meditation of the merciful promises of God made unto all, without exception of person, that call upon the name of His dear Son Jesus Christ. I found in myself daily amendment of health of body, increase of peace in conscience, and many consolations from God by the help of His Holy Spirit; and sometimes, as it were, a taste and glimmering of the life to come, all for His only Son Jesus Christ's sake; to Him be all praise for ever and ever. The enemy ceased not to assault me, often objecting to my conscience my own unworthiness through the greatness of the benefit, to be counted among the number of them that suffer for Christ, for His Gospel's sake. Against him I replied with the Word of God, on this sort—'What were all those whom God hath chosen from the beginning to be His witnesses? Were they not men, even as Paul and Barnabas declared (Acts xiv. 15), subject to wickedness, sin, and imperfections as other men be? They were no bringers of goodness to God, but altogether receivers; they chose not God first, but He chose them; they loved not God first, but He loved them first. Yea, He both loved and chose them when they were His enemies, full of sin and corruption, and void of all goodness. He is, and will be still, the same God, as rich in mercy, as mighty, as able, as ready, as willing to forgive sins, without respect of persons, to the world's end, of all them that call upon Him. God is near, He is at hand, He is with all, I say, and refuseth none, excepteth none that faithfully, in true repentance, call upon Him in what hour, what place, or what time soever it be.' It is not arrogancy nor presumption in any man to burden God, as it were, with His promise, and to claim and challenge His aid, help, and assistance in all our perils, dangers, and distress, calling upon Him, not in the confidence of our own godliness, but in the trust of His promises made in Christ, in whom, and by whom, and for whose sake, whosoever boldly approacheth to the mercy seat of the Father is sure to receive

whatsoever is expedient or necessary, either for body or soul, in more ample, wise, and large manner than he can well wish or dare desire. His Word cannot lie. 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee, and thou shalt praise Me.' I answered the enemy also in this manner—'I am a sinner, and therefore unworthy to be a witness of this truth.' But what then? Must I deny His Word, because I am unworthy to profess it? What would this be but to add sin to sin? What is greater sin than to deny the truth of Christ's Gospel? As Christ Himself beareth witness—'He that is ashamed of Me, or of My words, of him I will also be ashamed before My Father, and all His angels.' I might, by like reason, forbear to do any of God's commandments, because I am not worthy to do them. These are the delusions of the devil, and Satan's suggestions, which must be overcome by continuance of prayer, and with the Word of God, applied according to the measure of every man's gift against all assaults of the devil."

The reader will peruse these extracts with much pleasure, as a record of the patience and faith of this saint. The conclusion of his history demands our attention. Shortly before his martyrdom, he felt his doubts and apprehensions return. He mentioned the deadness of his soul, and his want of spiritual comfort (notwithstanding his earnest prayers night and day), to Augustine Bernher, who was very zealous in visiting the sufferers for Christ, whenever he could find opportunity. Bernher earnestly prayed him to wait the Lord's pleasure, and not to doubt but that God would visit him in His own good time, and satisfy him with abundance of consolation. Bernher not only expressed himself thus confidently upon the subject, but desired his friend to make some sign, whereby he might know when this support was vouchsafed.

Glover continued in doubt and gloom, but was still enabled to hold fast his purpose. He had continued all night in prayer, and was even come in sight of the stake, yet his mind was still weighed down with a burden, almost too heavy to be borne. But, though cast down, he was not forsaken.

The evening of a dark and stormy day is sometimes illumined by the bright beams of the parting sun; and thus the Sun of Righteousness shone upon the last moments of this blessed martyr, "with healing in His wings." On a sudden he was powerfully filled with God's holy comfort, a foretaste of heavenly joys. Clapping his hands together, and turning to his friend, who stood among the crowd, he exclaimed, "Austen, He is come! He is come!" and that with joy and alacrity, rather as one who had been delivered from the fear of dying, than as one about to suffer the bitter pains of a cruel death.

Two handsome tablets to the memory of the two martyrs, Robert Glover, of Mancetter, and of Mrs. Lewis, of the same place, were some years ago, placed in Mancetter church, with appropriate inscriptions, at the expense of some of the respectable inhabitants of that neighbourhood, who, having their attention called to these departed worthies, united in erecting a memorial at once of the sufferings of these martyrs, and of their own sense of the value of the principles of truth, for which "they counted not their lives dear unto them."

BELONG TO CHRIST.

BELONG to Christ—oh, blessed thought!
It is with heavenly comfort fraught—

Redeemed from death and hell:
An heir of glory and of grace,
Possessed of everlasting peace,
With Jesus Christ to dwell.

The Father gave me to the Son,
And my rebellious heart was won;
I gladly Him obey:
He gently drew me by His grace
Into the paths of righteousness;
He turned my night to day.

He gave His precious life for me,
He died upon the cursed tree,
My guilty soul to save;
And thus He did for sin atone,
And now He claims me for His own,
And I no other serve.

The Spirit showed me all my sin,
And then He led me unto Him
Who took it all away:
I now am His, and He is mine;
His grace doth now my heart incline
To love, to watch, and pray.

He is my Saviour and my Lord;
My faith is resting on His Word;
I listen to His voice;
My soul would now and ever sit
Adoring at His blessed feet—
This is my happy choice.

ROBERT MORGAN.

YOUR affections should soar like an eagle, when your lips cannot move faster than a snail.

OLD EVERTON AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS
AND VISITORS.

How few of God's chosen remnant are honoured to wear an earthly crown or coronet, though there is in reserve for all His loved ones a "crown of glory that fadeth not away." One here and another there, in the various pages of life's history, stand out conspicuous as having the double honour. Yet not one of these but would willingly and joyfully disdain all honour but that which comes from God only, would cast their crown at the Saviour's feet and "Crown Him Lord of all." When great and titled ones pay their visits, or hold their courts, what a stir it causes, and what large numbers often assemble to be present.

Old Everton could outshine very many of them as regards numbers, for he was honoured with a visit by one who wore a coronet. I am carried in spirit to the spot, and my heart says, "Oh, that I had been among that godly company;" but rather let me say, "Oh, to be favoured one day to join them where they are now assembled, where congregations meet and unite, to disperse no more. Hold out faith and patience a little longer, and then the welcome home."

Old Everton and Mr. Hicks, of Wrestlingworth, were causing a great stir by their preaching. An eye-witness describes the church as crowded with persons from all the country round; the windows being filled within and without, and even the outside of the pulpit to the very top, so that Mr. Berridge seemed almost stifled. Yet feeble and weakly as he is, he was continually strengthened, and his voice for the most part distinguishable to all.

Lady Huntingdon requested Mr. W. Romaine and Mr. Madan to repair immediately to Everton, and examine minutely into the circumstances. They were warmly received by Mr. Berridge. At first they were astonished, and for a time doubted whether the work was genuine; but after they had conversed with several, and had accompanied Mr. Berridge and Mr. Hicks in some of their itinerant excursions and witnessed the effect of their preaching, they were filled with a solemn awe, and felt fully convinced the work was of God.

On July 13th, they accompanied Mr. Berridge and Mr. Hicks to Tadlow, in Cambridgeshire. Great numbers, feeling the arrows of conviction, fell to the ground, crying for mercy; and fervent prayer was heard in all directions, with like results, at Harston, Stapleford, Grantchester, &c.; and the following Sunday, at Everton, about two hundred, chiefly men, cried aloud for mercy.

Filled with astonishment at what God had wrought, and at the mighty work which He was carrying on in the hearts of multi-

tudes, Mr. Romaine and Mr. Madan returned to London, and having informed Lady Huntingdon, she desired to go and witness for herself. She had intimated her intention to Mr. Berridge some days before her departure from London, and on the morning after her arrival, at an early hour, an amazing concourse of people had been collected from all parts at seven o'clock.

Mr. Berridge preached in a field near the church, when the power of God fell upon the assembled multitude in a very uncommon manner. At eleven, Mr. Venn expounded in the church from the words, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." In the afternoon, the church being unable to contain a fifth of the people, Mr. Madan stood in the open air, and preached to the listening multitude from "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." Mr. Madan spoke from "Ye must be born again." The congregation was immense in the afternoon; Mr. Venn spoke from "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Great numbers who were unable to gain admittance, remained about the church after the services were concluded. Mr. Berridge addressed them from the words of the prophet, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found," as follows: "Seek the Lord. We seek only for what is lost, and by sin we lost the favour and image of God, and all acquaintance with Him. Then seek to be received into His favour, to be restored unto His image, and admitted into communion with Him; for this purpose, call upon Him earnestly and perseveringly. To induce you to this, remember, 'Now is the accepted time'; now He may be found; now in His Word is He calling. But if you would seek so as to find, observe the Lord's further direction. Your way must be changed. 'Let the wicked forsake his way,' else your seeking is in vain. Your heart also must be changed. When the heart is changed, we learn to think meanly of ourselves and highly of God and His service, accounting it perfect freedom. We learn to watch against evil thoughts, and labour to have the thoughts move daily and freely towards God. View yourself created by His power, maintained by His bounty, redeemed by His grace, and therefore bound by the strongest ties to worship, love, and serve Him, and to glorify Him with body and soul."

The arrival of Lady Huntingdon at Everton, and the preaching of the ministers, was quickly reported for many miles round, and awakened considerable attention, insomuch that on the following day it was judged ten thousand at least assembled to hear, while Mr. Venn spoke from the words of the prophet, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." In the evening, a still larger number collected, and being calm and still,

all heard distinctly while Mr. Berridge preached from "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." Several cried with a loud and bitter cry, "What must we do to be saved?" After he had finished his sermon, they concluded by singing—

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on;
And let the world adoring see
Triumph of mercy wrought by Thee.

"No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

"Let Zion's time of favour come,
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold."

1769.—Mr. Cradock Glascott has arrived, a very acceptable person to myself and to my flock. Not a dozing face, with a hoarse, doctrinal throat, but a right, sharp countenance, with a clear Gospel pipe. He is going about Everton this week. In six weeks' time he will be able to visit, not all, but most of my churches. I hope you can spare him so long, at least. I want the fountain of Christ every day, His intercession every moment, and would not give a groat for the broadest fig-leaves, or the brightest human rags to cover me. A robe I must have of one whole piece, broad as the law, spotless as the light, and richer than an angel ever wore—the robe of Jesus.

1771.—Mr. Coetlogon, a faithful brother, has paid me a visit, and intends to call upon Mr. Newton on his return. (This gave Mr. Newton an opportunity of going to Everton.)

I expect Mr. Newton, of Olney, to-day, and a covey of the Venns from Jelling Rectory, if they can bear to ride in a baker's cart.

Every subject proves barren but Jesus, and my poor feeble heart drops when I think or talk of anything but Him. Oh, that I could get near unto Him, and live believingly upon Him, looking up to His eye for direction, leaning on His arm for support, fed with the milk of His Word, quickened by the breath of His Spirit, and clothed with the robe of righteousness. I would walk, and talk, and sit, and eat, and lie down with Him; I would have my heart doting always upon Him, and find itself ever present with Him. The work is Thine. Lord, help me. I cannot come to Thee, but Thou canst come to me. A welcome lodging Thou hast provided in my heart; why standest my Lord without?

Come in, come in, Thou Heavenly Guest, and bide with me day and night for ever.

There is something very amiable in dear Pentycross. He came to my house about three weeks ago, and brought two pockets full of doubts and scruples relating to the Articles and Liturgy. I would fain have had the scruples left at Everton, but he took them all back with him to college, and seemed determined not to part with them. I believe the Lord loves him, and designs him for great things. Perhaps he may be intended for a spiritual comet—a field preacher; this seems to be his great aim and ambition. When he left me, he talked of going to the Welsh college. May the Lord direct him.

“God be merciful to me a sinner.” I am now sinking from a poor something into a vile nothing, and wish to be nothing, that Christ may be all. I am creeping down the ladder from self-complaisance into self-abhorrence, and the more I do abhor myself the more I must hate sin, which is the cause of that abhorrence. A legal heart may strive against sin through fear of hell, or strive against sin to glorify himself as laying a foundation for merit; but a Gospel-broken heart strives against sin through a loathing of it as the filthiness of his spirit, the image of the devil, and a contradiction to God’s holiness. From experience I know there may be grace where there is no fixed abhorrence, but it must be grace in the bud. God says, He will dwell with a broken heart, and a heart cannot be broken where there is a sense of merit—it is only broken down by a dread of sin. First, we are made to dread past sin on account of its guilt, and as grace thriveth, we are taught to loathe ourselves on account of our sinful nature; as the heart is more washed, we grow more sensible of its remaining corruption. Crowded and attentive congregations are reviving sights, yet perhaps this is rather an age of much hearing than much praying. The old spirit of devotion is not kindling and breathing among us; religious controversy has hurt the work much; religious gossiping hurts it still more; and deep-mouthed Calvinism loves sitting and hearing much better than kneeling and praying. All decays begin in the closet. No heart thrives without much secret converse with God, and nothing will make amends for the want of it. I can read God’s Word or hear a sermon at times, and feel no life; but I never rise from secret prayer without some quickening. Even when I set about it with heaviness and reluctance, the Lord is pleased in mercy to meet me in it, and I find more sweet communion in secret than in social or congregational prayer.

1785.—I preached lately at Grantchester. One of the M.A.’s from Cambridge, who had been a zealous Socinian, came to me, after preaching, and embracing me, with tears, thanked me for

the sermons I preached last summer at Wistow and Harston, and for the private discourse before and after sermon. From what I saw and heard of him, I hope he is coming home to Jesus.

My church is usually full in afternoons, and the people are awake and attentive; but the congregation is almost a new one. Many old sheep are housed in the upper fold, and many who live at a distance are dropped into neighbouring meetings, and only pay occasional visits to Everton. I shall meet them by-and-by, and a blessed meeting it will be when sheep and shepherds will give to Jesus all the glory of it. All ministers should preach about Jesus. I find Him growing very precious to my soul, and wrapped more closely round my heart. My daily prayer is to grow up into Him, and lose myself in Him, and find Him my All in all. Perhaps I may be called up soon to see Him whom my heart loves, and to throw myself at His feet. No master like Jesus. Every endearment meets in this Master—the Father, the Brother, the Husband, and Friend. Every office centres in Him, the Prophet, the Priest, and King of His people. He has abundant charms to captivate a heart when the eye is opened to behold Him. "Blessed are your eyes, for they see," Jesus saith to His disciples; and may we not join in thanking God for this blessedness bestowed on us also? The Lord open our eyes more clearly, and keep them open till we behold this precious Jesus face to face. You are indebted to Jesus for giving you a sight of Himself, and drawing your heart after Him. This is the dawn of eternal blessedness. A view of the Lord of Glory is glory springing up in the soul, and as the view groweth clearer and more abiding, the glory increaseth till at length it is consummated by an eternal weight of glory.

What a prospect is here opened to the believer! And what a claim of eternal praise from him who was born a child of wrath, and an heir of hell, but, through grace, has been snatched like a brand from the burning, adopted into the family above, and made a child and an heir of God Most High.

John Warner says, "I would now run miles to hear that which was good; but I was in a sad, distressed state for five years. At last I had an opportunity of hearing Mr. Berridge, of Everton, who was then very old, and died shortly afterwards. There was a great crowd, and I stood at the church door. Soon I saw the old gentleman stretch out his hand and pull himself up into the pulpit. Oh, how I stood ready to receive and devour his words! 'Brethren,' he said, 'no scholarship is required to take you to heaven. Jesus Christ wants broken hearts, true beggars.' My heart was ready to leap out of my body for joy. I cannot describe my joy. It was a true heaven on earth. After-

wards I was told I might go into his house and refresh myself, where there were many besides; and, oh, how sweet I found it to converse with them on the love of Jesus, and the experience of His blessing in the heart!"

As dear old Everton got nearer his end, he thus expresses himself:—

"What a mercy to have a never-failing Jesus, when all things else are failing. Oh, my God, I thank Thee for the precious gift of Thy beloved Son, and for sweetly joining my heart unto Him. When I get a glimpse of Jesus—and we have only glimpses here—He seems so precious, so desirable, so all-over glorious, I wonder that my thoughts can be employed on any other subject; but mists come on to cloud the spiritual hemisphere, and Christ is hid behind His cloud. Yet faith can trust an unseen God, and rear its head when sense and reason fail. Oh, for much of this heaven-born faith to cheer us on while running the race, and hold up the heart when it is ending. Everton suits me best, where I can be alone with the Word of God for my companion, and leisure evenings for musing and prayer. Never am I well but when *at home with Jesus*. A precious Christ and His precious Word are everything to me. My chief converse is with Him. He is instead of all company."

Though dear old Everton had a large and warm heart, and wished always to manifest that rich, rare grace of love, according to his own expressive prayer for

"A heart which prays for great and small,
And dearly loves Thy children all,
Yet thinks itself the least,"

nevertheless, he could not countenance error or a vain show in the flesh, and found it necessary at times to expose some of his visitors to his friends, as the following will prove, and it would be strange indeed if among his numerous visitors, some were not unwelcome.

On being requested by Lady Huntingdon to supply one of her chapels, he thus replies, "As to myself, I am now determined not to quit my charge again in a hurry. Never do I leave my bees, though for a short space only, but at my return I find them either casting and colting, or fighting and robbing each other, not gathering honey from every flower in God's garden, but filling the air with their buzzings, and darting out the venom of their little hearts in their fiery stings. Nay, so inflamed they often are—and a mighty little thing disturbs them—that three months' tinkling afterwards with a warming pan will scarce hive them at last, and make them settle to work again. They are now in a mighty ferment, occasioned by the sounding brass of a Welsh

dyer, who has done me the same kind office at Everton that he has done my friend at Tottenham. 'Tis a pity he should have the charge of anything but wasps; these he might allure into the treacle-pot, and step in before them himself, but he will never fill a hive with honey."

On another occasion he says, "At my return to Everton, I found my congregation cast into a spiritual lunacy, easily mistaken for spiritual liveliness, and such Gospel junketing introduced as made Methodism exceeding palatable to a carnal taste, and this occasioned by the sermons and conduct of Mr. Jonathan Coughlan, a Newfoundland divine. Such a light-spirited, vain-glorious, and Canterbury Tales man never stepped into my pulpit before; and if Mr. Foster's account of him be true, which I do not doubt, a pillory would suit him better than a pulpit. He claims some acquaintance with you, and talks of the books you have sent him, and therefore I send this short history of him to prevent any further deception in him. I could let a carnal cheat pass me by, and be thankful that I passed him safely, but would tear a sheep's coat from any wolf's back that I met, and pursue a Gospel cheat with hue-and-cry."

One more troublesome visitor must suffice.

"I am now at Everton, and free from London visitors; yet not alone, as I wish, for a troublesome guest has followed me down from London, and abides in my house, and teases me daily. It is an impertinent acquaintance of yours, whom I long to shake off, but cannot tell how. He has got footing in my house, and neither soft words nor hard ones will drive him away. When awake he is continually complaining or yawning, and if crossed, or put out of his way, he will hector and bully, and declares he will murder me. Dear sir, what must I do with him? He vows he will be used like a gentleman, because one of his ancestors, it seems, was a nobleman. Yet I find the name of his father was Sin, and his godfather's name is Satan, and the man's name is Esau—as sorry a rascal as ever was born with the look and temper of Cain. He minds neither law nor justice, and threatens, if he can, to stab me in the wilderness, or drown me in Jordan. He tells me, also, that he has many brethren, and one of his name is acquainted with you, and heartily hates your preaching."

