

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD,
OR
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

VOL. V., 1839.

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

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

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

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

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

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AN ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

If our Magazine is, as we wish it to be, a *living* work, it will bear a certain resemblance to, and be, in a certain measure, a counterpart of, a *living* man. It will, therefore, have its ebbs and flows, its sunny spots and its gloomy shades, its dewy moments and its barren seasons, its green pastures and its desert sands, its heavenly testimonies and its earthly witnesses, (Job xvi. 8,) its law in the mind and its law in the members. To expect, then, perfection from us, is to expect what we utterly disclaim. We leave that to Wesleyan publications. The ground we wish to stand upon is the ground of *life*. Truth in the letter is good, because opposed to error; but truth in the letter alone will not satisfy us. We want something more than mere truth; something far above it, and far beyond it. We want *clothed* truth, which is as far beyond *naked* truth, as a living man is beyond a dead skeleton. A frame of dry bones is but an unsightly object, even though none be wanting, and each be in its place. It is only fit to hang up in a hospital museum for a surgeon to lecture medical students upon. And thus, however firmly attached we are to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, we confess we turn away from the dry lectures of those Calvinistic authors and preachers, who always write and speak as if they had a skeleton ever hung up before their eyes, without a single particle of living flesh on its bones, or a single drop of life-blood coursing through its arteries.

The mysteries of vital godliness, the heavenly secrets which are with the righteous, the blessed incomings from the fountain of life

and light, and the divine outgoings of the renewed spirit to the Author and Finisher of its faith, the revivings of the soul under the warm beams of the Sun of righteousness, the actings of faith, hope, and love upon an invisible Jehovah—these and similar operations of God the Holy Ghost are far dearer and sweeter to us than a dry, cold, hard, marrowless statement of truth, though as correct as if “the carpenter had stretched out his rule, marked it out with a line, fitted it with planes, and marked it out with a compass.” (Isa. xlv. 13.) We want no such cabinet workmen to send us their mortise and tenon furniture. Such neatly carved articles suit our pages as little as a veneered cupboard suits a famishing mechanic, without a loaf of bread to put in it. We seek not “great things,” (Jer. xlv. 5,) but we seek *real* things. We seek life, even though that life be given us for a prey—“given,” and therefore never to be recalled, (Rom. xi. 29,)—“for a prey,” and therefore exposed to the continual assaults of wild beasts, such as Paul fought with at Ephesus.

As we desire, then, to stand upon the ground of *life*, we desire to embrace and contend for *all that is joined to life*. “What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.” We therefore desire to contend for the inseparable union of poverty and riches, beggary and alms, nakedness and clothing, bankruptcy and payment, afflictions and consolations, trials and deliverances, creature weakness, and Creator strength, filial chastisements and paternal love, man’s ingratitude and the Saviour’s loving-kindness, the aboundings of sin and the super-aboundings of grace, midnight gloom and mid-day sun, the ballast that fills the hold, and the breeze that swells the sail. We are for a chequered religion, knowing that that which is born of the flesh continues to be flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit to be spirit. We desire to shun “Pharisaic zeal” as much as “Antinomian security,” and to pass between the upper and nether millstone, without being dashed against the one or the other. (“Hart’s Experience.”) We desire to contend for that religion which is out of the sight and out of the reach, out of the taste and out of the desire of every dead professor, whether Established or Dissenting, Baptist or Independent, Arminian or Calvinist, pretended friend or open foe. But how to accomplish this desire is out of our own power. To will is present with us, but how to perform that which is good we find not. As in every other act, there is that which mars it as it passes from us. We see sin, frailty, imperfection, carnality stamped upon every page that issues from our press. We are dissatisfied with some things in all our correspondents, but with everything in ourselves. Our remarks, our reviews, the address we are now writing, we turn from with dissatisfaction. It does not come up to our views or desires. We see a to us unattainable something in the distance, which we would fain seize if we could, but it recedes as we advance, and, like a rainbow, eludes our grasp. It may be seen, but not embraced; pursued, but not overtaken. The difficulties of the work we have undertaken make us faint and weary. A good piece, and especially a testimony that a blessing has rested upon it, encourages us for the time to persevere. The sea seems now smooth, and we glide rapidly

and easily over the waves. "We will persevere," we say, "in our magazine." But our next monthly parcel brings us a heap of letters. We turn them over, and seize one from the mass, the shortest of course. It is perhaps one full of abuse, or if free from quarrelling and fault finding, it labours to set up all that we wish to pull down, and to pull down all that we wish to set up. We throw it down, and take up another. As the short one so annoyed us, we will try a longer piece. As far as we can wade through the long sentences, we find nothing in them that will suit our pages. Words without meaning, sentences without power, expressions without either point or savour, experience, (professedly such,) without beginning, middle, or end—these are some of the clouds and wind without rain, in which many of our correspondents have lost themselves, and would fain lose us. "Nothing for the *Standard* this month;" we murmur, and hastily turn to the end of our letters to see if there be any well known names or initials. We at last find one, or recognize at once in the address a hand familiar to our eyes. We open it and read it. It suits us, it will suit our readers.

Such are some of the trials of those who contend for *life*, trials utterly unknown to those Editors of Religious Periodicals, who only seek to keep up the tone of their theology, as the editor of a newspaper seeks to keep up the tone of its politics. We have our encouragements, however, as well as our trials, our hopes as well as our fears, our leadings forward as well as our startings backward. We believe a blessing has rested upon our periodical. And we would ask those of our readers, who are possessed of spiritual discernment, to compare our early with our later numbers, and see if there is not, as we have gone on, a clearer line of truth, a deeper mine of experience, a more uncompromising path of separation, and a fuller manifestation of power. This we say not boastingly, but with acknowledgment to the Giver of every good and every perfect gift. And as our circulation is becoming more extensive, our readers more numerous and more widely spread, and our pieces more abundantly blessed, we feel we cannot shrink from the work, but are made willing to go on "through evil report and good report; perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed."

Should we stop in our course, our enemies would rejoice, and make merry, and send gifts one to another, because the witness that tormented them was slain; and many of our friends would be sorry that their monthly messenger came with his admonitions and reproofs and encouragements no more. One link of the chain that binds together ministers and hearers of truth would be lost; and that mutual inter-communication, which, by our means, exists between many members of the living family, would be broken. Our periodical has been a means of widely diffusing the letters, experience, and spiritual exercises of gracious men, which, humanly, never otherwise would have seen the light. Our controversial pieces, we trust, have been a means of exposing error, and clearing up truth. Our very notices on the wrapper of the places and times where gracious men have been appointed to preach, have had their utility, instances of which have

come to our notice, in bringing together living souls to hear the word. And our reviews and advertisements of gracious works have given them a wider circulation. All these considerations press upon us to proceed. But we need much and continual help; and therefore conclude this lengthened address by inviting our spiritual correspondents to send us such letters, pieces, and communications as are commended to their conscience, and have in them some of that dew of Hermon, which descended upon the mountains of Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even *life* for evermore.

THE EDITORS.

THE FEAR OF GOD.

“The fear of God” is a very common phrase among many, but how few there are who know anything at all about it in a true sense, from heart-felt experience! It is a very blessed and beneficial fruit of the Spirit of God in the hearts of his living elect, the essence or nature of which is put there in the day that divine life is communicated to the soul, but not fully manifested to the soul to be the fear of God, nor its effects fully developed, till the soul in some good measure is brought into the precious light and liberty of the gospel. (Jer. xxxii. 40.) It is a blessing which no dead Arminian, twice dead, go-between, mongrel Calvinist, or thrice dead, cold-hearted, clear-headed, presumptuous doctrinalist, is possessed of. It is one of the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, (Isa. xlv. 3,) found in that path which no high-soaring fowl knoweth, and which the keensighted vulture’s eye hath not seen, and the presumptuous lion’s whelps have not trodden. (Job xxviii. 7, 8, 28.) All the fear of God that these have, with all their external sanctity, pious profession, and clear head-knowledge, is nothing more than natural fear, or the conquered fear of the devil and the damned; or the fear of Agag for the sword of Samuel; of Saul, for the judgments of God (1 Sam. xxix. 20); of Zerah, the Ethiopian, at the overpowering strength of the Almighty (2 Chron. xiv. 14); of the Midianites, at the hot displeasure of God (Jud. vii. 22); of Felix, at the force of truth (Acts xxiv. 25); or of the keepers of Christ’s body, at the mighty power of his resurrection. (Matt. xxviii. 4.) But the true, spritual, gospel fear of God, in the hearts of those quickened by divine power, is a grace-covenant blessing, a heavenly gift, and a thing purely of a supernatural quality, easier to be understood in the felt experience of it than it is to describe or express it. It is part of that heavenly wisdom and spiritual understanding, richer than rubies, (Job xxviii. 18,) hid in a mystery, which the wise and prudent of this world, with all their natural sagacity, extensive knowledge, and profound learning, are totally ignorant of. (1 Cor. ii.) It is hid from the eyes of all living, (the elect excepted,) and kept close from the fowls of the air; (Job xxviii. 21;) eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it, neither hath it entered into man’s heart to conceive it. (1 Cor. ii. 9.) This wisdom is too high for worldly-wise fools; (Prov. xxiv. 7;) nor

can the living people of God themselves understand it, or see its worth, beauty, and peculiar excellency, until the Spirit of God, in the course of his teachings, shines into their hearts, and gives them the light of the knowledge of its glory. It is part of that good treasure hid in a good man's heart, which produces good things; (Matt. xii. 35,) and without it we cannot approach, worship, or serve God acceptably. (Heb. xii. 28.) It is a solemn and reverential awe of the sacred majesty of God, and a divine filial respect and regard for his will as our God and Father, and a true concern to be kept by his power and guided by his wisdom into all the paths of truth; (Ps. cxix. 161; Hag. i. 12; Ps. xix. 9; lxxxvi. 11; Heb. xi. 7; 1 Pet. i. 17;) and it proceeds from a solemn sense felt in the soul of the glory, majesty, and power of the great God in the law and the gospel; of the strictness of his justice and aboundings of his grace; of the severity of his judgments and tenderness of his mercies; of his fiery indignation and complacent love. (Deut. iv. 10; Ps. cxix. 120; Num. xvi. 34; Matt. xxviii. 8; Acts v. 11.) When it is in exercise, there is felt in the soul, a sweet pleasing nearness to, and familiar intercourse with God; the heart is enlarged towards him, and the soul feels a clinging to him from a sense of his goodness, rich mercy, and compassion in Christ towards the guilty; and at the same time there is felt a self-abasing bashfulness, mingled with holy fear, at his great and terrible majesty. Amazed at the glory of the inflexible strictness of his justice, blazing in the face of Moses, against the smallest jot of sin, and the glory of the freeness and superaboundings of his rich and matchless grace, shining in the face of Jesus, over all sin, (2 Cor. iii. 7; iv. 6,) the soul is filled with solemn fear and solemn pleasure. Hence the believing soul serves the Lord with fear, and rejoices with trembling; (Ps. ii. 11;) "with fear and with great joy." (Ps. xxviii. 7.) This fear softens and dissolves the heart; (Job xxiii. 16;) it enlightens and instructs the spiritual understanding; (Prov. xv. 33;) under troubles and trials it works strong confidence, enabling the soul to shelter under the wings of the Almighty as a refuge; (Prov. xiv. 26;) out of it flow the living waters of eternal life, enabling the soul to depart from the ways of wickedness and death; (Prov. xiv. 27;) it is clean, and accepted of God, (Ps. xix. 9,) and purges lightness, foolishness, frothiness, and filthiness; it makes a man esteem himself little, and foolish, and weak, and causes him to commit his ways to God, and acknowledge God in all things; it works a hatred to evil, and a strong desire to be kept by the power of God from sin; (Prov. iii. 5—8;) it works diligence in the soul after God, receives fresh supplies of life and vigour from God, and causes the soul to rest in him; (Prov. xix. 23;) it teaches lowliness, meekness, humility, simplicity, caution, and discretion; (Prov. xxii. 4;) it produces uncorruptedness, gravity, sincerity, sobriety, chastity, and honesty; (Titus ii. 7;) it makes and keeps the conscience tender and watchful, and excites us to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man. If the subject of this fear be a servant, he will serve his master as honestly behind his back as before his face; if he be a

master, he will use his servant as if he were a servant himself. In trade he will deal honestly, as in the sight of God, who seeth the secrets of his heart. His tender conscience will not let him deal unjustly, nor carry on the secret frauds and deceptions of trade, as practised by the world. In short, it teaches him to set God's conduct in Christ to his people before his eyes, as the rule and pattern of his conduct, and to follow God as a dear child. (Eph. v. 1.) Sin may follow him, but he cannot follow sin. The grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath taught him to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly. (Titus ii. 11, 12.) Neither can he use hypocrisy, deceit, or carnal flattery, nor does he wish to receive it. He does not care what men say or think of him. He commits his ways unto the Lord, who judges righteously. He knows that the Lord knows his heart, and this comforts him. He cannot do with the fleshly prayers, sayings, and ways even of many of those whom he has reason to believe are God's children. He knows the difference betwixt flesh and spirit, betwixt what is man's own and what is of God. His soul is disgusted at the abominable presumption of barren hypocrites, who can talk largely and boastingly of God's decrees, sovereignty, election, reprobation, particular redemption, &c., who in prayer accost God with a carnal, bold, impudent presumption, asking things of God in that unhumiliated manner, as if they had some authoritative claim upon God, or as if God was obliged to give them their requests. At such, I say, he feels disgusted, because he knows from experience he has no claim whatever upon God, and whatever the Lord is pleased to bestow upon him, he knows it is *freely* of his *grace*, that it may be "to the praise of the glory of his grace;" for when he is brought into the presence of the great God from necessity, it is in the character of a poor, vile, helpless, worthless, wretched beggar, rather than a claimant. Nor can he at all live in the company of rotten and unsound professors in doctrine; they sicken and kill his soul. Preaching, of whatever kind, does not reach him, except it be mixed with power. The Spirit of God, at times, shines most astonishingly on the word, and then shines into his heart with the sweetness of its contents, warming and gladdening his heart, strengthening his faith, cheering his soul as with strong drink, until he forgets his poverty, and remembers his misery no more, (Prov. xxxi. 7,) overshadowing his heart with the love of God, till it thrills with joy and gratitude, drawing his soul out to Christ, his people, and his ways. And when he relapses into coldness, deadness, darkness, unbelief, fear, and distress; driven to the top of Amana, Shenir, and Hermon, amongst the lions' dens and the mountains of leopards; (Song iv. 8;) in the body of sin and death, or sojourning and fighting in noisy and quarrelsome Me-sech with the strife of tongues; (Ps. cxx. 5; xxxi. 20;) or wandering alone beside the footsteps of the flock in a solitary way, looking for the place of his rest, and the shinings of the face of his Beloved; (Song i. 7;) still he is again renewed, and revived as the corn, and grows as the vine, and smells as the blossoms of Lebanon. (Hos. xiv. 7.) His hands drop with myrrh, and his fingers with

sweet smelling myrrh; his lips drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under his tongue; his garments give him smells like Lebanon, and his anointings are better than all spices. (Song iv. 5.) At times he feels a peculiar satisfaction in God and Christ, and his soul is delighted in trusting in him, and his heart glories in his salvation. "The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in him; and all the upright in heart shall glory." (Ps. lxiv. 10.)

Thus, I have given you briefly, though feebly, some little of what the fear of God is, and the fruits and feelings it produces in those possessed of it. Those blessed with this fear have many riches made over to them. "There is no want to them; the Lord giveth meat to them; he will fill the desire of them; great is his mercy to them; surely his salvation is nigh them; the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them; the eye of the Lord is on them; the Lord pitieth them; the Lord taketh pleasure in them; the secret of the Lord is with them; the Lord blesseth them, and knoweth them, and keepeth them, and the wicked one toucheth them not. Such is the heritage of them that fear the Lord." But the fearless hypocrites, destitute of the life and power of God, such as Korah and his company, who strove with God, and denied and opposed his wisdom and grace in Moses and Aaron, from selfishness and pride; (Num. xvi.;) the two sons of Aaron, who insulted the Majesty of heaven, and lessened him in the eyes of the people, and denied the heavenly fire and divine power of the only Lord God and our Saviour, by offering their own fire; (Lev. x. 1;) the mixed multitude, who fell a lusting, and whose hearts went back into Egypt, who also enticed the people and tempted God; (Num. xi. 4—6;) the cursed filthy swine and unclean dogs, who return to their mire and vomit; (2 Pet. ii.;) the unctious professors, who do unrighteousness, and commit the sin unto death; (1 John ii. 27; v. 16;) the filthy, lascivious dreamers, murmurers, complainers, and natural brute beasts; (Deut. xiii.; Jude;) Paul's heretics and angels of light; (1 Cor. xi. 19; 2 Cor. xi. 13, 14;) and the various tribes of their numerous sons and daughters who swarm in the present day, under the mask of a pious and God-fearing profession; these clouds without water; trees twice dead, plucked up by the roots; wandering stars; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; are reserved unto blackness and darkness, tribulation and anguish, and everlasting sorrow. (Isa. 1. 11; Jude 12, 13.)

Preston.

J. M'K.

A FRAGMENT OF EXPERIENCE

IN JOURNEYING UNDER A CLOUDY SKY, UP A STEEP HILL, AND
OVER A STORMY SEA.

My God, how sorely have I been tempted to believe that thou canst not make soft my heart, shed abroad thy love therein, by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto me; (Romans v. 5;) reveal thyself in all thy grace, glory, fulness of mercy, salvation, and faith-

fulness in my poor weather-beaten soul, because I have been again feeling as cold, dead, and insensible, as though the Sun of Righteousness had never arisen and shone into me with healing in his wings. (Mal. iv. 2.) For a time, it has appeared to me self-evident that I have been speaking lies in hypocrisy, having my conscience seared with a hot iron, (1 Tim. iv. 2,) and, therefore, cannot feel any true vital spiritual repentance, though I should seek it carefully with tears. (Heb. xii. 17.) I have been led to inquire whether all that I have been speaking of as my past experience, be not a delusion of Satan transformed into an angel of light, (2 Cor. xi. 14,) or else nothing more than the natural workings of the flesh, and whether, while talking and preaching to others of the strait gate and narrow way, (Matt. vii. 13, 14,) I really know any thing of it myself, and am satisfied that I am not a thief and a robber who has not entered by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbed up some other way. (John x. i.) I have longed and panted to be assured that I hate sin even more than Satan and the second death, hell; but, alas! all I have gotten in return is, to have the blackness of my old heart, or carnal mind, placed in a more conspicuous point of view, and to be convinced that it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, (Jer. xvii. 9,) being enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be; (Rom. viii. 7;) for I am carnal, sold under sin. That which I do, I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that I do. So then, with my mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin, (Rom. vii. 14—25,) which loves sin rather than Christ, who is my life, (Col. iii. 4,) wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. (1 Cor. i. 30.) How I have prayed and striven for a sense of that holy and filial fear which is put into the new heart, according to Jehovah's covenant promise, (Jer. xxxii. 40,) which fear is to hate evil, (Prov. iii. 13,) and is a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death. (Prov. xiv. 27.) But here, again, instead of my desire being immediately fulfilled; I have fallen into a worse dilemma than before, have become more careless, and felt as if there were no fear of God before my eyes; and to this Satan is ready enough to bear his testimony. But, blessed be God, he hath many a time shown and told me of Satan's devices, and that he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him; "When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar, and the father of it." (John viii. 44.) But still the old charge of hypocrisy has been renewed, and what must appear very absurd to those who know nothing of these secret movements, and, as I have heard them called, dumb motions in the soul, is, when I have been most like a hypocrite in my own eyes, it has struck me most forcibly that I did not in the least degree believe it or care about it, but was going from evil to evil, hardening my heart, increasing in self-conceit, deceiving and being deceived, full of doctrines and fleshly zeal, but lacking the dew, moisture, warmth, unction, power, divine inspiration, and heavenly influences of the Holy Ghost.

Thus have I been buffeted and harassed, tossed to and fro, and cut up and down, till I look to myself like a skeleton, whose dry bones have been picked clean by the fowls of the air; now mounting up to the heavens on the boiling surges of rebellion and ingratitude, inflated and puffed up with pride even in spiritual things, and anon sinking down, as it were, to the brink of hell; diving into the flesh, and well nigh gloating over my filth and corruption, as a carrion crow over a putrid carcase; and yet, with all this, when brought into the greatest straits and soul distress, there has been, and is a secret, mysterious resting upon Christ within my soul, which it is impossible to define, and I have been conscious of looking solely to him for deliverance, longing earnestly for his appearance to divide, as in times past, the waves in the sea, and to still the tempest by his divine power, and bring me through the floods in safety.

I am, in truth, an inexplicable mystery and a wonder to myself, being as full of death and sin as I can hold, and yet so much of Christ and life as to desire to unburden and empty myself of myself, and to find *Christ only* in my heart, ruling and reigning therein over all my affections, thoughts, and actions. I have tried to pray, but could not; to meditate, but in vain; my ideas being scattered, and flying about like the thistle down before the wind. I have uttered the words, "O thou adorable Lord Jesus!" and have felt condemned because of my not realizing, at the moment, in my heart, that which my lips have given vent to, and thinking within myself, "Surely I do not adore the Lord, or I should not be as I am, for I have not that soul ravishing enjoyment of his glorious and blessed presence which the word of God shows many of his saints to have had, and which many speak of in the present day, who are but little troubled with indwelling sin and an evil heart of unbelief, but on whom the Sun *appears* to be continually shining. But I am a companion of owls, and sit in the dark for days, weeks, and sometimes months together, although I can look back to many an Ebenezer and sweet manifestation, and can recall the time when, believing with my heart unto righteousness, with my mouth I made confession unto salvation, and cried, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee." (Psa. lxxiii. 25.) "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies." (Psa. ciii. 2-4.)

Well do I remember the spot where I was first set at liberty, where Jesus shone into my heart in his beauty and in his glory, and made me feel that I was swallowed up in him, and he in me; that he was all my life, strength, righteousness, salvation, blessedness, food, and clothing; and that, as for myself, *in myself*, even in this, my best habits, I was *nothing*, yea, less than *nothing* and vanity. (Eccle. i. 16, 17.) But, although I can make sure my calling *first*, and my deliverance, which was not till some time after, yet the enjoyment and blessed experience of the opening of my prison-house in time

past, will not suffice to feed my soul in present need; and so, when under the cloud, as I was this day, and still am, I find I cannot rest here, but must be on the look out for present and renewed visitations and manifestations of my Beloved.

A few days since, I know I felt the power of God within me, and, like Reuben, had "great searchings of heart." Since then I have been dark, and miserable, and wretched. The fountains of the great deep have been broken up, and I have looked down into the loathsome pit where there is nothing but filth and sin, damnable heresies, blasphemies, lusts, pride, hatred, unbelief, and rebellion against God and all that is good and holy. I have been so harassed this very day, that I even feared to meet any of God's dear children in my walks, lest they should speak to me out of a happy heart, and I should be unable to join with them, because of my *rebellious* heart, which was growling like a chained tiger; nay, more, I am sure I should have found their company and conversation both irksome and burdensome. But wherefore was I thus, Lord? Was it not that I might preach this evening to thy people, from this sweet scripture, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain?" (Psa. lxxvi. 10.) I thought I should have spoken from another portion, but God so ordered it, that a preacher of righteousness, a man mighty in word, doctrine, and vital experience, who had never been in my chapel before, came into the vestry to me just as I was about to leave it, which threw me off my balance for a while; and as I stood before the people, Satan told me I should be confounded, and had better get out of the desk, and ask one of the ministers who were present to preach in my stead. But it was not thus to be; for my God intended that I should be the instrument of speaking comfortably to one of his tried and terrified children, as she afterwards told me. Therefore, I was to lose my text, and speak from the one which I have quoted, without being able to direct the congregation where to find it, any further than by saying, they were the words of the psalmist. The Lord I again found faithful to his promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," (Heb. xiii. 5,) "for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." (Matt. x. 20.) And although I felt cold and cheerless, while preaching with *seeming animation and ease*, and have been greatly worried and tortured since, I can truly say that Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, (Heb. xii. 2,) hath done all things well; and I doubt not but all this working, striving, fighting, and wrestling between the company of the two armies, (Song vi. 13,) which are made up of the mystery of godliness and the mystery of iniquity, is for the good of the church of God, which he has purchased with his own blood, (Acts xx. 28,)* and to teach me and others more experimentally the meaning of the words of God the Holy Ghost; "If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin, but the Spirit is life because of righteousness." (Rom. viii. 10.)

THE ROSE, THE LILY, AND THE VINE.

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."—Sol. Song ii. 1. "I am the vine, ye are the branches."—John xv. 5.

First. "The rose." And O what mouth can utter the sweetness of the thought, that as the sweetest of the flowers, the rose and the lily are, (when fresh and in fairest bloom,) so the crimson blood of Christ is, in the forgiveness of sins! The guilty alone know the *sweets* of pardon! The sensibly guilty, through the curse of the law, and the bitter reproofs of the Spirit alone, know the sweet-smelling and charming gale that breathes perfumed with *any* hope or faith supernaturally, drawn from the virtues of the rose of Sharon, the Lord Jesus Christ. Sweet and very pleasant, yea, very sweet indeed is the hearty counsel of that friend, the Lord Jesus, that sticketh closer than a brother, to any one to whom he supernaturally says, "My son, be of good cheer." "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountains shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk, and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters, and a fountain shall come forth of the house of the Lord." (Joel iii. 18.) "For bow great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty!" (Zech. ix. 17.) "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field." (Zech. x. 1.) "More base than mire, and more worthless than dust," in and of myself, my guilty soul feels the renovating, reviving, assuaging, soothing, and alluring odours of the balmy, sweet, and sight-delighting Rose of Sharon! Through him, "as a root out of a dry ground," to my hell-deserving soul, the wilderness of my feelings blossoms! Yea, the wilderness and the solitary place, (through apprehensions of wrath,) are, in the soul, through the breezy delights, from "the wind that bloweth where it listeth," even from the Spirit taking of the things of Jesus, and *showing* them to the soul, made to look gay, blooming, sweet, and as pleasantly odorous as the rose! O may my soul be enabled to wish to be more knitted and tied, as the leaves to the flower, to the Lord Jesus Christ! On him, as the sacred stalk, may I grow! From him draw sweetness, life, beauty, ravishing scents, pleasant appearance, and acceptable qualities. (Sol. Song iv. 9.) The thistles and nettles of free-will and licentiousness be kept out of this garden of my soul, where this precious Sharon's rose and lily of the valleys of humility and love do grow! What are riches, what is earthly beauty, but faint and dim beams shadowing out the perfect beauty, and the true riches, put on the soul regenerated from the fountain of loveliness, and the universal treasure-house, (as Christ is,) of all that is great, good, desirable, strengthening, and gladdening! "Honour and majesty are before him; strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." (Ps. xcvi. 6.) And what sanctuary so sweet, what landscape so covered with charms, as (to the regenerate mind) the new man of the heart? Amaranthine flowers, unfading sweets, and immortal gracefulness deck that heavenly groundwork, where is laid out, as it were, and fixed, the supernatural garden of God, in each one elected by him; out of the human race. O may my soul know more of the heavenly gardener and husbandman in my soul! (John xv; Luke xiii. 6.) May I be enabled so to do, and to wish so to do. For, alas! (such is our poverty,) grapes, roses, or blooming flowers thus, spiritually, are neither gladdening, nor in fragrance delicious, in the regenerate soul, except under the *perpetual* culture of the Holy Spirit, experienced in the soul. Wild grapes and hedge roses grow and flower

away in the cursed regions of Arminianism and letter Calvinism; but all roses and vines of religion, that do not grow on inward, experimental ground in the soul, burnt up first, all to pieces, through the fire of hell in the law, felt unto death, and, secondly, rendered fruitful, drinking the rains of heaven in the gospel, felt also;—all Christianity, whether vine-branches or rose leaves, not after this fashion, will assuredly be the prey of the devourer at the last. "All go to their own place."

Secondly. "The lily." The pale lily, cool and moist, in the valleys of humility, is set in opposition to that fire-flower, (growing on the gardens of hell,) called "pride." Retiring, shaded, and modestly out of sight, (though thus bleached and rendered fair, under the washings of heaven's favour,) the humble Christian, predestinated to be conformed unto the image of Christ, lily-like, is forgotten and passed over, in the midst of the heated and blazing pride of this world. But, what is pride, with its monkey-face? Hollowness, deceit, like the paint on a harlot's face; "Though thou rentest thy face with painting, in vain shalt thou make thyself fair." (Jer. iv. 30.) Pride, whether naturally, in well-mannered self-conceit, or religiously, under the daub of Arminianism, or intellectual Calvinism, shall not impose on God. For even also as every rich man, so also shall every proud man vanish and come to nothing. "Because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away. For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, than it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perishes; so also (it is much worse with the proud) shall the rich man fade away in his ways." (Mark that word, "shall.") (James i. 10, 11.) Yea, while I have been writing a few of the past lines, I saw, "at the window of the house where I am living, I looked through the casement, and beheld" a parson-magistrate, and a swearing man of fortune; and the fawning respect of the parson, and the deathly hollowness of the smiles of the man of rank disgusted me. Like the harlot, seen by Solomon, so it is exactly true of pride, "She is loud and stubborn; her feet abide not in her house; now is she without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner." (Prov. vii. 12.) How different to the mild, unostentatious, and unassuming appearance of the flower we are speaking of; the whiteness of the flower, compared with the rouge of this world's fashions; the paleness of the floweret of the valleys, compared with the fuming gauds of this world's painted, tempting, hollow, and varnishing baubles! "For the fashion of this world passeth away." (1 Cor. vii. 31.) Simplicity, as the lily, is *unvarnished*; as also, are godly sincerity, and an absence of fleshly wisdom. And however much the fashions of this world may be admired, the absence of them is, in my eye, still more admirable; as much so more, as heaven is higher than earth, or the unleavened bread of truth is more acceptable to an unsophistical palate, than the swelling largeness of falseness, grimace, earth-taught customs, in mere show. For, as the lily would suffer in its charms, from the brocading touch of the most master artist, in *paint*; so, I would ask, what master of ceremonies, what "usher of the black rod" of gentlemanly manners, can touch with additional streaks of beauty or of grace, the subdued colouring, pale alluringness, and gentleness, and delicacy of heavenly simplicity and sincerity, as a lily in the soul? Paint and varnish do better for *wood* than for the human skin. Whoever heard of paint and varnish being put on gold or silver, or precious stones? But, my friends, in this world, (in this *wooden* world, and sapless, through the withering curse of God on it,) there is nothing

else scarce than paint and varnish. Happy is he who is not of this world, even as Christ was not of this world. Happy is he who (at all thus as pale as a lily,) is not conformed to the world's *rouged* attractions, assumption, airs, emptiness, whims, fancies, and glare!

When pride lifts up its awful head,
And rears its hateful crest;
(As oft it does,) like sun-set led,
I sink amid the west.

My hopes then die, *for* who can lift
His head to Christ mid pride?
Like burying snows all o'er the drift,
Pride thus all grace does hide.

Blest be the Lamb! if his dear grace
Melts down my self-conceit!
Blest, since for pride's mad redd'ning race,
I'm lamed in both my feet!

Religiously to man, this flower, a lily, may, first, be an emblem of the absence of creature-righteousness; the vermilion blush of creature-righteousness must be left to Wesleyans and other Arminians; but, alas! they are past shame. May the paleness of a lily be ever the fair mark on me of an absence of the red paint of creature-righteousness. An *imputed* righteousness is mine; for I have stood, spiritually, as pale as death, under the certainty, experienced in my soul, that all who have not the *imputed* righteousness, are damned, be they who they may. (Rom. xi. 6.) This *felt*, makes the elect soul step off the hill of pride quickly, into the valleys of humility, where the pale beauty of a supernatural righteousness, (to us imputed,) does grow. O sweet absence of every florid look of haughtiness and loftiness! Or, secondly, this flower may beautifully set forth the water which ran out of Christ's wounded side. By that water I am sanctified. "Having our bodies washed with pure water." (Heb. x. 22.) I leave all other co-working sanctification to those painted rebels, the Arminians and Methodists.

Lastly. "The vine." Bread, the staff of life, that strengtheneth man's heart; and water, the universal allayer and assuager to the fiery sense of thirst in man; (with various other typifying excellencies;) these embalm, to the realizing eye of a supernatural faith, the Lord Jesus Christ, in scripture.

And as the eastern sages spread forth "gold, frankincense, and myrrh," opening their treasures thus, and worshipping before the mysterious stranger, born King of the Jews, as the elect are, (Rom. ii. 28, 29,) when ushered into this world, under the hymning carols of angels' songs in the sky, (a multitude of the heavenly host there praising God,) when the adorable babe, the God-Man, was born in the stable, and laid in the manger; as I say, the magi, worshipping the illustrious stranger, spread forth gold, frankincense, and myrrh, emblemmate of the riches of all this fallen world, whereto we live; so have I, at the head of this poor paper, styled Jesus of Nazareth, my God, "the rose, lily, and vine," according to scripture. But the fragraney of the rose, the charms of the lily, and the gladdening grape, are, as figures, lost like rushlights, amid the transporting dawn, the twinkling brilliancy of the eastern star, (seen by the wise men,) illuming my faith's vista, as regards the adorable Immanuel.

As regards Christ being called a vine, what poor dead stuff will our various religionists "hammer out on *that* anvil!" One will have

mer out one thing, and another of them will hammer out another thing out of it. But, alas! the hammerers hammer it all out of their heads. For their writing evidently bewrays to me that their hearts never felt the indenting hammer of God's grace yet. All-nearly that I shall say here concerning almost all writers on Christ, as a vine, is this; namely, "Good Lord, deliver me from their vine, and the wine they make of it too, in their mongrel religion." Alas! what writing we have about religion! One might think we were the most pious nation that ever was, to judge from the quantity of religious writing! a judgment that will do very well for those who like to make soup of bones, without any marrow in!

The anointed bramble, and the finger-pricking thorns, may have, (for any thing I care,) the gift of the tongue, in speaking concerning Christ, as a vine. (Judges ix.) But they will all know one day, that it is not *talking* concerning the elect vine of the chosen Israel, that will save either their souls or mine. No. But, alas! nearly *all* the vines of religion that I meet with, are rather the vines of Sibmah, (Moabitish,) than growing as the pleasant plant, savouring of electing love, redeeming grace, and quickening love, from the ever-blessed Trinity; (Jer. xlviii. 30, 32;) that I acknowledge, instead of getting edification, I only gather weariness from off the vintage of well-nigh nearly all men's writings and profession of religion. Happy is he who has the kernel, and not merely the shell; the juice, and not merely the skin of Christianity!

Abingdon.

JOHN KAY.

TEMPTATION.

I am often terribly beset with temptations to sin with a high hand; and O the unceasing conflicts I have to endure in fighting against it. I have shuddered at the appearance of the evil I have been tempted to commit, till I have actually quaked with fear, so that all my limbs have been in motion; yet a part in me loved the evil, and desired to commit it; and at the same time I have felt a most cutting conviction that I might by so doing put Christ to an open shame, and be given up to a reprobate mind, to commit all uncleanness with greediness; likewise a horrible, piercing, distracting thought that I should ruin my character; lose my senses, act the part of Judas, and commit suicide. I have heard some say it is easier to keep down the enemy than conquer him when risen; but for my part, I solemnly declare that I have no more might against the great army of internal corruption that rises up against me, than I have power to create a world; and sure I am there is not one in a hundred of professors that knows the plague of the heart, nor the exceeding sinfulness of sin. I have experienced seasons when I have hated sin more than I have dreaded punishment; for it brings darkness into the mind, fresh guilt is felt, and I have been so exceedingly cast down through the commission of sin, not openly, but privately, that I durst not read certain parts of the Bible for fear I should run wild. I have tried to stifle conscience, yet could not; and while in this wretched state, I have been compelled to read that which appeared to condemn me eternally, and as I have been reading, I

have felt the agony of despair so acute, that I have cried out, "I must be damned; I am lost for ever." Then just as I have been tempted to throw the Bible in the fire, some such words as these have come to give me hope; "The blood of Christ cleanses from all sin." Then I have loved the Bible, and hated myself; justified the Lord, and condemned myself; then how warm has the prayer of Jabez been in my heart; "Keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me." Yes, and I have been pained at the appearance of evil. Yet, soon after, the old serpent within has lifted up his head for another unclean morsel; for he hates holiness, and is at enmity with God, the fountain of holiness, and would plunge into all manner of filthiness, so that I experience that "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other;" so that the old man cannot do the evil he would, nor the new man the good he would. I am like the city of the Ephesians, all in an uproar; for I find there are two contrary cries, and two cannot walk together except they be agreed. The old man and the new cannot agree together, neither can a child of God and a child of the devil agree long together. Empty, puffed-up, prating Calvinists are worse to me than all professors beside. They travel in an even path; they do not mount up, as do the heaven-taught, nor yet descend into the depths. Their religion consists of talk, form, and outside show; zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. They appear to me like a stuffed peacock, beautiful to the eyes of the beholder, but without life. They are always in one posture, and have no changes. They neither hunger nor thirst spiritually. They have eyes, but they see not the awful nature of sin, nor yet the preciousness of Christ; feet, but they walk not in the paths of righteousness; ears, but they hear not the awful sound of the law, nor yet the joyful sound of the gospel; and these caged birds without life, if I may so speak, know nothing about the winds of temptation, nor the cheering warmth of the Sun of Righteousness; and though I am often sorely tried, and ready to give up all, I never envy them their empty notions. I often think I am the strangest being living, for I am mostly dissatisfied with myself, yet I would not, were it possible, change places with any one. I know what it is to be very unhappy, and very blessedly happy through the sacred anointing of the Holy Ghost; very much cast down, and very much lifted up; very full of confusion, and very full of peace; very far from heaven, yet to enjoy heaven within; very full of unbelief, yet at times not troubled with a doubt; very weak, yet as strong as a giant; often mourning, yet sweetly singing; and as a preacher, a very great fool, yet wiser than all the academy-made parsons and mongrel Calvinist preachers in the world; very slow of speech, straitened, and perplexed, yet my tongue, like the pen of a ready writer, full of liberty to proclaim the best of news; very much hated by numbers, yet loved by a few; for I love to nurse the sheep, and expose the goats; to build up the godly, and pull down the ungodly; and to plague the Arminians, Unitarians, and dead Calvinists.

• I perceive, friends Editors, that there is a cry out about the writing

of your correspondent I. K., with charges that he is too harsh. Permit me to say, that where others condemn him I commend him; for I am quite sick of those publications and preachers that blow neither hot nor cold. In this day of empty profession, it is quite needful to use great plainness of speech; and those preachers and writers that take the part of Jeremiah, Paul, Peter, and Jude, must expect to make a stir, and not only a stir, but they must root up, and pull down, and lay open deceit; and as enemies of vital godliness increase, I hope the Lord may raise up such men to contend earnestly for the faith, and rebuke sharply these evil beasts. For my part, I love honesty, and all that do not, if gracious persons, are but babes, and cannot endure strong meat. The sword of the Spirit is not used by many, and the church, as well as worldly professors, often nurse up hypocrites. The wolf and the lamb lie down together, and numbers creep into a gospel church unawares that are ordained to condemnation. I am quite weary of men called gospel preachers, who will tell us about the security of the church, and preach the doctrines of grace, when at the same time they never show who are the true circumcision and who are hypocrites; and if they attempt to speak about experience, they are very fools, and know not the way to the city.

Woodhurst, Huntingdonshire.

A. TRAVELLER.

PERPLEXITY.

In my youth I was often impressed with the thoughts of a future state. I had terrible dreams of the last day. When there was thunder, I was in fear of instant death; when guilty of any breach of morality, I suffered in my mind severely. I grew up serious and careless by turns. I had an inordinate thirst for the knowledge of ancient and modern history. When serious, I read Blair's Sermons, and Milton's Paradise Lost, and thought none other books fit to be compared with them for excellency. I now began at the beginning of the Bible, with an intention to read it all, but before I got through Exodus, strange thoughts and notions arose in my heart respecting God, and the laws which he gave to the Israelites. My mind revolted against these thoughts, because they were bad, very bad. I struggled hard, but still they overcame me. At last, my mind became calm, serene, and happy night and day. I felt an inclination to pray that God would bless me and pardon all my sins. I did so, and while speaking inwardly, he openly manifested to me his blessing and his love. I wept for joy. After this my mind became tranquil as before. I had now no doubt of my eternal destination, felt desirous that God would bless me again with his love and his favour; and as this was not then granted, I felt wretched for many days. All were admitted in the church whereof I was a member, who were outwardly moral. When I was eating the bread and drinking the wine, I was low, very low; but in a few minutes God blessed me again with the same love as he did at the first, and I wept for joy as before. In a few days afterwards I was pestered with filthy thoughts which almost drove me to distraction. I sprung from my seat that moment, and felt the anger of God in as sensible a manner as I before did his love. I thought I was sinking into

hell. I cast a momentary glance at the sun, and I thought he became black, and refused to shine on such a wretch as I. I was presently filled with blasphemy, fierce and terrible; no respite had I for a long season; felt myself moved to knock people down; could hardly refrain from smashing and breaking everything that came in my way; felt a severe painful heat in my inside, and thought it was the worm that never dies, that I had committed the unpardonable sin, and that my doom was written in Hebrews vi. 4—6. Afterwards, the cursings which arose in my heart came with less violence, also an abatement of the pain from the great heat, and I got a little rest now and then. I read in Hosea ii. 19, 20, "And I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness; and thou shalt know the Lord." I saw the whole substance of the gospel to be unfolded in these two verses. I saw that this union was made known to me some years before; that it was in mercy; that it never could be dissolved. The gladness which arose in my heart now was of a different kind from the former manifestations. The first was powerful, marvellous loving-kindness, similar, I suppose, in some degree, to what those who are now in heaven feel; the last was calm and contemplative. Next day I lost my comfort. Some time afterwards I fell into a sulky, despairing fit, and when I awoke one morning, the words, "Who shall separate us from the love of God?" were first in my mind. I saw that there must be a union; for how was it possible to separate that which never was united? and Scripture said there was no separation. I fell in with some who affirm that their sins are pardoned, who at the same time manifest most bitter hatred against election and final perseverance, which caused me many sleepless nights. At last, those words came into my mind, "Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." I saw that my calling and justification were so clear, so certain, that I could not dispute them. I had now rest for a long time, and at times much consolation. About this time I fell in with some who contended earnestly for election, unwavering faith, &c. I told them how God had met with me and blessed me, and what I had felt at those times. They told me that feelings had nothing to do with religion; that I must not look at what I had felt, that all those things must be cast away entirely; that faith was the principal thing. I said I had come to this conclusion, that as God had made his love known to me here in this world, I believed myself to be one of his own elect. One said it was all delusion, that I knew not the gospel. I asked him what was the gospel. He raised his eyes to heaven, and said in the most solemn manner, "The gospel is this, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life.'" I said thousands might believe that as a history, and be no better for it, unless such belief was attended with divine power. He said that it was damnable impudence in me to say so, when Christ himself said to the contrary. Another said that if I died in the state I was in, hell would be my portion. This has caused me great uneasiness. I thought surely God was infinitely wise, and did nothing in vain, that he would not make his love known in the heart of a sinner, if he had not an especial end to answer in so doing. I think myself so ignorant, that I hardly know what to think of myself. Some say we may fall from grace. That has been to me, and is now at times, a fearful doctrine; for all the consolation that I have derived from hearing

or reading, I am really not certain whether such consolation was divine or arose from my own excited feelings. I am now speaking of those consolations after I felt the anger of God; his love and his anger were real; no delusion. This faith that believes at all times I have not, neither do I understand it. They say that God has given it to them. I wonder what proof they have of it, if it produces no feelings of joy and gladness in their hearts; for the Scripture saith, "Believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." (1 Pet. i. 8.) Several things puzzle me. I think if I could only be certain of some Scriptures being the word of God, and not of those who wrote them, I should be saved; and if they be in reality the word of God, if I am not saved, then I have misunderstood those Scriptures altogether. How Rom. viii. 30, can agree with Heb. vi. 4-6, I really do not know; and if some of your correspondents will explain it, I shall be obliged; and also answer this question; how a man, who has been blessed with the forgiveness of his sins, can all his life afterwards hate and detest the doctrine of election and final perseverance? This seems to me so self-destructive, that I cannot comprehend it.

July 24, 1838.

ANXIOUS.

A REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

"There was, some years ago, not far from this place, a very able preacher, who for several years preached with great earnestness and success the doctrine of the cross; and who, on that very account, was violently opposed. One of his opponents, a well-informed person, who had for a long time absented himself from the church, thought, one Sunday morning, that he would go and hear the gloomy man once more, to see whether his preaching might be more tolerable to him than it had been before. He went; and that morning the preacher was speaking of 'the narrow way,' which he did not make either narrower or broader than the word of God describes it. 'A new creature in Christ, or eternal condemnation,' was the theme of his discourse; and he spoke with power, and not as a mere learned reasoner. During the sermon, the question forced itself upon this hearer's conscience, 'How is it with myself? Does this man declare the real truth? If he does, what must be the inevitable consequence?' This thought took such a hold upon him, that he could not get rid of it, amidst any of his engagements or amusements. But it became from day to day more and more troublesome, more and more penetrating, and threatened to embitter every joy of his life; so that at last he thought he would go to the preacher himself, and ask him, upon his conscience, if he were really convinced of the truth of that which he had lately preached. He fulfilled his intention, and went to the preacher. 'Sir,' said he to him, with great earnestness, 'I was one of your hearers, when you spoke, a short time since, of the only way of salvation. I confess to you, that you have disturbed my peace of mind, and I cannot refrain from asking you solemnly before God, and upon your conscience, if you can prove what you asserted, or whether it was an unfounded alarm.' The preacher, not a little surprised at this address, replied with convincing certainty,

that what he had spoken was the word of God, and, consequently, infallible truth. 'What then is to become of us?' replied the visitor. His last word, *us*, startled the preacher; but he rallied his thoughts, and began to explain the plan of salvation to the inquirer, and to exhort him to repent and believe. But the latter, as though he had not heard one syllable of what the preacher said, interrupted him in the midst of it, and repeated, with increasing emotion, the anxious exclamation, 'If it be truth, Sir, I beseech you, what are we to do?' Terrified, the preacher staggers back. '*We!*' thinks he, 'what means this *we?*' and, endeavouring to stifle his inward uneasiness and embarrassment, he resumed his exhortations and advice. Tears came into the eyes of the visitor; he smote his hands together like one in despair, and exclaimed in accents which might have moved a heart of stone, 'Sir, if it be truth, we are lost and undone!' The preacher stood pale, trembling, and speechless. Then, overwhelmed with astonishment, with downcast eyes, and convulsive sobbings, he exclaimed, 'Friend, down on your knees; let us pray and cry for mercy!' They knelt down, and prayed; and shortly afterwards the visitor took his leave. The preacher shut himself up in his closet. Next Sunday word was sent that the minister was unwell, and could not preach. The same thing happened the Sunday following. On the third Sunday, he made his appearance before his congregation, worn with his inward conflict, and pale, but his eyes beaming with joy, and commenced his discourse with the surprising and affecting declaration, that he had now, for the first time, passed through the strait gate. You will ask what had occurred to him in his chamber, during the interval which had elapsed. A storm had passed over before him—but the Lord was not in the storm; an earthquake—but the Lord was not in the earthquake; a fire—but the Lord was not in the fire. Then came a still small voice; on which the man enveloped his face in his mantle, and from that time knew what was the gospel, and what was grace."—*Elijah the Tishbite.*

SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—Having been a constant reader of your valuable periodical, the *Gospel Standard*, from the commencement, and a well-wisher for its spiritual usefulness, will you allow me, through its pages, to acknowledge the enlargement I have felt in reading the writings of many of your correspondents, and the sweet communion I have felt with them, Mr. Philpot especially. I should be glad, therefore, if he, Mr. P., would be kind enough to offer a few thoughts on the following passage in the 16th chap. of Isaiah, and the first clause of the 4th ver.; "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler."

By inserting this as early as convenient, you will greatly oblige me, and that the Lord may go on to prosper and bless your labour of love, is the sincere desire of, Yours in the best of bonds,

Kingsland, Nov. 5, 1838.

F. J.

Messrs. Editors,—In reading a piece in your last number, by “A Smoking Flax,” I really thought it was my own experience, for when the Lord was pleased to open my eyes to see the spirituality of the holy law, I really thought that hell was ready to receive me. I had been for a length of time under legal convictions, seeking to work out a righteousness wherein I might appear before God; but, when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died—died to all hopes of ever attaining to salvation by any thing of my own, and thus was left with nothing but the cry of the publican, “God be merciful to me a sinner,” for the law condemned every evil thought. I now began to seek more earnestly, and went to hear many preachers, but could get no comfort, till at last Mr. Gadsby coming to Dunham, I was inclined to go and hear him, when, to my surprise, he described my feelings as I could not have described them to any body, for I did not know what was the matter with me. In conclusion, he said, “If there be such a soul in this place, I would say, ‘If the vision tarry, wait for it; it will come, it will not tarry.’” These words gave me a little comfort, for they were accompanied with a power which is more than fancy—a power, which, I believe, never attends the word of letter-preachers. I went on for several months between hope and despair, till the Lord was pleased to bless me with a sense of pardon, by speaking peace to my soul, filling my heart with a joy unspeakable and full of glory, at a time, when, in my own eyes, I was the vilest being on earth, wishing I had been any thing rather than what I was, which was a manifest proof to me that salvation is alone of the sovereign free grace of God.

That the Lord may bless your labour, and grant unto you, and to all his tried servants, more of the anointings of his Holy Spirit, is the prayer of

Dunham, 1838.

A WEAKLING.

A BETTER COUNTRY.

“And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city.”—Hebrews xi. 15, 16.

There are several parts and divisions into which the verses which I have taken as my text might be divided. But, as I am not in the habit of confining myself to divisions and sub-divisions, I shall endeavour to take up the words as they stand, and treat them as briefly as I can. The characters spoken of seem first to strike my attention, denominated by the plural pronoun *they*. What were they? They were pilgrims, and strangers; a true mark by which the Lord's children are ever known. My reader, are you a pilgrim and a stranger sojourning in this wilderness world? Is the world and its vanities to you a mere bubble? Is worldly company, worldly conversation, and worldly pleasure, a trouble to your soul? Are you hated by the world, by ungodly men, and mere professors of religion, because you will not mingle with them in their devilish and damnable ways, but are determined, by the grace of God, to come out from among them, and

be separate? Do you feel yourself to be a stranger to the world when you enter into it after your business, to which you may be lawfully called, to the man of it, to the mere professor, as I before observed? If you are really one of the characters in the text described, you will say, yes. And more than this, you oftentimes feel a stranger to yourself, and a stranger to the people of God. But let me tell you, you are not. God has taught you, in some measure, to *know* yourself. And God's children are your best, nearest, and dearest friends on earth. And, at times, you cannot deny this; neither dare you, lest you should dishonour the grace of God by which you are called, and which alone made you become a pilgrim and a stranger. You are come out from a country, and you are not mindful to return again. What! return into the world again, and into its vanities? What! wish you were not in a converted state, under the blessed reign of sovereign, saving, and eternal grace? "No, no. Bless God," say you, "I abhor the idea. I desire to feel humbled before him, and render praise to his blessed name, that ever he should make me to differ from those who are dead in trespasses and sins." It is said, "they might have had opportunity." Why yes; the world, our own hearts, and the devil, are here still; and you *could* follow them, and would too, were it not for invincible grace, which causes you to hate their ways, and "desire a better country, that is, a heavenly." I readily grant, that through the deceit of your own abominable, devilish heart, you may, and do, in your foolish fits, as the children of Israel did, when they talked about the onions, the garlicks, and the flesh pots of Egypt; and as Asaph did, when he said, "I envied the prosperity of the wicked." But he said, when he remembered his folly in so doing, "So foolish was I and ignorant." Nevertheless, at the bottom you must confess that, in your right mind, you hate yourself for ever wishing in the least for the honours, profits, and pleasures of this world of sin. A better country you desire; you wish for a heavenly one. How do you manifest your desire? I answer for you; in various ways. You endeavour, before God, at a throne of grace, to pray that the blessed Spirit would make known to you your own interest in the covenant of grace, which is a heavenly one. You want, and earnestly pray that it might be made manifest in your own conscience that you are an adopted child of God, an heir of heaven. This is the main thing you wish to know for yourself. You feel a love towards those whom you believe to be heaven-born, and heaven-bound. You embrace and receive them as brethren and sisters in the faith of Christ, and fellow-heirs of the grace of life eternal, reserved for all the elect of God, who are made recipients of it while here on earth, and to enjoy it, unmolested by sin and Satan, in eternal glory. You also manifest it in the attendance on the means of grace which God has appointed; in attending to the ordinances instituted, so far as the blessed Spirit leads you, and establishes you; in your daily walk and conversation before an ungodly world and the church of God. You desire to walk uprightly and conscientiously before God and man. God's honour lies near your heart. You highly prize his own-sent ministers for the truth's sake. You love a searching ministry. You can bear, and wish to be cut to the quick, rather than be deceived. And many more proofs I might mention, but the limits of this work will not allow me.

Lastly. "God is not ashamed to be called their God." O, my brother companion in tribulation, look at the amazing condescension of the triune God of Israel. What, not ashamed of such hell-deserving, base, treacherous, muckworms of the earth as you and I are? Ania-

zing, wonderful, astonishing grace! Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! that the eternal God should ever take notice of sinners; contrive a plan, in his infinite wisdom, by which they shall be inheritors of eternal life, who well deserved eternal death; choose them eternally in Christ Jesus, and declare that he will never be ashamed of them, nor be ashamed to be called their God. And why? because he hath prepared for them a city. With respect to the city, I would refer you to the 21st chapter of the Revelation of John, in which you will find a full description thereof; and concerning the enjoyment and employment of the citizens, the following words will suffice: "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 (of persecution) 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."

May the Lord bless the few thoughts, so far as they are written consistently with his will, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Mildenhall, Oct., 1838.

A PENSIONER.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

An Address to the Church of Christ, on the Unity of the Spirit.
By R. C. Chapman.—Medes.

This is a sermon on the Unity of the Spirit, that is, the unity of churches. The author's text is from John xvii. 21, which we do not believe at all applies to his purpose. He speaks much about things as they *should* be and *ought* to be, but there is little or nothing said, in a proper way, how things are to be accomplished. Much is said about outward and fleshly unity, but nothing rightly said about an inward and supernatural unity of spirit. He labours much in diverting the streams into various channels, but never ascends to the Fountain. He crowns effects and buries the cause. He says, one great reason why we have not the unity of the Spirit, is unbelief, the Goliath of the day; and the reason why we believe so little of Christ is, we have not enough of the prosperity of Zion at heart. Thus, if we have the prosperity of Zion at heart, it produces faith, and faith the unity of the Spirit, and, of course, the matter will be right. This is putting the cart before the horse with a witness. The writer has far too much universal and fleshly charity about him for us. The fact is, he has hold of the wrong end of the string. He speaks *about* things, and *about* truths, but he does not enter *into* and delineate things in that living and vital way that will do the church of God good. When a living soul reads it, he will feel a great something lacking in it, and yet he will hardly be able at first to tell what. But the fact is, it wants vitality, life, and power; consequently, we cannot recommend it to living souls as a living piece.

Epistles of Love, designed for the Comfort of the Children of God.
By C. Drawbridge.—Highams.

We think this pamphlet of Mr. D.'s one of the best of his tracts we have seen. It is principally of an experimental character, in the form of letters or epistles to friends. There is some true and good

experience stated in it, illustrated and confirmed by Old Testament saints. There are also some honest and good remarks respecting the true servants of God. In the hands of God it may be made useful to the Lord's family. He speaks very ably and cleverly about the exploits faith has done and can do; but we must say, he does not enter into that process of peculiar experience and method of divine teaching by which a soul is brought to believe. There are the peculiar operations of the Spirit of God working within the soul, bringing it UNTO faith; and then there are the peculiar shinings and light of life of the Spirit of God beaming on the word of truth, revealing its glorious mysteries TO faith; and then, like magnetism, it draws out faith to itself and fixes it on itself. Then faith can do tremendous exploits and marvellous wonders. Young and perplexed Christians are like children learning to read, they not only want words roundly pronounced to them, but they want them syllabled, and syllables separated into letters. Experience must be minutely defined and simplified, or God's children cannot feed upon it. We do not admire his remarks on *all-prayer*, (page 15,) when in a lukewarm state. We never yet found *lukewarm all-prayer* to do much for us in keeping us from falling. We trust we dearly value and know something of the worth of *all-supernatural prayer*, but all-prayer from a luke-warm heart is but a feeble weapon.

POETRY.

A PRECIOUS CHRIST.

"Unto you which believe he is precious."—1 Peter. ii. 7. |

Precious Jesus, precious Saviour, Guide my mind to think of thee; Of thy matchless, gracious person; O reveal thyself to me.	Precious, when by faith we see thee On the cross for sinners die; Make an end of our transgressions; "It is finish'd!" hear the cry.
Precious, as my God in cov'nant, As my surety, guide, and friend; Precious, as the King in Zion; Thou wilt reign when time shall end.	Precious, as the chief physician; Oft I want the cure within; Thou must heal, or I am ruin'd, All the dreadful wounds of sin.
Precious, as the ark, the altar, Precious too, as mercy seat, As the Lamb prepared for slaughter; All the shadows in thee meet.	Precious, as the gracious prophet, To instruct and teach the way; Precious, in thy priestly garments, Sin by thee was put away.
Precious, as the church's husband; He espous'd her for his own; Paid her debts, and freed from bondage; She and Christ her Lord are one.	Precious, as the great deliverer From the yoke of Sinai's law; He fulfill'd the whole enactment, Saved his church from every flaw.
Precious, as a loving brother, Born to be extremely poor But divine, and rich in glory, Angels praise, and saints adore.	Precious, as the mighty conqueror, Who subdues our every foe; Holds us up by love and mercy, And he will not let us go.
Precious, as the great atonement, By his blood on Calvary, Has redeemed countless millions, And for ever set them free.	Precious, too, as intercessor; Doubts, and fears, and foes assail; Faith, and hope, and love are trembling, But thy blood, <i>that</i> must prevail.
Precious, as the law fulfiller; He did satisfy its claims; All his deeds were righteousness, So the gospel sweet proclaims.	Precious in thy gracious promise, Suited to each needy case, By the blessed Spirit sealed, Who is true? the God of grace.

Precious, as the mighty captain; Fits his saints to march and fight; Shoes of brass, with sword and helmet; Puts the enemy to flight.	Thou in sorrow wast o'erwhelmed In suffering deep, in sweat and blood.
Precious, as the shield to screen me From the darts of raging hell; Precious, from the world to save me, Though in it I'm forced to dwell,	Precious, too, when at the table, Thou dost break the bread to us; Giv'st the wine, the very richest; Blood that saves us from the curse.
Precious, in a preached gospel; 'Tis a glorious, kind report; Here the standard of salvation, Here poor sinners will resort.	Come, poor trembler, look to Jesus; Sins are cast behind his back; Are you needy, are you wretched? In the Lord there is no lack.
Precious, in thy institutions; Lovely Jesus, thou didst die For the very worst of rebels; None, I'm sure, more blest than I.	Precious, at the verge of Jordan May be, thou art full of fear; When he comes in all his glory, Death's dread sting will disappear.
Thou in Jordan wast baptized; Thou wast buried in the flood; Westham.	O to grace, and love, and mercy, Israel's God we will adore; Having tasted he is gracious, We would praise him evermore.

J. C.

 UNION.

How pleasant 'tis when Christians meet To speak of Jesus' love; Their souls are bless'd with union sweet; Their minds are raised above.	Christ and his members are but one; And, bless his precious name, He never will his saints disown, Nor put their hope to shame.
Yes, 'tis a firm, endearing band, That kindred hearts unites, When each is to our Jesus join'd, And in his name delights.	In him, the Father has engaged Our helpless souls to meet; In him, the Holy Spirit shows We ever stand complete.
And while we offer humble prayer At our Redeemer's throne, He kindly lends a gracious ear, And showers his blessings down.	In his salvation we rejoice; He saves from death and hell; And soon, with one united voice, Its wonders we shall tell.
Though call'd, in providence, to part, United we remain; And, trusting in his faithful word, We hope to meet again.	Wash'd from our sins, in his own blood, He'll take us home to dwell In that immortal, bless'd abode, Where none shall say, "Farewell."

SARAH.

 GLEANINGS.

To say that the old law is in a new relation, is as absurd as saying that the new covenant is nothing but the old one in a new relation; for the language is equally strong in both cases. God says he will not deal with his people according to the *old* covenant, but the *new*; and he also says he will put a *new law* in their hearts. The old covenant they broke, and the old law they broke, and break, but the new covenant they cannot break, neither can they break the *new law*.—H. G.

I often feel no more fit for heaven than a boy is to be the king's prime minister. But I know there is such a thing as the springing well; and I have often felt as though heaven sprung out of hell; "He turneth the shadow of death into the morning."—Hardy.

If it were possible that one of God's family could be sent to hell, Christ must go there too; for where he is, there they must be; and where they are, there he must be.—H. G.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 38. FEBRUARY, 1839. VOL. V.

TO THE SEED ROYAL.

Dear Brethren, Children of the spiritual stock of Abraham, born from above,—No doubt many of you, during the last month, have been saluted with the common phrase, "A happy new year to you," and at the same time some of you have been so wretched that the entrance of the new year appeared to bring you nothing but fresh gloom and dismay; and while you saw others, each in their way, enjoying happiness, you were wishing you had never been born, and were envying almost every one you saw, for all seemed happy but you. But, my brethren, remember the greatest happiness any one can have which does not centre in and come from Christ, is no better than the sound of a wooden cuckoo in a wooden clock at best. It is all a dead sound, and no real proof of spring being come, or of solid pleasure. Nay worse; it will end in misery and ruin. Who are they that have a scriptural and spiritual right to real happiness? and who are they that enjoy real happiness? for not all the heirs of happiness enjoy it. No, no; many of them are in deep mourning, and refuse to be comforted. They are in great trouble, because of the rising up of the filth of their old nature, the dreadful temptations of Satan, the horrible workings of infidelity, the power of carnal reason, the hidings of God's countenance, and the hand of God having apparently gone out against them. Every thing, in the dispensations both of providence and grace, seems to say, "There is no happiness for you;" and their enemies, both within and without, rise up in troops, and say, "God hath forsaken them; persecute and take them, for there is none to deliver them." (Ps. lxxi. 11.) The horrible boilings up of inl

corruption, by night and by day, are indescribable; so that the soul can in very deed say, "My sore ran in the night and ceased not; my soul refused to be comforted;" (Ps. lxxvii. 2;) and at the same time an honest conscience, made and kept tender by the Spirit and grace of God, tells them that they have brought the whole upon themselves by their carelessness, cursed pride, and ungodly proceedings, either in thoughts, words, or deeds, or all together. And though these things have been hid from others, (in fact, if others had seen them with their natural eyes, they would not have thought them very wrong,) yet the poor child of God sees them in God's light, and feels them in God's life, and believes himself to be one of the most ungrateful, base, vile wretches in the world, and whatever misery he has, he feels that he deserves more; and, indeed, he expects to have it. Perhaps one says to him, "O what is your sin compared with the grace of God? You should simply believe, and take comfort." True enough, where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; but God's precious truth and grace are not to be trifled with, much less sported with. "When God with rebukes correcteth man for iniquity, he maketh his beauty to consume away like a moth;" (Ps. xxxix. 11;) and when these solemn rebukes are seen and felt both outwardly and inwardly, the poor soul cannot sport with grace. Nothing short of grace seen and felt by the divine anointing and unctuous manifestation of God the Holy Ghost can give such a poor soul real comfort; nor will Satan give up his resistance, or stir one inch from his post, till the Lord rebukes him. (Zech. iii. 1, 2.) And though such a poor tempest-tossed soul can truly say, "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, shut up as in a prison, and surrounded both within and without with those that hate peace," (Ps. cxx. 5,) yet such a soul is a real heir to peace and comfort, and in the end he shall sing, "O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard: which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved. For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidst affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place. I will go into thy house with burnt offerings: I will pay thee my vows, which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble. I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings, with the incense of rams; I will offer bullocks with goats. Selah. Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." (Ps. lxxvi. 8—16.) Then in very deed the soul will have real happiness. Let the season of the year be what it may, when the dear Lord is graciously pleased to give a real vital faith in Christ, and enables us by faith and feeling to look unto, rest upon, confide in, derive life from, and live and walk in and with Christ; when in very deed we eat his flesh and drink his blood by faith, and feel the rich flowings of his love in our hearts, by the glorious power of God the Holy Ghost; then we have a happy new year, yea, a jubilee. All legal debts are paid, and legal servitude for the present is ended, and we are brought

into the rich vineyards and fields of gospel free grace, and faithfully plucks and eats with sweet and solid satisfaction; and the dear Lord of the house comes with a divine smile, and sweetly says, "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." (Song v. 1.) Here we have communion with the Lord, and the world drops its charms.

O my dear brethren, what an indescribable fund of glory, comfort, happiness, and blessedness has our God treasured up in Christ for all the seed-royal! All the beauties and glories of the gospel of God's grace recorded in the word of God are theirs. Yea, God himself, Father, Son, and Spirit, is their God for ever and ever, and he will be their guide even unto death, and be their glory after death. (Isa. lx. 19.) While in this vale of tears, they must have their share of troubles; for this is not their rest; it is polluted; and indeed troubles are so managed by the dear Lord as in the end to prove real blessings. By these things men live, and there is no such a thing as a child of God living long together without troubles. Troubles are sometimes used by our dear Lord as rubbing-stones, to rub off the rust of a lukewarm frame of mind. God, in the riches of his grace, stamps his own image upon the soul of his dear child; but, by reason of the pride of our old man, we often gather together such a detestable bundle of hay, wood, and stubble, that the image of God is hid from view. Then a trying day comes, to try our works by fire. (1 Cor. iii. 13.) The hay, wood, and stubble are fuel for this fire, and sometimes the flame is so furious that the poor soul thinks he shall be wholly consumed, and he feels quite horror-struck; for he both sees and feels that a great deal of what he once admired and thought to look beautiful, only proves a stock of trimmed-up rubbish, and the fire consumes it. Where it will end, he cannot tell; but our God works wisely and graciously, though powerfully, nor does he make any mistake, even in the fire; so that at last it shall be seen that the poor tried child of God is saved, though he has suffered the loss of his trimmed-up stacks of hay, wood, and stubble. Thus the image of God will shine more bright and conspicuously. Self will be abased, and Christ exalted, and, after a sharp and long fiery trial, the glorious discriminating truth of God will appear more sacred; as the secret of the Lord is only given to them that fear him.

Well, brethren, a few more storms and we shall be out of the reach of pride and infidelity, those master-pieces of the devil and the carnal heart, and shall be ever with the Lord, never, never again employed in picking up, nor trimming up stubble. No, no; all will be unsullied holiness and glory, and God be all in all. Then indeed it will be one eternal new year of light, life, and glory.

The God of peace be with you, and in a solemn manifestative way, grant you strength, and wisdom, and grace according to your day, and enable you daily to carry all your burdens and grievances to the Lord; yea, and all your joys too; and thus cause you to unbosom your whole soul unto him. And that his gracious Majesty may now

and then grant you a gracious visit of his love, and give you the life and light of real vital faith, to trace a glorious measure of the happiness you are heirs unto, and that he may give you returning sips of grace by the way, as your need may require, is the prayer of your fellow traveller in tribulation and joy,

AN OLD SOLDIER.

AN ENCOURAGING TESTIMONY.

(A Letter.)

To my dearly-beloved Father (Mr. Gadsby) in the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I love in the truth, and not I only, but also they who, like me, have been blessed by God through you, that have known the truth. Mercy and peace rest upon you from God, our Father and Jesus Christ his dear Son, through the rich anointing of the Holy Ghost.

The command of God through the apostle Paul must be the only excuse I have to offer for thus presuming to write unto you. But when I consider what I have been, and what I still am in myself, I must say, Why is it that the servant of the Lord should deign to be troubled by me? But still, "the labourer is worthy of his hire," and I am directed by the exhortation of Paul the aged, to communicate that which I have received of the word of life to him that teacheth; especially as it is one of the richest blessings that our blessed and adorable Jesus can grant in this time state, even the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins through the redemption that is in his name, by the shedding of his precious blood. And, dear Sir, that you may rejoice with them that do rejoice, permit me, unworthy as I am, briefly to relate the loving-kindness of the Lord toward me. In doing which, may the good Lord perform his promise of sending his blessed Spirit of truth as my remembrancer, to bring to my mind all that he hath said unto me.