"On Wednesday morning a Dissenting minister called at my house. He was to preach that night at a village thirty miles from Everton. As I was abroad he left a note as follows:—'I want ten pounds to discharge a few debts, and wish for a friend to lend me that sum.' Had I seen Mr. Wildbore I would have given him a guinea, but could not lend him ten pounds. I have many demands upon me and am often in the deep myself. Had I Mr. Thornton's purse and heart I would not

lend Mr. Wildbore a groat, but send him ten pounds immediately, and thus refresh my own bowels by relieving his wants. If a ten-pound bill lies skulking in some corner of your poor bag, I do wish and pray you would drag him out and send him to Oundle. It would occasion many thanksgivings to God and many prayers for your welfare."

Chas. Simeon says, "Old Mr. Venn and I used to go over and dine with Mr. Berridge every Tuesday. On one occasion we took with us Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of Leicester, who happened to be at Cambridge. The old man was very peculiar in his ideas, and had a dread of failing in his hospitality to any guests, so we had to use a little management in consequence of bringing unexpected visitors. Venn and I went in first alone. After we had sat a little while, Venn said, 'Mr. Berridge, we have brought a friend with us.' 'Who is it?' 'Mr. Robinson, of Leicester.' 'Well, let him come in, he is welcome.' So Mr. Robinson came in, met with the usual kind reception, and sat down. Then was the great difficulty. 'Well, but Mr. Berridge, we have yet another friend with us.' 'Another still!' 'What is to be done?' 'Who is it?' 'Mrs. Robinson.' 'Mrs. Robinson! Well, I've got a leg of mutton for dinner; she may come in.' So Mrs. Robinson came in, and she had an infant in her arms. The old man started, and put up his hands in a deprecatory way, exclaiming, 'Why d'ye bring me that thing?'"

The light of eternity only will reveal the extent of old Everton's usefulness, and the blessing his ministry was made to thousands of souls, many of them among the poorer class who had none to chronicle the deed, or leave behind any written testimony of the blessing received. Some few have been rescued from oblivion (see SOWER, page 72, 1880, and page 99, 1884), others could be given did space permit. That of Susan Hinson, of Potton, may be given (D.V.) in the future.

Not only to individual souls was he made a blessing, but numerous places of worship in the surrounding counties where he lived were the outcome of his labours.

At Bottisham Lode, Cambridgeshire, his first step was to take possession of a deserted barn; afterwards he hired and fitted up a place in the village at his own cost, adapted for the worship of God. Here, himself and colleague, Mr. Hicks, preached occasionally for several years. At length a Mr. Price was stationed over the people, and his ministry was well received.

Berridge also regularly visited Duxford, Cambs., where his labours were greatly owned and blessed, and when he was disabled from going, through the infirmities of age, the people formed themselves into a Church, a meeting house capable of holding between four and five hundred people was erected, and in

December, 1794, Mr. Benjamin Pine was called to the pastoral office.

Also at Ashwell, Herts, through the blessing attending his labours, a Church was formed, and, in 1797, Mr. Barfield became their pastor. The venerable John Gamby, of Southhill, Beds, (formerly minister where Mr. John Warburton now labours) preached on the occasion of Mr. Barfield's ordination.

I will close this account by giving the evening hymn written by old Everton expressly for his friend Mr. Thos. Merrill, Book-seller, of Cambridge, not in his published hymn-book—

Another day of life is gone,
And few perhaps remain ;
Review my soul what thou hast done,
To bring thee loss or gain.

What spiritual conquest hast thou gained ?
What lust is overcome ?
What brighter hope hast thou obtained
Of thy eternal home ?

This mortal life will soon be past,
'Tis dying every day ;
As moments fly away in haste,
Art thou in haste to pray ?

Does feeble faith more lively grow,
And cleanse thy heart from sin ;
Bring more contempt of things below,
More peace create within ?

My steps, Lord, help me to review,
My real state to learn,
And with more diligence pursue
My great; my chief concern.

“LOOKING FOR THE MERCY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.”

(JUDE 21.)

It is true, I am a mighty sinner, but He is a more mighty Saviour. Have I sinned to the uttermost ? He has saved to the utmost. True, I am death, but Christ is life ; I am darkness, but Christ is light ; I am sin, but Christ is holiness ; I am guilt, but Christ is righteousness ; I am emptiness and nothingness, but Christ is fulness and sufficiency. I have broken the law, but Christ has fulfilled the law. His life is infinitely able to swallow up my death ; His light, my darkness ; His holiness, my sin ; His righteousness, my guilt ; His fulness, my emptiness. On Him, therefore, I will lean, and live, and hope.

THE COTTAGE FUNERAL.

I WAS crossing the churchyard at the moment of a funeral. There is somewhat in the view of death which always arrests the attention. Other objects, for the most part, are general or particular, as they relate to the parties more immediately interested in them. But death hath an universal claim. The passenger going by is, or ought to be, as highly concerned in the prospect as "the mourners who go about the streets."

I paused as I beheld the procession. "Here," said I to myself, as I contemplated the sight, "is one more of death's victims. The soul hath been turned out of his house, and the tenement in which it dwelt will be left here to moulder. But whither is the soul fled? Hath it taken refuge in the bosom of Jesus?" The question recoiled upon my own mind as I asked it. Reader, what answer could you now make to it, supposing (as will very shortly be the case) that it concerned yourself?

The friends attending this funeral were very numerous, though evidently of the poorer sort. "Pray," said I to one of the party that passed near me, "who is the person buried?" "A King's daughter," answered he. "A King's daughter!" thought I; "what can he mean?" But he went on too hastily for me to question him further. I was struck in the view of the multitude surrounding the grave. "Perhaps," said I to myself, "there may be some here who, in the very moment that they are so busily engaged in attending another's funeral, are undressing, however unconscious of it, for their own. It would be a very suitable question to be proposed at the close of every funeral, Whose turn is the next? Nay," thought I, "it may be mine." Reader, it may be yours. Many of the pins of my poor weather-beaten tabernacle have already fallen out. I see, I know, that the house is being taken gradually down, if an unexpected storm should not throw it suddenly into ruins altogether. Am I ready? Reader, are you?

"The funeral of 'a King's daughter' is not to be seen every day," said I to myself. "Suppose I attend the service." The account the man gave me of this person had raised my curiosity. Nay, I hope it was somewhat more than a mere curiosity. It came from a purer source. Was it not Thy grace, O Lord, that inclined my heart to do it?

As I drew near the grave, my mind ruminated on the character of "a King's daughter." I recollected that David had marked the features of the King's daughter, that she is "all glorious within." And I remembered that it is said of Jesus, "He hath made His people kings and priests unto God and the Father." "Probably," said I to myself, "the person now to be interred is one of those; and if so, she is indeed 'a King's daughter,' and more glorious

within than her coffin would be without, though it were made of solid gold, the hinges of diamonds, and every nail a pearl."

I could not be mistaken in what followed. When the minister had finished the service, he addressed the survivors. "We have here committed to the dust," said he, "a part of Christ's mystical body." I was struck at the expression,—“A part of Christ's mystical body!” How doth he make it appear? He proceeded—“True believers in Jesus are declared by an Apostle to be ‘members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.’ And the reason is plain. In the eye of the law, considered as referring to our redemption, Jesus and His people are one. ‘He is,’ saith the same Apostle, ‘the Head of His body, the Church.’ And hence the Church is called His fair one, His love, His spouse, concerning whom He saith, ‘I will betroth thee unto Me for ever.’ And speaking of this union, Jesus declares that the ‘day is coming’ when all His people shall know it. ‘At that day ye shall know that I am in My Father, and ye in Me, and I in you.’ His servant the Apostle therefore adds, by way of confirmation concerning this oneness between Jesus and His people, that ‘they too shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery,’ saith Paul, ‘but I speak concerning Christ and His Church.’

“Now,” added the minister, “from this truth it will undeniably follow that, whenever we commit to the dust the remains of a true believer in Jesus, we commit thereto a part of ‘Christ's mystical body’; for if He be the glorious Head, and they His members, surely Christ, as a Head, would be incomplete without His body. Death, therefore, cannot dissolve this union. Every other tie is broken by death. Even the union of our souls and bodies is, for a while, dissolved by death. But such is the nearness and affinity, by virtue of covenant relationship, between Jesus and His people, that their oneness never can admit even of a momentary interruption. If I am a child of God by regeneration and adoption, the purchase of Christ's blood, and the subject of His grace, truly and spiritually joined to the Lord, I am as much His in death as in life, for death, though it makes a change in circumstances, makes none in relationship. And God our Father, as if to confirm to all succeeding ages of the Church this glorious truth, set His seal to this testimony, when from the bush He declared Himself to be ‘the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,’ for at the time the Lord proclaimed this gracious assurance, the bodies of those patriarchs had long mouldered to their dust. ‘But,’ said the Lord Jesus, in after ages, when explaining the words in reference to this very doctrine, ‘God is not the God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto Him.’”

The minister paused, as if to let the impression have time, that its effects might be the stronger upon the minds of the hearers.

For my part, I felt so much interested in what he had said, that I longed for the prosecution of the subject. He proceeded—“Now,” said he, “from this view of the subject, a question of no small importance immediately ariseth to our minds. In what light are we to consider the grave as it relates to the true believer in Jesus? Certainly it can be regarded in no other light than as a friend to our nature, for if the enmity of the grave had not been subdued by the death of Jesus, then would never the victory the Lord obtained on the cross over death have extended to His triumph over the grave by His glorious resurrection. But by so palpable a demonstration, that the everlasting dominion both of death and the grave were destroyed in those conquests of Jesus as our great Head, the terrors of both are done away, and henceforth the grave must be considered as among the friends of the Lord’s people. ‘All things are yours,’ saith Paul, ‘whether life or death.’ Let us,” added he, “for a few moments, contemplate it in this point of view, and consider in how many circumstances it ministers to the faithful in this character.

“Here, as I said before, is a part of the ‘mystical body of Jesus.’ Here it rests. Here it is to moulder into its original dust. Here it is to remain until the time appointed of its reunion with the soul, to which it is a part. The body, therefore, is as secure and safe as if it were already in heaven. ‘Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.’ - No goldsmith is half so careful, as Christ is of His golden Church. Though scattered to the four winds, or buried in the bottom of the sea, His eye beholds all. His arm upholds and preserves all, and His power, at the period appointed, will as easily gather all together, as at the first He called the whole into existence out of nothing.

“How beautifully Job speaks on this point, and how full to the doctrine I am adverting to was his faith on this occasion! ‘There is hope of a tree,’ saith Job, ‘if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stalk thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of the water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?’ Now, pray observe with me the force of Job’s reasoning. Vegetable life is not extinct by cutting down. The moisture of the earth, the scent of the water, the droppings of the rain, the influence of the sun and clouds—these have a commission to cause the fallen tree to bud, and send forth boughs like a plant. But no moisture of the earth, no stream from the river, neither sun, nor dew, nor rain, can recall life to man. His dead body lies beyond the reach of all. But where is he? Can the body, which was once animated with the soul, now mingling

with 'the spirits of just men made perfect' before the throne—can it be of inferior value to the mere plants of the earth, to be useless, thrown aside, and disregarded? Can the body of a believer, truly united to Jesus, be lost for ever? Oh, no! 'Thou wilt hide me,' saith Job, 'in the grave: Thou wilt keep me secret; Thou wilt appoint me a set time, and remember me. Then Thou shalt call, and I will answer Thee: Thou wilt have a desire to the work of Thine hands.'

"But we must not stop here," added he, "in our estimate of the friendship of the grave. There is another sweet property it possesseth—the rest and freedom it affords from all the cares, and sorrows, and pains, and toils of life. Here, in the sweetest and fullest sense of the words, 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' Here the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are here, and the servant is free from his master. The people of God are exposed, in common with others, to the evils of a fallen state. In this sense, as Solomon observes, 'there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked.' There is a difference, indeed, and a mighty one it is, in the effects of those dispensations. Afflictions to the faithful are sanctified afflictions, like medicated waters, that, by running over certain mineral properties, acquire a salutary quality, while to the ungodly they retain all their natural sharpness. But still, though they ultimately prove blessings to the followers of Jesus during their administration, they give pain. Now, in the grave, these evils of our fallen state are done away for ever. There is an everlasting end to every care, to every sorrow, to every pain. Not a pang, not an anxious thought, not a single fear shall ever again cross the breast to disturb the people of God.

"Think, if it be possible," said the clergyman, "the infinite gain the body of our departed friend before us, by the late change, hath found in this particular. Many of you cannot but remember, with me, what a poor, tottering, languishing frame she laboured under before her death. Methinks I see her, as it were, before me now, and hear her well-known voice speaking, though without murmuring, of her restless nights and days of pain. But now her bodily ailments are all over, and will never afflict her again. That poor, languishing head," added he, and he looked into the grave as he said it, "hath now found a pillow on which it may rest, and need no further moving. It will never be distracted any more, either with thinking or with acting. We shall never again see her breast heave with the bursting sigh; and the heart, which seemed to be continually trembling and fluttering while in her sickness, will never tremble nor flutter any more. She is now rescued from all; and the eyes, which from long

disease seemed to have forgotten their office, and refused to be closed in sleep, are now fallen asleep in Jesus. Sleep on," added he, as if speaking to the deceased, "sleep on, dear remains! Thou art gone before us to thy chamber, and Jesus both bids thee sleep, and watches over thy slumbers. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

(To be continued.)

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

TRUE GRACE IS CHRIST'S GOLD.

THE Lord Jesus chooseth the most pure, precious, resplendent, durable, and valuable thing, in all the treasuries and magazines of nature, to shadow forth saving grace, which is infinitely more excellent. Certainly, that must be the best thing which the best things in nature can but imperfectly shadow forth. What was the golden oil emptied through the two golden pipes (Zech. iv. 12) but the precious graces of God, flowing through Christ into all His members? Gold is precious, but one drachm of saving grace is more precious than all the gold of Ophir. "It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof" (Job xxviii. 15). Surely gold and silver, sapphires, diamonds, and rubies, are not worth the mentioning, when saving grace is once mentioned, for consider it—

First, in its cause and fountain from whence it flows, and you will find it to be the fruit of the Spirit (Gal. v. 22), who, upon that account, is called the Spirit of grace (Heb. x. 29). It derives its origin from the Most High; it is spirit born of Spirit (John iii. 6). All the rules of morality, all human diligence and industry, can never produce one gracious habit or act alone. "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves," &c. (2 Cor. iii. 5).

Nay, we speak not becoming the incomparable worth of grace when we say, it is the fruit and birth of the Spirit, for so are common gifts also. There are several emanations from this Sun, divers streams from this Fountain; but of all His operations and productions, this of saving grace is the most noble and excellent. Gifts are from the Spirit as well as grace, but grace is more excellent than the best gifts. "Covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet show I unto you a more excellent way" (1 Cor. xii. 31).

Hence you read in Philipians i. 10, "Of things that are excellent"; or, as the original might be rendered, things that differ, namely, in respect of excellency, not as good and evil, but as less good and more good differ. Gifts have their value and preciousness, but the best gifts differ as much from grace as

brass from gold, though both be generated by the influence of the same sun. Gifts, as one saith, are dead graces, but graces are living gifts. It is the most excellent production of the highest and most excellent cause.

Secondly, consider it in its nature, and you find it divine. "Partakers of the divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4), namely, in our sanctification. Not that it gives us the properties of the divine nature—they are incommunicable; but the similitude and resemblance of it is stamped upon our souls in the work of grace.

The new man "is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him" (Col. iii. 10). The schoolmen and some of the fathers place this image or resemblance of God in the natural faculties of the soul, namely, the understanding, memory, and will, which is an umbrage of a Trinity in Unity; but it rather consists in the re-renovation of the faculties by grace, for in this we bear the divine image upon our souls, and that image or resemblance of God in holiness is the beauty and honour of our souls.

It is their beauty. "How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!" saith Christ of His people (Cant. vi. 6). Natural beauty consists in the symmetry and comely proportion of parts each with the other—spiritual beauty in the harmony or agreeableness of our souls to God. And as it is our chiefest beauty, so certainly it is our highest honour, for it gives us access unto God, who is the Fountain of honour and glory, and this makes the righteous more excellent than his neighbour. Let his neighbour be what he will, though the blood of nobles run in his veins, the righteous is more excellent than he, except saving grace be also diffused in his soul.

Thirdly, consider it in its recipient subject, and you will find its value still to increase, for the precious oil of saving grace is never poured into any other than an elect vessel. Hence faith, one branch of sanctification, is, with respect to its subject, styled "the faith of God's elect" (Titus i. 1). Whosoever finds true grace in his soul may, during the evidence thereof, from it strongly conclude his election, looking backward, and his salvation, looking forward (Rom. viii. 30). It marks and seals the persons in whom it is for glory. "The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself" (Psa. iv. 3).

Fourthly, view the precious worth of grace in its excellent effects and influences upon the soul in which it inheres.

1. It adorns with incomparable ornaments, which are of great price in the sight of God (1 Peter iii. 4). Yea, it reflects such beams of glory in the soul where its seat is, that Christ Himself, the Author, is also the Admirer of it—"Thou hast ravished My heart, My sister, My spouse; thou hast ravished My heart with

one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck"; and as One overcome with its excelling beauty, He saith, "Turn away thine eyes from Me, for they have overcome Me" (Cant. iv. 9; vi. 5).

2. It elevates and ennobles a man's spirit beyond all other principles in man. It sets the heart and affection upon heaven, and takes them up with the glory of the invisible world. "But our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour" (Phil. iii. 20). Whilst others are trading for corn and wine, for sheep and oxen, for feathers and trifles, the gracious soul is trading with God for pardon and peace, for righteousness and life, for glory and immortality. "Truly, our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ" (John i. 3).

3. It does not only raise the spirit by conversion to God and things above, but transforms the soul, by that converse, into the likeness of those heavenly objects it converseth with. It changes them into the same image (2 Cor. iii. 18); so that though the sanctified man still remains the *who* he was, yet not the *what* he was before. The very temper of his spirit is altered.

4. It does not only transform the soul in which it is, but preserves the subject in which it is. It is a singular preservative from sin; so that though sin be in them still, and works in them still, yet it cannot prevail in them still to fulfil the lust of it, as it was wont to do (Gal. v. 17). Sin conceives, but cannot bring forth fruit unto death. This gives a miscarrying womb.

5. It doth not only preserve it from sin, but grace establisheth the soul in whom it is, far beyond any other arguments without, or any other principles within a man. "It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace" (Heb. xiii. 9). This is that which the Apostle calls our own steadfastness, or that ballast we have within ourselves, which keeps us right and stable. Oh, the excellency of grace!

6. To conclude—it is the root of all that precious fruit which we bring forth to God in this world. It is the root of every gracious word in our lips, and of every gracious work in our hands. Be the matter of our gracious thoughts never so excellent, the matter of our heavenly discourses and prayers never so sweet, still grace is the root of the matter (Job xix. 28). Oh, then, what a precious thing is grace!

Fifthly, view it in its properties, and you will soon discover its transcendent excellencies. The richest epithets are no hyperboles here. We seek not beyond the value of it when we call it supernatural grace, for so it is. It comes down from above, from the Father of lights (James i. 7). Nature can never be improved to that height, how much soever its admirers boast of it. Nor do we strain too high when we call it immortal grace, for so hath God made it. This is that water which springs up in the sanctified

soul unto eternal life (John iv. 14). It will not die when thou diest, but ascend with the soul, from which it is inseparable, and be received up with it into glory (Rom. viii. 10). You may outlive your friends; you may outlive your gifts; but you cannot outlive your graces.

Shall I say it is the most sweet and comfortable thing that ever the soul was acquainted with in this world, next Jesus Christ, the Author and Fountain of it? Surely, if so I speak, I have as many witnesses to attest it as there be gracious souls in the world. Nothing is more comfortable than grace, except Christ; and yet without grace no soul can feel the comforts of Christ in the troubles of life, or in the straits of death. This is a spring of comfort.

Sixthly, consider it in its design and scope, and you will still discern more and more of its precious excellency, for what is the aim and end of God, in the infusions and improvement of grace, but to attemper and mould our spirits by it into a meekness and fitness for the enjoyment of Himself in the world to come? "Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" (Col. i. 12). Compare this with 2 Corinthians v. 5—"Now He that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God."

Oh, blessed design! How precious must that work be, which is wrought for so high and glorious a purpose as this is! No work more excellent; no end more noble.

Seventhly, consider the means and instruments, both principal and subordinate, employed in this work. Many blessed instruments are set on work to beget, conserve, and improve it in our souls, and these all speak the precious worth of it. No wise man will dig for a base and worthless metal with golden mattocks. The blood of Christ was shed to procure it (Heb. xiii. 12). The Spirit of God is sent forth to form and create it, for it is His own workmanship (Eph. ii. 10), His fruit (Gal. v. 22). The ordinances and officers of the Gospel were at first instituted, and ever since continued in the Church, for this work's sake (John xvii. 17, and Eph. iv. 12). It is the fruit of Christ's blood—yea, and it hath cost the sweat and blood of the dispensers of the Gospel too. Nay, all the works of providence look this way, and aim at this thing (Rom. viii. 28). What is the errand of all God's rods, but to make us partakers of His holiness? (Heb. xii. 10.)

Eighthly, the high value that the Most High God sets upon grace, shows it to be an excellent thing indeed. "It is of great price in His sight" (1 Peter iii. 4). No service finds acceptance with God but what is performed by grace. None but sanctified vessels are meet for the Master's use. "The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart" (1 Tim. i. 5).

The weakest performances of grace find acceptance with Him, though clogged with many sinful weaknesses and infirmities (Heb. xi. 31, 32). If God so prize it, well may we. He that made the jewel, best understands the value of it.

Ninthly, the hypocritical pretences made to it all over the professing world, show what a most precious and desirable thing it is. If there were not some singular glory in it, why doth every one covet to be reputed gracious? Nay, the devil himself baits many of his hooks of temptation with a show of grace, for he knows sin hath no native beauty of its own to entice, and therefore he borrows the paint and pretence of holiness to cover it. But oh, what a dilemma will the hypocrite be posed with at last! And how can he answer it when God shall demand, “If grace were evil, why didst thou affect the name and reputation of it? And if it were good, why didst thou satisfy with the empty name and shadow of it only?”

Tenthly, to conclude—the incomparable esteem that all good men have for it, shows it to be a thing of inestimable price. Grace is the sum of all their prayers, the scope of all their endeavours, the matter of their chief joy, the reward of their afflictions and sufferings; their chief joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, in this world are taken up about it; by all which it appears that its price is above rubies, and all the gold and silver in the world are but dung and dross in comparison with it.—*Flavel*.

“BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH ARE CALLED UNTO
THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE LAMB.”

(REVELATION xix. 9.)

OH, thou saint of God, who art now watering thy plants, and weeping bitterly for sin, at this last and great feast thy waters shall be turned into wine. Thou who now mortifiest thy corruptions, and beatest down thy body by prayer and fasting, shalt shortly sup with Christ and angels. Thou who didst refuse to touch the forbidden tree, shalt feed upon the tree of life in the paradise of God. Thou impoverished saint, who has scarcely a bit of bread to eat, remember for thy comfort, in thy Father's house there is bread enough. Oh, feed with delight upon the thoughts of this marriage supper. After thy funeral begins thy festival. Long for supper-time. Christ hath paid for this supper upon the cross, and there is no fear of a reckoning to be brought in. “Wherefore comfort one another with these words.”

WE may pray continually, and yet we may not be continually at prayer.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I have been looking and waiting for the decision, and at last it has come, and I must say I did feel the disappointment, and I dare not even hint at the thought that was sent into my mind in a moment; but afterwards, I began to ponder the matter over in my own mind how to write to you, for I was sure how deeply you would feel it, and I thought it was very cruel of them in sending you to Llandilo, so far away, forgetting that there is a God, who appoints all things. Then it began to come into my mind, how much worse it would be if you were laid up at home on a bed of sickness, or, like numbers of poor creatures, afflicted with blindness, or confined in an asylum, without the use of your reason. Then it followed the goodness of God to each of us, that we were blessed with a measure of health and strength, and that was not all, but a hope that the Lord had done greater things than these for us, in opening our poor blind eyes, and putting a desire in our hearts after His great salvation, and at times giving us a little hope in His mercy. Then I thought, should it please the Lord to lead your mind, at this time of year, while thousands upon thousands are professing to celebrate Christmas as the birthday of the Lord Jesus, one of the greatest events that ever took place in this world, with feasting, and drunkenness, and every abomination—should He lead you, as dear Mr. Hart says, to descend into your heart and find your Saviour there, it will be a Christmas Day indeed to your soul, and a day of feasting and gladness, like it was to the poor prodigal. Oh, my dear child, this would be ten thousand times better to you than returning to the embrace of your earthly parents for a few short hours. The other would be the embrace of eternal, everlasting love, the kiss of welcome, the royal robe, and the ring, a pledge of its never ending.

You will perhaps say, "Oh, it seems too much and too good for me ever to expect to be mine." Well, it does seem too much indeed for such vile, guilty sinners ever to expect, but do you not long for it, hope for it, wait for it, yea, and expect it too? Well, then, great as our sins and unbelief are, as surely as our souls are made to hunger after it, so surely will He grant it. Oh, that it may be such a Christmas Day to you, and each of us, if spared to see it, then it will be as "the beginning of days" to us.

We each feel the disappointment of your not coming, being the first Christmas we have ever spent for twenty-six years without having all of our children with us. So now, my dear boy, what more can I say to you, but hope you will be able to submit? May the Lord bless you is the desire of your affectionate mother,

Swindon, December, 1875.

ELIZA BRIGNELL.

SOUND AN ALARM.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF ROMANISM.

THE Session has ended badly. The Government has disgusted some of its supporters by having strained to the utmost the rules of Parliament, in order to pass a Technical Educational Bill, framed on denominational lines, so as to meet the requirements of Cardinal Manning, and it has most deeply affronted its Protestant friends by the announcement, through Mr. A. J. Balfour, in language all the more alarming from its studied obscurity, that another attempt is to be made (if, indeed, this be not the fulfilment of a compact already made) to bribe the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy by the establishment of a Roman Catholic University in Dublin.

What will the country say to this audacious bid for the support of the Roman priesthood? Hitherto it has uniformly repudiated such a policy, and disaster has followed every Ministry which attempted it. Lord Mayo's negotiations with the Irish hierarchy in 1866 were disastrous to the Conservative cause in many parts of the country, and helped to place Mr. Gladstone in office in 1868. The constituencies, by a large majority, declared for disestablishment as a preferable alternative, and the Church of Ireland was disendowed, and placed on a level with Papal and other Nonconformists in that country.

Again, when Mr. Gladstone sought, in 1873, to endow a Roman Catholic University, his grand majority melted away, and his Government fell. The Cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield, which succeeded to power, went to the verge of concession when, in 1879, they established the Royal University in Ireland, designed to afford relief to Roman Catholics, by enabling students, educated in any private seminary or college, without any theological test, to obtain scholarships and degrees after examination before the University Board; and now, though Mr. Balfour admits that, in respect of primary education, the Romanists have received from our Protestant exchequer more liberal payments than they enjoy in any Roman Catholic country of Europe, the administration of Lord Salisbury proposes further to establish a Romish University! The Romish hierarchy are "dissatisfied." Of course they are, and always will be until they have an absolute supremacy in everything. The turbulence of Ireland, during a long series of years, is due to the Popish priests. At any rate, they could have put a stop to it had they chosen. Notwithstanding the large sums we have lavished on primary education in Ireland, our gaols are full of Roman Catholic prisoners. In proportion as Protestants weakly make concessions, Papists become more and more unruly; and the Conserva-

tive (!) policy is to throw another sop to Cerberus. When will our rulers learn wisdom? The time has been well chosen; but not all the services which the present Government has conferred upon this nation will save it from a well-merited downfall should they persist in carrying out such a policy. And let none be deluded into the idea that Mr. Gladstone is the only alternative. If the constituencies return sound Protestants to Parliament, a Protestant Premier will be forthcoming to lead them.

The disestablishment of the Church of Ireland was a great levelling-down measure, which, sad and grievous as it was to true Conservatives, contained one element of consolation—that if it were, as some regarded it, an act of justice to Ireland, it would extinguish for ever the right of the Papists to further claims on British generosity. We do not say that the Romish hierarchy ever admitted that, and we do not expect that they ever will admit it. Their cry is “Give! Give!” and this cry will continue until the last concession possible has been extorted.

Many persons will turn to Ireland to see how Protestants receive this unwelcome intelligence, and already we hear sounds of dissatisfaction on both sides of the Channel. We trust the Protestants of Ireland will speak out boldly in opposition to the scheme. Secularism we deplore, though we acquiesce under compulsion. But Popish ascendancy we repudiate and condemn with our whole heart and soul.

It is not unlikely that many persons will ask—Why? We can only find space for one reason to-day, but we regard it as the strongest which can be adduced. Because we object to a system which subjects the conscience, the intellect, and the whole moral being of its votaries to the control of a priesthood, which must thereby become the masters of the nation in which it is suffered to gain an ascendancy. We earnestly desire to promote the education of Roman Catholics, that they may be emancipated from priestly influence, but we cannot knowingly promote institutions the object of which is to establish more firmly the control of the priestly dictator. Once for all England threw off the yoke two hundred years ago, and, with God’s help, we will never submit to it again.—*English Churchman.*

MR. BALFOUR is a born politician. He is now as well entitled as the distinguished leader who, in the name of Liberalism, has given him frequent battle, to the sobriquet of an “old Parliamentary hand.” His closing performance recently had about it all the art and finish of an accomplished stage-actor, and he left his spectators—especially the handful who represented opposition watchmen—bewildered as much at their own simplicity as at his

complacency. The promise—conditional it is true, but nevertheless plain—to which he committed the Unionist Government was that of endowing a Roman Catholic University for Ireland. Such an announcement fell like a bomb upon the Gladstonians, though it was greeted with enthusiasm by their Parnellite friends. Of course no details were mentioned; only the hint was dropped, and left to work its influence during the recess, enabling the Government meanwhile to learn by the order of events. They will naturally steer their craft according to the wind which prevails, using to advantage the chaos of their opponents, which this latest master-stroke has created.

No shrewd observer of events during the last year will doubt that this surprise declaration is only part of a scheme which was long since elaborated, and has been secretly developing. The Pope would not have issued his famous Rescript—so much to the apparent chagrin of his ecclesiastical subordinates, and the ill-suppressed irritation of his political supporters in Ireland, and so much also to the checkmating of Nationalist plotting—had not the security of some prospective assurance from the English Government rendered it well worth His Holiness's while. It was palpably a *quid pro quo*, pure and simple, depending upon mutual confidence for its successful working out.

Mr. Balfour and his "noble" chief can scarcely have reckoned without their host. It is not unreasonable, indeed, to assume that the forthcoming Bill will be the partial product of certain Unionist, and possibly even of Irish minds. No feature of the *séance* need astonish a careful student of Parliamentary stage life. But Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury and their Liberal allies may, in their over-anxiety to vanquish foes, be actually planning for a *coup de grace* to their own existence and power. Have they forgotten Mr. Gladstone's bitter experience in a somewhat similar attempt years ago? Already the bare idea has stirred the whole English and Scotch religious world. Protestants will rise in unwonted vigour.

But the question has a far wider reach than is covered by our war against Papal tyranny. It reopens a very old sore in the matter of national education, in regard to which there should be little difficulty in quickly showing the Government how gigantic a mistake they have commenced to make.

The principle to be fought for is that for which Nonconformists have staked their very life again and again. The wonder is, indeed, how the Government can have the courage to face a renewal of such a conflict as that of 1870. Irish M.P.'s are already playing at Mr. Facing-both-ways. Their main chance rests with Mr. Gladstone, as they know, but if by dint of daring, and with any well-measured risk, they can, even at the temporary

cost of his disapproval, negotiate a bargain with their reigning enemies, they evidently will. The stakes with them are heavy, and no opportunity of a prize will be lightly thrown away.

What, however, are we to say of Mr. Chamberlain? His recent speech at Birmingham somehow beats the record. He talked then as though he were competing in a desperate race with such a man as, say, Sir William Harcourt, whose political coat has always been made of a reversible cloth. Mr. Chamberlain has manfully fought many a battle for religious equality. He has, indeed, climbed to power as perhaps the ablest Nonconformist champion in Parliament. What is still more to the point, he first gained the ear and the confidence of the people as a man of conviction. He stood out against mere tradition, and lore, and vested interests, and contended bravely for right and justice. So far, we have preferred—in spite of an occasional proof of his frailty and fallibility—to respect him for his individuality, rather than to browbeat him for his singularity. But is he not now actually digging the grave of both his reputation and his usefulness? In effect, he told his constituents recently that he cherished his old objections against sectarian education, and yet that he could assist towards the spreading of the evil! Opportunism, verily! “If,” he said—and the “if” was timely—“higher education in England and Scotland could be shown to be denominationally supported by the State, then there was a case for equality of treatment in regard to Ireland.” That is to say, two Protestant blacks go to produce at least one Roman Catholic white. How can he have argued himself into this? Mr. Chamberlain has been clever enough to defeat Mr. Chamberlain. Who else could have done it? Why, even his latest friends, the minority in Ireland, will revolt at his new and ingenious doctrine, to say nothing of a valuable remnant of his old supporters at home! We appeal to him, notwithstanding his present political relations and task, to look again, and in his most reflective mood, upon the latest Government proposal.—*Baptist*.

AN EXTRACT.

HE that knoweth God aright will honour Him by trusting of Him; he that honours Him by trusting Him, will honour Him by praying; and he that honours Him by prayer, shall honour Him by praise; he that honours Him by praises here, shall perfect His praises in heaven. This trading with God is the richest trade in the world. When we return praises to Him, He returns new favours to us; and so an everlasting, ever-increasing intercourse betwixt God and the soul is maintained.



THE HULDAH GATE AT JERUSALEM.

THE HULDAH GATE AT JERUSALEM.

We have before us a sketch of one of the oldest gateways in Jerusalem.

The fourth front of the temple (Josephus says), which was southwards, had its gates in the middle, also the royal cloisters with three walks, which reached in length from the east valley to the west. So deep was the valley below that its bottom could not be seen, and it was sufficient to make any one giddy to look down thence from the battlements.

This cloister had pillars which stood in four rows all along, and the fourth row was interwoven with the wall, the number of

pillars in all being 162. Their chapters were beautifully sculptured after the Corinthian order, and were an amazement to all spectators. On this very spot may still be seen small portions of these pillars.

The gateway itself is double, and within it is a vestibule, in which stands a large column surmounted by an exceedingly beautiful capital, which, from its style, must have belonged to the temple of Herod.

Very probably it may have been added to, and altered by Julian, the apostate, who, avowedly to slight the Christians, and strengthen the Jews against them, commenced rebuilding the temple about six months before his death, and pushed forward the work with great activity, under the management of his friend Alypius. Most energetically did the Jews assist, and great quantities of gold, silver, and treasures were collected for the purpose. It is said that even the women joined in the work, and carried earth in their silken dresses, whilst tools of silver were used in the building.

The Jews were full of triumph at the thought of their restoration and revived greatness. But it had been said that Jerusalem should be "trodden down of the Gentiles," because of the sin of God's ancient people (Luke xxi. 6—24), and He who pronounced the doom prevented the scheme of those who sought to avert it. An earthquake scattered the foundations which had been laid; balls of fire rose from the ground, scorching the workmen, and killing many; their tools were melted by the lightning, and other fearful things occurred, which soon stayed the works. Julian intended to recommence, but death cut short his career of wickedness, after a short reign of eighteen months.

Some of the decorations then added to the gateway are still standing, and their style clearly shows the difference of date. Above them, an inscription, bearing the name of Hadrian, is fixed in the wall, but turned upside down. This and other portions of masonry of a more recent date, are evidently the work of Mohammedans, who have built a mosque on the site of the temple, and esteem it a place of great sanctity.

Near the gate is a well of sweet water, which supplies the mosque.

Thus are all the earthly scenes of our Lord's life and ministry trodden down and destroyed by the heathen—by those who even refuse to acknowledge the Saviour as more than a Prophet. Yet divine love will save "a remnant according to the election of grace," out of every kindred, tribe, and tongue, who shall become the inhabitants of the heavenly Jerusalem, whose glories none can describe, although John gives us glimpses in his Revelation. Who can comprehend such divine love, even to the chief of sinners—divine

love so vast that creation cannot hold it, so deep that imagination cannot fathom it, so high that angels cannot comprehend it? Yet this love is the portion of all who love and serve Jesus, “who know His voice, and follow Him.”

“Jerusalem, my happie home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joyes when shall I see?”

“O happie harbor of the saints!
O sweete and pleasante soyle!
In thee noe sorrow may be found;
Noe griefe, noe care, noe toyle.

“In thee noe sicknesse may be seen
Noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore;
There is noe death nor ugly dole,
But life for evermore.”

“MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.”

(PROVERBS xxiii. 26.)

GIVE God thine heart, that He may keep it—not a piece of thy heart, not a room in thy heart, but thy heart. The heart divided, dieth. God is not like the mother who would have the child divided, but like the natural mother, who said, “Rather than it should be divided, let her take all.” God hath no copesmate, therefore He will have no parting of stakes, but all or none; and, therefore, He who asks thy heart, asks *all thy heart, all thy soul, all thy strength*. Thrice He requireth all, lest we should keep a thought behind. It is thy heart, that is a vain heart, a barren heart, a sinful heart, until taken in hand by God; and then it is the spouse of Christ, the temple of the Holy Ghost, and the image of God. God calls it “a new heart.”

GRACE will improve you if you have it in your soul.

HE that refuseth to buy good counsel cheap, will generally buy repentance dear.

GOD can lay a plot with more wisdom for a good man's safety, than the enemy can for his destruction. He can countermine their plots with more power than they can execute them. He can outwit their craft, overpower their strength, and turn their designed cruelty against them, as a knife into their own breasts.—*Charnock*.

"THE REPROACH OF CHRIST."