You will, in the outline of this letter, perceive the sovereignty, mercy, unchangeableness, truth, and faithfulness of our long-suffering God and Father. Like Timothy, I was brought up under the word of God, and as it respects the letter thereof, I may be said to have known it from my youth. My mother, with whom I was left at the age of three years, professed godliness, and used constantly to attend the ministry of the late W. Huntington, and whether it was by what I heard and diligently attended to or not, I cannot tell; but I was the subject of great terror at times; and though so young as nine years, I can well remember the awful and dreadful images and punishments that would be present to my mind, insomuch that I have cried out with horrible fear, and even run from my bed to avoid, as I thought, the danger. I mention thus much of my childhood, as I now believe the Lord did then plant in my heart the love of his written word, though I knew it not; and by it I believe he intended to show me in after times the rich consolations it was calculated to afford to one who, like me, has been called to pass through fire and water in the sharpest manner. I shall pass on through the years of childhood, only observing that at eleven years old I went to sea, where I soon manifested the abominable depravity of a heart that has since proved to be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. The thoughts of my awful wickedness fill me with self-abhorrence and deep humility, when the good Lord gives me a faith's view of bleeding Calvary. But to

proceed. You have read the black list of crimes by Paul, in the Epistle to the Galatians. I not only have read them there, but have really practised them, and every other species of crime under the sun. My horrid blasphemies of tongue were proverbial among my shipmates, and mercies and judgments did not move me; so true it is, that till God is pleased effectually to call by grace, the sinner will not, and cannot obey any voice but Satan's. From this period till I was about twenty-three, I went on fulfilling the desires of the flesh in all its lusts. Sometimes, however, I had the terrors of hell upon me, and this made me think of my past life, and I often have gnawed my lips, and gritted my teeth together with the pain that the thoughts of eternal damnation did create. At such times I would cry out in the bitterness of my soul for God to pardon my sins that were past. I would promise to reform, and sin no more, but still had no idea of anything but God's mercy, how those I had committed were to be disposed of. This I know, that the thought of punishment always was attended with hard thoughts of God. I had no love mixed with all my feelings of remorse; nothing but self-pity, and a shrinking from the thought of what I had to suffer. I was afraid of the light, and therefore was not long in banishing those unpleasant intruders, and always became tenfold worse than before. I have not yet been decided whether they were part of God the Spirit's work; but I sometimes think not, by what I have since experienced, as it respects repentance unto life.

About the above age, twenty-three, I was a prisoner of war in France, (glorious link in God's providence over me!) and having spent the day in gambling, had retired to my bed to meditate fresh schemes for next day's sport, without the least thought of my state as a sinner, when, "wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth!" my mind was suddenly arrested with a terrible gloom of horror, mixed with the sudden glare of conviction of the sin of ingratitude to my earthly parent, and the addition of every other flashed into my mind with the inexpressible rapidity of lightning. In one moment of time, I was surrounded with all the terrors that such multiplied and aggravated sins may be supposed to produce, for I cannot fully express them, but the effect I well remember. I cried unto God, not as I had done before, but that he would be merciful to me, the vilest of the vile; and, O Lord, said I, keep me for the future thyself, by the power of thy Spirit, in thy fear. I felt a conviction, that if it depended on my own strength I should surely turn again to folly, and this thought was death to me. Indeed, I would sooner have died than have done so. I prayed the Lord rather to take me from the world than suffer me to sin again. But this was only the manifestation of actual transgression; the heart itself was not known. Bless his precious name, he giveth here a little and there a little, for had he added this sight, as I have since experienced, I should certainly, judging of my feelings at that time, have sunk into black despair, and no doubt have destroyed myself. But he mixed with my distress a little hope, and though that hope had no certainty for its foundation, it buoyed my soul up, and led me to search the word of God for some comfort. In this prison there was a company of poor sinners who assembled together to worship God. I crept in amongst them, as one every way unworthy to be in the same place with them; but I wanted rest, and the means of grace seemed to me the only way in which I felt any abatement of my extreme misery; and so ignorant was I, that I did not understand how I could be saved, or by what means; but salvation was what I thirsted after, morning, noon, and night, and I can

truly say, that sin in any shape was my greatest burden. After some time the Lord showed unto me, by reading his word and hearing it preached, the way of salvation more fully; that is to say, I began to have some conceptions of Christ Jesus and his work, in his life, sufferings, and death; as also, that if forgiven, it must be through his merits; and also, that I must have a righteousness in order that I might stand justified before a holy God; but how to obtain these I knew not. It is true, indeed, I heard it must be by faith; but I found I could not believe, and this brought me into great distress, and I cried unto the Lord that he would give me that faith that was his own work. The Lord now began to break up to my view, and feelings too, the iniquities of my heart; these I strove hard to subdue, by fasting, prayer, and will worship, for if any poor legal soul among the Hebrews strove to work out a righteousness of his own, I did. But no sooner had I, as I thought, attained to any degree of holiness, than some thought, word, action, or motive, swept away that refuge of lies, and I appeared ten times worse than before. In all this time my earnest desire was that God would be pleased to reveal to me my interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I vainly supposed that he would speak from heaven to me. I began now to be sorely tried upon those two extremes, free-will and God's choice, and according to my ignorance, I supposed they were both clear in God's word. Election, I saw, was so, and I never durst deny it, but my heart revolted at it, and I could not but think it unjust. Sore have been my trials on this head, lest I should not be of the number, and many times have I thought of giving it all up, and striving and seeking no more. Thus I went on for many a long month and year, till I returned to England, at the peace, being miserable in proportion as my knowledge increased. I attended the ministry of Mr. Bailey, at Zoar Chapel, under whom the Lord did wonderfully lead me to see that the Spirit of all grace was working in me, and he gave me sufficient faith to believe that he would complete what he had begun. I thus was kept hoping and looking for the evidence which my soul thirsted for. About this time I joined the church, and was baptized by Mr. B., and I have often been much comforted with the consolation he at times afforded me. After this time I was called to pass through many severe trials in providence, so as often to need bread, through the want of employment, all which was a great addition to my misery, as it produced a great deal of rebellion and fretfulness against God. I seldom thought of what he had done for me, and I insensibly fell into a lukewarm and indifferent state. My whole time was occupied with thinking how I should increase my means of subsistence, and the Lord permitted me to have the desire of my heart, and raised up a friend who put me in business; and a very pretty one I made of it; for I gave up all the means, and still found that by rising early and getting, I got poorer in circumstances, and much poorer in soul; so that I fretted against God, and I reaped the fruit of my doings. When I found things thus, I fled to the world to stifle those thoughts that would constantly hang upon my mind. I at last obtained the situation I now hold, as labourer in the East India warehouses; and here it was that I wholly and totally backslided from the profession I had so long made. I joined the wicked in all their ways, and was truly filled with my own, sinning against the light of the gospel, which yet constantly followed me to all my amusements. I even dared to stifle these feelings by trying if I could not believe that all I had experienced was a delusion, and the work of my own fancy; but one thing I could not shake off, "The wages of sin is death." Ah! thought

I, true it is; and condemnation followed me so closely, that my mind began to tremble at what I had done. I at times endeavoured to reason myself into the belief that all that was stated respecting Christ and his work, and the Holy Spirit and his work, had no foundation in truth, the enemy and unbelief suggesting that the believing of them was what produced my misery. God at last laid stripe upon stripe upon me, and I found, by bitter experience, that it is an evil and bitter thing to sin against God in his gospel. During the whole of this time I never was without the testimony of conscience against my evil ways; so that with the afflicting dispensation without, and the continual ringing of condemnation within, I felt a hell upon earth, and have often in the bitterness of soul wished I was a brute. I desired to return, but the remembrance of my sins deterred me, and I kept far from all who were godly, lest they should suspect I had ever professed Christ. This I did that the cause of Christ might not suffer through me. But how unsearchable are the ways of the Lord! The very means I adopted to keep from him were expressly those he used to bring me back; and while I was endeavouring to hide myself, he brought me to light by discoursing with the infidels among whom I was placed; and although I was sinning against the light of the Lord, their horrid blasphemies would yet sometimes draw forth from my lips some vindication of our blessed Jesus and his truth; in the doing of which the Lord brought about two things, which, bless his long-suffering mercy, led to a third, for which I shall praise him to all eternity. The one was, that while he enabled me to silence, by the force of truth, those adversaries, my own soul was convinced and judged, as it respected its own state, which produced godly sorrow, and a seeking again the face of the Lord; the other was, that it disclosed my feal character to one that I had been most anxious to conceal myself from. This man, a dear and beloved vessel of mercy, sought me out continually, and, in the spirit of meekness, endeavoured to restore one whom he rightly judged had fallen by his iniquities, and who was not happy therein. My soul was knit unto him, and he drew from me a full disclosure of all, and in the bitterness of my soul I poured forth my doubts and fears; but he was enabled, from the faithfulness of God, to encourage me to hope in the Lord. Having encouraged me to lay all my case before the Lord, he informed me where my dear pastor, Mr. W. preached. I attended like a condemned criminal; and, after a variety of conflicts with the enemy and unbelief, I was enabled to trace the way the Lord had led me, and in godly sorrow, flowing from a sense of injured love, I wept over the sorrows of my dear Lord, and found that love shed abroad in my heart which enabled me with patience to endure the indignation of the Lord. I hasten to communicate, that after waiting and expecting the manifestation of pardoning love, in great distress because I found it not, you, dear Sir, came to town, and, in September last, you were expected to preach in Bury-Street Chapel. I had heard you some years before, and always found you profitable to my soul. At this time I had a longing desire to hear you, and thought it long before the evening came, as I was in great distress of soul about the uncertainty of my state, with which I could not rest satisfied. As I walked on my way to the chapel, I prayed, (yes, it was prayer, Sir, for God heard and answered,) "O Lord, direct thy dear servant to speak to my case, and let him this night be made the happy and honoured instrument of bringing me into the liberty of the gospel, by assuring me, through thy word that he may preach, that thou hast chosen me and redeemed me with thy precious blood! Give me, O Lord, this night.

the knowledge of salvation by the remission of my sins by the precious application of the blood of Christ!" O bless his precious name, it was like ointment poured fourth. That night you took your text from Isaiah xxxiii. 20, "Look upon Zion," &c., and truly I found the precious power of God the Holy Ghost manifested in the description of those solemnities, and particularly when you spoke of what my dear Lord Jesus had done for that city. But for me to be made to believe that I was one for whom it was done; for all my guilt to be lost while contemplating by precious faith the solemnity of Christ Jesus my Lord in his blood-shedding and death; for me to be made sensible that the solemn work of the adorable Saviour was the end of the law for me, and constituted my entire and perfect righteousness; for one so vile, so filthy, so ungrateful, to draw near to a holy God without any of those slavish fears I had laboured under so long; all this, and much more than my tongue can utter, or my pen describe, so filled my soul with divine love, that all torment was cast out, and my soul rested in deep humility before God. I could only groan out my praise for some time, for words I could not find, and tears only spoke outwardly the joys and grief of my inmost soul. But O the peace that entered my heart! Where was the world? Where was anything that savoured not of my dear crucified and risen Lord? They were lost in the inexpressible depths of love to my soul. I went in the strength of that meat many days, but I still find the same enemies in the land, and they make me mourn at times like a dove, especially when the light of his face is withheld. When this is the case, I am my old self again, and only a manifestation of his love, as at first, can put all right again. I am never easy till I have found him whom my soul loveth; and when this is the case, I charge my sins not to disturb my love till he pleases. I have often to mourn the wretched unbelief that hides him from my view. In short, I find that it is life and peace to be kept spiritually minded, and to be carnally minded is death. I have been led to write to you, Sir, from a sincere desire of affording you some little encouragement in the work, if the Lord will add his blessing; and I believe he will, for the apostle's exhortation was forcibly impressed on my mind, where he says, "Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth;" and it was made out to me that you were the person. I wish only to spend my life in the service of God and his dear people, with whom I wish to live and die.

May the Lord bless you and strengthen you for the work. May he give you to be the instrument of turning many to light who were eternally ordained to eternal life; and that you may be blessed with a sense of the divine love and presence continually, is and shall be the prayer, when the Spirit of truth gives utterance, of the greatest sinner saved by free and unmerited grace, that is in Christ Jesus our dear Lord.

London.

J. T.

THE NOISE OF STRANGERS.

"Thou shalt bring down the noise of strangers, as the heat in a dry place."

Before a man is taught of the Lord, there is no acquaintance nor understanding. The ox and the ass are pointed to as his superior in this respect. The Holy Ghost brings down the noise of strangers in the soul; such as pride, wisdom, strength, forwardness, assurance, &c., and puts in the family cry, anoints the eyes of the under-

standing, and opens the heart with his sword, which is the word of God. And then the man attends to the things which were spoken by Paul. This is a high and holy calling, that he may know the Lord, and hold communion and fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. And no stranger will ever enter the kingdom of heaven, let him make as much noise as he will. There must be a calling to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ; and to a knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus. It is written in the prophets, "They shall be all taught of God," and "They shall all know me from the least of them to the greatest." And the declaration of the faithful betrothment of the church is accompanied with this promise, that she shall know the Lord, and she shall also see with the eyes of her understanding, and look upon and handle by faith and experience of the word of life, which was with the Father, and is manifested unto us. There is a striking and prominent exhibition in the volume of inspiration of this truth,—that the trials, conflicts, fires and furnace, are to purge the dross and purify and refine the soul, to hold communion with, and know how to address the Most High. The waves of trouble are to effect and bring about a calling upon the Lord, that there may be a better understanding between the Father and the child. "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." And when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life; but not before he is tried. The Lord does not throw away his blessings upon those who do not know how to value them. He will bring the third part through the fire, to refine them and try them; and they shall call, and he shall hear. "He shall say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." And again, how will it be in the great day of decision? "Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" But the reply is, "I never knew you." Again, "Lord, Lord, open unto us." But the answer is, "I never knew you." "I know my sheep, and am known of mine." The song of grace thousands would not be prepared to sing; and the wedding garment and robe of righteousness, they could not prize, nor wear; and none are to have them but those who are taught to esteem them very highly, and whose nakedness and unrighteousness commend the righteousness of God. I have tried now and then to apply a promise, but always discovered that it would not stick unless there was a sore place, and it were applied to it.

Now, what conclusion can I and my reader come to, but that one half of the noise made in this our day is only the noise of strangers, who, like Eli's sons, know not the Lord? Preachers and professors of every denomination are making a noise like the rushing of many waters. Men are labouring in the vineyard before first partaking of the fruit. I have seen men with a painted stick acting as stewards over a charity feast, and perhaps a ten pound note attached to their names, between whom and the Lord there has never been the least acquaintance. Others mourn and cry under a sermon, whose members would be joined to a harlot the next day. Others confess their sinnership and say, Lord, Lord; but they would not

come to him only to be seen of men, and verily they have their reward. There are large meetings also for the cause of truth, (professedly,) where each in turn pays off his friend by proposing a vote of thanks; but (the question,) is it the voice of strangers, or of children? But to come home. I have found in keeping a little on the watch towers, some who *hold* the blessed doctrines of grace, (very many,) whom the doctrines never *held*; who will spend their wages in drink at the alehouse, and then cry out about their poverty home; and put their foot into the fire, and charge God with burning it. This is throwing their delinquency upon the Lord. These, if I mistake not, will receive a double damnation. These eat the children's food, by thinking their trials are appointed by God. Paul did not say so. He said, "Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and gained this harm and loss." Many who hold the doctrines which declare a free-grace salvation to the church, serve as a handle for the devil and his emissaries to reproach the church of the living God by. But there is one fire, and only one, to purge out this leaven, which is the work of the Spirit; and he then engraves it upon the tablets of the heart. It is this which brings down the noise of strangers, and establishes the children's claims to the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

G. M.

THE MINISTRY.

(*Extract from a Letter.*)

Dear Brother,—May constant love and mercy be multiplied unto you, and grace to help in every time of need.

I am still hobbling on in this vale of tears. Sometimes I am quite at a stand, and wondering where the scene will end. But, thanks be unto the Father of all my mercies, it always ends well, for our God can turn a curse into a blessing. "It is the glory of God to couceal a thing, but the honour of kings to search out a matter." We have passed through a deal of strange things since we first saw each other,—many dismal, gloomy nights and dreadful storms; but hitherto the dear Lord has helped us. Yes, having obtained help from God, we continue unto this day. I am still proving that he leads the blind by a way they know not, and leads them into paths they have not known. I am confident of this, that I am a bigger fool than ever I was in all my life, and formerly knew nothing of the weakness and helplessness that I now daily find myself the subject of.

My dear friend, I wonder hundreds of times whether it is possible there can be such an ugly, foolish, ignorant, matchless, devilish wretch in all the family of God. Talk of "cultivating grace, living up to our privileges, taking God at his word, and not dishonouring God by disbelieving him!" why, my dear friend, where must I look if I had all these things to do? I must sink into despair, and never rise up again. I am confident of this one thing, that I have no more power at my command to raise up one thought to God, than I have

power to raise the dead. I know it, for I have tried it thousands of times within these forty years, and never could perform it; still, an old fool as I am, I am trying at it yet. There is a something in me that keeps striving to do something, and yet it keeps proving that flesh is flesh, and will never be anything more than flesh. I do know at times that what Paul said is true; "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." But, bless the dear Lord, he does appear for me again and again, when driven to my wit's end, not knowing what to do; stripped of every human prop, and brought as a poor beggar into the dust, and sometimes able only to whisper, "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence comes all my help, for my help comes from the Lord which made heaven and earth." I have been sorely afraid hundreds of times that I had quite worn out his patience, and so abused his tender mercies that he could not bear with me any longer. Then I have sobbed and cried, "Where can I go? for there is no other name under heaven that will do for me but the name of a dear Jesus;" and here my poor soul has been obliged to lie in the dust, till the dear Lord has come again, and set all right; for there is nothing short of himself manifested in my soul as my God and portion that can set all right. * *

That God may bless you and be with you, is the heartfelt prayer of your unworthy brother,

Trowbridge, July 10, 1838.

J. W.

(Extract of a Letter.)

I have had some refreshings from our God since I saw you, but these two or three days back the arch-enemy of my soul has been attempting to do me out of them all. My soul has again been exceedingly sorrowful, and I now feel an impatient craving and longing for a fresh revelation of Jesus to my soul by the almighty power of the Holy Comforter. Lately, I have had a blessed access into the mysterious character and office of Jesus as the eternal High Priest of his people; and, O it suited and pleased my soul well; it softened and comforted my heart, and though a little of the scent yet remains, the substance is gone, and I am again an empty vessel. Every day I more sensibly prove the necessity of the Holy Comforter's sweet and independent communications to the soul; but when trials and darkness come upon me, you could not believe what an impatient and restless fool I am; to my shame be it said, I am one of the most awkward and cowardly soldiers. In fighting the good fight of faith, all my fighting is running away, and even running to the enemy's ranks. When war is declared, I never fail to do this, unless the Lord strengthens me with all might according to the glorious working of his mighty power, and then there is "strength to turn the battle to the gate," and the time for "them that tarry at home to divide the spoil."

Preston, August 23, 1838.

J. M'K.

A FEW FACTS.

Our Lord declares (Matt. ix. 37) that "the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

If Jehovah, in his all-wise providence, opens up a way, and enables a poor, tried servant of God to go forth preaching Jesus Christ to the people, having no confidence in the flesh, he is led by the Spirit of all truth to see that the doctrines of the day, the bare word, I mean in the letter of it, is the sum and substance of three-fourths, (should I say?) yes, it is to be feared, of almost all the preachers in this great metropolis. This, of course, includes those who call themselves, and are called by others, high Calvinists; high indeed in doctrine; and it appears to be, I believe, an undeniable fact, that the higher they go in preaching the doctrines of the gospel, the less they have of experience, as regards the preaching of it to the hearts of the people. And if any dare to go forth as Paul did, not conferring with flesh and blood, and preach Jesus Christ, in power, to poor sinners, insisting that the mere doctrines of the gospel, the word, in the letter of it, will; of itself, be of no avail, he is sure to be shunned. A man may have a sound creed, and know the word, in the letter of it, from Genesis to Revelation, and yet have no saving knowledge of the truth; for with the heart man believes unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. While all the doctrines of the gospel are great and glorious truths, the manifestation of Christ's imputed righteousness is the stay, solace, and comfort of every truly poor, contrite soul; but the mere doctrine will be a savour of death unto death to all those whom the Lord, by his Spirit, hath not humbled and brought down to the dust, and set anxiously inquiring, as feeling their lost, ruined, undone condition, if their name is in that covenant ordered in all things and sure, and if the righteousness of Christ is imputed to them. When a man thus preaches Christ, those whose heads are full of doctrine, and hearts void of power, cry out, "Ah, the poor man is in bondage."

Poor sinner, "is my name in the Lamb's book of life?" should be thy inquiry. "Hath Christ died for me?" If so, thou wilt not be always on the mount; therefore, may the Lord humble thee, and bring thee down to where Mary sat, with thy soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness; then the blessing will be thine, for thou wilt truly feel thy need of it. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." If vitality and the power of the Holy Ghost are insisted upon; up start our Calvinistic doctrine men, saying, "Ah, I wonder who sent such a one to preach; there are too many preachers already." While this is an awful truth, it is no less true that the *labourers are few*; yet it is to be feared that many, in our day, labour too much, not in the things of God, but after the wisdom of men, being immured in their studies, in the midst of the works of Hawker and Crisp, with Hebrew and Greek lexicons, and a variety of mongrel and Arminian commentators, perhaps a work or two of some good old divine, with a vast variety of ancient history; from which aforesaid books and authors, they collect a few bones and bring them before their hearers,

hard of digestion to the poor, hungry soul, and quite destitute of nourishment. These things do very well for head-knowledge, mere doctrinal professors, who go forth with, "O what a wonderful sermon; what a great preacher!" and these poor bones are banged about till they really sometimes make as much noise in a place as that unmelodious music of marrow bones and cleavers; but after all, may we not fear that such preachers and such hearers, are but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. I cannot agree with those preachers who think so much erudition is necessary before a man can preach the gospel. And sure I am that such must have forgotten that some have been brought from the *Carpenter's bench*, or the *Cobler's stall*. He who fitted and qualified that great man of God, W. Huntington, to preach the gospel, can qualify, call, and lead forth any other as easily as he called a Paul and a Peter, and qualified and commanded them to go forth and preach the gospel; but it was to be the gospel; for our blessed Lord knew that there would arise many who would say, "Lo, here is Christ, and, Lo, there is Christ, and deceive, if possible, the very elect." Let us, therefore, give the right hand of fellowship to all who preach the gospel, not merely in the *letter of it*, but with the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from above, and pray the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth more *true labourers* into his vineyard; for the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers of this kind are few.

London.

Z.

A LETTER.

May the ever gracious Redeemer of ruined, helpless, lost sinners, manifest himself by the power of his Holy Spirit, in all his love, pity, and kindness, his willingness and ability to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him, unto the heart and conscience of my dear young friend.

Having occasion to write to your father, I inquired after your health, as both my wife and myself, when we saw you, thought you appeared very delicate. Your father, in reply, observes, "Sarah felt much disappointed because she did not see you the morning you were to leave us." This remark produced an inclination to write to you, desiring that the good Lord would so direct my pen, and bless what he enables me to write, that you may receive spiritual profit by it. God's elect, my dear friend, are to be judged in this world, that they may not be condemned with the wicked, that is, at the day of judgment hereafter. To accomplish this his gracious purpose, he, by his good Spirit, puts his vicegerent, conscience, in authority, enlightening and renewing it to bring our sins to remembrance, to show us the exceeding sinfulness of sin, accuse and condemn us for it, and leave us helpless and hopeless in ourselves. By this searching, whether it be gentle and gradual, or sudden and severe, our mouths are stopped, and we are brought in guilty before God. This is done that we may be brought to cry for mercy and salvation while they are to be had, and to seek the Lord for pardon and peace while he is to be

found. The devil, a legal spirit, and unbelief, take an advantage of faith's view of the justice and holiness of God, and try to drown us in despair, to prevent our calling upon his infinitely gracious name, and to hinder our trusting in his mercy through Christ. But the Spirit of God keeps up our sight, sense, and remembrance of sin, and helps us against all doubts, fears, accusations of law, conscience, and Satan, still to sigh, groan, cry, desire, and long for forgiveness and for salvation. Christ says, (this belongs to the chosen of God,) "Shall not God avenge his own elect that cry unto him continually?" The Saviour's words do not mean that from morning to night, without cessation, they cry, but that they are not suffered finally to cease (though they often faint) till they obtain those new covenant blessings which are promised to ALL that inquire of God for them. Delays, disappointments, unbelief, and Satan's temptations, fresh discoveries of sin, an increased sense of its sinfulness, darkness, confusion, &c., often make us despond; but "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might increaseth strength." Some fresh trouble compels us, or some encouragement draws us still to cry to the strong for strength, and to the merciful God for mercy. As sure as Christ is "the truth," and his word is true, so sure shall such prevail; and never shall they close their eyes in death till they see, by precious faith, the Lord's anointed; and his great salvation. They shall behold him as *their* Saviour, God, and King. (Matt. v. 7, 8.) Another mark of God's electing love of poor sinners is the gospel being accompanied with power, the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit, and with much assurance. (1 Thess. i. 4, 5.) This power, these operations, and this assurance, admit of various degrees. The gospel, blessed by God, instructs, encourages, strengthens, attracts, raises hope and expectations, and draws the heart's love to the ministers of Christ, the people of Christ, the house of Christ, to the word and worship of Christ, and to Christ himself revealed by it.

This experience, though a day of small things, is very different to neglecting, disbelieving, despising, and opposing the gospel. And when the day of God's power arrives, then, O then! Christ, with all the saving benefits of his death and blessings of the covenant, triumphantly over all our sins, foes, and fears, enters our hearts and dwells there, by faith of the operation of God. But, even before this, the soul's choice of Christ is a proof and effect of being chosen of God to salvation.

When the Saviour said to his disciples, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," it is certain that they had chosen him; therefore the meaning evidently must be that their choice of him was the effect, and not the cause, of his having chosen them, according to that sweet and true verse:

"Our seeking thy face, is the fruit of thy grace;
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the praise;
No sinner can be beforehand with thee;
Thy grace is eternal, almighty, and free."

When Christ, as a complete, kind, pitiful, compassionate, and willing Saviour, is exhibited by the gospel to the enlightened eyes

of a perishing, unhappy, helpless sinner, the soul goes forth in desire after him. This desire springs from, or is the same as love and choice, which, as I have before observed, is the effect, and, consequently, a proof of his eternal choice of us. I say, "eternal," because there can be no new act of the will of God. Cheer up, my dear friend, be of good courage, wait upon and for God, and you shall never be ashamed. (Isa. xxx. 18.) May the gracious Saviour bless the hints dropped, and then my visit (in spirit) will be acceptable.

Yours affectionately,

Sunderland, Sep. 15, 1838.

S. TURNER.

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER.

"They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power."

Ps. cxlv. 11.

Jesus said, "The kingdom of God is within you;" and wherever this kingdom is set up in a man's heart, his mouth is sure to be opened to speak somewhat about it. And the Psalmist elsewhere speaks of walking about Zion, telling the towers, and marking the bulwarks thereof; and what a very blessed employ is this for any who, by faith, are made children (manifestly,) of the kingdom, to be led by the divine Spirit, to trace the glory, the majesty, and stability of the kingdom of God. "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom." Where is the foundation of it? In eternity. Before Jehovah went forth in the acts of creation, before time began, the LORD, in his Trinity of Persons, laid the immovable foundation of this kingdom, in a covenant engagement with himself. Here was an act of his love, when, as yet, the objects of that love were not called into being. They were chosen by God the Father in the person of God the Son, and redeemed by him, and sanctified by the Holy Spirit; all done by this covenant transaction in the mind of Jehovah, who vieweth things that are not as things that are, and who ever remains unchangeably the same. There was no *chance* in this: no; blessed be God, here was nothing left at an uncertainty; nothing left dependant on thy works, or mine, poor sinner. But they were chosen before the foundations of the world; "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me, and I have kept them." O, how glorious is this! that not all our unbelief, not all the murmurings, rebellious and hard thoughts that arise from our cursed nature, nothing in us, nor from us, can ever change or alter the mind of Jehovah. No; and though sin in our flesh often brings feelings of guilt, darkness, and deadness in our souls; and though, to our feelings, the Lord often hides his face, and we are troubled; yet the foundation is still sure; and that which was done by God himself in eternity, how can it be possible that it should be altered in the slightest degree in time, by poor, feeble, finite man? And though Satan, being dethroned, may vent his malice against this kingdom, and annoy, harass, perplex, and bring the poor child of God almost to despair, yet he is a conquered enemy, and he knows and feels it, and never yet was it known that he ever robbed our King of one of his subjects. No; they cost

him too much to be lost. They are too securely fixed on the everlasting Rock of Ages ever to be plucked thence. Jesus says himself, "None," blessed be his name, "none shall pluck them out of mine hand." And how transcendently does the glory of this kingdom shine forth in the person of the King. Here is the very summit of the perfection of the glory. Unlike the kingdoms of this world, this kingdom was ever viewed in, and therefore one with, their King. Here, therefore, our imperfections are, as it were, lost; and we are in Christ holy and without blemish. O! how vast, how overwhelming is the thought,

"That worms of earth should ever be
One with incarnate Deity."

Now, therefore, whatever perfections are in Jesus, they are there for us, they are transferred to us; as he is holy, so are we, in him; and, as he hath overcome all, so surely shall we; and, blessings on his dear name, he is gone before to prepare a place for us, and eventually he says, "I will come again, and take you to myself, that where I am ye may be also." Then shall the glory of this kingdom shine forth in its everlasting splendour in the eyes of angels, men, and devils; and as the heirs of the kingdom will, and at times do now, rejoice and triumph; so will their enemies be filled with confusion and eternal dismay.

But the Psalmist says, "they shall talk of thy power." Yes; and how can they help talking of it, when it hath been so exercised on their behalf. There was a rich display of the sovereign power of the Father, in choosing whom he would; of the Son, in accepting them, and in undertaking to exercise his power in redemption's work; and of the Holy Spirit, in undertaking to sanctify them to God. Here was power set forth in eternity, and in time the good Lord made it still more manifest. How did the power of the divine nature shine forth in the Son of God, from the first putting on of our nature, (I mean in acts of miracles) constraining even devils to acknowledge him as the Son of God. But in Gethsemane, here was his power exerted (I would speak it with reverence, as we poor worms are permitted to gaze upon it) to the utmost, and nothing short of omnipotence could have endured the pouring forth of the vials of the wrath of infinite justice on the head of the dear Surety, for the sins of his beloved people. When he cried in the agony of his suffering, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," yet, even here was no flinching; no, he had them still on his heart, immoveably there; and, in his unchangeable love, he cried out again, "Not my will, but thine be done;" and the divine power still being set forth by him, he endured it all, yea, he bore the curse, and such a curse it was as we can have no conception of; no, the utmost we can do is to gaze, and wonder, and adore. And, in the greatness of his power, he wrenched, as it were, the sting from the jaws of death, overcame hell, and ascended gloriously on high, bearing, as the great High Priest, the names of all the children of Israel, engraven on his heart, as trophies of his love and power, and hath entered into the holiest of all, and for ever is set down on the right hand of God, "from henceforth expecting until his enemies be made his footstool;" which his power

shall accomplish in his own good time. Another sweet theme is the power of the Holy Spirit, as exercised from time to time in their souls. At this bastards rail; they cannot endure it; the world does not understand it, and worldly professors hate it, and the reason is evident; eternal truth declares it, "Even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive; because it knoweth him not, but ye know him." Why, and how, dear Lord, do we know him? "Because he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." The power of the Spirit in this time state is set forth in the souls of the Lord's living people in regeneration. There is life imparted, and, with life, light to the poor wondering soul, opening to him the fallen condition he is in. Then the poor wretch sets to work to do somewhat towards his salvation. Again; the blessed power of the Spirit opens to the sinner the purity of the law of God, and makes him see and feel his utter inability to fulfil it, and this, to his feelings, sometimes is almost too much for him, and, after he has tried every other resource, and finds them all to be but broken cisterns, he is brought by the same power of the Spirit to give up all, and to come, guilty, helpless, and filthy as he feels himself to be, to Jesus, with a, "Lord save or I perish." Then, in his own good time, does the Spirit take of the things of Jesus, and manifest them to the soul; and thus his heart is broken to pieces, overwhelmed by the love of God, shed abroad, and applied *personally* to the soul by the power of the Spirit. And how often have they to recount the acts of the blessed Spirit, in after life, in again and again quickening their souls from the feeling of death, which they so often have in them; in keeping on the work within; in raising them when cast down; in removing clouds and darkness from their minds; and in bringing them again to the feet of Jesus, as poor and as needy as ever, making them feel and know that the carrying on of the work, as well as the beginning, in their souls, must be all of God, that the glory may all redound to God; and in making them feel that though they have all in Christ, they have nothing in themselves. But they who are thus blessed, and made to speak of the glory of his kingdom, and talk of the power of a Triune God, exercised on their behalf, as that which they have handled and felt, are despised by the world, and hated by professors; and because they cannot herd with them, and eat of the husks which the swine do eat, they are "men wondered at;" their names are cast out from among men, yea, the prophecy is fulfilled in their experience, which says, "The people shall dwell alone, they shall not be numbered among the nations."

Gloucestershire.

S. S.

SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Messrs. Editors,—In your number for this month (January), page 24, amongst your gleanings, is a remark to which the signature "W. G.," is put, which I altogether deny as ever falling from my lips. It is that the believer "cannot break the new law." I believe that

the blessed Lord writes the glorious substance of every divine law in the hearts of his people, and that the covenant of works they have awfully broken, but that the glorious covenant of grace is secured in Christ, and they cannot break that; and I also believe that the Lord secures unto all his blood-bought family, in the glorious person of Christ, their Head, all the rich and glorious blessings of that new and everlasting covenant, and, in his own time and way, by the glorious invincible energy of the blessed Spirit, communicates unto and maintains in them a measure of those special blessings, as a sure pledge of their interest in the glorious fulness thereof. But I never said they could not break the *new law*. This I absolutely deny; and your gleaner should be careful how he gleanes, and not add suttly ears to the few sound ones he may gather; for, by so doing, he may blacken the whole.

Yours sincerely,

Jan., 1838.

W. G.

Dear Sirs,—Having been a reader of your *Gospel Standard*, and finding it to be a great help, through the blessing of the Lord, to a poor sinful creature, I have ventured to lay before you some of the Lord's dealings with my poor sinful self.

As early as ten years of age, it was impressed upon my mind that I was a sinner before God, but he suffered me to go on in all manner of sin and wickedness, wallowing in all kinds of filth with greediness, until I arrived at the age of twenty-four, when it pleased the good Lord to let me have a sight of myself as standing before him as the greatest sinner upon the face of the earth; and I was led, I trust, by the Spirit of God, to take my Bible to endeavour to get a little refreshment, although at that time I did not believe a word that precious book contained; when, lo, on reading these words from 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10; "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived, neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revellers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God;" the Holy Spirit was pleased to convince me more fully that I was a sinner of the deepest dye, and one that was lost to all intents and purposes, and unworthy of the smallest favour that a covenant God could bestow. I saw that I stood naked before his presence, and I loathed and abhorred myself, and repented in dust and ashes.

On one occasion, I was walking in the fields, and such a terror came upon me, that I expected the very earth would open and swallow me up. Look unto heaven I durst not. I saw myself as it were cast out of heaven, like the man that had not on the wedding garment, and the very devils themselves seemed ready to receive me. I saw all my sins before me from my youth, and thought if they were brought in judgment against me, the hottest place in hell would be assigned me; so, publican-like, I smote upon my breast, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I had such hard thoughts against God, that I, to my shame be it spoken, even cursed him to his face, and yet I was constrained to believe that the law was holy, just, and good, and I stood condemned for breaking it in every point. I could believe that any body and every body would be saved but myself. I envied the very beasts of the field and the birds that flew in the air as being happy creatures, having no soul to sink into perdition; and I, a poor miserable mortal, expect-

ed that awful sentence to be pronounced upon me every moment, "Depart, ye-cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." The devil was continually sounding in my ears that I was not one of the elect, therefore I need not trouble myself, for I had sinned away the day of grace, and for such there was no hope. I sometimes mixed with the world again, but could receive no pleasure as heretofore, it always leaving a void which nothing but the blood of Christ could satisfy. I would again take the word of God; and ask the Lord to lead me into all truth. But, O! the thunderings of Sinai would again sound in my ears in such passages as these; "The soul that sinneth shall die;" and "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law, to do them; and if ye fail in one point, ye are guilty of all." I then would throw down the Bible in anger, and vow never more to take it up again, because every page condemned me, and cut me up root and branch, and left me no place of standing. My comeliness was turned into corruption; my soul cried out from very trouble. I sunk in deep waters where there was no standing. I cursed the day wherein I was born, and even my parents for being the means of bringing such a wretch into the world. The devil would again harass me, and tell me I had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and for such the Lord declared there is no pardon, neither in this world nor in the world to come. On one occasion I went to hear a minister of the Establishment preach at a neighbouring church, and in the course of the sermon he observed, that nothing unclean ever entered the kingdom of heaven. Thus, you see, I was again sent home with broken bones. I would sometimes try to pray, but could get no access to a throne of grace. Thus the Lord was pleased to lead me on for three years, letting me see my own nothingness and my utter helplessness in ever performing anything pleasing in his sight; or anything whereby I could ever be accepted. About this-time, I read "Bunyan's Two Covenants," amidst hope and fear, lest it also should condemn me. I had not read many pages before the same passage in Corinthians, with another parallel to it in the first chapter of Timothy, stared me in the face, adding, "Pay me what thou owest," which words were sharper than any two-edged sword, dividing asunder the soul and spirit. I was laying the book aside, when the Lord said, "Go on!" and O the unutterable joy that burst into my soul directly. The peace of God flowed as a river, and his righteousness as the waves of the sea. My sins were all lost, and when they were sought for, they could not be found. No; blessed be his holy name, they were all cast behind the Lord's back, into the great sea of oblivion and the wilderness of forgetfulness, never more to be remembered against me. From that time the condemnation of the law was taken away, but I am still at times the subject of great darkness and distress of mind. The devil tempts me, and says, "It is all a delusion—all the heated imagination of your head. Your religion will come to nothing." This, with the deceitful workings of my own evil heart, beset me on every side, and would drive me into despair, did not the Lord appear for me, and say, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." Then I am enabled to say, "The Lord is my Lord, my Father, my Prophet, my Priest, and my King;" and rely upon his promise by faith, because he is faithful that has promised; he cannot deny himself.

These are a few of the dealings of a covenant God with my soul, and but few, for time would fail me to tell of the mercies I have received, as well as of the harassings of soul through unbelief. When prayer was a task, and the Bible a sealed book, not one promise could I lay hold of by faith; but this is the greatest of mercies, that the bush continues to burn.

Thus, dear Sirs, I have, through much weakness, endeavoured to lay before you my case, I trust not to exalt self, but with a single eye to the glory of God, that through his blessing resting upon it, it may be a means of encouragement to the weakest believer. The insertion of this, although written in a confused state, in your *Gospel Standard*, would oblige,

Yours in the best bonds,

Near Sleaford, Sept. 2, 1838.

J. T.

Dear Brethren and Companions in Tribulation,—Some months ago, I attempted to address you through the medium of the *Standard* in a piece entitled “No Changes; no Heaven;” but believe me, I have since then experienced such an awful change in my feelings, that I have believed for weeks together, with little intermission, that there was no heaven prepared for such a monstrous sinner as I, but, on the contrary, that the hottest hell would inevitably be my portion; and such a horror of darkness lay upon me, that I could not discern the least feature of a child of God, but, in feeling, was like an incarnate devil, and verily in heart and affection his works I did. Indeed, there is not a species of iniquity or sin practised by the most abandoned of men or inveterate devil but what I felt working in my desperately wicked and deceitful heart, and so determined have I felt to give up all thoughts of God and godliness, all communion with his people and ways, that I sought occasion, in this state, more than once, to rush into the vilest acts of sin with the vilest of sinners in the sight of men, and so make it manifest that I belonged to their number. But here I would record, to the honour of God, that he held me fast by an invisible power, nor would he suffer me foully to fall by the hand of the enemy. (Note this, ye votaries of free-will and free-agency, and take it as from the pen of a dying man, in the sight of a heart-searching God, that I could not, with all the power of sin in my members, and the devil the author of it, move one step farther than God permitted; so that a living man cannot do the evil that he would; though he be ever so determined upon it, nor can he do the good that he would, without sovereign power and free-grace mercy be given unto him.) But O, what bitterness of soul, what anguish of spirit did these sinful and dreadful wanderings bring upon me! O what heavy groans, and deep fetched sighs, and cursing of the day in which I was brought forth, to see and feel such horrifying abominations. In this situation, my dear brethren, I wanted not a cushion to kneel upon to go to prayer night and morning. No. All I could do was to smite upon my breast, looking downward on the earth to see it stained with the footsteps of such a fountain of filthiness as I, and feel astonished that God did not open its jaws and let me down alive into the pit of hell, as he did Dathan, Korah, and Abiram; nor had I any more hope in feeling exercise than the brute beasts that perish. Had I not experienced this, I never should have believed it of any Christian. But, brethren, it is an awful truth that by sinning against God we wrong our own souls; yea, rob them of every grain of consolation, and nothing is felt but pining sickness, sore anguish, and fearful looking for of

judgment and fiery indignation from the Lord, (which the apostle says shall devour the adversaries,) and I believed I was one of them. It is here our beauty is made to consume away like a moth fretting or gnawing a garment. O what a gnawing worm is guilt to the conscience. My dear brethren, it is hell itself, I cannot describe it. It may be some of you have felt it; but, conviction of guilt in a natural conscience may go as far as this, and much farther, without a grain of godly sorrow and contrition for sin. This is the alone gift of God, given to none but his own dear, though ever so rebellious children. And I believe this is effected in the soul by the manifestations of pardoning mercy, and by none other means, for

“Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.”—HART.

Yes, it is mercy, manifested to the vilest of the vile, that brings the sinner down before the Lord, and extorts from the depth of an ironed heart a feeling and heart-broken confession of all its sin. And when my poor wandering soul was brought into this state, O how precious was Jesus and his blood to my guilt-stung conscience. And while I was kept pouring out my complaints, loathing, abhorring, and abominating my wretched self, with all the vehemency of soul that I could at his dear feet, so much the more did the pardoning blood and love of our long-suffering and gracious God teem forth from the loving, broken, and bruised heart of the now glorious Redeemer, into my wounded spirit, till I cried out, “It is enough; thou art still my God, and I will extol thee.” And, believe me, my dear afflicted brethren, the time was not long before I performed my vow, for I rose up, shouting, dancing, praising, and adoring him, till my little strength was entirely exhausted. I then begged most heartily, (yea, like a criminal for his life,) that he would henceforth keep and preserve me, uphold and protect me, and let me live to honour and glorify him, or else die before the morning to sing his praises through blissful eternity. But here I am still, and it is my heart’s desire that not one of his dear children may ever feel such frightful and appalling temptations as I still labour under, (if it be his sovereign will,) for they are indeed such as I dare not even hint at, but the very thought of them makes the hair of my head to stand upright; yet, anon, they keep breaking in upon me like a mighty flood upon the low lands.

Brethren, pray for me, that I may never fall a prey, but be upheld by sovereign power, in the sight of men and devils, a monument of God’s great goodness and delivering grace.

I remain, yours in tribulation,

Trowbridge, Nov. 18th, 1838.

DAVID.

Messrs. Editors,—In the month of July last, I was favoured with a short visit from my valued friend, Mr. Warburton. In the course of the day, I read to him the letter of a Christian lady, lately deceased; and the contents of the letter were so pleasing and satisfactory to his own mind, that he advised me to send a copy of the same to the *Standard*, for publication, adding, in his own words, “It will be blessed to the children of God.” Urged by the persuasion of my friend, I shortly afterwards transmitted to my highly respected friend, Mr. W. Gadsby, a copy of the same, informing him of the circumstance, and leaving it entirely to his judgment, whether it should be inserted in the

Standard, or otherwise. Before closing my letter, I hastily penned a kind of *postscript*, referring to a passage in J. M'K.'s letter, of Preston, inserted in the *Standard* of August, (page 186) and which passage in the sense I then understood it, was decidedly "opposed to the truth." My remarks were purely of a *private* nature, and never intended for publication. On the contrary, I solicited my respected friend, Mr. G., to cast his eye upon the passage, (See *Standard* of October, page 234,) and point out, as by *his* own pen; "the glaring error." It appears, however, that my friend was induced, doubtless for good reasons, to give publicity to my remarks, and place them in the *Standard* of October, before the public eye; nor do I regret their publicity, but, on the contrary, I rejoice; since, through their instrumentality, an explanation has been subjoined in the *Standard* of November, which has relieved the minds of some of God's dear children from their perplexity. I have been thus minute in stating these circumstances, that my friend of Preston might be assured that my attack was no "*wanton attack*;" and though he has been pleased thus to misname it, I trust he will be induced to consider otherwise, when he finds this misnamed "*wanton attack*" dwindles down to the *private* communication of one friend to another, under the mild form of a *postscript* in a private letter.

Bath, Nov. 2, 1838.

G. HUNT.

EDITORS' REMARKS.

We were divided in opinion as to the propriety of inserting Mr. Hunt's letter in reply to J. M'K. (Nov. No.); but when we considered that, were we to give it insertion, J. M'K. would be fully entitled to reply, and that this might lead to a protracted and unprofitable controversy, we agreed that it would be better to omit it, at least that part of it which animadverted upon J. M'K.'s answer. To the extract, however, which we have inserted, we felt called upon to give a place, because it is merely a detail of facts; and our only reason for making public Mr. H.'s first letter (Oct. No.) was, that we believed J. M'K.'s meaning would not be understood by many, and that an explanation from him would be profitable. Mr. H., however, has evidently misunderstood the sentence in J. M'K.'s reply, in which the words "*wanton attack*" appear. J. M'K. did not apply them to Mr. H., but, ironically, to himself (J. M'K.), as Mr. H. will see if he will again read the paragraph. The doctrine, at first sight, appeared to be new; but we are glad to find that many, Mr. Hunt amongst the number, who previously quarrelled with it, are now satisfied as to its truth; and we would strongly recommend some, who have taken upon themselves to be masters in Israel, and who still fight against that which they can never destroy, to search diligently for their register, lest they, as polluted, should be put from the priesthood. (Ezra. ii. 62.)

A few words to James. When we said that Dr. Hawker was not a *great* man, we meant that he was not deeply taught in the mysteries of a tried Christian's path. He knew, or at least in his writings says very little, if anything, about the perplexities, contradictions,

and ever-varying experience of heavenly travellers, a fact quite evident from his voluminous works. They are very full of the doctrines of God's grace, but even these are stated in a roundabout, and for the most part, sapless way. Judging from his works, as respects vital experience, we still say he was not a *great* man. We believe that he was a child of God; but we do not believe he was ever sifted as Job, or Peter was; and no man, as a minister, can be very useful to those who have been thus sifted, till he has himself been in the sieve. "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren," said Christ to Peter.

Our correspondent talks about the Dr. "shining as a glorious star in the kingdom of glory, for, as an instrument, he was greatly honoured in turning many from darkness to light." Does he think that the Dr. will shine brighter in glory than others because of this? He may not mean so, but he speaks as if he did. Surely he does not hold the rotten sentiment of different degrees in glory! The most illiterate and obscure chimney sweep, who never was the instrument of turning one to righteousness, if found washed in the blood of the Lamb, will shine as bright as the Dr., and we believe the Dr. will shine as bright as any other saint.

POETRY.

AS SORROWING, YET REJOICING.

My heart is grown faint, and my love is grown cold,
 And Satan, my enemy, grows very bold;
 My soul is bow'd down, I'm unable to rise;
 He beats me, he bangs me, he tells me great lies.

He darkens my path, that I can't see my way;
 He scares me by night, and he plagues me by day;
 I am cross'd and perplexed, I cannot tell how;
 Dear souls, though I'm writing, he's plaguing me now.

Sometimes I can't pray, and sometimes I can't try;
 Sometimes I can't read, and I can't tell you why;
 I lie down to rest with my heart full of cares,
 In the morning I wake, and he fills me with fears.

He tells me folks hate me; I dare say they do;
 They hated my Master, so that's nothing new;
 Poor wretches, they'd love me, if I'd tell them lies;
 I must not, I dare not preach in false disguise.

He says I'm a hypocrite; I've thought so too;
 Thus, both of us join'd, have made my soul woe;
 Did he teach me to loathe my sinful desires?
 No; let God be true then, if all be found liars.

He says if I'd preach'd and endeavour'd to please,
 I might have been great, and been living at ease;
 Yes, yes, Mr. Satan, all this may be true,
 But am I to please God, the vile world, or you?

He says now look here, now look there, don't you see
 The glorious things of the world! there they be!
 Now seize them, now take them, they're yours if you do!
 Old man says, I'll have them, my soul says, No, no.

He says there's no God, and I must be a fool;
That's preach'd in my heart till it's like Satan's school;
But I do not believe it, though my "old man" may do;
'Tis no more I do it; 'tis you, old man, you.

He tells me some judgment shall fall on my head,
Such as I cannot bear, and perhaps be struck dead;
I may think God forgives me for sins that are past,
There's a grudge now against me for what I did last.
O, dear what great lies are these! my "God is love;"
As east is from west all my sins doth remove;
The blood, word, and Spirit, and truth from above
Have drown'd all my sins in the ocean of love.

My God owes no malice, "he rests in his love;"
My soul, is it true? Yes; this truth I can prove;
He call'd me, and bless'd me, when dead in my sin;
He'll forgive me, and bless me again and again.

Seven times seven, a million times more!
I'm forgiven in Jesus, who paid the whole score;
As waters of Noah shall no more drown the earth,
He has sworn I can't perish nor die in his wrath.

But if I'm chastised, dear Father, I own
'Tis all in thy love, when thou flogg'st me, though down;
I confess I deserved it, and a thousand times more;
Still hang round my Father, and can't leave his door.

I know in his heart love and pity do reign;
If my heart feels sullen when I feel the pain;
But chide me for ever he will not, I know,
Lest my soul should faint and fall under his blow.

So come, ye dear children, o'erwhelmed with grief,
Look up to your Father; you'll find sweet relief;
He pities his children; he hears your sad sigh;
He's not God far off, but "Our Father," and nigh.

Dunmow, Essex.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

[If a "Watchman" in the above has really expressed the feelings of his heart, we are at a loss to conceive how he could pen some pieces which have come under another signature.—EDS.]

I have ever asserted, and will assert, that the man who is renewed in the spirit of his mind, blessed with peace, and in union with God, will ever love God's law, and be the most evangelical observer of it, and the most obedient to it.—*Huntington*.

The purpose of God is brought into operation upon and in his people whilst they are in sinful bodies and in a sinful world; and whilst they are the subjects of grace, at the same time they have in their fallen bodies the fightings and workings of sin and corruption. Indeed, Satan, who has lost his former ascendancy, still has the medium of this deceitful nature for his attacks. He is frequently tempting us to the indulgence of our lusts, and has all his snares so secretly and yet so well arranged, in order to entrap us, that, naturally, escape would be impossible. He begins, perhaps, with a religious garb, proposing to us circumstances and positions which would facilitate our service of God, and directing our attention to some unattainable object, and we think we are right in indulging the pleasing prospect, heedless of the interfering impediments, which are sin upon sin; and this unseen religious devil that is lurking in our bosom is telling us how much better we could devote ourselves to God in such a case. Perhaps the silken thread is cast around us for a long time before it is snapped asunder, and we ignorantly go and ask at a throne of grace for the accomplishment of the very thing that Satan has put before our eyes, not perceiving that we are asking that which would be consumed upon our lusts.—*Southall*.

THE
G O S P E L S T A N D A R D,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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

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

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

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

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MARCH, 1839.

VOL. V.

A LETTER FROM A VETERAN TO A RECRUIT.

Dear Brother,—May the good will of Him who dwelt in the bush ever be with you to guide you into all truth.

I have been longing to hear how you are, and how matters are going on in your part of the vineyard. I hope the dear Lord is giving you many seals to your ministry, and many love-tokens that he is going before you, and bringing up the rearward; for I know that nothing else can satisfy your soul. It is not the smiles and approbation of man that will or can satisfy us, but it is having the blessed approbation of our covenant God manifested in our souls by the divine anointing of the Holy Comforter. It is my soul's desire that you may have much of this.

As it respects myself, I am kept very low. Very seldom am I an inch above ground, and very often whispering out of the dust, and many times wondering whether there can possibly be a single grain of grace in my heart. But I am brought again and again to cry from my very heart, "Lord, search me, and try me, and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." O what shakings have I had since I saw you last of fears lest I should prove a deceiver at last, a preacher to others, and myself a cast-away! O what a solemn thing it is to stand up in the name of a heart-searching and rein-trying God! My very loins have been loosed, my lips have quivered, my knees have smote together, and my very soul has groaned out, "O Lord, Lord, send by whom thou wilt send; but who, and what am I, that I have dared to open my mouth in thy

holy name, who art so boundless in immortal majesty and glory, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee, but the whole earth is as the small dust of the balance, and the fathomless sea as the drop in the bucket before thee? O Lord, if I have done wrong, pardon a poor ignorant worm, for I am a worm and no man; so foolish am I and ignorant, yea, as a beast before thee." My path is so very different from what I have wanted, and what I expected many years back. I did indeed hope and believe that I should increase in knowledge and understanding of the Scriptures of truth; but instead of this, I seem to be a greater fool than ever, and more confounded and confused than ever. Nay, my friend, I am an out of the way fool, the fool of all fools; and I am confident at such times that there cannot be such an out of the way wretch found in all the creation of God. When I am left to myself in such places, which I very often am, I wonder that some judgment does not fall upon me for my devilish carnality, pride, unbelief, stubbornness, and rebellion of every description that is either in hell, or out of it; for I am sure that such a cage of unclean birds was never carried in any poor soul as old John carries in his bosom. I wonder sometimes what sort of a God the Lord is that he can and does bear and forbear with me from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year; for as sure as ever I am left to myself, I find I am nothing but earthly, sensual, and devilish, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot one mass of it; truly my wounds sink and are corrupt because of my foolishness. O wretched man that I am, monster that I am, devil that I am, beast that I am! So that I can assure you, my dear brother, that I have not a word to say about, "well done I!" and I am sometimes afraid that I shall not have one word to say about what the Lord has done in me and for me. But (honours crown his brow!) he does not leave the poor old worthless wretch altogether destitute, but now and then is pleased to give me a little help by the way, just strength enough for the day, and none to spare. And bless his dear name for moments that I can from my heart praise and thank him that this is the case, and wonder how it is that the dear Lord has ever put up such a foolish thing, such a base thing, such a despised thing, yea, such a nothing, to declare his truth. It is my earnest cry to the Lord that I may be kept from ever thinking I am something when I am nothing; but when the dear Lord answers my poor prayer and strips me completely of every thing in self, when he confounds all my wisdom, and I am brought like a blind man groping for the wall, and have to stand up before eight or nine hundred people, I have something in my heart which rages and roars like a bear bereaved of her whelps, roaring with anguish of soul, "Surely I can never go in this pickle, groaning and crying by the hour for the Lord to direct my soul to a part of his holy word, and to give me a little light to preach from it to the comforting of his dear children." But, O my dear friend, what cutting work it is when God appears to take no notice of cries, groans, or tears! I actually fear sometimes that my preaching is going spark out, and I am confident that it will, if the Lord is not present to supply, for I seem at

times to have no more life nor light in the word of God than a beast, and I am then afraid it will be horrid presumption for me to attempt to speak any more in the name of the Lord.

I took down one of the *Gospel Standards* a few days ago, and it happened to be that number in which the Editors were giving me a blow for my leanness, carelessness, and selfishness in eating my morsel alone, and not publishing the loving-kindness of a covenant God for the comforting and refreshing of the dear saints at large. Bless their dear souls! it did not break my head, but I believe I found it an excellent oil. For when they compared me to the snail, I felt it was a just representation of old John, as I believe there never was such a poor crawling, creeping thing as I in the whole house of God. But it struck my mind that the creeping things of the earth got into the ark, and were as safe there as the eagles and doves; and I felt my soul melted down at the dear feet of my precious Lord, and I could not help appealing to him; "Art not thou the Ark of my rest? Is the poor snail lodged safely in thee?" And O how sweetly did the heavenly vision that the Lord showed Peter strike my mind, "A great sheet knit at the four corners and let down to the earth, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air." "Bless the Lord," my poor soul exclaimed, "and was the poor snail there?" I felt a sweet humbling confidence that it was there, and to confirm my soul in the truth of it, these words dropped into my heart like honey out of the rock; "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." O what a sweet moment had I in viewing the poor snail safe in the sheet which was knit at the four corners, and fast at every corner, so that there was no road out, but as it was let down out of heaven, so all its contents were taken up again, without one dropping out! It did my soul good, and what do you think? Why, the poor snail came out of its shell, and sang with the poet—

" Though in myself I nothing am,
I'm dear to God, and to the Lamb;
Though I have nothing, I confess,
All things in Jesus I possess.

I can do nothing, Lord, 'tis true,
Yet in thy strength can all things do.
Nothing I merit, Lord, I own,
Yet shall possess a heavenly throne.

Thus something, Saviour, may I be,
Nothing in self, but all in Thee;
And when in glory I appear,
Be something, and yet nothing there."

When the winter is over and past, and the spring season appears, when the song of the turtle is heard in the land, and the warm showers of rain drop upon the earth and the dew moistens the tender plants, then it is that the snails come out of their holes. O for his doctrine to drop as the rain and his speech to distil as the dew! God bless you, my dear brother, with much of the dew; for it is that which softens the heart and melts it into the very image of Christ. It

is then we have no will of our own, but we feelingly say; "Not my will, but thine be done." It is then we can be content to be anything, or nothing; it is then we can take the lowest room, and be less than the least of all saints; and it is then that Christ is all and in all in very deed to our souls, and we can give him all the glory from our very hearts, saying; "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy truth and thy mercy's sake." I do all I can to persuade the Lord to let me always feel this heavenly dew; it is so comfortable to feel my soul so sweetly humbled at his dear feet, and to see that nothing but grace, mercy, and loving-kindness have followed me all the days of my life. I can then bless him for every trouble and trial; I can then say, "Who hath delivered, who doth deliver, and in whom I trust that he will yet deliver me." I am then at a point that "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." But he teacheth me that it is not his blessed mind and will that his saints should be always here, for he hath said it, and I am confident it is true; "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Bless the Lord, then, whatever conflicts we have by the way, victory is sure in the end, and that will crown the whole. Yes; he says, "Because I live, ye shall live also." But what gloomy work it is when there is no faith in exercise to believe on him, no love to embrace him, no patience to wait for him, no thankfulness to praise him, no godly fear to reverence him, no prayer to supplicate his throne, no humility, nor even a desire after it, to sit at his feet. 'Tis dismal work to be here; but bless the Lord, 'tis needful. O what a good school it is to teach us where our help lies and where our wisdom comes from! A few lessons here will teach us to profit, and that safety is not in the strength of a horse nor in the legs of a man but in the Lord alone, and that he blows when he listeth and withholdeth when he willeth, that he is in one mind and none can turn him, and that though there are many devices in the heart of a man, yet that his counsel shall stand and he will do all his pleasure. Bless his dear name, I have ever found at the end of every trouble, trial, affliction, and grief, whether in body or soul, that I have been brought to see the needs be for it and to bless God for it. And yet, notwithstanding all this, my flesh cannot bear trials and troubles, but fights and rages against them as badly as ever, and dreads the very thought of coming again into the furnace, though I have so often proved that the fire is not to destroy but to refine and bring me again to offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. Ah! my dear friend, these things teach us that flesh is flesh, and never will be anything but flesh, and that spirit is spirit, and never can be overthrown. But what are we without the Spirit? what can we do. what can we have without the Spirit's operations in our hearts? Bless his dear name, by bitter experience of our own devilishness and of his blessed operations in our hearts in leading our poor bewildered sunk down souls into Jesus, he hath taught us that all our springs are in him, and this makes us so often cry out. "Draw me and I will run after thee." Our standing is in him, and this makes us cry, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe;" our

spiritual understanding of the word of God is from him, and this makes us often cry out, "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." It is only from him that we ever receive a fresh token that he is ours and we his, and this makes us groan forth, "Show me a token for good," and cry, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Indeed, my dear brother, it is all from him and through him, co-equal with the Father and the Son, One Triune God; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen and amen.

My soul's prayer is that you may have a double portion of the Holy Ghost, and that your consolations may be neither few nor small, and as troubles, sorrows, and griefs are multiplied, that peace and love may be multiplied too, that however low you may sink, you may rise up again above them all, and give a shout, "The Lord is my shield and glory, and the lifter up of my head."

From the poor nothing,

Trowbridge, Dec. 1, 1838.

J. W.

GOD, A FATHER.

That God is truly and essentially a Father is a truth that the word of divine inspiration declares. Christ, in the days of his flesh, exclaimed, "I ascend to my Father and your Father." Satan is never better pleased than when, by carnal reasoning, he can draw a poor soul aside from the acknowledgment of "the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ;" for "what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no one, but the Spirit of God; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

God is our Father by creation-act, and power; for have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us? (Mal. ii. 10.) "If then I be a father, where is mine honour?" (Mal. i. 6.) God is a Father, by eternal grace-covenant relation with his spiritual Israel.—the covenant of redemption, and salvation by grace, entered into by the sacred Three, on behalf of elect sinners, on whom grace and glory were settled for ever in Christ their Head; "I will make an everlasting covenant with you." It is absolute as well as everlasting; "They shall be my people, and I will be their God;" and it flows from the sovereign love and good-will of God; for "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and "it pleased the Father that in Christ should all fulness dwell." Thus, Christ being our covenant Head and Representative, all covenant blessings flow down to us through him; and by virtue of this eternal grace-union with the Lord Jesus Christ, we are constituted the children of God. "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me; for thou lovedst me be-

fore the foundation of the world." (John xvii. 23, 24.) Here is a mystery that all the philosophy of man cannot fathom; but, by the teachings of the Spirit, the way-faring man, though a fool, apprehends it, and, under His benign influences resting upon his soul, enjoys the reality of it, exclaiming, with holy admiration at the infinite condescension of his adorable Lord, "My Father, my Lord, and my God."

This covenant relationship is the security of grace here and of glory hereafter. "Because I live," saith Christ, "ye shall live also;" "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall his elect family appear with him in glory;" "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Now, if the name of Father be a mere nonentity, as some affirm, our sonship must be the same, so that the idea saps the very foundation of a believer's hope, for, I presume, none will imagine the existence of sons without a father. (I desire to express the same with due reverence.) Christ addressed his disciples, saying, "Children, have ye any meat?" "And if children, then heirs." (See Gal. iv.) "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;" "Your Father knoweth what things ye stand in need of;" (Luke xii. 30—32;) and hath declared by his servant Paul, that he will supply all your needs, and will make all things work together for good to those who love him.

Christ taught his disciples, "When ye pray, say, Our Father;" and as many as received Christ, to them gave he power to become (in their feelings) the sons of God. "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Again, God is our Father by adoption; "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,—who hath predestinated us unto the adoption of children, by Jesus Christ to himself;" (Eph. i. 3—5;) "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." (Gal. iv. 4, 5.) "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. vi. 18.) Adoption flows through our adorable Redeemer, and is a grace-blessing bestowed upon all spiritual believers." (Rom. viii. 14, 15.) Even now we are the sons of God.

Thus God is really and truly our Father by creation, by covenant relationship, and by adoption; and O what a source of consolation has this been at times to my poor soul, when driven almost to despair by reason of indwelling sin and temptation, exactly suited to the desires of my depraved nature and sinful heart! On one occasion, these words darted into my heart; "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" which drew me from the dreadful precipice that I was about to fall down. "O to grace how great a debtor." Cannot we claim our relationship to the adorable Jesus, by reason of sin and unbelief? Then there is a mourning on account thereof, and our Lord declares that the mourn-

ing, heaven-born soul is blessed, and says he shall be comforted. And what will comfort the soul mourning the absence of the manifestation of the presence of his Lord, but the visits of Jesus; and Jesus says, "I will see you again." O endearing promise, when realized by the sin-burdened soul.

AN INFANT.

THE VINE.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches." John xv. 5.—"I am the life."—
John xi. 25.

If you take a knife and cut off part of a vine branch, you will find it as full of sap as ever it can hold; so, "He that *liveth* in Christ shall never die. Believest thou *this*?" said the blessed Immanuel unto Martha, sister of Lazarus, toward whom the Lord, who spake these words, displayed his "*power*," as "the resurrection and the *life*." You will find most of all, comparatively, who make mention of Jesus, to be dead branches; no sap in them. Quantities of members of experimental churches are sapless, lifeless, withered, dry, barren branches. No green leaves of life; no bloom of living verdure; no soft, pliant, and moist life; no spiritually gay dress of the eternal spring and summer of the Last-Adam land of regeneration and renewings, under the power of the Holy Ghost, in their souls, at all enrich, adorn, beautify, or grace vast and huge quantities of *professedly* experimental branches on the tree of life,—the Lord Jesus Christ!

My brethren, it is not the name of a branch that makes a Christian. It is not the assenting and consenting to experimental, doctrinal, and practical Christianity that makes a Christian; it is not prating, singing, reading, nor hearing of the new birth, nor contending for it as a truth that makes a Christian; it is not even assenting and consenting that there must be *felt* the *sap* of life in every branch of Christ that shall grow in paradise beyond the grave, that makes a Christian. No!

But, to have the sensible sap, freshness, flowing feelings, and moisture, and penetrating heavenliness of repentance and faith; to have the very sap from the trunk of the tree of life, moving in one as a branch; this, it must be confessed, beggars description. A godly man says, "Give me the sap, and let others talk of it." To have the thing itself must be something remarkable. Ah! what avails such a noise about Christ if the sap is not in us? "He is cast forth and is withered;" that is the character of each one of the sapless branches.

But, after all, this is a mystery which none of the non-elect are ever to fathom. (Dan. xii. 10.) It is a sea which they have no line to sound. I am confident of it. (Prov. xvi. 23.) It is a heavenly atmosphere they never could breathe in yet. No! Did they ever breathe there, it would choke their letter capacity of swallowing down the written word without the incarnate word, and calling it religion. It would choke them from falsifying God's word any longer, which says, that the kingdom of God is *not* in the word written merely, but in *power*. Let our letter Calvinists be touched by the sap of life, and their caterpillar-like, crawling, letter religion would be transformed into something new, that it had never been changed into before. There must be a change. You may teach any natural man or woman; you may teach a Pharisee, nay, "the chief priests" of all denominations of Christians, the scribes, the church clergy, to know the

letter of Scripture. And what of that? They are as sapless as the driest piece of wood in England. The *bones* of the elect are spiritually to "flourish like a herb." Their leaf is to be green. (Jer. xvii. 8.) Nay, so abundant is the glory of the life of Christ, in elect trees, in the elect garden or field of the last Adam, the Lord Jesus Christ our God, that it is said of those trees, "and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." (Isa. lv. 12.) The branches of Christ swell with the heavenly moisture of life imparted to them. "I am like a green olive tree in the house of God." Fulness, satiation, and crowning goodness, more or less, adorn, enrich, and bless them. "I will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness." "I have satiated the weary soul, and I have replenished every sorrowful soul." "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." O beauteous buds, which creep forth from the satiated bark of such trees, "planted by the rivers of waters." "Israel shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit."

The poor, low, and stunted growth of letter-Christians is thus seen, felt, and known, under the spreading, enriching, and striking growth of *supernatural* Christianity, in the elect and anointed soul. Says such a soul, "I can see their leanness!" "The transgression of the wicked, as letter-Christians are, saith within my heart that there is no fear of God before their eyes." "For," says a godly man, "I have often to weep for my want of the enriching and freshening influences of the waters of life." The dry trees, as letter-knowledge Christians are, have the impudence to think themselves fit for any thing. As it is written, "Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said *all* the trees unto the *bramble*, Come thou and reign over us. And the bramble said," (brambles can talk, yea, *too well*,) "unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint *me* king over you, then come and put your trust in *my shadow*." (Judges ix. 12, &c.) The bramble calls his kingship a *shadow*! So that, by his own confession, emptiness is his name and rule; and, by saying "*my*" shadow, the impudence of a letter-preacher is also set forth. The vine will not rule over the trees. No; that it will not. Therefore recourse must be had to the bramble; so that, where the thorn of universal redemption will not do, the bramble of letter-Calvinism must needs sway the sceptre. "Anointed brambles," to use Huntington's expression, "rule bravely." The non-elect think the bramble a topping king. "Then said *all* the trees unto the bramble, Come thou and reign over us." No sooner said than accepted; therefore the brambled *shadow* is the notable screen that the letter-Christians, and their parson, the bramble, are entertaining themselves with Sunday after Sunday. "Then said *all* the trees unto the bramble, Come thou and reign over us."