1. *It has been the portion of God's dearest saints and servants to be slandered, reproached, vilified, and falsely accused.* (Matt. v. 10—12; 1 Peter iii. 14; 1 Peter iv. 14; Psa. lxxix. 7; Gen. xxxix. 14; Psa. lii.; 2 Sam. xvi. 11, 12; Job vi., xiii., xv.; Jer. li. 51.) "Let the lying lips be put to silence, which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous" (Psa. xxxi. 18). How sadly and falsely was Joseph accused by his wanton mistress; David by Doeg and Shimei; Job of hypocrisy, impiety, inhumanity, cruelty, partiality, pride, and irreligion! Was not Naboth accused of speaking blasphemy against God and the king? Did not Haman represent the Jews to the king as refractories and rebels? Was not Elias accused of being the troubler of Israel, and Jeremiah the trumpet of rebellion? the Baptist a stirrer up of sedition, and Paul a pestilent incendiary? Were not the apostles generally accounted deceivers and deluders of the people, and the offscouring of the world? (Jer. xx. 7—9; Rom. iii. 8; 2 Cor. vi. 8; 1 Cor. iv. 12, 13.) Athanasius and Eustathias were falsely accused of adultery. Adultery, heresy, and treason were charged upon Cranmer, parricide upon Philpot, sedition upon Latimer. As the primitive persecutors usually put Christians into bears' skins and dogs' skins, and then baited them, so they usually loaded their names and persons with all the reproach, contempt, scorn, and false reports imaginable, and then baited them, and then acted all their malice and cruelty upon them. I think there is no Christian but, sooner or later, first or last, shall have cause to say, with David, "False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things that I knew not" (Psa. xxxv. 11). "They charged me with such things whereof I was both innocent and ignorant."

It was the saying of one, that there was nothing so intolerable as accusation, because there was no punishment ordained by law for accusers, as there was for thieves, although they stole friendship from men, which is the goodliest riches men can have.

Well, Christians, seeing it has been the lot of the dearest saints to be falsely accused, and to have their names and reputes in the world reproached, do you hold your peace, seeing it is no worse with you than it was with them of whom this world was not worthy. The Rabbins say that the world cannot subsist without patient bearing of reproaches.

2. *Our Lord Jesus Christ was sadly reproached and falsely accused.* His precious name, that deserves to be always written in characters of gold, as the Persians usually write their kings', was often eclipsed before the sun was eclipsed at His death. His sweet

name, that was sweeter than all sweets, was often crucified before His body. Oh, the stones of reproach that were frequently rolled upon that name by which we must be saved, if ever we are saved! Oh, the jeers, the scoffs, the scorns, that were cast upon that name which only can bless us! "The name of Jesus," says Chrysostom, "has a thousand treasures of joy and comfort in it." "The name of a Saviour," says Bernard, "is honey in the mouth, and music in the ear, and a jubilee in the heart." And yet where is the heart that can conceive, or the tongue that can express, how much reproach has been cast upon Christ's name, and how many sharp arrows of reproach and scorn have been, and daily—yea, hourly—are shot by the world at Christ's name and honour? Such ignominious reproaches were cast upon Christ and His name, in the time of His life and at His death, that the sun did blush and mask himself with a cloud, that he might no longer behold them. "The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a Man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a Friend of publicans and sinners." But was He such an one? No. "Wisdom is justified of her children." Wisdom's children will stand up and justify herself before all the world (Matt. xi. 19). "We remember that that deceiver said, while He was yet alive, After three days I will rise again" (Matt. xxvii. 63). But was He a deceiver of the people? No. He was "the faithful and true Witness." "The people answered and said, Thou hast a devil: who goeth about to kill Thee?" (John vii. 20.) "Then answered the Jews, and said unto Him, Say we not well that Thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?" (John viii. 48.) "And many of them said, He hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye Him?" (John x. 20.) It was a wonder of wonders that the earth did not open, and swallow up these monsters, and that God did not rain hell out of heaven upon these horrid blasphemers. But their blasphemous assertions were denied and disproved by some of Wisdom's children—"Others said, These are not the words of him that hath a devil. Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?" (John x. 21.) The devil has no such power, nor any such goodness, as to create eyes to him that was born blind.

Will you see yet more scorn and contempt cast upon the Lord of glory? Why, then cast your eyes upon Luke xvi. 14—"And the Pharisees also, who were covetous, heard all these things, and they derided Him"; or, as the Greek reads it, "they blew their noses at Him in scorn and derision." The Pharisees did not only laugh, f leer, and jeer at Christ, but they gave also external signs of scorn and derision in their countenances and gestures; they contemned Him as a thing of nought. And in Luke xxiii. 35, both people and rulers blew their noses at Him, for the original word

is the same as that in the fore-mentioned chapter. He is accused of being an enemy of Cæsar (John xix. 12).

Now, who can seriously consider the scorn, reproach, and contempt that have been cast upon the name and honour of our Lord Jesus, and not sit silent and mute under all the scorn and contempt that has been cast upon His name or Person in this world ?

3. *To be well spoken of by them who are ill spoken of by God—to be in favour with them who are out of favour with God—is rather a reproach than an honour to a man.* Our Saviour Himself testifies that, in the Church and nation of the Jews, they that had the most general approbation and applause, they who were most admired and cried up, were the worst, not the best men. They were the false, not the true prophets. “Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you ; for so did their fathers to the false prophets” (Luke vi. 26). Austin feared the praises of good men, and detested the praises of evil men. “I would not,” says Luther, “have the glory and fame of Erasmus. My greatest fear is the praises of men.” Phocion had not suspected his speech, had not the common people applauded it. Antisthenes mistrusted some ill in himself for the vulgar commendations. Socrates ever suspected that which passed with the most general commendations. “To be praised of evil men,” says Bion, “is to be praised for evil doing. So much the better they speak of a man, the worse ; and the worse, the better.” The Lacedæmonians would not have a good saying sullied with a wicked mouth. A wicked tongue soils all the good that drops from it. It is a mercy to be delivered from the praises of wicked men. Wicked men’s applauses oftentimes become the saints’ reproaches. The heathen could say, “What evil have I done, that this bad man commends me ?” There is some truth in that saying of Seneca, “The worst men are commonly most displeased with that which is best.”

Who can seriously dwell on these things, and not be mute and silent under all the reproaches and scorn that are cast upon His name and credit in this world ?

4. *There will come a day when the Lord will wipe off all the dust and reproach that wicked men have cast upon the good names of His people.* There shall be a resurrection of names, as well as of bodies. Their names that are now buried in the open sepulchres of evil throats, shall surely rise again ; their innocency shall shine forth as the light, and their righteousness as the noon-day (Psa. xxxvii. 6). Though the clouds may for a time obscure the shining forth of the sun, yet the sun will shine forth again as bright and glorious as ever. “The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.” Though the malicious slanders and

false accusations of wicked men may for a time cloud the names of the saints, yet those clouds shall vanish, and their names shall appear transparent and glorious. God will take such care of His people's good name, that the infamy, calumnies, and contumelies that are cast upon it shall not long remain. The Jews rolled a stone upon Christ to keep Him down, that He might not rise again; but an angel quickly rolls away the stone, and, in despite of His keepers, He rises in a glorious, triumphant manner. So, though the world may roll this and that stone of reproach and contempt upon the saints' good names, yet God will roll away all those stones, and their names shall have a glorious resurrection, in despite of men and devils. That God who has always one hand to wipe away His children's tears from their eyes, that God has always another hand to wipe off the dust that lies upon His children's names. Wronged innocency shall not lie long under a cloud. Dirt will not stick long upon marble or statues of gold.

Well, Christians, remember this—the slanders and reproaches that are cast upon you are but badges of your innocency and glory. "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book" against me! "Surely I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me" (Job xxxi. 35, 36). All reproaches are pearls added to a Christian's crown. Hence Austin says, "He that willingly takes from my good name, unwillingly adds to my reward." And this Moses knew well enough, which made him prefer Christ's reproach before Pharaoh's crown. That God who knows all His children by name, will not suffer their names to be long buried under the ashes of reproach and scorn, and therefore hold thy peace. The more the foot of pride and scorn tramples upon thy name for the present, the more resplendent and radiant it will be; as the more men trample upon a figure graven in gold, the more lustrous they make it; therefore lay thy hand upon thy mouth.

5. *The Lord has been a swift and terrible Witness against such as have falsely accused His children, and that have loaded their names with scorn, reproach, and contempt.* Ahab and Jezebel, who suborned false witnesses against Naboth, had their blood licked up by dogs (2 Kings ix.). Amaziah, who falsely accused the Prophet Amos to the king, met with this message from the Lord—"Thy wife shall be an harlot in the city, and thy sons and thy daughters shall fall by the sword, and thy land shall be divided by line; thou shalt die in a polluted land" (Amos vii. 17). Haman, who falsely accused the Jews, was one day feasted with the king, and the next day made a feast for crows (Esther vii. 10; ix. 10). The envious courtiers who falsely accused Daniel were devoured of lions.

Let me give you a view of the judgments of God upon such

persons out of histories. Caiaphas, the high priest, who gathered the council, and suborned false witnesses against the Lord Jesus, was shortly after put out of office, and one Jonathan substituted in his room, whereupon he killed himself. John Cooper, a godly man, being falsely accused, in Queen Mary's days, by one Grimwood, shortly after, the said Grimwood, being in perfect health, his bowels suddenly fell out of his body, and so he died miserably. Narcissus, a godly bishop of Jerusalem, was falsely accused by three men of many foul matters, who sealed up with oaths and imprecations their false testimonies; but shortly after that, one of them, with his whole family and substance, was burnt with fire; another of them was stricken with a grievous disease, such as in his imprecation he had wished to himself; the third, terrified with the sight of God's judgments upon the former, became very penitent, and poured out the grief of his heart in such abundance of tears that thereby he became blind. A wicked wretch under Commodus the emperor, accused Apollonius, a godly Christian, to the judges for certain grievous crimes, which, when he could not prove, he was adjudged to have his legs broken, according to an ancient law of the Romans. Gregory Bradway falsely accused one Brook, but shortly after, through terrors of conscience, he sought to cut his own throat, but being prevented, he fell mad. I have read of Socrates' two false accusers, that the one was trodden to death by the multitude, and the other was forced to avoid the like by a voluntary banishment. I might produce a multitude of other instances, but let these suffice to evidence how swift and terrible a Witness God has been against those that have been false accusers of His people, and that have loaded their precious names with scorn and reproach, the serious consideration of which should make the accused and reproached Christian sit dumb and silent before the Lord.

6. Lastly, *God Himself is daily reproached*. Men trouble not to cast scorn and contempt upon God Himself. Sometimes they charge the Lord, that His ways are not equal—that it is a wrong way He goes in (Ezek. xviii. 25). Sometimes they charge God with cruelty—"My punishment is greater than I can bear" (Gen. iv. 13). Sometimes they charge God with partiality and respect of persons, because here He strokes, and there He strikes; here He lifts up, and there He casts down; here He smiles, and there He frowns; here He gives much, and there He gives nothing; here He loves, and there He hates; here He prospers one, and there He blasts another. "Where is the God of judgment?" that is, nowhere. Either there is no God of judgment, or at least, not a God of exact, precise, and impartial judgment (Mal. ii. 17). Sometimes they charge God with unbountifulness—that He is a God that will set His people to hard work, to much

work, but will pay them no wages, nor give them any reward. “Ye have said, It is vain to serve God: and what profit is it that we have kept His ordinance, and that we have walked mournfully before the Lord of Hosts?” (Mal. iii. 14.) Sometimes they charge God that He is a hard master, and that He reaps where He hath not sown, and gathers where He hath not strawed (Matt. xxv. 24). Oh, the infinite reproach and scorn that is every day, that is every hour in the day, cast upon the Lord, His name, His truth, His ways, His ordinances, His glory! Alas! all the scorn and contempt that is cast upon all the saints, all the world over, is nothing to that which is cast upon the great God every hour; and yet He is patient. Ah! how hardly do most men think of God, and how hardly do they speak of God, and how unhandsomely do they carry it towards God; and yet He bears it. They who will not spare God Himself, His name, His truth, His honour, shall we think it much that they spare not us or our names? Surely not. Why should we look that those should give us good words, who cannot afford God a good word from one week’s end to another—yea, from one year’s end to another? Why should we look that they should cry out, “Hosanna! Hosanna!” to us, whereas every day they cry out of Christ, “Crucify Him! Crucify Him!” “It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord. If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub,” or a masterfly, or a dunghill god, or the chief devil, “how much more shall they call them of His household?” (Matt. x. 25.) It is preferment enough for the servant to be as his Lord; and if they make no bones of staining and blaspheming the name of the Lord, never wonder if they revile thy name. And let this suffice to quiet and silence your hearts, Christians, under all that scorn and contempt which is cast upon your names and reputations in this world.—*Brooks.*

“LORD, LET IT ALONE THIS YEAR ALSO, TILL I SHALL DIG ABOUT IT.”

(LUKE xiii. 8.)

THUS deals the Lord Jesus Christ oftentimes with the barren professor. He diggeth about him. He smiteth one blow at his heart, another blow at his lusts, a third at his pleasures, a fourth at his comforts, another at his self-conceitedness. Thus He diggeth about him. This is the way to take bad earth from his roots, and to loosen his roots from the earth. Barren fig-tree! See here the care, the love, the labour, and way which the Lord Jesus, the Dresser of the vineyard, is fain to take with thee, if haply thou mayest be made fruitful.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

JOHN SANDERS was born in the parish of Eltham, Kent. His parents were in the husbandry business; but he lost his father while yet an infant. He continued with his mother till about the age of fifteen, when he was taken by a relative to London, and brought up in the capacity of a coachman. For several years he drove what was called road work (postchaise not then being much in use), and his character was so well known for sobriety and carefulness, that he was esteemed by many of the nobility, whom he occasionally drove to Bath and elsewhere.

In one of these journeys an incident occurred, which he used to relate with pleasure. He was in the city of Exeter, and Mr. Cennick, who was then in connection with Mr. Whitfield, was preaching in the High Street of that city, on a large open spot of ground, and surrounded by a great number of people, by some of whom he had been previously ill-treated. Mr. Cennick was expatiating on the blood of Christ, when a profane butcher, who was among the crowd, said, "If you love blood, you shall presently have enough," and ran to get some to throw on him. Mr. Sanders was also a bystander, and though at that time an entire stranger to divine things, yet, from a sense of the ill-usage Mr. Cennick had received and was likely to receive, he felt an inclination to defend him. Seeing the man come with a pail nearly full of blood, he calmly went to meet him, and when he came even with him, he suddenly caught hold of the pail and poured it over the man's head. This drew the attention of the riotous part of the people from the preacher to Mr. Sanders, who, with some difficulty, escaped their rage by taking shelter in a house, and was obliged to leave the town very early on the next morning.

Mr. Cennick, it is supposed, never knew who was his preserver. An account of this transaction was found in his pocket-book, after his decease, with an awful relation of two or three of these persecutors being taken ill with a spitting of blood, which continued till they died—one excepted, who, after he recovered, appeared to be converted by means of this awful visitation, and afterward followed Mr. Cennick for a considerable time wherever he went.

Mr. Sanders continued his occupation as a coachman for many years. The Duke of Devonshire introduced him to the notice of good King George III., and he was made his body coachman. While thus employed, he often received the approbation of his Royal master, for whom he ever entertained the most affectionate love and reverence, and when he petitioned for a dismissal on account of his age, it was granted with regret. His Majesty,

with a cheerful countenance, often said to him, "Sanders, what has your friend, Romaine, been telling you to-day?" Would always enquire after his health when riding on horseback through Kensington, if he saw his old servant; as also did the other branches of the Royal family. Thus he had the esteem and regard of the highest personages in the land; and all this seemed to humble him yet more in his own eyes, for his motto to the last was, "Less than the least of all."

It was about the year 1740, that he was first awakened to a true sense of his condition before God, under the ministry of Mr. Romaine, at St. George's, Hanover Square. His going to hear him was through the persuasion of his wife, a gracious woman. However, he heard, as he used to say, "to profit," and received such a deep conviction of sin, and such a terror of the wrath of God due to it, that he was sometimes afraid even to sleep, for fear he should awake in hell.

This work of the law upon his conscience followed him more or less for six years, most of which time he was trying various means to render himself acceptable to God, and vainly endeavoured to make Moses and Christ co-partners in this work. But that Holy Spirit, by whom he was taught, would not suffer him to rest here. He was permitted to try to the utmost of his power, and he found the utmost of that power was only able to bring him into greater bondage.

At last, by the gradual work of the Spirit of God, he was brought into the liberty of the children of God, but not without many severe conflicts with the great enemy of souls, and many hard-fought victories obtained.

The first time he ever attempted private prayer, he thought someone struck him on the back, and it had such a terrifying effect upon him that he was soon obliged to leave off and quit the room. But he was enabled to persevere, and, as he confessed with strong cries and tears, offered up his supplication to God, until, like his divine Master, he "was heard in that he feared," delivered from that state of bondage, and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. At the same time he demonstrated that this freedom did not lead to licentiousness by his close walk with God, like Enoch, for almost half a century, and by his zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls.

Almost at his own expense he opened a little place at Kensington for the preaching of the Gospel among the poor, and maintained it for some years till a chapel was built in the town. He was indeed, as a private Christian, a burning and a shining light, but in his own estimation a brand plucked out of the burning, for in the former part of his life he could rank with the chief of sinners, having committed sin with greediness, which made him often

say, nothing but sovereign and distinguishing grace could ever have reached him ; but he used to rejoice in that it *had* reached, and, therefore, could never enough testify his gratitude to that Jesus who lived and died for him, and of his interest in whose redeeming love for two or three years preceding his death he scarcely entertained a doubt. Owing to his advanced age and weakness, he regretted that he was hindered from going to hear some of his dear old friends at the Lock Chapel, particularly Mr. Newton, for whom he had a peculiar regard, as, indeed, he valued every minister that preached the glorious truth of the Gospel, and seldom could leave them till he had testified his affection for them. Often have I seen his eyes sparkle with pleasure and overflow with tears of gratitude and transport at the very name of Jesus. It was indeed music to his ears, and balsam to his heart, and many happy hours have I spent with him on Lord's Day evenings in prayer. How did his heart burn within him, like the disciples of old, while conversing about the unmerited grace and favour he had received, and of the glory which he believed was laid up for him in a brighter and a better world ! Thus faith and hope kept him waiting and watching till this glory should be revealed, especially for the last two years of his life, when he daily expected to be called from time into eternity.

He was taken ill on the Thursday preceding his death, and from the first there appeared little hopes of his recovery. But he was supported during his illness in such sweet composure of spirit, and such resignation to the will of God, that the promise was fully verified to him of being kept in perfect peace, his mind being stayed upon Jehovah. Thus he lay till within a few hours of his death, when the enemy appears to have made his last attempt.

Comparing his journey from this world to the difficult ascent of a steep hill, he expressed a fear that he should never reach the top of it. His attendant, a gracious woman, immediately replied, "Dear sir, you will reach it ; you are almost at it. Your Captain stands there, and you must follow Him." He then stretched out his hands, and with a smile upon his countenance, seemed for a few moments to be praying, and, shortly after, looking up and waving his hands, he said, "Look ! look there !" and presently again, "Hark !" as if his departing spirit saw and heard a convoy of angels waiting to receive him, and then reclining on his pillow, sweetly breathed his happy soul into the bosom of his Redeemer, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years.