Letter-preachers, Satanically transformed pastors, (2 Cor. xi. 14.) "blind watchmen, shepherds that cannot understand, greedy dogs, and ravening wolves in sheep's clothing," are the *honourable* appellations these fillers of pulpits, these sour, raw, and wild fruit bearers, these branches never engrafted into Christ, the head-Calvinist preachers, are branded by, among the royal family of God's elect.

Aaron's rod budded! That showed God had transfused *life* into it. As for the *fruit* of Christ's branches, living and full of sap, the squeezing hand of afflictions, as in a wine fat, presses out the juice thereof; "The scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." (Hosea xiv. 7.)

I say, once for all, that the grand designation under which all non-elect letter-Calvinists come, is, that there is no sap in them from the Vine,—Christ.

Look at Aaron's rod! "And it came to pass, that on the morrow Moses went into the tabernacle of witness; and, behold, the rod of Aaron, for the house of Levi, was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." (Num. xvii. 8.) The almond tree, as one said, is the emblem of destruction. (Jer. i.; Eccles. xii. 5.) Aaron's rod that budded was, in future times, kept beyond "the second veil," in "the tabernacle which is called the holiest of all." (Heb. ix. 3, 4.) Every rod that buds, every branch that is eternally grafted on that fair tree, the Lord Jesus Christ, "fairer than the sons of men," has been first made to bud with almonds, under the destruction from "the schoolmaster, the law," who first whips every one all to pieces, who is afterwards bound up again by the good Samaritan, the Lord Jesus. That is the secret whereby first the branches of Christ afterwards become, through grace, what they do. For first having become "lost," they are actually afterwards "found." Not found or lost either as the evangelical clergy of the church of England are, by letter-knowledge, or by that letter mass of ice, "Scott's Bible," or such like; for, as one said, "A natural man might have written all Scott's Bible." But the elect branches having been *supernaturally* lost, are *supernaturally* found. Not like the dissenting ministers, who go tick-tick about these things, like a clock, having been wound up to do so by the corruptible hand of the dead, and blind, and letter-academy tutors, or of their own brains. No; the branches of Christ have been killed, and lost, and found, and made alive again by the power of God alone; not by God and Co.; not God and a Sunday school, where nearly always false doctrine, or, at least, *educational* (!) Christianity is abominably taught. "Fear toward God is taught by the precept of men." (Isa. xxix. 13.) O horrible times!

Every rod that buds almonds is to be laid up in "the holiest of all," and in "the ark of the covenant overlaid round about with gold." Its neighbour in the holiest tabernacle is "the golden censer," from whence alone the living and spiritual incense is offered. The companions of the budded rod in the gold-encircled and covenanted ark, are "the golden pot that had manna," &c. (See Heb. ix. 3, 4, &c.) Truly "the cherubims of glory shadow over" where such divine *realities* are laid up. (Heb. ix. 5.)

Thus, the budding and almond-yielding rods of life, the type, perhaps, as I have said, of having died spiritually under the law, are infallibly brought to and infallibly received by Christ. After having been received by Christ from the hands of his Father's law, the branches of Christ are, by him, sooner or later, drenched with life. As I said at the commencement, if you take a knife and slip off part of any vine branch in this natural world, you may see the shoot teem with sap. And again, once for all, I declare, in my poor opinion, that the *radical* fault of all non-elect head-Calvinists and letter-Christians is, that there is no *sap* in them. Such branches are gathered and taken away. As Huntington quotes and says of each such a one, "Bind him hand and foot, and *take him away*," &c. Such sapless branches are gathered by letter-preachers, and by letter-churches, and are by them called *Christians*! Well, well, it is to be so.

Even many of the elect think much more highly of themselves than they ought to think. As it is written, "Because thou sayest I am rich

and increased with goods, and have need of nothing." O no; need of nothing! What wonderful Christians they were in their own eyes! Well, well; where could have been their like? Like! Why there is plenty of such now, and they seem vastly on the increase too. May God thin their numbers, as he will do; (1 Cor. iii. 13;) "and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." (Rev. iii. 17.) God, seemingly, thus thinks differently of some of the manifested elect to what they think of themselves. An elect man is to examine himself! There is a needs-be for it, I think.

Speaking of this sap, or life, which almond-yielding rods receive in the holiest of all in the ark, reminds me that I shall tell an anecdote.

Some years ago, about July, the ground having been previously chapt by drought, and then nobly drenched by plenteous falls of rain, I saw a gardener digging. The afternoon being warm, I leaned over the rails, and said, "Every thing looks nice now, and the ground is pleasantly soft." "Yes," said he, "the ground is full of *life*." He, soon after, thrust his spade in, and turned up the mould, soft and genial with the warmth and rains.

Every blade of grass, every leaf on the trees does, generally speaking, on an afternoon or day of that kind, seem to rejoice and sing. The showers, sunshine, promising produce, and ripening growth seem, as it were, on a day of that kind, to sing a silent hymn of grateful acknowledgment, amid teeming satisfaction to the bounteous giver, naturally.

So, eternally and spiritually glowing with a nobler life, shall the mystic vine branches of Christ swell with a more triumphant and exalted replenishment! So shall the budding beauties spiritually teem amid the immortal foliage from out of the immortal bark. Our first Adam life is astonishing and mysterious, naturally. But the last Adam life, received in regeneration, is transcendently mysterious; and which all but the elect, I believe, are to be for ever ignorant of. But, as I am going to print, the Lord willing, a book entitled, "Thoughts on Eternal Election, Reprobation, and Predestination," &c., I need not say here anything on election, except that as regards the sap of the new life the elect have from the time of eternal life, predestination is the deepest root, after fore-knowledge conveying and administering the same. "Whom he did foreknow he also did predestinate." "I am the vine, ye are the branches," says the God-Man to the limbs in him, the eternal tree of grace, love, and salvation. And, I believe, no letter-Christian knows any more concerning "the life" thereof, without which all else is rubbish, than a Hottentot does.

Abingdon.

I. K.

THE HEIRS OF SALVATION.

"Father, I will, that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."—John xvii. 24.

These words were spoken by Christ himself, who declares that heaven and earth shall pass away, but his words shall not pass away. So that let all the Arminians and all the deluded hypocrites in the world say that part of those whom God has given to Christ are or ever shall be in hell, yet the word of God abideth sure, having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his." This was the prayer of Christ t

his heavenly Father; and he says in one place, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me; and I knew that thou hearest me always;" so that neither the devil, hell, sin, nor anything else shall ever be able to upset it.

But who and what are they that his Father has given to him? They are those that were chosen in him from before the foundation of the world; loved with an everlasting love; the vessels of mercy afore prepared unto glory; those that were predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto himself, according to the good pleasure of him who worketh all things after his own will. In a word, they are those whom he foreknew and predestinated, and whom he will call, justify, and glorify. But what are they in the eye of the world? The offscouring and refuse of all things; the foolish things of the world, not fit to live; fanatics, bigots, and antinomians. And the doctrines that they believe, for which their souls are sometimes enabled to bless God, and which God's ministers preach, are counted by the professing world damnable heresies and doctrines of devils.

But who and what are these characters in and of themselves? Poor law-condemned, lost sinners; the very chief of sinners and the vilest of the vile; feelingly, in their own hearts, one mass of sin and iniquity; poor hell-deserving wretches. They are a poor and an afflicted people, a tried and a tempted people; coming out of great tribulation, following their Lord through floods of temptation, griefs, and sorrows; thrust at by the devil and their own hearts; sometimes assaulted by the devil, and sometimes feeling the abomination and rebellion of their devilish old nature, rising up against that God whom they in their very souls love, bringing them into captivity to the law of sin which is in their members; sometimes driven to the very margin of black despair, and sometimes, under the sweet smiles of their precious Lord, enabled to sing and shout over all their enemies, and rejoice in the God of their salvation. Bless his dear name, he has engaged to bring them through all the difficulties, trials, and temptations that stand in their way, and he declares that they shall never perish, but that he will give unto them eternal life, and bring them safely at last to the enjoyment of that rest that remaineth for his people. O the rich grace, free favour, and love of a covenant God to such hell-deserving wretches, that they should be for ever with the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the Lord of life and glory, their exalted Saviour, who was once in agonies, suffering the divine vengeance of a broken law that was due to them, but is now clothed with the majesty and glory of God. O the heights and depths of the eternal love of God to such vile worms, who have by their aggravated sin and horrid crimes merited, yea, called for the eternal wrath and righteous vengeance of God! They shall be bathed in the ocean of the eternal love of that God against whom they have sinned, continually enjoying the sweet smiles of their glorified Jesus. O how will they in the ecstasy of their souls shout and sing, and bless and praise his dear name, put the crown on his head, and crown him Lord of all, who has saved them from the lowest hell. There they will have ten thousand times greater feeling sense and enjoyment of the love of their blessed God than ever they had while travelling through this world of sorrows. Solomon said it was a good thing for the eyes to behold the sun; but who can enter into the millionth part of the soul-rapturing goodness or sweetness of the soul's beholding the eternal Sun of Righteousness shining upon it with all the glorious beams of everlasting love and mercy, in the full enjoyment of the salvation of God.

Of these glorious and divine realities, my soul, by precious faith, has had a foretaste, which has humbled me down at the feet of my dear Lord, filled my heart with holy wonder, astonishment, and adoration, and forced my soul feelingly to exclaim, "What hath God wrought, and who is a God like unto our God?" Well might the apostle say that the love of God passeth all understanding, and the blessed Spirit declare that "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." Poor, doubting, fearing, tempted, buffeted child of God, whose soul is wearied because of murderers, (Jer. iv. 31,) who goest mourning because of the enemy, who feelest yourself a lump of sin and iniquity, and sometimes your heart to be as hard as a rock, God has declared that you are blessed; "Blessed are they that mourn;" "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness." Sometimes, amidst all your sorrow, there will be a sigh or a groan to God for deliverance, a panting and a crying for a revelation of Christ and of the love of God to your soul.

May the dear Lord, of his sovereign mercy, lead us into a sweet discovery and feeling enjoyment of that glorious fulness treasured up in a precious Saviour, that we may serve him in newness of the spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter.

Trowbridge.

L.

PASTORAL LETTERS.

* * * Man proposes, and God disposes. We are not our own masters. I trust that this affliction may prove profitable to my soul. I was much blessed in my soul the night before I was seized at Brighton, and I find sickness and chastisements are profitable in separating us from the world, and causing us to make known our complaints to God. I feel it a mercy that I am out of hell, but it is hard at times to submit to God's will, for crosses draw out rebellion and murmurings, and I am sure that nothing will soften our hearts like manifestations of God's love and mercy to our souls. I find so much evil, wickedness, deadness, and worldliness in my heart, that I scarcely know how to make out any real work of grace in my soul; and if the Lord did not revive me again and again, I should have to give up all profession of his name. I am driven into low places through so many enemies. My mouth is stopped, and I am saying, Can God dwell in me? The evil workings of a corrupt heart I expect to feel to the day of my death, but I hope that the Lord will ever make me groan and sigh, so that I may not sin cheap. I am obliged to contend for salvation by grace alone, or I should have no hope at all. * * *

Dear Friends,—I received your letter on Thursday, and when I had read it, I felt a powerful persuasion in my mind to leave all and follow the dictates of conscience, and have no more pro and con about the matter. When I came to that part of your letter which states that one and all of the friends, who met together for the purpose of consulting upon the matter, testified that they felt liberty at

a throne of grace in begging of the Lord to send me amongst you, it rejoiced my heart; for as I have been sorely tried about my special call to the ministry, and still am at times, it was a sort of quencher to my unbelief, as I could not think for a moment that the kind Lord would have given you that earnest desire for me to come amongst you, if I had not been his servant. It plainly spoke thus much to me, that whilst I was with you, the Holy Ghost blessed my labours to your souls; so that it made me say with the apostle, "If I am not a minister of the Spirit to others, yet doubtless I am to you," and I felt like a bottle that wanted vent. Truly I felt a spirit of prayer, that the blessed God would make me a blessing to you as your pastor, and you to me as the flock of my charge; and a spirit of praise as well, for bearing testimony to the word of his grace by so unworthy an instrument. The witness of God is greater than the witness of men; and as you say you cannot help believing that it is the Lord's will that I should come amongst you, by his graciously removing out of the way one obstacle after another, and by opening doors for me to preach in the week evenings, elsewhere besides Rochford, I am constrained to say that the Lord's blessed presence is gone before me, to make rough places plain and crooked things straight; and I sincerely pray as Moses did, that the Lord may not send me unless his presence go with me. I need his blessed eye to watch over me continually, to keep me from error in doctrine as well as from error in experience and practice. I need him to keep me from being high-minded, and to cause me to walk humbly before him and his beloved people. And, my dear friends, what will my preaching amount to, unless the Lord attend it with unction and power? and how could I expect he would do so, were I to remove without his divine testimony? I know that hypocrites and bastards, when they remove from their fifty to a hundred pounds a year, will say they have had this passage and the other upon their minds; but I want to feel the witness within, the answer of a good conscience towards God, as well as towards his people. I know, my friends, there is nothing uncertain with God, yet I wish to act as cautiously as if I did not believe in predestination. Paul, after God had called him by his grace, knew that he was not saved by works, yet he walked as circumspectly after he had renounced his works as being any ways meritorious, as he did when he trusted in them. I can say with my tried friend John Warburton, that I have met with some downright real friends and some downright real enemies at Woodhurst.

A minister's station is a solemn one. May God almighty keep me from doing the work deceitfully! I believe, my friends, you can bear the sword of the Spirit. You do not wish to have all smooth things. No; you love to see your Lord's enemies brought to the light. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God." It is my hearty desire that we may be enabled to seek the honour that cometh from above, and be regardless of men, whether they be great men or little men. The Lord knows I wish to be tried and searched, that I may know whether there is anything wrong in my removing. My heart's desire and prayer to God is

that he may condescend to bless my labours amongst you; and I feel such a springing up of desires for our mutual welfare, that I am constrained to believe that the Lord will own his word amongst you. I do not expect to be out of the gunshot of Satan; far from it; for I hope his kingdom will be ransacked at Rochford, and then I am sure he will not let me alone, but will stir up his servants as far as he can against me. I do not much mind the devil when I see him rage in his own children; it is when I see his ugly face in God's called ones that I grieve, as was the case with Peter, when he was ashamed to own his Lord. * * *

Your willing though unworthy servant, for Christ's sake,
Woodhurst, Huntingdonshire.

JAMES HUCKLE.

THE COVENANT OF GRACE.

I sent to the *Standard*, a month or two ago, a few thoughts occasioned by hearing a man called a gospel preacher telling his hearers that they must make Jesus a Saviour to themselves. I will now, with your permission, communicate those thoughts which my feelings gave birth to in relation to his last sentence, which was, "The covenant of grace cannot be a covenant of grace to you until you make it so." This last sentence is all of a piece with the former. The lecturer might well say, "You have a great work to do." Great indeed must be the work; nay, it is so great, that if what this man has said this night be the truth, and nothing but the truth, eternal wrath is my portion. I am a bruised reed, a worm, dust and ashes, nothing, less than nothing, and vanity. But according to this man's showing, vanity can do a great work, if it will but be persuaded to set about it; enmity can love the Lord; alienation make itself a citizen; the wolf change into a sheep; death gender life; nothing achieve greatness; and less than nothing make itself a substance. If what I have heard to-night be indeed a verity, then, touching the salvation of the soul, there cannot be anything too hard for that mighty and wonderful creature, man, to perform. He can command the morning of grace and day-spring from on high to visit him; bind, by an application to his own soul, the sweet influences of Pleiades, the promises; loose the bands of Orion, his affections, from the love of sin, the creature, and the world; bring forth Mazzaroth, the south breezes of the Spirit's operations in their seasons, so that he (the Spirit) might not strive in vain, and Arcturus, the north blasts, to drive to be up and doing, to escape the damnation of hell; lift up his voice to the clouds of soul-trouble and scatter them, or make them distil in refreshing showers of heavenly blessings; send out the lightning of a modern gospel into the heathen world, convert men, and come before God with, "Here am I, and the children thou hast given me;" bind the unicorn of nature, and make it draw in Christ's spiritual yoke, in the furrows of grace's field. He has the arm of a god, and can deck himself with the majesty and sovereignty of deciding and fixing his future lot, whether heaven or hell; also

put on the excellency of making Jesus a Saviour, and the covenant a covenant of grace to himself. He can array himself with the beauty of sinless perfection in the flesh, and the beauty of a native, home-spun, creature-woven righteousness, to appear before God the Judge of all, to be acquitted at the bar, where every mouth must be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God. He can humble and bring low his own proud heart; tread his wickedness under his feet, and hide it from the flaming eye of inexorable justice in the dust of his duties and sincere obedience; bind the strong man armed, put a hook into his nose, turn him out of his native den, the heart, thrust his jaw through with a flesh thorn that shall cause him to roar with pain, compel him to make supplication for quarter, speak soft words, submit to enter into a covenant, mis-named a covenant of grace, and so become a servant to this wonderful creature, man, for ever. Now if this be true, and true it must be if what the preacher has said to-night be true, then must the Lord confess, "Thine own right hand can save thee." He must no longer be without seeing men whose webs shall become garments, and whose works shall cover them, nor wonder at there being no intercessor. There is no victory over me, who am by nature an enemy to the Lord, for his right hand and his holy arm to obtain. Nor can my state and circumstances be such as to make it necessary for the Lord to remember *his covenant*, and by virtue of *his covenant* which he remembers, bring me up out of my miseries.

I once spoke words, understanding not what I said, swearing falsely in making a covenant of rational grace. Thus, the judgment or sentiment of free-willism springeth up as stinking hemlock in the furrows of the world's glorious professing field. I thought matters were right and square between God and my soul; and these vain thoughts lodged in my heart, until the Lord told me, too plain to be misunderstood, that my covenant of rational or Arminian grace was a covenant of death, and an agreement with hell, and if ever I received the blessing of life for evermore, it must not, nor ever could be, by my covenant. Sure I am, then, if my covenant-making powers are again called into action, it must and will be as before. My covenant will be found faulty, for how can I, who am crooked, make a thing to be straight? I, who am graceless in myself, make a covenant of grace? By nature I hate grace and love sin. If I am to love grace and the covenant of grace, I must be a partaker of grace; and if I am to be a partaker of grace, I must receive it from some fountain or fulness of grace, and that fountain or fulness is Jesus, given by God the Father to be for a covenant. This fountain or fulness covenant must be made for the receiver, and be given to the receiver before grace can be received from it; "I will preserve thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, to establish the earth, to cause to inherit the desolate heritages." If I am to drink the running waters of grace, it must be from the covenant-well of God the Father's making. I cannot drink running streams from the stagnant ditch or broken cistern of my own making. Let the free-willers commit their two great evils, and call it doing good, by forsaking

the Lord, and hewing out and making to themselves broken-covenant cisterns that cannot hold the water of life, and I will look to the fountain-covenant that God the Father has made and opened, and take hold of God's covenant, when grace from this covenant shall reach my heart, and furnish me with hands to lay hold. But if the covenant of grace is not a covenant of grace until I make it so, then farewell for ever faith, hope, fear, love, prayer, and every other covenant blessing, for these can never be mine. O, my soul! I dare not call such preaching, gospel; men may call it so, but the Holy Ghost calls it a vision out of their own heart, and such filthy dreamers will find it so another day.

Am I to make the covenant of grace mine by repentance? But I cannot repent until faith is given, and faith is a new covenant gift. Or am I to make it a covenant of grace by my obedience? Obedience, in the oldness of the letter, is rejected, and I cannot obey in the newness of the spirit without the spirit of faith. Jehovah's name be praised, I was once in the bottom of this deep pit of Arminianism, glorying in my shame, and must have died there had not Jesus been given for a covenant, and a light to a Gentile of the Gentiles, opened my eyes, and brought me, a willing, contented prisoner, out of my prison-house. I say I must have perished, if the blood of the covenant, not made by me, but made for me, had not been more than a match for my misery; blood that did not wait for me to make it my covenant blood, but it was mine before I felt one fetter of my captive state, before ever I knew myself a captive exile, or hastened to be delivered, that I might not die in that pit.

Jesus is the substance of the covenant of grace, to the election of grace, and making this covenant of grace mine, and bringing me under the rod, and into the bond of this covenant in soul experience, is Jehovah's work, and it is for his glory, which he will never give to, or share with, another, nor the praise of this work to an imagination or vain device of men's lying, cheating, self-deluding hearts, called covenant making. When Jesus preached the covenant of grace, he did not tell his hearers they had a great work to do, and that they must make the covenant a covenant of grace to themselves; no, but he preached the grace of the covenant, how it was brought home to the heart, and much more abounded to life where sin had abounded to death, when he said, "the Spirit of the Lord was upon him to preach the glad tidings of peace by his cross, healing by his stripes, salvation by his death." He was sent to bind up hearts broken by the law; to proclaim liberty to the captives of sin, self, and Satan; opening the prison doors to the prisoners bound by justice; proclaiming the Lord's year for accepting the Surety's sacrifice, which perfects for ever them that are sanctified; the day of God's vengeance, in destroying the work of the devil, by what appeared, in the face of things, to be the devil's work, and so bruising the serpent's head; to comfort all who, being blessed with the Spirit of grace and supplication, mourn under views and feelings of all their righteousness, creature-goodness, and piety, being burned to ashes by the Spirit of judgment and Spirit of burning; to give unto these beauty for their ashes, the oil

of joy to make their faces shine, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heavy sorrow, which made their heart stoop, that by the grace of the covenant brought home to the heart, they might be feelingly made trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, in the likeness of Christ's death, that he might be glorified in the likeness of their resurrection to him, and by their walking in newness of life.

It is baseness of the vilest nature, to tell me that it is wholly with me to make the covenant of grace. The consequences which follow such a doctrine are tremendous. It emboldens a poor wretch to call God a liar, and teaches him to lift up his puny hand and stretch out his leprous arm to rob the Lord of his crown, glory, and diadem, and put it upon the head of a self-loving, deadly enemy. It is aiming to prove the Lord perjured, in swearing that the covenant of grace should stand fast with his first-born Son Jesus, instead of which it must stand fast with me; in swearing that the grace of the covenant should be established with Jesus, and his seed should be built up for ever, which cannot be the case, for if it is established, it must be with me, and upon a something of mine.

But here the matter eternally rests. If Jehovah is to be glorified in his people and by them; if Satan is to be foiled; if I, a miserable, sinful, self-ruined worm, am to inhabit the kingdom of heaven; and if the kingdom of God is to be established in my soul, the Lord must make sure work. I have made sure work in destroying myself, and if I am to be restored from the curse merited, the Lord must take the whole work into his own hands. He must be the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and ending, and this he has promised, "I will make a new covenant." This new covenant cannot be broken like the old covenant. All the conditions rest upon and with the Lord. From it proceeds that new ruling law, which, when it is put into the heart, makes the receiver obey from the heart the form of doctrine delivered unto him by the ministration of this new covenant, and those whom the Lord, in the sovereign good pleasure of his will, has included within its bonds, it holds to him as his people, and him to them as their God.

ERUDITUS.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

My dear Friend,—I fear you will think me very unkind in not answering your letter before this. It was not for want of a willing mind. You know how my time is taken up; but that is not all, I have been waiting for a gracious gale from the south, to warm my heart and affections. My dear Lord sees fit to keep me in a waiting frame, but not always quiet. It is hard work to see another get the blessing, and we left to mourn under the hardness of our heart, and at times such insensibility as though we had no feeling, nor any desire after any good thing; yet I am not contented; it is as an aching void, which nothing in this world but the blessed Jesus can fill, and the language of my heart is, "How long, O Lord! how long wilt

thou keep me at this distance?" Still I have a good hope through grace, and am not casting away my confidence as in times past; yet I cannot get that sweet enjoyment which my soul longs for, so as to lie as nothing at his feet, and my dear Lord to be all in all. I desire, with the great apostle, to know and enjoy the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of the love of my dear Jesus, which passeth knowledge. At the same time, I desire to submit to all his sovereign will, knowing he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. To me he is not unkind, but a gracious, tender Father; he has fed me all my life long, protected me and kept me from every evil, and, above all, has given me a little faith, although it appears to me to be less than a grain of mustard seed, that when I have done with this world he will take me to himself; for he hath declared that he goes to prepare a place for all such as are brought from every other refuge to trust and rest wholly upon what he has done for salvation, and have been made to feel that they cannot of themselves do any one good thing, nor think one good thought. O be of good courage, for he has promised to work all our works in us, and to bring us off more than conquerors through him who hath everlastingly loved us; and when faith is enabled to enjoy him as our salvation, we are truly willing to give him all the glory, and bless and praise him that ever he should have mercy on such worms as we are. My pen runs on, for I judge you know something of these ins and outs. When you left ——, I thought the Lord had removed all my companions from me, but he has raised me up another, Mrs. ——, who is come to live near us; and since she came, the Lord has blessed her in a wonderful manner. She had laboured under heavy temptations for several years together, and the dear Lord, as her strong deliverer, has opened the prison doors, and said to the prisoner, "Go forth;" and I am a living witness of the effects of it. The gracious words that have dropped from her lips, under the blessed Spirit's influence, have been, like the good old wine of God's everlasting love, felt by us all. Truly I have felt the blessed influence, and have gathered much encouragement, seeing that she came here under such trouble. The Lord has blessed her indeed, and I know he is no respecter of persons, for he has promised to cast out none that come unto him by faith. O that he may keep us waiting upon him and seeking his face! for we shall reap if we faint not, and we cannot miscarry while he is the strength of our heart and our portion for ever. Yours in Christian love and affection,

E. C.

Dear Friend,—I apprehend you have thought, by my not writing before this, that you were forgotten by me, for I know by experience what it is to sit alone, thinking no one seemed to care for me. This is very easy to bear, if we have the presence of God with us, but to be brought sensibly to feel that "the Lord hath forsaken and forgotten us," will make a *living man* groan, sigh, and cry out with one of old, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." But we had better be in this condition than walking in pride and vain confidence,

for the Lord hath said, "For the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy, I will arise;" and also he heareth the groaning of the prisoners, but the proud he knoweth afar off; he resisteth such, but giveth grace to the humble. Therefore, it is better to be of a humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud.

I am glad to hear you do not say, "A confederacy" with proud-hearted professors, who are spreading themselves like a green bay tree; but the time is fast approaching when all their apparent greenness will be scorched, and they will be scattered into all winds; but those who are truly built on the Rock, Christ, will stand this and every other storm, and live at last.

May God the Holy Ghost carry on his own work in your soul, working in you mightily both to will and to do. I wish you every temporal blessing, but above all, I wish your soul may prosper. If I were to write all that I have passed through since I saw you, you might think, as I have thought, some strange thing had happened to me; but I have proved the wise man's words to be true, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." The beginning of a fiery trial, when we are in any measure settled on our lees, is like an earthquake; but when we are brought through it, we find the work of righteousness *in us* to be peace, and the effect thereof quietness and assurance for ever; and when these effects are produced, and we are more strengthened, settled, and established, we are enabled to bear the cross less grudgingly; and then "better is the patient in spirit than the proud in spirit." (Eccles. vii. 8.) But this is not the work of a few days or months; we must go long voyages, and fetch our knowledge from far. They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. (See Ps. cvii.) I know many attain to a wonderful profession in a very short time, and boast of great things, and trample poor worms like us under their feet; but if they are never stripped of *their great things*, they will never be rich in faith. If you would be rich in faith, you must be made less, in your feelings, than the least of all saints. If there was more experience, there would be less contention about unprofitable things. I drop these hints by the way, knowing they are much needed in the present day. I feel the need myself of daily examination. O my friend! if thy soul is in health, thou wilt find the following words suitable at times:

" Our condescending God,
To whom else shall we go?
Remove our pride, whate'er betide,
And lay and keep us low."

You say you wish to hear how we go on, and to have things just as they are. I have sent you the best I have at this time, and had I delayed sending now, it is likely you would not have heard from me at all, for I am as changeable as the moon, sometimes have light, then total darkness; but my Sun changes not. I go in and out and find pasture, and sometimes am bleating on a barren heath. I hear

the good Shepherd's voice at times, and this encourages me to look more steadfastly to him, for there is no where else that I can look for what I want. I have not sent in the way you requested, but I expect this will prove better. Adieu.

December, 1838.

T. F.

SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dear Sirs,—I am in the same place where I was when I last wrote to you, only my faith appears still more hedged up; and whether I am in Babylonish captivity, or in the wilderness of nature, I am unable to say. O that the Lord would decide the matter in my soul! for I am afraid that I was never yet brought into the land of Canaan, and fear that I shall live and die in the wilderness of nature. I find by the *Standard* that the Lord has come to the prison-house and set some of the captives free, thus fulfilling that promise in which it is said, "To him that hath, shall more be given; and to him that hath not, (which I fear is my case,) shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." I thought once that I had something, but now it is all gone, and I seem left to grovel alone, scarcely daring to open my mouth to any one, and begging God never to let me speak to any person about spiritual things again; for if ever I have spoken to the children of God about the warfare within, and have felt, as it were, drawn out in love and union to them, as soon as I have left them, the devil and unbelief, like a hellish troop, have broke forth in my soul, and disputed every word that I had said; so that I have called myself a thousand fools, and said I would never speak or open my mouth to any one again upon the subject. Thus, unbelief, the fountain of all manner of abominable thoughts, rises up in my soul, and whether I am asleep or awake the hellish monster is at work in my desperately wicked heart, and the world seems let loose upon me, as it were, to make that abominable pot boil over, so that I am a stink in my own nostrils, and scarcely dare to look for mercy at his hands. Ah! my dear sir, believe me, my heart, at this moment, is as hard and as cold as the northern ice. O that the Lord would melt it, and give me grace to come near unto him! That passage sometimes cuts me all to pieces, "It is not of him that willet, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." Words of this kind will come to my mind at times, which make me feel miserable, and then enmity will rise up in my rebellious soul against God, for not making me something that had not a soul to live for ever.

Dear Sirs, tell me whether you think it possible for such a wretch as I ever to know what it is to lie down in the green pastures, and drink of the still waters. The blessing appears too great for me to enjoy. I have been looking in the Bible, for the last few weeks, where it speaks of that blessed time when John was laying his head on the bosom of Jesus, and where Mary was when she was lying at the feet of Jesus, and poor Peter, when the Lord looked at him. O what blessed love and union they must have felt in their souls when the Lord himself was there! For this is my cry, when I dare to approach him, that he would give me, like Mary, a blessed sight of his dear self, and I feel as though I could never rest until I obtain it. O that it may be the Holy Ghost that is thus breathing in my poor soul for this blessed

manifestation, and then I know that it will never, no never come to nought!

Dear Sirs, I think if ever the Lord should be pleased to manifest himself to my soul, O how I should praise him! for the thought of being for ever separated from him and the dear children of God seems hell itself.

A POOR WORM.

Dear Sirs,—I have for a number of years been in a low, desponding state of mind, with respect to my own interest in the love of Christ. I firmly believe, from the Scriptures, that Jesus Christ has a chosen people, whom he will assuredly bring to praise him in glory; but the devil and my own heart tell me, in plain language, that I am not one of them. I would believe that I was if I could, but I cannot. I would hope that it was so, but my hope gives way. My heart is as hard as a stone. I have read with delight the works of Mr. Philpot, where he describes the ins and outs, the darkness and bewildered state of mind a Christian is often in; but, as he says to the "Wretched Men," he has not described the worst part, for I feel myself worse than language can express. But when he comes to describe the love of God shed abroad in the heart, raising the poor soul from self and selfish things to have a sweet manifestation of the love of Christ, making him to rejoice in Christ Jesus as his own Saviour, as his own Redeemer; as having pardoned his sins and forgiven his transgressions, and revealed himself in his soul the hope of glory; then I stand gazing and wondering, and am left alone, for I cannot go so far. I have tried to pray that God would reveal his Son in me, that Christ would reveal himself in me, that the Spirit of God would reveal Jesus Christ in me, but I find I cannot pray; for I believe where God gives a spirit of prayer, he will hear and answer that prayer, to the glory of his own name and the good of his people. Then the devil and my own evil heart tell me that I am not one of Christ's chosen people, and that my prayers are an abomination to the Lord; and I feel myself to be an incarnate devil within. I had for some time been taking comfort, in some measure, (though not satisfied,) with the thought that I felt a longing desire, a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and therefore must be a child of God, for Christ says, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled;" but when I read a piece in the *Gospel Standard*, written by that man of God, Mr. M'Kenzie, I found I had not *the positive* evidence, or the Spirit bearing witness to my spirit that I was a child of God; I had only the *letter* one, which I found to be a refuge of lies to my soul. I want a living Christ in my own soul, and as I have not experienced sweet communion and fellowship with Christ in my heart, I am full of doubts and fears that I am not in the right way, that all my religion is vain, that I am nothing but an hypocrite, that I am deceiving both myself and the people of God. O that the Lord would reveal Jesus Christ in my soul the hope of glory, and say unto my soul, "Thou art mine, and I am thine!" then I could praise his name with my whole heart and soul for his loving-kindness and tender mercies to such a hell-deserving rebel.

But my principal design in writing at this time is to express a hope, that it may please the Lord to put it into the heart of Mr. Philpot to write down, either in the *Standard* or else in a book, an account of the Lord's dealings with his soul, in bringing him out of darkness into his own marvellous light; how God at first began with his soul,

and how he has brought him from that day to the present time? stating the wiles and stratagems, and temptations of the devil; the wickedness of his own heart, and the great glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ in delivering his soul out of every trial and trouble, by his Spirit which he had implanted within him; and the manifest evidences God has given him of his own interest in redeeming love; how he has raised him out of the miry clay, and set his feet upon the Rock of Ages; with the various turnings, windings, and intricate paths which the Lord has been pleased to bring him through. I hope and trust that I ask not this favour with any desire to please a fleshly principle; but as Mr. Philpot appears to me, from what I have read of his writings, to be a man that has been brought through deep experience of the things of God in his own soul, and also of the depth of depravity of his heart, and of the devices of the devil, I think if he would write down his experience, it would, with the blessing of God upon it, be a means of comforting many poor, desponding, dejected, cast down travellers. Yours sincerely,

Oldham, January, 1839.

DLIW SEMAJ.

Messrs. Editors,—I should feel obliged if you would give me your thoughts on the full assurance of faith, and if there is such a thing, say what it is.

M. A. H.

[Truly there is such a thing as the full assurance of faith, and all the people of God have it and know they have it before they go hence. In proof, see the following Scriptures: Acts xvi. 34; Heb. iii. 6; vi. 11; x. 22; Isa. xxxii. 17; Gal. ii. 20; Phil. iii. 9—11; Col. ii. 2; 1 Pet. i. 8; 1 Thes. i. 5; Rom. v. 1, 2; Eph. iii. 12. Our correspondent will find the subject treated upon pretty clearly in our first volume, pages 12, 65, and 91.—Eds.]

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Golgotha. By Thomas Hare, B. A., Curate of Charles, Plymouth.
—Bennett, London.

We feel it sometimes puzzling and painful to give an honest review of religious works; not the works of blind and dead Arminians, and rotten mongrel Calvinists, for we can pronounce condemnation on them without the least scruple; but when a work is put in our hand for review, bearing the character of divine-truth, and vindicating the doctrines of grace in a tolerably able and clear manner, yet, as we peruse it, we find it almost, if not altogether destitute of that peculiar sap, unction, life, power, and heavenly teaching which characterise works indited by the Spirit of God, we rather feel it a painful task to review it honestly and correctly, and more especially when the writer passes among many as *a man of truth*. These thoughts struck us on reading the present work. However, we shall briefly give our opinion of the work.

It is written on the last sayings of Christ, in seven parts. The doctrines of the everlasting covenant counsels of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit; the humiliation, obedience, suretiship, atonement, and intercession of Christ, and a complete and finished salvation by him for his own people, and them only; and some others of the

doctrines of grace, are stated and proved; some of them ably handled, clearly proved, and happily expressed; particularly the sufferings of Christ in the stead of his people. Thus far we approve of the work and consider it good; nay, further, we think it is among one of the best pieces written by those called "men of truth" in the church of England. Nevertheless, we must say, to us it savours too much of the barren high and dry church of England divinity; and it bears too close a resemblance to the wooden, sapless, head-knowledge doctrinalists in the church and amongst dissenters. It contains statements of truth with Scripture proofs fitly wrought in amongst them, but it wants that great distinction which is the very vitals of all living religion, John's *divine unction* and Paul's *supernatural power*; it wants the secret, mysterious, and peculiar teachings of the Holy Ghost, and that peculiar and ever-varying path the people of God are travelling. We looked for these things mingled with the doctrines of grace in the work, but in vain; no savoury teachings or experience could we find. Doctrines, without true experience, and experience without sound doctrine, is like a head without a body, and a body without a head. How very difficult to meet with a whole man in the truth, one four square, within the establishment. The reason is obvious, as soon as they become such, they are made to come out of her, and dissent from her iniquities.

A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Ripon, on the subject of¹ Dr. Hook's Sermon, preached before Her Majesty, entitled, "Hear the Church" By one of the Clergy.—Simpkin and Co., London; Heaton, Leeds.

This letter is a very true, bold, faithful, uncompromising, and unanswerable exposure of the falsity, ignorance, and heathenism of Dr. Hook's sermon before the Queen, and also of some of the abominations of the Church of England. It is written with considerable ability. We cannot but admire the faithfulness and boldness of the author. The time has been when he would have been brought to the stake for such a production. We truly wish every one of the Church of England clergy and members had a copy of it. We hope they will purchase it, and peruse it carefully. But after all, though we heartily agree with it, with the exception of a few words, and wish it a wide circulation, it ill becomes "a Clergyman" still within the pale of the Established Church so to belabour one of his *brethren* and *fellow-labourers*, in the *same vineyard!* for he must acknowledge him as his "dearly beloved brother," while he is within the Establishment. It ill becomes a man to expose the filth and abominations of a system, while he himself is guilty, and is comfortably staying within that system. And it ill becomes the author to put on the title-page of his letter that Scripture, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues," (Rev. xviii. 4,) while he himself is still staying within her, constantly committing and partaking of her sins. A man whose eyes are opened to see the sins of a system,

commits more sin by staying there, and is more culpable, than he whose eyes are totally blind. Why does he not come out of her, and witness against her abominations? for it appears that he knows and sees better. Does he think the Lord has sent him into such a system? Has any part of the New Testament instructed him that the Church of England is the true church of Christ? Does he think the Holy Ghost has made him one of the overseers of such an ungodly system? Has the fear of God taught him to mock God every Lord's day in going through the church of England service? Has a tender conscience made him to speak lies in the desk and at the altar, and preach truth from the pulpit? Has the grace of God taught him to acknowledge ungodliness and worldly lusts by staying in an ungodly and worldly system? Of course he will say, "O no!" Let a man first discountenance a system by coming out of it, and then let him expose it and its votaries with all his might; then he will be consistent with himself.

A Compilation of Scripture Passages, &c. By George Hunt.—Holdsworth and Ball.

This work is got up with considerable ability and learning, and it is printed in rather a novel and elegant style. It is intended to prove that "The Angel of the Lord," "The Angel of God," "The Angel of his presence," &c., so often mentioned in Scripture, does not mean a created angel, but that it uniformly means *JEHOVAH*. We think the author has effectually established the point. There are some very sweet truths revealed throughout the work, and there are some very good and instructive marginal remarks subjoined. We think it worth the attention and perusal of the people of God.

POETRY.

THE NEW MAN'S COMPLAINT.

O Lord, I daily find The plague within my heart; The worst disease in kind; I'd gladly with it part.	'Tis here old Satan works With all his hellish spleen; Yes, here he oft times lurks, And causes me to sin.
My greatest foes I find within; There dwells a loathsome stench of sin.	This promise, Lord, fulfil in me, "That as thy days thy strength shall be."
The carnal mind indeed, Is full of enmity To the immortal seed, Which thou hast placed in me.	With this unwearied foe I find I must contend; Nor will it from me go Till I my journey end.
O Lord, do thou thy right maintain, And let me prove thy grace doth reign.	Then gladly I shall soar away, And never more become its prey.
This wretched law of sin Oft captivates my soul; O let thy precious grace Its raging power control.	No! carnal minds in heaven Will never find a place: Saints sing of sins forgiven, And shout redeeming grace;
No strength have I with it to fight, Nor can I stand without thy might.	Eternal glory fills their souls, And love divine for ever rolls.

A PENSIONER.

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

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

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

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

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

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VOL. V.

TRUE LOVE.

"I love them that love me; and those who seek me early shall find me."
Prov. viii. 17.

There are two things mentioned in these sweet words of "the LORD our righteousness," which never had, nor ever will have any place in the children of the devil, in hypocrites, pharisees, self-deceived professors, or hell and sin-blinded enemies of God by wicked works. The one of these is, *love to Christ*; and the other is a *seeking spirit*, which has Jesus only for its object. The Holy Ghost declares that "the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So, then, they that are in the flesh, (unregenerated, dead in trespasses and sins, and shut up in unbelief,) cannot please God. But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. And, if Christ be in you, *the body is dead because of sin; but the spirit is life because of righteousness.*" (Rom. viii. 7—10.)

The spirit that is quickened by "the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus," may be known by its feeling sin a *burden, and hateful to it*; by its sense of God's displeasure against sin, and its anxiety lest sin should be the means of excluding it for ever from his presence, and the enjoyment of his eternal love, which appears to it the most blessed, delightful, and to be desired of those pleasures which are at his right hand for evermore. "As the hart pants after the water brooks, so panteth the quickened spirit after Christ, who is God over all, blessed

for evermore: the living God, in whose favour is life and everlasting glory." To be assured that he is the object of this love, most gladly would the child of God resign the world and all its pleasures; yea, though a crown were offered in exchange, he would spurn it from him in disdain, for he seeks a crown of endless life, and for this he would relinquish ten thousand such lives as he possesses; for he counts all things as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord; and counts them but dung, that he may win Christ, and be found in him, not having his own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith, that he may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if *by any means* he might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. (Phil. iii. 8—11.) Now all these things prove that he is made alive in Christ, and is born again, for, "*if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.*" (2 Cor. v. 17.) And these "*all things, Paul says, are of God, who hath reconciled us unto himself by Jesus Christ.*" (ver. 18.) The "old things" which are passed away, are the love of sin, of the world, of the flesh, and the service of the devil; sin being hateful, the world crucified unto the new creature, and it unto the world; the flesh being felt to be "dead because of sin," and no good thing dwelling in it; and the service of the devil to have only death, disquietude of soul, and the stings of conscience for its wages. Old companions, who are left in their natural state, pass away like a dream, and the wonder is how their society ever could have given any pleasure. They are shunned and avoided as pests, or as a contagious disorder or death-spreading plague. Old ideas of God, and false views of salvation in and by Christ, of his sovereignty, of election, regeneration, and of ourselves, vanish with the shades of the night before the sun rising in all its power and glory; and the mind is unaccountably occupied with the things of the Spirit,—godly fear, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, poverty of spirit, longing after a sense of pardon, and the imputed righteousness of Christ. At other times, a manifest drawing of the heart to him, and a running forth of affections after him; crying and sighing on account of sin, and all the abominations which are discovered within; prayer and supplication to God; increasing desires to know if God "has loved and chosen him in Christ, if the Holy Ghost has quickened him, if he is seeking Jesus in the right way, and not to be a hypocrite, or deluded by Satan. He cries after knowledge of these things, and lifts up his voice for understanding; he seeks her as silver, and searches for her as for hid treasures. (Prov. ii. 3, 4.) He feels his darkness, and prays for light. Satan tempts, and he resists, though fearing he shall surely perish in the end. He cannot rest in the opinion of men concerning his state, for he wants to be assured of it, by having "the witness in himself." He cannot wholly believe himself damned, for the truth that Jesus came to save sinners, to seek and to save that which was lost, and other such portions of Scripture have sometimes caused a

ray of hope to spring up; and he cannot believe he is saved, because he does not feel any assurance thereof, and so dares not lay hold on the promises, lest he should be presumptuous. He can believe that Christ came to save those who are in his state, but he cannot believe that he came to save him. He knows that there is a change in him, but he reads that Satan transforms himself into an angel of light, and thereby drowns souls in perdition; and so he argues, "How do I know but he may have deceived me? I am under the influence of fleshly feelings; my mind may be inflamed by what I have heard others say, and by what I have read. Besides, Judas repented, and yet was lost; and I may be like Judas after all!" If he meets with anything in God's word which describes those that kindle a fire and walk in the light thereof, and in the sparks that they have kindled; (Isa. l. 10;) or of those who receive the word in stony places, and having no root, soon fade away and are withered; he thinks these scriptures describe his case, and are levelled at him. If he meets with a fearful denouncement of fiery wrath and destruction against the wicked, immediately *he is the man, he is the impostor, he is the fool* whose labour wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not the way to the city. (Eccles. x. 15.) If he were a child of God, he argues, God would long since have heard and answered him; for it is written, "It shall come to pass before they call, he will answer; and *while they are yet speaking*, he will hear." But he has called and called over and over again, and God has given him no answer. He has agonized to feel that Jesus died for him, to feel his soul melted by a sense of love, to taste that he is gracious, and to have the Spirit of adoption in his heart, crying, "Abba, Father!" But, no; God has rejected his confidence, he shall never prosper, he had better give it up at once, for he is only labouring in vain; God has cast him off, Jesus does not love him, and he cannot love Jesus; his heart is so hard, so cold, so inflexible, and so stubborn. Yet, he prays Christ to break it, to melt it; he entreats the Holy Ghost to circumcise it to love him. He acknowledges his sin and unworthiness, and feels that God would be just, even should he destroy him. Thus, *all things are become new in him and to him*. Yet, he says, what makes him hate sin? It is the fear of the Lord; for the Holy Ghost saith, "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil;" (Prov. viii. 13;) and "The fear of the Lord is clean," (Ps. xix. 19,) and makes all that have it hate sin, and the filth of sin, and their filthy selves in which sin works. And, if *he has* the fear of the Lord, why *then* he must have the *new heart*, which is only given to God's children who are interested in the blessings of the everlasting covenant; as it is written; "I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear me for ever, for the good of them, and of their children after them; and I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." (Jer. xxxii. 39, 40.) Now, "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy." (Ps. cxlvii. 11.) And, therefore, although they know it not, he takes pleasure in

them, and they are his covenant children, and have a new heart, and, in due time, he will testify the same to them, for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant; (Ps. xxv. 14;) and "the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine," so that they shall not starve to death, though he makes them wait long for the bread of life; (Ps. xxxiii. 18, 19;) for "surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in the land;" (Ps. lxxxv. 9;) and, "as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust;" (Ps. ciii. 11—17;) and "the Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him; to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he will also hear their cry, and will save them." (Ps. cxlv. 18, 19.)

Again: What is it that makes the poor doubting soul pant after a sense of Jesus' love? It can be nothing but the love of Christ in him which constrains him. Where this love is not, there is *nothing* but *hatred* to God, and to the Lord Jesus, and to "the Spirit of holiness;" and, consequently, there can be no real desire after his love, or to love him, for we cannot really and truly *from the heart desire to love those whom we hate, although we may appear to do so*; such a thing is impossible. So, then, if we, in sincerity and in truth, hating ourselves for our sins and filthiness, desire to love Jesus and to feel his love to us; if it appear so desirable a thing that we cannot rest in any profession or frames of mind, or be happy in any way without it, it is plain we must have the love of God in us; we must love Jesus, or the absence of the realization of his love could not cause soul-distress and self-abasement. Love is in the heart; and it is love and faith which are working their way into the heart of Christ, drawn up hereunto by the blessed Spirit of Christ, who hath made us alive in him. Therefore, it is a precious crumb of comfort to the dogs who are under the table, and can only, as yet, get crumbs to eat; which crumbs are part of the bread of life, and of the same nature as the whole loaf. Jesus declares, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." And, if we love him, it is because he first loved us. (1 John iv. 19.) "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." (Jer. xxxi. 3.) Such are the thoughts which have been crossing my mind at different times, and distilling their dew upon my branch. And, methinks, nothing can exceed the simplicity of these evidences or signs, which accompany, or are the effect of spiritual life in the soul. A want of the knowledge of these things often keeps the Lord's people long in bondage, and, though they are born of God, they think they are under some "strong delusion." They are always ready to listen to Satan's "ifs" and "buts," but they are very backward in believing God's "verities." And, what is more, there is a great lack of experimental preachers in this day, who, from having felt these exercises of soul, and having been at times comforted by God while under them, and, in due time, brought

out into the glorious liberty of the children of God, can describe these workings of the mind, which are common to all who walk in the strait way, and groan, being burdened. There are many who preach sound doctrine; but this is not sufficient. A living soul labouring under sin and fear, infidelity, and blasphemous and obscure imaginations; fighting against spiritual wickedness in high places, and sorely tempted by Satan, wants something more than bare doctrinal facts, as regards the church of Christ, collectively. He wants to know *his own* personal interest in the doctrines of grace, as a member of *the one church*, and how they are received into the soul. It only adds to his misery to be always harping on the doctrine of everlasting love, election, salvation, free grace, redemption, and justification, without describing how the Spirit works them into the heart. These things, it is true, are most blessed and precious truths, but it is not the mere head-knowledge of them that gives joy and peace, but it is the reception of them by faith; and, before they can be received, much trouble is generally experienced in striving to get an assurance of our interest in them. Therefore a preacher of righteousness should speak; like the apostle, of what he has himself heard, seen with his eyes, and looked upon, and that which his hands have handled of the good word of life, that his hearers, who feel the same things, may have fellowship with him, and may know and believe that truly his fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ. (1 John i. 1—3.) All other preaching is seldom the means of doing any more than informing the judgment and making hypocrites; filling the mind with the light which is darkness, (Luke xi. 35,) and driving the soul into presumptuous sins and vain boastings. It stocks the visible professing church with heaps of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal impostors; but it is very rarely the channel of communicating true light, accompanied with the oil of joy and gladness from the Spirit's testimony and "faith of the operation of God." Some of those who sit under such a ministry, and suddenly spring up into full assurance, soon feel, to their sorrow, that it is only *full deception*; and after enthroning themselves in pride at the head of the room, are compelled, with shame, to take the lowest seat, and find they have to go over again, and so retrace their false steps with grief, misery, fear, dread, and a sense of wrath in their souls; and, from the moment they are convinced of their error, they fear, for the future, to put one foot before the other without feeling satisfied that God is working in them, and directing them in the narrow way. They have broken through the hedge and the serpent has bitten them. (Eccles. x. 8.) They have burned their fingers once, and "the burnt child dreads the fire," and they now look out for the Spirit's teaching and leading in all things, and would rather enjoy one moment's communion with Jesus in his love, in the power and peace of his blood, and the joy of his salvation and righteousness, than have their heads crammed with all the divinity and cold doctrinal knowledge which has filled the world with so many dead volumes, and the professing church with dead preachers, who know not, experimentally, their right hand from their left; and, if

they talk of experience, deal only in swelling words and set phrases, which neither they themselves nor their hearers get any good from. They do not, they cannot define, from what they have felt and known, one of the internal influences and operations of the Lord the Spirit in the heart, nor describe any of the many windings, mazes, and crooked turnings which are in the only way that leadeth to the city of habitations.

From all such instruments and wire-moved puppets, good Lord deliver us, and bless thy people according to thy word, with pastors after thine own heart, who shall feed them with wisdom and with understanding.

Stoke.

GEO. I.

TO THE LIVING IN JERUSALEM.

My beloved brethren in covenant love,—Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God. What a solemn privilege it is to know anything of those eternal truths which lie hid from the eyes of all Adam's lost race while in their natural state! Nothing short of the blessed operations of God the Holy Ghost, in his divine power, can unstop the ears or loose the tongue of such poor dead sinners, as we were, dead in trespasses and sins. But that blessed Scripture is like a box of precious ointment, when brought home to the soul; "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." O thou poor, solitary, tempest-tossed soul, art thou sitting under one of the willows of Babylon, and saying, "O that I knew where I might find him?" Let me, my dear brother, give thee a word of advice. Is thy poor soul directed by dead and lifeless ministers to look for peace and comfort from thy duties? Do they tell thee that thou must repent and have faith, and attend the prayer meetings, and then thou shalt have peace? This, poor soul, has been my lot in months that are gone by. Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge. Nothing short of the precious blood of Christ revealed in the conscience by the blessed Spirit can satisfy our longing souls. "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth; for I am God, and beside me there is no Saviour." Amen.

Liverpool, Dec., 1838.

A LIVING CHILD.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

I remember from my childhood at times having serious impressions, and the thoughts of death and judgment alarmed my conscience, and brought great horrors on my mind, fearing the Almighty would cut me off in the midst of my sins, and knowing that without repentance I must perish for ever. This often distressed me, but I endeavoured as much as possible to stifle these convictions, and falsely promised myself to repent at some future time, as I was then very young, and flattered myself that in all probability I had many years to live, and so attempted to banish every serious reflection. But I was never permitted to go on long together in a careless, unconcerned state; there was an aching void within, and something wanting which this world

could never give. While this gloom continued, I could not be satisfied, but was constantly between hope and fear, hoping it was the Lord's work on my soul, yet dreading a severe repentance, as from what little I had felt of it before, I knew it spoiled all my pleasure, and put a check on all my poor enjoyments. Nevertheless, I was not willing to perish, and secretly wished the Lord might some day powerfully call me, and bring me as a poor guilty sinner to his feet, imploring his pardon and forgiveness. The religious conversation of my parents often strengthened these desires. I had not at that time spoken to them of the exercises of my mind, thinking it was no more than what every one else felt. But I believe my good mother-in-law saw something in me to give her reason, to hope I should be brought some day to a knowledge of the truth, as she would be often talking to me when alone of the great importance of the soul, that it must exist for ever either in happiness or misery, and of the awful state of dying in our sins; and at the same time expressing a hope that I might be called out of darkness into God's marvellous light.

About this time, I had a great desire to visit people who were ill, and particularly when on their death beds, as the sight seemed to wean me more from the vanities of the world, and to make me more in earnest for my soul's salvation. Hearing of the death of any of my acquaintance would cause great concern, thinking I too might be called by death in an unprepared state. At this period, how many resolutions I made to lead a new life, and forsake my sins and sinful companions, and sometimes had nearly accomplished it, in my own view, and was satisfied with my poor performances, as I considered they recommended me to the favour of God, and that he could not now but receive me. Thus, I had made clean the outside, and knew not that I was poor, and blind, and naked. Thus I went on at intervals for some years, till my mind was savingly wrought upon, which was effected by reading the experience of a gracious young man, which the Lord was pleased to make instrumental in more fully awakening me to a sight and sense of my lost estate, and of fastening convictions on my mind, which led me to adopt the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" but the more I read and prayed, the heavier my burden became. I did not now (as in times past) wish to get rid of it, but cherished it as much as possible, as I desired to be brought aright, though ever so painful, and suffer what I might; and as my distress became greater, several passages of Scripture would be often brought to my mind, which encouraged me a little, as they were so suitable to my feelings; these in particular; "I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." "Faint, yet pursuing." This was exactly the path I was travelling; faint, yet durst not give up, but like Christian, life, eternal life was what I was pressing after; and for days together my experience seemed like Christian's, with his burden on his back, going from the City of Destruction, yet very fearful I should prove like Pliable, come out of the Slough of Despond the wrong way, and that the Lord would not receive such a vile wretch, and that I was not elected, and so could not be saved after all. I was fearful that my repentance was not genuine, and would again wear off, and so not end in conversion at last. This constant anxiety of mind led me to beg of the Lord to make it known to me that it was his work upon my soul, and that he might not be out of my thoughts for five minutes together through the day, that I might be satisfied it was real. So far did the Lord condescend to answer me; for I believe God was not out of my thoughts

two minutes at once all that day. It would dart into my mind in a more unusual way than I ever felt before, as if to remind me that the Lord had not forgotten my request. This encouraged me a little; but still I was not satisfied, and I begged the Lord, as a greater proof of the reality of the work, that he might not be out of my thoughts five minutes during the night; and, to my surprise, as it had been in the day, so it continued after I retired to bed. I recollect, it was a moonlight night, and I had spent some hours in meditating on my many sins and transgressions, and in begging for mercy, when suddenly one part of the room became dark, and in the midst of the darkness it seemed as if Satan approached me, and every moment I expected to become his prey; but just at this great extremity, those words were brought so powerfully to my mind, "Christ crucified," that I could not refrain from uttering them aloud, and at that instant the awful sight disappeared, and left me in that state which I can never describe. The remainder of the night passed in supplication to the Almighty. The next day I attempted to read the word of God, but durst not, so violently did the enemy of souls assault me. Up to this time I had not fully opened my mind to any one, but it was discovered, and I was persuaded to go and converse with some of the people of God. Thinking it might relieve me, I went, and they endeavoured to comfort me as much as possible. I was very eager to hear the experience of any of the Lord's family, and the way the Lord had brought them, hoping it would correspond with my own feelings, and that I was in the footsteps of the flock. It is said, "They shall inquire the way to Zion with their faces thitherward." After I had left the company of these good people, my burden did not seem quite so heavy as it was before, and fearing it was beginning to wear off, O with what vehemence did I entreat the Lord to increase my desire after him! and I came to a determination never to sleep any more till the Lord had graciously pardoned my sins; which prayer I have no doubt was indited by the Spirit of God, as it was answered to the joy and rejoicing of my soul. I went to bed, but my desires became stronger and more fervent for Christ to be formed in me the hope of glory. Many promises were brought to my mind. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Again, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Again, "Shall I bring to the birth, and not cause to bring forth? saith the Lord." And again, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." These, with many others, gave me a little encouragement, and not having been suffered to sleep, seemed tokens for good. The next day my grief and burden were almost more than I could bear. It is truly said, "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" It was in the afternoon of this day that the Lord was pleased to break in upon my soul, and cause me to rejoice in his pardoning love with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. No particular words were applied to my mind, but the change that passed on my mind in a moment from such depths of misery and wretchedness to such heights of happiness and joy, seemed heaven begun below. I could scarcely believe that I was an inhabitant of this lower world; for old things were passed away, and all things were become new. I could claim every promise in the Bible as mine, for they were engraven on my heart. I could then say, "Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will declare unto you what he hath done for my soul." "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a

rock, and established my goings, and hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. He brought me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." These raptures continued for some time, nor did I lose the savour for many days. I had a settled peace that passeth all understanding. How was I weaned at this time from the world! I could scarcely believe I should go about my business in it any more, so insipid and worthless did everything here below appear, when compared with Christ and his great salvation. The Lord was pleased to indulge me with much of his presence in those days of my espousals, and days of gladness of my heart. When he is pleased to give peace, none can give trouble. His favour is better than life, and all things that we can desire are not to be compared with it. How apt are we, when favoured with much of the Lord's presence, to think we shall never doubt or be moved any more. But the Lord has set the days of prosperity and adversity one against the other, and we have many days of darkness to pass through. When the Lord hideth his face we are troubled, and in those seasons of desertion, unbelief prevails, and we write bitter things against ourselves, and are ready to conclude his mercy is clean gone for ever, and that he will be favourable no more; for "hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and who that has ever tasted that the Lord is gracious can help mourning his absence, and crying out, "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit?"

In the four years that I have known the Lord, I have been called to pass through many changes which I cannot now enter into, but having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.

Newbury, October 23, 1838.

N. W. J.

WORDS FROM THE HEART.

Dear Brother,—May covenant love and mercy ever be with you, and peace abundantly multiplied.

I have felt in my mind a wish to drop you a few lines, hoping they will find you in health and peace, with much of the presence of your covenant God and Father. O what is to be compared to one smile of our everlasting Father! It beggars all other objects in a moment, softens, humbles, and crumbles the heart down to the dear feet of him who is the "chiefest of ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." O how heart-ravishing it is, in the midst of a tremendous storm, to hear him say, "Fear not, I am with thee," &c. O what a voice! every devil flees away like lightning, the storm hushes into a calm, and our poor souls rise up like a giant refreshed with new wine, and can shout and sing, "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth, the Lord is upon many waters, the voice of the Lord is powerful, the voice of the Lord is full of majesty." How easy it is to shout, "Victory," when the enemy is running; how delightful to say, "Father," when he says, "My child;" how easy and pleasant to run after him when he enlargeth our hearts; nay, "we can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth us;" yea, take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when we are weak, then we are strong. O it is my heart's desire

that the dear Shepherd may often indulge you and me with his heavenly voice, that we may say with the man after God's own heart, "The Lord is my Shepherd," &c. My dear brother, it is all the Lord's doing from first to last, for it is all from him, and to him, and through him are all things, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen. Yes, we can say from the heart, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen." "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name give glory," &c. O the sweetness of drawing water out of the wells of salvation! O how heart-ravishing, to receive "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!" How delightful to prove we are "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." It is there my poor soul finds rest and peace; and solid peace it is, when the dear Comforter bears witness with my spirit, that the Father of all mercies hath loved me with an everlasting love, that the Son has redeemed me from the curse of the law, being made a curse for me; and buried all its jots and tittles to adorn my naked soul with a new robe of white linen, so that the poor spotted leopard and black Ethiopian is as fair as the curtains of Solomon, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing! O the pleasure, wonder, and delight when the dear Comforter brings to my remembrance the way he has led me these forty years in this dreary wilderness, the helps he has afforded me, his never-failing mercy in supplying me, his omnipotent power in keeping me, his unwearied patience and long-suffering in bearing and forbearing with my devilish, crooked ways, his never-failing faithfulness, notwithstanding all my unbelief. It is of his mercies, my brother, that I am not consumed, and because his compassions fail not. I am confident of it, that it is because he changeth not, that such a worm as I am is not consumed, for I am sure there never was such a stubborn, refractory, stupid, rebellious, proud, presumptuous, blind fool as I am. And when the dear Comforter comes with his holy anointing, and leadeth my soul into the glories of the electing love of the Father, the glories of the love, the blood, the righteousness, the suffering, the victories of God the Son, and the glories of the calling, emptying, stripping, wounding, healing, clothing, filling, and comforting of God the Holy Ghost, O how my soul loves the Holy Trinity in Unity, the Three-One undivided Jehovah. My soul can adore him when this is the case; there are no crooks nor bondage here, for perfect love casteth out fear and torment; no murmuring here, for "a little, with the fear of the Lord, is better than great treasures and trouble therewith;" "a dinner of herbs," &c.; there is no guilt here, for the "blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" no worldly cares nor fleshly anxieties about to-morrow; my cares, then, are cast upon the Lord, and I can leave the morrow to take thought for the things of itself; no fear here whether I shall be able to hold on my way, for I am confident, he that has delivered doth deliver, in whom I trust he will yet deliver; no doubting here, for I can then say with confidence, "Abba, Father, my Lord and my God;" no pride nor high lofty looks here, but here my soul can take

the lowest place with real delight and pleasure, and such a sweetness and such a fitness to be nothing, and my Lord and my God to be all and in all; no contention here, which is the greatest, or which must be the highest, but the blessed contention is which is the greatest debtor to grace; "for unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." There is no death, nor poverty, nor sorrow, nor misery here, for the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it. By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honour, and life; for if he gives peace, who can give trouble?

• My dear friend, it is here where my poor soul wishes to be living and dying, wrapt up in the bosom of everlasting love. O what sweetness to have drops out of this fathomless sea, this boundless river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God; the river which no galley with oars ever passed over, nor ever will; and, if the drops are so sweet, so soul ravishing, sin subduing, devil conquering, world vanquishing, and God glorifying, what must it be to be brought to the fountain head, *delivered for ever from a cursed body of sin and death*, out of the reach of all the fiery darts of the devil, no nights, no clouds, no storms, no afflictions, no frowns for ever and ever from either God, or man, or devils? There it will be an eternity of smiles without frowning, an eternity of immortal pleasure, and not one moment of pain nor grief for ever and ever. Bless our God, we shall be with him and see him as he is, and be like him. Bless his dear lips, he has told us so, and he hath said it, and shall he not make it good? In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you, "that where I am, there shall you be also; because I live, ye shall live also." O the glory to be with him! Our dear Lord tells us these are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore, they are before the throne and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them; they shall hunger and thirst no 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 the fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. When my soul has the holy anointing of the life, light, and power of the Holy Ghost leading my poor soul in the exercise of faith and love, into the realities of these heavenly visitations, I can sing sweetly, and with melody in my heart. "When I can read my title clear," &c. O sweet home, heavenly rest! "where the wicked cease from troubling," and the poor, tempted, tossed, tried, weary soul shall be for ever at rest,—undisturbed for ever. O that the dear Comforter may bless your soul and mine with foretastes of this heavenly kingdom, where, I believe, we shall sing together, notwithstanding all our sinkings, murmurings, frettings, wanderings, groanings, sighings, and unbeliefs;

not all that either the world, flesh, or devils have done, can do, or ever shall do, shall ever be able to pluck us out of the hands of everlasting love, though we have many times said, "The Lord hath forsaken me; my God hath forgotten me;" and, perhaps, may say so many times again; but no matter for that, for God saith, "that cannot be; thou art engraven on the palms of my hands, and thy walls are continually before me; thou shalt prove all thine enemies to be liars unto thee," &c.; "No weapon formed against thee," &c. Cheer up, my friend, though it is through much tribulation, it is unto the kingdom of God; though it is through fire and water, it is into a wealthy place; though it is through a terrible wilderness, through pits, gins, and snares, it is into a land flowing with milk and honey; though it is through so many fainting fits, so sickly and faint, at times, that we are giving it all up as a lost matter, it is into a land where there never is any sickness, for the inhabitants there never are sick. Blessed be our dear Lord, he picked us up out of the ruin of the fall, unasked, unsought for, unthought of, and deadened us to all the pleasures and joys that we once lived and delighted in; he has burned up our rags of righteousness and made us sick of them in our very hearts, and brought us to long, pant, and thirst for his holy righteousness, and he has given us many blessed drops and tokens of his love and smiles, that he is ours, and that we are his. And will he leave us after all? No, my friend; he that hath begun the good work will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ. O that the dear Spirit may bless you and me with his dear and precious still small voice, for I can assure you, if there is nothing comes into the soul from above, my soul never gets from beneath; if there is neither rain nor dew, I cannot come out of my hole; if there is no power to hold up, I cannot stand; if there is no drawing unction, I cannot move one hair's breadth towards God; if there is no life from God moving in my heart, I am as dead as a post. I am at a point more and more, that without him I can do nothing. O blessed Lord, do help us, do keep us, do lead us, and do guide us by thy counsel, and afterwards receive us to glory.

But, my dear friend, I begin to fear you will be quite weary with reading my long letter, and, therefore, I shall draw to a close. Though I have not written to you for a long time, I have had you in my heart, and in my poor petitions. I felt very much when I heard of your affliction of body, and can assure you I felt for you much. I hope the dear Lord has raised you up again, as I have not heard anything since brother P. was at Trowbridge. It is my heart's desire that the Lord may spare your life many years to continue to blow the silver trumpet of a full and free gospel, with the power of the Holy Ghost accompanying it to the souls of both saints and sinners; and that you may have much fellowship and communion with the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," is the prayer of your poor unworthy brother, for Christ's sake,

Trowbridge, Nov. 16, 1836.

J. W.

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

Honoured Mother in the compassionate love of Christ Jesus,—No doubt but a letter from your own son in the faith of God's elect will be acceptable to you, who with so much care nursed me and dandled me on your knees, and gave me a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, which has ever since been a well of water springing up into everlasting life, to the salvation of me, a poor hell-deserving sinner. "Verily I say," (or rather Christ,) "you shall not lose your reward." The purport of this epistle is to testify of the faithfulness of that covenant-keeping and unchangeable God of our father Abraham, whom you was instrumental in making me acquainted with. O that I could do the same for some poor sinner, that I might share with you in the reward! for it is the ardent desire of my soul. Is it not our privilege to declare the faithfulness of our dear Lord to his people? Yes; "One generation shall praise thy name to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts. I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works." (Ps. cxlv. 4, 5.) The last week, before my business began, I was so distressed, that I knew not how to support my large family. Being much exercised on the Monday, and having scarcely anything to eat, I laid my case before the Lord, my most propitious Father in Christ Jesus, and told him how I was situated, and that all the rest of my family had more than a plenty, whilst myself and family were wanting the bread which perisheth; and begged the Lord to send me help from the sanctuary, and strengthen me out of Zion. The morning came, I had no appearance of a breakfast, much less a dinner; but that ever-blessed and gracious God who fed Elijah by the mouth of ravens, and who has recorded it in his blessed word, for the comfort and encouragement of his poor and afflicted people, in mercy attended to my poor, feeble petition. About nine o'clock, the dog brought home a fine fresh sheep's head, and although it was in a pail, and he standing by it for more than a quarter of an hour, he did not attempt to touch it. By this mercy we were provided with a dinner. This is the same dog you have heard me say that I could not lose nor get rid of. It has pleased the Almighty to cause me narrowly to watch his hand for years, but this interposition has astonished me more than all his other providences towards me. At another time, while I was engaged in family prayer, a person disturbed me by knocking at the door, who came to bring me a shilling, which supplied us with a breakfast; and thus the blessed promise was fulfilled; "Before they call I will hear, and while yet speaking, I will deliver." After this, I went to see a friend in the city, with a very heavy heart, and as burdened as I could be. On arriving near the house, I did not like to go in, being so much distressed; but in I must go; and, bless the holy name of my dear Redeemer, who fed the thousands in the wilderness, he had been there before me; for some unknown friend had called and left a guinea for me, which my friend gave me. I came away leaping like a hart, blessing, praising, and glorifying the ever-blessed God of my salvation, for I believed if I held my peace the stones would cry out. I could not hide these things in a napkin. I write this to strengthen your feeble knees, and for the encouragement of you and yours, and may the dear Lord of all our mercies enable you to cleave close to the Lord Jesus with full purpose of heart. Let me exhort you to diligence in approaching the throne of grace; for I fear you are slack in this high privilege. Take that great man of God's advice, Mr. Huntington, and go through all oppo-

sition, and pay your court visits. Glory to God for inclining that good man to publish the "Bank of Faith," for it has led me and many more poor souls to that Rock which is higher than we.

I must now conclude, praying that you both may hold fast that which you have received and heard from that highly-favoured servant, whose ministry you have so long enjoyed, and that you may be enabled to watch unto prayer, that your souls may profit thereby; and may your souls be made as a well watered garden, that you may be enabled to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, for I greatly fear he will shortly be let loose to scatter the people of God.

Wishing you and yours grace, mercy, peace, and sweet communion and fellowship with him whom your soul loveth, I remain, yours in the best of bonds,

Walworth, Aug. 20, 1817.

A BRUISED REED.

N.B. The dog was lost a few days after the above circumstance took place, and has been never more seen by us. He had that work to do, and could not be parted with until it was accomplished. How mysterious are the ways of God!

SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

My dear Brethren,—I trust that it is under the influence of the blessed Spirit's teaching that I have this morning taken the liberty of writing a few of the trials which I have passed through during the last twelve months. It is nearly eighteen months since I wrote to you before; but if any one had told me then what I had to pass through, I could not have believed them. How it will make the poor soul rage and roar, fret and murmur, to be stripped of all false hopes and legality! It is pinching work for the flesh to be brought here. It is not like what thousands of persons and dead professors talk about; "We must keep our passions down, and we must watch more, and pray more, and strive more, and we must be more contented, or God will never bless us." This is what nearly all the pulpits in Bedfordshire are ringing with.

My dear Brethren, within the last twelve months, I have been brought deeply to feel my baseness. It has appeared, to my feelings, that devils could not be so bad as I have at times felt myself to be. I have felt as if I had all the abominable sins ever committed on earth in my heart; and as if I had all the enmity of fallen devils against God.

Last April, if I remember right, I was reading, in your *Standard*, the Editors' remarks upon the difference between the joy of the Holy Ghost and the joy of the stony-ground hearers, when divine power fell upon my soul like lightning, and I cried out, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for raising up such men." My soul was melted into nothing in a moment, and my eyes run over with tears of joy, and I said to two of the dear children of God that were with me in my house at the time, I would never doubt any more. But, alas! I have since that sunk lower than ever. In the course of the following month; I was brought into such a dreadful state, that I even told the Lord that he had better send me to hell, wretch that I was. I have even gone to bed in such rebellion of soul, that I have told God that I would not pray. I know what it is to lie like Jonah in the belly of hell, in my conscience, on account of my sins. A few Sabbaths after this, it pleased the Lord to put John Warburton's book into my hands,

and it was such a Sabbath to my soul as I have never since enjoyed. I cried, I preached, and I was as certain, in the feelings of my soul, that I should some day sit down with poor John Warburton in the kingdom of heaven as I was of my existence. The union I felt to poor old John is indescribable. But the more visits of the love of Christ I have, the deeper I seem to sink afterwards, and am left to doubt it all. Sometimes I have strong suggestions that it is nothing but the transformation of the devil to deceive me, and at other times it appears only to come from nature; then despair follows; then I have hard thoughts of God; then fretfulness and rebellion come on; then I am pressed down out of measure. One evening after I had left work, a few days previous to writing this letter, as I was drawing a few straws, I was suddenly struck with deep despair of conscience, fearing that God would destroy me and my house that night with fire, and I said to my wife, "What a tempest we shall have to night." I carried the straws up stairs, and was fully convinced in my mind that those straws would be set on fire by the lightning. O what I suffered that night in my conscience! I went in and out, up and down the garden to see which way it would come. But, bless the Lord, he has not destroyed me yet, and he has favoured me with one more love visit this morning, whilst reading the four first chapters of John, especially the following verse; "And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." In reading this verse, I was led to see that when the light of the Holy Ghost shineth into our souls, we cannot discern from whence it cometh, but it leads the soul to see and feel what poor wretches we are by nature and by practice, and this makes us groan, being burdened.

Now, I have described a few of my feelings, and if you think them worthy of a place in your *Standard*, may the Lord bless them to some poor soul that may be tormented by the devil.

THOMAS KINGHAM.

Dear Friends,—I have read the *Standard* ever since its commencement, and on reading the experience of many of the children of God, sometimes I have been very much cast down, thinking I had neither part nor lot in the matter; and at other times I trust that I could not only read, but experimentally feel that if these were the feelings of God's living family, I could say I was one of them. As it is no new thing to you to have passages of Scripture sent to you, I submit to your attention the following passage; "For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things; that ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled; and from fornication; from which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well." (Acts xv. 28, 29.) Now will any of our friends give their opinion on the passage, what the Holy Ghost, who spoke by the apostles, meant by these words? It appears to be a command given to the Gentile churches, and the thing which I want to know, is, whether it is binding upon us, or if there is something lies bid in the passage:

A POOR SINNER.

Dear Sirs,—Open rebuke is better than secret love, and why should not an open avowal of sentiment be better than a secret indulgence of the same? Uncommunicated streams allay no thirst. A disunited head administers nothing to the body. (Col. ii. 19.) Absolute Deity I

cannot scan, but God manifest in the flesh meets my case, and brings me life, although a profound mystery and incomprehensible. I have been reading your address in this month's *Gospel Standard*, and am rejoiced to witness such an exhibition of life, and moving of the bowels after reality, and reaching forth unto the things which are before, and I wish to encourage you to go on. May the unction of the Spirit distil upon your hearts, and the dew lie all night upon your branches, until the soul shall become like a watered garden. I do not profess to be a physician of much value, but am walking the hospital, and feeling for life, and examining the pulse of one and another, to ascertain their health, sickness, or complaint, and my own standing also; and God is my witness, I find none quite so bad as myself, and am often obliged to force by or turn away my thoughts from a corrupt and depraved nature. Being called with a holy calling (I trust I may say) has made an extensive breach in my friendship with sin, so that I find little or no cessation from arms. Neither can I find anything holy enough for me in this mortal state, and sure I am that hence arises the chief of my trials, being called with a holy calling in the midst of sin, and to eternal life in the midst of death, and to a high calling in a low place, and to a heavenly calling from the jaws of hell. Thus, the soul being called away from low things to high things, and being chained down while here to low things, a body of sin, an offensive carcass, how can the high-born creature be happy? The language of the soul is, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest!" "My soul thirsteth for God in a dry and thirsty land where no water is." This calling is such a high calling, that any state or place where God is not, would not be high enough to satisfy it. It would be still looking up; any holiness but the holiness of God it cannot feed upon; any righteousness but the righteousness of God it deems no ornament, and no other clothing will it submit to be dressed in; no other remission but that which is effected by blood will it listen to; no blood but the blood of the everlasting covenant can it drink of; and no bread but the bread which comes down from heaven will administer to its wants. The heaven-born must be fed from heaven. If a man can feed and be satisfied with the earth, he is still earthy. If low things will do for him, he is not yet called with that high and holy calling of God. The child may stumble, and the strong man may be overcome, in consequence of sin within and temptation without, although he may resist nearly unto death, but he cannot live there, he is of too high an extraction; and sin, to one of a holy nation, is his plague, it is his hell.

I have been hammered out the whole length of the doctrines of grace in my soul's experience, and can feel that if it is of works (in the least sense) it is no more of grace, and that it must be man's first move or God's first move, that it must be man's first love or God's first love; but let the living soul testify to whom the honour belongs, to whom the praise is due, (for the testimony which proceeds from life is the only evidence worth our notice,) and let the Holy Ghost bear witness to the truth: "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ." "We love him, because he first loved us." Nevertheless, every sound, either from the pulpit or the press, if it proceeds not from life, is only a sound at best of the many kinds of voices in the earth. The poor, anxious, sin-bitten man and woman will say, when they hear a fine account of great things, and the doctrines only of the kingdom that fadeth not away, "The provision is

good, but have I a right to it? The inheritance is beautiful and undefiled, but am I an heir of it? There is a royal household, I know, but are mine the features of the family? There is an election, but am I elected?" Thus truth cometh to the light, and life is personal. General things will not do for a particular man, and theory only makes him lean from day to day.

The living man feels a good deal at times, and sees many things which the blind see not, and sometimes all his senses appear to him stopped up, but even then his groans are better than Esau's tears. Sometimes he concludes within himself, Surely I shall reach the shore now! but not knowing what a day may bring forth, the wind arises, and a spark of temptation is blown into a blaze in a moment; or the waves of trouble upset his bark, and plunge him a thousand fathoms into the deep; and his case is so much altered in a few moments, that he says, The Lord has forsaken me, or my spot is not the spot of God's children; and his language is, "Attend, O Lord, unto my cry, for I am brought very low;" and he appears just as near the good land as he did forty years ago. He now finds he must be saved just like a thief or a Magdalene; he has now as good an errand to Jesus Christ as ever he had; and "Lord, save or I perish," is as fresh as ever it was. Poor man! he was thinking that he had got further than that, and that he had made some little advance in heavenly things; but now he feels that he must be saved like a thief, and have no better claim than a harlot. But the great salvation must be made out, my brother; the greater the debt, the greater the pardon; to whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much. But this poor man wants an interpreter, one among a thousand, to dive to the bottom and bring him up, and to bring out the hidden riches of secret places to his view; and when his case is made out afresh; that the Lord's way must be his way; that his tribulation is the Lord's way to the kingdom; and that he must be entirely lost to understand what it is to be perfectly saved; he won't mind how tight you tie him up in the bundle of life; you may then bind him up in bonds of everlasting love and cords of foreknowledge with the knot of predestination, and rivet him with the determinate counsel and purposes of God to his throne, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail; and he will then say, "This is good news from a far country, and glad tidings of great joy to my soul."

But, dear Editors, you must catch me where you can, for I cannot keep to my own rule. When I set out, I only intended to have sent you a line or two by way of encouragement, and to express a feeling of sympathy with you in having the unpleasant task of wading through page after page, and perhaps picking up nothing; and rowing through a sea of stagnant waters, and sometimes with one, if not two, broken oars, is no desirable engagement, I am well aware; but you have some ballast in the vessel, for the want of which there are thousands not at all steady to the purpose.

May the arms of your hands be made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.

Yours, &c.

Biggleswade, Jan., 1839.

G. M.

Dear Editors,—Having very often read your valuable work to the comfort and consolation of my tried and tempest-tossed soul, I can truly say I wish it prosperity in the name of the Lord. I have read with pleasure and profit the writings of I. K., J. M'K., and J. C. Philpot, and my prayer is that they may fearlessly go on not only to oppose but to expose error in what garb soever it may appear, and

preach the truth faithfully as it is in Jesus, whether men will hear or forbear, tearing away all rotten props, and undermining all sandy foundations.

I felt a little surprised the other day, when a person put into my hand the enclosed letter, written by a man who styles himself a minister of the gospel, wherein he says he has disproved Mr. Philpot's assertions, and made his speech nothing worth. Now as the sermons by Mr. Philpot ("The Heir of Heaven Walking in Darkness," &c., and "Winter Afore Harvest,") against which this letter is written, have been made a great blessing to many of the Lord's family as well as to myself, I think, though I am averse to controversy, that when such productions as this letter are sent forth against the glorious things contained in the sermons, they ought not to be passed by unnoticed, as they may be the means of staggering some of the Lord's weak family.

That the Lord may enable you to go on boldly with the *Standard*, in spite of all opposition, is the desire of, Yours in the best of bonds,
Hackney, Dec., 1838. A WEAKLING.

AN INQUIRY.

I shall feel obliged if some of the correspondents to the *Gospel Standard* will give their thoughts on Jer. viii. 20; "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Some of us here have heard and professed the gospel for years, and yet cannot say, "My Lord and my God," as some of the writers to the *Standard* can; therefore we are jealous, and fear that we never shall.

St. Helen's, Feb., 1839.

ONE BORN IN PERILOUS TIMES.

OBITUARY

MRS. JULIET ALLEN, WIFE OF WILLIAM ALLEN,

MINISTER OF CAVE ADULLAM, STEPNEY.

It appears, in taking a retrospective view of her spiritual life, she has, (for the most part,) through fear of death, been very subject to bondage; nor has she, though an unwearied and ardent follower in the ways of God, been often favoured with that satisfactory evidence in her own soul that she so much longed for, namely, to unite with the church of old in exclaiming, "*My Beloved is mine, and I am his!*" When first laid on her death bed, I asked her how she felt in her mind. She replied, "Quite restless and rebellious, and at times very dark." A friend said, "You are very patient." She replied, "No thanks to me." We felt continually an earnest wrestling with God in prayer for her soul's comfort; which, blessed be his name, he wonderfully answered. As her illness increased, she expressed a great desire to be raised up again, that she might meet with the saints of God to commune with them, as she regretted having kept her mind so much to herself. She said to her husband, "My dear, how is your mind led to pray for me?" He replied, "I can pray in submission to the will of God;" implying, which she immediately understood, that he could feel but little hope of her recovery. She said, "Then you cannot pray in faith for my life." He replied, "I can pray heartily and sincerely for your soul's comfort." "Then," said she, "it is settled." From

this time she appeared somewhat quiet and resigned, and seemed increasingly sensible that her affliction was unto death. A short time after, she said, "The world to me is vanity." She repeated some favourite poetry with pleasure, and then, calling her children round her bed, said, "Mark your dying mother's command; live happy and in peace with each other as a family, and the God of peace bless you all, for I must leave you;" then, turning to her husband, said, "Give also my dying command to the church; tell them to live in peace, as they will shortly follow me." At another time, she called her husband to her bed, and taking her ring off her finger, placed it upon his. He said, "My dear, I am still your husband." She replied, "Not now. I love you, but I must leave you also." She exclaimed, "They are coming; they are coming." (It is believed that she meant the Three Persons in the glorious Trinity, as that was much the subject of her contemplations.) "But stop!" she said, "what is the clock?" The time was told her, when she said, "I shall not be at home to-day; I must wait." In sending her remembrance to a friend that was confined at home, she said, "Tell her I love her in the bonds of the gospel, and remember me to her mother and sister." Her husband said, "My dear, you could travel with *them*; *they* were weak and doubting like you, but you can now believe for yourself." She replied, "Yes; yes." At another time, she lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, and said,

"O my distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appeared;"

(not appears.) Her daughter seeing her weak, said, "But *greater* Lord." She replied, "No, no;

'Better, Lord, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears.'

After having a very sharp and severe struggle, she recovered a little, and sung with a melodious heavenly voice three verses of that hymn;

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," &c.

When she finished, she took a basin of vinegar, and sprinkled the bed, then dipping a cloth in it, calmly wiped her hands and face, and then, waving the cloth over her head, she cried, "Victory, victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb." She then lay down, and remained in a sweet sleep for some time. Her poor body was exercised with sharp pains, so that her sufferings were great, but she was not heard to drop a murmuring word. A friend said to her, "You can now say, 'Jesus hath done all things well.'" She said, "Yes, though I have oft rebelled against him." When unable to speak, she appeared (for the most part) engaged with God in prayer. When she had been sharply exercised with pain, her husband said, "My dear, it is hard work." She replied, "Yes; people talk of dying, but they must come into it to know it," and then joined in singing,

"Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long."

Her husband began to repeat that hymn; "O Zion afflicted," &c. She said, "No, no, I want to *praise God* for his goodness and mercy to me." About one o'clock on Monday morning, January 28, 1839, she called for her husband, and laying her hands on his face, said, "My dear Allen," several times (evidently in excruciating pain); "But," she said, "my heavenly Father is good." She was perfectly sensible to the last, and expressed her gratitude to all around her, and about three o'clock she fell asleep into the bosom of her heavenly Lover, to doubt no more.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

A Full Christ for Empty Sinners. By W. Romaine, A.M.—Bennett.

This little work is a miscellaneous collection of short sayings on religious subjects. With respect to the author's talent and Christianity, we need say nothing, as he has long been before the church of God, in the works which he has published; but as it respects the work before us, we must say we have been somewhat disappointed. We have met with some good sayings in it, but, on the whole, as a living, vital, soul-supporting and refreshing work, we think very little of it. In reading it, instead of our souls being softened, enlarged, anointed, and blessed by it, we felt closed up, contracted, and sickened. Our hearts recoiled within us, anxious to retreat from its pages. We must in honesty say, that we did not experience it to be what it is entitled, "A Full Christ for Empty Sinners." It contains none of that peculiar breath of divine life and heavenly power which causes sinking, fainting, and feeble souls to rise up and stand on their feet. It is too much like the sapless and general divinity of most of the old unbuffeted, unbarassed divines, and we would rather have one page of true godly vitality than whole volumes of that which never goes below the chin. We like to have the varied operations of the Spirit, and the manner of those operations in the soul, particularly stated. We may indeed learn from the pamphlet that there is such a Being as the Holy Spirit; but we can trace nothing of his heavenly teachings, gracious dealings, or the communications of his almighty power in a sovereign way to the soul. We should not have so freely animadverted on the work of one so highly esteemed, and who is now no more in this land of the living, had not our hearts' desire and aim been to make known things just as they are.

Priestcraft Defended. A Sermon. By the Shaver—John Macgowan.—Bennett.

This pamphlet is an exposure of the grossly ignorant and Popish conduct of some of the heads of the University at Oxford, in expelling six young men from the University, for praying, reading, expounding the Scriptures, and singing hymns in private houses, &c., in the year 1763. It is ably, humourously, and honestly written. The author in plain terms lays open the carnal ignorance and worldly blindness of these should-be religious dignitaries. The work does not profess to treat on doctrine or experience, therefore none of these things may be looked for in it; but it is a worthy and honest little piece on the subject on which it treats. It was written by the author of the "Dialogues of Devils," a work well known.

Remarks on the Causes of Starvation, containing a Few Hints to the Poor and the Extravagant. By W. Gadsby.—J. Gadsby, Manchester; R. Groombridge, London.

We find from the preface, that the author very reluctantly consented to have this work published, and we hope that in future, in a similar case, his objections will be too strong to be overcome. It was originally written for the amusement of the Sunday-school scholars, and no doubt it had so far the desired effect, as the first part particularly is full of our friend's natural, good-natured humour; but as it contains

neither doctrine nor experience, in other words, as it is national and not spiritual starvation that is treated on, a spiritually-hungry soul would in vain look therein for food.

Mercy and Judgment; or, a Display of the Divine Clemency, mingled with Fatherly Severity, and other weighty Matters respecting the Character of the True God. By Robert Creasey.—Simpkin and Co., and E. Fowler.

This work does not contain matter with which we can quarrel, and yet it does not come so deeply home to our hearts as to cause us to recommend it so heartily as we could wish. It is what is called "a funeral sermon," and was occasioned by the decease of the author's partner in life, and contains some really excellent things. Several remarkable providences of God which they have experienced are stated, and there is also a brief but sweet account of the spiritual experience of the deceased, a perusal of which may be made useful. The fault may have been in us, and not in the work; but if our readers will purchase it, they will not much err, and they can then judge for themselves.

The Glory of God's Grace; being the Substance of Four Sermons from Ephesians i. 6. By W. Gadsby.—J. Gadsby, Manchester; R. Groombridge, London.

There never, perhaps, was a day in which the religious world was so filled with sermons and religious books as the present; but out of the great mass which are published, how few bear the character of decided truth even in the letter, and even among these few, how scarce those are which are written under the dictation, inspiration, and unction of the Lord the Spirit, clothed with divine savour, golden unction, supernatural power, heavenly life, light, liberty, sweetness, sap and dew, and which enter a man's soul on reading them. Such works are indeed rarely to be met with, and should, therefore, be prized and recommended when they do appear. The sermon before us we consider one of the very few of this character. The author is an aged, and has long been made an able and honoured instrument by the Lord, in "proclaiming the name of the Lord, and ascribing greatness to our God," in comforting the church of God, and plugging and tormenting rotten professors. He has published several works, some of them unanswerable and powerful displays of the glory of the grace of God; such as his "Perfect Law of Liberty," "Everlasting Task for Arminians," &c. &c.; but, taking the work before us in all points, we consider it decidedly the best he ever published. It is divided into three leading particulars, viz., first, what is grace, —God's rich and free grace? secondly, it points out some branches of the glory of God's grace; thirdly, it makes a few remarks on some things as connected with the text. In the first, our author explains the nature of grace, and proves the truth of it. In the second, he points out the operations of grace in the soul, under the following heads:—1. Grace quickens the dead, enlightens the blind, and makes the dumb cry out again, and at last sing for joy. 2. It pardons the guilty. 3. It justifies the ungodly. 4. It brings prisoners out of their prison-houses, and sets the captive free. 5. It communicates divine holiness to the unholy. 6. It raises the poor man out of the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill, and sets him among princes,

even the princes of God's people; and thus stamps immortal dignity upon the degraded. 7. It strengthens the weak, confirms the feeble, and upholds the sickly. 8. It brings poor vile worms to have sweet and solemn intercourse with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. 9. It restores backsliders. 10. It brings millions of once poor wretched sinners to ineffable glory, and makes them more glorious than the holy angels; and all to the praise of the glory of God's grace. In this second particular, which is the substance of the sermon, he is most clear, able, and definite in the tracing of living experience in the soul. In the third particular, he briefly states a few things connected with the text, which God has done, to the praise of the glory of his grace. It is a rich and glorious display of the riches of the grace of the "glorious gospel of the blessed God." In perusing it, we felt our souls encouraged, comforted, and blessed by it. He simplifies, defines, and particularizes the early and more advanced experience of God's children. He descends to the lowest stage of true experience in the soul, advances with it, and carries it out into the full blaze of gospel liberty and enjoyment. He traces out the workings, wrestlings, and strugglings of spiritual life in the soul, under sin, guilt, and bondage; and the deliverance, liberty, and blessing of the soul by the manifestation of the gospel of the grace of God revealed to it, which are agreeable to our views of the operations of grace in the soul, and to true experience. We do think the Lord will own and honour this work, by making it a blessing to his people. We wish it a wide circulation, and can heartily recommend it to our friends and readers.

Some may be inclined to think, from what we have said, that we are partial in our reviews; but the truth is, so few works come under our notice, which we can wholly and heartily recommend, that we think it a duty we owe to our conscience and to the cause of truth, and justice to the children of God, that when we meet with works which meet and get into our hearts, we should recommend them accordingly.

EDITORS' REMARKS.

We do not know who may have written the letter from Leicester, signed a "A Constant Reader," but we do know that he either does not understand the common English language, or else he wrote merely to find us a job. He says, "Your remarks in last July No. upon the Obituary of *the Rev. E. Vorley*, we beg to inform you has very much hurt the minds of several of the Lord's own dear people in this part of his vineyard; and *they* wish to ask the Editors the question, 'Is there not as much reason to insinuate that the apostles died NATURAL MEN, as that dear, and faithful, much lamented servant of the Most High, E. Vorley?'" To this we answer, Yes; but who told "A Constant Reader" that we insinuated Mr. Vorley had died a *natural man*? We never had such a thought, nor, on reperusing the remarks complained of, do we see how any one could so understand them. What we said was, there was "nothing very particular in the Obituary, as a natural man might die an easy, natural death." And then we asked our correspondent if he could furnish us with the expressions of Mr. V.'s *heart* in his dying moments. We did not ask for this to satisfy us of Mr. V.'s Christianity, as we

never had a doubt of that; but in order that, in the hands of the Spirit, they might be made useful to some of the Lord's family. Whoever will take the trouble to read the Obituary will, we think, agree with us that there is nothing very particular in it, as it merely says he "retired to rest well on Friday night, but was taken ill early on Saturday morning. He was perfectly sensible during the day, and frequently spoke to his family and friends around him." (Now we wanted to have his sayings.) "He suffered no pain either in body or mind, as he himself expressed, but, quite calm and composed, lay dozing till half-past six on Lord's Day morning, when his spirit left its clay tenement, and returned to God who gave it." May not all this be said of a natural man? Had our correspondent favoured us with his dying expressions, we venture to say they would have contained something better worth reading. This was what we meant.

In conclusion we say that this is not the first specimen we have had of Leicester logic.

We have read the letter by Mr. Baley, of Whittlesey, against the two sermons recently published by Mr. Philpot, which letter was sent for our perusal by our friend "A Weakling," and we assure him we are not at all surprised at its contents, nor are we in the least afraid that it will do any real harm to the cause of truth. It betrays in the author such gross and palpable ignorance, that the children of God who have any light at all may easily see that he knows nothing whatever of the subject he attempts to refute. If a man can call those characters *unregenerated* persons who fear the Lord, and obey the voice of his servants, yet walk in darkness, &c., as mentioned in Isa. l. 10, it is proof sufficient that he has never been taught that fear of the Lord, godly obedience, and experimental darkness in his soul, by the supernatural teachings of the blessed Spirit; for if he had, he could not so speak; and yet Mr. Baley, who presumptuously styles himself a "Minister of the Gospel," has so spoken. We do not think it necessary to enlarge on the absurdity of this letter, nor should we have noticed it at all, had not our correspondent sent it for the purpose; and doubtless Mr. Philpot is of the same mind, though if he had been disposed to reply to it, his remarks might have been made useful to the church of God.

POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOWLER.

Another servant of the Lord,
Has gone to enjoy the blest reward,
Which Jesus will bestow
On all the subjects of his grace,
Who long to see his smiling face,
While travelling here below.

Whilst here he did the truth proclaim,
He loved to speak of Jesus' name;
His word was own'd and bless'd;

Poor sinners heard the tidings sweet
Of Jesus' grace, and at his feet
Their grief and sins confess'd.

Long will the time remembered be,
When my poor soul was once set free
From gloomy black despair:

The welcome news my heart revived,
Of mercy free, of grace contrived
By the great sacred Three.

"There's mercy yet" (the dear man said) He's now released from every pain,
 "In Christ, the only living head, And gazes on the Lamb once slain,
 For sinners such as thee;" With all the hosts above;
 I felt the power, I praised the Lord O happy state of bliss supreme,
 Who by his servant sent his word And there as here his only theme,
 To such a wretch as me. Is grace, free grace, and love.
 Oft has my doubtful path been shown, Sweet were the dying words he sung,
 And God's great work to me made known With joyful heart, and joyful tongue,
 Clear as the noon-day sun; "Dear Jesus, quickly come!"
 My inward conflicts, doubts, and fears, The love of Jesus fill'd his breast,
 Temptations, groans, and anxious cares And softly sinking into rest,
 Which proved the work begun. Found his eternal home.
 Dear Lord, I would desire to raise Blest soul, from every care set free,
 A grateful tribute to thy praise Nor grief, nor sin, nor misery
 For sending such a man; Shall ever vex thee more:
 For all that thou hast done by him, But in immortal songs of joy,
 Nor less that thou hast call'd him home, 'Twill be thy glorious, sweet employ
 Now that his work is done. To love him and adore.

Gower-Street Chapel, London.

W—.

THE CAPTIVE EXILE.

"The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit."—Isa. li. 14.

On Sinai's barren fruitless ground "Lord, may I in thy church below
 A captive exile there is found, In Jesus' image daily grow,
 With lifted eyes and hands, Just like a child at home;
 I heard the captive exile mourn; And in the gardens of thy grace,
 He could not speak, but only groan; Be bless'd with both a name and place,
 His soul in danger stands. No more an exile roam.
 His guilt lay heavy on his soul, "But still a captive I would be,
 While Sinai's thunders loudly roll, Bound in the chains of love to thee,
 The soul that sins shall die. My Saviour, and my God!
 God's holiness appear'd in view, Till I with all the church be found
 Faithful and righteous, just and true, On Zion's, not on Sinai's ground,
 A God that cannot lie. Redeem'd with precious blood."
 I saw the captive in distress; The captive pray'd, but not in vain,
 He found his creature-righteousness God loosed him from his heavy chain,
 At best was filthy rags. And took the exile home.
 "Woe unto me," the captive cried, I saw the glitt'ring robes he wore
 "Of mercy I shall be denied; While he did worship and adore
 My weary spirit flags; The holy Three-in-One.
 "My sins how great no tongue can tell; He once did mourn, but now he sings
 I have deserv'd with fiends to dwell All glory to the King of kings,
 In everlasting fire." That him a captive freed
 The captive thus his sins confess'd, From sin and Satan's galling yoke;
 While hope sprung up within his breast, From Sinai's curse and awful stroke;
 And raised him from the mire. For so it was decreed.
 With fervour now the captive prays, I heard him sing his Saviour's praise
 "Lord, lead me in thy righteous ways, In sweet, sublime, and heavenly lays;
 And break my heavy chains; I wish'd that I was there.
 Lord, keep me from the pow'r of sin, Through grace, ere long I hope to be
 From foes without and foes within, With him to all eternity,
 And ease me of my pains. That I my part may bear
 "From Satan's service set me free, In those divine, celestial songs
 That I may walk at liberty To him to whom the praise belongs,
 In Zion's holy ways; The Lamb that once was slain;
 That I the will of God may know, 'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood;
 And love and honour him below 'Twas he that made my peace with God
 The remnant of my days. And purged my every stain.

March, Isle of Ely, 1838.

A TEACHER OF BABES.

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

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

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

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

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

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VOL. V.

WILDERNESS TRAVELS.

The path to heaven is not such a path as most professors take it to be. It is not a path of ease without trouble, of peace without war, of sweet without bitterness, of pleasantness without sorrow. It is not a broad, even, smooth, and flowery path, like that in which numbers are travelling, which seemeth right unto them, but which will surely end in death. Awful delusion indeed! I find the way to glory to be the same as the saints of old found it, and all Zion's travellers find it so now, and ever will find it to be, a narrow path, a tribulation path, a wilderness path, a path strewed with difficulties, perplexities, distresses, trials, sorrows, conflicts, darknesses, doubts, fears, jealousies, and suspicions; so that I am oftentimes discouraged because of the way; for I meet with so many stumbling-blocks in my path from the world, the flesh, and the devil, and so very few travellers whom I can walk comfortably with, that I am often ready to halt and give up. But, blessed be the Lord God of all our mercies, who has promised to bring the blind by a way they know not, he sometimes gives me to see, and feel too, that he is teaching me to profit, and that he is leading me in the path that I should go to a city of habitation.

When the Holy Ghost first directed me from Mount Sinai to Mount Zion, and revealed Jesus as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, so that I was brought to renounce all the filthy rags of nature's providing, and cast myself as a naked, filthy leper at his feet, and to cry from real necessity, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and felt that mercy was manifested to me,

by the Spirit showing me that I was loved with an everlasting love, and that with loving-kindness he had drawn me; I say when this was the case, I thought with the psalmist, that my mountain stood strong, and that I should never be moved. I could make use of the ordinances of God, and feel great pleasure in attending on them, and oftentimes wondered to see such coldness and indifference in old pilgrims. Such was the working of pride and fleshly zeal, that I was ready to say, "Stand by, I am holier than thou." I knew very little, if anything, of the dreadful presumption, hypocrisy, deceitfulness, and desperate wickedness of my nature. I almost concluded that I should never experience such trouble as others talked of, who had been travellers in the wilderness for years; so ignorant was I. I knew nothing about the trial of faith, the furnace in Zion, the fiery trials, the wilderness dispensations, the dark and gloomy nights of desertion, the winds and storms of temptation, the fiery darts of the devil. But, alas! night came on; for he "maketh darkness, and it is night; wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth." (Ps. civ. 20.) "The Lord hid himself, and I was troubled." Thus, the Holy Ghost, speaking by the prophet, says, concerning the church, "I will allure her and bring her into the wilderness;" and Christ says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." He was led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil; and although there is so much noise and bustle amongst professors, and so much ado about following the meek and lowly Jesus, few know what it is to tread in his footsteps; for to follow him through evil as well as good report, I find, requires nothing short of an almighty power put forth from time to time in drawing me. "Draw me, and I will run after thee," is the language of the church of old; and there is no following Christ without this drawing. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." "Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee, (to teach thee,) to know what was in thy heart." (Deut. viii. 2.)

Thus you see, my fellow-travellers in tribulation, there is a wilderness to pass through in order to arrive at the heavenly Canaan. This great and terrible wilderness has been a wilderness indeed to me for these last four or five years; how has my soul been tossed up and down in it. Sometimes I have enjoyed a little comfort and a little light, but it was soon overshadowed with great darkness; and here in this wilderness have I learnt some small degree of the plague of my dreadfully wicked heart; here, in this desert land of drought, has the fountain of the great deep within been broken up; here have the monsters shown their heads, peevishness, forgetfulness, murmurings, rebellions, &c., at God, both in providence and grace; my corruptions, like giants, defying all my feeble powers, and my poor soul, like a ship in the midst of a boisterous ocean, without compass, sail, or rigging, ready to sink in wild despair; and, like one of old, ready to think my hope and strength entirely perished; the devil continually throwing his fiery darts, "Where is now thy God?" the roaring

lion of hell shouting aloud, "Thou art nothing but a hypocrite, a deceiver, and being deceived; God the Father never chose thee; Jesus Christ never died for thee; the Holy Ghost never quickened thee; thou wast never called by grace; thy religion, convictions, joys, sorrows, all are but natural and fleshly, and will end as such, and I shall have thee after all; thou hadst better give it up altogether;" and unbelief is ready to sanction every word of the lying devil. Then I have looked backward and forward, on the right hand and on the left, like Job, for evidence, but could find none; the Bible sealed up; the ordinances of God's house dry breasts; prayer, hearing, reading a very heavy task; neither sun nor stars appearing, so that all hopes of being saved seem taken away; God hiding himself, for with clouds he covereth the light, and commandeth it not to shine by the cloud that cometh betwixt. (Job xxxvi. 32.) Satan accusing, professors despising, the world alluring or contemning, the heart plaguing, corruptions annoying, Providence frowning, and poverty staring me in the face, have often sunk me down so low, that nothing but the arm of Omnipotence could lift me up. But, blessed be the name of the Lord for ever; he hath delivered me, he doth deliver me, and he is the same, and will deliver, not only in six, but in seven troubles also.

A few months ago, I was sunk very low in my feelings, as it respects my eternal destiny; afflicted in body, and, to all appearance, near dissolution, when a person reading by my bedside the 561st hymn of Mr. Gadsby's selection, I saw Jesus the eternal Conqueror go forth, and tread down my enemies, and the whole church's too, with such a vehemency of love and power, that I was filled in a moment. I forgot all troubles from all quarters; Christ was truly precious. Thus I was mounted up in love and joy, but was soon brought down again to the depth, to be led about a little further in the wilderness; and when the Lord is pleased to withdraw his gracious presence, which only makes a paradise, I find it still a wilderness. May the Lord cheer the hearts of his people while passing through it, so prays,

Sutton Benjer.

A SMOKING FLAX.

THE WALK OF THE REDEEMED.

ISAIAH XXXV. 9.

"The words of the Lord are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times."—Ps. xii. 6.

"A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" And again, "Man (regenerate man) doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

It has been my privilege to peruse the *Gospel Standard* from its commencement, and as the Lord has been pleased to instruct, and encourage, and refresh my soul often while reading its pages, I hope and pray that he will provide living witnesses, and incline their minds to come forth from time to time with such matter as he will own and

bles. As the Lord, in his tender mercy and long-suffering kindness, for several years has condescended to teach me some of the wonderful things contained in his law of love, and at this time, I trust, is still blessing me with his Spirit's teaching, under a daily sense of my total helplessness, so that though he makes me to rejoice in him, it is with trembling, I feel a desire to tell, for the encouragement of others, some little of his goodness to me, and to say, "Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him. God is a refuge for us."

I was brought up to hear and read the word of God, and I believed in the doctrine of election. Sometimes I was diligent in attendance on the means, thinking that if I were chosen, God would make it known to me; and at other times I neglected it, believing that if I were not, the more I heard and read, the greater would be my condemnation. However, the first words of the Lord that came home to me with power were; "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." (Luke xii. 32.) As I heard the words read for a text, the Lord was pleased to give me a sense of his unchangeableness, and I saw that if I were not of this flock, everlasting misery, without mitigation or end, must be my portion. I was struck, as it were, to the ground, and so overcome that I did not remember a word besides the text. I hastened home, not knowing what I did, and I cried out, "Lord have mercy on me; show me if I am thine, and if I am, show me what thou wilt have me to do." This was the first time, I believe, that ever I prayed, and I believe it was the blessed Spirit's work, though I did not know it then. I had an opportunity of hearing the gospel preached four times a week, and often, while hearing it, I was led to hope the Lord had begun his work on my soul; but I seldom had hope or peace except when hearing it, and what little I had was soon dashed to the ground. The company of carnal friends engaged my affections, and when I got alone, I found that I had not only lost my hope, but seemed farther from the kingdom than ever. The enemy told me that I had sinned against light and knowledge, and turned my back on the Lord, and that it would have been better for me never to have made a profession or sought him at all; for as I had rejoiced under the word in hopes that I was a partaker of grace, I had fulfilled the proverb; "The dog is turned to his vomit again." O how he hunted up Scripture to condemn me, and my conscience said Amen to it all! yet I could not help calling on the Lord, telling him I knew that I had sinned against his manifest goodness, and that if salvation depended on even a good thought, I had it not, and beseeching him to have mercy on me, if it was consistent in any way with his justice. There was no sign of hope for more than a month, and the enemy distressed me sorely with his suggestions that I should lose my senses and destroy myself, and my body sunk under the weight of it. I could not open my mouth to tell any one what I felt, although I was with the children of God. Surely nothing less than the everlasting arms underneath can support in such circumstances. I still went to hear, but did not receive the least light on my path; and so much

did my body and mind sink under it, that I believed I should soon lie down to awake in hell. I awoke early one morning with these words on my mind; "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." (1 Pet. i. 5.) I did not know they were Scripture, but they described well what I wanted, and followed me all the day. I was constrained to plead with the Lord, and not without a little hope. It was preaching night, and I went to chapel, though I was scarcely able to go, through weakness; but I could never stay away, and now the set time to favour Zion was come. The text was; "The Lord is my light and my salvation," &c.; (Ps. xxvii. 1;) and O how the Lord shone into my soul with these words! My darkness, distress, and fears were gone, and so were my guilt and condemnation; and I said, "Lord, can this be true? I, such an abuser of thy grace and mercy? O suffer me not to be deceived, or sin against thy grace and fall away!" Then came the first text; "Kept by the power of God," &c. O how my soul went out to the Lord for making known his everlasting love to one so low, so vile as I! I went like a captive in chains, and I came home like a bird escaped from the snare of the fowler. I begged of the Lord to take me, that I might not forget or deny him again; and he keeps me alive to this day, learning more and more the meaning of the word, "Kept by the power of God," &c. For several years after this, the Lord was pleased to grant me many sweet manifestations of his everlasting love, and many clear answers to prayer, sometimes in heavy sickness and very distressing circumstances. But the Lord says, "My people shall be satisfied with my goodness." (Jer. xxxi. 14.) I found such satisfaction in his favour, that I used to beg of him to make everything short of himself a desert of thorns and briers to me. I can say with the poet;

" 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer."

Now although I had this good hope through grace, I could not use great plainness of speech, and when in company with those who could, my envy and jealousy has been so roused, that I have often let it out to my own confusion. The 11th verse of the 2nd chapter of Isaiah was continually running in my mind, and Deut. xxxii. 15 condemned me, and that for years. Although I was consistent in my outward conduct and attendance on the means, and tried to make a fair show in the flesh, and, as far as I had ability, ministered to the wants of God's poor, yet in all this I could not say the love of Christ constrained me. I had now another word in my ears; "Behold, his soul, which is lifted up, is not upright in him;" (Hab. ii. 4;) and the more I read and heard of uprightness, the more the blessed Spirit convinced me of my hypocrisy. I have often prayed in the words of Erskine, "I flee from thee; Lord, bring me back in tender love, or by the rod;" but I dreaded the rod; I always loved ease. There was a snare laid for me which I easily fell into, and if the Lord had not stopped me, I should have joined with an enemy to godliness, and perhaps have turned my back on even a profession. O! when I look back on this circumstance, and remember the horrid rebellion

and presumption I was then giving way to, and that the Lord, in his mercy, should ever have discovered such unbounded love as he has since shown to me, I would say to his praise, he shows me that there is more in being "kept by his power through faith" than can ever be understood without the experimental teaching of God the Holy Spirit; and though the flesh dislike the way, yet, as I have heard Mr. Gadsby say, (for I have often been blessed of late years under his ministry when he has visited London,) there is a solemn vitality in these things, that while they strip, they in the end satisfy a really hungry soul; but I did not understand that then. I wanted to do something, to be something, and to have something to be satisfied with, but not to take up a cross daily, depending on a once crucified and now exalted Saviour. The Lord was pleased to stop me in my purpose, and to hide his face; his hand was against me in providence, my backslidings reproved me, my wickedness corrected me, and I found it was indeed an evil and bitter thing to sin against a covenant God. To his praise I can say, though the enemy often tempted me to give up my hope, yet the Lord kept it alive; and though I cannot limit the Lord in his work, or set up my experience as a standard, yet I declare I always find in deep exercises and under the horrid turnings up of nature's depravity, which I feel myself the subject of, that if the Lord keeps alive a sense of his covenant relationship and fatherly forbearance, it works more hatred of self and godly sorrow for sin, more real humility and desire to live in the fear of God all the day, than ever I felt in casting away my confidence. I consider that the Lord favoured me at that time with the confidence of faith, as he has often done since, while very far from the joys of it; and I think there is a great distinction to be made in this, which in our childish days we do not understand. I knew that the work of Christ for his people was a finished work, and was satisfied of my personal interest in it, but I believed I should go with broken bones to the end, and have told the Lord to make me anything, and do anything he pleased with me, so that he did not leave me to myself and my own ways; but the Lord knew I was a hypocrite in this, for I wanted to rest in these confessions, and, as I thought, humility. But, bless his precious name, he says, "I will purely purge away thy dross, and take away thy tin, and then shalt thou offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." At that time a situation occurred which I was very reluctant to fill, and I begged earnestly of the Lord, if it was his will, that he would open some other door, but I had these words applied with power; "Whosoever loveth his own life more than me is not worthy of me. Take up thy cross and follow me; for without me ye can do nothing." Again; "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me;" and I was enabled to plead, in the words of the psalmist, "Forsake not the work of thine own hands." As soon as I got into my place, I had these words applied; "The Holy Spirit witnesseth that in every place afflictions abide me." I could not say as Paul, "None of these things move me;" for sickness weakened my body, and I had no such nearness of access to my God as in times past. I prayed,

“Lord, keep me, and give me strength equal to my day;” and then these words came; “Strength enough, and none to spare,” and the last two verses of Hart’s 15th hymn;

“But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path,” &c.

These I found to be words in season; but my rebellious, dissatisfied disposition, though much mortified, was not humbled under this dispensation. I had begged of the Lord to make me anything, yet was dissatisfied with everything; but one morning he was pleased to give me the following words; “Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.” (Prov. iii. 5, 6.) O how I was brought down before him by these words! but I was soon upset again; care for temporal things, and rebellion at the dispensations of God in providence, dried up all my moisture, and I was at times as one suffocated. Often have I cried, “deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink; let not the pit shut her mouth upon me.” Blessed be the Lord, he taught me by these exercises that “man doth not live by bread alone,” and also that his word is good for reproof as well as instruction. I had now applied to me the 4th verse of the 11th chapter of Ecclesiastes; and then the 1st verse; and then, “Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.”

About this time I was favoured with much instruction and encouragement in reading Elisha Coles on the Sovereignty of God, William Huntington’s Contemplations on the God of Israel, and Romaine’s Life and walk of Faith. I had now 1 Pet. i. 7, applied, and along with it the last verse of Phil. iii.; the first made me tremble, the last encouraged me; and when pleading with the Lord to show me how any glory could redound to him out of such wrath and bitterness, for I never, when under convictions for sin and in fear of hell, felt such enmity as I did at these times, Hart’s words came to my mind;

“If he rebuke for pride,
He’ll humble thy proud heart;”

and I said, “O Lord, do it by any means, only preserve me;” for I often thought I should lose my senses, “and never leave the work till thou hast established me in thy faith and in thy fear.” I had these words applied with power and much sweetness to my mind; “Surely the wrath of man shall praise him,” &c. (Ps. lxxvi. 10,) and from that time the Lord enabled me to plead them continually under my exercises, which lasted more than a year after that, and often made them good in my experience, and does to this day, for grace does not eradicate pride and impatience out of the flesh. I am at a point in this by deep experience.

I was still weak in body, and my mind tossed as in a tempest, when 1 Pet. v. 8, 9, and Rom. xvi. 20, were powerfully impressed on my mind. I tried to get rid of them, but they followed me continually. “O Lord,” I said, “I am tossed to and fro, there is no steadiness in me.” Here I was at the old work again, looking for

good fruit from the corrupt tree, and the Lord left me to try what I could produce. My rebellion and enmity increased. I seemed as if I hated God's own children, and was afraid I should say or do something to dishonour my God and distress their minds, with whom I had much to do, and to whom I was, no doubt, a source of perplexity; only one of whom understood the matter, and told me that pride and want of submission to the appointments of God was what kept me at this distance. I did not receive it, nor could I. The word of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; and the Lord by these things was bringing me to the light, to behold his righteousness as everything to me, in time and through eternity. Yet being on the road is not being at home; and though I was continually begging of the Lord to bring me to his feet, and cut off every thing that stood in the way, yet I was laying hold on every refuge of lies that indulged the flesh and grieved the Spirit. But when a sense of my hypocrisy has been renewed, and the enemy has worked on my depraved powers, and then turned accuser, I have found him a roaring lion, and I had that within that condemned me. At such times I have been obliged to leave my work, and go on my knees to beg of the Lord to keep me in my senses till he saw fit to bring me out of the pit; for he enabled me firmly to believe the Scripture last applied, Rom. xvi. 20; and at these times such words as these have been applied with great power; "He knoweth the way that I take, when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." And again; "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." Surely the words of the Lord are pure words, and surely we are kept by the power of God through faith, or where would the unwearied devil and our rebellious spirits drive us? I have said unto the Lord, "Do not condemn me; show me wherefore thou contendest with me;" then I have had these words sent home to my heart; "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," &c. (Matt. vi. 33.) All these slowed me that I was not brought to be satisfied with the goodness of the Lord, and to rest in his mercy. It pleased him about this time to give me a little light on my path, under the preached word, and much more in reading, particularly Mr. Huntington's Epistles of Faith, Part II. the 33rd letter, where he writes of his own experience; and I was astonished that one so highly taught as he should have such exercises. I began now to see in what I had erred, and I hoped that the Lord would subdue my sins, and give me a little rest; but the Lord showed me that I should exalt him, by fighting the good fight of faith in his power and might.

The enemy often makes use of means to distract and perplex the minds of many of God's dear children, and the pre-existent scheme is one. I bless the Lord he never permitted me to try to understand it. Some that I know asked me if I had read such and such writings on the doctrine of the Trinity; but, O the goodness of God! he was teaching me what this adorable Trinity is to me. The blessed Spirit did indeed appear as my teacher; he enabled me to believe that the dear Lord Jesus, who is a stone of stumbling to so many,

is the eternal Son of the eternal Father, without beginning of days or end of years, though he was pleased to veil his glory by taking on him my nature in time, to suffer, bleed, and die for such a lost, undone wretch, and that he is before his Father's throne for me and all for whom he died, where his eternal Godhead gives infinite dignity to his person and work as Mediator, and is the foundation of our hope and happiness, and of our glorying in all the characters he sustains for us. "Lord," said I, "how is it that thou wilt thus manifest thyself to me, such a rebel?" and these words came with blessed power; "There is none like to the God of Jeshurun," &c. (Deut. xxxiii. 26, 27.) O how I did sink at his feet, as the very same Jeshurun, who had in multiplied mercies waxed fat and kicked! I was so overcome with the goodness of the Lord, that I could say, "Surely to me belongeth shame and confusion of face; but to the Lord glory and everlasting praise." It seemed as if every sermon that I heard, and all I read, confirmed it; and I said, "Lord, evermore feed me with this bread;" then came these words; "This God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death." Thus, I was satisfied with the goodness of the Lord, and I believe I ever shall be, for I trust that while I am in the body, he will not suffer me to be satisfied with anything else. I go on daily learning more and more of the total depravity and pollution of my nature, and of the unwearied assaults and stratagems of a subtle devil; but there is a difference between having enemies in the house and desiring their company. The words of John, in his First Epistle, 5th chap. 14th and 15th verses, have very much encouraged me. I desire to be kept in the fear of God under all circumstances. Sin is my daily grief, yet in God is my salvation and glory; the rock of my strength and my refuge is a Triune God. I have been much refreshed in reading, in the January number, J. M'K.'s piece on the fear of God.

May the God of all our mercies raise up many living witnesses to his word and work, and bless the Editors with his presence and favour, and many of his tried ones in reading it, is the desire of,

Yours in truth,

London.

A VESSEL OF MERCY.

A FAITHFUL GOD.

"He is faithful that promised."—Heb. x. 23.

As my last was counted too long, I am afraid you will think this too short—too short of that enlivening, quickening, sealing, renewing, unctuous feeling, and bedewing influence of that blessed Spirit whose office is to anoint and seal,—seal home the promises to the hearts of God's tried ones; if so, give no place to it in your valuable *Gospel Standard*.

Since I wrote my last epistle, I have been sorely tried to give all up, that is, in having any interest in the Saviour's finished salvation; the old man of sin striving to gain the mastery over the new man; that

is, the kingdom of grace established and set up in my heart. I trust, by the Holy Spirit, the corruptions of a wicked and depraved heart boiling up and almost choking me in the gulph of despair, and leaving me, as it were, without any hope, and as one that was in bitterness for her first-born, have been in some measure subdued. (Zech. xii. 10.) The temptations of Satan would come upon me like a flood, telling me I was a deceived character, and one whom the Lord never intended to own or bless. Like Pharaoh, I seemed given up to the hardness of my own heart and dire apostacy. Prayer became quite a task to me. Sometimes I could mutter out a few words with no meaning at all; and at other times could do little else but groan out my complaint before God, "Woe is me, for I am undone;" (Isa. vi. 5;) the tempter all the while whispering in my ears that it was of no use for me to pray, the Lord would not answer me any more; and, I blush to say, that I have had such thoughts myself. O the deceitfulness of sin; what dependencies, and sinkings of heart, and rebellions against a faithful covenant-keeping God is it the author of! Talk about sinless perfection in the flesh! Away with such a doctrine as this! It may do very well for a whole hearted Arminian, or a bastard Calvinist; but one that knows and feels the plague of his own heart will never talk at this rate; he will at once consign it to hell, from whence it came. Mr. Philpot's sermon, entitled, "Winter afore Harvest," was a choice crumb from off the Master's table. I could both see and feel myself to be just the poor helpless character. My soul was sweetly drawn out in praise to the dear Lord for his love towards one of the most vile, miserable, and wretched creatures that was ever permitted to taste redeeming grace and dying love; but darkness that might be felt, and that was felt, came over my mind again, and all was cold within, and I felt to have no love to God, his people, or his ways; a cleaving to things of time and sense: no comfort or consolation was afforded me in reading the word; no binding up that which was broken, or healing that which was sick attended. The preaching that I was in the habit of hearing, (being then a member of a Baptist church, holding general principles,) was nothing but do this or do that, or it is your duty to believe, which killed me dead; but from such a nest of ungodly professors, the good Lord has delivered me. 'Tis hard work to be "tossed with tempests and not comforted." (Ps. xxxviii.; lv. 1—8; lxxvii. 1—9; lxxxviii.; cii. 1—11; Jer. xx. 7—18.) These scriptures spoke something of my case, and the Lord was pleased to give me an experimental view of them, as being the way in which his children have been led in all ages of the church.

I now come to state to you the way and manner in which the Lord was pleased again to appear for me in his garments rolled in blood. (Isa. ix. 5; Rev. xix. 13.)

On the 29th September, 1838, and two or three days previously, the hard bondage state I was in no tongue can express; weighed down with the burden of sin, too heavy to be borne, the heavens appeared as brass, and the earth as iron to my feet. I was led to cry out against the Lord for deceiving me, and bringing me thus far,

and then leaving me. Such rebellion, hardness of heart, unbelief, evil thoughts, and enmity, took possession of my heart, that I said in my sorrow, the work of grace never had had a beginning with me. I cried, If so, why am I thus? when directly this passage came to my mind; "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ;" (1 Cor. iii. 11;) and another equally as sweet to back it; "For the crying of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord;" (Ps. xii. 5;) which brought such light, life, and liberty with it, that the weight of sin was removed, darkness was made light, crooked things straight, and rough places plain; the blind received sight, the tongue of the dumb was loosed, the lame man leaped like an hart, the glorious manifestation of Jesus Christ, the God-man, was upon me; the word of God was opened to my view, and the promises were all yea and amen to the glory of God. It was now like talking face to face. O what a faithful God is our God; he is a refuge to his people from the windy storm and tempest, and where they may safely flee and be safe. Wonder at and adore, O my soul, the great goodness and condescension of thy God, whose dwelling is in heaven, that ever he should stoop to such a monster in iniquity, to such a rebellious, hell-deserving sinner; "to raise thee up from the dunghill, and set thy feet amongst princes." What a blessed thing it is to walk before God, enjoying the sweet smiles of his countenance, and looking by faith to a more enduring substance, even the enjoyment of Christ in the heavens above, when faith will be done away in sight.

Since the time above named, I have had many dark seasons, with misgivings of heart, temptations, the rage of sin within, unbelief, and every hurtful thing; but I still find the Lord to be faithful, and with holy Job I can now feelingly say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

May the Lord prosper you in your work and labour of love, is the prayer of one that has tasted that he is precious.

Near Sleaford, Jan. 31, 1839.

J. T.

THE MINISTRY.

(Extracts from Letters of Ministers.)

Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, conveying the friends' invitation for me to come and preach at Bl——, I beg to say, thanking you and them for any friendly love in Christ toward so unworthy and helpless a worm as I am, that I think it prudent and right to decline, perhaps for the present, the kind invitation you send me.

It is a great mercy, yea, an unspeakable mercy, if you, or I, or any of the Bl—— church know, (as we trust we do, some of you at least, probably,) our eternal election! Well may such poor worms, as "feeble Jews," put their faces in the dust, if they have any well-grounded evidence of being eternally elected by God the Father Almighty, (blessed supremely for ever be his precious name,) before the world began! There is much talk about religion in the

present day, and "many seek the ruler's favour; but every man's judgment cometh from the Lord." (Prov. xxix. 26.) What a marvel, therefore, of all marvels it is, if such poor worms as we are of the highly favoured number of the predestinated elect! I humbly believe, that I know my own calling and election of God; and blessed be his name, through the Holy Spirit dwelling in me, am enabled in some degree to cease not giving diligence with fear and trembling, "to make my calling and election *sure*," or clear and manifest in my happy soul's experience. But, my dear Sir, I acknowledge (and I dare say the wisest people of Bl—— will acknowledge the same,) that there is but little either assurance or faith in the present day; of the right kind, before the living and true God. No; letter-faith, presuming assurance, a "mere name to live," Calvinism in the brain, justification merely on the tongue, in the head, and in the letter; the slight convictions of merely *natural* conscience for sin, (palmed off for the fiery and glorious ministration of death by the law in the elect conscience, as preparatory there, through the Spirit, for also the supernatural revelation of Christ *there*;) baptism by water, and an ignorance of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and of fire; alas! this, with a mere natural Christianity and Calvinism, is the sad religion of the day! So that, dear Sir, if I were to come among you, I dare say I might probably have some fighting against me. Instead of building up people in a letter-Calvinism; instead of saying, "Peace," to dead members of churches; instead of setting the stamp of love on immersed hypocrites, and mere free-grace professors, who know justification by faith alone, only in the *letter*, without ever having *gone through a law-work previously*, as the only road to experimental justification in the conscience; it wants, my dear Sir, in the present day, such exceedingly bold, young, strong, pick-axe men as T—, P—, M'K—, and such like, to demolish the stacks of stubble accumulated in *churches*. This sort of work will get men no few curses, it is certain.

I beg pardon for not having returned an answer previously; the truth is, I could not make up my mind. It was not through any want of respect to you and the friends, therefore, that this letter was not sent sooner; and, with every Christian respect to you and them, believe me to be,

Your unworthy friend and brother,

Abingdon, February, 1839.

I. K.

Dear Friend and Brother,—Beloved of the Lord, and companion in tribulation in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, grace and peace be multiplied unto you from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father in truth and love, who is in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks; and he saith, "Fear not: I am the first, I am the last, I am he that liveth and was dead: and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and death." (Rev. i. 2.) In his dear and precious name I hail you, meet you, and greet you, and join with you to sing to him—Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, (Rev. xix. 6,) and we will crown him Lord of all. Therefore, I address you, as Paul saith, as unknown, yet well known, as dying,

and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed. (2 Cor. vi. 9.) This is a riddle that the fleshly professors know nothing of, yet every child of God knows it in measure; and also the following; "The prey of the terrible shall be delivered." (Isa. xlix. 25.) I desire to rejoice before the Lord, and to bless him on your behalf, for the displays of his sovereign grace and distinguishing mercy manifested towards you, being confident that none but the Lord can quicken a soul, and that nothing short of his strong hand can hold up or hold fast a sinner, when quickened, with the ministration of condemnation rending his soul. The guilt of sin upon his conscience, wrath revealed from heaven in a broken law against his ungodliness, the arrows of God drinking up his moisture, and the devil let loose upon him; this will cut him up root and branch. Run from the Lord he cannot; and the thoughts of appearing before him fill him with terror and dismay, and he will wish himself any thing but a sinner. His secret sins are set in the light of God's countenance; by the law he feels himself condemned as a transgressor, and by the gospel as an unbeliever. The inflexibility of justice, with its flaming sword, meets him at every avenue, and all the angels in heaven, devils in hell, and infidels upon earth, cannot beat him out of his feelings as a sinner, nor persuade him there is no God.

These things chafe the mind, rend the caul of the heart, bring down the lofty looks of man, make his belly tremble and hoil like a pot; rottenness will enter into his bones, and all his comeliness will be turned into corruption; bitter reflections will arise for past actions, and if he promise to act better for the time to come, all his purposes will be broken, and, according to his feelings, he only lives to rebel against the God of heaven. Hardness of heart is felt; the carnal mind works in enmity against God; rebellious thoughts (all evil in every way) proceed from the heart, and the devil infuses his thousands of blasphemies against the God of our mercies; the law works wrath within, and Satan, in Job's wife, says, Curse God, and die. No language can set forth the feelings of a sinner in this state: his heart meditates terror. Dreading the day of judgment and wrath to come, he hears what the law saith, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them;" and he finds that he hath transgressed against every command in word, thought, and deed; for if he offends in one point he offends in all; and here he will sink in deep waters, where there is no standing, and find himself in an horrible pit, and every thing to him appears to be an earnest of indignation, and that hell will be his portion for ever. He feels himself under the curse, and can see no way of delivery from it, and not a thought then arises in the mind that the Lord's hand is in all this.

I do desire to bless the Lord God of Israel, with you, that these things have been experienced by us. Though it was a dark, mysterious, bitter path, yet it was the right way. We Devonshire sinners are bold, presumptuous, daring, proud rebels, and the Lord knows how to break those things down and make our hearts soft, that we might walk softly before him all the days of our pilgrimage, in remembrance of the wormwood and the gall, that our mouths may be in the dust, not to be heady and high-minded, but knowing our sinfulness, that we at all times may say, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted," (Psa. xviii. 46,) and feel and know the truth, that whatever we may be as sinners, yet to us "Christ is all in all," (Col. iii. 2,) rejoicing, and saying, "Behold God is my

salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song: he also is become my salvation; therefore with joy will we draw waters from the wells of salvation." (Isa. xii.)

I now thank you for your epistle; it rejoiced my heart, and I found that we were brethren beloved of the Lord, living members of the living head; and, though born, dead in sin, enemies to God, and a great way off, yet born of God to "show forth the praises of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light." (1 Peter ii. 9.) My brother hath a long and dreary path to look back over. I suppose he doth with me wonder that we are out of hell. But "the purpose of God according to election must stand." (Rom. ix. 11.) And "the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." (Rom. xi. 7.) And we must say it is all "to the praise of the glory of his grace that hath made us accepted in the beloved." (Eph. i. 6.) It is a very dear mercy to know, that all we receive from the Lord, and all his dealings with us in the wilderness, flow from free and sovereign love, according to the eternal purposes which he purposed in Christ our Lord. (Eph. iii. 11.) And it is well to remember that the whole, from first to last, is also on the ground of dear relation to a precious Lord Jesus; yea, because we belong to Christ. (Mark ix. 41.) And Jesus saith, "All mine are thine, and I am glorified in them." (John xvii. 10.) And he also saith, "All that the Father hath given me shall come to me, and he that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) Therefore, however trying and crooked the way may appear to us, they shall and must come; and "he that hath wrought us for the self same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit." (2 Cor. v. 5.) And thus "we are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works," &c. (Eph. ii. 10.) As we have been thus taught the depths of iniquity, and the depths of Satan, it hath made us loathe ourselves in our own sight for all our abominations. (Ezek. xxxvi. 31.) And nothing now will do but a whole, free, full, finished, and eternal salvation, by Jesus Christ our Lord; and we have in him salvation and eternal glory. (2 Tim. ii. 10.) And, blessed be the Lord, we are completely turned off from the Arminian rocking-horse of do, do, do; killed to all intents and purposes to the damnable doctrine of the Arian, Socinian, Unitarian, in their denial of the doctrine of the Trinity; for we are witnesses of election by God the Father; (Eph. i. 3, 4;) redemption, salvation, and justification by God the Son; (Heb. ix. 12; Matt. i. 21; Acts xiii. 38, 39;) and our new birth by God the eternal Spirit. (Heb. ix. 14; John iii. 6.) And so we have communion with the Holy Three that bear record in heaven, by the three that bear witness on earth. (1 John v. 7, 8.) "And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 4—7.) And, blessed be the Lord, as we experience these and other mercies from the Lord, our faith and hope will centre in its proper object and subject, namely, in God. (1 Peter i. 18—21.) And our faith will not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. (1 Cor. ii. 5.) And as Jesus was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification; (Rom. iv. 25;) therefore, being justified, by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. (Rom. v. 1.)

The foregoing hath flowed to the mind in reference to your letter, and I add that the whole *contents* of it were opened to my mind in a dream one week exactly before I received yours, and I know the man and his communications, and saw the *brand* plucked from the burning. I find we were about sixteen miles asunder; I at Kingston, three miles

from Modbury, and you I believe at Dartington, two miles from Totness. I was in the church once on a Sunday when the volunteers were at Totness, (so was the writer at the same time,) but the greatest mercy is that we were included with those that Peter saw in the sheet knit at the four corners; and although all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air, (Acts x,) were in it, yet not one of them ever got out, but were all received up into heaven; and though Peter called them common and unclean, yet the Lord said, "What God hath cleansed, call not thou common," &c. I trust this will find you in the sweet employ of a spiritual mind, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. (Heb. xii. 1, 2.) "Now consider Him that endured such contradictions of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." (Heb. xii. 2, 3.)

And we will sing a note or two before we close; "Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev. i. 5, 6. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom and strength, and honour and glory, and blessing." (Rev. v. 12.) I do still pray, hope, and trust, that the Lord will cause his blessing to rest upon the little book. I call it my Samuel with his little coat, and child of many prayers, and I have found it true to this day, that what begins in prayer will end in praise. If you have time and a mind so to do, I shall be glad to hear from you again; and should the Lord our God bring me up again to London this year, I hope to see my brother full of joy, and to talk together of what the Lord hath done for our souls. Peace be with thee, and my love to the saints in Christ with you, and the Lord be very gracious unto you all, that you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Yours in his precious Lord Jesus,

Plymouth.

A. TRIGGS.

My dear Friend,—I received your kind letter yesterday morning, and take the earliest opportunity of answering it. I feel obliged to you and the friends at M— for your kind invitation, but the state of my health forbids me to comply with it. If the Lord should in mercy favour me with better health soon, I should by no means be strong enough and fit to supply in so large a chapel as yours. I have been obliged to decline supplying at B— this month, and feel reluctant to make any engagement for the present, even at a small chapel. If the Lord should restore me through mercy to my former health and strength, I intend to return to A— for a time before I go elsewhere. I have been laid aside for some time, as I preach but once on the Lord's day that Mr. P— is not here. I trust upon the whole I may say I am better, but I am by no means well, and sometimes I think that I never shall be. I wish to be resigned to the Lord's will, but it is hard to say, let the Lord's will be done. I have lived long enough to find that there is nothing in this world worth living for, and that all things are full of labour, and that nothing will satisfy. Yet I find my flesh cleaves to things of time and sense, and that the Spirit of God must quicken and keep alive my soul, and raise my

mind to spiritual things, or dead, carnal, worldly, and sensual, I must be. Sickness and pain cannot make us spiritual, yet they for a time seem to make us loosen our grasp of worldly things, and prevent us from being so busy in building castles in the air. I feel a poor, vile, and hell-deserving wretch, and am very sensible at times that it is a great mercy that I am out of hell. My weakness, worthlessness, and helplessness, daily teach me that salvation is all of grace, but I am ready to fret and murmur against the Lord that I know so little of the power of that blessed grace in my own soul. The friends here profess that they hear me at times with profit and power, but I can scarcely understand how it can possibly be, for I seem often to be without faith, grace, or any marks of a true Christian, and totally unfit for a pulpit. I have again and again to ask the Lord to pardon my presumption in standing up in his great name, and had I not some encouragement at times, I should be compelled, through unbelief, and the vile workings of an evil heart, to turn my back upon the gospel of Jesus Christ, which through mercy is sometimes worth thousands of worlds in my view. I find that real religion consists in learning more and more what we are, and what Christ is to us; and the life and power of true religion felt and experienced in a small measure in the soul is worth all the head-knowledge in the world. It is not what we *know*, it is what we have *felt*; and both ministers and hearers must sooner or later be measured by this standard; and I fully expect that very many will find that their religion is not of the right kind, and that their faith is only presumption, and not the true faith of the elect, which the Lord always tries. Siftings and searchings, though painful, are needful, and put us down in our right places, and lead us to speak profitably to those who are seeking to be at ease on their lees; but through exercises and trials our souls must be kept alive, and we shall ever find that creature comforts and spiritual consolations will never abound together. Friend P— desires his love. Give my love to the friends at M—.

Yours sincerely, for Christ's sake,

Oakham, January 28th, 1839.

W. T.

SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

My dear Sirs, whom I dearly love because I feel satisfied that you are the dear children of God,—Do you think it possible for any poor sinner, after he has had the mercy to be able to say, without any doubt on his mind, as Thomas did, "My Lord and my God," to think he is nothing but a base hypocrite, and to be brought to the conclusion that he has no part or lot in the matter; that after all, there is no *real* work of grace begun on his poor soul? O my dear Sirs, I am in such a wretched state, that I often wish I had never been born. If you will read the 3rd chapter of Job, you will there see the state of my poor wretched mind. When I last wrote to you, I begged of you to join with me in praising the Lord for

what he (I did then hope) had done for my poor soul; but now I fear there is no hope for me. I cannot pray; I cannot love the Lord (though I would give all the world if I could); I cannot read my Bible; I cannot do anything. I am as Mr. L., the minister whom I sit under, says, a complete bankrupt. I have partly given up prayer, as I have nothing to say but, "Lord, convert my poor soul." When I do go, I am, as it were, dragged on my knees, and my language is, "Lord, have mercy on my poor wife and family. O convert *their* poor never-dying souls! O grant that *they* may be thy dear children, though I fear I am lost for ever! O grant that they may be converted!" I often beg of God to keep me from openly sinning, so that I may not bring a disgrace upon the cause of God. This is the state of my poor, wretched mind, and what to do I know not. I sometimes think of putting an end to my existence, as then I should know the worst of it; for no poor sinner out of hell can feel worse than I do at times. I often think,

"What, if MY name be left out,
How shall I among them stand?"

O what an awful thing it is to have no God to go to! I assure you that I feel, as it were, lost; the world can give me no comfort; my friends and relations can give me none; my dear family can give me none; and I go about from day to day ready to quarrel with every body and every thing that I meet with. I go mourning all day without the sun, and say as poor Job did, "Thou art become cruel to me." I am often ready to curse my dear parents, when I think that they were the means of bringing such a wretch into existence. I fear his mercies are clean gone for ever; and that he will be favourable no more.