Thus lived and died this venerable saint, who happily exemplified the life, the walk, and the triumph of faith, so excellently described by the honoured instrument of his conversion, Mr. Romaine, for whose memory he always retained the most

affectionate regard, and like whom his hope and confidence was fixed on the Rock of Eternal Ages.

A funeral discourse was preached for him from Job v. 26—
 “Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.”

THE NEW HEAVEN AND THE NEW EARTH.

If God is for ever, how ill do we calculate in preferring to His love and protection, the span of happiness which His visible creation can offer—the fashion of this world, which is so soon to pass away into silence! Yea, rather, forasmuch as the things around us, which are all one day to be dissolved, are so goodly and glorious during their stage of momentary existence—“if God so clothe the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven”—if this earth, which ere long must melt with fervent heat, is now so richly adorned with fruits and flowers by the lavish munificence of its Creator—if this firmament, which is one day to wither like a parched scroll, is now set thick with suns, and all Nature, even in this its ruined state, is teeming with whatever can supply the wants, whatever can delight the senses, of us poor exiles from paradise—what may we not anticipate from the power and mercy of the Most High, in that new heaven and new earth whose foundations are laid from everlasting, and where they whom He loves, and who have lovingly served Him, shall be gathered as wheat into His garner?—*Heber.*

“BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL
 GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE.”

(REVELATION ii. 10.)

THE bearing of the cross must always go before the wearing of the crown. Yea, he that would have a crown of glory with Christ in His kingdom, must first have a crown of thorns with Him in this life. He that desireth to reign with Him, must first suffer with Him. But yet, for our comfort, the more patiently we endure the cross here for His sake, the more glorious shall we esteem our crown to be at that day. And as a traveller that goeth a long journey, though he have many a weary step, yet cheereth himself that his rest at night will make amends for all, so may we constantly and patiently pass through reproaches, persecutions, temptations, and death itself, in hope of that crown of life which the Lord hath promised to all them that are “faithful unto death.”

THE COTTAGE FUNERAL.

(Concluded from page 271.)

"BUT," subjoined the minister, "these are not all the privileges of the grave to the members of Christ's mystical body. There is another blessed advantage the faithful derive from it, in that it delivers them both from the very being, and from all the remains of inbred and indwelling sin. Though Jesus, by His great salvation, hath taken out the curse, the guilt, the dominion, and the punishment of sin, yet there is an inherency of sin in the body which, like the ivy in the wall, hath its root so folded up in the very recesses of our nature in the flesh, that until death it never ceases to send forth its deadly buddings. Paul the Apostle groaned under it, and all the saints of God, like him, have felt and mourned over it to the very close of life. In the grave the root of sin falls out. By this blessed process we are for ever delivered from the remains of indwelling sin, and not the smallest budding of it can any more appear. The war in our members is over, and all the jarring affections are hushed up in an everlasting peace.

"Do any of you remember, concerning our dear friend before us," said the minister—"do any of you remember any little fretfulness or impatience at any time manifesting itself in her? The whole is now past. Nothing of anger will ever redden her countenance. Nothing tending to excite passion or displeasure will ever again be found. Her clay-cold frame is no longer susceptible of those infirmities to which we in the body are still exposed.

"If these," continued the clergyman, "are the blessed properties of the grave, and Jesus hath given authority to this devourer to consume only what now so much offends and drags down my soul, come, then, thou grave, thou friend of the Lord's people, thou minister and servant of Jesus for good. Freely do I deliver up my body to thee, whenever my God and Saviour shall appoint. Though thou destroyest, yet it is only as commissioned by Him. Consume my flesh, for there is a vast amount of corruption in it, suited for thy power to be exercised upon. All the remains of indwelling sin in my flesh belong to thee, and I would not keep it from thee for the world. But my better part I know thou canst not touch. The day is hastening when He will come and take it, and present it to Himself 'without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing,' and then it shall be holy and without blemish. 'It is now sown in corruption, but it will be raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour, but it will be raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, but it will be raised in

power. It is sown a natural body, but it will be raised a spiritual body.' Blessed Jesus, how sweet the consolation, and how sure the events founded in Thee!

"Who would have thought," added the minister, "that the grave, which in the most distant view damps all the prosperity of sinners, looks towards the believer with so smiling an aspect?

"And is there any other feature of loveliness in it? Yes, there is. What, think you, can be a greater mercy than a total exemption from all the snares, and temptations, and unceasing persecutions of Satan? In the grave, the poor, harassed, exercised believer is for ever got beyond the shot of the enemy, beyond the lions' den, and the mountains of leopards. And while the *soul* is secured in the paradise of God, joining the song of the redeemed, the *body*, through which, while on earth, the tempter found constant access to afflict both, now sweetly rests in the grave; and there hell itself, with all its powers, hath no dominion. He that hath ransomed His people from sin, from death, and from the grave, hath secured them also from the powers of darkness. 'He hath the keys of hell and death.'"

Here the clergyman again paused. After a moment he said, "You will remember, I hope, that the blessings I have been speaking of, as belonging to the members of Christ's mystical body, are those which peculiarly refer to the bodies of departed saints. Were it needful to heighten the subject, think only what a vast accumulation of happiness must be added to what I have now said, as it relates to the souls of the faithful in glory.

"Strictly and properly speaking," added the minister, "the person of any man or woman is where the soul is; and this, we all know, at death is with the Lord. Believers then join 'the spirits of just men made perfect.' But to speak of the felicities into which the souls of the redeemed immediately enter, at the separation from the body, language is incompetent to describe it. But that I may not be wholly silent upon the point, nor suffer you to return home without taking with you a single thought on a subject of such infinite moment, allow me to read to you that beautiful description which the Holy Ghost hath caused to be left on record of the felicities of departed saints, given to us by His servant John, in order to raise and animate the minds of the faithful in the contemplation of the glory that awaits them. 'They have come out,' says he, 'of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne

shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

"Though all attempts must fail to explain the glory contained in those words of the felicity of the blessed, yet let me remark to you that everything the imagination can conceive of happiness is included in them. They are said to be happy in their state, being delivered from all tribulation, and 'having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' They are happy in their station, being always 'before the throne of God.' They are happy in their services, for they 'serve God in His temple day and night.' They are blessed in their society, for 'He that sitteth in the midst of the throne dwelleth among them.' They are blessed in a total exemption from all care, for 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more,' after the empty and unsatisfying things of time and sense. They are happy in a complete deliverance from all sickness and persecution, for 'the sun shall not light on them, nor any heat.' They are happy in an everlasting provision for all they need, 'for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them.' They are happy in all their actions, for 'the Lord will lead them.' And, to sum up all, their felicity shall be uninterrupted and eternal, for 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

"Now, Christian friends," said the minister, as he followed up his address, in the close of it, "now suffer me, before we take a farewell leave of this grave, and separate from each other, to entreat you to pause over what you have heard, and let each for himself make the application.

"My poor unawakened brother, will you allow me to ask you, What provision have you made, and what state are you now in, for the hour of death ? Doth it not strike you with full force of conviction that, if such be the death of the believer in Jesus, how infinitely desirable must be such an end ? And if it be so blessed a thing to die *in* Christ, is it not equally evident, the awfulness of dying *out* of Christ ? Figure to yourself all the miseries, sicknesses, heart-aches, and sorrows of nature ; yet at death there is a period to the whole, as they refer to the believer. But if to a life of sorrow, the termination be a death in sin, unregenerated, unwashed, un sanctified, uninterested in Jesus, what must be the awful horrors of eternity ? It matters not *where* we die, or *when* we die, or *how* we die ; but oh, the infinite importance of dying in Jesus !

"Ye people of God," added the minister, "learn from what hath been said, to take home with you more pleasing thoughts of the grave than when you came here. And you that are the friends and relations of her whose precious remains we leave behind, go home under the pleasing conviction that both in body

and soul she hath found an infinite gain by this event. Were she able to speak to you on the occasion, her language would be similar, and in humble imitation of the words of her adored Redeemer, 'If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice because I go to the Father.'

"And in respect to yourselves, and the prospect of your own departure, if you desire your dying day to be your triumphant day, do as Paul did—learn to 'die daily.' Love Christ, and death will be your gain. Oh, it is precious to the believer himself! It is encouraging to every beholder to see the believer's house and heart always in order, waiting the Lord's approach, that, when His voice is heard, 'Behold, I come quickly!' the soul may run out to meet Him, crying out, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus!' But what faith, what love, what desire, is that which, when His chariot wheels are heard at the door, instead of rising up and leaping into His arms, shrinks back, and would wish Him to postpone His coming?"

"Dearest Jesus!" said the minister, and as he pronounced the words, he lifted up his eyes and hands towards heaven, "Thou hast overcome death; Thou hast slain the enmity of the grave; Thou hast made all things what they should be to Thy people; henceforth may we learn to leave every event to Thy wisdom and Thy love, for sure we are, every minute circumstance is arranged concerning them, and a synod of angels could neither add to, nor take from, without injury to their present and everlasting welfare. Do Thou, then, blessed Jesus, give Thy people grace to wait Thy sovereign will; and do Thou order both the time when, the place where, and the manner how, our departure is to be accomplished. Thou Thyself, we know, wilt be present; and though our dying moments be not accompanied with a splendour, yet it will be with a security like that of Stephen's; and we shall gather up all our strength, like him, and throw ourselves into Thine arms, with a 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!' Amen."

ROBERT HAWKER, D.D.

THE Lord hath not forgotten His covenant, neither will He cast off His people; but though He hath resolved to chastise them for their great and bitter provocations, yet He knows both how and when to deliver them that are His; and deliver them He will. Only you must give Him leave to take His own time; and it shall be the best time. He is a God of judgment, *i.e.*, a just God and a wise God, and therefore He will do it when it shall be most seasonable. He will wait the fittest opportunity, and therefore, in the interim it will be both your duty and your wisdom to wait His leisure.—*Thomas Case.*

DISCIPLINE AND PEACE.

O SAVIOUR, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
 Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way ;
 Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
 And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
 I followed the rainbow ; I caught at the toy ;
 And still, in displeasure, Thy goodness was there,
 Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below ;
 The moonlight shone fair—there was blight in the beam ;
 Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe ;
 And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
 I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed ;
 And still did this eager and credulous heart
 Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
 Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn ;
 Thou showedst me the path—it was dark and uneven,
 All rugged with rocks, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial reward and renown ;
 I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave ;
 I asked for the palm branch, the robe, and the crown ;
 I asked—and Thou showedst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length to Thy will
 My hopes and my longings I fain would resign ;
 Oh, give me the heart that can wait and be still,
 Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine !

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
 But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;
 There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below ;
 There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

OH, let it be observed that from the first moment that the Holy Ghost breathed spiritual life into thy soul, thou art called out to war. And how many are the sharp conflicts that pass between flesh and spirit, sin and grace, faith and unbelief, the new creature and carnal reason, and the sharp contests that there are between thee and Satan, that old enemy of thy soul and mine. "For we wrestle not with flesh and blood," &c. (Eph. vi. 12).—*Bentley.*

GLEANINGS FROM THE PEN OF A DEPARTED MINISTER.

April, 1878.—Possibly there is a beauty in John x. 16 you may not have seen—"There shall be one fold." In the Greek it is "one flock." The Gentiles were not of this fold, this Jewish fold; but there shall be one flock, in which Jew and Gentile—all the elect, called, justified, and glorified—shall be found.

I dare say you will be surprised when I tell you that I have shaken hands and conversed with Mr. S. Turner, of Sunderland. My family lived at Ely, and when he came to preach in the neighbourhood, he came to a house two doors from my father's. I can remember his face as if it were yesterday. I heard him preach in Mr. Martin's barn, at Littleport. He was a deep, spiritual, experimental preacher. There are very few such now. Many are clear in the letter of doctrine, but there is no unction. Of all spiritual good the Agent is the Holy Spirit; the instrument, the Word.

"From the celestial hills
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may we daily, hourly feel
His quickening influence."

I always like that deep tone of humility, that self-accusation, in the chapters you name—making a clean breast of it before Him who knows all that is in it.

I enjoyed an opening up of Ephesians i. 13 last Sabbath morning—"the sealing of the Spirit." Repentance and faith are the operation of that same Spirit who wrought so wonderfully, so largely, so effectually at Pentecost. And that most wonderful of chapters, the seventeenth of John. How mistaken people are who look for a visible oneness in the Church of Christ! The oneness which it is said to be like between Father and Son is not visible. One Vine, one flock, one family, one Church. Happily "the Lord knoweth them that are His," and by His grace they do "depart from iniquity."

The new creation and the justification by faith go together. How important for ministers, when the end comes, to have preached Christ's Gospel, and, by a Christ-like walk and conversation, to have recommended the doctrines they have preached! I find that spiritually-minded, deeply-taught, experimental ministers are scarce. I believe chapels are as wanting in this respect as churches. Oh, what cold stuff sermons are—mere essays—morality, little Scripture, hardly a ray of Gospel!

June, 1878.—I had a sweet time from Proverbs xv., last verse—"Before honour is humility." The wonderful exaltation of Christ after His wonderful humiliation, as stated by the Apostle, es-

pecially Philippians ii. 5—9. And when we think of the sad fall of Peter, and his gracious recovery, who would not sing—

“ Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee ” ?

Peter was just the man to write the precious words, “ Kept ”—by man's free-will ? By man's native strength ? Oh, no ! “ Kept by the power of God ”—the grasp of omnipotence—“ through faith, unto ”—a break-down ? Ruin ? No ; but “ unto salvation.”

I send you Mr. A. B. Taylor's letter. He is so nice in conversation that I feel refreshed. Did you ever notice the Scripture—“ Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water, and the man of understanding draweth it out ” ? I preached from the words when I was about twenty years old, in Suffolk. “ The carnal man has no bucket for the spiritual well.”

The Lord opened Lydia's heart. Now-a-days revival preachers bid people open their own hearts. How can they open a heart of stone ? Ezekiel says it must be taken out ; and who must take it out ? It is all Jehovah. “ I will take away the heart of stone, and give the heart of flesh.” I read in a sermon the other day, “ Tear away all your sins about your heart. Open your heart and let Christ come in.” Blind leaders of the blind ! “ In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.” If preachers opened up Gospel truths, and prayed to the Lord to apply them, it would honour God ; but this sort of preaching is dishonouring to Him, and I am sure leads people astray. My idea of a hymn is to recognise a Triune Jehovah as few hymns do.

My dear father has been dead thirty-six years to-morrow, July 5th. Mr. Prigg helped to carry him to his grave in the Cathedral yard.

May you be as calm and happy as you are safe in the Lord's hands.

Harpurhey Rectory.

CHARLES MARSHALL.

[These few scraps, written by this good man only a short time before his death, will, we hope, be read with pleasure and interest by those especially who knew him. He was a personal friend of the late Mr. Taylor's and other gracious ministers ; but over-work, crowded congregations, and heated buildings, brought on a malady in the throat and chest which soon prostrated him, and ended in his death.—R. F. R.]

GOD is my rest, refuge, and dwelling-place, and if I feel Him, I am at home, go where I may.—*Huntington.*

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

CERTAINLY, reader, there is a time when God comes nigh to men in duty, when He deals familiarly with men, and sensibly fills their souls with unusual powers and delight. The near approaches of God to their souls are felt by them (for souls have their sense as well as bodies), and now are their minds abstracted and marvellously refined from all that is material and earthly, and swallowed up in spiritual excellencies and glories.

These are the real prelibations, or foretastes of glory, which no man can by words make another to understand, as he himself doth that feels them.

These seasons, I confess, do but rarely occur to the best of Christians, nor continue long when they do. Alas! this wine is too strong for such weak bottles as we are. "Hold, Lord!" a holy man said once; "it is enough. Thy poor creature is a clay vessel, and can hold no more." This is that "joy unspeakable, and full of glory," which is mentioned in 1 Peter i. 7, 8—something that words cannot describe. These seasons are the golden spots of our lives, when we are admitted to these near and ineffable views and tastes of God.

Possibly some poor Christians can say but little to these things. Their sorrows are exercised in duties more than their joys; they are endeavouring to mount, but the stone hangs at the heel; they essay, but cannot rise to that height that others do, who are got up by their labouring faith into the upper region, and there display their wings, and sing in the sunbeams. But though they cannot reach this height, yet have they no satisfaction in duties wherein there is no intercourse between God and their souls.

That which contents another will not content a Christian. If the king be absent, men will bow to the empty chair; but if God be absent, an empty duty gives no satisfaction to a gracious spirit. The poorest Christian is found panting after God by sincere desires, and labouring to get up that dead and vain heart to God in duty (though, alas! it is many times but the rolling of the returning stone against the hill); yet he never expects advantage by that duty wherein the Spirit of God is not, nor doth he expect the Spirit of God should be where his own spirit is not.

Again, assiduity and constancy in the duties of religion make a notable discovery of the soundness or rottenness of men's hearts. The hypocrite may show some zeal and forwardness in duties for a time, but he will jade and give out at length (Job xxvii. 10)—"Will he delight himself in the Almighty? Will he always call upon God?" No, he will not. If his motions in

religion were natural, they would be constant ; but they are artificial, and he is moved by external inducements, and so must needs be off and on. He prays himself weary of praying, and hears himself weary of hearing. His heart is not delighted in his duties, and therefore his duties must needs grow stale and dry to him after a while.

There are three seasons in which the zeal of a hypocrite may be in duties.

First, when some imminent danger threatens him, some smart rod of God is shaken over him. "When He slew them then they sought Him, and returned and inquired early after God" (Psa. lxxviii. 34). Oh, the goodly works they give—the fair promises they make—and yet all the while "they do but flatter Him with their lips, and lie unto Him with their tongues" (ver. 36, 37) ; for let but that danger pass over, and the heavens clear up again, and he will restrain prayer, and return to his old course again.

Secondly, when the times countenance and favour religion, and the wind is in his back, oh, what zeal will he have for God ! So in the stony ground (Matt. xiii. 5), the seed sprung up and flourished until the sun of persecution arose, and then it faded away, for it had no depth of earth—no deep, solid, inward work or principle of grace—to maintain it.

Thirdly, when self-ends and designs are accommodated and promoted by these things. This was the case of Jehu (2 Kings x. 16)—"Come, see my zeal." For what ? For a base self-interest, not for God. How fervently will some men pray, preach, and profess, whilst they sensibly feel the incomes and profits of these duties to their flesh—whilst they are admired and applauded !

These external incentives will put a hypocrite into a hot fit of zeal ; but then, as it is with a man whose colour is raised by the heat of the fire, and not by the healthfulness of a good constitution, it soon fades and falls again.

But, blessed be God, it is not so with all. The man whose heart is upright with his God will "keep judgment and do righteousness at all times" (Psa. cvi. 3). Whether dangers threaten or no, whether the times favour religion or no, whether his earthly interest be promoted by it or no, he will be holy still. He will not part with his duties when they are stripped naked of those external advantages. As the addition of these things to religion did not at first engage him, so the subtraction of them cannot disengage him.