No doubt but you have the works of Mr. Huntington. I read his sermon on the Child of Liberty in Legal Bondage the other night, and it gave me a little hope that I am one of those children, as he speaks just the same as I feel. I often say to myself, "Well, you see you are lost for ever; you see there is no hope for such a sinner as you are; you may as well go into the world again, and enjoy the pleasures of it." But, my dear Sirs, the world has no pleasures for me. I often say,

"Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more."

Sometimes I think, Well, after all that, the work is begun upon my poor soul, and if it is, O what a mercy it is to know that it will be carried on, in spite of men or devils. Yes;

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

I am sometimes sorely tried and exercised in providence; every thing seems to go wrong with me in temporal as well as spiritual matters; so that my path is so hedged up that I know not which way to take for the best. I often think I should not care what temporal troubles I had to go through, so that I could enjoy the presence of Christ in them, but it is hard work to be in trouble and to have no God to go to.

Now, my dear Sirs, if you think there are any of the readers of the *Standard* that are exercised in the way that I am, be kind enough to let these few lines have a place in it; or if you think it will be the means of some of your correspondents seeing them, that they may be the means of giving me a lift by the way; if not, commit them to the flames.

London, February, 1839.

C. K. B.

Beloved Brethren in the Lord our Saviour,—In a strange way a few copies of the *Gospel Standard* fell into my hand, and ever since I have seen and read them I have felt a deep interest in the work, and have said to myself, bow, or in what way shall I procure all the numbers that have been published? and after all my thinking, I have concluded that I would sit down and write you a few lines, though it is with no small feelings of reluctance, for I am an ignorant and unlearned man; but the divine love within me constrains me, and I remember that it is written, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to nought things that are. Were it not so, I should not attempt to address you, for I feel my great weakness, and that I am but a small vessel, yet I feel glad and happy because I am nothing, and less than nothing, and that the Lord Jesus Christ is all and all to me, and that when I am weak then am I strong. The blessed Saviour is my life and my strength. Words cannot express the feelings of my happy soul upon this subject. O, what a blessing it is to be dead to self and worldly things, and lost in the great King of kings; to have no confidence in the flesh, but to rejoice in Christ Jesus, and to count all things loss and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, and be found in him, not having our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.

I see by the *Gospel Standard* that I have divine relations in England. I should be very glad to see them, and to say unto them, "Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will declare unto you what he hath done for my soul." I have many, many things to say that I cannot well with ink and pen write unto you. Suffice it to say, that it is fourteen years since the blessed Lord gave me to know his love; since which time the gracious Saviour has led me in a marvellous way, a way that I knew not, and in paths that I had not known. He hath made darkness light before me, and crooked things straight; and many times, when I have been saying, "All these things are against me," they have been the very things for my good. The first six or seven years of my experience, I had life, but not liberty. I was like Lazarus; I was raised from the dead, but had on my grave clothes, and knew nothing of the blessed liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. I knew not how by faith to

"Sail o'er seas of endless light,
And traverse fields of glory bright."

Before faith came, I was kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed. The most of the time I suffered great distress of soul. I had no one to tell me that salvation was all of the free grace of God, and that by the obedience of one

shall many be made righteous; but I can now see that the hand of the blessed Lord was in it all, and that he was leading me from myself to himself. O, what a self-righteous and self-sufficient creature is man while in a state of nature, shut up in unbelief. But he must be led out of self, and shown by the great Teacher that it is not to him that doeth this or that, or that worketh many things, is the reward reckoned; but to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Here lies the great secret which none can know but those to whom it is given. For the natural man, or the self-righteous, receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. We live in the latter times, when there is a great and awful departure from the faith, and but few seem to know any thing of the highway upon which the ransomed of the Lord return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and it is to be feared, that what was said of Israel of old, is applicable to thousands and thousands of the present generation; "But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law, for they stumbled at that stumbling stone;" and it is still true that this way is disallowed of men: it is a way above reason and nature. The world by worldly wisdom knows not God. I am telling you of things as they are in this country. The half I have not told; neither can I. Is it so in England?

"O, the vain conceit of man,
Dreaming of a good his own;
Arrogating all he can,
Though the Lord is good alone.

"Learn all earth, that feeble man,
Sprung from this terrestrial clod,
Nothing is, and nothing can;
Life and power are all in God."

Can you in some way, or by some person that is coming to this country, send me all the numbers of the *Gospel Standard* that have been printed, or that may be printed? I feel desirous for them to be introduced here. They might prove a blessing to many a lost sheep of the house of Israel. My love in the Lord to you, and all that belong to the household of faith that are in England. May grace, mercy, and peace rest upon you; and when you write for the *Standard* may love divine and faith divine direct your pen.—Amen.

Newark, New Jersey, Feb. 16, 1839.

MAHLON FORD.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE. .

(Extracted from *Private Letters*.)

My dear Parents,—I had intended to write to you six weeks ago; but the Lord's ways are not our ways; for that morning I was taken very ill indeed; and though the Lord in some measure blessed the means used for my temporary relief, yet nine nights passed over before I was allowed even to have my bed made. The doctor would feel my pulse for ten or fifteen minutes at a time, and said I was indeed very low, both in body and nerves. Through the kind pro-

vidence of God, I feel better than I expected for the time, as I am now able to sit up part of the day, and knowing that you would expect a letter, I determined to write. We could only get a nurse in the day, and she took to drinking, when I had been ill a week. It was the coldest day ever remembered here, for though we had a small stove in the room, it was noon before I dared even to put my forehead out of the blankets, for it seemed keen enough to cut the skin right off. * * *

It is true I have been afflicted, but in the midst of all I had my consolations. I have often thought, when reading the sufferings of my Lord and Saviour, that there was no heart so hard as mine. But in the midst of my sickness, I was led to view my sufferings only as a straw compared to what my Saviour had suffered for me. To behold him in the garden of Gethsemane, sweating great drops of blood for a wretch like me! To behold him arraigned at the bar of Pilate, answering nothing to the accusations of his enemies, standing there as my Surety! I felt there was no sin that I was not in heart guilty of; and thanks be to God for having kept me from putting some of them into execution. I was then led by faith to view my Saviour on the cross, forsaken by all but his enemies, and when athirst, offered vinegar and gall to drink, while a wretch like me had everything I needed. I had the smiles of my Saviour, but *he* cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I cannot describe to you how I felt. I was crumbled into nothing. I wept, and I praised, and adored his lovely name. What! my salvation finished and secured! Was it impossible for me ever to fall out of the arms of everlasting love? O! I cannot tell you what I felt. It was almost more than my poor weak body could bear. Surely I may say it was good for me to have been afflicted. I still feel the sweetness of it, and I trust I shall never forget it, till I fly to his kingdom to sing, "Free grace for ever!" O what a happy day that will be for such a sinner as I. I would write more, but do not feel able.

Give my love to Mr. M'K., Mr. T., Mr. P., Mr. I. K. I feel a union to a great many in the *Gospel Standard*. Give my love to all friends whom I once knew in church fellowship. O how I long to enjoy the earthly courts of my God; but the Lord can make up the loss.

Yours, I trust, in the best of bonds as well as natural ties,
Taunton, America, Feb. 13, 1839.

PHEBE H.

My dear Friend and Brother in the Lord Jesus Christ,—I now write to you as my brother David, for I can assure you that I have and do feel Jonathan's love to you; and what I have felt to you this morning before I arose from bed, the Lord alone knows. But there I lay, and in my mind and feelings I write to you in all the feelings of love and contrition. O what a blessed, sweet feeling is this, and how the Lord lays you upon my heart in love; bless his dear name for it. Now, I thought I could truly say, with the psalmist, that "I watered my couch with my tears," and it was with tears of heavenly love, the dear Lord was so gracious and so good to me; and

why my mind should be so led out to you, as it was, I know not; but, blessed be the Lord's most holy and dear name that it was so, for the dear Lord appeared so loving and so kind to me, one of the unworthiest this side of hell. O! it breaks my heart to pieces to think of his loving-kindness towards me, for he showed me that, when my heart backslides from him, then he gives me a frown, which causes me to go with confessions and entreaties for him to forgive me; and then I have found the bowels of his compassion to yearn over me again, and I am clasped again to his loving heart, and am wrapt in his everlasting arms, and I have a promise that he will never leave me nor yet forsake me. O! it seems now, at this time, almost too much for me, for I feel myself a filthy, vile wretch, resting in the arms of everlasting love and mercy. I had, this morning, such a sense of his divine love and mercy to my soul, as I have not had for some time past. The dear Lord has highly favoured me these few weeks past, so that my soul has been led forth with blessing and praises to his dear name. Now, the Lord knoweth that I love both you and yours with a true love, for I have had sweet communion with you both, so that my soul has been knit unto you; and, O how my soul laboured with the Almighty this morning for you, that you might be full of the Holy Ghost, and that divine love might inflame your hearts; but, at the same time, this scripture rolled over in my mind, saying, "He that is married careth for the things of the world, how he may please his wife; and the woman, how she may please her husband;" which I know, and so do you, is quite right, if it does not come betwixt the heart and God, which I have known a little of, and have felt keenly for it; but I do believe the Almighty has set his love upon you both; and that when you end this life, it will be in the true faith of the Son of God, and you will enter into the mansions of eternal bliss and glory. Now, I write this as the true belief of my heart, with a feeling sense of the same. I have felt truly sorry that there has been so little communion between us lately; but I can say, and blessed be the Lord's dear name for it, that I have held sweet communion with him; and now, being taught by the word of God and guided by the Spirit, I have but one object to look unto, and that is Jesus; and but one way to get anything from him, and that is by faith, which stands in the operation of God; and, having this evidence in my soul, it brings me into sweet union with Christ, where there is free, full, and eternal salvation, which is made ours, feelingly, by believing. Blessed be God, he has the ordering of all things, and is in every event, for not a sparrow falls without his notice, not a hair of our head but is numbered, and the Lord knows that I would wish to leave all my cares in his hand, for him to manage them for me.

Dear friends, I wish we were more feelingly acquainted with our dear Jesus; yet, I believe, I do know a little of him, and this is a blessed knowledge indeed. Believe me, it is something like a paradise here below, when we have the sweet smiles of his gracious face, and the rich embraces of his heavenly love, which melt and run through our inmost souls; but this is a subject that has no end, and

I cannot describe my feelings to you as I would wish; but this one thing I say, that when we meet in glory, nothing will interrupt us there, but all will be love and joy, and our faith will be swallowed up in bliss.

May God bless you with his love, and I remain, yours in the bonds of love which cannot be broken,

OMEGA.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The Things that Remain. A Sermon. By Charles Drawbridge.—Bennett.

This sermon was preached from Rev. iii. 2, "Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die, for I have not found thy work perfect before God." The design of it appears to be, to stir up those churches which Mr. D. considers to be the true churches of Christ, to put into practice the injunction of the text. He mentions some of the things which remain, such as decision for God and truth, unity of spirit in divine matters, gospel light upon evidence of interest in Christ, zeal for God and truth. He also notices some of the evils of those churches. There are some good and true remarks, and some plain honest dealing in this sermon; but from the description Mr. D. gives of those churches which he considers true churches of Christ, we should rather conclude most of them to be false ones. And as to the mode of the remedy, how the things which remain are to be strengthened, we must say, it is not according to the mystery of God; a natural man might do it all; it is all the actings and doings of the creature; not a word of the Holy Ghost being concerned with it. If Mr. D. had kept in mind, and, from soul experience, dwelt on that solemn truth, "Without me ye can do nothing," we think he would have honoured the Lord the Spirit a little more, in showing that it is he that worketh in his people to will and to do of his good pleasure. Unless the power of God the Holy Ghost move the soul, and work in it with power, all outward doing will be but wooden work.

Seven Spiritual Letters. By the late Henry Fowler.—Bennett.

These letters were written at an early age of the author, the last of them being dated in the year 1805. They clearly show that the same precious truths which the author experienced and preached to the end of his life, were known and experienced by him at an early age. It is somewhat gratifying to see his experience so sound, and his judgment so clear so long time back. They will be found interesting to the people of God, particularly to the author's flock.

The Hand of God in the Conversion of the Rev. William Hague.—Simpkin & Co.

This little pamphlet is a brief and simple statement of the life, conversion, and call to the ministry of Mr. William Hague, Baptist minister, Scarborough, and of the rise and progress of the Baptists in that place. It is a very pleasing, simple, and interesting statement of these facts, and shows very strikingly the sovereignty of God in changing Mr. Hague's heart, and calling him to the ministry; and though we believe, from what is stated, Mr. H. must have been a God-fearing man, yet the tone of the pamphlet savours too much of the rotten professors of the day, for instance, styling ministers *Rev.*, &c. We should judge him to have been in connexion with the rotten Baptists, falsely called "Particular Baptists," who, whatever they may have been formerly, are now sunk as deep in a *dead profession* as any branch of the rotten professors of the land.

POETRY.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel."

Great Shepherd of thy chosen flock, Attend my humble cry; O lead me to refreshing streams, Or I grow faint and die.	But barren pastures there I found, Nor cooling streams were there. Then like a wandering sheep I mourn'd, My Shepherd bent his ear, Restored me from those devious paths, And wiped the trembling tear.
Thy voice I've heard, thy fold I love, Where kindred spirits meet; And there my sighs I've intermix'd, While bending at thy feet.	Yet still, O Lord, I need thy aid, For silly sure am I, A giddy head, a loathsome heart Urges my feeble cry.
Led there by thee, on thee I feast, A field of rich supplies, And solaced with thy presence there, How bless'd each minute lies.	But sick and worried as I am, I cannot live from thee; The living bread, the well of life Art thou, O Christ, to me.
Strangers have often hail'd my soul, And I too oft gave ear, Calne.	

W. LUSH.

THE DESIRE OF A DAUGHTER OF JERUSALEM.

"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine. Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee."—Sol. Song i. 2, 3.

O come, let him kiss me, and tell me he's mine,
His love is much stronger than En-gedi's wine;
The words of his mouth are much sweeter to me
Than clusters of grapes hanging on the vine tree.

His mouth is most sweet; yea, the sweetest of sweets!
Say all the fair virgins that my lover greets;
His favours are life, and his kisses go free;
Come, let him embrace me; O! "let him kiss me."

Fair Eve, the first virgin that Satan beguiled,
Was given to Adam, before sin defiled;
And my lovely bridegroom has whisper'd to me,
I am his undefiled from eternity.

The fragrance of paradise soon pass'd away,
For sin brought the plague there in less than one day;
But my lovely fair one, who came from above,
Brings life everlasting, and heavenly love.]

Thy name is like ointment of sweetest perfume,
More pleasant than lilies and roses in June;
The words of thy mouth are most sweet words to me,
And Zion's fair daughters all say they love thee.

Come quicker, come faster, come fly o'er the hills;
Thy name and thy ointments shall cure my worst ills;
Thy name can delight me, for that name is love;
It makes my heart leap, and my bowels to move.

I sicken with love, then I redden with shame;
Again my heart dances at the sound of his name;
The blood from his temples, the tears from his eyes,
Now fill me with wonder, love, grief, and surprise.

O, love everlasting, in infinite rounds;
O, love overflowing, a sea without bounds;
I live in his love, in his ocean I swim,
Though lost in myself, here I am found in him.

This love, when revealed, my spirit regales,
I seek for retirement in some lonely vales;
I pour out my sorrows, I mourn like a dove,
Till Zion's fair daughters all say I'm in love.

I really believe it, still love's such a grief,
To sigh on his bosom is certain relief;
To pour out my anguish, is ease from my pain,
When absent, I sigh till I see him again.

Great Dunmow.

A WATCHMAN.

ENJOYMENT.

Sweet is the hour, my dearest Lord,
When sacred love o'erflows my heart,
What solid pleasure through thy word,
Thy Holy Spirit doth impart.

When I can see his lovely face
To wear a smile, and look on me;
How great the pleasure, large the grace
Unmerited, 'tis purely free.

The world sinks low, appears but nought,
When Christ to me is all in all;
'Tis then my soul is sweetly taught
With love and joy to prostrate fall.

I feel a heat within my breast,
Easily felt but not explained;
I taste his love, my choice bequest;
My soul to him is sweetly chain'd.

I hear the words of peace and love,
His mouth most sweet pronounce with pow'r
He tells my soul to look above,
And see the rose, a lovely flower.

The Rose of Sharon, sweet the smell;
Touch it, a scent it leaves behind,
Which suits my drooping spirits well,
And cheers the faintness of the mind.

Without my Lord what should I do?
May I be never left to try;

Though to lose sight is nothing new;
Yet he still guards me with his eye.

I leave him oft for other things;
For other things he ne'er leaves me;
I fly away on fancy's wings;
His mind is fix'd eternally.

Why did he love a wretch like me?
Because he would, bless his dear name;
That he did love a proof I see,
In life, in death, 'tis all the same.

When did his love begin to burn?
It ne'er begun, 'twill never end;
It knows no shadow of a turn;
To all his saints it doth extend.

His love to souls was so intense,
Though in full glorious state he shone;
He came, though at a vast expense,
His bride to save; the work is done.

What was the vast expense he paid?
His precious blood; yea, his own life:
His Father's wrath was on him laid,
Due to his church, his mystic wife.

He died! but lo, he lives again!
And sends us tokens of his love,
Though now on earth but mortal men,
We soon shall see his face above.

T. F.

AN ACROSTIC—GOSPEL STANDARD.

G od, who his sovereign power displays,
O it leads by various means and ways;
S ome feel convictions, sore and strong,
P erplexed with guilt for pardon long;
E ach who is brought to feel his case,
L ongs for the Saviour's saving grace.
S ome in a mother's path are brought
T o know the Lord, but yet are taught
A ll they can do they helpless are,
N o creature shall God's glory share;
D eep are his counsels, who shall make
A rule for God which way to take?
R egardless of man's wisdom still,
D ivinely works his sovereign will.

G o, sound aloud the Saviour's name,
O'er all the world his love proclaim;
S ound loud the trump of gospel grace;
P reach Christ alone, and man debase;
E quipp'd with love and holy zeal,
L et sinking souls sweet influence feel,
S aints' feet revive, and sinners brace
T he depth of God's almighty grace.
A lmighty God, whose sovereign hand
N o power created can withstand,
D escend, and let thy power be felt,
A nd let our hearts in wonder melt;
R eluke the tempter's bellish spleen,
D ear Lord, and let thy hand be seen.

VERMIS.

It is very useful for sincere and gracious persons to know and meditate on Paul's doctrine concerning the contests between the flesh and the spirit. When I was a monk, if at any time I happened to feel the motion of any bad passion, I used to think my hope of salvation was over. I struggled in a variety of ways, both to overcome my bad passion and to quiet my conscience, all in vain; the lust of the flesh returned, and I was harassed with thoughts of this kind; Thou hast committed this, or that sin, thou art impatient, thou art envious, in vain hast thou entered holy orders. Now, if I had rightly understood Paul's doctrine of the flesh lusting against the spirit, I should not so long and so miserably have afflicted myself; I should have reflected, and said, as I do at this day, in similar situations, "Martin, as long as thou remainest in the flesh, thou wilt never be entirely without sin; thou art now in the flesh, and therefore thou must experience a contest with it;" and this agreeable to what Paul says; "The flesh resisteth the spirit."—*Luther*.

THE
G O S P E L S T A N D A R D,
OR,
FEEBLE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT.

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

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

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

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

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Vol. V.

EVIL DOERS.

The first place where the word "evil-doers" occurs in the word of God, as far as I am aware, is in Job viii. 20: "Behold God will not cast away a *perfect man*, neither will he help the evil-doers." Thus a "perfect man" and an "evil-doer" are shown to be diametrically opposite the one to the other; as much so as the antipodes. Of these the head of the one is directed one way, and the head of the other another way; and their feet are set against each other; and though the earth should revolve to all eternity, they never could come together so that the north and south pole should be one and the same. But, nevertheless, an inhabitant of the north may come or be brought to the south, if the will and the means be present. Even in this wise, God has made an eternal difference in the standing and position of his elect and the devil's reprobate children. The kingdom of God and the kingdom of Satan are the two antipodes in the spiritual world, and never will meet; though God's elect, who, by nature, are born in sin, in the devil's kingdom, shall, by God the Spirit, be every one brought out of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, being made a willing people in the day of his power.

Christ is the only perfect man (in himself) that ever was; for he is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, made higher than the heavens. He is "the man that is the fellow (or compeer) of the Lord of Hosts;" being God himself, and, consequently, equal with God the Father and with God the Holy Ghost in the divine essence or nature, which is but one, as shown in 1 John v. 7. And his becoming man and the servant of God, detracts not from his personal glory, nor divides the essence; for it is impossible that the Godhead should suffer diminution, or detraction of glory, or of any essential attribute. It must be remembered also, that Christ is not inferior to the Father and

the Holy Ghost, though he *humbled himself*. Not "was humbled." No, he did it himself, by his own will, according to his previous covenant engagement with the Father, for an especial purpose, viz., that by becoming a *perfect man* in his divine person, or taking a perfect manhood into union with his divine essence, he might, as God-man, perfectly fulfil the law which man had broken, and perfectly satisfy divine justice by his divine offering of himself in the manhood, and so might make his fallen elect sheep perfect men in himself, by this his perfect work, undertaken and carried through to completion by him, acting as the responsible Head, and God-chosen and accepted Representative and Surety of the members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. His *perfect work*, therefore, as God manifest in the flesh, hath already rendered and made the elect *perfect* as regards their judicial state before God in the concern of their final salvation. But no man can take this honour (lawfully and without presumption) to himself, and say, "I am perfect in Christ," unless he has been made the recipient of divine grace by the operation of the eternal Spirit in his soul. There is a perfect internal work to be performed in the heart in those who are externally (i. e. as regarded by God in Christ) complete in him who is the head of all principality and power. And this internal work of the Spirit alone can make manifest to an elect soul that he is not a goat, a vessel of wrath, or a natural brute beast, made to be taken and destroyed. The vessel must be marred by conviction of sin, and of having destroyed itself, before it can be made over again another vessel, as seemeth good to the heavenly potter. Fleshly perfection, which is the devil's hammer-cloth on which he rides the asses to hell which are not redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, (Exod. xiii. 13,) must be rent in sunder, and sensibly rotted by the filth of the flesh which wove it, and the filthy garments must be taken away. The stink of sin must come into the nostrils which once were regaled with it as with a sweet odour. The hand-writing must be seen against it, and the soul taught to feel that it is already, in God's decree, eternally damned or eternally saved. Christ, as a perfect Redeemer whose blood cleanseth from all sin, must be savingly revealed in the heart; Christ, as Jehovah our Righteousness, must be apprehended by the hand of faith, and put on thereby by the operation of God in the soul; sin must be felt to be blotted out, and an everlasting, divine, and God-glorifying righteousness to be imputed freely, without money and without price; repentance unto life must be *felt* and experienced, and not notionally held or prated about; God's love must be shed abroad, and his fear put, by the Holy Ghost, in the new heart given unto us, *before* any man dare, or can say, from a heart made honest and faithful before God, "*I am a perfect man*," such as God says Job was. (Job i. 1.) And even after a soul has enjoyed the full assurance of faith, he will say this more often with *trembling* than with unshaken confidence; yea, he will rejoice with trembling, knowing the hypocrisy and deceit of his desperately wicked heart. Nevertheless, God will not cast away a perfect man, that is so in the sense I have given.

But now for his antipode, *an evil-doer*.—O how little are these characters known and understood in the nominal church of Christ! It is usual for people to think those only are evil-doers whose actions are outwardly profane, licentious, and immoral; or, at the furthest, who hold false doctrines, and propagate them deceitfully to the hurt of souls. But, alas! Satan is too cunning a deceiver, too piercing and crooked a serpent not to know that such tools will not do half so much work as a correct-doctrined, correctly-behaved, outwardly-mo-

ral, zealous, and meek-spirited evil-doer, such as is described in Job viii. These insinuate themselves into the favour and affections of God's living family by their great plausibility and pretended hatred of sin, of themselves, and of all that is not really born of God. And when they have so far succeeded, they soon begin to infuse their venom and to practice their hell-born craft. They are too wise to bring forth their poison at first, or to let it be seen; because they know it would be regarded with horror, and their mask would be torn off, making manifest that they are of their father the devil, who was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth; but they try, though they never can succeed, (John x. 28—30,) to poison God's people, and to slay them by little and little, as I have heard that the savages do those they hate, giving them a slow, imperceptible, and tasteless poison in their food as often as opportunity offers, which begins by making the victim low-spirited and weak, which seems to be only a natural infirmity. But the poison works surely, and they lose their appetite, cannot walk, at times grow dizzy, and pine or waste away so gradually that no one would suppose it to proceed from any thing more than what is common to all in the ordinary course of human affairs. Thus the murderer effects his vile purpose without suspicion, and gloats over his victim, whom he caresses to the last gasp. Now, can it be thought that the devil is not so wise as a heathen savage; that the father of lies is less crafty than his own children, whom he hath begotten and instructed? Surely not; for the generation of religious vipers could not work if that crooked serpent did not aid them with his infernal wisdom and devilish mixtures. Of all death-plotting savages, the religious, dead-hearted, make-believe, whining, or joy-filled believing-infidels are the worst. Such as "creep into houses, and lead captive silly women, (and men too,) laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, (harboured and transacted in secret,) having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. Now as Janues and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist (not violently or openly, perhaps, but still as surely) the truth: men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith. But they shall proceed no further (than God sees fit); for their folly shall be manifest unto all, as theirs also was." (2 Tim. iii. 5—9.)

These evils-doers never really feel, or have felt, the plague of their own hearts so as to cry, out of a broken and contrite spirit, unto Jesus for mercy, and so cannot speak faithfully thereof; but they lump up sin in the gross, and bring it forth in well-packed parcels, neatly tied up, and sealed with Scripture proofs. But the weight and burden of sin, the strivings against sin, the groaning and fainting under sin, the filth and the rottenness of sin, the despair it occasions, the self-loathing the deep humility of soul, the struggling in the mud, "the spreading the hands in the midst while lying in the dunghill, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim," the binding together and hardening of the spiritual affections, the feeling of a horror of great darkness, the creak overhanging cliff, the strong seal which in vain the soul tries to break, the veil on the heart, the misery of unbelief, the sighing and crying for all the abominations done in the vile body, the looking upward for help from on high till the eyes fail, the agony and racking of the mind when all past evidences seem to have been delusions of the devil, the earnestness and longing to be searched, and tried, and led in the way everlasting, the prayers of the prisoner for one drop of atoning blood to be felt, the supplications to have Christ's righteousness revealed, the horror which floods the mind because his chariot wheels tarry so

ling, because he seems to have cast off the soul, the fear that we know nothing of genuine repentance, that we are bastards begotten by Satan, and not sons of God, the thousand, yea, innumerable searchings, heavings, pantings, hungerings, thirstings, watchings, faintings, hardenings, freezings, shuttings-up, overflowings, cuttings down, self-condemnings, and roarings of the heart, these evil-doers seem totally ignorant of. O how have I felt when those I once thought real believers have appeared to me so widely different; when I have been constrained to be honest when asking myself, "do I believe they are taught and led of God?" and the answer has been, "I cannot believe it, or, if they are, I must be dead in trespasses and sins." They tell us, that talking so much and poring over what is within, is dishonouring Christ; that we should look out of ourselves to him only; that we should not do this and that, but should do this and the other, as though we possessed power to do all this if we chose to use it. O it is horrible, sickening, loathsome, disgusting! What! tell a poor wretched soul, with a mountain on his shoulders, that he ought not to think of its weight, but ought to sing in joy instead of groaning and crying because he feels even ready to be crushed to death! Whence comes all this? It must be from a dead heart. It cannot be from a living soul. Great God, thou knowest it is thy children's desire to be looking solely to Christ, and to roll their burden upon him, that he may sustain them; but they cannot, they are weak and feeble, and sore broken in the place of dragons, and, as dear Hart says, their language is,—

"How can a burden'd cripple rise?
How can a fetter'd captive flee?
Ah! Lord, direct my wishful eyes,
And let me look, at least, to thee.
Alas! my sinking spirits droop;
I scarce perceive a glimpse of hope.

Extend thy mercy, gracious God;
Thy quick'ning Spirit vouchsafe to send;
Apply the reconciling blood,
And kindly call thy foe thy friend!
Or, if rich cordials thou deny,
Let patience comfort's place supply.

Let hope survive, though damp'd by doubt;
Do thou defend my shatter'd shield;
Oh! let me never quite give out;
He!p me to keep the bloody field.
Lord, look upon th' unequal strife;
Delay not, lest I lose my life."

O, if these chiseled death's-head professors knew the burden and misery of a soul thus shut up, and, like David's, overwhelmed with blasphemy, sin, hardness of heart, and despondency, they never would talk as they do; they would sympathize with us, and so bear each other's burden. They say also, when you feel your tongue is tied, you should talk of Christ; for *we can never talk too much of him*. But sure I am this is false; for there is a great deal too much *talking* of Christ, and very little *feeling*. If they said, "We cannot feel too much of Christ," I should say, "Amen; God grant me more feeling, and I shall never complain that thou art too liberal." But talking and jabbering will not fill my soul; it empties it: "The talk of the lips only tendeth to penury." O Lord, I have often found it so, and I have groaned because "*I am a man of unclean lips!*" I am oftentimes forced to hold my peace, fearing my own words should entangle me. I hear people talk of vital godli-

ness and of a precious Christ, who, I believe in my soul, never experienced, as I and many others have, the wretched load of *dead godliness*, (or, properly, ungodliness,) and whose hearts have been so frost-bitten and woe-begone, so stiffened and swooning, that nothing has felt precious at the time; but we could only groan and sigh out our misery because Christ is not more loved, more precious, more enjoyed, and more glorified in our almost insensible hearts, and we have learned what mean these words: "To will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not." What makes a quickened, pardoned soul so miserable, if it be not the absence of him in whose smiles alone he has experienced divine, soul-melting joy, and in communion with whom he has eaten the hidden manna of life? Is the land dark when the sun rides high in the unclouded heavens, and shines in full meridian splendour? I ween not. But when it sinks below the horizon, then it is night, and the beasts of the forest creep forth; then the old lion roars, and the way-faring man trembles; then the serpent hisses, and he fears to stir backward or forward, to the right or to the left, lest he should feel its sting piercing him, and the shooting pains of its deadly poison; the wild beasts growl, and the fogs and cold winds chill him through and through; vain then is it for any to say, "Tush! you are as safe as ever you were. What have you to fear?—a pretty soldier in truth—faint-hearted already! Do not heed such trifles; up and be doing, pray, meditate, believe, talk of Christ," &c. O this mumery, these yelling animals, these always happy, always talkative, Christ-mouthy professors! Never will they know how to comfort others until they have been in like trouble themselves, and have been comforted by God. Then, as the sufferings of Christ abound in them, their consolations also will abound by Christ, and they will profit his people, by God's blessing their tried words to their troubled souls.

As surely as any man, woman, or child, makes a profession of Christ, and knows no changes and sorrows, but is always in the light, always rejoicing, always confident, never troubled, never pinched with gnawing hunger and thirst of soul, never sorrowful, never in perils, never in darkness, in the deeps, so surely will they find these words true concerning them: "Can the rush grow up without mire? can the flag grow without water? *Whilst it is yet in his greenness, and not cut down*, it withereth before any other herb. So are the paths of all that forget (or never knew) God; and the hypocrite's hope shall perish; whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a spider's web. He shall lean upon his house, but it shall not stand; he shall hold it fast, but it shall not endure. *He is green before the sun*, and his branch shooteth forth in his garden. His roots are wrapped about the heap, and out of the earth shall others grow. Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man, neither will he help the evil-doers." (Job viii. 11—20.) Therefore saith the Lord to his mourners, "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity; for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." (Ps. xxxvii. 1—4.) Yes, thou blessed Jesus! I know thou wilt do this; for thou hast made thy servant a living witness to the truth of thy precious promise. Thou dost give thy people their heart's desires, which the blessed Spirit therein, by his grace, awakens. How have I been constrained to acknowledge this! for thou hast suddenly shone into my soul, in all thy love and beauty, when mine eyes failed for looking upward, when thou hast seemed to be regardless

of my crying and bitterness of soul, when I have knelt before thee, longing and beseeching thee to appear for my deliverance, to show me some token for good, to melt or break my flinty heart in pieces, to show me thy hands, feet, and side, which I have pierced. Yes, thou hast granted the requests of a guilty, vile, detestable, proud, filthy worm, who has tasted the riches of thy grace, who has been overwhelmed with loving-kindness by his blessed, ever-loving, and long-suffering God and Saviour, and yet has vexed, rebelled against, and wandered from thee in the folly of his heart. O wretched, wretched man that I am! never was there one so hell-deserving, so crooked and perverse. If Jesus were not Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, he never could bear with such a base, ungrateful creature of the dust, but would dash him in pieces as the potter's vessel. But no, his ways are not our ways; he is God, and not man only; he is a merciful and faithful High Priest, and can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way.

Since I first began to write these lines, what mercy, what great love, what unbounded compassion, what faithfulness have I experienced! He hath restored my soul, refreshed, and comforted me; he hath led me to green pastures, and to the still, never-moving waters of his love and free salvation; he hath shown me that though he did shut me up, it was not in anger, but in mercy, for my good, and for his people's also, over whom I am appointed (though so weak, undeserving, and rebellious) to be an overseer. Yea, and he hath done more than this; he hath done that which, if I spake not of it to his praise, the very stones would cry out and declare it; he hath saved me from what might have ended in a painful and distressing death. My night-cap, as I knelt before my God, caught in a blaze by the lamp which was on my bed sliding down against it; I was so abstracted, and my mind so occupied in pleading with my ever-wakeful, most merciful, and good Shepherd, that although it had been burning for some time, I felt it not until roused by a most acute sense of heat on the top of my head, and putting up my hand, I withdrew it filled with the flaming linen; the fire was in my hand, but it hurt me not, nor was I even frightened; for I was in that hand which secured the Hebrew youths of old from destruction in the fiery furnace, which could not singe a hair of their head. And so it was in my instance; for although the fire had burned upon, and all round my head so fiercely that all the top of my cap was consumed to tinder, yet not even *one* of my hairs was injured thereby; but the skin of my head was turned a deep yellow, and I still feel a slight pain, just sufficient to keep the circumstance fresh in my memory. O, my soul, is not this a literal fulfilment of thy Lord's own words? "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." (Isa. xliii. 2, 3.) This mercy of my God proves what I told some of my people, (this very evening, a few hours before it happened,) who wished me not to go and see a sick person because her complaint was infectious: "Neither the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor the destruction that wasteth at noon-day" can come nigh me unless my Lord hath so appointed; and if he has appointed it, come it must, whether I go or stay. "O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day; declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people. Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever." Hallelujah!!

SALVATION.

(Extract from a Letter.)

My dear Sister in Christ Jesus,—Once more my dear Lord hath spared me to take my pen in hand, to write you a few lines; and if spared to fill up this paper, I hope it will be to the glory of God, and the comfort of your soul; and you know, with me, that whatever we may say or do, if it do not bring us to the feet of a precious Jesus, there will be no comfort to our souls, nor glory to the God of our mercies. I find my mind filled with one word, given to me this morning by God himself as a morning portion; and never did I find that word rest with such power on my mind before; and the fulness of that word will not, cannot, be opened to the full by man or angel, in time or to all eternity. It is to the church of God a blessing, an eternal blessing; and I do at times feel confident that if the Lord had not called me by his grace to a knowledge of himself, I should not find that word, yea precious word, **SALVATION**, a comfort to my soul; and if God the eternal Spirit is pleased to open it to you and me, I know it will be marrow and fatness to our souls. It will give me joy to hear you are rejoicing in God your salvation. I can say, and God is my witness, it gives me joy of heart to hear his dear children singing the high praises of Him who hath done such great things for us, that will be the employ of our souls, in sounding forth his praises, throughout all eternity. It is written in Rev. v. 9, they (the children of God) sing a new song, saying, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Do read it, and also in Rev. vii. 10, "Salvation to our God," &c.; also xii. 10, "Now is come salvation;" and xix. 1, "I heard a great noise of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluiah; *salvation*, and glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord *our God*." The word of God is full, from beginning to end, with that sweet word salvation. You will find it sweet, I hope, in reading it, and I hope you will write me a letter, filled with the enjoyment you have of his dear salvation in your own soul; for none can give comfort to the child of God but God himself, and nothing will lift a precious *Jesus* on high but what is brought home by God the eternal Spirit. I know man will advance many things from the pulpit, according to his mind; but it has no power on my mind if not with a "Thus saith the Lord." Although the witness of man is great, yet the witness of God is greater; for when the Lord is pleased to bring home to my soul with power his dear word, it is firm, and, like himself, unchangeable; so that I can rejoice in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and it is of no use for man to set up a standard or evidence for me. I bless my God, I have the greatest evidence God can give in my soul. You will no doubt think I wish it. Well, my sister, I hope you will not be too hasty, and say I am wrong, (as many do,) but compare spiritual things with what I shall write. Now, my dear sister, I hope the dear Lord will give you a sweet token of his love, and cause you to rejoice in him for giving you, I trust, the same blessing as to the poor worm that now writes. The first I shall write is one that no man or angel can give: so where it is implanted in the soul, it must be from and by God himself, which is life in my soul, to *feel* a hungering and thirsting after Jesus Christ, that he only can fill or satisfy; and I will say, without any fear of being made a liar by man or any else, there never was hunger or thirst felt or known without life. I would ask you, my sister, to ponder over these things; for the more simple

the better to the poor children of God. Now, while writing on this subject, I will tell you a few more evidences I have as a sign of life in my soul, and can bless my dear Lord for them, which all professors *without life* despise; but they are too often felt, to the sorrow of my soul. You, in reading, may think they are strange evidences; but I say, in the presence of God, they are true tokens of his love to feel it, so as to bring me often to the footstool of my Lord, crying out to him, "Lord, help me, and hold thou me up, and I shall be safe," and often without a word, only a groan, vented out in tears, and many a time my dear Lord hath given me tears of joy, in bringing home with power to my poor, troubled, tempest-tossed soul these dear words, "*I am thy salvation.*" Join with me, my dear sister, to bless and praise his dear name, for his matchless love and kindness to such poor worms, in giving us, while in the wilderness, songs of praises to his dear name. It now comes to my mind what caused me to rejoice in him many a time before, and in doing so, I hope you will excuse me in speaking of myself. About two years ago I felt my poor soul overburdened with fear that the temptations I was the subject of would break out, and bring a bad name on him who was so dear to my soul in past mercies, that constantly I would be singing, "Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song," &c.; but at times my harp is hung on the willow, and the enemy of my soul very busy. But to return; I cried to my dear Lord to remove this from my mind, and fervent prayer for it went up from the very inner man, and my God heard and answered me. But, alas! I was obliged to ask my dear Lord to give me the same path again, with his blessed presence; for when these things were taken from me, I had no liberty in prayer, not even a feeling of my state, for I was in a dry, cold, carnal state, and was brought to feel with the poet, and cry out before my God,—

"For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head."

I told my Lord I would rather have the same trials and temptations, with his support, than all ease without communion with himself. I have ever since found it best to trust where I cannot trace him in my poor way; also to plead his dear word, which has many times been a great comfort to my soul in distress of mind, viz., "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus." I hope you will look over this disorderly letter. I must write as it comes into my mind. What is bad, pass over; if you should find any small portion good to your soul, give God glory for it. Now for a few of the evidences I promised to let you know, in the first part of this letter, I have from God. They are as follows, and are often *felt* to the sorrow of my soul:—First, a heart of unbelief, rebelling against God and his ways, and Satan tempting me to blaspheme his precious name. The old man (felt also) filled with all manner of combustibles, ready to burst, with my poor soul crying out to my God, "Hold thou me up, then I shall be safe." These things, my dear sister, keep me from self, and bring me often at my dear Lord's feet, to admire his unchanging love in all and through all; for he resteth in his love. At other times *I feel* a carelessness and deadness to his dear word, name, and ways, and sometimes I have comfort and joy in my soul, and can say, "Though these seasons are few, they are precious." You may think that comfort and joy is the greatest evidence; but, if there is any difference, I think it is in the former; for I fear at times my joy is the joy of the hypocrite, or stony ground hearer. But at times I can bless God the eternal Spirit for his mercy, in bringing home his own word with power to my soul, to the

glory of a precious Jesus. Then I am brought down at his dear feet with wonder, love, and praise, in his opening to me a little of that sweet word, salvation, with eternal glory. These times and enjoyments would not do always; for I assure you there are times (though but seldom) when I would not be seen by the nearest friend on earth; for his dear love enjoyed in the soul (I would say himself enjoyed) is so overwhelming, that I know not where I am, and in washing the feet of my dear Lord with my tears, I cannot tell what I have been saying to him; for I feel nothing in myself, and Jesus all in all. This gives me to see that if the poor body cannot bear a sip of the brook by the way, how could it stand eternal glory in all its boundless fulness? How needful, my sister, for our poor bodies to lie in the grave that they might be raised spiritual bodies. The little I know of these things in my soul I would not part with for all worlds and their fading glories. In all these seasons Satan was not idle. I had his company not long since, telling me that, after all I knew about salvation, there was something else I did not know; for if I was a child of God, I should know it as they did. I told him to tell me what it was I did not know. I said to him I knew I was a great sinner, and felt it, and I knew Jesus Christ was a great Saviour, and that God the eternal Spirit said "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Off Satan goes, and left poor me in the enjoyment of that blood which is dearer to me than ever; and I do find, that if that is not felt in all, there is no solid peace. Now, cannot you at times bless and praise our dear Lord for his love in your salvation, and in keeping you from running with the world in all their false pleasures? Does not this mark of his love overbalance all the fears and sorrows you pass through? Do you not find a something that bears up your mind above all the crooks and crosses you have from time to time? and have you not a desire that Jesus should be glorified in all and through all? and do you not know that all things work together for good to them that love God? You may say I should have more comfort if I knew I loved God. Do not think so, for the Lord doeth nothing in vain. I ask you, have you any desire to love his name, his ways, his word, and his people? have you any outgoing of soul to bless his dear name when any poor sinner is called from darkness to light? cannot you join the children of God in this wilderness in their song, "Unto Him that hath loved us," &c.? Be assured, He that hath begun a good work in you, will carry it on until your poor body shall be raised a spiritual body, fashioned like unto his glorious body. Then you and the poor worm that now writes, with all the blood-bought children, shall meet around the throne of God and the Lamb, singing a new song. Then it will be, without a jarring note, "Hallelujah!" Again they said, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Amen and amen."

Stonehouse, Dec. 30, 1838.

LAST BUT ONE.

THE TREACHEROUS DEALERS.

"From the uttermost parts of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous. But I said, My leanness, my leanness, woe unto me! the treacherous dealers have dealt treacherously; yea, the treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherously."—Isaiah xxiv. 16.

Christian Reader,—I have taken up my pen, to endeavour to write something that, under the blessing of the Holy Ghost, might be in some little measure to the honour of God and the comfort of your soul, if consistent with his gracious will; and I can truly and feel-

ingly adopt the apostle's language, "Who is sufficient for these things?" The Lord knows how greatly I feel my *insufficiency*. I am daily taught to know that I cannot think, speak, or write the least spiritual thing feelingly, independent of the divine operations of the blessed Spirit. To Him, therefore, I desire to look for assistance in attempting to pen a few remarks from the above passage.

The former part of the text appears to me to set forth the glorious work of Christ, and the extension of his blessed kingdom of grace in the hearts of his elect family, scattered abroad among all "nations, tongues, and people." That songs of praise to the God of all grace will be sung by God's children, redeemed from among men out of all nations, is unquestionable; but considering the limits of this little work, and the request of the editors to be brief, I will not attempt to particularise or enlarge upon the text. I therefore pass on to the second clause, "But I said, my leanness, my leanness, woe unto me!" &c. The treacherous dealers spoken of I apprehend to mean the world, the human heart, and the devil. These are treacherous indeed. All God's children have more or less to complain of these treacherous dealers; and the worst of these three bitter enemies is the child of God's own heart, or sin dwelling in him. O, my brethren, do you not find this to be true in your daily experience? If you do not, I know one who does. I have been awfully deceived since God first called me by his grace by each and all of these treacherous dealers, but never found any of them to equal the abominable and wretched deceitfulness of my own depraved heart. How frequently has it made me cry out with Paul, "O wretched man that I am," and with Job, "I abhor myself." This deceitful, treacherous heart and the devil have sometimes caused me to fall into sin, and then I have been necessitated to cry out with the prophet, "My leanness, my leanness, woe unto me!" I believe it is one great aim of Satan to cause us, if possible, to sin, and then turn accuser; darkness is almost sure to follow, and then we, like Isaiah, cry out woe against ourselves. Our evidences of grace are beclouded, we find scarcely any access at a throne of grace, the promises of the gospel we cannot possibly lay hold of, and our hope seems removed like a tree. O, the distress, darkness, and bondage that I have felt at such seasons I cannot describe! I could discover nothing but sinfulness in myself, and have questioned whether I knew anything about saving grace whatever; yea, I have concluded that I certainly never had any; I have mourned, cried, prayed, and entreated the Lord to reveal his love to my soul once more; but no answer have I had, unless it were such an one as cut me down lower, if possible, than I was. "Hast thou not procured this unto thyself," was one, and to which I have freely confessed in the affirmative, while tears of heartfelt sorrow have flowed at the sight of my abominable vileness, and I could heartily justify God in thus causing me to feel such leanness of soul, and also in my eternal condemnation. Nevertheless, to the honour of God, I must acknowledge, that when I have sometimes been on the edge of despair, I have had a sweet, powerful, and sensible lift. I well remember at one particular time, when I had been for some time pre-

vious walking in great darkness; to make my burden, as I thought, complete, it was suggested to my mind that I had most assuredly sinned against the Holy Ghost! O my, reader, I cannot possibly express the anguish of soul I felt. I really believed it was true, and that there was now no hope for me whatever: I felt almost afraid to pray; I thought it was presumption, and, indeed, I concluded it was of no use. In this state I continued some few days. If I mistake not, it was on the Tuesday or Wednesday evening when the suggestion first entered my mind, and on the Saturday following I walked out in quite a lonely place, considering and pondering over my awful state, when I seemed to be attacked more violently than ever. Well, I tried to muster up some force by looking over my past experience, &c., and just as I was about to conclude that I must be damned, I said quite out, "Well, devil, if I must dwell with you in hell, I tell you what I am determined to do, I will for ever fight against you and your damnable ways, and justify the eternal God in my damnation." In a moment I sensibly felt a calmness in my soul, a ray of precious hope was given to me; and from that time to this, I have never been in such most wretched experience. Bless God, he has many times since, I humbly trust, given me a good hope that I shall one day be with him in eternal glory. But I must beg pardon for this digression, and fearing I should trespass, I will draw to a close. My beloved, may the Lord bless you and me with grace, daily to be on our watch to war against the treacherous dealers with which we are tried, harassed, and perplexed; and may the Lord enable us to take encouragement from the following thing, that is, that there is an eternal rest remains for the children of God, where no treacherous dealers can enter. No!—

There we shall be free from our body of sin—
 There we shall ne'er mourn through defilement within;—
 No devil can enter, or ravenous beast,
 To worry our souls or perplex us the least.

Mildenhall, Jan. 15, 1839.

A PENSIONER.

BREATHINGS OF AN OLD MARTYR.

The Father of mercy and God of consolation comfort you with his eternal Spirit, my most dear and faithful loving friend, good Master Philpot, as you have comforted me by the mighty operation of the same; the everlasting God be praised therefore. Amen.

O my dear heart and most loving brother, if I should do nothing else day and night, as long as the days of heaven endure, but kneel upon my knees and read psalms, I should never be able to render unto the Lord condign thanks for his great mercy, fatherly kindness, and most loving compassion extended unto a most vile, sinful, and unworthy wretch. O that the Lord would open my mouth, and give me a thankful heart, that out of it may flow his continual praise. O that my sinful flesh, which is a cause of sorrow to me, was clean separated from me; that I might sing psalms of thanksgiving unto the Lord now and for ever; that with good Samuel's mother I might

continually record this noble verse following, and which, by good experience, I have found most true; praised be my good God therefore. The Lord, saith that good woman, killeth and maketh alive; he bringeth down and lifteth up again; yea, praised be his name, that he hath given me an experience and lively feeling of it. Blessed be the Lord God whose mercy endureth for ever; who hath not dealt with me according to my deep deserts, nor destroyed me in his displeasure when I so justly deserved it. What reward shall I give unto the Lord for all the great benefits that he hath done for my soul? I will gladly receive the cup of salvation at his hand, and will worship his name with prayer and praise. O my dear heart, yea, most dear unto me in the Lord, think not this sudden change in me to be some fickle phantasy of my foolish head, as indeed some others would surely suspect it to be; for doubtless it is the marvellous doing of the Lord, most merciful unto me, his unworthy creature. May the Lord, of his great mercy, give me grace to be more thankful unto him than I heretofore have been, and keep me that I never fall from the Saviour. And now, my dear brother, and most blessed minister of the Lord, whose beautiful feet have brought much glad tidings to my soul, what shall I do or say unto you that in the least part may recompense the fatherly affection and godly care that you have continually kept for me. O that the Lord would give me the spirit of fervent prayer, that I might yet, that way, supply some little part of my duty towards you. Ah, my dear loving friend, how soon did you lay aside all other business to make a sweet plaster for my wounded conscience; yea, and that out of a painful pair of stocks, which place must be very uneasy to write in; but the Lord brought you into a strait place, that you might instrumentally set my soul at liberty; but, off your pinching and painful seat, you have plentifully poured on me your precious word and sweet savour, whereof you have greatly refreshed my tired soul. The Lord likewise refresh you, both body and soul, by pouring the oil of his gracious Spirit on your sweet heart.

O, good Jeremiah, hath Pashur put thee in the stocks? Why, now thou hast the right reward of a prophet; thy glory never began to appear until now. I doubt not but shortly, instead of hebuzar-adan, captain of the guard, Jesus, the Son of the living God, will come and deliver thee forth from the hands of all thine enemies, and will also make good against them and their anti-christian synagogue all the words that thou hast spoken in his name. The Lord hath made thee this day a strong defended tower, an iron pillar, and a brazen wall, against the whole rabble of anti-Christ; and though they fight against thee ever so fiercely, yet they shall not overcome thee, for the Lord himself is with thee, to help and deliver thee, and he will rid thee out of the hands of the wicked. I know you are not busy in casting pearls before swine, nor in giving that which is holy unto dogs: you are much to be commended in my simple judgment, and I am sure that your circumspect and modest behaviour hitherto hath been as much to the glory of God, and shame and confusion of your enemies, as of any that are gone before you where men advise. I most earnestly

desire, with all other of your friends, that you still keep the same order with those blood-thirsty *bite-sheeps*, or bishops, as you have begun; though, in the conclusion, they will surely have your blood; yet they shall come by it with shame enough, and that to their perpetual infamy as long as this world lasts. Satan's thoughts are not unknown to you, and the depth of his subtilty is by you well foreseen; therefore, let them do whatever God shall suffer them, I am persuaded all things shall turn out for your best. Though you lie in the dark, soiled with the bishop's black coal dust,* yet you shall shortly be raised unto the heavenly light, and made as white as snow in Salmon, and be as the wings of a dove, that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold. You know the vessel which is brought to be made bright is soiled with oil and other things that it may scour the brighter. O, happy be you that you are now in the scouring house, for shortly you shall be set on the celestial shelf, and as bright as angels bright.

My dear heart, I will now, according to your loving request, cast away all care, and rejoice with you and praise God, and pray for you day and night; yea, I will now, with God's grace, sing psalms of praise and thanksgiving with you, for now my soul is turned to her old rest again. I have taken a sweet nap in the lap of Christ, and have cast my care on the Lord, who careth for me, and I will be *careless* according to my name; in that respect that you would have me. I will leave out my unseemly addition so long as I live, for it can take no place where fear, faith, and hope are resident. As soon as I read your most godly and comfortable letter, my sorrow vanished away as smoke in the wind, my spirit revived, and comfort came again, whereby I am sure that the Spirit of God was the author of it.

O, my good Master Philpot, thou art a right principle pot indeed: filled with most precious liquor, as it appeareth by the plentiful pouring forth of the same. O pot! most happy of the high Potter, ordained to honour, which does contain such heavenly treasure in the earthen vessel. O pot! thrice happy, in whom Christ hath wrought a great miracle, altering thy nature, and turning thy water into wine, and that of the best; whereout the master of the feast hath filled my cup so full that I am become drunken in the joy of the Spirit through the same. When martyrdom shall break thee, O vessel of honour, I know the fragrant savour of thy precious word will much rejoice the heavy hearts of Christ's true members, although the Judases will grudge and murmur at it, yea, and burst out into words of slander, saying it is but lost and waste.

Be not offended, dear heart, at my metaphorical speech, for I am disposed to be merry, and, with David, to dance before the ark of the Lord; and though you play on a pair of organs not very comely or easy to the flesh, yet the sweet sound that comes from them causeth me thus to do. O that I were with you in body as present as I am in spirit, that I might sing all care away in Christ, for now the time of comfort is come. I hope to be with you shortly if all things happen right, for my old friends at Coventry have put the council in

* The martyr, John Philpot, was confined in Bishop Bouner's coal cellar.

remembrance of me, not six days ago, saying I am more worthy to be burned than any that was burned before. The blessing of God upon their hearts for their good report of me. O that God would make me worthy of that dignity, and hasten the time, that I might set forth his glory. Pray for me, dear heart, I beseech you; and will all your company do the same, and I will pray God for you all as long as I live: And now, farewell in Christ, thou blessed of God's own mouth; I will for a time take my leave, but not my last farewell. Blessed be the time that ever I came unto the King's Bench, to be joined in love and fellowship with such dear children of the Lord. My good brother Bradford will not be dead so long as thou art alive; for verily the spirit of him doth rest on you in most ample wise. Your letter of comfort unto me, in each point, doth agree as though one were a copy of the other. He hath planted in him and you that liquor: may the Lord give good increase.

My dear brethren and fellow prisoners in this place have themselves humbly and heartily commended unto you and your company, mourning for your misery, yet rejoicing for your plenteous consolation and comfort in Christ. We are all cheerful and merry under our cross, and do lack no necessaries. Praised be God for his providence and great mercy towards us, for evermore. Amen.

Written by Mr. John Careless to Mr. Philpot, who were both prisoners for the word of truth. Written from the King's Bench in the year 1556.

A CLOUDY SKY.

“With clouds he covereth the light; and commandeth it not to shine by the cloud that cometh betwixt.”—Job. xxxvi. 32.

Fully persuaded am I that many of the blessed children of God, before whose eyes these few lines may fall, know well what is meant by a cloudy dispensation; they know what it is to reel to and fro, to cry in agony of soul out of the very depths of their heart, “Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Is his mercy clean gone for ever?” Many good and faithful soldiers of the Lord Jesus go, as it were, on toilsome marches, bearing heavy weights, pressed down beyond measure with doubts, fears, unbelief, misgivings, a desperately wicked heart, and other innumerable accompaniments, on very muddy, dirty roads: no light; nothing but clouds, and those heavy ones, visible; the atmosphere beset with arrows and all kinds of combustible materials from the enemy's camp; and, what is apparently worse than all, is their hungering and thirsting in an empty, barren, and dry land. Many of these true soldiers are often tempted to desert; but, though they deny their general, he still loves them; he is ever faithful, and when he corrects his rebellious people, it is in love to them; he turns to them a pure language, saying, “Turn unto me, ye backsliding children, for I am married unto you.” But, notwithstanding, they are continually skirmishing with the enemy, for this is a war in which there is no discharge; and they sometimes, nay often, come to downright open engagements, and now and then an immense

army, headed by unbelief, seems to get the upper hand; but they always, unlike other armies, come off victorious. The great Captain appears for them, disperses all their foes, gives them peace in their minds, and, for a time, they remember their misery no more. Foe after foe, enemy after enemy is perpetually on the alert; but they ever have, they do, and they ever shall overcome every assault, not by their own strength, but by the blood of the Lamb. It is by him who is the strength of Israel and the hope thereof.

But it is most blessed to know that every dispensation springs from the everlasting covenant, for affliction cometh not forth from the dust. Mark, it is with clouds God covers the light; it is Jehovah that makes darkness in the soul; and that man who knows not what it is to have the beasts coming out of their dens, to see every hope vanish, to have every evidence fail, and to find himself at his wit's end, let me beseech him to think the matter over again, whether or not he belongs to the royal priesthood, the redeemed of the Lord. The man that lives without doubts is a doubtful man; at any rate he has advanced but little in the school of Christ. Glory be to his name, our everlasting light remains the same. It is Jesus, our God, our glory; he is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever; he is the blessed bow set in the clouds, and which was given for a covenant to the Gentiles, and though God may see proper to command this glorious light not to shine by (reason of) clouds coming betwixt, still Jesus will shine gradually more and more in our souls until the perfect day, when we shall see him face to face, being immersed in the full and boundless glory of him who is all in all. Hallelujah.

J. S.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

In the early part of my life I believe God visited my soul with the spirit of conviction; but this wore off, and I went on with hasty strides in all manner of vice, until I arrived at thirty-three years of age, but not without some checks of conscience; but God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened me together with Christ, by the Holy Spirit, and brought home to my soul the terror of a broken law, which brought guilt and condemnation, knowing that I had sinned with a high hand and out-stretched arm. His holy word declared, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;" and, "Except ye be born again, ye cannot see the kingdom of God," of which I was as ignorant as the beast, and how to repent I knew not; but the blessed God wrought on my soul a godly sorrow, which worked repentance which needed not to be repented of; but, O! the great trial to pray before my wife and family I cannot describe; but I was forced to cry for mercy, and the more I prayed, the greater sinner I appeared in my own eyes. All the scriptures condemned me, and I began to build a building whose top should reach to heaven. So strict a Pharisee, as touching the letter of the law, was I, that I thought I was blameless; but God, who said, "I will destroy the covering cast over all

people, and the veil that is spread over all nations,"—the blessed God took it from me, and my building was laid flat; not a stone was there upon another that was not thrown down. O! the sight of this, I think, none but the heaven-taught child of God knows. This made me cry out, "Lord, save, or I perish!" but at this time the great deep fountain of my sinful nature was not broken up, but I saw myself in a worse state than ever. I cried and prayed, and if the barns, stables, hedges, and bushes had a voice, they could say they heard the sighing of a broken and a contrite heart. The good Lord; by his Spirit, in a short time broke up the deep fountain of my sinful nature. O, the sight made me cry out, "Have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner," for I was all bruises from the sole of the foot to the crown of my head; there was no soundness in me. I little thought I should see greater abominations than these; but, alas! at this time the deep fountain of my proud sinful heart was not broken up, yet the Spirit of God brought greater afflictions to my soul, and I cried, Lord, give me thy Spirit of prayer, and I will plead for mercy all the days of my life, and, at death, take my soul to heaven or hell, whichever seemeth good in thy sight. I was now made willing in the day of God's power, but my burden increased daily, so that I could have said to every one, Pray for me! It was deeply impressed on my mind that God was about to do something great with me, and I earnestly wished to know what it was to be born again. But, O, how ignorant was I of this great change! I knew what was impossible to man was possible with God, for the word of truth declared it thus by the Spirit's work on my soul, and I said if I were spared until the Lord's day evening, I would go to a barn about two furlongs from the village, and there I would pray all night for the Lord to make that great thing known to me; and, if not that night, I would go next night; and, if not that night, I would go the third night. I was unable to believe God would give me strength to go about my daily calling; I was permitted to see the Lord's day morning, four o'clock, December 22. I began to praise God and rejoice for it, and it was impressed on my mind that I must get up, but it was so early and so dark that I knew not where to go; but, up I was forced to get, and I bowed at the footstool of God, and thanked him for his mercy. All my guilt and sin rushed into my soul, and the burden I felt I cannot express, but it was so great that my prayer was brought to these few words, "What must I do to be saved? what must I do to be saved?" being rolled up as in the belly of hell. When in this feeling, I heard a loud voice, saying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved!" and the blessed Lord the Spirit enabled me, from heaven, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and with an eye of faith I viewed him as the Saviour of my soul. At that moment I was sealed with the Holy Spirit bearing witness with my spirit that I was his. "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." O the change! My sins, when looked for, could not be found, being buried in forgiving love. Here I was made clean

through the word which he then spoke; pronouncing I was all fair, there was no spot in me. In this happy feeling, whether in the body or out of the body God knows, I was enabled to forsake wife and children, house and all for Jesus. Here I said, Lord, now let thy servant die in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation. I agonized to depart and be with Christ. Yes, reader, if you know something of this, you can tell my feelings; but, if you cannot, you may think I was crazy. While agonizing in this manner, words to this effect came with power, "All the days of my appointed time I must wait until my change come, for my life is hid with Christ in God; when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." This soothed my agonizing, and my spirit being bound in this body, I learned what it was to have a thorn in the flesh and the messenger of Satan to buffet me. I cried, "Am I going into the world again?" I bowed at the footstool of Christ my Lord. I blessed and praised my covenant God and Father in Christ, and my prayer was, Lord, take not thy Holy Spirit from me, and I will tell to the world what the Lord hath done for my soul. O how great was the love of God to me!

But now the question is, Am I a child of God, or am I not? Can it be possible for a sealed child of God to preach Arminian doctrine? In preaching so blasphemous a doctrine I have been engaged for ten years and nearly ten months; but during this time no man but God and myself knows what I felt; which was, whether I should preach election or free will: but, reader, believe me, I knew no more how to preach election than the pen does which I have in my hand. About a year after, there was a split among some of the people called Ranters. The party that left came and offered me money to be their preacher. I went to them a few times when I had no appointments, for it was not in our circuit, and among them I was forced to declare what had been for a long time engraven by the Spirit of God on my mind; and I did, with all my heart and soul, declare that a child of God never could be lost, neither was salvation obtained when man pleased. This was brought as a very great charge against me; but they are blind guides leading the blind. They were very sorry to think I should preach so horrid a doctrine. I gave no answer to this, but my proud heart has been such that I dared not speak the truth, though it was riveted on my soul, fearing I should be put out of their synagogue. I am told by some, that they have searched the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation, and they cannot find one like me, who, after being converted to God, preached Arminian doctrine for so long a time. It may be then that I am looked upon as one that knoweth nothing of forgiving love. This gives me a strong desire to inquire, Can these be marks of a child of God or not? This portion of Scripture Satan has suggested to me by times, "For this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie, that they might all be damned." Now, may God the Holy Spirit incline some of his tried children to answer this, and enable them to deal kindly and truly with me, and tell me that I may turn to the right hand or to the left; lay the axe to the root of the tree, and the prob-

to the bottom of every wound of error, and scripturally and experimentally show me if I am child of God walking in darkness, or a child of hell walking in the light of presumption. If my case is the latter, I am of all men the most miserable, and in this have made myself twofold more the child of hell than before. But, dear Lord, I will look again towards thy holy temple, for thou art the hope of Israel, and the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble. This promise, of late, has been very precious to me, "Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver you." May the dear Lord pardon me if I have done wrong in signing this name,

A DESPISED NAZARITE.

FELLOWSHIP.

Friend A.,—I saw a letter from you a few days ago, stating your opinion that you should not be long in this sinful state. I am very glad to hear the Lord has been very gracious to you, in making you resigned to your situation. I am aware that if the Lord manifest himself, all will be right, though under the most trying providence. It appears you will soon have to pass the passage of Jordan. I trust you will be able to pronounce the word *Shibboleth*. I should like to give you some encouragement to believe the Lord has blessed your preaching; for I believe some of the poor despised *Antinomians* took encouragement, last Good Friday, at Triston, in hearing that sermon you preached at that place, and on that day, from Judges xii. 4, 5, 6. My dear brother, if I may be so bold as to claim relationship to you, I can assure you I am afraid to call the Lord, Father, but I believe he is your Father in a special sense. I have professed to be a follower of his for more than twenty years, and now feel as if I have no part nor lot in the matter of salvation. I know that head knowledge is of no use. I cannot feel the sealing of the Spirit. Sometimes I think I wish I could: but, O! how faint my desires. I feel that saying of scripture fulfilled in me, "No man can keep alive his own soul." I have little or no evidence of my interest in the blessed Jesus. This one thing I know, that is, I do feel a love to those sincere men who preach the blessed Jesus as the only way of salvation, and also the work of the Spirit. As to the preachers of the day, even among those who profess to be high Calvinists, there are many, I am fearful, who are only letter learned. Poor things, they cannot preach what they have not felt. If Huntington was alive to hear the letter-learned preachers of this day, what would he say? Bless the Lord, there are a few who have not defiled their garments with the false doctrines of the day; but are crying aloud, and showing the house of Israel their sins; may the Lord ever keep them such. It seems very needful they should show us what we are, and not what we ought to be. Do, do, seems to be the gospel in this our day.

By this time you will be wondering what I write to you for. I will tell you. I saw a letter from you, as I said before; it struck me you must want something to support your wife and dear children. Some of our friends at Triston willingly gave their mites, and we soon raised —,* which I have sent to you. I hope you will not thank us, but the Lord. I often think I am part of the scaffolding which is for the purpose of raising the building, but am no part of the building. What a wretched heart is mine, prone to every evil, hypocrisy, blasphemy, infideli-

* Friend A— died just before the money was received.

ty, which is the worst of all, for that saps the foundation of every thing. O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this state? Bless the Lord, I know he can, and is able at last to receive me into that everlasting kingdom prepared for his people, if I am his by electing love. If I could feel certain I am his, I should feel a pleasure in telling you so. I hope you will now be delivered from *doubting* of your interest in the covenant of grace; and if the Lord should think proper to take you soon, I hope you will enjoy the sweet communion of his Spirit. That Jesus may be precious to your soul, and that you may leave a glorious testimony behind that you are entered into that blessed rest where sin and sorrow will ever cease, is the sincere wish of one of the chiefest of sinners. I remain yours affectionately in gospel bonds, if I have an interest in them,

Saxmundham.

J. S. S.

SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Sirs,—At various intervals within the last twelve months, I have had it much upon my mind to write to you concerning the state of my soul, and my motive in wishing so to do has been, because in the several letters, upon individual experience, published in the *Standard*, not one has altogether met my case. In hope, then, of obtaining a satisfactory answer to my question, “Is my spot the spot of his children?” I have at length summoned courage to address you; indeed, I shall present you with a strange anomaly and entangled chain of contradictions.

Brought up by godly parents, I imbibed sound doctrine with my mother’s milk; and in the language of dear Mr. Hart, “retained the sound doctrines of the gospel from my childhood;” and, like him, in childhood and youth, often felt something like the strivings of God’s Spirit with me. In early manhood, I found myself a high Calvinist in theory and judgment, and a Deist in practice and pursuit, never being able to see a rational medium between high Calvinism and broad Infidelity, yet, always thought upon God from a very babe. When in trouble, I used my prayers as a Mahometan would his talisman, or a Papist his beads; and, as soon as out of trouble, I was out of mind for prayer. I could not hear, to the satisfaction of my judgment, the Independents of these parts, and was jealous of the Particular Baptists, thinking they were all in the same drift. But after various delays, went to hear them, and heard more to the satisfaction of my judgment, and felt a trickling tear at hearing the almost forgotten words, sovereign grace, dying love, &c. I became acquainted, eventually, with some who, I believe, are truly children of God, and am now the subject of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows, of longing after communion with God, and am never so miserable as when my spiritual appetite fails me, and do know what it is, if not wretchedly deceived, to pray with sincerity, “O Lord, come trials what will, thick, fast, and perpetual, and with them thy supporting grace: but, O Lord, for thy mercy’s sake, take not my longing and thirsting after thy Holy Spirit from me.” I have, and do still dread the smallest cessation from trouble, unless it be succeeded with joy and praise in believing, knowing, by sad experience, if it is calm without, it is dead and lifeless within, and trust I do know what real poverty of spirit is, and can, in a small measure, enjoy the appropriate promise at times, and cannot abide the preaching of the

day, seeing and feeling its end and aim, namely, to rob God of his glory, and the poor, tried, tossed and perplexed soul of his meat and drink, nay, of his very spiritual life. I can see eye to eye with yourselves, I. K., Mr. Philpot, and J. M'K., in preference to most professors and possessors; and here let me bear testimony to the usefulness of Mr. P.'s writings; in very truth, nothing has come from his pen, which I have seen, but what has driven me closer and closer still into the corner. He hunts me out of every chink and every crevice; yet, in very deed, from the bottom of my soul, I love it, and, blessed be God, do generally feel, after my hypocritically shifting and twisting under his lash, a groaning prayer: "O Lord, I beseech thee to have mercy upon me, for, Lord, thou only knowest what a hypocrite I am," and can truly say that yet there is a very abominable, base, proud, and hypocritical something, that he, Mr. P. has not yet flogged me for. But what perplexes and troubles me very much indeed is, that I never was convinced of my hell-deserving sinfulness at all to my satisfaction. You will see that I do not account for the interval between my carnal and sinfully secure, and my present doubting and fearing state. To be honest, the only reason is, that I cannot at all, or for the life of me remember when I first felt what I humbly hope is a thirst for God; and here may I be allowed to make a passing remark. In Mr. Philpot's "Winter afore Harvest," he very strongly insists, and with good reason too, that a right beginning is a beginning felt; the decided truth of which remark was much canvassed by my friendly would-be comforters, but, lately, in the pages of the *Standard*, was an account of the very remark alluded to being blessed to J. M'K., Preston.

I can see clearly enough, in my judgment, that the smallest sin is an infinite breach of an infinitely holy law, and therefore must, without an infinite remedy, be awarded in the subject of it, with an infinite punishment, or infinite justice be sacrificed. But, O the hardness of my wretched heart; for want of legal and gospel convictions, I am almost at times ready to say, "What can I do in time to merit punishment to all eternity?" Yet, afterwards, my reflections have generally been, "O God the Holy Ghost, it is thy blessed office to convince of sin and hardness of heart; convince me, for thy mercy's sake, I humbly beseech thee, of my sinfulness, that I may not be so impious and so abominable as to charge the ever blessed God with injustice, and that the conviction may be attended with godly savour, that I may set a proper estimate upon the sufferings of the dear Redeemer; for, indeed, thou knowest my wretched existence is that I am whole and do not praise the Almighty as I would;" and then, again, (what a strange creature I am,) when convinced of my seemingly never to be eradicated vile ingratitude, I wonder, or try to wonder that I am not cut off from the laud of the living. I can bear painful testimony to Mr. Warburton's remark, that "a thankful heart is as much the gift of God as the mercy itself;" and, can you believe it possible, that after a mercy received, I am tempted, at times, to quench the Spirit of praise, constraining me within to give thanks unto God. But, indeed, I now know better than to plead my crimes to procure my pardon, or to rest on them as evidences of grace.

Thus you see, Sirs, I have good reason to be a doubter, fearing my religion is all in my judgment; and, if I tell you of my heart's feelings, you will say they are all natural. By the way, I should like to see a powerfully written piece exclusively upon natural and divine affections; or, as Mr. P. says, between a natural and a spiritual tasting of divine things. There is nothing, in my own experience, puzzles me so much as

when however rarely a powerfully applied gospel sermon has been delivered in my hearing; I have felt moved, nay, more, I have felt in my throat a choking sensation, just such a one as is felt from purely natural causes; such as parting from a dear relative or friends. An honest conscience or an accusing devil, I do not know which, has told me it was from nature altogether. But, it once more occurs to me what nonsense I am writing; and, should you be of the same opinion, you can easily destroy the paper.

I very often pass judgment on myself in this way. Your religion is in your brains; your faith is notional, historical, and theoretical; your affections for divine things are purely natural; you are what philosophers call constitutionally religious; you are the creature of circumstances; had you been brought up a Papist or Mahometan, you would have remained so as it regards your judgment; and as for your fancied religious feelings, you are in that also the creature of circumstances; your religion has come upon you habitually, owing to your intercourse with religious people. "You know," says my remembrancer, "that your last acquaintance, previous to your present ones, was a literally philosophic Infidel, and you drank into his spirit considerably." Well, after such disputing away every comfort and every evidence, what do you think I say? "Why, search me and try me, O Lord; and, if up to this moment I have been deceived, let this be the present time to undeceive me, for thy mercy's sake, I humbly beseech thee."

Now, Sirs, I leave this in your hands to do with it as you think fit; and, should it meet with a favourable reception, you may hear from this quarter again. Bearing testimony to the great usefulness of the *Gospel Standard*, I subscribe myself yours most respectfully,

Suffolk.

W. J.

Dear Sirs,—About three weeks since, being in the yard, as is a custom with me, asking the God of all my mercies to have mercy on me, a female friend, who was then sick, but who is now no more in this life, was brought upon my mind in such a forcible manner, that I could not help praying for her in a very feeling and earnest way. The words were these, as near as I can think; "O Lord, bless, succour, and support Mrs. ——— in her affliction; cause her to feel that thou art her God, for thy mercy's sake. Amen." It is nearly thirty years since I knew myself a sinner; but never in all the time was any person brought upon my mind in prayer with such power and feeling. There is a deal of talk about prayer; but this taught me that when I prayed aright, the Holy Spirit must breathe into my soul, and indite what to pray for. But I feel at this moment that it beggars all words to describe the access, unction, savour, power, freedom, faith, love, solemn reverence, and holy communion, which I felt with God in Christ. If I had all languages, I never, no never, could describe it. Thanks, eternal thanks, yea, everlasting thanks, be to our Three-One God. It left a savour and richness which, when I think of it, makes me long to be there again. I had to go into the neighbourhood where this friend lived that afternoon, and I called to see her. After her attendant had left the room, I said to her, "Pray, did you feel any thing particular this morning?" After a short pause, she said, "Yes, O yes I did, about half-past ten o'clock; for," said she, "I was sorely laden with pain, and I said to my mother, O how kind, how good the Lord is to me." Then I told her that at half-past ten, (for I looked at my watch,) I was asking the Lord to have mercy upon me, to bless, direct, and keep me from sin, when you were

brought upon my mind in such a powerful manner, that I could not help praying for you, that the Lord would bless you. "O thank the Lord," she said, with such a bright countenance as I had not seen her have before. "Well," I said, "that has brought me here now." I repeated that passage in 1 John iii. 14, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Taking hold of my hand, she said, "I never saw it so before." No. Why? Because I believe she felt a little of it in her own soul at the time. With that I left her, and never saw her again. Now, Messrs. Editors, as you ask for feeling pieces, I have given you a little, but not as I felt it. That I cannot commit to paper, nor communicate to mortal ears. And yet at this present time what do you think I feel? O, Sirs, I feel pride, cursed pride. I dare not tell you how I feel. "O, Lord Jesus, lead me into Gethsemane, and there let me see thy distorted visage, which was marred more than any man's, oozing out great drops of blood." O, my soul! what a sight! wonder and adore at suffering love, and sink into nothing at his feet. I wish you in Gethsemane, Messrs. Editors; and if you never were there, you know nothing of that secret breaking of heart for sin, and yet being a sinner. Some time back I felt a little of being broken in heart, so that my body trembled like a leaf, and my eyes flowed with tears, and I was in such a state as I cannot describe. These things are easily spoken; but, O to feel them. I believe every saint is led into that garden as it pleaseth the Lord. When I am led into this garden; I feel and see for myself, yea, and when I come out too; and O what a coming out it is! Some whom I know, I fear never were there, or else they could say some little of what they saw and felt there. And yet what a subject of sin I am. I sin in speaking, and sin if I don't speak; I sin in thinking, looking, walking, hearing, breathing. I cannot describe the feeling sense of sin, nor have I ever heard any of God's sent ministers get to the bottom of it. O no, they cannot.

A SINNER SAVED, AND A SINNER YET.

Manchester, March 7th, 1839.

Messrs. Editors,—After reading your address of last month, I felt a desire to communicate to you and your readers what the Lord hath done for my soul. I was, from boyhood, so convinced of the justice of God, my sins and the condemnation due thereto, and, at the sametime of my inability to comply with his holy law, that, in bitterness of soul, I have wished that I had never been born, or, rather, had died an infant. O the alienation of heart, and rebellion against God! at these times my heart has said, "There is no hope; no, for I have loved strangers, and after them I will go." When about ten years of age, one night I had an awful dream, which I believe will never be erased from my mind. I thought that I with others of my companions were on the brink of hell, and that some of them were hurried in, and instantly swallowed up. Some one also endeavoured to drag me into the same dreadful place. I struggled apparently in vain, when some one delivered me. This dream has since been fully realized in every part. I awoke in great terror, but dared not tell any one. After this I still went on in sin and rebellion against God, until he stopped me by the small pox, then prevailing in the town. While terrified by the fear of death, I made many vows of reformation, &c. But, no sooner had the Lord healed me, than my rebellion was manifested. The very first night that I was able to get out, I went to the theatre, and thus went on sinning with a high hand against that God who had so signally raised me up, until I had acquired a *notoriously vile* character. But

God knew all my vileness, and he made me sometimes so to feel the *miserable bondage* I was in, that I oftentimes groaned for deliverance, but had no power to stop the continual outbreaks of sin. When about twenty-three years of age, the affection that I had for a young woman of moral habits and good character, was the means of restraint from my outward abominations, and we, by the blessing of God, were soon after united; and God was pleased to send us outward prosperity and happiness. Shortly after, being on a visit, the conversation turned upon the cholera, which then raged in the land. While walking home, my wife said to me, "Do you think that if I were to die to-night, I should go to heaven?" I answered, "I do not know, my dear." The effect of this question and answer I cannot describe, but we went home meditating upon death and eternity, and that night, for the first time, bowed our knees together before God, with strong crying and tears for mercy. We now "walked softly," attended upon the worship of God, and cried to ourselves, Peace, peace; in fact, became thorough Arminians. I thought myself safe on the ground of sincerity, despised the free grace of God, and hated the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel. Shortly after this, Mead's "Almost Christian," Bunyan's works, several volumes of Mr. Huntington's writings, and Crisp's "Christ Alone Exalted," fell into my hands, by the reading of which my false hopes were mercifully removed, one after another, until again and again I have found myself in the "miry clay." Yea, now so convinced was I of my unbelief, that I thought it impossible that I could believe, without an immediate revelation manifest to my bodily senses, and that should I thus have a knowledge of salvation, I should go singing all the way to heaven. I hoped in God, but looked to the work in my soul to build upon; yea, looked for love to God in my soul, before I would believe that he first loved me. But, alas! I found that I loved myself more than God, so foolish was I and ignorant. But one day, as I was reading those beautiful sermons by Dr. Crisp, on the words, "And he hath laid on him the iniquity of us all," the Lord revealed himself as my Saviour, and enabled me to believe on and trust in him alone. I instantly found peace with God, my burden fell off on sight of the cross, and I entered into rest. I did not experience those raptures that many do, but I enjoyed solid peace and joy in believing. Shortly after, when speaking of these things to a few friends, I was so overwhelmed in tears of humility and joy, on a view of my own abominable vileness and long-continued rebellion against God, and of his discriminating mercy and goodness in choosing me and leaving others, although not so far sunk in sin as myself, that I could not speak for some time, and I believe that I shall never forget that foretaste of heaven. After this, I began to feel the power of temptations, such as I shall not defile paper with, and also the fiery darts of Satan, which caused me to start, to shake myself, and to bite my lips, fearing lest I should give utterance to my abominably vile, blasphemous, and obscene thoughts of God and of Christ. But I could by no means free myself from them, especially while reading and being in heaviness, fearing I should fall into evil through the power thereof, and my own weakness. The Lord was pleased, whilst reading the 17th chapter of John, to apply to my mind that most delightful and suitable prayer to the Father in behalf of the elect, and I saw by faith Jesus pleading for me, and I knew that the Father always heareth him. Thus was I taught my need of the intercession of Jesus and the final perseverance of the saints. I was soon after also taught my interest in eternal election, while reading Ness's "Antidote against Arminianism." The Lord was pleased

to shine upon his own work in my soul, so that I did indeed rejoice that my name was written in heaven. The language of my heart, and the sweet communion with Jesus I enjoyed at these times, I cannot describe. The Lord now made me leave my Arminian teachers, by applying these words powerfully to my mind; "Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err," &c. Many and continued have been the mercies of the Lord to me since that time, which demand increasing praise, especially for his blessing upon my dear partner; but nevertheless, I am frequently as cold, sinful, and rebellious as if I had never had a manifestation of his tender mercies and loving-kindness. Thus much must for the present suffice, as my paper is full, although the tenth part of the aboundings of sin in me and the superaboundings of the grace of God to me has not been told.—Yours in Christ Jesus,

Elmswell, Suffolk, February, 1839.

JABEZ.

Mr. Editor,—I had been in great distress of soul for three years past, until I read the verses written by a Teacher of Babes, in your last number, which were so blessed to my soul while reading them, that they caused me, a poor sinner, to rejoice in the salvation of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I never could before this time call him mine. Permit me, therefore, through the medium of your magazine, to express my gratitude to God, and to a Teacher of Babes, as the instrument in the Lord's hand, of bringing my soul into the liberty of the gospel, and at the same time to request a Teacher of Babes to favour me with a few remarks upon the bruised reed and smoking flax, mentioned in Isaiah xlv. 3. Mr. Editor, if you will insert this in your next magazine, you will much oblige a sinner saved by grace.

April 10th, 1839.

MARY ANN.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The Weaned Child putting his Hand on the Cockatrice' Den. By Gad Southall.—R. Groombridge, London; J. Gadsby, Manchester.

This work was occasioned by the author hearing an Arminian preach from Phil. i. 6,—“Being confident of this very thing, that He who hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ,”—in the course of which the preacher so virulently attacked the doctrines of eternal truth, that the author could not keep silent, but immediately determined on having an interview with him, the result of which led him to publish the work before us. The work is written with considerable ability, and in great faithfulness and plain dealing. With many undeniable facts, he has exposed the rottenness of the Wesleyans, laid open their carnality, popery, licentiousness, idolatry, lies, and hypocrisy. We consider he has completely overthrown them, and we wonder how they can read it without even their natural conscience testifying to the truth of it. He mentions several instances, which came under his own knowledge, of awful depravity amongst that “decidedly pious” body, all overlooked by that charitable people, who are, at the same time, calling out lustily that the doctrines which are held to us so dear, lead to licentiousness. “If,” says our author, “sinning and repenting were not so really in the power of the members of this body, sojourners on this accommodating road would be more thinly scattered;” (p. 19;) and he then goes on to prove what he has said; to which, probably, we may refer in a future number. We strongly recommend every Arminian in the land to obtain a copy of this work. The children of God will also find some very good, substantial things in it. We felt ourselves some benefit in reading it.

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

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

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

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

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

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VOL. V.

SANCTIFICATION.

“This is the will of God, even your sanctification.”—1 Thess. iv. 3.

In writing a few lines upon this important subject, I would desire to be under the guidance of the Spirit of God, that I may not condemn myself in the things that I allow; for “happy is the man that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.” (Rom. xiv. 22.) Sanctification by the will of God, is by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once; (Heb. x. 10;) and “by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.” “And he who sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified are all of one.” This is a very consoling thought to the man whom God hath set apart for himself; (Ps. iv. 3;) to the poor solitary in families, whose soul hopeth in the word of the Lord, and “waiteth for him more than they that wait for the morning,” who sensibly appears delivered unto death and to the will of his enemies because of sin, and whose experience, at times, seems not altogether unlike a wheel within a wheel, and a fire unfolding itself. Now, although this man stands as much sanctified in heaven as he stands justified in heaven, and in the same way as his life is hid with Christ in God, yet there is a communication of this grace to the soul, a drop of anointing oil poured upon the head whereby his cup runneth over to the Lord, and sheds its influence over his conduct and conversation and impresses a sincere desire to possess his vessel in sanctification and honour. And it will generally discover itself as a mark of distinction in the church, and also in the affairs of the world, between him who is touched with it and the man who is walking in the light of this world only, and not in the light of life, who,

when the sun, the light of this earth is set, has not a single ray left, to make manifest anything that is done in the dark, and in the chambers of imagery, which the light of life is continually opening up to view, and is very particular in this respect, as also in bringing forward all things that are behind. The oil of sanctification runs through the inner chamber, and, like a murmuring stream amid the cragged rocks, it makes a sad complaint about internal things, while it witnesseth to the things of the Spirit. Through the sensitive nature of this life, and the discerning power of this light, my sin is magnified exceedingly. Hard thoughts, filthy desires, and proud schemes are discovered, which the light of this world regardeth not, and which are only seen in the light of life; and hence arises my complaint that I am altogether as an unclean thing; and I am obliged to take the words of the poor leper, and say, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." And I believe the sanctified man or woman can only be washed in blood for even the least guilt contracted. I was alive once without the spirituality of the law, but when the spirit of the commandment came, all my sins revived, and I died, and, as it entered, the offence abounded; but I had before only the things of the flesh to attend to, so that I had not half so much work to do then as I have now. I could then go abroad and also indulge occasionally in what is termed an innocent game of amusement. Some things I made an excuse for, others I pushed out of the way, and the rest I patched up and atoned for in the best way I could; but now I cannot get on so easily because all things must pass under the rod and go into the scale; and what with coming to the light to see that my deeds are wrought in God, and striving to mortify the deeds of the body, I find the way very narrow indeed; so much so, that I often conclude that my footsteps have well nigh, if not altogether, slipped out of it, and, as I still desire to be minding the things of the Spirit, I get often offended, and, in comparing spiritual things with spiritual, I continually find that I am in the balance that is wanting, which, of course, keeps me very near the ground, and grumbling with myself, and sending in a complaint to the King. Sometimes I seem as though I could swallow a camel, and then again the burden of a gnat is too much for me to bear, and a little dust only upon a sore conscience in the light that maketh manifest, will cause me to groan exceedingly. Temptations appear to me to vary according to circumstances, and to be doubly strong in proportion to the situation that I am in; therefore let not him that putteth on his harness boast as he that putteth it off; and I find also that the promises will reach me as I am in need of them with a suitability I cannot taste in another place. They are pearls that are not to be thrown away; they are extreme blessings; and when they come in to the relief of the soul in extreme cases, they always appear to contain an ingredient in them that otherwise is not tasted, and also a greatness and preciousness about them that thereby we might be partakers of the divine nature. (2 Pet. i. 4.) If we are out of the well, the cord may be put by; and while the brook continues to flow freely, a cup of cold water will be lightly esteemed; but if we get into the pit where

there is no water, methinks both of them will be very acceptable. If I am in a very good place for any particular temptation, and a temptation just suitable to the place presents itself, I always found it was not lost sight of, nor yet to be passed by until I had been tried with it; and Satan will practise all his wiles, and puff and blow up every cinder in the heart, and try to make a fire to burn up grace, and then begins his oratory with a persuasion that I shall not surely die. And as we "wrestle against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places," it is no wonder that we should feel the conflict to be much against us, and to be a very uneven combat; but here the oil of sanctification is discovered by its moving the soul in resisting, and going out after the Lord Jesus in broken accents for pardon and peace in him, and not in swallowing the bait as a lion that is greedy of his prey. But the sanctified man feels, with David, that God hath no pleasure in wickedness, and that he hateth all workers of iniquity. In the communication of this grace I cannot help thinking there are different degrees, and where I see it stop the mouth and bridle the tongue, I believe the word of God will warrant me to conclude that it is a good sign at all events; and, as the tongue is an unruly member, which no man hath ever tamed or can tame, I believe Satan moves it with ease, and sets it on fire till it becomes a world of iniquity; (James iii.) knowing that "He who keepeth his mouth keepeth his life;" (Prov. xiii. 3;) and "Whoso keepeth his mouth keepeth his soul;" and "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." And some of the sanctified ones whom God has set apart will sometimes cry unto the Lord that he will set a watch upon their tongues and keep the door of their lips, that they may take heed to their way that they sin not with their tongue, (Ps. xxxix. 1,) lest it pour out flattery to its neighbour, (Ps. xii. 2,) and accept the persons of men. (Job xxxii. 21.) One might infer from the word of truth that the devil has a greediness to feed upon the soul of man, and that it is his chief delight, as a lion that is greedy of his prey, to be lurking in secret places, (Ps. xvii. 12,) seeking whom he may devour; and it appears he is very fond of the innocent (Ps. x. 8; Prov. i. 11) for his prey, and in the world he has moved some to lie to the Holy Ghost, and others to make a dead stand against the truth, and in the church he makes Peter boast, and tries to get Paul into his mouth; (2 Tim. iv. 17;) and in this conflict arises much exercise for the sanctified man, wherein he finds and feels that he cannot do the things that he would, and hence that truly sanctified expression when it comes forth from the heart before God, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But "this is the will of God, even your sanctification, that ye should abstain from fornication;" and a drop of this oil is in the earthen vessel that we may know how to possess the vessel in sanctification and honour, and not in the lust of concupiscence as the gentiles which know not God. The man who has this unction from the Holy One hates sin; "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil;" (Ps. xcvi. 10;) "And that which I hate, that do I." Sin is his chief trouble, and if he does the least thing which he believes

to be sin, and which has been set in the light of God's countenance as sin, and it never stands fast until it is set there, his heart condemns him and his confidence is shaken, (John iii. 21,) and because the oil of sanctification is in the vessel, there is an outcry and clashing of arms. Sanctification is perfect only in the head, Christ Jesus, and not in the members, and we are complete in him. But if the grace of sanctification is communicated, which is the case as well as in every other grace, then it will have an influence over the members of the body, and, if it does not, where is the power of the kingdom (and not of the speech only) and the features of the new man in Christ Jesus? And although this new creature may keep a good deal in doors and out of sight, yet he will and must come forth, and he will be narrowly watched too by the church as well as the world, and he will be found either drawing water or gleaning after the reapers, or else making an outcry against husks and starvation; but he will not act so because he wants more room and more latitude for the flesh, but because he wants liberty of spirit, and because the daily sacrifice appears to be removed, and desolation set up in its stead. This anointing which he has received of the Holy Ghost is truth and is no lie, therefore he will come to the light with, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts;" and again, "Lead me in the way of thy righteousness, make straight thy way before my face;" and none, except the sanctified man or woman, desires to be examined or come to the light. I have found many where I have been called to speak who appear to like the green pastures but not the strait gate, who love to be bought with a good price, forgetting that the purchase is not wider than the way. True light does not want to see who is not in the way, so much as it desires to make straight paths for its own feet; (Heb. xii. 13;) and true life desires to work out its own salvation, before it can feel so much for all mankind, for true religion is personal.

Perhaps some little one in Christ will be ready to say, "What do you expect sanctification will produce outwardly in me?" To which I answer, "As much as lieth in you, by such a walk and conversation as becometh the gospel of Christ, and the precepts, when felt, will always show you how much you are behind, and keep you out of love with yourself. Sanctification cleanses from all those things mentioned in 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10, because ye are washed and sanctified by the Spirit of our God. But cannot a person abstain from all such, and be very circumspect in his conduct too, and yet know nothing of sanctification in the soul? Yes, he may; but examine his nature, and you will find that it rises no higher than earth, or else to merit the favour of God. Natural conversion will produce many things outwardly, yea, all things outwardly as it will in a heaven-born soul; but natural conversion is one thing, and regeneration is another; and it is the regenerated who are sanctified in spirit. One is a heavenly birth, the other only a change or reformation, perhaps from indifference and carelessness to only an interfering, high talking profession in Calvinist churches, and in the general churches it is only covering with a garment, but not of the Spirit

of the Lord, and encompassing with sparks kindled upon one's own altar. I have met with many in my journeys who could talk and write well enough, and soundly enough, as I thought, to be deemed quite orthodox, and talk of the kingdom for an hour together in word, but not in power; but when one introduces the Spirit's power, it will try every man's work of what sort it is, and then one is obliged to say with the prophet, "Alas! master, for it was borrowed." There is a repentance outwardly, and there is a repentance unto life. (Acts xi. 18.) Judas preached the gospel, but never was regenerated, or the dear Lord could not have said, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" You may change a man from profaneness and profligacy to decency and morality by some strong inducement, but you cannot give him a new heart towards God. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and this life gets all its sustenance from above.

And now for the personal consideration of my poor tried brother, for whom and the glory of God I only wish this to appear. He must judge himself, as it respects his own personal sanctification, whether he is in the barn or in the field, in the closet or at the plough tail, not by an outward cessation of arms, but an inward moving of the bowels after the peace of God in Christ; not by an external vow of sanctity, but an inward hatred to sin; not because his enemies may have done saying there is no help for him in God, but because his soul followeth hard after him. Neither is he to conclude that he is not sanctified because there is a host encamped against him; but from his anxious desire to tread upon the necks of his enemies, and the thirsting of his soul for the living God. The sanctified man feels that lust wars against the soul. He desires to escape the corruption that is in the world through lust; and many such things there be with him to bring about a better understanding and knowledge of himself and his own weakness, and for the most suitable introduction to the strength of the Lord, for his strength is made perfect through weakness. But the unction of the Holy One is a holy unction, and has a holy tendency, and leads to holy things; and they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, but they that are after the spirit the things of the Spirit.

Stotfold.

G. M.

FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.

(*Extract of a Letter.*)

Dear Brother in the Faith,—I duly received your affectionate letter of the 4th instant, and feel very thankful for it. I should have answered you sooner, but feel so much leanness, barrenness, and unfruitfulness of soul, that I am seldom at liberty to write upon spiritual subjects. Before I read your epistle, I was led to refer to the signature, which for a short time excited feelings of a very peculiar nature, which must needs be, from past reflection; but while pausing

amidst those reflections, the times of sweet council which we have held together in days and in months that are past beamed into my soul, and all differences which ever took place vanished away like a shadow. My soul also was filled with love and gratitude towards you, and I was led to conclude, surely brother M— hath more grace than I. O what a disparity there is between the Spirit of our dear Emanuel and us fellow creatures; one is to frankly forgive all offences, of however heinous a nature; the latter is to visit and strive for the mastery on trivial occasions; and it is only by his blessed Spirit that we are enabled to copy our divine Master's example; therefore, although sin is mighty, his grace, when manifested in the soul, is almighty. We then love and adore him for his matchless grace, and also feel love to all that bear his blessed image. It is an unspeakable mercy to be kept by the power of God to feel the witness within, that almighty spark which was planted in our soul in the new birth, that incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever. Had this not been the case, I must speak for one, I should long before this have been as a withered branch cut off and only fit fuel for the fire; but I can say from heartfelt experience, this is my unspeakable mercy; by this I have been preserved amidst all temptations, backslidings, corrupt affections, and abominable idolatries. Ah, my brother, if it were not for the right hand planting of the Lord, there would be no fruit, but we should still continue to have gods many and lords many. It is written that thine own backslidings shall correct thee. This I have by experience proved to be true. I have deserved the rod, and the Lord has in mercy visited me therewith according to his blessed word of promise. "If his children forsake my law and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes and keep not my commandments: then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes; nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from them, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." Ah, and when he showeth his faithfulness to our souls, how humiliating, how abasing it is to us! how we loathe ourselves in our own sights and feel confounded and never open our mouths because of our shame, when we know that the Lord is pacified towards us, because we are such unfaithful and unprofitable servants. O my brother, it is an unspeakable blessing to be enabled to live by faith upon the Son of God. There are numbers of professors in this awful day of declension from the truth as it is in Jesus, who talk of faith; but it is to be feared that thousands are entire strangers to its operation under the powerful influence of the Holy Ghost, who makes it manifest to every poor believer to be a vital living faith, which worketh by love, and purifieth the heart. It is the gift of God, and requires as much of his almighty power to draw it into exercise as at the moment he first planted it in the soul. It lives among all the choking weeds of our deceitful hearts. It inhabits a body of sin and death, therefore must be tried as with fire, though of tribulation, that it might be found unto His praise. The Lord in great mercy often leaves some of his people to dwell in great darkness and have no light, and the enemy so persecutes their souls and casts their lives down

to the ground, that they dwell in darkness as those that have been long dead, so that their souls are overwhelmed within them. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivers them out of all their distresses. He rendeth the heavens at the cry of such poor prisoners, and comes down into their souls, draws faith into exercise, gives a sweet view of their souls' interest in the precious blood and righteousness of Jesus, and washes them in his precious blood; and then peace floweth into the soul like a river; then what love, gratitude, and adoration flow from the over-running cup. Now this is what many souls experience to be true faith, the faith of God's elect. It is precious faith. I know of no other real faith, neither do I wish for any other. My paper being nearly full, I must conclude.

We have received a letter from our poor son, which has well nigh broken our hearts. He is about to embark to India on the 5th of March. He has written a very affectionate letter. We have written to him for the last time before his embarkation. I know not what is the will of the Lord concerning him, but this one thing I know, "that the winds are in his fists;" not a wave can arise, nor a billow roll without his divine permission. Many poor breathings have been offered up to the Father of lights for him. O that he would convert his soul and translate him out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of his dear Son.

May the Lord bless you and yours, and supply all your needs out of his riches in glory by Christ. Amen.

B. G.

A MORSEL OF THE BREAD OF LIFE.

O, my Jesus, can I call thee mine? "A good man shall be satisfied from himself," says Solomon. But there are but few Solomon-like Christians in that respect, who contend for inward satisfaction from religion. O, no. It is now the covenant of grace *out* of us. It is the covenant of grace in *eternity* that our wonderful, wise head-calvinists are now engaged about in the present day. Solomon also says, "There is gold, and a multitude of rubies; but the lips of knowledge are a precious jewel." Now, what sort of a jewel that is which is in the East Indies or in America, I know not. The jewel which I can descant on is that which I can hold in my hands, see, feel, know, handle, and touch. A precious jewel, held in the hand, carried in one's possession, and much more, if it is also one's own property, is apt to inflame the tongue with eloquence in describing it. And why? Because "money answereth all things." And a jewel, small in size, if it be really valuable, is very much money distilled, as it were, into an essence, and into a very small compass. Thus we hear of natural jewels worth each ten thousand gold sovereigns. But, says Solomon, "The lips of knowledge are a *precious* jewel." I shall only take leave to observe, that this religious jewel is not dead calvinism in the brain and letter. No. *Paste*-jewels, made of a cunning composition, to imitate true and real jewels; false jewels of that kind, made by the art of man, and not by the will and power of God alone, are to be met with by sacks-full in all the false gospel shops all over England. "No marvel," says Paul; for the devil himself is now transformed into a clergyman-like habit; nay, higher still,—the devil is changed into the image falsely of Christ. "Antichrist" does not

mean only *against* Christ, but also *for* Christ, as our learned brother Philpot would confirm. Thus, says the Lord, "False Christs shall come, and *shall* deceive many; and if it were possible, Satan, transformed as the false Christ, would deceive the very elect." It is a dead certainty, therefore, that he will have all the rest; as it is an *all-but*, speaking after the manner of men, that he shall get the elect also. "The righteous are scarcely saved," says Peter. The false Christ, that is to deceive many, shall come in my name, says the Lord.

Thus, my dear brethren, who *are to be* in heaven when you die, according to predestinated love, manifested in you, you know, that for a man to be a downright good man in God's eyes, is neither more nor less than to have the supernatural springs of supernatural knowledge in the soul, planted there by the blessed and holy God himself. "All my springs are in thee," says the psalmist. Aye, says the dead calvinist, or letter-preacher, or letter-christian. Yes, says each such an one, the psalmist says, "All my springs are in thee," O God. But do you say so, O letter-preacher, from your own experience? There it is that the letter-preacher, or letter-christian, is wrecked for ever. A letter-calvinist preaches about what the *psalmist* says; about what Abraham, Job, or Paul says, in the letter. Poor things! dealers in a stolen religion. These are the creatures, also, that sting the hardest, in order to wound "the upright in heart." Now, "the upright in heart" are none others but those whom Solomon speaks of when he says, "A good man shall be satisfied from himself;" (Prov. xiv. 14.) and whom the Lord speaks of when he says, "A good man, out of the good treasure of *his* heart, bringeth forth that which is good." (Luke vi. 45.) O the gilded glories, O the jewel-like sockets, O the ruby-like hinge, and O the waters of life, that adorn the *living* Christian. He is God's workmanship; he is God's husbandry; like good land; and like a living frame of "joints and bands, having nourishment ministered," the experimental Christian, who really has "the life" of Christ as "springs" within him, can only say,—to perfectly describe it, it must be felt, in order to understand it! Every "vulture's eye," or every "lion's whelp," by which I understand every bright-eyed letter-calvinist, is baffled here. Yes: the cunning of the devil, as the "transformed Christ and angel," and the cunning of all the transformed letter-brambles in London, in the shape of clever-headed, sharp-tongued, and far-sighted bastard Calvinist-preachers, are all baffled here. It will not do to be as clever as the devil himself in the letter of scripture. "The devils believe." But O, my brethren, what a thing it is for you or me to have the golden oil, rendering supple all the joints of our living religion! "He that liveth in me shall never die," declares the God-Man of each such Christian. Death will only starve *us* out of our clay houses into heavenly mansions. Nay, it is so. Well may the living heart of a living Christian glow with Christian animation in contemplating these glorious prospects! Present satisfaction and future glory! Well might the heart of an angel be fired with eternal warmth of joy at the thought of these unfading and unwithering laurels, that are to crown the worthless brows of elect worms! Well may the heart of the elect, Solomon-like in wisdom, respond and say, "A good man *shall* be satisfied from himself!" The "crystal fountains," the waving fields, betokening harvest, and the finest wheat-flour, (spiritually,) composing the invaluable "bread of *life*" in the soul; all these marks of the land of promise, are beheld with the eye of the new man internally and divinely. "And this is the will of him that sent me," says Christ, "that every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life, and I will

raise him up at the last day." "Seeing is believing," say men naturally; and so says Paul spiritually, "We all with open face beholding, are changed into the image of the Lord." But "tasting" the fruits of the eternal land of promise is something still further, more touching, satisfying, nay, perfectly satisfying in a measure: "For he that eateth me, even he shall live by me," says the Bread of Life. (John vi. 57.) But, letter-calvinism, like Balaam, only sees Christ, the bread of life, *afar off*. "I shall see him, but not *now*," said Balaam. (Num. xxiv. 17.) And so say all the fore-prancing and iron-hearted independent and particular baptist bastard calvinist preachers, and their *flocks* (of goats) in London and all over England.

My brethren, the elect of God, manifested by regeneration and by the daily renewing of the Eternal Spirit of Christ on your *own* souls; you are not like Balaam and the letter-preachers. Balaam said, and each of them say, "I shall behold him, *but not nigh*." (Num. xxiv. 17.) This vulture-eyed view of Christ by the clever letter-calvinist preachers and their church members, will not do for you. No: your souls, made necessitous through the curse of God *felt* in the law in your hearts, make you feel, to your *woe*, that you cannot and dare not rest satisfied with a Balaam-like Christ, "not *now*," and "not *nigh*." (Num. xxiv. 17.) The *capital*-wisdomed disciples and preachers of the letter may *brag* of a Christ, as Balaam, the false prophet, did, "not now, and not nigh." No: you are brought to *feel*, notwithstanding all your imperfections and faults, that you dare not, like them, stake your never-dying souls on a Christ in the letter, "not now, and not nigh." No: the Christ that will only do for you, is the Lord Jesus *supernaturally*, by the *showing* of him, through the Spirit, satisfactorily and supernaturally to the experience of your own souls. This, my friends, is also, through the same Spirit, a mortification of the deeds of the sinful body. (Col. iii. 8.) This Christ is also what the living Jesus spake of when he spake of a *good* measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over. Happy are they that have that *full* measure. It is like a vessel full to the brim. The precious contents run over, as it were, and enrich the soul of the possessor thereof, divinely, day by day.

Abingdon.

I. K.

A WORD TO "I. K."

My dear Friend,—I call you this because I love you, but the cause of my love I know not. You are one of the few in the world I dearly love; whether damned or saved, I cannot tell. The first acquaintance I had with you, was through the medium of a piece of yours, in the *Gospel Standard*, on the revival of sin. Truly you painted me out in such colours, that I rejoiced in the same; but, since then, such an awful revival has appeared, that I fear mine is a strong delusion to believe a lie, to be damned; and, O how my poor soul is racked with piercing thoughts! Sometimes despair seizes me, so that I feel no more hope than the damned; and it seems, at times, as though my senses were leaving me: I feel a trembling in body, and then I fear I am going mad, and shall die raving. O, my friend, these are solemn but awful exercises. Sometimes, under the power of temptation, I believe that there is no such thing as religion, that every body is deceived, and that the Bible was only written to deceive souls; and O the hatred I have felt at such seasons against

a dear servant of Christ whom I dearly love, because, as I think, he is deceived too. O what sinkings of soul I have at the prospect of death; I fear that will prove to open up my awful delusion! O the groans that arise from the depths of a sorrowful heart, that the Lord would show me what I really am, whether I am a bastard or a son! O the thousands of bitter cries that have arisen to this effect! Sometimes I feel, whether damned or saved, I will cry no more; then such awful blasphemy and temptation to curse God, and his salvation, and his electing love, that I forbear to proceed, nay, I cannot find words to bring it out if I would. You might say, "Yours is a hopeless state;" and I fear it is. O that the Spirit of truth would reveal to me that I am a vessel of mercy, as this is a thousand times the greatest desire of my heart; but I fear I shall never prove the greatness of his power in the salvation of my soul. How awful shall I appear at his bar, if indeed I should prove my fears true. I feel inclined, at times, to try the worst of it; but I am preserved with a "Who can tell but I may prove to be a vessel of mercy?" The Lord grant that I may. Some time back I felt such desperation, that I was determined never to hope again, for a reviving of the hope, afterwards, seemed only to confirm the truth of the words "strong delusion;" so I concluded that I would not believe although it was declared unto me. I felt such a reproof from these words, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." Then, again, I felt a desire that the Lord would reveal himself unto me; but I am still thinking, without my fears being removed, whether I am deceived or not. If the Lord saves me, I shall not quarrel with him for not saving the whole world, but sweetly admire the exceeding richness of his grace, in saving one of the very blackest monsters that is in or out of hell. It seems as though I should be one of the greatest wonders in heaven. O that this may prove to bestrew in my soul. Till then I must remain pestered with noise, and bustle, and the howlings of these infernal enemies, for many there be which say unto my soul, "There is no hope for you in God."

From an owl in the desert,

D. Y.

THE TEACHING OF THE LORD.

"Who teacheth like Him?"—Job xxxvi. 22.

The ways and works of the Lord are manifold in his dealings with his people, yet he ever teaches his people "the way of life," which "is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath." "He sealeth their instructions," so that they keep and treasure it up in their hearts; as we read, "He is in the way of life that keepeth instruction." What instruction does this mean? It cannot be a mere letter instruction communicated by one man and received by another; for numbers who are thus instructed, are walking in every path but the way of life. It must certainly mean the instruction and tuition of the blessed Spirit; for "who teacheth like him?" It is by being enabled to observe and keep in the heart the ways and dealings of the Lord upon the soul, for they that do such things, even they shall

understand the loving-kindness of the Lord. (Ps. cvii. 3, 4; Hos. xiv. 9.) David was well acquainted with the operations of the Lord upon his soul; for he says, "Marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well." He knew that all must be done by an omnipotent arm, or no good could be done. Hence he says, "God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God." The effect of this power may be seen in him, not only knowing where his salvation came from, when he says, "from him cometh my salvation," but likewise in a deep-felt knowledge of where his strength lay, and that without fresh communications from on high he would be altogether powerless; therefore he feelingly cried out, "Be not far from me." It surely behoves tender souls to be very wary and cautious how they receive any thing from man in this dark though very religious age. God saw that counterfeits and imitators of all kinds would spring up, therefore kindly cautioned his children so repeatedly in his word to trust in nothing but a revealed religion brought home with Almighty power. We are not to trust in man, not to trust our own heart, not to believe every spirit, but to beware of men, to take heed lest any man deceive us; and how highly ought those men and those writings to be valued which probe very deep, and lop off all religious show, the emptiness of them, and the imminent danger of thinking to land safe in another world without first travelling here along the path of regeneration, a real, true, and experimental religion. It is people who have never suspected their own religion that cannot hear false religions to be brought to the test. Hence it is that such writings as those by that dear and proscribed man of God, William Huntington, are considered not fit to be read. I bless God that ever I read his "Kingdom of Heaven Taken by Prayer," and there beheld the reality, I mean the work of the Spirit upon his soul, which neither professor nor profane, with all their shameful treatment, could baffle him out of. And why? because the root of the matter was in him. They may call his writings bitter and narrow minded, as many do I. K.'s. pieces; but before a man is capable or ought to think himself as being capable of judging about spiritual realities, he himself ought to have tasted the bitter and the sweet of the same. Were this bitter religion, as they term it, to be dissected, it would be found to have more sterling love and real vital godliness than all that outward sanctity which man sees every motion of; for they have no religion out of sight. But see how opposite the living Christian's religion is, and that the sweetest part of it. No breast is privy to the still small voice that is there gently whispering but the favoured recipient of it. He cannot describe to others that substance which the Lord causes them that love him to inherit. They are entire strangers to that sweet in religion which the humble, self-searching, and meditating child of God finds when he is alone, when he comes to his God with, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him;" and at times, to the joy of his soul, finds that "the desire of the righteous shall be granted," even by a love visit and manifest token of good from his covenant God. Satan cares not with what toy we are pleased, whether it be a resting in

the mere profession and so pleasing ourselves with the sparks of our own kindling, or whether it be in walking after the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, or the pride of life. I say he cares not, and his end is answered, so that he can keep the poor soul from heart religion, and from panting after the true and living God, as David says, "My soul followeth hard after thee." O when the Holy Spirit once puts this pressing, earnest, heart-panting after Jesus, so that nothing can keep the soul from this breathing, longing, desire after communion with him, Satan will not then let all be at ease, but will come upon the soul with double force, and try hard either to throw him into the filth of sin in his walking, or to bring the soul into bondage by a legal profession. He is no small foe to contend with, for he has much power. I find it much easier to write about him than I have done to contend with him. Some people, who know nothing of the ebbings and flowings of divine grace—who are at ease and know nothing of such experience as being "ready to halt," who are strangers to the devices of Satan, and think that he has not much influence over the mind and actions of men, forgetting or not knowing how many are led captives by him at his will, may despise what I am now writing, and call it a very gloomy experience; but even so it was of old. (See Job xii. 5.) O what horror, confusion, and thick darkness does Satan overwhelm our souls in, when we are left to listen to his insinuations coming upon us with all malice, taunting us, thrusting us down, and trying to keep us there; and what makes the case still more desperate and distressing, is to find no access when we come to the throne of grace. Knowing that we have insulted our God, we dare not venture to say, that "through him we shall do valiantly, for he it is that shall tread down our enemies." Our hearts falter, and we come mournfully away, saying, "When I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer." Self-condemned, and conscience-condemned, we justify God in his dealings, and say, "Wherefore should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" The poor soul is now at its extremity, and sobs from the heart, "I will look again towards thy holy temple." "Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul." "O that I knew where I might find him." "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation." The soul being now reduced and brought low for its iniquity, the Lord again favours it with a mighty faith, to wrestle hard and present the worth and worthiness of one whose blood and merit soon bring peace into the conscience, for "he is our peace," as the word and the Spirit, which is the life of the word, have taught us to our soul's astonishment. (See 2 Eph. 13—17.) This pleading soon brings the Father's approval, whose smile causes our hearts to leap for joy. Thus the sinner is justified and accepted, and a triune Jehovah honoured and glorified in his salvation. Yes, a triune Jehovah; for you will hear nothing of this warfare and conquest in those who have not experienced the Father's love, the Son's blood, and the Holy Spirit's quickening and teachings. Thus you see that Satan is to be foiled, when one that is mightier than he is contending for the believer, as you may find in those two sweet verses, Isaiah xlix. 24, 25.

Ah, my dear fellow travellers, a religion, an acceptance, an approval in the court of heaven, and a transcript or copy of that in the court of our conscience, will make a man to "have confidence and not be ashamed before him at his coming," when all other faces who have not this blessed, ever blessed imputed righteousness on, "shall gather blackness," as is declared. As I have now said a little of both the dark and bright side of what I have experienced, I will detain you no longer, but conclude by praying that the anointing of the Holy One may rest copiously upon his elect, tempted, and persecuted family, now travelling in the path of tribulation.

Nottingham.

A READER.

WINTER AFORE HARVEST.

Know Israel that the Lord your God is a *faithful* God. Hath he said it, that his word shall not return to him void, and shall he not do it? Surely; he is faithful and will do it. A remarkable instance of the distinguishing grace and mercy of God, as regards a lady residing at "K——", occurred last year. She was, under peculiar circumstances, induced to purchase the above sermon, entitled, "Winter afore Harvest." She went with her son to a shop to make some purchases, and on retiring, the boy observed to his mother, that she had not received sufficient change. She returned, but instead of asking for the remainder of the money, inquired of the shopkeeper if he had any little pamphlet that she could have in lieu, as the change was of *no consequence*, (of great consequence though in the mind of Jehovah.) The man replied, "Why, yes, there is a little thing here by a Mr. Philpot," giving her at the same time a copy of "Winter afore Harvest." She read it, and the Holy Ghost testified to the truth with power, demonstration, and assurance; so that she was brought under great searchings of heart, and trial of the reins, as to her state before God. She was, and had been a professor of the faith; she regularly attended the ministry of the word, such as is generally preached by the *intellectual* part of Christianity, whose *reason* is their guide and standard for God's truth! But the time was come when she could no longer live under such an *intellectual* ministry; nothing short of a *spiritual* ministry would do now. Where was Mr. Philpot to be met with? Where did he minister? After some time, she heard he was to be in town; and she attended his ministry. The same Almighty Spirit that had blessed the contents of the above-mentioned sermon to her, accompanied his ministry; and her conduct became as *decisive* as her *experience* was spiritual. She now understood the difference between ordinances without power, and the love of the truth by power. Decision, on her part, caused persecution to arise from *professors*—but her *decision*, though offensive to professors, was not so to the *Gallios*, who care for none of these things; and, in this instance, it is believed that the earth has helped the woman, and swallowed up the flood which was intended to destroy her. The lady has lately joined the Baptist church; I say, the Baptist church, for there are many with a form of godly baptism, who know not the power thereof.

May Mr. Philpot be deeply affected with this instance of the Lord's distinguishing goodness towards him, and from hence may he be assured that he hath *not*, and *never* shall labour in vain, so long as he preaches the word of faith by the Spirit of faith.

London.

LETTER FROM A MINJSTER.

Dear Brother,—Peace and love be with you. You will be ready to think I have quite forgotten you, but I can assure you that I have not. Yours I received, and I read it with pleasure and profit, and I was glad to find you have met with a few crumbs. How prizable is a little help when greatly needed! Our dear Lord knows how to time all our mercies. He knows how to bring down and to raise up, to empty and to fill, to wound and to heal. Bless his dear name, he has done all things well. Whatever our carnal hearts may think or say, however they may fret and fume, a covenant God never can err; and how sweet it is when we can see and feel that it is for ourselves, when we can look back and see the way he has led us thus far in the wilderness. Notwithstanding all our fits of unbelief, stubbornness, pride, rebellion, and wretchedness of every description, yet, bless his dear name, not one good thing of all that ever he promised has failed. Ah, my dear friend, when the dear Lord leads me to remember all the way he has led me in this vale of tears for nearly forty years, since he opened my blind eyes, I am astonished at his wonderful goodness, mercy, and grace, that he has borne with such a wretch, provided for such a wretch, helped, saved, delivered, and upheld me to the present moment. I can say with pleasure at such times, "Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day;" and I wonder how it is that I can ever distrust God again, for either body or soul, time or eternity. It is then that I can sing and say, "The Lord has done great things for me, whereof I am glad." It is then that I can say, "This God is my God, my Father, and I will exalt him." It is then that I can put the crown upon his blessed head, and say with solemn pleasure and delight, "Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever and ever. Amen and amen." But if you want to know how I go on when the dear Lord leaves off communing with me, I can assure you that there is not such a poor, stupid, carnal, helpless, foolish, unbelieving, proud, forgetful, peevish, discontented, wandering, starting aside wretch to be found in heaven, earth, or hell; and I wonder in my very heart and soul how it is that an infinite God, full of majesty and glory, can let me live upon earth. I wonder how it can be that his mighty arm of power does not crush me down into the lowest hell; for it does appear to me at times that my carnal nature is the masterpiece of hell; nay, I am confident it is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and none but God can ever search it to the bottom. I vainly imagined, years ago, that I had seen the worst of it; but alas! alas! I had but the sample, and a very small sample indeed. It beggars either the pen or tongue to describe it; it is too base even to hint at. I cannot find a name bad enough for myself. If you want to know what is my language under such soul-hateful things, I answer, I truly cry with Job, "I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; my skin is black upon me, and my bones are burned with heat; my harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep;" and with David I lament and cry, "My wounds stink and are corrupt because of my foolishness; I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long; for my loins are filled with a loathsome disease, and there is no soundness in my flesh. I am feeble and sore broken. I have roared because of the disquietness of my heart. Lord, all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee." I am not a stranger to the prophet Isaiah's language; "We look for light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness; we

grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes; we stumble at noon-day as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men; we roar all like bears, and mourn sore like doves; we look for judgment, but there is none; for salvation, but it is far from us." And Jeremiah's lamentation suits me well; "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath. He hath led me, and brought me into darkness, but not into light. Surely against me is he turned; he turneth his hand against me all the day. He hath hedged me about that I cannot get out; he hath made my chain heavy." O my poor soul heaves with grief, and roars out, "Why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the enemy? O send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me, let them bring me unto thy holy hill and to thy tabernacle, then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy. Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God." And here I remain till the set time to favour Zion is come. I assure you that I must have something more than *offered grace, duty-faith, and ought to do, could do, or might do*, to bring my soul out of these snares, holes, and prison-houses that I am held in, shut up, and cannot come forth. I try to look back upon past mercies, but cannot bring to remembrance one thing that brings comfort and joy. I try to read the word of God to find some comfort there, but it is a sealed book; not one promise lays hold of me, and then you may be sure that I cannot lay hold of it. I try to pour out my heart before God, but it is as hard as the nether millstone. I try to keep down those devils which rise up in my heart, but

"The more I strive against their power,
I sin and stumble but the more."

I try to give it all up as a lost matter, but cannot; so that, my dear friend, I can neither go backward nor forward, sink nor swim, run nor sit still, groan nor sing. I sometimes look and wonder what judgment is coming upon me, for at these times I cannot think it possible that God can bear with me, and am so dreadfully left at times to an unfeeling heart, that I think, surely I must be nothing but a hardened apostate, given up of God, to be made manifest to the church and the world that I am a Judas, and that it will be made manifest in my destruction for ever and ever. So you see, my dear friend, "boasting is excluded" from Jobu, except it is in a crucified Jesus. O how glorious he appears after these storms, when he comes skipping over all the mountains, and his lovely voice is heard in the poor devil-dragged soul, "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon; look from the top of Amanah, from the top of Shemir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of leopards." O the wondrous power of his voice! every devil gives way, and every ravenous beast of prey flies into his den like lightning, and the poor distracted soul, like "a giant refreshed with new wine," exclaims, "Though an host should encamp against me, yet will I not fear;" for in the name of the Lord I can run through a troop. Ah, my friend, what a wonderful difference it makes when the Lord is felt and proved to be our God, our strength, and the lifter up of our head; he can soon make crooked things straight, and rough places plain; he can soon turn night into day, groans into songs, prisons into palaces, weakness into strength, curses into blessings. O, one look of his smiling countenance as our covenant God and Father, owning such wretches as his children, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness have drawn thee," sets all to rights in a moment, puts us at the feet of a dear Redeemer, clothed and in our right mind, and

makes us wonder and adore, and exclaim, "Lord, it is good to be here." How many times I have been for building tabernacles and abiding here; but his blessed Majesty knew it would not be for my good and his glory, for it is "through much tribulation that we must enter into the kingdom of God."

Well, my dear friend, cheer up, never fear, though the road is rough and thorny, and devils aim our overthrow, they never will prevail, for our Jesus has conquered them all, and hear his blessed words; "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." And again, "Because I live ye shall live also." And again, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." "Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." As regards my preaching, it is very often a complete mystery however that I do keep hobbling on from week to week. I often fear I am got to the end, and what that will be at those times I know not. Unbelief never speaks well of God; but it does appear the Lord is with me a poor worm. Next ordinance day we have twelve or more coming to follow their Lord in the ordinance of baptism. Most of them have given in their experience, and it was quite rejoicing to hear it. Most of them are seals to my poor labours; my soul melted to hear them, and wondered at the goodness, power, and glory of God in owning such a poor crawling worm as his mouth. We are truly living in peace and harmony as a church, and our congregation is quite crowded. Bless the Lord, for it is all his doing.

I hope — is quite well, and strong and lively in the things of God and truth. I received S's kind letters on Lord's day morning last, and I thank them for them. Kind love to all friends. I hope the Lord will be with you, and guide you in all things, that you may have his approbation, and live very near him who is "the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

That the God of all grace may be with you is the prayer of your unworthy brother.

Trowbridge.

J. W. *

SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Messrs. Editors,—Will you permit me, through the medium of our magazine, to request your much respected friend, Mr. W. Gadsby, to give a few defensive remarks on the 2nd verse of the 49th hymn of his selection:—

"The law provokes men oft to ill,
And churlish hearts makes harder still."

It has been to some somewhat a stumbling block; and those gentlemen so cautious about the law as the rule of the Christian's conduct, not only kindle the fire, but make it a great flame. I do hope Mr. G. will give a few remarks upon it, as I trust it will be beneficial to the Lord's family. For my own part, I am decided as to its veracity, from experience, and positive facts deducible from the sacred pages.

Norwich.

J. F.

Dear Brethren in the Lord,—Knowing that the Lord's dear family are but a poor, silly, simple set, easily taken in by wolves in sheep's clothing, I think it right to warn them of a Selection of Hymns lately

advertised on the wrapper of *Zion's Trumpet*. I was led to suppose, from the title, it would just suit my case, as it professes to correspond with the manifold experience, &c. of the broken-hearted, hell-opposed, &c. children of God. Surely the above title might well raise the expectations of a poor tempest-tossed soul, and make him eager to obtain the publication. So it was with me; but I soon found it to be any thing but what it professed to be, and only fitted for the use of those whose harps have never been hung on the willows, but who are always believing, and always rejoicing; and who look down on the Lord's Jobs, and Asaphs, and Hemans with contempt and disdain. As for myself, I am a poor fool, slow of heart to believe, and can seldom sing a song of praise. I want the power, and life, and unction of the blessed Spirit, and this is not to be found in these hymns. I am often in the dark, wretched and miserable, and when I meet with the experience of any of the Lord's family that corresponds with mine, it gives me a lift by the way. May the Lord bless you and make you a blessing.

Near Huddersfield.

R. E.

Messrs. Editors,—You are constantly calling out for men to speak of that experience and wisdom which cometh down from above. I will now, in as brief and plain a manner as I can, give you a short account of what God has done for my soul. If I am deluded, my state is awful.

I was born of poor parents, though not so poor but they might have given me an education; of which I had very little, being only just able to read, and to write my own name. When I was about eight years of age, I was sent out into the field to a farmer's place. Here I spent my time chiefly in the field, and heard but little else than cursing and swearing from week to week and from year to year. I continued in this situation nearly six years. Although the master was a farmer, and a gentleman of considerable property, yet I never remember seeing a Bible or what is called a good book in the house excepting once. The mistress had got the Bible upon the table, and the master cursed the book, and told her to take it away. This was in a land of Bibles, and in what is called a Christian country!

When about the age of fourteen, I left this situation, and was put an apprentice. Here I saw a mighty outward change. The master and mistress were professed dissenters, and I was ordered to go to the meeting every Lord's day. This I did not like, but go I must with others of the family. I have since found that the parson was dead enough, and that he had never been raised from the grave of fallen nature. But at that time I, one of the hearers, was blinder than the priest. A short time after this, I neglected to attend, for which I was called to an account by the master. I told him I was brought up to the church, and if he would permit me I would attend there, which he granted. I now entered upon a new line of conduct; music and singing became my chief delight. I was led into company, as far as my circumstances would allow, and I was looked upon as a lively, clever young man. About this time I began to read a little, and to go to school in the evenings. The old man who kept the school was considered by some to be a learned man, although in a humble station in life, and particularly as an astronomer and mathematician, but at the same time a confirmed Infidel. He called the blessed book of God a book of priestcraft. He lent me Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, and I drank down this damnable doctrine with all greediness, it so suited my fallen nature. I began now to shun almost all company, and to

spend the Lord's day in a room by myself in silent solitude. I well remember, one Lord's day, while sitting in my room reading Ferguson's Astronomy, he referred to a note in Mr. Hervey's Contemplations on the Starry Heavens. I went and fetched it out of the book case, and it was upon Isaiah xl. 17; "All nations before him are as nothing; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity." I then read the 15th verse; "The nations (before him) are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance; behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing." These words came to my mind with such power that I never can describe. A thought struck me, if "all nations before him are as nothing," what must a poor sinful worm like me be? Then such thoughts as these would arise in my mind; But is this the word of God, or only priestcraft? I soon began to conclude that if this was the word of God, I was lost for ever; there was no hope. A few days after this, I took up a Testament, and I opened to this passage; "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?" Who is this man, or what is he, that hath the control over the mighty ocean? And every part of God's word which I read, condemned me as a lost sinner; for I began to have faith to believe that the Bible was the word of God, and my old schoolmaster began to be of less esteem with me. Again thoughts would arise like these; What would become of all the young men and women in the village? for if this was the word of God, there is not one in the place who will be saved; and I even wished I had been born in a land where there were no Bibles. I thought of going to some country where all the people were ignorant; "But then," said a voice within, "you have the Bible, and there is no excuse for you." I now began to look at every one that went to a meeting, thinking they looked like angels; as for me, I felt as miserable as ever mortal could be; and whenever I could find an opportunity, I sat in silent solitude like a condemned criminal in the sight of a holy God. And although I cannot say that I had any part of the ten commandments contained in the 20th chapter of Exodus brought home to my soul, I had the sentence of condemnation in my conscience; and I could not get rid of it, so that I could scarcely eat, drink, or sleep. I well remember the first time that I fell down on my knees and began to cry to God to have mercy on me. I now saw as clear as the noon-day, that living and dying in the state I then was, if the word of God was true, I was lost for ever. I now began to work for life by reading and praying in silence, and walking where no mortal eye could see me. Though it may seem strange, I have many a time gone to a spring of water, washed my hands and face, and looked up towards the skies, and made many a resolution to God that I would sin no more, if he would forgive me; but as often as I made these resolutions I broke them. I asked a person, he being one who made a profession of religion, what I must do to be saved from the wrath to come; but he knew nothing of my state, nor could he give me any comfort or instruction. At this time I had heard but very few sermons in a chapel of any kind. I was as ignorant of the plan of salvation as the brute creation. At length, after much conflict in my mind, I went to hear the Methodists. I knew very little of what they said, only I thought them to be a happy people; the parsons looked so grave and holy, and the women looked so demure; surely, thought I, these people must be in the way to heaven; but there was no consolation for me. After this I went to hear a man preach at Nottingham, but what he was I could not tell. He preached from this text; "No man can come unto me except the

Father which hath sent me draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day." (John vi. 44.) He told us we never could come to Christ except we were drawn by the Father's love. I knew that I had never been drawn; I only wanted to know something of this; but still I found no relief. In the same week I went to hear another Methodist, who preached from this text; "Acquaint thyself with him, and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee." The man told us that we were to acquaint ourselves by prayer, repenting, believing, and attending all the means of grace, and if we did all these and many other things, we should then come at peace with the Lord. Home I went, and to work I went with all my might, day after day, and week after week, but no peace came; for this text came sounding in my ears, yea, and in my heart also; "No man can come unto me," &c. I now began to sink fathoms deep, thinking that all hope was lost, and to rebel dreadfully against God, wishing I had been a sheep, or almost any of the brute creation, rather than what I was. I often meditated upon hell and endless misery; for the more I read in the word of God, the more I was condemned. Some of the people where I lived said I was going mad, others said that before I began to go to the meeting and read so much, I was quite different; but now I always looked gloomy and downcast, and misery was in my countenance; and for once they spoke the truth; for, "a wounded spirit who can bear?" "The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in me, and they drunk up my spirit." My mistress said to me one morning, "W——, I cannot think what is the matter with you." "O," I said, "I am one of the vilest sinners upon earth," and I burst out into a flood of tears. She replied, "God is merciful, and Christ has died, you have hurt no person, you have been the worst to yourself," &c. This was poor consolation to my sin-sick soul. In this way I was held in bondage for months, with another text sounding in my ears; "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." So that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." Therefore, "he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth." (Rom. ix. 15, 16, 18.) I now began to think that there was no hope for me, and I must give up all for lost. But everlasting honours be unto him that sitteth upon the throne both of justice and mercy, I knew and felt that I deserved the hottest place in hell, but sovereign, free, rich, and unbounded grace flowed to my soul. I well remember the day when I felt his boundless love shed abroad in my heart, though it is upwards of forty years since. I rose one Lord's day morning, almost as miserable as it was possible for me to live, and took a walk in an orchard, thinking of my sad state; and upon seeing people going to a meeting, I thought they were all happy, but I above all beings the most miserable. However, I went to the meeting, they sung and prayed, and the minister gave out the text; "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. v. 3.) I knew but little of what he said; I sat with a heart as hard as a millstone. When he had finished his sermon, the people sung as if they were as full of love and joy as ever they could contain. But here I sat, as if glued to my seat; and when most of them were gone out, my soul began to melt within me, the sluices of everlasting love were drawn up, and streams flowed from the fountain above, from God the Father through the mediation of Jesus Christ, and were brought into my soul by God the Holy Ghost. I cried out from a feeling sense of my own vileness, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Here, by an eye of faith, I beheld Christ as the "fair-

est among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." I saw him that gave himself a ransom for me, as though there was not another person on earth; all my doubts and fears were removed, and my burden was gone. I knew at that time what it was to eat of the rich provisions of God's house, and to drink of the rivers of his pleasure. "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." (Song ii. 3, 4.) The wine cellar was unlocked, and I had large draughts given me. The spiritual bread of life was also freely given me, which, if a man eat thereof, he shall live for ever. Nay, it was now that I could call God my Father, and Christ my Redeemer, and the Holy Ghost my Comforter, for I was as happy as ever I could live; I had entered into a new world.

I might say a deal more upon what I have experienced in my own soul at times, but as I fear I have already trespassed upon your patience, I will make but one remark, and that is, I did not learn these things either from men or from books, for I was as completely ignorant, and knew as little at that time of the plan of salvation as the poor heathen. And if I have tasted that the Lord is gracious, it is all of God; for even at this present time I feel as much need of deliverance as ever I did in my life.

In the space of forty years I have gone through many a deep water and hot fire; experienced many a long dark night and short bright day; sailed through many a rough sea, and had but little calm; felt many doubts and fears, and at times have been favoured with a short faith's view of the heavenly land; had much opposition from the world, an old corrupt nature, and a tempting devil; and now and then have been blessed with a love visit from above. After all, if a child of God has no changes, I have neither part nor lot in the matter. I have to thank the *Gospel Standard*, or rather the Lord, for enabling the Editors to carry on the work; for it has been blessed to my soul, and also to the souls of others who have read the pieces contained therein from time to time. I there find that others of God's family have trodden the same pathway as myself. I have had many a lift by the way from hearing that man of God, Mr. Gadsby; and I praise God for bringing that blessed man, Mr. Philpot, out of the Political Church, a limb of the mother of all abominations, and raising him up to stand forth as a standard bearer in the cause of eternal truth. His writings, and the few times I have heard him preach, have been blessed to my soul; and once in particular, the word came with power, and in the demonstration of the Holy Ghost, to my soul.

May the Lord lift up upon his elect church, if it be his blessed will, the light of his countenance, and then they will rejoice, and shout from the tops of the mountains of his everlasting love.

I just mention that I have received a letter from a brother in the United States of America, and he tells me that there are some of Mr. Gadsby's works in that country; and he wrote to a meeting of what is called the *old school*, in Maryland, but in general they are all loaded with Fuller's earth.

Nottingham, February 4, 1839.

A POOR OUTCAST.

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

My much-esteemed and beloved in the Lord,—It was with unspeakable pleasure that I received your letter, and thrice over do I thank you most sincerely for your kind remembrance of me, as also for an epistle so full of brotherly affection and gospel marrow. It tasted richly and

sweetly of him whose shoes' latchet I am not worthy to unloose, and whose high and exalted name seems by far too great and glorious for such a wretch as I to utter. It will afford you pleasure to know that it afforded me great consolation. Why? Because it was the true balm of Gilead, the Physician, the word in season, the only Word that possesses life and light; and O what healing, binding up, renewing, regenerating, comforting, and invigorating properties does that Word possess. Well might the apostle so emphatically declare, "This is the Word, which, by the gospel, is preached unto you;" and nothing short of this essential, eternal, vital Word of God, that was with God, and was God, can reach the cases of and heal the poor, and the sick, and the halt, and the blind, and the lame. Why, my brother, my sister, we are not half-aware of what and how many cripples there are waiting at the gates of his beautiful temple, made without hands; and, when these gates are opened, and we can see and apprehend this Word, then we break out with John, and say, and "We beheld his glory, the glory of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The glory of the Lord filleth the temple, and the veil which beclouds our view, and is a barrier between us and him, is now rent from the top to the bottom. Then do we understand a little of the meaning of that mystic language of prophecy, "I will make thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of precious stones." Then do we, in very deed, believe him that is true, who so sweetly and affectionately declared, "He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound, to comfort all that mourn, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

"O! for such love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious, heav'nly tongues,
His lasting praises speak."

Behold, I am vile! notwithstanding, I will say with his church, "Thou, O Lord, art worthy to receive honour, glory, might, majesty, and dominion for ever; and let all the people," the poor, the wretched, the miserable, the blind, and the naked, "say Amen."

I should be ungrateful in the extreme, did I not, again and again, acknowledge the kindness and affection of my friends in the truth, and, therefore, true friends.

But a few days since, brother H—— paid me a visit, a kindness for which I thank him heartily in the bowels of Christ. It cheered me greatly that I should be thus noticed, and that brotherly love had not ceased to exist. Moreover, I found again what I so often and so blessedly experienced in days that are gone by, that "as iron sharpeneth iron, so does the countenance of a man his friend."

I have now received a letter from yourself, expressive of your kind concern for me, and administering to my necessities some, and that not a little, of the gold from Immanuel's land. It was what I little expected, and much less deserved from your hands. I hope it will long continue on my grateful recollection. The Lord will, and I answer for his veracity, return thee four fold into thine own bosom. Your thoughts, in reference to Egypt, are very precious, and tally with my own experience greatly. Thanks to the Spirit of wisdom and revelation, for the knowledge of him whom you seem so happily and richly to enjoy. Thou dost well thus to walk about Zion, marking well her bulwarks, and considering her palaces. She is abundantly large, and has wealthy possessions; yet creeping or crawling about upon her

hands and knees, hiding herself in dens and caves of the earth, wandering about, as though she had not a penny to help herself, in sheepskins, or, alas! more frequently in goat-skins, of whom the world is not worthy. Kicked about by the world, kicked about by professors, kicked about by one another, kicked about by her own fleshly corruptions and passions, and, worst of all, by her unbelief and fears, yet, blessed be God, all this, or ten thousand times worse fooleries can never lessen one mite of her inexhaustible riches. Ye are dead, (mark that!) and your life is hid (mark that also!) with Christ in God. There is a divine coffer for you; break that open if you can, and squander away its contents if you can.

A fortnight has elapsed since I laid down my pen, during which time I have proved what I have so often, yea unceasingly proved before, namely, that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing. O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? What a cage of unclean birds! Unclean, unclean! behold, I am vile! The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Lord, I know it, and if there be any difference in thy mystical body, surely, then, I am the worst of the worst of them. Blessings for ever on thy great name, that thou delightest in mercy, that thou hast found a ransom, that in the Son of thy love thou justifiest the ungodly, that "thou hast laid upon him the iniquity of us all, and by his stripes we are healed." "Thou hast made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him;" and this is the name whereby thou hast called us, The Lord our righteousness. Thanks, eternal thanks to our great Jehovah, thou adorable God of love, let, O let thy name be great in the earth, and thy praise unto the ends of the earth; let the people praise thee, O Lord, yea, let all the people praise thee. What a mystery, also, is the mystery of godliness; that of iniquity is great, very great, most deadly so; but that of righteousness seems infinitely greater. Can such a wretch as I, vile as hell, be just with God? Am I black, yet comely? in myself one state of putrefaction; in him, who is our righteousness and strength, perfectly sound, and without a spot or wrinkle, or any such thing to be pronounced by the unerring God of truth? "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." If this be not a mystery of mysteries, what is? Is it to be wondered at that the world, although a professing one, should disbelieve and reject this? Can anything short of divine power (Christ in us) cause and enable us to receive and believe a truth so transcendently glorious, and so immensely great? O fools and slow of heart to believe, is applicable to us in our best condition. More fully convinced am I than ever that nothing short of Christ can believe in Christ. In his absence we are one universal chaos of unbelief, so that the great I AM, Jehovah, Jesus, Immanuel, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace, is not only the object upon which faith looks; but I would say of faith, as Judas said of Christ, though in a more lovely sense, "That same is he; hold him fast!" There is no need of going down to hell to bring him up from thence, neither to ascend up to heaven to bring him from above; but he is nigh thee, even in thy heart and in thy mouth, even in the word of faith which we preach. It is thus, my brother, that we have to apprehend him as a God nigh at hand, and not afar off. How blessedly was this truth established when his disciples were together, the doors being shut, and he manifested himself to them. He did not come in, if I may so speak; no, he was there, and they were insensi-

ble of that grand fact until he was pleased to make himself known. Methinks they were talking about him as though he had gone a long journey, they knew not where, how glad they would be to see him once more, and so on; and lo and behold, he was in the midst of them all the time, and, indeed, had never left them. Poor Mary, when she was running about to the grave, and elsewhere, seeking him whom her soul loved, little understood that he was with her and in her, as the great impelling cause of her seeking him.