If this duty become his reproach, yet Moses will not forsake it (Heb. xi. 26). If he lose his company, and be left alone, yet Paul will not flinch from his duty (2 Tim. iv. 16). If

hazard surround duty on every side, yet Daniel will not quit it (Dan. vi. 10), for they considered these things at first, and counted the cost. They still find religion is rich enough to pay the cost of all that they can lose or suffer for its sake—yea, and that with a hundred-fold reward now in this life. They never had any other design in engaging in religious duties but to help them to heaven; and if they recover heaven at last, whether the way to it prove better or worse, they have their design and ends, and therefore they will be “steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord” (1 Cor. xv. 58).

Sixthly, the humility and self-denial of our hearts in duties will try what they are for their integrity and sincerity toward God. Doth a man boast in his own excellences in prayer, as the Pharisee did—“God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men” (Luke xviii. 11), which he speaks not in an humble acknowledgment of the grace of God, which differences man from man, but in a proud ostentation of his own excellences? Doth a man make his duties his saviours, and trust to them in a vain confidence of their worth and dignity? (Luke xviii. 9.) Surely “his heart which is thus lifted up within him is not upright” (Hab. ii. 4). But if the heart be upright indeed, it will express its humility, as in all other things, so especially in its duties, wherein it approaches the great and holy God.

1. It will manifest its humility in those awful and reverential apprehensions it hath of God, as Abraham did (Gen. xviii. 27). “And now I, that am but dust and ashes,” saith he, “have taken upon me to speak unto God.” The humility of Abraham’s spirit is, in some measure, to be found in all Abraham’s children.

2. In those low and vile thoughts they have of themselves and their religious performances. Thus that poor penitent (Luke vii. 38) “stood behind Christ weeping.” “Yet the dogs eat the crumbs,” saith another (Mark vii. 28). “I am more brutish than any man,” saith a third (Prov. xxx. 7). “I abhor myself in dust and in ashes,” saith a fourth (Job xlii. 6). And as little esteem they have for their performances—“All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags” (Isa. lxiv. 6). I deny not but there is pride and vanity in the most upright ones; but what place soever it finds in their converses with men, it finds little room in their converses with God, or if it doth, they loathe it, and themselves for it.

3. But especially their humility in duty is discovered in renouncing all their duties in point of dependence, and relying entirely upon Christ for righteousness and acceptance. They have special regard to duties in point of obedience, but none at all in point of reliance.

Seventhly, the communion and intercourse which is between God and men in duties notably discovers what their persons and graces are. And it must needs do so, because what communion soever the hypocrite hath with duties, or with saints in duties, to be sure he hath none with God.

None can come nigh to God in duty but those that are made nigh by reconciliation. All special communion with Christ is founded in real union with Christ, but "the wicked are estranged from the womb" (Psa. lviii. 3).

But now there is real communion between God and His people in duties. "Truly our fellowship," our communion, "is with the Father and Son" (1 John i. 3). God pours forth of His Spirit upon them, and they pour forth their hearts to God. It is sensibly manifested to them when the Lord comes nigh to their souls in duty, and as sensible they are of His retreats and withdrawments from their souls (Sol.'s Song iii. 1—4). They find their hearts, like the heliotrope, open and shut according to the accesses and recesses of the divine presence. They that never felt anything of this nature may call it a fancy, but the Lord's people are abundantly satisfied of the reality thereof.

Their very countenance is altered by it (1 Sam. i. 18). The sad and cloudy countenance of Hannah cleared up—there was fair weather in her face—as soon as she knew she had audience and acceptance with her God. I know all communion with God does not consist in joys and comforts. There is as real communion with God in the mortifying and humbling influences of His Spirit upon men, as in the cheering and refreshing influences thereof. I know, also, there is a great diversity in the degrees and measures thereof. It is not alike in all Christians, nor with the same Christians at all times. But that real Christians have true and real communion with God in their duties, is a truth as manifest in the spiritual sense and experience of the saints, as their communion is one with another.

Eighthly, growth and improvement of grace in duties notably differences the sound and the unsound heart. All the duties in the world will never make a hypocrite more holy, humble, or heavenly than he is, but will, as the watering of a dry stick, sooner rot it than make it flourishing and fruitful. What was Judas the better for all those heavenly sermons, prayers, and discourses of Christ which he heard? And what will thy soul be the better for all the duties thou performest weekly and daily, if thy heart be unsound? It is plain, from Job xv. 4, that there must be an implantation into Christ before there can be an improvement in fruitful obedience. And it is plain, from 1 John ii. 14, that the virtues of ordinances must remain—the efficacy and power that we sometimes feel under them must

abide and remain in the heart afterwards, or we cannot grow and be made fruitful by them.

But the false professor is neither rooted in Christ by union with Him, nor doth nor can retain the virtue of ordinances within him, but, like one that views his face in a glass, quickly forgets what manner of man he was. His head, indeed, may grow, his knowledge may increase, but he hath a dead and withered heart.

But as the saints have real communion with God in duties, so they do make improvements answerable thereunto. There is more certainly a ripening of their graces that way—a changing or gradual transformation from glory to glory—a springing up to that full stature of the man in Christ. “They that are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God” (Psa. xcii. 13).

There is pure and sincere milk in the breasts of ordinances. A believer sucks the very breasts of Christ in his duties, and doth grow thereby (1 Peter ii. 2). They do grow more and more judicious, experienced, humble, mortified, and heavenly, by conversing with the Lord so frequently in His appointments.

There is, I confess, a more discernible growth and ripening in some Christians than in others. The faith of some groweth exceedingly (2 Thess. i. 3), others more slowly (Heb. v. 12), but yet there are improvements of grace in all upright ones. Habits are more deeply radicated, or fruits of obedience more increased.

Object.—If any upright soul be stumbled at this, as not being able to discern the increase of his graces, after all his duties.

Sol.—Let such consider the growth of grace is discerned as the growth of plants is, which we perceive rather *crevisse, quam crescere*—to have grown, than to grow. Compare time past and present, and you may see it; but usually our eager desires after more make us overlook what we have as nothing.

Ninthly, the assistances and influences of the Spirit in duties show us what we are. No vital, sanctifying influences can fall upon carnal hearts in duties. The Spirit helps not their infirmities, nor “makes intercession for them with groanings which cannot be uttered,” as He doth for His own people (Rom. viii. 26, 27). They have His assistances in the way of common gifts, but not in the way of special grace. He may enable them to preach judiciously, not experimentally; to pray orderly and neatly, not feelingly, believably, and broken-heartedly. “For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God” (Rom. viii. 14). He never so assists but where He hath first sanctified. Carnal men furnish the material of their duties out of the strength of their parts. A strong memory, a good invention, are the fountains from which they draw.

But it is otherwise with souls truly gracious. They have

ordinarily a three-fold assistance from the Spirit in reference to their duties:—

First, before duties, exciting them to it—making them feel their need of it, like the call of an empty stomach (Psa. xxvii. 8) —“Thou saidst, Seek My face; my heart answered, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.”

Secondly, in their duties, furnishing both matter and affection, as in that text lately cited (Rom. viii. 26), guiding them not only what to ask, but how to ask.

Thirdly, after their duties, helping them not only to suppress the pride and vanity of their spirits, but also to wait on God for the accomplishment of their desires.—*Flavel*.

“EXAMINE YOURSELVES, WHETHER YE BE IN THE FAITH; PROVE YOUR OWN SELVES.”

(2 CORINTHIANS xiii. 5.)

TAKE your souls to the glass of the law, and go from one precept to another; and when you have done there, go to the Gospel, and be sure you do not deal slightly. And when you have well studied the number and quality of your sins, then consider the justice and holiness of the eternal God, which you shall understand by the same law and Gospel; but more especially shall ye know it by going to the cross of Christ, for we never know as we ought the evil of sin, and our misery thereby, until we know what He endured to make expiation for it. They that never knew themselves are most certainly without love to Christ.

“A GOOD CONSCIENCE.”

(1 TIMOTHY i. 19.)

BE we sure to keep conscience clear. Oh, let not that upbraid us. Be we careful what we do, and then we need not be careful of what men say. If conscience do not *reproach* us, *reproach* will not much move us. One of conscience's testimonies for us is more than ten thousand slanders against us. As the storms and winds *without* do not move the earth, but vapours within cause the earthquakes, so all the railings of all the Shimeis in the world cannot trouble us much, if our consciences within do abound with good fruits. If I can but say, with Job, “My heart shall not reproach me as long as I live,” I am safe enough from the evil of reproach.

CONTENTMENT without the world is better than the world without contentment.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

[The following letter was written in answer to an inquiry, in an American journal, by "An Anxious One," the other replies being of the usual free-will style.—ED.]

TO "AN ANXIOUS ONE."

FORSAKE all your own works, bad or good, and go and pray to the Lord Jesus Christ, confessing all your sins, and cry unto Him for mercy. Take no denial, and never give up to your latest breath, saying, with the poet—

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Oh, what encouragement that is to humble, seeking sinners! He did not come to save righteous Pharisees, who believe in their own good works. Why is this? Because all mankind fell in the sin of Adam and Eve, and are by nature all polluted, and as incapable of doing anything to please God, while in their natural state, as thorns are incapable of bearing grapes, or thistles of bearing figs. Nor can any one change his own heart. As the Scriptures say, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good who have been accustomed to do evil." God alone can change the heart, and this must be sought with earnest, persevering prayer. The mass of mankind have as the poet says—

"Wounds which only God can heal,
Yet never ask His aid."

This is all Scripture, let whosoever will attack or deny it.

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

"If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, or sin distress;
The remedy's before thee—pray."

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air."

"And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

It is the Christian alone who can say in truth this verse of the Psalm, "Who remembered us in our low estate, for His mercy endureth for ever." This is that vital religion which, alas! is but too little insisted on in the present day. But the Word of God must stand for ever. Not one jot or tittle can fail till all be fulfilled in the redemption of His people, and the destruction of sinners and careless ones.

Christ is the only way to find life instead of death, blessing instead of cursing, good instead of evil. Christ is the chiefest good, the hidden manna, the Pearl of greatest price, "the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." "No man can come to the Father but by Him." He alone sustained the whole curse and wrath of God due to His people, and Eternal Truth says, "There is no other name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved."

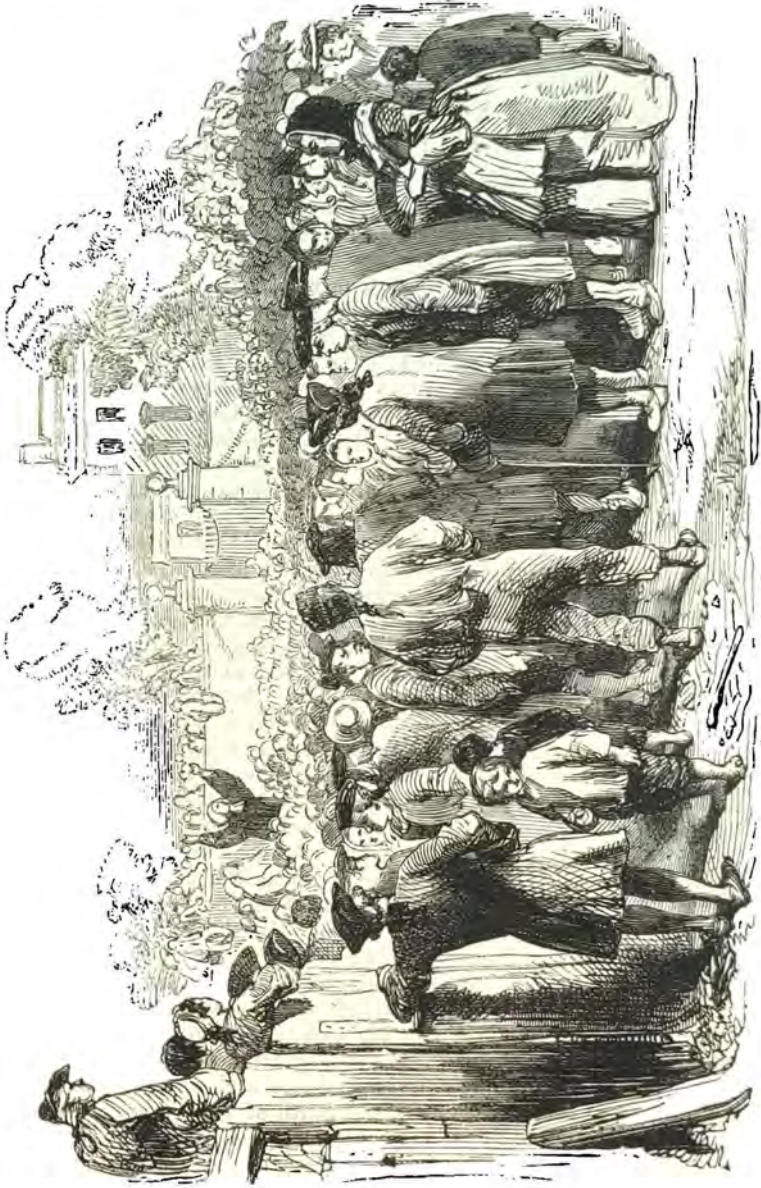
"His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too."

J. COPCUTT.

PROPOSED ROMAN CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR IRELAND.

IN the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour, replying to a speech of Mr. Sexton's, said that he would repeat in that House what he had spoken outside the House—that, in his opinion, something ought to be done to give a higher University education to Roman Catholics in Ireland. He did not deny that he regretted that the Roman Catholic clergy had felt it their duty to discourage members of their religion from taking full advantage of the Queen's Colleges, in Galway, or of Trinity College, Dublin, which were now open to every denomination. But in this matter, regrets were vain things, and they had to take facts as they found them. He was afraid that it was perfectly clear that nothing which had hitherto been done would really meet the wants and wishes of the Roman Catholic population in Ireland. That being so, he saw nothing but to try to devise some scheme by which the wants of the Roman Catholic population should be met other than those which at present had been attempted. He did not think that it was proper for him, on that occasion, even to suggest the main lines of what the scheme ought to be, but that they ought, if possible, to carry out such a scheme which would satisfy all the legitimate aspirations of the Roman Catholics, he entertained no doubt.

[May the Lord overturn any Government that may be guilty of such an attempt as that named by Mr. Balfour.]



MR. WHITEFIELD PREACHING.

REMARKABLE EFFECTS OF MR. WHITEFIELD'S PREACHING IN AMERICA.

THE following account is taken from the "Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah Hodge," published at Philadelphia, about 1806 :—

"When Mr. Whitefield first visited America, Mrs. Hodge was deeply affected by his preaching, on which she assiduously attended. She has often told her friends that, after the first sermon which she heard him preach, she was ready to say, with the woman of Samaria, 'Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did.' The preacher, she said, had so exactly described a'l the secret workings of her heart, her views, her wishes, her thoughts, her imaginations, and her exercises, that she really believed he was either more than mortal, or else that he was supernaturally assisted to know her heart, so ignorant was she then of what she well understood afterwards—that all corrupted human hearts are much alike, and that he who can paint one justly, and in lively colours, may present a picture which many will recognize as their own.

"The effects produced in Philadelphia at this time (about 1740 or 1741) by the preaching of Mr. Whitefield were truly astonishing. Numbers, of almost all religious denominations, and many who had no connection with any denomination, were brought to inquire, with the utmost earnestness, what they should do to be saved. Such was the engagedness of multitudes to listen to spiritual instruction, that there was public worship regularly twice a day, for a year ; and on the Lord's Day it was celebrated generally thrice, and frequently four times. An aged man, deeply interested in the scenes which then were witnessed, informed the writer that the city contained twenty-six societies for social prayer and religious conference, and probably there were others not known to him. So great was the zeal and enthusiasm to hear Mr. Whitefield preach, that many from the city followed him on foot to Chester, to Abingdon, to Neshaminy, and some even to New Brunswick, in New Jersey, the distance of sixty miles. She, the narrative of whose early life has led to the notice of these circumstances, gave the writer a particular account of an excursion of twenty miles which she made to Neshaminy on foot, to attend a religious meeting there ; but so far was she from applauding herself for it, that she condemned both herself and others, as chargeable with imprudence and extravagance. She said that, in these excursions, the youth of both sexes were often exposed to danger and temptation, and that the best apology which could be made for them was, that they were both young and ignorant, and that they had lacked either the

opportunity or the inclination to hear faithful preaching, till their attention had been engaged by Mr. Whitefield. She used, indeed, often to remark that the general ignorance of real and experimental religion was, at that time, truly surprising.

"After the first impressions made by Mr. Whitefield, four or five godly women in the city were the principal counsellors to whom awakened and inquiring sinners used to resort, or could resort, for advice and direction. Even the public preaching of some who were, no doubt, living ministers of the Gospel was not, it would seem, always the most seasonable and judicious. Mr. Rowland, a truly gracious and eloquent man, being invited to preach in the Baptist Church, proclaimed the terrors of the divine law with such energy to those whose souls were already sinking under them, that not a few fainted away. On this occasion, however, his error was publicly corrected by Pastor Gilbert Tennent, who, standing at the foot of the pulpit, and seeing the effect produced on the assembly, interrupted and arrested the preacher by this address—'Brother Rowland, "is there no balm in Gilead? is there no Physician there?"' Mr. Rowland, on this, changed immediately the tenor of his address, and sought to direct to the Saviour those who were overwhelmed with a sense of their guilt; but, before this had taken place, the subject of the present memoir had been carried out of the church in a swoon, which lasted for a considerable time.

"It has not been ascertained how long her mind remained subject to legal terror, without any measure of the comfortable hope of the Gospel. Her exercises, however, are well known to have been of a very violent and distressing kind. At one time she was brought near to the borders of despair, insomuch that she even refused to listen to the counsel of Mr. Tennent, or even to suffer him to pray with her, under an apprehension that it would but aggravate her future condemnation. In this state of mind she was visited by Dr. Finley, who prudently waived a direct discussion of her case, but gradually and insensibly drew her attention to the all-sufficiency of the Saviour. 'And who knows,' said he, 'but there may be mercy and pardon there for you?' He then left her, but the words, 'Who knows but there may be mercy for you?' melted her soul. They seemed to chime in her ears after he was gone. She fell upon her knees, and poured out her heart before God in secret; and she was enabled so to trust her soul into the Saviour's hands as to derive some hope of the divine acceptance and a measure of consolation from that time.

"Mrs. Hodge was for more than sixty years one of the brightest ornaments and most useful members of the Church with which she became connected."—*From an Old Magazine.*

A TRIBUTE OF PRAISE.

My God, accept my grateful songs ;
 To Thee my highest praise belongs ;
 My tribute here to Thee I'll bring,
 And joyful of Thy mercies sing.

My life has ever been Thy care ;
 Thy sovereign goodness still I share ;
 In praises I'll exert my skill,
 Mindful of all Thy leadings still.

Through all life's dark and rugged way
 What scenes of love does God display !
 How wise, how kind, His holy will !
 Remember how He leads thee still.

Through storms and tempests, snares and death,
 He guards thy soul, He keeps thy breath,
 His faithful promise to fulfil ;
 Remember how He leads thee still.

Through many awful scenes within,
 Raised by the tempter's guilt and sin,
 When Satan strives thy soul to kill,
 Remember how He leads thee still.