(To be continued.)

EDITORS' REMARKS.

Ebenezer says, "I sent a letter to you on the 18th of March last, signed 'Ebenezer,' which said letter I requested you to insert in the *Gospel Standard*. In the following number for April, you acknowledged the receipt of that letter by observing on the wrapper that it was not examined. In the number for the present month you have taken no notice of it in any shape whatever. Will you be so kind as to assign a reason why you do not think proper to take notice of it? This I think is only a reasonable request between man and man, leaving brotherly kindness out of the question altogether. I acknowledge that you have an undoubted right to choose or refuse any letter or piece sent to you; but then, it would only have been a piece of common civility to have assigned some reason for not doing so. I did not write that letter to insult your feelings; but the Lord knows that my motive for writing that letter was that the person referred to might be benefited thereby, and God have all the praise.

"I find that where you have not approved of pieces or letters, you have made remarks to that effect upon the wrapper. I am not aware that there was anything contained in the letter which I wrote to you that merited your silent contempt."

Now, in the first place, we assure Ebenezer that we did not pass by his piece with "contempt;" our only reason for not inserting it was that it did not, to us, contain any savour; and if he will refer to page 191, No. 32 of the *Standard*, he will see that our *general* rule is not to take notice of pieces of which we do not approve, "judging it better to pass them by in silence, than to say So-and-so's piece (Ebenezer's, for instance) is not worth insertion." We do not personally know Ebenezer, nor do we, at the moment we are writing this, remember what his rejected communication was about; but this we know, that had it found its way into our hearts, it certainly would have found its way into our magazine. It is folly for Ebenezer to say, that it is "only a reasonable request between man and man that we should assign our reason for not inserting his letter," because, were we invariably to do so, we should have eight or ten to reply to every month; and all that we could say of most of them would be, "It contains truth, but no unction."

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Jacob's Dream, or Vision at Bethel of our Lord Jesus Christ. By Francis Raworth.

Immanuel, or the Mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God. By James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh.—Fowler.

These two pamphlets are published by the Poor Man's Spiritual Book Society, the design of which society is to issue works of genuine truth, at very low prices, for the benefit of the poor of God's family. We have seen some very excellent works issued by it, and remarkably cheap, Huntington's *Contemplations on the God of Israel*, for instance, (a sweet work,) at one shilling, the original price being, we believe, five shillings.

The pamphlets before us contain some very precious truths. The first is a discourse delivered in 1654; and although, in general, we are not so fond as

some are of the writings of many of the old divines, yet we felt some pleasure while reading this. We believe the author was taught of God, and knew something of the mystery of God in his own soul, and it affords no small comfort and encouragement to see that the Lord the Spirit works in his people the same experience and leads them in the same paths in all ages.

Our author takes up Jacob's vision of the ladder, as recorded Gen. xxviii. 12, 13, in a threefold sense; literal, allegorical, and providential; literal, as to Jacob's going to Padan-Aran, his stay there, and his return from thence; allegorical, as applied to Christ; and providential, as signifying the Divine Providence; and this latter part forms the greater portion of the work, tracing the "variety of Providence in the many steps thereof. The providence of God hath but one end, yet it hath divers ways to that end. The locks on the spouse of the Canticles are black and curled; black for their obscurity, and curled for their various intricacy. The Lord keeps his people from infection by leading them through divers airs. Standing waters corrupt and breed noisome creatures, but running waters are pure and preservative. Every new day brings with it a new temptation, and we shall never be experienced soldiers till we are tried at all sorts of weapons. We must not look on the scattered lines of providence, but tarry till God hath made a conclusion; never say providence scribbles, till you have seen the whole copy. Princes' letters, we say, ought to be read thrice; let us consider the ways of God, and we shall never censure them."

The price is so low, that some of our wealthy readers might do worse than buy a dozen or two copies, and give them to their poorer brethren.

The other work referred to is a grand display of the incarnation of the Son of God. It is very ably written, the great and glorious mystery of "God manifest in the flesh" being scripturally and well handled. The author seems to have felt something of the beauty and worth of this mystery in his own soul. "If it be demanded," says he, "how these things can stand together, that the Son of Man speaking upon earth, should yet at the same instant be in heaven? that the Father of eternity should be born in time? and that the mighty God should become a child, which is the weakest state of man himself? we must call to mind, that the first letter of his great name is "WONDERFUL." And so it is; wonderful indeed! "the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." The work is no mean witness against human Pre-existerianism, and Socinianism in every other shape. It truly exalts the God-Man in the mystery of his incarnation.

The Baptists' Hymn Book; being a Collection of upwards of One Thousand Hymns, harmonizing with the Scriptures of Truth, in Doctrines, Ordinances, and Precepts; and corresponding with the manifold Experience of the broken-hearted, conscience-wounded, soul-humbled, Spirit-taught, truth-seeking, blood-redemed, hell-opposed, earth-despised, and grace-defended Sinner, to whom, and in whom, and with whom, and for whom Christ is all in all. By John Stenson.—Stenson.

This is the hymn book referred to by R. E. in his letter, which will be found in another part of the magazine. It is, indeed, as R. E. says, anything but what it professes to be. It is in perfect keeping with another selection, called "Hymns of Praise," the tendency of which is, to stuff the head with doctrinal knowledge, and leave the heart untouched. Instead of entering into the varied experience of the children of God, there is little or no experience contained in it that may not be possessed by an hypocrite. It says, certainly, that there is an experience, that there is tribulation; but it enters not into that experience, nor does it at all describe real spiritual tribulation. We have carefully gone over the hymns under the head "Christian Experience;" and, strange to say, we only find three that were penned by Hart or Berridge, almost the only two men, now in glory, who penned any hymns on real experience worth reading,—a proof this that the compiler of the Baptists' Hymn Book did not learn his experience in the same school. The bait thrown out in the title is very enticing, but we feel called upon to caution living fish to beware, lest they should get a hook in their jaws. (Ezek. xxix. 4.)

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

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

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

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

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

No. 44.

AUGUST, 1839.

VOL. V.

LETTER FROM A PASTOR TO HIS FLOCK.

Dear Brethren in the Lord and Life of Zion,—Through mercy I am still in the wilderness, and no worse in bodily health than I was when I left home. O my dear brethren, what an infinite mercy it is to be stripped of self and self-dependence, and to be drawn by the sweet and solemn power of God the Holy Ghost to the Lord Jesus Christ, and in him find rest, peace, and quietness of soul. There is an indescribable glory in Christ, a glory which all the wisdom of the world can never fathom, no, nor even glance at. Poor broken down sinners, who are taught by the Lord, now and then have a small glimpse of it, and only a small, and often a very short glimpse. But small and short as it is, it is very solemn and very sweet; and, which is very, very blessed, it is a sure pledge of eternal glory. Bless the loving and lovely name of my dear Lord, there are sweet moments when his name is manifestly as ointment poured forth; therefore do I love him. What can be so blessed as a precious Christ revealed to the conscience by the unctuous power of God the Holy Ghost? Even our weakness makes room for his glorious strength, and our foolishness makes room for the manifestation of his wisdom, our vileness for his glorious purity, our guilt for his pardoning blood and righteousness, our emptiness for his matchless fulness, our fickleness for the glory of his stability. A worthless, filthy sinner and a precious Christ brought together by the glorious power of God the Spirit; Christ embracing the sinner in the arms of everlasting love, and sweetly speaking to the conscience, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn

thee;" and the poor sinner receiving him by faith and love in real feeling, and sweetly saying, "Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation;" and for the soul in holy freedom, under the anointings of the blessed Spirit, to call Christ her Love, her Dove, her Husband, her Friend, her Portion, her Lord, her Life, and her All and in All; and to have that holy freedom with him in claiming him in all the glorious beauties and blessedness of his glorious person, as the God-Man Mediator, which none can really do but living souls, and they only as the blessed Spirit teaches them the deep things of God, and draws their souls in some solemn measure into them, but when this is done, and the dear Lord speaks again and again with divine power, and says, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee; thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes (the precious eye of vital faith); with one chain of thy neck" (the blessed chain of love to him and to all that is dear to him); I say, brethren, when this is the case, the world drops its charms, and the dear child of God proves that there is a glorious reality in the religion of Christ, and that the most holy, the most heavenly, the most sweet, the most humbling, the most exalting, the most harmonizing, the most God-glorifying spot that a poor sinner can be in while in this vale of tears, is to meet God, by faith and in feeling, in that holy place, the secret of his tabernacle, his blessed pavilion, the glorious person of the Lord Jesus Christ, there to have fellowship with the Father, with the Son, and with the blessed Spirit.

God grant that you may be enabled, in all your approaches to God, to put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and in holy meekness and vital faith wear him as the Lord your righteousness and strength. Without and separate from him, you are a mass of filth and wretchedness, but in him, as one with him, you are glorious and beautiful; yea, "a crown of glory and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." (Isa. lxii. 3.) Well may it be said, "What hath God wrought?" Aye, what indeed! The united tongues of men and angels can never fully describe what God hath wrought for his people. Hear what he hath and does work in his people. The blessed Father has given his glorious Son, and with and in him all real good both for time and for eternity, and the blessed Son has given himself, yea, given himself in a thousand senses; and to give full proof that his whole soul was in the business, he gave himself up to all the malice of men, rage of devils, curses of a broken law, yea, and the wrath of a highly insulted God, determined to do and bear all that could honour God, defeat devils, magnify law, overcome the world, clear and acquit his spouse, and present her to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish. To accomplish this great work, it cost him sighs, and groans, and cries, and pangs, and horrors indescribable; yet, such was and such is his matchless love, that he did it with his whole soul. This is love indeed. O that you and I may now and then meet him in Gethse-

man, and, under the anointing, sealing power of God the Spirit, may we there bathe in blood and love, and feel the glorious impress of his image upon our souls, and in very deed hold converse with our glorious Three-One God, and then we shall know a little of what God the Spirit has wrought in us. Bless his precious name, all the spiritual life and light we have, every broken-hearted sigh, every particle of real tenderness of conscience, every act of faith and love, is all his blessed work, and every vital spark or principle from which they spring is all his gift. He will never totally leave us; we may at times have dreadful darkness and hardness, and be filled with doubts and fears, and feel faint and sickly, and almost conclude it is all over with us, and begin to wish that we had never been born, and a thousand distressing things may vex, and tease, and perplex us, but the Lord will appear again, and cause us to feel this blessed truth, "My grace is sufficient for thee, and my strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness;" and thus bring us to give the whole glory to a Three-One God.

That the God of peace may be with you, and bless you with much of his divine tenderness, and holy anointings and sealings, is the prayer of, yours in the Lord,

May 25, 1839.

W. G.

SKETCH OF A SERMON.

David was led into a varied experience on purpose to speak to the cases of the Lord's family, both then and in after ages. There are many that say that the Psalms are solely applicable to Christ; and if the Bible were not against them, they might pass current; but as it is, it is all on the side of little-faith. You may, perhaps, ask, Where is the Bible against such commentators? I answer, in Isaiah, for the prophet, speaking of Eliakim, who was typical of Christ, says, "The key of the house of David (not the world) shall be on his shoulder; that he shall shut, and none shall open; and open, and none shall shut." Here, then, I take the text as having a reference to Christian experience. In the first place, we will look at the shutting up, and at the impossibility of such getting into liberty that are thus shut up; and the reason why they are thus shut up.

First, shut up. The whole world of non-elect is shut out, but at present not shut up. They are reserved for the day of destruction, when they shall be gathered together as prisoners in a pit, and then they shall be shut up in hell, with their father, the devil, for ever and ever. But God's people shall be shut up before then, and these are God's prisoners which are only sent out by the blood of the covenant. This was plainly shown by the leper, under the law. When his leprosy was discovered, he was unclean, he must be brought before the priest; and if he was not in a fit state to be pronounced clean, he was shut up. Just such it is with a poor sinner when guilt is felt; he is unclean, feels himself not fit for any one; he is then like a pelican of the wilderness, or owl of the desert; the sun has shone upon him, and he is black; believe he cannot; make himself

clean he cannot; sin (of which leprosy was a type) hunts him continually; and this was the state in which Paul was when the law made a prisoner of him. Jesus looked upon him, sin was charged upon him, and he could not get away, neither could he make himself clean; he was under the arrest of justice till mercy liberated him. Yes, say some, and when he was liberated he never doubted any more; he had only outward troubles; he never doubted his interest. I believe that Paul came into establishment in the same way that Ezekiel did, for you find that the prophet could not get into the water; no, not up to the ankles, till the angel measured a thousand, and he must measure the same before he could get up to the knees, and another thousand before he could get up to the loins. O, I believe Paul often got into prison. By these things he was taught to live. When he was a child, he spoke like a child; he knew, by experience, that grace admitted of growth, for he knew there could be no good hope without experiencing a Christ formed in the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, not in the head. We hear the dear man saying, after he was liberated the first time, that he was brought into captivity to the law of sin that was in his members. If a man is in captivity, he is a prisoner; therefore, he stood in need of the power of Christ, and here he found Zion's deliverer strong to turn away ungodliness from Jacob. We find this apostle brought into captivity to the fear of man. Fine work, indeed, for a full assurance man to circumcise Timothy, and shave men's heads. O ye presumptuous mortals, that are always preaching up your full assurance to poor burdened sinners! You will be detected, and though you, like Amalek, appeared to be the first of the nations, your latter end will be, that you perish. Poor Jeremiah is a witness against all such brazen brows, for he was shut up and could not go into the house of the Lord, therefore sent Baruch to read the roll. Ministers of the letter never know what it is to be shut up in their understanding; they can take a text, cut it in pieces, and put it in such a systematic way as to gain the approbation of mortals, and never have the approbation of God in the conscience; they never seem to be confused in their brain; while a poor minister, whose dependence is on the Lord, is obliged to go oftener praying to the pulpit than studying. A man shut up, feels his heart as hard as hell can make it, and as cold towards God as it is possible to be; he feels earthly, sensual, and devilish; sin binds him down; he wants liberty, but not a fleshly one; he, like Daniel, is in the den of lions, finding every thing goes contrary to what he thought; his case is singular; like the man that lay at the pool of Bethesda, another steps in and gets the blessing; something sticks to him like a horse-leech, crying, "Give, give!" Such a poor creature as this must have Jesus himself; it is like that spirit which only went out by prayer and fasting. Oftentimes we find God's people shut up in Providence, closed in as with stones; and when they pray and shout, their prayer is shut out, and will be till the time that God arises for their help. Many cases might be mentioned, both ancient and modern, to prove this; but let it suffice, at present, to say, that he will never let his

people be in any trouble but what shall redound to his glory and their good.

Secondly, Why are they shut up? It is that they may be cured of the errors that abound in the world; and, also, that they should have a witness in themselves; for men that are brought into this state have the most powerful weapon of any to attack their enemies; they have the law and testimony on their side, having been taught out of the law; and the Lord's testimonies, being sure, have made wise such simple ones; and they prove, by this teaching, the everlasting love of God, for they find, if sin could damn them, they have enough to condemn many worlds; they have many times thought they would have their own way, but God has prevented them, and thus they have proved that Jesus was determined to have them, and, in this determination, they see election. "What!" they are ready to exclaim, "not condemn me for all my rebellion?" "No," says God, "though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; and though red like crimson, they shall be as wool!" These prove that salvation is of grace, that the promise may be sure to all the seed. These find that there is no gate of brass, nor bar of iron but he will cut through; no feeling, however hard, but he can soften; nor no distance but he can bring nigh. These prove that he is their light and life, and find encouragement still to trust and not be afraid. Therefore, they are shut up to know that sweet deliverance which Jesus preaches to his captives, and those open doors to them that are bound; to show the holiness as well as the mercy of God, teaching them not to be high minded, but to fear; to walk in much humility with their God; to see the rock from whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit from whence they were digged; and when they are made fully ripe for the sickle, he will gather them to himself, to be for ever with him.

The Lord grant us grace to serve him, love and fear him, and to him shall be the glory. Amen.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF W. J. BROOK, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

(Extract of a Letter.)

Dear Friend,—I received your letter, and glad was I to do so. I had desired it a long time. I have to say that Mr. C. was in the room when our dear friend departed this life, and he said he heard much about many things that Mr. B. had to say. This day three weeks he called on Mr. B., and he says he was in such a frame that he never saw anything like it. He was going away, but Mr. B. heard him, and bid him come to him; and he told Mr. C. that he felt so much of the glory of God, that if God permitted him to stand up again, which, at that time, he thought he would, his faith was then that he should come forth as Paul, determined to know no man after the flesh; and, though about twelve months before, he said he should shrink up his shoulders at death, yet now it was quite

the reverse. Mr. B. said death was no more to him than going out of one chamber into another, for he knew that all was well.

About half-past three o'clock, he held out his hand for Mr. C. to come to him, and he told him he saw the glory of God which John speaks of in the Revelation; and he repeated, "They rest from their labour; they rest, they rest, they rest!" Mr. C. said these were almost the last words he spoke. Mr. B. said that it was the greatest trial to part with his church. He was sorry to do that, because he had a few poor souls, and the enemy would rejoice, and men would have it their way. A few minutes before his death, he kissed his wife, gave three sighs, and departed in peace. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." He desired to be buried at six o'clock in the morning, and to be carried on men's shoulders, and laid in the vault with his grandfather and grandmother. It does my soul good when I look at the place where he lies, knowing that he is freed from the noise and clamour of this world, and safe is his immortal soul in Abraham's bosom. The feelings I have in my soul I cannot describe, desiring to be partaker of that bliss which he now enjoys.

Brighton, Oct. 7, 1811.

D. C.

MRS. DIFFIDENCE AND OLD MR. HONEST, A MORNING VISIT.

I have had many struggles of mind respecting the propriety of communicating the few following statements for insertion in the *Gospel Standard*; and it seems scarcely the weight of a feather at this moment that turns the scale in favour of my putting pen to paper. Until to day indeed, my pride, dressed in the retiring garb of modesty, or, to use John Bunyan's words, "Mrs. Diffidence, the wife of Giant Despair," of cudgelling notoriety, has, by her advice, kept me quite spell-bound; but, awaking this morning rather earlier than usual from repose, I found myself in company with "old Mr. Honest," (a gentleman by no means over fashionable in these days of *profession*) who, though he did not "cut her" ladyship "down at one blow," so weakened her magic power over my inclination, as to suffer my pen to move thus tremblingly along.

This "Mrs. Diffidence" has indeed been pleading successfully for silence for several days past, on the ground that I ought not to trust myself to speak of "the abundance" of a "heart" that is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and that being my father's eldest son, his "Reuben" naturally, I am "unstable as water," and cannot "excel." Now, this I knew, to my sorrow, was all true; but she never said a word about Reuben's instrumentality in delivering a Joseph from the hands of false brethren, nor did she say that the word Reuben, when interpreted, might mean "the vision of the Son," or "one who sees the Son," much less did she hint a word of what is written in Gen. xlix. 3. O, no; my "*instability*," and the *impossibility* of such a wretch ever "excelling," were the cuckoo note, and gag, and hand-cuff, that she employed; though I recollect that brazen-faced "Presumption," some time ago, (hanging is too good for the villain) quoted the verse referred to most glibly, and made me as proud as a freshman at our universities, when he puts on, for the first time, his gown and trencher; as a midshipman when he swaggers with his dirk,

and crown and anchor button, and cocked hat, upon the quarter-deck of a man of war, looks unutterable things, and bawls, with indescribable authority, at the weather-beaten veterans around him; or, to come nearer home, as a Sunday-school teacher at a union or other meeting, when he spouts most magnanimously, and gets a "Hear, hear!" and a clap, clap from some one about to speak after him, who hopes to have these notes of admiration duly reimbursed in return; as a Diotrephe, whether he be a minister, a deacon, or a member in our churches, when he thinks he has a right to the pre-eminence; as a young lady when, having joined a professedly Christian church, she advertises in the magazines and newspapers, and writes herself "decidedly pious;" or as some of the students in our dissenting academies, when, with or without bands, cassocks, and gowns, they are invited to preach (especially for the first time) before a *very respectable congregation*, and are driven to and from chapel in a *carriage or phaeton*, and Mr. and Mrs. So and So are exceedingly kind and complimentary, and the footman brushes their hats and coats in the lobby. Yes, Messrs. Editors, pride as contemptible as all this (why, the monster is at my elbow at this very moment) has inflated this heart of mine, and I find him still, though I hate him as the devil, "spoiling all that I perform," and lurking in every fold of this deceitful, treacherous heart. Still do I resemble the mariner sailing through the Straits of Messina, who, (as reported by the ancients,) while attempting to avoid the rock "Scylla," falls into the whirlpool "Charybdis," for presumption and despondency are the extremes to which, even at this moment, I find myself painfully and frequently drawn. At one time I am crying out, O my accursed pride! At another, O my sinful timidity! Then, O my bare-faced effrontery! And anon, O my cowardly diffidence. This is the crooked "way of the serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea," that "is too wonderful for me," and which, though so long accustomed to it, I must add, with the wise man, "I know not." How giddy, how sick, how wretched, how loathsome it makes one, you and many of your correspondents, and, I believe, your readers too, know full well. I have intimated that old Mr. Honest paid me a visit this morning (I wish he would stay with me all my life long). I mean that the spirit of your magazine and the despised supporters of it powerfully impressed my mind, and urged me thus to venture to unbosom some of the dealings of God with me, and some of the exercises of my tempest-tossed spirit. But before I attempt this, I must be permitted to say, to the praise of the Lord the Spirit, that I have derived more meltings of heart, have shed more tears of sorrow and joy, and have seen and felt more of the love and glory of God the Father, the preciousness of Christ the Redeemer, the grace of the Holy Spirit, the Quickener and Comforter, and of the vileness, vanity, helplessness, and wretchedness of the creature, while perusing some of the pages of the *Gospel Standard* lately, than I have ever derived from the perusal of all the other periodicals of the day that I have read put together. Why? Because it is the speaking together honestly of those who fear the Lord. Why? Because the heart is painted as it is, and not as *article-paid* and academy-taught scribes and preachers falsely declare it to be. Why? Because an unction from the Lord the Spirit rests upon the hearts of many of those who write in it, and induces them to deal faithfully with their own consciences, and with the consciences of their readers. I have been in the habit of taking in another magazine for twenty years, and am now compelled to acknowledge, that from the perusal of all its contents, (with the exception of here and there a piece,) I have risen cold, gapish, unmoved,

carnal, and dead. Why? Because most of its articles, though *round*, like the prophet's wheels, are destitute of all that makes them of any real use; *the Spirit of the Lord is not in them*, and I need not tell you that, without this, they will never take a heavy coach along. And, alas! but the truth must be told, the preaching of many of the writers (and I have been among them) is of the same kind; it is pretty, systematic, philosophical, literary, and some of it eloquent, but it is not *piercing, vital, savoury*; it is more calculated to delude the sinner than to arouse him, to worry and starve the sheep than to restore and feed them, to chill and frighten the lambs than to warm and encourage them. Their congregations, with but very few exceptions, are worldly, carnally secure, yet full of noise, blaze, bustle; are church, chapel, and Sunday-school-building-mad, and are gathering thousands of money, not to propagate the gospel, but to send out young, inexperienced men, just fresh from the academies, without any knowledge of themselves, of the spirituality of God's law, or of the truth as it is in Jesus, to teach what they have never learnt, and to haul unconverted heathens into a nominal fellowship with something falsely called a church of Christ, which ends, and ever will end in such scenes as are now being acted in the South Sea Islands. (Vide "Affecting Intelligence from the South Sea Islands," *Evangelical Magazine*, July, 1839.) We have been told, Messrs. Editors, again and again, and hundreds of thousands of money have been collected upon the confidence of its truth, that these islands were *savingly converted* unto God; and now we are informed that "at Raiatea, the most flourishing of all the South Sea mission stations, there are *scarcely a hundred people who have not disgraced themselves*, and that persons who have made a *consistent profession* of religion for years have been *drawn into the vortex*." This is indeed an "affecting" statement, but it describes what will ever follow in the wake of a ministry where the chaff and the wheat are not described and divided, and where a bastard, mongrel, nondescript something, falsely named the gospel, is poured forth, instead of the living, clear, healing waters of salvation; for "how can they preach unless they be sent" by a higher and holier commission than that which wings hundreds across the seas? Well might a missionary, sometime since, returned from abroad with disgust, say, "They know not what spirit they are of." But O, it is to be regretted that thousands of places at home are supplied with no better instructors! Never, surely, never was the prayer of the faithful more seasonable, that man would send *less*, and that "the Lord of the harvest would send *more faithful labourers* into his harvest." Some of the deliverances, both in providence and grace, that a covenant-keeping and merciful God has wrought for the worm who now addresses you and your readers, shall be unfolded in another communication, should you think fit to give the foregoing an insertion in the *Gospel Standard*.

Praying that the Spirit of light and life may continually and increasingly be poured out upon you, your correspondents, your readers, and on the church of Christ at large,

I am, dear Sirs, your greatly indebted friend and servant,

EPHRON.

THE RUNNING SORE.

In reading the seventy-seventh Psalm, my mind was arrested with the language and spirit couched therein; for I thought I could read my state there. In the second verse the psalmist says, "In the day

of my trouble I sought the Lord; my sore ran in the night, and ceased not; my soul refused to be comforted." Why, thought I, this is my exact state; if I understand the matter rightly, this sore is the corrupt fountain of an evil heart broken up, or, in other words, a manifestation of its total depraved state by the fall; plainly discovering every faculty thereof felt to be earthly, sensual, and devilish, which no man can know, unless he feels it experimentally. Now the way these running sores are manifested, in my view, is the withdrawal of the sensible presence of God in his communicable attributes of love, mercy, light, faithfulness, and truth, the which being withdrawn for a season, the carnal faculties begin to stir and manifest themselves, proving that they are still in existence and alive, though we might have thought they were dead. But, alas! now it is they break out with double force; and no marvel; for while grace reigned, they were subdued; but now they come forth sometimes in a way of fraud, at others by force, according to the circumstances of the person. If the situation of the person be easy, they will work fraudulently; if adverse, they will work very powerfully. This I have always found to be the case with myself, and always found the white devil worse than the black; and I do believe he is most to be dreaded. O the thousand and thousand times the white devil has befooled me, (I am here speaking of the carnal mind having evil for its object; for I do not believe Satan is one jot or tittle worse than the carnal mind; yea, I think I may, with truth, call it *Beelzebub legion*, to say the best of it, *hell itself*;) and, under the mask of sanctity, has drawn me away by degrees, till I have been completely bewildered, and, as it regards feelings, as dead as a post to God and godliness. Then commence perverse disputings, carnal reasonings, God-dishonouring suggestions and language too, soul-distressing thoughts and actions; now enmity is felt, darkness covereth the mind; and then comes night, the black and dark night; and this sore runs with a witness, and ceaseth not. It is then that the soul refuseth to be comforted, nor indeed can it look to God without dreadful apprehensions of divine wrath; then there is rebellion in the soul, all hurry, confusion, clamour, and distress. If I were to tell you what has passed in my mind in this night of trouble, you would say at once that I must be an incarnate devil; and so I am in my carnal mind; and yet I hope I am "all fair" in Jesus. Such language may appear strange to all the whited walls and painted sepulchres, who know not the plague of their heart. So it is writtew of Joshua, the high priest, and of his fellows that sit before him, that they are men wondered at; and is it not a truth in the experience of every believer in Jesus to this day? Yea; and we are a wonder to ourselves, as Mr. Hart has said, under a feeling of our depraved nature,

"The soul with horror starts;
Shook'd at the sight, we straight cry out,
'Can ever God dwell here!'"

Friends, it is one thing to read, "the carnal mind is enmity against God," but quite another sensibly to feel it is so, and groan under the cruel, hard bondage thereof; it is one thing to read, "the heart is

deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," and another to feel its deceit and desperate wickedness; it is one thing to read, "from the sole of the foot even to the crown of the head there is no soundness, but wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores," and another to feel that our wounds stink and are corrupt, and that in our feelings we are neither fit for God, the church, the family, nor the world. So completely lost are we sometimes that we seem to be the offscouring of all things, and are fully persuaded that if we are saved from wrath eternal, it must be of rich, free, sovereign grace alone, and therefore are willing, most willing, to give the glory of our salvation to God alone. For my own self, I can say, before a heart-searching God, that if I could live as I would, I would live without sin in thought, word, and deed, from January to December, all the days of my mortal life. But I find "in me (that is, in my flesh) there dwelleth no good thing." I pray the Lord, therefore, to hold me up and be my salvation and strength; then I shall not fear what sin, the devil, or man can do unto me. Now I am persuaded that when worms are destroying, and have destroyed this poor mortal tabernacle, that in my flesh I shall see God, and my eyes shall behold him, and not another. Even now, amidst all the changes through which I am, or may be called to pass, "I am persuaded that neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord." I am sure if any poor creature will have to praise God, it will be I.

Come, my tried, tempted, distressed, dejected, cast down brethren; the Lord's hand is not shortened, neither is his ear heavy, nor has his compassion failed. Remember this, my friends, for it is for your sakes that I have written this, for I can have sympathy with you, for I know what it is to be tempted, and many times have concluded that I must one day perish by it. But here I am, a monument of the love and faithfulness of a covenant God, who hath said, "No weapon that is formed against you shall prosper," &c.; and then adds, "This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, (now mark) and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord;" (mark again;) you have a "Saith the Lord." Now, when Jehovah can cease to exist, that promise will fail, and not till then. A "Thus saith the Lord," in the soul, is worth more than all the creation. Consider, again, my brethren and companions in tribulation, this promise, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able, but will, with the temptation, make a way for your escape," &c. Here is, first, a "will not," then a "will." Now, who can resist his will? Can Satan, can sin, or all the angelic host in heaven, or all the powers of darkness? for "he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" What a mercy it is that such poor creatures as you and I have such a kind, faithful, and unchangeable God to hope in. Well, in conclusion, I would say, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." And, again, I would say, in the language of Mr. Hart,

"Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames;
 From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's.
 No goodness, no fitness expects he from us;
 This I can well witness, for none could be worse."

Let me call upon all, before whom this may come, to read the compositions of that dear servant of God, for they are to me truly valuable; and may the Lord make them a blessing to his poor tried children to the end of time, for Jesus' sake.

April 28th, 1839.

T. NICHOLSON.

THE MINISTRY.

Dear Friends,—Many thanks for your kind letter, and the present which accompanied the same. Your letter fitted the state of my mind, and your garment fitted the state of my body, and for this reason; the Lord took the measure and was the tailor's master. Every thing the Lord puts us to do, must be well done, though to us it may be the drawing of a bow at a venture. I have found this to be a truth by experience, that the Lord does not only lead the blind by a way they know not in walking, but also in working. This is not the first time the Lord, in his rich condescension, has opened a tailor's shop; for this was done in Eden; and I have not the least doubt but that the suit he made fitted the body to beautify and screen it, and the mind to comfort it, being a token of undeserved favour. The wearers received their garments in this light, and so do I receive mine. †

Remember, friends, the Lord set you to work, and I must send you to him for your wages, and I am confident he will pay you. I have read in a very old book, which few people in our day can read aright, that a cup of cold water given in the love of the Spirit, shall not lose its reward. Hirelings are pleased with such talk, and calculate upon mighty things, as a reward for their dead works. But the free-born son looks for nothing from these little charities, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the household of faith; for his left hand knows not what his right hand doeth.

I have, like the father of the faithful, many times given the Lord glory, by believing that he was able to supply my needs, "according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus; but when he did not appear at my time and in my way, unbelief has counselled me to go to the bondmaid's bed, to hasten the bringing forth of the blessing sought, desired, and needed. "He that believeth shall not make haste." If this be the truth, and sure I am it is, then I am in thousands of movements day by day a wretched unbeliever. I am almost always in a hurry, and saying as Eliezer did, "Hinder me not;" not because the Lord has prospered my way, but because I think my hurry is the only way of prosperity. I want to make short work of faith and patience.

I stood much in need of something to clothe me. I looked to my wants, and seeing no way to supply those wants, this made me fret. I tried to look to the Lord, but all being a blank as to ways and means to pay for my covering, I thought I must sit down, if I could, content with my lot. When I had given up all hopes of providing for myself, and my expectations were at a low ebb as to the Lord's providing, because I could not see how, nor would he work by the measuring line of my carnal reason, I then called upon my dear friend P., and found your much prized gift, the thing I had been seeking and

running after many weeks, and looking for from another quarter. When the Lord supplies my wants in his own way, and at his own time, then He gets all the glory; but when supplies come in my way, then I, a guilty monster, burn incense to my own net, and sacrifice to my own drag. You wish to know how they fit; I tell you I believe you never fitted any one so well since you began fitting. The truth is, they fit personally and relatively, for now my old ones can be made up into something useful for one of my sons; experimentally, for now I have another proof that the Lord knoweth what I need, and careth for me; and spiritually, for I am bound to acknowledge, that if the Lord was to give me no more than my faith could hold out in believing, and with patience waiting to obtain, I should soon be naked, starved, and damned.

Friends, though I am unfaithful, I have to do with a faithful God. I used to think, how can God be faithful unless he sends me to hell? And though I saw nothing before my eyes but hell, and felt the sentence of death in my soul, yet, I used to say to myself, I must praise the Lord, though he sends me to hell, because he is just, and has done what is right. I have hundreds of times thought that it was impossible for God to be faithful and just, unless he banished me from his presence. I could not bear the thought of the Lord showing mercy to me, at the expense of his justice. I have thought, how can I behold the Lord in his kingdom, who am verily guilty, when he hath said, "that he will by no means clear the guilty." I thought if he shows me mercy, he cannot be true to himself in that which is just and holy. O, what a change that is when the Spirit comes down upon, and into the soul of a poor sinner; when, under a feeling sense of the justice of God in our condemnation, our mouth stopped with guilt, without hope or power to cry for mercy, he brings with him a personal and powerful revelation of Jesus in his love and blood; then, then we see he can be faithful and just, and yet a Saviour from deserved wrath; and while we are under the influence of this power, by faith we can cast our souls upon the Lord, nor dare one unbelieving care intrude. But when this power is taken away, then we are all cares, wants, woes, complaints, and miseries. But here I must stay my pen to tell you that we are all in health, and O may he who is the Sun that makes the calves grow up, and is a shield when the sun withdraws its shining, bless us and you with saving health of soul,

ERUDITUS.

My Dear Sister in Christ,—Believing you are anxious to know how I am, and also how I am going on, I inform you that I am in good health, but as weak and as vile in myself as ever. I find, to this day, that I can do nothing but sin against God, and burden myself with thick clay. I find myself sufficient for nothing that is spiritual, for I am carnal, sold under sin; I am made up with infirmities and weakness, so that when I would do good I cannot. I once thought I could do many things, but now I see I can do nothing but wherein sin appears in some form or other, whether in preaching or in praying. Every day I seem to grow more and more insufficient for the pulpit, and more and more unlike a Christian, so that the growth of grace with me seems to be like a carrot, downward. At times I wonder what I shall turn to, or what I shall prove to be at last, for I find myself to be a walking hell, burdened, bowed down, and shut up, full of uneasiness, and a prayerless heart withal, without a grain of patience, and I seem as if I could not bear myself, nor bear with any body else, and as if I knew not how to pray;

and, what is worse, I feel as if I had no heart in what I say; so I am forced to carry my own troubles, for I cannot leave them with the Lord when I would, but only when the Lord will. Thus left to myself, every trifle gives me pain, and then I think that the Lord deals hardly with me in laying the ministry upon me. A sense of my insufficiency on the one hand and of the burden of the ministry on the other, together with the awful criminality of running without being sent, and the solemn consequence of doing the work of the Lord deceitfully, these cause me to go to and from the pulpit uneasy, thinking that I know not how to preach, and angry with myself for ever beginning to preach, and also wishing that I had been anything else but a preacher; for I seem as if I could not bear with the troubles of God's people, nor with myself. Notwithstanding my baseness, the Lord is going on to own his word among us by giving life to the dead, and also feeding his own flock, which he hath purchased with his own blood. I have also received three testimonies of God blessing the reading of the "Looking Glass." One of them is a neighbour to me, and he has had hard bondage for nine years. In the morning he used to say, "Would to God it were evening;" and in the evening, "Would to God it were morning;" for he was afraid to live, and afraid to die. God doing these things breaks my heart, so that it melts like wax before the fire. Then I fall, crying, "Will the Lord indeed make the word a blessing from one so vile?" and I blush for shame, and say, "Truly salvation is of the Lord from first to last;" then I say, "Send, O Lord, by whom thou wilt send." At other times the Lord breaks in upon me with his melting love, and leads me to see my oneness with Christ, and also that I am as completely fixed in him as a tree is in its bark which has never been bruised; then I feel Christ is precious enough to make me say his ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace, and that I would not change situations with any man on earth, nor have anything altered in my own if I could, for all is right to me now, seeing that I am just as the Lord would have me to be. My heart is then like the earth in the month of May; all that hath life is shooting forth, and all the life that is in me is blessing, lauding, and magnifying his holy name. I say, he that is mighty has done wonderful things unto me, and holy is his name. I grieve for grieving him, and am ashamed for distrusting him at all, either with body or soul. I can see, and say, that he is too wise to be mistaken, too good to be unkind. Thus, you see, I am still in the old way, the same Daniel as ever. I hope my sister is often brought into the presence of the King, asking him to remember his poor, vile wretch at Rowley.

The love that first our hearts did tie, In fellowship and love,
Still holds them fast, though bodies part, And we shall meet above.

Thine, for Christ's sake,

Rowley, 1839.

A COWARD.

THE DOCTRINES OF FAITH.

Most of our readers are aware from what has appeared in the *Gospel Standard* that the friends at Deeping, Lincolnshire, and the neighbourhood, are about to erect a small Chapel for Mr. Tryon, who has lately left the National Establishment, commonly but falsely called the Church. A declaration of their principles has been sent us by a friend, which we here insert, not as a call upon the pockets of any of our readers, but as simply wishing to give circulation to a statement which we consider to embody sound principles of truth.

Mr. Tryon, of James Deeping, Lincolnshire, having lately, for conscience' sake, seceded from the Establishment, the friends of the Redeemer in Deeping and the neighbourhood, being desirous that he should continue among them, are anxious to purchase a piece of ground, and build upon it a chapel, in which he may preach the doctrines of grace, and set forth, as far as he is acquainted with their power, the experimental mysteries of vital godliness.

But as those who are thus desirous to sit under his ministry are, for the most part, a poor people, they are not able, unaided by the contributions of the lovers of Zion's cause, to carry these wishes into effect. They are, therefore, compelled to ask assistance from those lovers of truth whose hearts and hands the Lord has opened to seek the prosperity of Israel. But that there may be no mistake nor misapprehension as to the truths which they believe—their brother Tryon will endeavour, according to his ability, to set forth, they thus openly declare them.

The doctrines in which they profess their faith, and for the preaching of which the chapel is to be built, are the following :

The glorious Trinity of Three Persons in One undivided Godhead—the Deity and spotless humanity of Immanuel, the Lord Jesus Christ—the Deity and personality of the Holy Ghost—the eternal covenant of grace between the Three Persons in the Trinity on behalf of the Church—the eternal election and justification of the Church in and through the Lord Jesus—the immutable decrees of Jehovah—the entrance of sin, death, and condemnation through Adam's fall, with all their miserable train of total ruin, helplessness, and enmity—the particular, personal, and complete redemption of the Elect, and of them alone, by the blood-shedding of the Saviour—the effectual calling of all the elect vessels of mercy at the time appointed by Jehovah's decree—the application of the law to the conscience—the manifestation of pardon through the blood of sprinkling, and of justification through Christ's righteousness—and the certain perseverance of the Saints in grace and faith till they arrive at the eternal enjoyment of their purchased inheritance.

These doctrines of grace they advocate and contend for, not as a mere creed or a dry system, but as inseparably connected with vital godliness and pure undefiled religion. They contend, therefore, for the operations of grace on the heart, under the divine teachings of the Holy Ghost—for the power of truth on the conscience—for the fear of God in the soul—for the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope—and for whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, as outward evidences before the Church and the world. They reject all false doctrines, such as the pre-existence of Christ's human soul—the free-will of the creature—the offers of grace—the law being a rule of life to the believer—the commanding of all men to keep the law—and every teaching or interpretation of man that tends to detract from the glory of Jesus as the alone Head of the Church, and the believer's all in all.

They also profess their belief in the two standing ordinances of Christ for his Church, viz., the Baptism of believers by immersion, and the Lord's Supper ; and they believe that the latter is to be restricted to those who have been previously baptized by immersion.

And in order, as far as human power can go, to exclude all doctrines and all preaching contrary to this statement of their faith, they purpose to vest in the hands of the under-named Trustees, all the property of the Chapel proposed to be built, and to invest them with authority and

power to manage all its temporal and spiritual affairs, until the formation of a Gospel Church.

It is proposed to erect a plain and comfortable building, calculated to seat from 200 to 300 persons, in a convenient part of James Deeping, the expense of which, exclusive of the purchase of the ground and the writings, it is supposed will amount to about £300.

NAMES OF TRUSTEES AT PRESENT APPOINTED.

WILLIAM GADSBY, MANCHESTER,
J. G. DE MERVEILLEUX, STAMFORD,
SAMUEL PARROTT, DEEPING,
J. C. PHILPOT, STAMFORD, &c., &c.,
TO THE NUMBER OF TWELVE.

April 17, 1839.

BLESSED INDEED.

My dear Husband,—I have an opportunity, and so I write. On Lord's day, I was going alone to hear J. F.—, and yet I was not *alone*, for God was with me. In the lane he manifested himself to my poor cast down soul; it was in the 1st and 2nd verses of the 32nd Psalm that he appeared to me, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." Ah, I cannot tell you what my soul felt; tongue cannot express, nor words describe it; but, blessed be God, who has given me a husband who knows what the love of God is, the heights, and depths, and breadths, and lengths of which passeth knowledge. What a mercy to know God! yea, the great God, the Three-in-One, and One-in-Three; to know that He is love from feeling experience; and what a mercy, also, to feel sin exceedingly sinful, to be plagued with it; burdened with it, sick of it, grieved at it, and groaning under it, while we see others who feel nothing of it, and care nothing about it. May the Lord give both of us that fear in our hearts that will enable us to walk as his own dear children. On Monday, this passage was very much blessed to my soul, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own name's sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isa. xliii. 25.) Look what beauty shines in it, he not only *blots* sins out, but look, he will not *remember* our sins. Now, if we vex a friend, they may *forgive* us, but to *forget*, nature cannot do this; none but the Lord Jehovah can *forgive* and *forget* sins. My dear husband, *I think—I do think* I shall not get better, but I have felt, this week, a *divine persuasion* in my soul, that when I die I shall be for ever in glory with God and Christ. I feel it now while I write; and what does it matter what we go through here? glory is at the end of it; yes, very soon we, both of us, shall be where sin, cursed sin, will never come! This day I experienced this verse,

"When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great."

And O how happy I felt; and yet, this morning as I was walking on the shore, a woman passed by me, and I heard her say to another, "That young person is in a decline." I believed what she said, and immediately I thought of you, and wept. I thought the little time I had to live I ought to live with you, and not be so far separated; so you see, in the midst of all my joy, I have a little trouble; but, never mind, the law is fulfilled, and sin is put away, and these troubles are only trifles. Do not think I am any worse from what I have said; no, I am pretty well. May the grace, and love, and joy of the blessed Spirit fill your soul, and then you will worship God in spirit and in truth, as your poor wife has done.

Blackpool, June 28th, 1839.

J. M'K.

SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Messrs. Editors,—Ever since I heard of your valuable publication I have been a constant reader of it, and more to the comfort of my poor soul than any of the publications of the present day. While I wish to give God all the glory, at the same time, as instruments in his hand, I value much some of your writers, such as I. K., and J. C. Philpot, who have supplied you with much precious truth. My prayer to God is, that they and you may fearlessly go on. Although I am cautioned in the word not to be surprised at the wiles of Satan in the present day, yet, Sirs, I assure you I was surprised beyond measure in reading your *Standard* of this month, at the ignorance, blindness, and presumption of Mr. Baley. He says he has disproved Mr. Philpot's sermons, "The Heir of Heaven walking in Darkness," &c., and "Winter afore Harvest." Now, Sirs, my poor soul, and many more of the Lord's tried ones that I am acquainted with, do give Mr. Baley most solemnly the lie. I was called by divine grace among the Arminians, and I trust I had the Spirit of God bearing witness to my spirit that I was regenerated and born again twenty-two years before I heard of these two sermons. But O, Sirs, my language cannot describe the darkness of soul I experienced for two years before I heard of the sermon, "The Heir of Heaven walking in Darkness." I weep when I look at these two years' experience; I was bordering on insanity; the common exercises in my family were a burden to me; I have walked the streets and envied the brute, and been ready to quarrel with God for not making me like unto them; and how hard did the enemy and my wicked heart work against me, till I could neither pray, nor, I was going to say, groan; but indeed it became all sighing, and groaning, and tears, and at length despair; so that between me and Satan it was agreed to give the matter entirely up, and in this contract I was worse off than ever. What to do I knew not; for go into the world I could not, for I hated it worse than ever. I did hate sin, yet I found sin in all I did. I cried and groaned continually with Paul, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" At length I heard of "The Heir of Heaven," &c., in a most mysterious but a Sovereign God's appointed way; and O, my feelings are feelings of gratitude to God for his mercies while I am writing, for I cannot describe the deliverance I experienced in reading it. O, Sirs, the light and power that were given to the preacher and writer of it, the same were given to me and my dear wife in the reading of it; and

the depth of my dark, benighted, tempest-tossed, and hell-buffed soul's experience, and the precious promises and divine truths therein contained, were the means of bringing me out of my prison-house; so that I could once more praise the God of my salvation. I named the contents and worth of this book to many of the Lord's tried ones, to some of whom I lent it, and others purchased it for themselves, and in every case it has been made a great blessing, which proves it to be not of man's wisdom, but of divine inspiration. After this it pleased my heavenly Father to let me be tried in my soul's experience once more, and sorely too. But as I have trespassed so long, I shall refer you and your opponent, Mr. Baley, to the sermon, "Winter afore Harvest," for my experience, as Mr. Philpot there describes it of himself and the tried family of God, is therein contained; and that sermon also was made as great a blessing to me and many of the Lord's tried ones as the other. Thus I can set to my seal, as also will many others, that Mr. Baley's speech is nothing worth.

A TRIED ONE.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—Having many times been encouraged and refreshed in the reading of the experiences of some of the Lord's tried children, both in a way of providence and grace, which have at different times been inserted in the *Gospel Standard*, I have presumed to convey, through the same medium, a little of the tender mercies of a covenant-keeping God to one of the most sinful, ungrateful, distrustful, and unworthy of all the Lord's blood-bought, redeemed family. In his infinite and unbounded mercy I humbly hope he has led me to see myself a poor, helpless, hell-deserving sinner, saved alone by grace, quickened alone by the mighty power of God, and preserved in Christ Jesus. Yes; to me, who have deserved eternal damnation, is this saving grace communicated, that it may be made manifest that he came to seek and save the chief of sinners. And since he has been pleased to reveal himself unto me, how many times has he appeared as a prayer-hearing, and prayer-answering God! How many times has he given me tokens of his free, sovereign, discriminating, and eternal love, that I am chosen in the beloved; that his perfect righteousness is imputed to poor, sinful, helpless me; that in him I stand complete, though by nature black as hell! How many times has he led me to his banqueting house, and his banner over me has been love! O the preciousness of a precious Christ, when sweetly and sensibly felt in the heart, as the hope of salvation! O how willing is the man to be nothing, and less than nothing, that his Jesus may be all in all. Having some time ago sweetly enjoyed the love of Christ shed abroad in my soul, and the holy and blessed Spirit many times sweetly whispering into my heart, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee," I have cried out with rapture and delight, "My Lord and my God," and have been ready to say, "My mountain stands firm, I shall never be moved;" but in this spot I was not long to remain; my worldly circumstances began to assume a gloomy and unpromising aspect, and my spiritual joys began to decline; my faith was shook to the centre, and I was ready to say, "The Lord hath forgotten to be gracious, and will be favourable no more. The thing that I greatly feared is fallen upon me, and it will be soon made manifest that I am an outcast, both from God and man." With these impressions I revealed a little of my mind to a near and dear friend, who, in reply, said he believed the Lord would appear. At those expressions I was immediately melted down into humble resignation to the will of my heavenly

Father. I retired in secret to hold communion with my God, and to lay my case before him; and a soul-reviving opportunity I enjoyed. O how sweetly did Christ appear on my behalf, and speak pardon to my cast down soul; and how sweetly did the Holy Spirit bring home to my conscience with power that soul-reviving promise: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." And again: "Bread shall be given thee; thy water shall be sure;" so that I could exclaim, "The Lord is my light and salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" Thus I, who but a few moments before had been entertaining hard thoughts of my Maker, my heart being cast down within me, and ready to exclaim, "Is his mercy clean gone, and will he be favourable no more?" could delightfully sing,

"The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?"

O thou precious Jesus, help thy poor worm to cast his every care upon thee, for thou hast delivered him from many gloomy doubts and fears, and having obtained help from his God, he continues to the present moment, a monument of mercy.

Trowbridge, April 13, 1839.

G. M.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—I trust you will excuse this feeble attempt to encourage you to continue your useful labours, and herein allow me to assure you that they have not been in vain, for my soul has often been refreshed and supported by reading many of the pieces, and especially some that have seemed as if they were written on purpose to fit my experience. Sometimes, when I have been brought so low by the temptations of Satan and the wretched and hateful unbelief of my own heart that I have been ready to question the reality of religion altogether, I have thought, Well, here is a sweet proof that there is a sovereign power in the experience of the children of God, by which they are made to differ from the rest of the world, so that, although many of them are strangers according to the flesh, their experiences not only agree with each other, but are also in exact accordance with the word of God; and I have myself felt real union of soul with several of the writers, and communed in spirit with some of the blood-washed family, whom I shall (most probably) never see in this world; and I hope they will be enabled to go on in the power of the Lord, and not faint by reason of the difficulties in their way. The piece written by "Timothy," from Ezra ix. 6, so exactly described my own experience, and especially of late, that had I taken my pen on purpose to relate it, I could have adopted almost every sentence with a clear conscience, so that I could not but marvel that there was another child of God so much like myself. Under my feelings at the time I could have written a letter to him freely enough, and did feel much inclined to do so, but I considered it would be taking too much liberty, as I am an entire stranger to him in the flesh; therefore I thought it more prudent to decline it, but I mention it for your encouragement. The writings of "J. N.," "D. W.," "Vericultor," "T. F.," and others, whose signatures I do not remember, in the January number, 1839, have been very sweet to my soul, so that I have been enabled to praise the Lord for his goodness, and have mentally exclaimed, "Come, let us magnify the Lord; let us exalt his name together." I have often wished to tell you a little of the benefit I have derived from the perusal of your work, but my

Timidity has prevented me afore time, nor do I think I should have attempted it now, had I not been encouraged by several friends in this neighbourhood, and also in the town of Bury St. Edmunds, who wish me to say that they cannot but feel thankful to the Lord for giving you fresh strength to continue the *Standard* in the present year, as they have often been refreshed in the past years by reading the truths it contains in doctrine, experience, and practice; and they especially hope that "J. N." will be kind enough again to contribute to its pages, as his pieces have been greatly blessed to their souls, and also to the poor worm who now writes to you. Now, dear Editors, I must conclude by commending you to the Lord himself, who alone teacheth to profit; for, however we may dislike his lessons *while learning* them, yet he will bring us to acknowledge that "none teacheth like him;" and in our right minds we desire to be graciously led by the Holy Spirit to walk close to Jesus, and enjoy sweet intercourse with him, which blessedly raises us above the world, and makes us long to behold his face in glory, where we hope (O matchless grace!) to see him as he is, and to praise his dear name without interruption. May his blessed name be dearer than ever to our souls, when oppressed with the infirmities of our flesh and the weight of our daily backslidings; may we lean upon his lovely person, and be enabled to wash in the fountain of his precious blood; and may his immaculate righteousness be our blessed covering in the great day, so that, although we feel ourselves to be the vilest of the vile, we may greatly rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of our salvation. We can find no other ground for rejoicing than that which springs from our being eternally united to the Lord Jesus. O what a mercy that we should ever be enabled to rejoice in him; and how sweet is the thought that he never forsakes his own work. I have often wondered how it is possible that any one can dare to rejoice in a salvation that he believes he is likely to lose his interest in. I feel sure that I could never have a moment's comfort in meditating on the precious work of Christ if I thought it wanted any of my faithfulness in order to complete it. I have heard persons affirm that a man may receive and enjoy the pardon of his sins, and after all be lost; but that is making the faithful God worse than a mere mortal, for what honest man would forgive his servant for a crime or fault, and then send him to prison for it? But our dear Lord has loved his people from everlasting to everlasting. This he makes known to them in time; and though, after the manifestations of his love are withdrawn, they lose sight of him and his precious work too, yet he never loses sight of them, but keeps an exact account of the number of the poor sheep he has redeemed; watches over them and feeds them on earth, and will see them all safely folded in glory, to the honour of his blessed name for ever and ever.

Please excuse this poor scrap, as I cannot write a good hand; but with the blessed hope that my worthless name is *fairly written* in the Lamb's book of life,

I am, yours sincerely in Jesus,

Mildenhall, Feb. 1839.

SARAH.

Messrs. Editors,—You inserted last month an anecdote respecting a lady at K—, to whom my sermon of "Winter afore Harvest" was blessed. I feel most unwilling to obtrude myself on the notice of your readers, as, indeed, I have felt quite sick of seeing my name so often lately in your pages, but as your London correspondent, of whose name I am utterly ignorant, has sent you a rather garbled

account of the circumstance, and as a fuller detail may show more Providential dealings, than those which he has mentioned, I have obtained the lady's consent to send you a more correct version.

Some years ago she lost her husband after a long and painful illness, during which, she now believes, from recollecting his soul trouble and subsequent joy and peace, he was savingly wrought upon. At this time she was utterly ignorant of divine things, but no sooner had the breath left his body than she fell on her knees in an agony of grief and attempted to pray, when these words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," were spoken so distinctly and loudly that, being ignorant of such experiences, she at first thought somebody in the room had uttered them aloud, though at the time perfectly alone. Here, I believe, was that "true beginning, that beginning felt," for which I always desire to contend. She was brought into soul trouble and experienced some striking providential deliverances, but continued, as yet, in the Establishment. About this period my little publications on leaving the Church of England fell into her hands, and so wrought on her conscience as to cut her out of that formal system, though, humanly speaking, her bread depended on it. Not knowing where to go, she was drawn in to join a little knot of so-called Christians, who met together to read and pray, but was inexpressibly shocked to find, after a time, that their principles and practice were, on one point if not more, altogether contrary, not only to the gospel, but even the dictates of morality. Thus thrown back from professing separatists, she was half inclined to go back to the Church of England. when the circumstance mentioned by your correspondent took place. The name mentioned by the bookseller caught her ear in a moment, and she exclaimed, "That is the very man whose writings made me leave the Church." At this time the Lord laid her on a bed of sickness, and afforded her time and leisure to meditate on what she read. Seeing the *Gospel Standard* advertised on the cover of the sermon, she sent for it, and as she lay on the sofa expecting its arrival, she said to herself, "O! I wish I could see Mr. P., to ask his advice in my present difficulties. I wonder if he will ever come to London." In the midst of this soliloquy the servant brought in the *Gospel Standard*, and the first words that met her eye on the cover were these, "Mr. Philpot is expected at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie-street, the first four Lord's days of this month." She was struck with surprise at this speedy answer to her inquiries, and ill and weak as she was, came next day to hear me, and in conversation a little time afterwards told me the above circumstances. I must again apologise for speaking so much of self, which I assure you generally stinks in my nostrils, but I trust a desire for God's glory has been my chief motive for writing the above. I may add that I have been less unwilling ever since to see my name and that of other ministers mentioned on the covers of the *Standard*, which I have at times felt to be a piece of parade, as if I were something when I am nothing.

Yours faithfully,

J. C. PHILPOT.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Zion's Pilgrim; to which is added Zion's Pilgrim past Seventy, written a short time before his Death. By Robert Hawker, D.D.—Bennett, London. 12mo., 211 pages.

We have before expressed our opinion of Dr. Hawker, and that opinion is not altered by the perusal of the above work. It contains an outline of his experience, and as far as it goes, there is a vein of simplicity and sincerity running through it which is refreshing and interesting. We say, "as far as it goes," for the doctor seems not to have been led very deep under the law, nor is there any clear or decisive account of his deliverance under the gospel. He seems more to have been delivered by faith going out to Christ, than by any powerful manifestation of Christ to his soul—two distinct kinds of deliverance, and of which we need not add that the former is far inferior to the latter. This original want of a deep and clear experience runs through all his writings, and is the real root of many of those sugar-candy expressions which pall on the taste of spiritual beggars and bankrupts. "Pause, my soul, over this sweet promise;" "fold up in thy bosom this precious text concerning our most glorious Christ." If the doctor had had his bones well broken by the hammer of Moses, and had had them bound up by the Saviour's coming to him, instead of his going to the Saviour, such luscious expressions, containing in themselves a good deal of free will, would not have dropped from his pen. Yet we honour him as a bold champion of truth, and willingly bring forward the following extract to show that he was not unacquainted with the plague of his heart:

"My God hath done the part of a spiritual anatomist; he hath dissected and laid open to my view my heart. He made in it deep incisions. He hath brought to my observation corruptions which, unknown to me, were festering there. And while performing this merciful office, he hath accompanied high divine operations with the most instructive lectures. And the consequence hath been, I have found his word (as the apostle described it) 'quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword; piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' Nevertheless, though every operation hath been humbling and painful, I have found the effects salutary; for thereby I have been brought into a better knowledge both of myself and the Lord. Indeed, had any hand but his Almighty hand proposed the work, I should have revolted; neither could any human eloquence have persuaded me that such depths of rottenness were lurking within me. I should have felt indignant at the bare suggestion, and like him of old, had any charged me with it, have replied as he did to the prophet, 'But what! is thy servant a dog, that he should do such things?' But before him, 'who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins,' I fall prostrate, and lie in silence in the dust. Yea, even more than these. Convinced, from such discoveries, that 'the half hath not been told me,' I can, and do, though with shame and confusion of face, most readily subscribe to that solemn decision of scripture, in which the Lord himself is the Almighty speaker, when he saith, 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?'"

Zion's Pilgrim past Seventy seems little advanced in experience, though much in doctrine and knowledge, beyond this extract. Indeed there are scattered passages where the doctor seems disposed to sink

all experience of sin and vileness out of his own as well as others' sight, and to view all lost and buried in the atoning blood of the Saviour. By doing this he has found favour in the eyes of unplagued, unchastened, unhumbed professors, whilst he has become a dry breast to mourners in Zion, whom God hath filled with bitterness and made them drunken with wormwood.

But though we have thus given our honest opinion of the doctor, we confess we like his *Zion's Pilgrim* better than most of his other works, and think that in it he walks less on stilts than in his other writings. It is not an unsuitable work for spiritual parents to put into the hands of their children, and the present edition, being small and neatly printed, would do for such a purpose. •

A Sermon on the Dimensions of Eternal Love. By William Huntington, S. S.—London: Published for the Poor Man's Spiritual Book Society. 12mo. pp. 52.

What a difference between the two Doctors! between the University D. D., whose "*Zion's Pilgrim*" we have just reviewed, and the "Doctor," as his friends affectionately called him, who was so honoured as an under-physician to sick and sin-plagued souls! With what different feelings do we read their works! Hawker holds out truth, but truth at the top of a tree, or at the end of a tall pole, out of your reach. Huntington brings down truth, and puts it into our very mouths. Hawker's truth is dry, bony, skinny, and lean. Huntington's is rich, savory, unctuous, full of fat, juice, and marrow. Hawker makes a waxen image of truth, very pretty, very well dressed, very correct in features, colouring, and expression, and he puts it in a glass case, painted and gilded. Huntington gives us the real, warm, moving, living, breathing, and speaking man. Hawker furnishes the head. Huntington touches, penetrates, and enters into the very heart. His words are quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword. Sometimes he wounds us, cuts us up, lays us bare to the very core, and then heals and comforts us. We can't read him carelessly, and skip over whole sentences as we do the D. D.'s long periods; but if we can't read him profitably, we put the book down. It goes into our conscience, and so searches out every crook and cranny, and so opens up the secret depths of our heart, and traces out the hidden workings of nature and grace, that it enters like oil into our bones. We do not quarrel with it, however deep it cuts, but it is so commended to our conscience as the living truth, that we submit to it as true, though it rakes us fore and aft, and well nigh blows us out of the water. Nor are we tempted to throw it into the furthest corner of the room, nor ram it into the fire, as we have felt when reading Hawker's soft sugary morning portions. Huntington's writings solemnize the mind, draw it forth in groaning prayer, enlarge and fill the heart, and leave an abiding savour and influence behind. The comfort he gives is genuine. The faith which his writings draw forth is of a humble, soul-abasing kind. The realities he feeds the soul with are solid and firm, and such as carry with them an abiding evidence that they are heaven-born, and heaven-tending. In Hawker there is much to feed light, frothy, superficial professors, much to build up hypocrites in a dead assurance, much to engender a talkative, chattering, all-brain and no-heart profession. Like children with water in the head, Hawker's bastards are big in the skull, but

rickety in the limbs; their head grows at the expense of their body, and dries up their heart. We believe, that though a good man, he has begotten hundreds of bastard Calvinists, and that the devil has made use of him and Dr. Gill to plague and pester the living family, by sending out his ministers as ministers of righteousness, whose flickering lamp has been entirely fed by the doctors' oil. And this has sprung from Hawker and Gill touching so little on that in which all religion centres, and without which it is all a frothy bubble—experience. We cordially recommend the present sermon, and are glad the Society for publishing spiritual works for the poor of the Lord's family, has taken this and other of Huntington's works in hand. We earnestly advise them to keep to experimental writings, and not take up with the shell of truth, when the Lord has in mercy provided works which possess the kernel.

A Word of Explanation addressed to the Inhabitants of Wymondham. By their Curate.—Ward and Co. 8vo., 8 pages.

It appears that the author of this pamphlet has suffered himself to be dismissed from his living, rather than constantly perform *all* the duties of the Church of England, some of which he could not go through for conscience' sake. So far, so good. We do not say the Curate of Wymondham has not come out the *right way*; we should be glad to hear more particularly that he has. The pamphlet, however, does not satisfy us on this point. It appears by it, that if he could have had his own way of attending to the services of the Church of England, he would have remained within her. It also seems that that which chiefly affected his conscience was the indiscriminate application of the church services to all. He considers them (the church services,) appropriate and significant when used *congregationally*. We confess we do not understand him. Does he think the application of her services to *any* is scriptural? Does he think written services of any kind are scriptural? and does he think a National Church established by the point of the bayonet, the edge of the sword, and the mouth of the cannon, is either scriptural or right? And yet such is the Church of England. She is corrupt from the lowest root to the topmost stem. She is corrupt in the beginning, middle, and end, and wholly opposed to a New Testament, spiritual church of Christ. What can he mean then by applying them *congregationally*, since it is unscriptural to apply them at all? We cannot see how any man's conscience can be rightly affected with the corruptions of the Church of England if he could stay in her, whatever reformation she might undergo. The pamphlet is too tamely and smoothly written. There is not that decision, boldness, and uncompromising spirit which is to be found in the writings of some who have *rightly left* the Established Church, and which we like to see, and which will be in all truly taught ministers of God.

A Friend in Need; or a Word of Consolation in the Hour of Affliction, from the Death of Friends.—Simpkin and Co., London; Heaton, Leeds. 32mo., 56 pages.

This is one of the many *pretty little books* highly prized by the great body of religious professors, and warmly patted on the back by the many editors of would-be religious publications. It is sufficient to say, it is not in our line of things, nor what we wish to deal in.

POETRY.

Messrs. Editors,—Indulging last night, to my shame, a murmuring feeling, envying the apparent ease and prosperity of the worldling, the Lord was pleased, in mercy to my soul, to cause his goodness to pass before me, giving me to see that the way he had in tender mercy brought me was the right way; which so filled my poor earthen vessel that it flowed over in praise to him again.

Arise, my soul, and spread thy wings Unto their utmost bound; And trace the wondrous love of God Which circles thee around.	How great soe'er our trials be, Or sin, or Satan roar; Ne'er shall they crush the weakest saint Who lies at mercy's door.
There never was a time, when the Great glorious Three in One Began to love the Son's elect; 'Twas love ere time begun.	These curb cursed pride, they keep down And drive us to the Lord, [self, To seek for pardon and for peace In Christ the living God.
Ere Adam sinn'd, ere earth was made, He form'd salvation's plan; Eternal, matchless love contrived To save rebellious man.	How great that mercy, great that love, That with Almighty grasp Securely holds the chosen fold, And lands them safe at last!
There's not a sinner saved by grace, But what's enroll'd above; The time, the state, as well as place Were settled all in love.	Immanuel, thou God with us, Make known thy saving love; Blest Spirit, descend, and do apply Our Jesus' precious blood.
Then, O my soul, why dost thou fear, Thinking thy God's unkind? The very things you meet with here, In love are all design'd.	'Twas love that caused that blood to flow, All at Jehovah's cost; Its heights and depths can ne'er be known; In wonder we are lost.
The doubts and fears we have while here, With all our foes combined; If joy elate, or dread despair, In love they are design'd.	Then, O my soul, adore that grace That flows divinely free, And let me, Lord, be swallow'd up In love, O God, to thee.

AN INFANT.

HYMN.

See, from the pois'nous plains of sin, The saints victorious made; Sin craves its victim, me to win, But Christ my forfeit paid!	Our eyes put out, we know not where Our desprate feet have got: We tread the precincts of despair; Dreadful is now our lot.
Out of the net love plucks my feet, Lord, oft I'm in the snare; Sin gives me chaff instead of wheat, The hook is seldom bare.	Did not the hand of sov'reign love Pluck us forth from the net, We ne'er on heav'n's bright fields above Our happy feet should set.
Baits, traps, and gins, and pits, and hooks, To catch blind travellers by; Sin lies asleep 'mid thousand nooks, And wakes to make us die.	Again, thus, and again we prove The rescuing hand of grace: Again, thus, and again do love Unveil'd fair mercy's face.
Our treach'rous feet do bend their way All to his treach'rous haunts; Sin's cable slipp'd, we're blown away, Now guilt its arrows plants.	O may the love of Christ me spur More to hate all my sins; To keep Christ's precepts, love <i>must</i> stir The heart that mercy wins.

Abingdon.

I. K.

The whole election of grace, all the children of God scattered about in the world, all the Lord's people, that ever have been, are, or shall be, may truly be said to be the pearl of great price, which Christ came into this world to seek for, and found; and finding it, sold all that he had, shed his blood, parted with his life, and gave himself for it, and bought it.—*Gill*.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 45. SEPTEMBER, 1839. VOL. V.

COMFORT FOR THE FEEBLE.

"Comfort the feeble-minded."—1 Thes. v. 14.

The above quotation is one of the apostle Paul's injunctions to the church of God, then living in Thessalonica, and one which I consider to be very needful to be attended to in the present day of awful profession; a day in which by far the greatest part of those who profess to be preachers to, and comforters of God's living family, only worry, harass, and perplex them. If I mistake not, some of the principal designs the editors of the *Gospel Standard* had, and indeed still have, in sending forth their periodical are the following:—That God may be glorified; that God's truth may be handed down and brought near to those individuals who have not the privilege of sitting under sound gospel ministers; and that the poor feeble-minded Christian may, under the power and blessing of God the Holy Ghost, be comforted, established, and built up in his most holy faith, fear, and love. And I am fully persuaded their aim has been, and still is good, and that God has owned and blessed their labour of love. in spite of all the opposition with which they have had to contend. But I am wandering from my subject; I would, therefore, address myself to one who bears resemblance in his experience to the characters mentioned in the text, one who feels the need of some establishment in divine things. My beloved, if you look to my scribbling, or to any other man's, and expect it will give you the least comfort or establishment, independent of the almighty energy, power, and blessing of God the blessed Spirit, you will be greatly disappointed. If you look at 1 Cor. iii. 7, you will find what I say is true.