Through all the duties, cares, and fears ;
 Through all the conflicts, groans, and tears ;
 Through hosts who fain thy blood would spill,
 Remember how He leads thee still.

Through paths of deep and sore distress,
 While travelling in this wilderness,
 Both down the vale and up the hill,
 Remember how He leads thee still.

'Tis all to humble thee and prove
 His wisdom, goodness, power, and love ;
 To try thy heart, and bow thy will ;
 Remember how He leads thee still.

Bless Him, my soul, for all that's past ;
 Trust Him to bring thee home at last,
 Where, freed from sin and every ill,
 Thou'lt praise that God who leads thee still.

—*Medley.*

As the bee sucks the honey, so by meditation we suck out the sweetness of a truth.

FAITH enters its protest against Satan. Faith not only does not yield, but beats back the temptation.

MEMORIAL OF A BELOVED ONE.

JOHN DANE PLAYER was born at Saffron Walden on December 7th, 1800. His parents were members of the Independent Church in that place, and were taught of God the things belonging to salvation. Sensible of the importance of bringing up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," they guided them with a vigilant eye, and tended them with a diligent hand.

Their son John, from the age of five years, preferred the company of his godly mother to the sports of childhood, and usually spent his evenings in reading the Scriptures to her, by which means his mind was well stored with the letter of the Word. At the age of eleven years, this relish for Bible-reading was lost, and the enmity of the natural mind against God was manifested. He imbibed a taste for the productions of Tom Paine. He was then, as he continued to be through life, an active and a thoughtful reader. But mercy's appointed hour drew nigh, for when fourteen years old, the Lord was pleased to use His own method to tear away the veil from his heart, and to break down the pride and rebellion which dwelt and raged therein.

One night, he awoke from sleep with a solemn, overwhelming conviction that he was a wretched and ruined sinner. No immediate instrument was employed to produce this rooted impression, but Bible truth was burnt in—for truth, and nothing but truth, is taught by the Spirit of God. Our brother used afterwards to refer to Job xxxiii. 15—17, as describing the way in which the Lord dealt with him: For a long time he strove against his convictions, but strove in vain. The sense of his lost estate was not weakened. He became a diligent student of God's Word, and an earnest suppliant at the throne of grace. He could not be satisfied with anything short of full redemption, through the blood of Jesus Christ, and salvation by grace alone, received by the faith which is of the operation of God. Unwilling that any fellow-creature should know what was passing in his mind, he shrank as much as possible out of the range of observation, but the candle which had been lit from above could not be kept under a bushel. The doctrine of Christ, in its simplicity and suitability, was efficaciously made known to him, and consequently, humble, grateful, fervent love to the God of his salvation, and to the saints, glowed in his bosom.

Favoured with a strong judgment and a tender conscience, he cautiously tested every sentiment by the unerring Word of God, and soon grew dissatisfied with the preaching under which he had been trained. A few other persons in the town sharing this feeling, under the force of conscience were led, in the year 1819, to meet privately for prayer, Bible readings, and sermons, and for

conversation. His father at first objected to his attendance at these meetings, but in after years his venerable father became a thankful attendant upon the ministry of his child. On the 3rd of December, 1819, himself and some others having been previously baptized by Mr. J. Castleden, of Hampstead, met to relate the dealings of the Lord with their souls, and in His fear to give themselves to each other in Church fellowship. A month afterwards, on January 3rd, 1820, seven brethren met together as a Church, and subscribed to articles of faith and order. His companions, perceiving him to be well instructed in the things of God, urged him to exercise his gifts among them in their own hired room. This filled him with anxiety, and drove him to ask counsel of God. In weakness and in fear he stood up, and was so helped as to call forth their gratitude to God that He had "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings perfected praise." He was chosen pastor, and set apart to that solemn office.

In the midst of much opposition the little band increased, and in 1822 they ventured in the spirit of faith to erect a small chapel. Until the debt upon it was liquidated, sixteen years after its erection, Mr. J. D. Player gratuitously gave his energies to the service of his flock. To them as the children of God, and to the ministry as the work of God, he cheerfully devoted his heart, his tongue, and his time. As an attorney-at-law his own hands ministered to his necessities. During the whole period of his ministry he was a steadfast and unflinching advocate of the doctrines of grace, as including covenant election and predestination; the substitution and atonement of Christ specially for the elect; the Personality of the Holy Spirit as essentially One with the Father and Son, along with His direct and efficient operations in the realized work of grace upon the soul; the necessity and value of a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel; the inability of the natural man to perform spiritual acts, and the addressing of Gospel invitations to the characters described; and the fidelity of Jehovah to His purpose to conduct the whole of His chosen family to glory.

He was honest, firm, prayerful, and gentle towards all. As a minister he was faithful, powerful in argument, sound, clear, experimental, and practical. Saints were edified and comforted, strangers were brought in to listen, and sinners were born again.

A few extracts from his early diary will show us more clearly what he was:—

May 11th, 1824.—"Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day." When I look back upon the path in which I have walked, I see much cause to be deeply abased before the Lord. Since I have known His love I have proved that I am bent on backsliding, and almost every step of the way is a fresh record

that sin dwelleth in me. But grace aboundeth beyond all this. The Lord the Spirit give me to remember this truth, that while I am humbled under a sense of my vileness, I may find relief in the all-sufficient grace of my exalted and precious Jesus! In reflecting upon the past, I have not only to record my own folly, but likewise to mention with gratitude the sovereign kindness of an unchangeable God daily manifested in His dealings with me. Many sweet seasons of communion with my Father, my Saviour, and my Holy Comforter I would now call to mind. How often has my soul been restored, my wounds healed, my darkness removed, my fears dispelled, my enemies disappointed, and my almost dying grace revived, through the fresh anointings of the Holy Ghost, and His sweet applications of the glorious salvation of Jesus, and of the exceeding great and precious promises of the covenant, to my mind; and, notwithstanding all I have passed through, to the praise of rich, free, sovereign love, I am still kept looking to Jesus, depending upon His finished work and fulness of grace, and sometimes rejoicing in Him as my All in all. My present hopes arise from the immutability of God's counsel and the certainty of the good work being carried on in spite of all opposition from sin, Satan, and every other enemy. I am weakness itself, but I trust I have in some degree entered into the meaning of my Lord's cheering word to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee, and My strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness." In His Word I hope, and He is faithful.

May 12th.—Alas! what foolish, wandering thoughts am I subject to, even when bowing my knees in prayer! The world creeps in, and the mind roams over every foolish vanity. Oh, for more of the Spirit's influence! Thy drawing, O Holy Ghost, I would ever implore; and when I cannot pray, lead my thoughts to Him who "ever liveth to make intercession for me."

I spoke this evening from Psalm lxxv. 1. Praise becomes Zion, but none of her children have more cause to praise than I have. Oh, Eternal Spirit, make me feel this!

May 16th.—This day, morning and afternoon, from Colossians i. 28. Glorious subject! May I be enabled to preach Him as Paul did; and oh, that I may not only preach Christ, but live upon Him!

This evening, preached at Debden, from John v. 25. May seed sown bring forth fruit! Oh, Lord, bless my feeble labours, and make manifest that Thou art giving testimony to the Word of Thy grace. Give me faith and patience.

May 20th.—This evening, commented on Jonah i. In his rebellion and stupidity, I have a picture of myself; but how surprising the grace in preparing a place of safety even in the sea! Surely in this the exceeding riches of grace are seen.

May 22nd.—Last night was a most distressing one to me. My rest was broken by the most sinful thoughts continually arising in my mind; and, alas! I have reason to say I was in some measure overcome. I am carnal, sold under sin, and at times am ready to conclude that, if born of God, I should not be subject to what I am. But I cannot give up my hope, and it is my earnest desire that I may be saved from the dominion of sin. Blessed be the Lord for that gracious promise. I know that as long as I am in the body I shall feel that sin dwelleth in me. The flesh will never be improved, but I pray Thee, gracious Lord, keep me from walking after the flesh, and never suffer me to bring forth the fruits of it. As a lost sinner, I can only look to Him who is able to save to the uttermost.

December 7th.—I this day completed my twenty-fourth year, and I would call to mind the goodness and mercy that have followed me to this day. The first fourteen years of my life were spent in a state of unregeneracy, and with shame I remember the early and awful proofs I gave of my alienation from God. But even these days of darkness afford many instances of the Lord's kindness; and, in looking back upon the providential care of God from my earliest infancy, I find abundant cause to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!" But oh, what sovereign, unsought-for grace was displayed, when the Lord, according to His eternal purpose, sent the arrows of conviction into my heart! What a dreadful state was I then in! Oh, the aboundings of grace! Every circumstance connected with my tuition under grace, and my being brought as a ruined sinner to the cross of Immanuel, manifests the wisdom, love, and mercy of a covenant God. Since His love was displayed to me I have often wandered, and have most dreadfully proved the deceitfulness of my heart; but immutable love has secured my eternal salvation. Praise to the Triune God.

After nearly thirty years of honoured usefulness, in the midst of his labours, he was removed after a very short but painful affliction of the brain. What fell from his lips proved that his hopes were based upon the Rock of Ages, and that peace reigned. Pointing to the Bible, he said to his dear partner, "The Book of books! The Lord has given me this promise—'Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me.'" And so he passed away on April 7th, 1850. His works follow him, and some fruits of his labours remain to this day.

If you have faith, God will put it upon trial, so that you and those around you may see that it is sterling faith.

“IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE
FIRE ?”

BEING A SHORT ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS
WITH M. A. H.

BEING one whom the Lord has plucked as a brand from the burning, I felt a desire to write down, as far as the Lord should help me, some of His merciful dealings with one of the vilest of sinners, and one who had been for seven years deeply ensnared in a soul-deceiving system of religion.

Having a dear, godly mother, who had sat under the truth from a child, I went with her to chapel till I was about nineteen, when I became acquainted with some ladies who were in the habit of holding prayer-meetings. They asked me to go with them, and I went several times, though I did not then entirely forsake our chapel.

I went on in this way for about two years, when I was brought under deep conviction of sin, from a sermon preached by Mr. William Benson, who came to Sutton on a visit.

One morning, being in great distress of soul, on account of my sins, I was led to plead very earnestly with the Lord to have mercy upon me, when these words were spoken very powerfully to me—“Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool,” which seemed to give me a little hope. The same day, that hymn of Hart's was very sweet to me, “Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,” particularly these two lines—

“All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.”

It was what I felt to need, for Christ only did I feel to want, so that I was very much encouraged.

But here I must abruptly refer to the saddest part of my life, which causes me very often to shed many tears. The trouble I had felt on the account of my sins seemed, after a time, to wear off, and with it the fervent desires after Christ; and I was soon very easily drawn away from the truth, and in a short time left it altogether, telling my dear mother I never meant to put my foot in the chapel again—and if God had not been a merciful God, He never would have again allowed me to do so. I then joined the High Church people, was soon confirmed, and was told I must receive the Sacrament every week, which I did from that time until the Lord brought me out from these people altogether.

I had not long joined the Ritualistic Church before I became fully acquainted with all their forms and ceremonies, which I

shall not mention. Some of them are known to most people, and others, which no one but the real Ritualist is allowed to know, I should not like to mention, feeling too much ashamed to do so. What great love of the Lord Jesus, ever to bring me out of so horrible a pit, while so many are left there! I am very often constrained to say, "Why me, Lord?"

Till the beginning of the year 1872, I was quite wrapped up in this false religion. The Lord was pleased to make me feel a little dissatisfied with my state while waiting in a church for the priest, to whom I was going to make my confession. These words came with such power, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." This text seemed to come like a sharp arrow, and filled me with fear and trembling. From that time my mind was frequently much troubled, and I felt afraid to follow some of the Ritualists' rules. The Lord seemed to be opening my eyes to see that many things which I practised were not right, especially that of confession to a priest. I never went after that time without these words ringing in my ears—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." I tried to get them out of my mind, but it was all of no use. So anxious was I to keep to this false religion, that I thought I would go into a house as a *Sister of Mercy*, so that there would be no danger of my ever leaving it; and I even went so far as to arrange to go in the following summer.

But oh, the Lord's rich mercy in saving me from so horrible a pit! It seemed as if the Lord was determined to save me, for my mind became more and more troubled, and the day before New Year's Day, 1873, I dreamed of being in our little chapel again. I did not dream of anything particular occurring, but merely of *being* there. The following day I could not help thinking about it. There was service there that evening. The thought came, "Why not go for once?" and for a time quite a conflict went on in my mind. But it became more and more impressed on my mind, so that in a fortnight from that evening I felt I *must* go. And then there were many difficulties that night in the way of my going, and the enemy suggested many things, and tried hard to keep me away; but it was the Lord's work, and it was not in the power of Satan to stop it. Mr. Turner read for his text the second chapter of Mark, and part of the second verse, which the Lord sealed upon my heart—"And He preached the Word unto them."

That night all my former religion was cut down to the ground, and the Lord did not only show me the folly of it, but the awful *sinfulness* of it. I left the chapel feeling myself a lost and ruined sinner. As soon as I got home, I went to my room, and fell on my knees before the Lord, but it seemed as if some one stood

before me showing me my sins one after another, and hell seemed open to swallow me up. All that I could say was, "Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner! Lord, help me!" During the night, these words came with great power—"I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." This filled me with greater distress, but made me cry more earnestly to the Lord, for I felt, "If I perish, it shall be crying for mercy." In this state I was kept for some time. A little hope would arise, but it was soon gone, and the enemy would tell me I was such a black sinner that there was no hope for me.

In this despairing state I left home, having taken a situation. This was a trial to me, going entirely among strangers, and it being five miles to a place of truth, and I felt that I dared not go anywhere but where the simple Word of God was preached, though I felt that no place on earth could make me happy. Like poor Pilgrim, the Lord had made me to turn my back upon the world, and, with my burden of sin upon my back, to be going on crying for mercy. The enemy tried hard many times to turn me back, and suggested to me that it was all of no use—I was too bad ever to be saved.

One night, while the enemy was thus trying me—and he seemed almost to gain the victory—this verse of one of Hart's hymns was spoken to me with great power—

"Leprous soul, press through the crowd
In thy foul condition;
Struggle hard, and call aloud
On the Great Physician:
Wait till thy disease He cleanse,
Begging, trusting, cleaving;
When, and where, and by what means,
To His wisdom leaving."

This very much encouraged me, gave me a little hope, and made me cry very earnestly to the Lord. Thus was the enemy driven back.

One night, some time after this, I had a dream. I thought I was going home from our little chapel at Maney, when I met some of the people that I was formerly acquainted with, and they said to me, "Why, Mary Ann, how could you leave us in the way you did?" I looked at them, feeling so happy, and said, "Why, it was not I that left you; it was the Lord that took me away from you," after which I awoke.

I had afterwards a very sweet feeling, and much brokenness of heart, and that prayer the poor prodigal uttered seemed to suit my feelings—"Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy child; make me as one of Thy hired servants." I felt truly unworthy

to be called His child; but I said, "Do, Lord, do let me be one, even though it may be the least, the poorest, the most despised." Here the Lord brought me to a low place, but not without a hope that He would have mercy upon me, though it did not last long, for soon after, all my sins were brought before me—such a load—till I seemed to sink under them. I could not describe to any one my awful state of despair. I felt that it was very sinful of me ever to encourage the least hope that the Lord would have mercy upon me. I felt that I would give anything if I could but call back a few words that I had spoken to my mother about my soul, for I felt as sure of hell as if I was there.

In this state of mind, I went, on the Sunday evening, to Birmingham, to hear Mr. Dennett. I sat trembling with fear, feeling more like some one going to be condemned. Mr. Dennett spoke from these words—"Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in" (Isa. xxvi. 2). These words seemed to hedge up the way entirely. There seemed to be no way of escape, for I felt I had not kept the truth, therefore it seemed as if all hope for mercy was gone. But towards the end of the sermon, Mr. Dennett seemed to enter into my feelings so much that it gave me a little hope again.

The following morning, I was very much encouraged by reading the tenth chapter of Mark, verse forty-six to the end—that sweet account of blind Bartimæus. It seemed to create in me earnest cries to the Lord, with a sweet hope that He would hear my cry, even as He did that poor, blind man. This hope I never entirely lost. Though often brought very low, still there seemed a little hope at the bottom of all.

It was soon found necessary for me to leave my situation, and on the 12th of June I left and came home, very much tried and harassed by the enemy, and feeling very low; but, being privileged to sit under the faithful preaching of the Word, I often found it sweet and encouraging, though sometimes very much tried under it, which made me to seek and cry to the Lord in earnest prayer.

About the middle of the following month, I was brought into deep soul-trouble. It came very powerfully to my mind that I was either in Christ or out of Christ; and I felt I was not in Christ, for, although the Lord had given me many sweet hopes and promises, yet I could not call God my God, therefore I felt that I must be out of Christ. The awful feeling this brought upon me I could not express to any one. I felt to want more than hope. I wanted a sweet assurance that I was chosen in Christ Jesus, but my sins were such a high mountain that they seemed to sink me almost in despair. Then I felt, like the poor woman, "If I may but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be whole."

This made me still cry to the Lord, and on Sunday, August 3rd, the Lord did truly appear for me. I had been very much tried all day by the enemy, and, as I sat in chapel in the evening, truly burdened with my sins, but earnestly longing after Christ, Mr. Turner alluded to these words, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." They entered my heart very powerfully. When I went home, I went to my room as soon as I could, and wrestled with the Lord with these words. I had not been doing so long when the Lord drew near to me, for I did indeed feel His presence, and He sweetly, but powerfully, spoke these words to me—"Fear not; I have redeemed thee; thou art Mine." My heart was melted down in love and praise to the Lord. I felt so unworthy of such great love. I could sleep very little that night, my heart was so full of praise to the Lord. I felt so unworthy of such great love, but it was not for my worthiness, but because Christ loved me, for if the Lord had not chosen me, I should never have chosen Him. The following evening (Monday), at the prayer-meeting, Mr. Turner spoke from the 107th Psalm—"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy." These words made my heart full. The sweetness that there seemed in them I shall never forget. I could bear no more, and was obliged to say, "Lord, it is enough!" and, although since that blessed night I have been sorely tried, both outwardly and inwardly, by the enemy and my own evil heart, yet the Lord is pleased to keep alive that which I hope He Himself has planted in my heart, for, as Hart says, "Though damped, it never dies," and with him I would say—

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

COMFORT AND BLESSING.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your last welcome letter was duly received, and read with comfort and satisfaction, both yours and your friend's. What a comfort and how pleasing is a godly companion! I often think it would be such a relief if I had one to whom I could open my mind upon eternal things; yet I know "the lot is cast into the lap, and the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord." And for some reason which I cannot understand, but in accordance with Infinite Wisdom, my lot has been a lonely one, without a friend to bear me company; yet I hope I can say, with the Apostle, "By the grace of God I am what I am"; and that grace has kept and sustained me in fire and flood, amidst opposition from without and far greater within. Indeed, as I look over the

past, now about thirty-four years, it seems marvellous and truly astonishing that I have been kept, and still am, with a desire towards His holy name, and the feeling of the Psalmist still burning in my bosom, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." Though, alas! at times it has appeared utterly extinguished—not even the "smoking flax" discernible—yet by the revivings and renewings of God's grace has it been again fanned to a flame. But oh, what an ungrateful one I have been! How unmindful of God's mercies! What poor returns for grace so sovereign, rich, and free! Alas! alas! oh, how I have proved that

'Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames;
From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's."

I have felt for some years now, as you say, that all beneath the sun is "vanity and vexation of spirit." The feeling is an abiding one more than formerly, and I am often greatly bowed down with the care and worry of life. I can scarcely understand how such contradictions can exist, did I not know and feel them in my bosom—that is, a growing weanedness from the world, feeling truly a pilgrim and a stranger, longing and desiring a better country, looking forward with some hope and expectation of reaching the better land, and yet attached to, and often annoyed by, the trifles of a day, transitory, fleeting, and uncertain as they are. But I do not expect to grow better, or that old nature can ever be changed. As *your* friend (and as I trust I can say, *our* friend) remember, "that which is born of the flesh is flesh"—and indeed it can never rise above itself.

I used to expect and look forward to a time when I should have an easier path, but it has grown rougher and more thorny. Trials more complicated, strange, and mysterious, increase with years, until I often "wonder when and where the scene will end." And often feelingly God is at a distance, and not a God near at hand. Often of late has the cry burst from my lips from an overhanging heart—

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,"

"why art Thou as a stranger in the land? and as one that turneth aside to tarry but for a night?" Oh, "the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble!" Indeed He ever has been "the hope of Israel," nor will He leave them any other ground on which to trust. And He commandeth the stormy wave to beat upon their frail barque—mind you, *He* commandeth. Truly "troubles do not come forth of the dust, neither do afflictions spring out of the ground." Oh, for "a heart resigned, submissive, meek"—

“My great Redeemer’s throne,
Where Jesus reigns above.”

But indeed this cannot be to the full here. We must lay these vile bodies down before we can enjoy uninterrupted bliss and blessedness, and behold the unveiled glories of the *God-Man*. But I do at times long for the full fruition, but it is “the King in His beauty” that I desire to behold, and heaven would be no heaven to me without His most glorious presence there, for truly He is “all my salvation and all my desire.” And

“Then shall I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.”

I often feel now that perhaps the time is not far distant when I shall receive my dismissal here. It certainly cannot be long at the longest. Sometimes I feel that I am waiting, and then I am shrinking from the ordeal when nature prevails, which, alas! is often the case. I look upon the solemn change with feelings of dread, and indeed, as dear Mr. W—— once justly remarked, “Death to nature is always a leap in the dark.” Grace only can sing, “O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?” No wonder, then, we fear so much, as we are so much more flesh than spirit (at least I am), and awfully fear at times that there is nothing but flesh; and I am well satisfied that there is but a small part indeed in the very best which is of God, and will abide the day of trial. My own religion has been so sifted, and got into so small a compass, that I have found it was indeed but a tiny spark—a grain with so much chaff that the kernel is scarcely visible. But if there is the smallest grain of wheat or pure gold, it will abide the day of trial, withstand the test. And is it not astonishing what this will stand? The burning bush is not consumed. Ah! it is a spark of God’s own kindling—an incorruptible seed which is indestructible—preserved and kept alive by the same almighty power that spoke it into existence—that said, “Let there be light; and there was light.”

But I must hasten, as I want to drop a few lines in answer to Mrs. H——’s kind letter, although this is for you both to read if you desire, for there are no secrets in the one family, but “the secret of the Lord is with them, and to them He will show His covenant.” If any word of mine could be blessed to any of the tried and afflicted, I would not withhold it; and should it be, to God must be all the glory, for poor indeed is the instrument.

The Lord bless you in your varied trials, and grant you what you so earnestly desire—the assurance of His love and favour, which I believe He will, in His own time and way.

In love, yours,

LYDIA HUGHES.

Cleveland, March 9th, 1889.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

ONE evening, when walking down the street quite alone—although in one sense I was not alone, but in the midst of a noisy crowd of people, who assume the title of “*Salvation Army*”—these words came suddenly, softly, and sweetly to my mind—“*And it was her hap to light on the part of the field belonging to Boaz*”; and, as this abode with me for some days, I felt constrained to write a few lines on the subject, hoping they might prove useful to some who are seekers after the Lord Jesus.

Ruth’s “*hap*,” then, simple as it was, small as it seemed, was the source of great and mighty events, such as the birth of great kings, princes, and prophets, and even of Christ Himself. God says, “*Who hath despised the day of small things?*”

Dear reader, you and I would be always ready to meet a day of great things, but never, perhaps, if we could help it, would we come to the “*day of small things*.” We may profess to be willing in our young days, when, in the warmth and simplicity of our souls, we say we would not mind what troubles we have, if we might but be rightly taught; but when the Lord takes us at our word, and afflicts us day after day, month after month, and perhaps year after year, until He brings us indeed to “*the day of small things*,” then we say, He has dealt bitterly with us. And so He seems to do, for He has designed that the bitter herbs and the paschal lamb shall go together, and “*what God hath joined together let no man put asunder*.”

To bring about Ruth’s “*hap*,” God afflicted this once great and happy family in their own land, and they fled into the land of Moab. Do you not suppose that they prayed to God to prosper them there? And do you sometimes fear that God has no favour to you, because He does not grant all that you ask of Him? Look at dear Naomi in the land of Moab. See the bitter dealings she experienced at the hand of her God. First, He takes her husband. Then her sons taking wives of the daughters of Moab, the breach might seem to be somewhat repaired, and perhaps the mourning and sorrow had a little subsided, when, behold, He takes her sons also. Thus He added grief to her sorrow. Ah! this indeed was a house of mourning! Three widows in one house! Yet Solomon says, “*It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, for sorrow is better than laughter*.” Well might dear Naomi say, “*Call me sweet names no more; call me bitterness*.”

However, she sees that it is time to give up housekeeping, and the three widows set out as travellers. Sighing, weeping, and despairing, on they go; but Naomi, with a mother’s pity for her two daughters-in-law, entreats them to return from

following one so desolate and afflicted. Orpah obeyed, kissed her mother-in-law, and returned to her family and her gods. But dear Ruth has at the bottom of all her heartfelt of sorrow a venturing "Who can tell? Things can scarcely go worse with me; therefore, come life, come death—yea, come what will—let me die with my face Zionward."

So on go the two widows until they reach the land they seek; and dear Ruth, with the little "Who can tell?" in her heart, says, "Let me go and glean a few ears of corn anywhere, no matter in whose field, wherever my hap may be to find favour." This in providence was a "day of small things" indeed. But "her hap was to light on the part of the field [or plain] belonging to Boaz."

Dear reader, whoever you may be, however young, however poor, is your case worse than this? Are you fatherless, motherless, penniless, helpless, friendless, hopeless? Does the world frown upon you? Does the providence of God frown upon you? Have you none to befriend you? And does God seem to turn a deaf ear to you in the midst of all your felt darkness and bitterness? Still, venture on. Who can tell what your "hap" may be?

Ruth's "hap" was the turning-point in one of the most trying and painful providential dispensations on record, as well as being, in God's hands, the means of the fulfilment of His great promises to His Church.

I should like here to turn aside and mention one more "hap"—that is, the man who drew a bow at a venture. He drew his bow with his full strength, but did not know at whom he aimed. His "hap," however, was to kill a great and wicked king, thus fulfilling a great prophecy, and bringing honour on the word and work of a great Prophet. Oh, how wonderfully God controls the doings of men!

Dear reader, do not ask God to bless you in or by any particular way, means, or thing. Leave that to Him, and do not ask God to give you in providence this, that, or any particular place, person, or position. Christ taught, and still teaches, His disciples to pray that God's will may be done. Ah! but suppose His will is to bring us through floods and flames—yes, indeed, through the deepest valley of humiliation, mortification, and suffering? "Who then is sufficient for these things?" Well may living souls tremble while thoughtless thousands pretend to pray the Lord's Prayer every day, and are self-satisfied. Draw your bow at a venture. "Lord, help me!" is a good arrow, and will never wear out as long as God has a mourner in Zion. That was used, you know, by a poor woman who followed Jesus, and she gained the day.

Then there was the woman of Samaria, an outsider, whom nobody thought or cared about, and who cared nothing about herself; yet

her "hap" was to go to the well to draw water just as Jesus, then a faint and weary Man, had sat down to rest there; and thus the greatest event of her life was the issue of what seemed to be a mere "hap," that is, speaking after the manner of men, although it is not so with God, for His covenant is "ordered in all things, and sure."

Having written this much on Ruth's "hap," may I add a few words on the field? which we presume was a large breadth of land, perhaps many miles in extent, divided by landmarks into many parts, and in the occupation of different owners, which spiritually may represent the great number of religious denominations which form the vast professing world in the present day, and which it is clear do not all belong to the spiritual Boaz, for He says, "Not all who shall say unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." Thrice happy, then, are they whom necessity has compelled to glean, and who, led by the unerring though unseen hand of God, like favoured Ruth, shall light on that part of the field belonging unto our blessed Boaz, for when the harvest and gleaning are ended, He shall receive them into His floor, and pour them out the precious grain without measure. Oh, may I but be there!

T. G.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love Thee."—SOLÖMON'S SONG i. 3.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—This passage has been on my mind for several days. The vulgar exclamation is, "What is there in a name?" There is not much in our name as fallen sinners certainly. We may be very good and amiable, speak with the tongues of angels, sell all our goods and feed the poor, push ourselves in at the wedding feast without having on the wedding garment—that garment of Christ's righteousness which decks the soul with spiritual beauty (Matt. xxii. 11), but despised by the natural man—which is the case with all those who desire to wear their own clothing, but would fain be called by His name (Isa. iv. 1).

Are you among them? Let me tell you, God will not be mocked. The Prophet of old did not know the full meaning until he went into the sanctuary; then understood he their end (Psa. lxxiii. 17). "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." This, dear young friends, is a solemn truth, and to such His name is not as "ointment poured forth."

Who does this passage refer to, then? To the poor and needy, who are emptied of self and made new creatures in Christ

Jesus ; those who are made to "enter while there's room," while others around them "rather starve than come"; those who call upon His name in the language of the Psalmist—"O deliver not the soul of Thy turtle-dove unto the multitude of the wicked" (Psa. lxxiv. 19), and who are seeking Him, asking for His name, as did Jacob and Manoah.

Dear friends, does the Lord say to you, "Why askest thou after My name thus?" (Gen. xxxii. 29.) Tell Him it is because it is as ointment to wounded consciences, and that is what you need. "Oh, tell me," says such an one, "where I may find Him whom my soul loveth!" Yes, His name is above every name to the seeking soul.

"It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears."

Who are the "virgins" here spoken of? Not those who take up with religion once a week, because it is fashionable and looks well. No; the word "virgin" here signifies the true, earnest believer in, and follower after, the Lord Jesus Christ; the one who, at times, does say from her inmost soul—

"Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move;
The centre of my soul."

Can you come here, dear young friends? Do you really love His name? Would you like to know your sins are forgiven, and that you are a son or daughter of God by adoption? You remind me of that delightful passage, "I am found of them that sought Me not" (Isa. xlv. 1). Your language causes us to believe that He has, in infinite mercy, taken possession of your heart—hence those earnest desires. Yes, He has created within you

"An unctuous light to do what's right;
A ~~force~~ ^{fire} to do what's wrong."

And why all this? Here is the solution of it—"We love Him because He first loved us." Thus we love, fear, and reverence His name, and it becomes to us "as ointment poured forth."

Dear friend, does your love seem divided? Beware of a divided heart. Remember whose name it is you profess to bear and love, and remember that transitory things change and fail, but our great and glorious Lord is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The commandment given to Moses is as full of meaning now as it was then—"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Oh, that our language might more often be—

"Lord, turn each cursèd idol out
That dares to rival Thee!"

THE CALVINISTIC PROTESTANT UNION.

A VERY interesting and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Assembly Room, Horsebridge, on Wednesday, October 2nd, to consider the desirability of forming a branch of the Calvinistic Protestant Union, to be called "The East Sussex Branch." Mr. Mathews was in the chair, and Mr. Sinden, of Regent Street Chapel, London, addressed the meeting.

After singing a hymn, and prayer, the Chairman said :—

"The word 'Calvinism' has different significations in different people's mouths, and has a great deal of undeserved reproach to bear. On the one hand is the necessary and solemn doctrine of the responsibility of man to his Creator; and on the other, the sovereignty of God in the dispensation of His grace to sinners; and all that might be legitimately drawn from the Scriptures between these two poles of truth is Calvinism. It was the faith of the Waldenses, that little band of heroic confessors who kept the truth

"so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones—

"the faith of Wickliffe, Huss, Jerome, Luther, and Zwingle before it was formulated by Calvin. And it has proved to be the only bulwark against Popery, and the only sword by which it can be combated. Indeed, we claim for it that it is the truth of God.

"And if this is Calvinism, what is Popery? Popery is the greatest conspiracy against God and man that has ever appeared, or can appear, on the earth. It is the wisdom, arrogance, and malignity of Satan, incarnated on the seven hills—a conspiracy against your liberties, your morals, and your spirituality.

"And what are our weapons? Our weapons are not carnal, but spiritual. We pray for the Roman Catholic that God would be pleased to give him repentance to life, but with the Papal *system* we can have no compromise; and in fighting against that, let us never forget that the men who perished in the dungeon, or at the stake, by torture, sword, or fire, were our own brethren—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, part of our very selves. The man who will not fight for his country, when duty calls, is unworthy the name of Englishman; and the man who will not fight, if need be, to the death for the truth of Christ, is not worthy the name of Christian."

Mr. Sinden then addressed the meeting. He began by impressing on his hearers that Calvinism is not Fatalism, but is based on the sovereign grace of God to sinners. After giving an historical sketch from the times of King John, for the purpose

of showing at what a sacrifice of life, and all dear to it, our liberties were won, he said :—

“Our forefathers did well, I think, to safeguard those liberties ; but since the passing of that disastrous measure called ‘The Catholic Emancipation Bill,’ in the year 1829, one by one those bulwarks of our liberty have been broken down, till there remain only two. An attack is now being made on the legal restriction which requires the Lord Chancellor to be a Protestant, and that gone, there will be but one step to the throne of England.

“What we fear is, not so much the faggot and the stake, as the judgment of God upon an apostate nation.

“I confess that I was one who thought, when the temporal power of the Pope was gone, that his spiritual power was broken ; but this has not proved to be the case, for the real power of the Papacy is not wielded by the Pope as a temporal sovereign, but by his secret emissaries, the Jesuits, who, cast out of Roman Catholic countries, swarm everywhere in England. The Jesuit works unseen. I never know where I may find him. If he wore a distinctive dress, I might know him. I may find him behind the counter, in the pulpit of a Baptist Chapel, in the Church of England, or on the Judge’s bench. He may be a schoolmaster, a newspaper reporter, a Privy Councillor. The Pope himself has banished him, but he is greater than the Pope. He is not confined by any limitations of truth or uprightness, and no wonder he succeeds. Their law is, ‘The end justifies the means.’

“Now, our great hope, friends, under God, is in the rising generation. The Jesuit knows this, therefore he fills the literature of the day with his pernicious teaching. Our duty, therefore, is to teach the young and old the grand facts and truths of Protestantism ; and for this purpose it is proposed to establish a branch here of the Calvinistic Protestant Union, to teach Sunday School children, to spread Protestant literature, to rouse God’s people from their indifference, and in every way we can to aid the cause of truth and liberty in our land. There are those who ask, ‘What can we do ? Can we alter God’s decrees ? and will He not take care of His truth and of His people ?’ Most certainly He will, for He did so while the martyrs were burning, and also at the time when the darkness of Popery seemed to cover the face of Europe. But it is not recorded in the inspired Word that God will safeguard and preserve to me my privileges as a Christian if I despise them, or cease to employ proper means for their defence.

“Our liberties were preserved in the reign of King John by the determination of the barons. It was not then particularly a matter of religion, but a few men of a bull-dog spirit resisted the claims of the Pope, and forced the king to sign the Magna

Charta. So if we, in these days, could, by uniting with Protestants of other associations, send, say, twenty members to Parliament who were Protestants, and had some of that bull-dog tenacity in them, the leaders would find them such a trouble that they would be compelled to listen to our claims. The time has come when there should be no party politics for Christians, but all should unite in one common effort against our common foe."

The following resolution was then moved by Mr. Abbott, of Brighton, and seconded by Mr. Miller, of Eastbourne, and carried unanimously :—

"That, in view of the spread of Ritualism and the encroachments of Popery, this meeting is of opinion that a branch of the Calvinistic Protestant Union should be formed in this district."

The meeting closed with the Doxology.

Upper Dicker, Sussex.

J. DUNK.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

DEAR FRIENDS IN THE LORD, AND READERS OF THE SOWER, —We have now reached the close of another year's editorial work; and while we review our shortcomings with pain, and many regrets that we have not been able to render more becoming and useful service in His cause, we would thankfully acknowledge His great mercy and daily goodness to us in our long season of severe suffering, which has, however, been tempered and sweetened with covenant peace and well-grounded confidence in His oath and promise, sealed in our heart with the precious blood of the Lamb, whose redeeming love and work proved to be the stronghold of our faith and hope, enabling us to say, "I know whom I have believed," &c. Oh, the mercy of having a religion that will abide in storms and trials, and which enables one to look death in the face without fear!

Dear reader, may the Lord bless both you and us with a daily experience of this firm Rock beneath our feet, causing us to trust and not be afraid, remembering that He is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," and that, even when we are tried with darkness and doubt, "though we believe not, yet He abideth faithful."

We have felt more than ever of late the hollowness of party strife, and mere sensational contending (so-called) for truth, and hope never to mix with such carnal, selfish devices as would bind our consciences to condemn all that some others condemn, or to justify all that they uphold and applaud. One is our Master, even Christ; and to His judgment we desire to submit, however we may be misrepresented and maligned. And our

traducers will have to come to the same judgment ; then the truth will surely be known.

Dear friends, we ask still an interest in your prayers and sympathies ; and, while we sincerely thank you for your recent great kindnesses, we feel to confidently believe you will continue your kind co-operation in the work of spreading the truth among the masses of our fellow-men. We may not follow the lines some would bind us to, but we desire to give the truth in such a fresh and wholesome form that even its enemies may be constrained to consider it, and be made to confess that it is "the whole counsel of God."

Help us by your prayers, your kind sympathies, and efforts ; and may the Lord, whom we desire to serve, graciously smile upon us, and upon our endeavours, that we may still strive together to exalt Him before the people, is the prayer of

Yours in Him,

THE EDITOR

POOR HERE—RICH HEREAFTER.

"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?"
—JAMES ii. 5.

WE do use to look upon great heirs, that are appointed for great things, and shall have great possessions, with honourable respect, though now they be meanly clothed in russet cloth, or eating coarse bread, and playing with beggars' children ; so God's servants, however they are in the esteem of the world, yet those that know what they are to inherit—what they shall receive hereafter—cannot but look upon them as honourable. A spiritual eye sees that body that is now clothed so meanly, within a few years shall shine more brightly than the sun in the firmament ; and that soul that is weak in parts and gifts, it sees as a vessel that shall be filled to the brim with all the glory of God, and the image of God, to be made perfect, and to have perfect knowledge of God, and of the blessed Trinity, and the mystery of the Gospel, and all the great works of God.

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