If I were enabled to describe your state to a nicety, and prove by scripture ever so clearly, that you certainly were a possessor of divine grace, and consequently an heir of glory; still, unless the glorious person of the eternal God the Holy Ghost accompanied the testimony with power, *life-giving* power to your conscience, and gave you faith to believe it for yourself, my labour would be useless. But, I would say, what makes you feeble-minded? "Why," say you, "I really do not know whether or not I am a child of God. Here I want establishment; I want the inward witness of the Spirit of God; my soul groans for this at God's footstool, so far as I am enabled; I feel myself to be the vilest sinner on earth; I know I must be lost, unless I am interested in the blessed work of Jesus Christ; I cannot, I dare not rest satisfied with a mere form of godliness; I know I must feel some *power*, for the word of God tells me his kingdom stands in *power*, I desire to be searched and tried before God, and by his word, and to be led in the way everlasting. Almost all kinds of professors seem to get on better than I do; I go to the house where God is *professedly* worshipped, but frequently come home as barren as I go; I cannot do as I am bid to do, for the minister tells me I *must* believe in Christ, exercise faith upon him, and take the promises as they stand in God's word; but I feel I could as soon reach the moon with my little finger as I could believe in Jesus Christ as my own Saviour; neither can I lay hold on the blessed promises; nor dare I, unless I am well persuaded they belong unto me; I am perplexed on all hands, but sin is my greatest burden, and, were it possible, how gladly would I be freed from its inbeing. Dear Mr. Hart's hymn exactly suits me, when he says,

"O wretched, wretched man,
What horrid scenes I view;
I find, alas! do all I can,
That I can nothing do."

Well, my friend, are these really your feelings in the sight of God? Then, permit me to ask you a few questions. How came you to know and feel yourself to be so great a sinner, so vile a monster of iniquity as you confess yourself to be? Because the Holy Spirit, whose sole prerogative it is to "convince of sin," has made you a *sensible* sinner. You were not always a *sensible* sinner, although you always were a sinner, for you were born in sin? I doubt not you well remember the time when you did not see yourself in that light which you now see yourself in. Did you not once really love sin and sinful pleasures? Now you can appeal to God, and declare that you feel a real hatred to it. What has made this great difference, this amazing change? Sovereign grace. Can you for a moment suppose that your own devilish heart or the devil ever gave you a hatred to sin, made you feel the burden of it in your conscience, a burden so heavy, that even now, did not God support you with a little hope, which you perhaps can scarcely discover, you would assuredly sink beneath it? You have within you a new covenant blessing, which is "the fear of God." "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil." (Prov. viii. 13.) and my soul agrees with Mr. Hart when he says,

“That every one that's with it bless'd,
Has free redemption in his blood.”

But methinks you will very probably object, and say, “I oftentimes feel as though I did not hate evil—I feel a something within me that seems to hang, cleave to, and even love it.” I do not doubt this; it arises from your old man of sin within you,—your wretched, base, and deceitful *carnal mind*, which is not subject to God's law of love, neither indeed can he. So saith holy writ, and so saith my experience, to my grief and sorrow, at times. This is that carnal mind which Paul felt to be at enmity against God, and which made him cry out, “I find, then, a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me,” &c. This is the carnal mind which many blind fools in the pulpit declare to be, under the Spirit's teachings, “new modelled,” “radically changed.” But it is an abominable lie, and I can prove it from God's words and my own experience, and I doubt not that thousands of God's children can add their assent to the truth of this assertion. Its *reigning* power is kept down by the glorious power of almighty grace in the soul. It is *subdued*, so that the Christian is not under its dominion; but to say that it is rooted out, or *radically changed*, is, I again declare, radical nonsense. And, remember this is not disparaging the blessed work of regeneration, as one individual has charged me with. God never saw it necessary that this old man of sin should be rooted out, or radically changed. He has wisely and holily left it to try us. It is our daily grief, sore, and plague, and under the Spirit's teaching, it tends to keep us low, to humble our souls, to prize daily and hourly supplies of grace, to make us long for that rest which remains for the people of God, and various other ends, which, for brevity's sake, I shall not mention. You cannot read of a saint of God in the Scriptures who did not, in some way or other, complain of this Canaanite; nor can you find one on earth, in the present day, who has not at times greatly to lament on account of his own deceitful heart or carnal mind. Be assured you will never get totally rid of it till death comes to separate soul and body. The Lord bless you with grace to look continually to him to subdue its power within you. But, methinks I hear some feeble-minded soul crying, “I fear I have never been thoroughly convinced of sin, I have not had law-work enough on my conscience, I find my convictions have never been so deep, or my terrors so alarming as such a man's were.” My friend, do you know exactly how much it is requisite you should feel? Are you wiser than God? Was it ever written in God's word how much terror of soul a child of God must feel from fear of damnation? I trow not. Though some of God's children have a very great deal of terror in their consciences when first awakened, all have not so much. God knows I am not writing this to give any encouragement to those who have not been thoroughly and truly convinced of sin by God the Spirit, but that the feeble Christian should not be discouraged, though he may not have experienced such wretched overwhelming of soul, under the law, as some feel; yet, if the blessed Spirit has made him to see and feel his own righteousness to be nought but filthy rags, dung, and dross;

to know and feel that by the deeds of God's most holy law he cannot be justified in the sight of God; if he has so applied the law to his conscience that he has killed him to all hopes of salvation by it; taught him to know and feel himself to be a vile, helpless, lost sinner, in himself considered; given him an earnest desire to rely solely and singly upon the person, obedience, and blood of Christ for acceptance with God; I say, if God has taught him these things, "there is hope in Israel concerning him." God has taught him what he never teaches the reprobate—the non-elected. "Ah!" says the soul, "I want to prove my election of God." Prove your calling, my friend. This is your privilege, under and by the Spirit's help. You will never be able to believe you are elected, until you have a divine assurance of your calling. God's election is a precious doctrine; but,

"Though God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own mouth
That he has chosen me."

Let, then, a few words suffice on this point. A soul non-elected will never be called by God's grace; and, on the other hand, there never was a soul that was ever wrought upon by the blessed Spirit of God, reborn again of God, called by sovereign, special, irresistible, blessed, and eternal grace to hate sin, to hate self, to hate the devil, to hate the vanities of this world, to love Jesus, to fear God's name, to love his people, to love his ways, to esteem all things but loss, dross, and dung, for the personal knowledge of the excellency of Christ Jesus, that was not elected by God before the world was made. (Eph. i. 4.)

May the Lord bless the few, feeble, and scattered remarks, so far as they are written consistently with his holy will, for his name's sake. Amen.

Mildenhall, 1839.

A PENSIONER.

LITTLE CHILDREN, SIN NOT.

"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—1 John ii. 1.

This epistle was written by that disciple whom it is said Jesus loved. It appears plain that he wrote it when he was drawing near the close of his life. He is spoken of as being an elder in the church, but he is not writing to any particular church or person, for it is said to be a general epistle to all the family of God, whether Jew or Gentile. The contents evidently show the anxious concern that the apostle felt for the peace and prosperity of the church of God. The words before us appear to be the language of paternal affection. Hence, he addresses the church, in the words before us, as his little children. This is not to be understood as a natural, but a spiritual relationship, for they are the children of God whose names are registered in the records of heaven from before the foundation of the world—the children of God by adoption, redeemed by the precious

blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, regenerated by the Holy Spirit, passed from death unto life, and blessed with a living faith in a crucified Christ. They are made manifest as the children of God by an appetite after the children's bread, as new-born babes desiring the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby; they are blessed with a sighing, crying, and wrestling spirit, a tender conscience, and an enlightened understanding. Sin is to them a burden, the ways of sinners are forsaken, the path of righteousness is inquired after, the presence of God thirsted for, at times the word and house of God highly prized, and the people of God beloved. The apostle calls them not only children, but little children, alluding to the weakness of their faith and their little experience. Spiritual life is implanted instantaneously, but knowledge and experience are progressive in the children of God, from babes to young men and fathers in Christ. The babes are as much a part of the family as the fathers, and are as safe in the covenant of grace, though not so assured of it, on account of the weakness of their faith. Faith is the same in all the family as to its nature, but differs as to its strength, and is the same in quality but not in quantity. Hence, we read of some as being strong in and full of faith, while some are said to be little and weak. The children of God, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, are little in their own estimation, the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints. They are like little children; they feel dependent on the Lord for every supply; they are only safe when they are kept by him; they are fed only when the Lord is pleased to feed them; they run when he is pleased to enlarge their hearts; they sing only when put in tune by God; they find their springs are all in him, and their eyes are up unto him in whom their strength is found. The apostle calls them *his* little children. The Lord sent him out to preach the everlasting gospel, and it was the Lord's pleasure to make that gospel the power of God unto salvation to every one that believed; therefore, he might address some of them as *his* spiritual children whom the Lord had begotten by him. John is as an affectionate father writing to his children that they may not sin. We are not to understand the apostle as expecting the Lord's family to be free from sin in this world, for that would contradict his statement in the 8th and 10th verses of the 1st chap.; "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." The children of God in another world will be as free and pure as their Head. The Lord's family in this world groan under the body of sin and death; but during their sojourn on earth, they are saved from the love and reign of sin, and from being entirely overwhelmed by its power. The apostle, knowing his own heart and the temptations of Satan, and being acquainted with the evil consequences of backsliding which brings darkness on the mind, distress in the soul, and prevents heavenly fellowship and communion, writes to his little children that they sin not. The sense of the apostle may be this; he would have them to be very watchful over their tongues, their eyes, their hands, and their feet; like Jabez, be prayerful, that the Lord would keep them from evil, forsake sin in all its shapes, and flee from it as from the face of a serpent. I write

unto you that ye sin not as the libertine, who sins because grace abounds; neither as the hypocrite, who is not concerned about sinning against God, if he can but hide it from his fellow-creatures. He appears outwardly clean, but when closely examined, he is found to drink down iniquity as the ox drinketh water. But, while the apostle expresses his anxious desire that the children of God should be kept from sin, at the same time he appears anxious to administer some consolation to the mourners on account of their transgressions; "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father." All men have sinned and do now sin. Men in a nature state sin because they love it; a child of God sins through weakness, infirmity, and the power of temptation. If any man sin through the power of temptation, as did David, Peter, and others, and is brought to repentance for it, "we have an advocate with the Father, which is Jesus Christ the righteous." Not that the Lord Jesus Christ is an advocate for sin, but for the sinner, the sensible, mourning, heavy laden sinner, condemned and guilty in his own conscience, who stands guilty before God, smiting on his breast as did the publican, crying out, under a feeling sense of his state, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" "We have an advocate with the Father." Here appears to be some allusion to a court of justice; the judge as seated, the accused brought forward, the accuser alledged the charge in the court alluded to. The Father is represented as judge, Satan the accuser, the sensible sinner the accused, the Lord Jesus Christ as the advocate. Satan is said to be the accuser of the brethren in Job, and Joshua, and every poor sensible sinner finds him as such. It is an unspeakable mercy that we have an advocate. The Lord Jesus Christ does not plead from the innocence of his people, nor yet the smallness of the offence, but he fully admits the whole of their transgressions, and allows the law its right to condemn; neither does he plead in order that the sentence may be mitigated; but he pleads the merits of his own blood. By his own righteousness he hath magnified the law, and satisfied justice; he, as high priest, has entered into the holiest of all, through the merits of his own blood. As an advocate, he pleads the saint's right to mansions of glory, on the ground of an ancient title founded on the love and grace of a Triune God, the gift of a gracious Father, and the redemption purchased of a kinsman. The Lord Jesus Christ is a gracious advocate; he pleads on the strictest principles of justice and equity. No sensible sinner need fear finding acceptance with God, since Christ ever liveth to make intercession for transgressors.

If the above remarks should be blessed to the encouragement of any of the Lord's family, I trust he shall have all the glory.

March, Isle of Ely, 1839.

A TEACHER OF BABES.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

Messrs. Editors,—Some who have read Mr. Baley's letter against me, or seen mention made of it in the *Gospel Standard*, may be surprised that I have never taken any notice of it, especially as they saw me forward enough to defend myself against the attack of "A few wretched

men." To satisfy such, I feel disposed to give them a few reasons which have had sufficient weight with me not to reply to such a shallow, though plausible, publication.

1. I saw the man's motive, that he wished to ride on my shoulders into notice; to make himself known by attacking my writings, which God had been pleased to give a wide circulation to, and set himself up by putting me down. I was not, therefore, minded to feed his pride and vanity by entering into a controversy, which would draw him forth from his obscurity. Obscurity I may well call it, for when he sent me the letter in manuscript, though he is a preacher not above twenty miles from Stamford, I could not find any one there who had even heard of his name—a mark not much like a gospel preacher, who is a city set on a hill, and a light placed on a candlestick.

2. I learnt, after a time, by diligent inquiry, that he was a follower of M^cCulla and Clementson, of whom the first wrote against Huntington, and I believe pronounced him to be a dead man, and the second called Mr. Vinall, of Brighton, in a piece entitled "The Fight of Faith," a "notorious heretic, and preacher of Antichrist." I considered therefore myself honoured in being treated in the same way as those two eminent men of God, and felt that in reproving such a scorner I should only get to myself a blot, and that he was one of those thorns that I must thrust away, because it could not be taken with hands. (2 Sam. xxiii. 6.)

3. I saw also the spirit of the man in the way that he brought his letter out. He chose a time when I was to be at Brighton, where there are many of Clementson's presumptuous disciples, and placarded the whole town and even the doors of the very chapel in which I preached, to overthrow, if he could, me and my testimony, and prejudice the minds of the friends against me. Providentially there was some delay in the publication, and I was there two Lord's days, and I trust got some little footing in the hearts of the people, before the rocket was let off which was to sink me for ever. Here again I saw he wanted to get a lift upon my shoulders, but I did not feel inclined to bow my shoulder to bear him, and become a servant to pay tribute to his pride and vanity. (Gen. xlix. 15.)

4. But what was most decisive of all, I believe the blessed Lord settled it quietly and sweetly in my conscience by applying these words with power, "The Lord look upon it, and requite it;" and I will tell you what were the effects of that short but sweet sentence spoken in my heart. When Baley sent me the manuscript of his letter, it brought a great trial into my mind. It seemed to shake me to the centre, as I have not arrived to that state when all doubts and fears are put under my feet. It led me however to groan and sigh mightily, and gave me an errand to a throne of grace for some days together. I not only feared for myself, but feared what its effects might be upon the tender minds of the weak of God's family. In fact, if the fruitful Peninnah wished to provoke the barren Hannah sore, and make her fret, my adversary had his wish gratified. It led me to much heart-searching, and earnest groans and cries to have my heart right before God. Well, soon after I got to Brighton, a friend there told me the letter was printing, and would soon appear. I felt my heart sink, but very soon the words came with sweetness and power, "The Lord look upon it, and requite it," and all my fears and burdens were gone. I did not care for a thousand Bales, and have had no more trouble or anxiety about him or his book than about the flea which bit me a year ago. I have never cared to see his book, and I believe I never saw even the title page, nor have I ever felt the least inclination to read it. As the Lord

seemed to promise "to look upon it," there was no need for me to look on it, and as he was "to requite it," I had no need to answer it, nor return railing for railing. I have therefore left it in the Lord's hands to manage it for me, as it seemed presumption in me to interfere in the matter when God had so stilled my mind, and told me, as it were, not to take any notice of it. If these reasons do not satisfy the minds of my friends, they satisfy me, and that is enough for my own quiet and peace.

I may add that I never had clearer testimonies of God's condescending to own and bless my two sermons than at the very time, and since Baley wrote against them. In particular a gentleman called upon me at Brighton, just before the streets were placarded as I have mentioned, and told me in a long and most interesting conversation how "The Heir of Heaven, &c." had been blessed to his soul, and that he could willingly have walked twenty miles to see me. So that in spite of all my unbelief, I should utterly dishonour the God of all my mercies if I did not acknowledge that there have been many clear and striking testimonies of God's blessing resting on my poor writings, though all the Baley's in the world should testify they were the productions of my fleshy mind, and that I myself was, as he declares, dead in sin and unregeneracy.

Yours in gospel bonds,

July, 1839.

J. C. PHILPOT.

THE BRUISED REED.

"A bruised reed shall he not break till he send forth judgment unto victory."
—Matt. xii. 20.

This passage of divine truth was uttered by the prophet Isaiah, when he prophesied of the coming of Messiah, and of his glorious work. (Isa. xlii. 3.) What might you suppose, my reader, this bruised reed may intend? in scripture language what does it set forth? or what does it signify? It is a poor sinner whom the Lord the Spirit has sovereignly quickened by his omnipotent power, by breathing divine life into his soul. "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." (Ephes. ii. 1.) And the quickening influence of God in the soul is to open the blind eyes of the understanding, eyes that were once in darkness; now made light in the Lord, the darkness being put out of the way. "That at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved)." "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." (Ephes. ii. 12; 4, 5; 8.) Thus man becomes a bruised reed in his feelings; that is, when he is quickened he feels bruised in his judgment, hopes, and expectations. He thinks he is so broken that he knows nothing. Aye, he says, my judgment is broken; I once thought I knew something about it, now I know that I know nothing. Once I thought I was well acquainted with all things relative to religion; now, alas! I find I know nothing as I ought to know. This makes good what the apostle says, "If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him

become a fool, that he may be wise. (Cor. iii. 18.) Thus, all his vain conceptions, false hopes, former strong judgment, and penetrating knowledge give way, and he is driven like the chaff before the wind, though he thought he knew the way he could be saved, and that he had power to save himself, when he was told to turn from his evil way, to do the things that were right, to be good, and God would love him. This is the general doctrine of the day. But he now finds, to his great anguish, whether he is lost or saved, that he cannot do a good work, or think a good thought. He can neither pray nor repent, for the law worketh wrath in his soul, though, before, he thought he could think a good thought, and that he lived a good life. But, alas! he now feels his soul guilty, and polluted, and condemned before a holy God, and *bruised* and *crushed* under the broad and heavy hand of the great God in the justice of his holy law, and against sin. But the man hath had the eyes of his understanding opened. He feels, therefore, he is a sinner, and that he is no common sinner; that he has exposed himself to the vials of God's wrath, and he fears the sentence will be quickly executed on him. But, poor soul, thy Lord will not break the bruised reed, though thou feelest thyself so entangled in the net of the law, that thou thinkest thou art lost and undone. But Jesus will bring his eye salve and anoint his eyes, and say to the soul, "Fear not; I will bring the blind by a way they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight; these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." The poor soul will be led, now that he has light in his understanding, to see the awful depravity of his nature, and will say with the hymn:

"No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son."

The Lord will farther instruct him, and lead him in paths that he has not trod before. He will find and feel that he is a ruined, helpless, and undone sinner; and that he cannot save or keep alive his own soul, do whatever he will. After this he will be led to see a way opened in rich mercy just suited to his need. The law he feels working wrath in his conscience, causing enmity to rise in his soul against the majesty of heaven, for the law never did, nor never will humble a soul in the dust of self abasement, no more than the sentence of the law inflicted on a man under judicial proceedings would make the man love it. No; the sentence of the judge carried into effect on a malefactor who is condemned to be hung will never make him love the law, nor can he for one moment acquiesce in it. No, he would wish to be above it, and to wrest himself out of the hands of his judge. But after the soul is brought to see that there is a gleam of mercy—a gleam of hope communicated to his soul, he is astonished; it is mercy that astonishes his soul; it is to him beyond a parallel. What! hope for one who has wished there was no God, no hereafter: who wished he had no soul? O matchless grace, that can and does

effect this; that brings a soul to see he is a sinner so circumstanced; that he is saved; and that where sin abounded, grace did much more abound, very much more abound in bringing the soul to feel and acknowledge that had the Lord dealt with him as he deserved, he would have been sent to hell rather than be saved. Now he can frankly acknowledge the justice of the law if he had been damned. Thus, while the tears of godly sorrow flow down his cheek, he exclaims, can there be mercy for me, a poor sinful worm, one of the greatest sinners? The bruised reed will he not break. Thus he brings the poor bruised reed to see into the mystery of a crucified Christ; to see salvation by his blood; to see into the mystery of the law, and how Christ honoured it. He is led to see into the mystery of the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, his elder brother, coming in the likeness of sinful flesh on an important errand, and entering into his circumstances; he is led to see that he has wrought out and brought in an everlasting righteousness for his justification; that he shed his blood for him; that an atonement is made for his guilt; that his guilt is washed away; and that a fountain is opened for sin and uncleanness. Here the poor soul blesses, praises, and rejoices; sorrows after a godly sort; would like to sit, like Mary, at his feet; would, like her, wash his Lord's feet with his tears, and wipe them with the hair of his head. Here is godly sorrow, sweet compunction, a compound that no chemist can compound. This is a hidden mystery in the soul, the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh. "The bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory."

In the second place, the Christian, throughout his pilgrimage, is at times made to feel he is still a bruised reed; he is occasionally favoured with his feet being set upon the rock; then he can sing and shout, "Salvation is of the Lord. We have a strong city; salvation hath God appointed for walls and bulwarks. Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." He thinks his feet stand so firm that he shall never be moved. He forgets that he is dwelling in Mesech, and that God has said in his word that he has set adversity against prosperity; and though "light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun, yet, remember the *days of darkness*, for they shall be many." (Eccles. xi. 7, 8.) The Lord withdraws the light of his countenance; darkness comes on, the corruptions of his heart are renewed, peevishness and enmity rise up, his sins condemn him, smother his faith, and hope, and joy, work doubts and fears, and distressing anxiety about the genuineness of his religion; legal bondage seizes him, and the devil tempts him; thus he is brought again to feel himself a bruised reed, and that he has something more to learn than he has yet learned. If he saw and felt himself a vile wretch while under the teaching of the law, he feels the corruption, deceitfulness, and hypocrisy of heart much more revealed under the teaching of the gospel, and thus he is led to feel himself a bruised reed.

DISCRIMINATING GRACE.

How is it that so many professors fight against and hate the glorious doctrines of God's discriminating grace, and so few love them? The fact is, the latter are taught of God, and the former are given up to the hardness and blindness of their hearts, deluded by the devil, the father of lies, and led captive by him at his will. Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you, the chosen ones of the living God, into all truth. The blessed Spirit leads his own into a feeling knowledge of their own state, as law-condemned, law-cursed, hell-deserving sinners in the sight of a holy and just God. It is a sovereign mercy that God teaches a soul what a hell-born wretch he is; that he is the vilest sinner in or out of hell; that there is no wretch upon the face of the earth who so truly deserves God's wrath as himself; that God would be infinitely just in sending him to the lowest hell; for, remember, it is He that convinces the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and the man well knows that sovereign grace, and that alone, must save his soul, or damned he must be; that the blood of Jesus Christ, and that alone, must wash away his guilt. Now hypocrites, not being taught these things, are under the delusion that man has power to turn to God, if he will but exercise that power; that God will have mercy on all, and save all on the ground of their repentance; but the point with the soul that is taught of God is not whether he will turn to God, but whether God will turn to him; not whether he will believe on Christ for salvation, but whether God will give him faith to believe. Yes, and the language of his poor soul is, "Lord, thou canst, if thou wilt, make me clean." Thus the blessed Spirit leads the poor soul on till the set time to favour Zion is come, and He then takes of the things of Jesus, and shows them unto the soul, leading him by faith into a sweet discovery of his interest in a full and finished redemption, that neither men nor devils can undo, and this is so much to the joy of his poor soul that he ascribes all the glory to the Author of it. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. This is one blessed truth of God which Arminians, in their very soul, hate and abhor; but it is what the dear Lord has taught my soul by feeling experience. Wonder, O my soul! and be astonished that ever the Lord should love thee, in spite of all the floods of rebellion in thy cursed nature against his blessed Majesty. Sometimes I feel myself like a double-dyed, raging devil, let loose out of hell, feeling most dreadful rebellion against his dear self. O, bless his dear and precious name. Wonder, and be astonished, O my soul! when I, O awful wretch, have been determined to rush down the awful precipice into eternal disgrace, and damn my own soul, he has, by his mighty power, kept me up in spite of all the rage and fury of hell. Bless his dear name, that he has not suffered these infernal foes to triumph over my soul. I am a living witness that these waters cannot quench love, for the dear Lord has since revealed it to my heart that he has loved me with an everlasting love. On what can such a rebellious, ugly devil as I am

sometimes, in my own feelings, rest my salvation? On any goodness that I fancy I have in myself? No; all glory crown his dear name, he has, as a sovereign act of his discriminating favour, made me see and feel that from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot I am nothing but one mass of sin and iniquity. Deluded professors of religion tell us that God has done one part, and left the other part for man to do; but these creatures, whose eyes are blinded by the devil, the father of lies, experimentally know not one atom of the depth of their fallen nature, nor one jot of the boundless mercy of God; therefore I do not wonder at their talking at such a blind rate. But the boast of the poor devil-hunted, sin-perplexed, law-condemned, elect vessel of mercy, whose heart God has broken under a feeling sense of his own cursed wanderings and awful backslidings against the dear Lord that has been so good and merciful to him, is, the unchangeableness of God, in his immortal decrees and purposes of everlasting love, as the only foundation on which his poor doubting soul can rest. Take this away, and there is no more hope for me than there is for the damned in hell. This has been the language of my poor soul times without number, under a feeling sense of my horrid crimes and transgressions, intermixed with a sight of the glory and majesty of God. I have been constrained to confess, before him, that he would be just, yea, glorified in my eternal damnation. These things, I am confident, neither mere letter-made Calvinists nor rotten Arminians know anything of. If they did, they would not fight against a feeling religion that will stand against floods and flames; and, O bless his dear and precious name, when the devil and cursed unbelief have set in upon my poor soul with all their fiery darts and hellish fury, telling me God has given me up to a hardened and presumptuous mind; telling me I am left in the very hands of the devil himself; that I am nothing but a vessel of wrath, fitted for destruction, filling up the measure of my iniquity; telling me that I shall soon die, and go to my own place; that I have merited a double damnation, and the longer I live the hotter will be my hell; that I had better put an end to my wretched life at once, or it will be worse for me; when I, horrid to tell, have had the fatal instrument in my hand, fully determined to commit the dreadful act even in spite of God himself; then has the dear, blessed Lord, visibly or invisibly, made known the riches of his grace in plucking me as a brand from hell. Ye hypocrites, ye pharisees, ye that pervert the right ways of God, I record it to the honour of his dear name, I have tried to damn my own soul, but could not; and why? because the everlasting arms of his strength, power, love, and mercy have been underneath me, and prevented me. Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth! Surely, when my soul arrives in his presence, to see him as he is, to be like him, clothed in his righteousness, free grace, and that alone, will be my song through all eternity. These things bring my soul to bless his dear name for such precious declarations as these: "My sheep are mine; I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish;" "Preserved in Christ Jesus, and called;" "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life; nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers,

nor things present, nor things to come," (no, bless his dear name, nor nor all the powers of hell and sin united together,) "shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." "Why, then," say double-blinded hypocrites, "it doesn't matter how you live; whether you sin against God or not. You believe God's decrees will stand, in spite of either hell or sin. Then surely the effects of this can be nothing but opening the flood gates of sin. If I believed such a doctrine as this, I would live as I list, for I should know if I were elected, I should be saved; if not, I should be damned." Great God, what is man! To be sure *thou* wouldst be damned, because thou art dead in sin. But when the dear Lord reveals these things to the souls of his hungering and thirsting children, it has a blessed effect. Art thou a total stranger to it? No, for I am a living witness among men. The dear Lord, by his Spirit, tells me he has loved me with an everlasting love; that, having loved me, he will love me to the end; that God is love; that this love covereth all sin; and this brings me to love him in return; yea, to love all that God loves, and to hate all that God hates. We love him because he first loved us, for love begets love. Then my soul can delight in his ordinances, in his house, in his ways, and walk in them, not as a slave, nor to merit God's favour, but as a son doing the will of his father, for the grace of God teacheth us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world. And, O bless his dear name for his covenant grace and mercy manifested to me, when, in the distraction of my soul, through the risings up of the dreadful iniquity of my heart, the awful temptations and horrid suggestions of the devil, I have been driven to my very wits' end. "Ah," says the enemy, "God has given thee up; thou wilt surely go raging mad; thou wilt die raging mad in a mad-house as sure as thou art born;" and I have thought, yea, believed I should die blaspheming his name in a mad-house, and be a spectacle both to men and devils; and then how would the enemies of truth rejoice, "Ah, so would we have it." This is sinking in deep mire, where there is no standing; but when I have found my flesh and my heart fail, when I have given it all up for lost, and thought my enemies would surely make a full end of me, the blessed Spirit has enabled me, like Jonah, to cry to him out of the belly of hell; yea, he has put a spirit of grace and supplication into my soul; enabled me to cry to him for deliverance, and for his love to be manifested to my soul, though sometimes with groanings that cannot be uttered; given me a broken heart under a feeling sense of my cursed wanderings and backslidings from him; and enabled me to plead the blood of Christ, the slaughtered Lamb of God, as the only way in which the poor wretch could be saved, or in which my soul could have any hope of salvation. And, O bless the dear name of Him who is love itself, he has sweetly, in his own time, revealed his glory, love, presence, and salvation to my soul; told me, by his own mouth, that the blood of Jesus has cleansed me from all sin; that he is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" that no weapon formed against me shall prosper; that every tongue which riseth

against me in judgment I shall condemn; that none can lay anything to the charge of my poor soul, for it is God that justifieth; that none can condemn, for Christ has died, yea, has finished salvation—a salvation that neither men nor devils can undo. To hear his blessed voice, saying to my soul, “Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee;” and to know that he was wounded for my transgressions, and that by his stripes I am healed, is joy unspeakable. O the blessedness, the soul-ravishing, divine realities of having fellowship with the sufferings of a crucified Saviour, by precious faith; to see him in the garden and on the cross in agonies, drinking up the cup of wrath of a sin-avenging God, that would have sunk us to the lowest hell; to have a blessed revelation of the dying, redeeming love of a God blotting out, pardoning, and covering those very sins against this love! O, bless his dear and precious name, he has led me by these still waters; he has made me to lie down in these green pastures of his everlasting love and mercy, to the joy of my heart, and to his honour and glory. Under these feelings, O how a soul hates and abhors himself for his sins, and rebellion, and wanderings, and backslidings against so good and loving a God! What a desire is felt in his soul to live to the honour and glory of God! The prayer of his soul is, “Lord, do keep me from sinning against thy blessed Majesty;” yea, and he cannot find words half bad enough to call himself for his ungodly conduct to his not half enough loved Lord. I speak of that which I have tasted, handled, and felt; and confident I am the poor soul that knows anything of these things, in any measure, whatever he is, whether he believes it or not, he is one of God’s witnesses that he is God, and that there is none else, and beside him there is no Saviour.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—If you think, by the blessing of the dear Lord, this may be of any good to his tried children, please to insert it.

Yours, in gospel truth,

Trowbridge, March 26, 1839.

L.

ABSENT BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

(Extract from a Letter.)

My dear —,—We were very happy to hear from you, and I am truly glad that the Lord gives you testimonies again and again that you are in the footsteps of the flock. As long as you have to cry again and again to the Lord for mercy and help, you will find God true to his promises, and will know that he is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God; but dark and trying places will want something beyond past experience to support the soul in, for I know from experience that it makes us say, how can grace dwell in us? But in the midst of all your temptations and trials, you have not been led to envy those who are settled on their lees, and who are saying respecting their religion, “how comfortable ‘tis.” I fully believe you have such a religion that will never let you row in a boat with such Christians, for even in your darkest nights you can clearly see that their danger

is great indeed, although they cry peace and safety. I do not apprehend you have been meditating about saying a confederacy to the — letter Calvinists, but you have had your mind more exercised about whether there is any hope well grounded for such a poor sinner as yourself in the mercy of God. If poor, tried, tempted, hard-hearted, vile, filthy, murmuring, distressed and discontented, and hell-deserving in their own eyes do not sigh and groan, who will? and how very mindful the Lord appears to be of all such sinners! They are near and dear to him, and he will never leave them nor forsake them. Whatever men, scoffers, professors, or devils may say of such characters, the Lord says such belong to him; and they will stand when thousands who despise them shall fall, who have been trusting in a false faith and delusive hope. I consider that you are placed in an important situation. You have been a leader for some time against all letter-preaching and letter-professors in — and I believe that there is not a man in that town that the devil and bastard Calvinists would sooner see staggering drunk, or coming out of a brothel than yourself. They hate you and your religion, and why? Because you are a witness against theirs, and will not say you like their religion, nor their preachers that encourage them in it. What a mercy it is to be kept, and to have a testimony in our souls that we belong to that little band whose hearts the Lord has touched! You may complain, and sigh, and groan, and say how hard is your lot. If you were without such an experience, you would soon begin to think such a narrow condemning spirit was never from heaven; you would think that you ought not to leave the town whilst Christ was so exalted at the — Chapel, and you would be sorry that you had ever thought lightly of such old, prudent, consistent, sound, and steady Christians as you have in —. Trials you will and must have, for God knows you need them, and they will make you particular and separate, a wonder to yourself and to others also; and by these things your soul will live, and you will learn that nothing but union and communion with the Lord Jesus will satisfy you.

O—, September 21, 1838.

W. T.

GONE-BY DAYS OF LOVE LAMENTED.

Hail, holy Brethren,—Let me tell you, after being delivered from the snares of death, the fears of hell, and the terrors of the holy law, horror which I cannot describe now, I enjoyed an uninterrupted and perpetual sunshine of heavenly glory in my soul for many months. The sweet, calm, and serene “love of Christ which passeth knowledge” opened such a boundless paradise of bliss to me that all the scenery of this earth seemed heavenly to me wherever I went; every fleecy clond I saw pass by as the Lord’s chariot, in which he majestically rode round the world; the forked and zigzag lightnings as flashes of majesty blazing from his awful eyes; and the rolling thunders as his awful and solemn voice to the sons of men. And in the midst of all, while fear and terror seized upon my unenlightened

neighbours, and some were hiding their heads in dark places, some screaming, others fainting in my arms, I being so recently delivered from the fears of death and hell, could sit with calm and solemn delight, holding a sweet soliloquy with my soul, saying, "It is my Father; he will do nothing wrong."

Again, the woods and groves, the hills and mountains, seemed to dance with joy before me, and the flowery fields and valleys of corn to "laugh and sing." Every little bird that sung amongst the branches, every bee that buzzed from one wild flower to another, and every little insect that crawled, set forth his glory, and sung his praise in my soul, till every sense was smitten with his glory and filled with his love; and I have been so filled with heavenly love that in my solitary walks I have been compelled to break silence, and burst forth into rhapsody of song, and have sung such tunes and words as I never learned from books, or heard from men.

"Angels that make the church their care
Have witness'd my devotions there."

Every power of my soul, and every natural sense have been so filled with love, delight, and the glory of Christ, that I could hardly bear the weight of it, but have almost fainted, and have fallen down on the ground, and embraced the daisies, and other flowers in the lonely valleys, for I could see the unutterable glory of God in all things around me.

"He is in all things, and in all things found;
I heard him, I perceiv'd him all around."

The green earth and the spangled skies declared his glory; "heaven and earth is full of his glory," and I have been filled till I could hold no more; every sense was full. The variety of colours, rich tints and shades in the flowers charmed the eye; the various sounds of the harmonious songsters charmed the ear; the mingled odours of sweet flowers charmed the smell; the rich, varied and delicious flavours of summer fruit pleased my taste; and the genial, warming rays of the sun, and the cooling zephyr in the inviting shade pleased my feeling. Surely, thought I, this is something of terrestrial paradise restored!

But O how transient and ruinable is every paradise under the sun that is mingled with sublunary bliss. The evil ghost of the infernal shades envied my happiness, and could not bear to see me thus caressed in the arms of love. He sought opportunity, by the permission of God, to bring me quite as low in wretchedness and woe as I had been exalted in happiness and bliss. For, thought he, "Light is sweet, and it is pleasant to behold the sun, still the days of darkness are to be many," and since those *halcyon* days I have had to complain with poor, poor Job. "I go mourning without the sun, I am a brother of dragons, and a companion of owls." And since those happy seasons I have seen and felt myself as evil as the old dragon and his crew; and have gone moping about like an owl, and hallooing in the dark night as if no one regarded me, or my cry.

These things have much troubled me; but the other night I had this answer, "I form the light, and create darkness." (Isa. xlv. 7.) Now, many self-luminaries affirm that the creature can make darkness

and light at his pleasure, but I must confess that I am not one of these omnipotent creatures, for I have sometimes found that when I have been the most circumspect, and attentive to all duties and means, I have laboured under long seasons of darkness; at other times, when I have relaxed my energies, seemed careless, and almost "ready to halt," and give up God and religion altogether, glorious light has sprung up in me, and I have again been filled with light and love. I find that when the Lord makes light for me, and holds me in that light, I cannot make darkness, and when he makes darkness, I cannot make light. This I have found by late and melancholy experience, and I begin to believe that the darkness is as necessary as the light, and must succeed each other till we arrive where "there shall be no night."

First, we are in nature's darkness, dead in sin, till the Holy Ghost comes with life and light, and shows us our sins; then we are led under blackness, darkness, and the tempest of the law, which darkness we then fear will end in the outer darkness of hell; from thence the Holy Ghost leads us into the light, life, and liberty of the gospel of Christ, when all the lower creation seems to be gilded with heavenly glory, and we see God in all things. These are the days of our first love, when we live more by joys and feelings than we do by faith, till Christ withdraws from the soul, and a weaning time comes on, and we grow fractious, uneasy, and are ready to pine away our life for the breasts of consolation and the love of Christ, but cannot obtain it. This brings on another night of darkness, after which the Lord is pleased to shine again, bringing another "clear morning without clouds," and we are led into the covenant counsels, and the secret of the Lord is revealed unto us, and we are led to see that the fall of Adam made a way for displaying all the attributes and perfections of God; and that Christ Jesus, by his active and passive obedience, life, sufferings, and amazing death, honoured every perfection of God in our complete, and finished, and everlasting salvation. Here the poor tempest-tossed soul begins to find anchorage, through the veil of Christ's flesh and blood, in the immeasurable sea of God's everlasting love; and thus, after suffering awhile, the Lord strengthens, settles, and establishes us in his love, and his dear Son's work; so we are led to say, with dear old Paul, whatever life he or we have lived in time past, whether a profane or self-righteous life, a life of sorrows or joyful feelings, "the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." But where the strongest faith is found, another night gradually comes creeping on, so that we see old-established saints are often very sluggish and drowsy, which makes young Christians wonder, who are in their first love. But, as Mr. Hart says,

"Some find their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night."

But my limits forbid enlarging upon this night now, but if you say, "Watchman, what of the night?" I can say, my dear souls, "The morning cometh." It will come, and not tarry; it must come. Hallelujah! the day shall soon dawn, and the shadows flee away.

Dunmow, May 22, 1839.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

(Concluded from page 167.)

How little are these simple, yet glorious facts, understood, and how little preached! All doctrines, however excellent and true, seem void of marrow and fatness without this. I am not surprised that there should be often so much jangling and cavilling even amongst the faithful in Christ Jesus about different points of religion, &c., when the very main-spring and ground cause of all real religion is kept out of sight.

I fear I am becoming somewhat tedious to you, but trust that some of the reflections may tend to comfort you, as yours did me. I have heard of your affairs, and, as regards the many troubles and difficulties you have had to encounter since I last saw your faces, I sincerely sympathise with you, as members of the mystical body of Christ. Your troubles are mine; nevertheless, I rejoice exceedingly that the God of peace, I am persuaded, has not left you without frequent and strong consolations. I have often felt ashamed at having neglected you so long; but that, with numberless other follies, must be numbered up with the great mass of guilt which, I trust, has, ages past, been carried away on the divine scape-goat into the land of eternal forgetfulness; and I doubt not that I shall have your hearty forgiveness also.

My dear friend A——, from what you have said concerning him, gives me unutterable pain, and nothing consoles me but the persuasion that, ere long, the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls will bring him home. He is surely gone into Egypt, but as surely must he be brought out again. The Lord, who knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, knoweth that my bowels yearn after him, and I earnestly pray for his speedy return to the promised land. Fail not to give him my heartfelt respects and brotherly love. I shall be glad to hear more concerning him, and much more glad shall I be to have better tidings. There is my staunch friend and brother E—— also; what is the matter with him? May we not say, as Mary said of her brother, "He whom thou lovest is sick?" Nothing is wanting but a touch of the Physician to heal him of all his sickness. For him my spirit prays, also, no doubt as his has for me. I have to beg his forgiveness, too, for many things. If you happen to see him at any time, act as my intercessor, and tell him he is seldom absent from my recollection, and what I cannot render him for his many brotherly kindnesses towards me, may he have tenfold returned into his own bosom, by him who hath blessedly said, "Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to one of my disciples, in the name of a disciple, shall not lose his reward." I am sorry to hear that Mrs. E. is so ill, and otherwise uncomfortable; but, while I sympathise with her, as I would also with all the sons and daughters of affliction, how truly blessed it is to reflect that we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, but one who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin, and, therefore, knows how to succour them that are tempted. Yes; this is one of the countless unsearchable riches of Christ. O what a mystery is here! Could the spotless, sinless Lamb of God essentially and really feel all the numberless and various trials, temptations, afflictions, sorrows, and sins of all and every one of his elect family? Could he know, feelingly, all the varied workings of sin and Satan, with which his brethren are afflicted and tormented? What a consolation! what a brother is this, born for adversity! "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." We think it a comparative pleasure, and indeed it is a great

pleasure, too, if we can fall in, perchance, with a friend that has been in similar troubles and temptations with ourselves. How glad are we to converse together, to confess each other's faults, and the like. Then what pity, commiseration, and sympathy is felt in each other's breasts; no sharp and cutting rebukes, no turning away with, "I am holier than thou." No, no; but, on the contrary, feeling properly and tenderly for each other in the bowels of compassion and love. If this can be found amongst, and from our brethren in the flesh, how much more infinitely blessed is the consideration that he who is the great Head of his body, the church, and who is our elder, or first brother, knows experimentally and infinitely more about us than we ourselves do, that we can make free with him, without the fear of rebuke, let our case be ever so bad; for thus saith the Lord, "For as I have sworn that the waters of Noah shall no more go over the earth, so have I SWORN that I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee." Well might the Spirit of Truth say, by the mouth of the psalmist, "Pour out your hearts before him; God is a refuge for us." Yes, God is a refuge for us; the God-Man Christ Jesus, God and man, God with man, God in man, the man Jesus Christ, Immanuel God with us. This reminds me of another word of inspiration, "They that know thy name, shall put their trust in thee." Yes, indeed, but that name must be known as bearing in it every thing that is endearing, and denoting the closest possible intimacy, union, and fellowship with our nature, as containing in its capacious meaning, all and every thing we can possibly want for the life that now is, and that which is to come; substance and fulness for our emptiness; wealth for our poverty; righteousness for our sinfulness; a name full of promises, and as full of performances; a name full of truth, justice, mercy, peace, love, joy, and glory; a name above every name; "Thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee." When the great I AM said, "He hath anointed me to preach good tidings," and so on, it was synonymous with what he spoke by the mouth of one of his servants; "I have declared thy name unto my brethren; thy name is as a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and are safe; thy name shall be great in all the earth. I have declared unto them thy name, and I will declare it." Never can there be peace in the conscience, love in the heart, joy in the Holy Ghost, or comfort in tribulation, but in strict proportion as we are enabled to apprehend and enjoy this great name. "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance; in thy NAME shall they rejoice all the day, and in thy RIGHTEOUSNESS (the same thing) shall they be exalted." O, methinks, what a world of preaching, disputing, praying, and singing! all vanity, less than vanity, nothingness, worse than nothing, because void and destitute of his substantial, vital, soul-saving, and comforting name.

How is our old friend A——, of H——? Is he smothered in bricks and mortar, not knowing himself, perhaps, where he is, or what he is? or has the Sun of Righteousness arisen upon him, with healing in his wings? I heartily trust that the light of day has increased very greatly on him. Give my kind regard to him if you see him. Mrs. L——, I find, is gone into one of the *isms* of the present day. Well; I don't despair of her; when she has gone the round of creature-religion, and made a fair show in the flesh, she will peradventure get sick of it, and ultimately settle on the Rock, Christ. Most certain it is that the creature is unceasingly running after vanity, not only of a profane kind, but of a religious sort also, and the latter.

I am ready to aver, is worse than the former, because it is the most deceptive. "Broad is the way that leadeth to death, and many there be that go in thereat," said the lips of truth; and may we not consider that by the broad way is partly intended the religious way or ways of men's devices? Anything or every thing that is short or in the stead of the Alpha and Omega, the whole of it, bad and good, is nothing but flesh. "Strait is the road, and narrow is the path which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." *Few indeed!* for so perfectly is it out of the reach of all creature-wisdom, that we must possess the very Him who is the way, the truth, and the life, before we can find it out; and then we speak of it as the apostle did, like one in his proper senses, "It is no more I, but Christ that dwelleth in me;" I, yet not I; and even if it is I, I and Christ are one; so that in the precious mystery of redemption, he is our eyes, our feet, our wisdom, our everything, and the sum total of all our spiritual calculations is simply but gloriously this, "*Christ is all and in all!*" He is the true light; therefore, the moment we are out of him, as regards our spiritual apprehensions, we are in the dark, and necessarily go blundering about like all other people in the dark, and stumbling over every thing but the right thing. O what little insignificant, stupid, proud, self-conceited, would-be-wise fools we are, astray from Christ; while in him, on the contrary, we can confound the wise, and outbrave the mighty. Before I bring these thoughts to a close, allow me to indulge myself with repeating, in full, a portion of holy writ on this point, which is particularly sweet and truly blessed; more so it cannot be; it is like the pots of wine, full to the very brim of the wine of consolation, exactly suited to such poor things as we, and over which we may rejoice with exceeding joy. Sure I am that could we constantly bear it in mind, we should be infinitely more contented and really happy; yea, we should sing aloud with joy and gladness of heart; we should know the meaning of those words, "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing; let them shout from the top of the mountains." And now let me repeat the thrice blessed Scripture, and praise, for ever praise its divine Author with unfeigned lips: "But God hath chosen the *foolish* things of the world to confound the wise, and the *weak* things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, and the *base* (mark that) things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." "But of him are ye *in* Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, that according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." It is true that I am indeed unworthy to take his sacred name into my unhallowéd lips; but nevertheless, may my spiritual heart and tongue never cease to praise and bless him for so unspeakable and so rich a gem of divine reality.

I often call to remembrance the many friends I have known in the truth, and it is with feelings I cannot easily describe; many times have we taken sweet counsel together, and gone to the house of God in company. I have loved them sincerely, and do still love them, for the sake of Him who loved us and gave himself for us. But alas! I feel as though I were separated from them and they from me, and I a sort of disjointed member; some of them have entered on their eternal rest, and bathe in that river the streams whereof make glad the city of God; others are scattered about to east, west, north, and south, both as it regards locality and state; and some, I am truly happy to find,

are still within the inner gates of the King's palace. May they richly enjoy the presence of the King, and mystically live in all the splendour, dignity, and independence which become royal blood, princes, kings and priests unto God, and joint-heirs with Christ. Well may the inquiry be made, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

How is the poor widowed Mrs. O——? Does she know the widow's best Friend, or rather, is she known of him? Remember me kindly to her, and I wish it was in my power to do more than remember her. Pray do you know whether Mr. B. visits your place of meeting? if he does, and you know him, give my hearty respects to him. He knows something of what flesh and blood is, and, I trust, what it is to be a King's son, or daughter if you like, all glorious within. I should like much to see him. I often think of him. The company of those who do in very deed know the plague of their own heart is truly valuable, and never in all my life did I know so much of their intrinsic worth as I do at the present time. He formerly lived at ——, and if he is still walking about in his tabernacle of clay, it is very likely he has fallen in with your society at ——. You will render me a great kindness by inquiring after him; and if you should see him, tell him that my first Adam is not a jot better than it was forty years ago, and that I trust he will join with me in rejoicing in Christ Jesus, putting no confidence in the flesh. I am glad to hear that there is even food for babes to be had in my old neighbourhood; for as to very strong meat, it is rare indeed to find much of that in public preaching; it is too astounding, too marvellous, too great, and grand, and glorious; who can hear it? It is more likely to be found amongst the twos and threes in more private intercourse. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to define what strong meat is; for the fact is, I want it stronger and stronger every week I live; I want strong meat, and strong brandy-like drink; and indeed, I soon begin to faint without it. I frequently think of our old friend Fowler and his Shulamite. If you have it by you, I should almost have impertinence enough to beg the loan of it from you for a week or two, as it strikes me very forcibly I should discover some fresh beauties in it, or that it would particularly suit my present and past experience; for I indeed find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members; so that how to perform that which I would I find not, neither do I find how to leave off performing that which I would not. Well, then, I conclude that the apostle spoke forth something like the words of truth and soberness when he declared that "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and that these two were contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." No, verily, neither on one side nor the other, for the spirit is prevented oftentimes from doing its will, and no less is the flesh prevented from performing its vile and impetuous propensities; for to will is present with me in both cases, but I can go no farther in many instances. And how long is this war to continue? why, till this great giant flesh, with all his sensual and devilish propensities, is slain, and laid for ever in the dust. I have been ruminating on that testimony of the Spirit through John; "Whosoever is born of God sinneth not; he cannot sin, because he is born of God." Now, comparing this with the apostle Paul's experience and consequent assertion; "It is no more I that sin, but sin that dwelleth in me," I come to this conclusion, namely, that my flesh or animal nature is as distinct from my new-born spirit as Satan is from Christ, and there-

fore that it is as impossible to make the one holy as it is to make the other unholy; nor can I conceive of any possible means by which that first Adam nature can be controlled or kept in subjection but by the mighty power of the Lord of Hosts; nay, further, it seems as though there was as great a necessity for the action and manifestation of sin to be in the one nature, as there is for the manifestation and experience of righteousness in the other. When the Lord cursed the ground, and said "briers and thorns *shall* it bring forth," (mark! not merely that it *will* bring forth, but *shall*,) which mystically was intended that which is earthly, sensual, and devilish. And so when the disciples said, "Didst thou not sow good seed in thy field; whence, then, hath it tares? wouldst thou that we go and pluck them out?" "Nay," said the divine, mystical Husbandman, "let them both grow together until the harvest, and then, and not till then, shall they be separated the one from the other." By this, I presume, was intended not so much the world and the church, as it was to show the precise circumstances of flesh and spirit, and that the outward man should never fail to produce the tares of corruption and unrighteousness, to the constant annoyance of the inner man, which is pure even as God is pure.

When, my dear friends, you favour me with another letter, which I trust will not be long, you will perhaps indulge me with some of your reflections on the above very momentous matter.

R. T.

SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Dear Sirs,—I desire to bless the Lord that he has enabled you to continue the *Gospel Standard* another year. I am often the subject of so much unbelief, so much darkness of mind and distress of soul, that at times I am led to believe that my religion is all empty profession and hypocrisy, that my prayers are an affront to the Almighty, and that I am altogether under the delusion of the devil. Yet at times I think, in looking over the pages of the *Standard*, where some poor soul has been setting forth his experience, that I have discovered a little of my own, and a ray of hope has sprung up that I am treading in the footsteps of the flock; and this encourages me. Perhaps it may be for the comfort of some poor soul, under the hidings of God's countenance, to send you a little account of the way and manner the Lord has been pleased to deal with me, since he called me by his grace, and enabled me to flee for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before me in the gospel. I can look back to the time when the Lord was pleased first to set my soul at liberty, when I enjoyed much of the presence of Christ, and lived much under the cheering rays of divine influence. The warming south wind the Holy Spirit blows upon the garden, when the spices thereof flow out. (Song iv. 16.) O how my soul was ravished with delight! I was ready to sacrifice all for Christ and his cause; but ere long I felt a chilliness I never felt before; my love to Jesus began to wax cold; I wondered, and could not account for the change I felt; not knowing, lacking experience, that the Lord was about to teach me to know myself, that I might know and enjoy a precious Christ more fully. Blessed teaching this, though painful to my poor carnal nature. A storm appeared to gather thick around me, and I now felt alarmed, for the first time, lest, (if I were a child of God,) I should make shipwreck of faith. A darkness came over my mind; I could see nothing of the beauty I once saw in Christ; felt little of the love to Jesus I once felt and en-

joyed; could not feed upon the precious promises of the gospel as heretofore, having no application of them to my soul by the power of the Holy Ghost. I now went many days without a meal, just enabled now and then to take a sip of the brook by the way; trials and afflictions of almost every kind began to increase; I was ready to give up all for lost; I neglected the word of truth, which is able, under the teachings of the Spirit, to make wise unto salvation; experienced nothing of the promises of the gospel, which are as an anchor to the soul; felt nothing like the firm hold I thought I once had of Christ by faith, who is God over all, blessed for ever; went from the Head, the Lord Jesus Christ, to the stern, taking hold of a broken covenant of works in one hand, and embracing self-righteousness with the other; was driven about in a horrible darkness, such a darkness that was indeed felt in my poor soul, and I believe is often felt by the child of God when he gets into a cold, backsliding state, and loses the light of God's countenance; was indeed cast into deep waters of soul-trouble and distress, and was made to cry out, as did Peter, "Lord, save me." Whilst in this awful state, the language of the prophet broke in upon my soul; "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." (Isa. xli. 10.) And again, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." (Isa. xliii. 1, 2.) Thus, I bless the name of Jehovah, I was led to sing of his mercy and goodness, and to say with the wife of Manoah, "If the Lord had intended to kill us, he would not have showed us all these things." (Judges xiii. 23.) Yet, dear Sirs, I am often ready to say with Newton at times, being full of doubts and fears;

"'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no? Am I his, or am I not?
Ye that love the Lord indeed, Tell me, is it thus with you?"

you, who have felt the love of Christ shed abroad in your hearts by the inwrought work and power of the Holy Ghost. I ask it not of those who profess a free grace gospel, but are graceless professors, and there are hundreds such, who are ever crying out that they love a precious Christ, and delight to hear his dear and blessed name exalted, and profess to love the preacher too who sets it forth, so long as he preaches only the doctrines. Precious truths indeed! But when the servant of the Lord comes forth with the knife of God's truth, and insists upon vital godliness in the soul, and that every one born of the Spirit must and will know that the doctrines are blessed by experience, or that he knows nothing savingly; when he begins to separate the precious from the vile, and to cut away all the useless suckers and unfruitful branches, (John xv. 2;) immediately these stony ground hearers begin to be offended, and cry out that the preacher is in a bad spirit, or that he is too personal, and some go so far as to say that he does not preach Jesus Christ. But where, by the by, do you find such men of God now? Taken up with men who hold the truth in unrighteousness, the poor things are not able to distinguish between truth and error, and cannot discover the difference between that species of refined Arminianism, renovation, and regeneration; and I believe, Sirs, some that are the Lord's children, (very weak ones, but who think they know a great deal,) are in this situation. May the Lord show them where they are and what they are, and bring them to prize a separating ministry, and not to be

led away by every Jack-o'-lantern, that tends only to lead them into quagmires and muddy places, lest they be plunged into the ditch, and have to cry out that their own clothes abhor them. (Job ix. 31.)

J.

Sirs,—With every respect, I beg to make a communication to you concerning your *Gospel Standard*. You, as spiritual conductors, ought to know how it is vilified and abused from the pulpit, as it was last Thursday week, July 18, and called, in contempt, the "Standard of Corruption," and that "those who were considered the best writers therein were those who could write the most of their abominations, and instead of it being worthy to be called the name it now bears, the 'Standard of Corruption' is its proper one." But to heighten the scene, Messrs. C—— and S—— were present. Mr. C. is over a church at D——; Mr. S. is from N——, and preaching for Mr. T——. Yet, after hearing all that was said, the next Thursday evening Mr. C. preached in the same pulpit, and Mr. S. has agreed to do the same on the 7th of August. Then surely they must allow the propriety of the minister's remarks, and, therefore, dear Sirs, there must be something wrong. The person who made the remarks holds all the high doctrines of our most holy faith; but is very strong on God's damnation, and often roundly asserts that God's decree is the cause of man's damnation, and that not on account of his sin; and the following is a favourite text of his: "He hath made all things for himself, even the wicked for the day of evil;" and whatever portion of Scripture can be gathered of a similar nature, he is constantly in the habit of dwelling on it.

Plymouth, Devonshire.

J. T.

[We have omitted the latter part of this letter, because the last sentence is quite enough to satisfy us as to the state of the minister referred to.—EDS.]

EDITORS' REMARKS.

"A Constant Reader" has sent us a work entitled, "The Life and Death of J. O'Reilly, once a Roman Catholic Student," desiring our thoughts thereon, and stating that it has been "highly spoken of in the (so-called) *Spiritual Magazine*," though he (our correspondent) believes we would "rather throw it into the fire."

It is not our general rule to review works that have not been sent for the purpose by the author or publisher, and it would perhaps be quite as well if we never did so, because we perceive we may be easily led into the snare of gratifying the curiosity of some, and the splenetic intentions of others. However, we have looked over the Life of Joseph O'Reilly, and from what is related of his experience and death, we believe he was a vessel of mercy, and taught of God, though he must have been in a great measure buried in the religious lumber of the day. The pamphlet has evidently been written by some rotten, blind professor, as the legal and fleshly-religion style of it shows; but still, underneath the rubbish which the biographer has thrown upon it, we can see something of the peculiar shade of true metal. Our correspondent adds, that many would be disappointed if they purchased the work on the recommendation of the magazine above alluded to; but how can this be? Those who can regularly read with comfort any magazine, surely can read without much disappointment the works recommended therein, otherwise the Editors are not much to be trusted by them.

Mr. Stenson has sent us a letter repudiating our remarks in our July No. on his hymn book. Had we adhered to our general rule, as hinted at above, we should have spared ourselves the pain of having to read such expressions, from a professed minister of the gospel, as "barefaced effrontery," "marked contempt," "lying scandal," &c., and Mr. S. would have been spared the shame of writing them. We do not feel disposed to go through his wordy epistle, for we are sure our readers would not thank us, seeing that if we adopted a rule of replying to aggrieved authors because of our reviews, we might always be at strife. Suffice it to say, that our opinion is not one whit changed, though we have read the original hymns which Mr. S. recommended to our notice. As regards Mr. S.'s charitable suspicion, however, we must observe to him, that the person to whom he alludes never saw the matter before it was in print, and we do not know whether he has seen it even now. It did not spring either from him or any person immediately connected with him.

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

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

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

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

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

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NO JUSTIFICATION FOR ANGELS OR MEN BY
THE LAW OF WORKS.

"Whoso looketh into the *perfect law of liberty*, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed, or doing." (James i. 25.) Therefore, my beloved brethren, "*so speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by THE LAW OF LIBERTY;*" for the law of liberty is full of mercy and good fruits, therefore, "he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy; and mercy rejoiceth or glorieth against judgment." (James ii. 12, 13.) I write unto you, my beloved brethren, because "you know the truth, and the truth hath made you free." (John viii. 32.) "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. And the servant abideth not in the house for ever; but the Son abideth ever. As the Son therefore hath made you free, ye are free indeed." (John viii. 35, 36.)

There are certain things recorded in the Holy Scriptures for our notice, like light-houses at sea for the safety of mariners. Amongst these things, there are two which are mentioned by way of preface to the doctrine under consideration, because they are sea-marks to the spiritual mariner, to beware of the real Antinomians, for such they are, who are opposed to the **LAW OF FAITH**, either in doctrine or in *practice*.

1. "The apostles and elders and brethren send greeting unto the brethren which are of the Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia; Forasmuch as we have heard, that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words, subverting your souls, saying, Ye must be circumcised, and keep the law; to whom we gave no such commandment. For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon

you no greater burden than these necessary things; that ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication; from which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well." (Acts xv. 23—29.) Those persons who troubled the Gentiles, saying, ye must be circumcised, and *keep the law*, are described as "*desirous to make a fair show in the flesh, only lest they should suffer persecution for the cross of Christ. For neither they themselves keep the law.*" Whereupon the apostle saith, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom or whereby the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. *And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God.*" (Gal. vi. 12—16.) Here we have an apostle's *rule of life*, who gloried only in the cross of Christ, by whom he was crucified to the world, for "*he through the law was DEAD to the law, that he might live unto God.* He saith, "*I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith* (of which Christ is the author and finisher) *of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.*" (Gal. ii. 19, 20.)

2. We are not *only* to beware of them who say we, Gentiles, ought to be circumcised and keep the law, although they themselves do not keep the law; but we are to "be followers together of the apostle, and *mark them which walk so as we have the apostles for an example.* For many walk, of whom I have told you often," saith an apostle, "and now tell you even weeping, *that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ; whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is their shame, who mind earthly things.*" (Philip. iii. 17—19.)

These two way marks are set up to denote who are the enemies of the cross of Christ, and of the perfect *law of faith* and of *liberty*. Let us now attend to the solemn and important consideration of **THE LAW** *which is not of faith*; (Gal. iii. 12;) which *law* never was, and never will be a *rule of justification by works*, either to angels or men!

In the beginning God created an important truth; for no one but God can create, and before that beginning there was no creation. He that created all things is the eternal God our refuge, and in the beginning he created the heavens, and the things (angels) that therein are, and the earth and the things that therein are, and the sea and all things that are therein. (Rev. x. 6.)

The created angels are described—some are called *elect* angels; (1 Tim. v. 21;) and others kept not their first estate or principality, but *sinned*; therefore God spared them not, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness; and they are reserved in everlasting chains under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.* (2 Pet. ii. 4; Jude 6.)

Sin is the transgression of the law, (1 John iii. 4,) and as some of the angels *sinned*, it is evident they must have been under a law, for otherwise, they could not have sinned; because, it is written, "where there is no law there is no transgression, or imputation of sin." (Rom. v. 13.) As the angels are therefore *under* a law, it is written, "the devil sinned from the beginning, that he is a liar and the father of a lie." (John viii. 44.) And as a *lie* is sin; and as the devil is the father

* N. B. The same judgment or sentence will be pronounced that day upon the reprobate of mankind as will be inflicted upon the devil and his angels. It is written, our Lord will then say, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matt. xxv. 41.)

of a lie; so the devil is the author of sin. This truth is so *evident*, that we may challenge all the world to prove the contrary.

It is equally true that God *suffered* some of the *angels to sin*; but it was a *suffering*, rather than a *permission*! For of God it cannot be strictly said, that he *permitted them to sin*! Did they ask his permission, and did he grant them his permission to sin? If he did, how can it be proved they did any thing contrary to God's will, or law. Let those persons, who are wise above what is written, and charge God foolishly, think of these things; and let them render to the devil the things which are the devil's, and to God the things which are God's.

Some of the angels are called (*archas*) *principalities*, and some are called (*exousias*) *powers*. Michael is called the *arch-angel*, that contended with the devil about the body of Moses. Beelzebub is called the *arch-devil*. But Christ is the (*kephale*) *head* of all *principalities* and powers. (Col. ii. 10.) The serpents which bit the children of Israel in the wilderness, are called in the Hebrew Bible, *seraphim*. (Num. xxi.) As these *seraphim serpents* are typical of the old serpent, the devil; are we not to understand the seraphim in Isaiah vi. to be created angels?

As the devils are angels, and as Beelzebub is called the *arch-devil*; (Luke xi. 15; Mark ix. 34;) is not Beelzebub an *archangel*, although fallen by his iniquity? We read in the Holy Scriptures of *Michael* and his *angels*; Michael a *leader*, and his angels as under him. And we read of the *dragon* and his *angels*; the dragon a *leader*, and his angels as under him. (Rev. xii. 7, 9.) It evidently appears in the sacred records, that the *devil* is or was of great dignity; for we are exhorted not to speak evil of dignities, nor to despise dominion; because *Michael*, the *archangel*, when contending with the *devil*, he disputed about the body of Moses, **DURST NOT bring against him a railing accusation**, but said, *The Lord rebuke thee*. (Jude ix.) And another scripture saith, that *angels*, which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusation against them before the Lord. (2 Pet. ii. 10, 11.) These scriptures are of great importance, for they show that principalities and powers in heavenly places are under a law to their Creator!

2. If *Michael*, an *archangel*, *durst not* bring against the devil a railing accusation, boasting on his part is excluded!

3. They show that *Michael* is a *created* archangel. Dr. Goodwin observes, "There are several ranks of angels, which Col. i. 16 does give us the heraldry of. All things that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions; there are things in heaven, principalities or powers; and this distinction of angels, for we presume not to give any more ranks of them, we elsewhere find in scripture, that some are called archangels, (Jude 9,) who was a mere created angel, as is evident by this, that *he durst not bring a railing accusation*; which must not be applied to our Lord, as some have done; likewise, (1 Thes. iv. 16,) it is said, 'The Lord shall descend (*en phonee archallegon*) with a voice of an archangel; which archangel is distinct from the Lord himself.'"

4. They show that our Lord is the (*kephale*) *head* over all; that he is the Lord of Michael, for he hath the right and power to accuse the devil, and that he did accuse him of being a liar, and the father or author of a lie; and of being a murderer. (John viii. 44.) And further, the Scriptures do show that our Lord himself, when he dwelt in the flesh on earth, *rebuked the devil*; (Mark i. 23—26; ix. 25, 26;) that at his rebuke they trembled; for devils believe and tremble; and they cried out, saying, "What have I to do with thee, Jesus thou Son

of God? I beseech thee, *torment me not*. Art thou come to destroy us before the time?" Beloved brethren, consider these things, and then thou wilt not put *Michael*, who *durst not* bring a railing accusation against the devil, upon an equality with our Lord Jesus Christ. Surely, the dreadful alarm the *arch-devil* and his angels expressed from their knowledge or discovery of the Holy One of God, after he had been tempted, together with their fears lest he was come to destroy them; and also their beseeching him not to torment them; all proclaim *him* the great Lord of all, who is the head over all things to his church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all.

5. The devils knew him! yes, they knew they had no interest in him! They had sinned, and God spared them not. They know that great day will come, when *judgment* will be passed upon them and upon their seed; for the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, and against men who are like devils in *knowledge* and practice, *who hold the truth in unrighteousness*. (Rom. i. 18.)

6. The devils know that sin and every transgression is an act against the *sovereignty*, yea, against God himself. And they also know, that *damnation* is due to sin; and that God will be glorified in their damnation for their sin, by which they dishonoured him. Therefore, beloved brethren, consider what an evil and a bitter thing it is to sin against God! The *devils* would not be damned; but they would *sin*, and destroy God himself sooner than he should damn them; because they know that God will be glorified in their damnation! *Damnation* is, therefore, an act of God's retributive justice; but *sin* is an act of devilish malice against God himself.

7. That the Scriptures do testify that the Son of God was manifested to do God the Father's will; (Psa. xl.; Heb. x;) namely, to destroy the works of which the devil was and is the author! (1 John iii. 8.)

8. The Scriptures do further testify, that the *elect angels* are ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who are heirs of salvation. (Heb. i. 13, 14.)

But to return to the subject more immediately to be considered. The elect angels are under a law which continually demands their obedience. And as the law they are under never ceases its demand for their obedience, so they are debtors, and unceasingly owe obedience to that law they are under. (Gal. v. 3.) The elect angels can plead *not guilty* to any charge brought against them; but beyond *that plea*, the law they are under will *not* allow; for they are *not justified by it from its demands of obedience*. Therefore, if the elect angels can be justified, it must be by grace, for by the deeds of the law they never can be justified *from the demands* of the law, although they are *just* in their obedience.

But if angels were justified by the law from all its demands, how shall man be? When would Adam, if he had never transgressed, have been justified from the demand of the law he was under? Adam was created holy, and was a just man so long as he was obedient to the divine commandment; but he never was, or could be justified by his obedience from the things contained in that law; for as long as he was under the law, he was a debtor to do the law. (Gal. v. 3.) And as long as he was a debtor to the law, Adam, although a just man, was not justified from its demands of perpetual obedience.

This is an important subject, for the author of "*Doctrinal Antinomianism Refuted*," published last year, what he calls a pastoral letter; and therein he states *his doctrine* of justification in the follow-

ing words; "Take heed also to *distinguish* between the law as a *rule of justification by works*, and the law as a rule of sanctification through faith in Christ. In the *former* sense, *law belongs to all men by nature*; in the latter sense, it belongs to spiritual men by grace."

I shall take no notice for the present of this man's doctrine of sanctification; but I call upon him to prove by scripture, his doctrine, that *the law as a rule of justification by works, belongs to all men by nature*. By the law, he elsewhere says, he means "the whole preceptive will of God in Christ Jesus." And so say John Wesley and Andrew Fuller, for if the law, *the whole preceptive will of God in Christ Jesus, be the rule of justification by works to ALL MEN BY NATURE, it must be the duty of ALL MEN to believe!* And yet, this same author has been as zealous against *duty faith*, as he has been against what he calls *Antinomianism*. What an object of pity is such a man! The Scripture saith of all such men, "*desiring to be teachers of the law; that they understand neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm.*" (1 Tim. i. 7.)

TIMOTHY.

COMMUNINGS BETWEEN THE DISTANT BUT NOT DISUNITED.

(Extract from a Letter.)

My dear Brother,—Your long-expected letter came to hand at O—, and I think I know something of the restless misery you felt on the Lord's day you attempted to write. All is a blank, toil, and burden to living souls, except we are strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man. The chapel is a prison, our home a restless place void of an easy seat, our base hearts a filthy dungeon, swarming with base thoughts and hateful suspicions against God and his people, the bible has a tasteless sameness, all attempts to pray are a burden, and the Lord's day is the most dreary and tiresome of days, for it shuts us out from the occupation of the world, and we cannot enjoy, feed upon, or delight in the things of God, unless we feel his power to taste his grace. The dead, formal professor is not thus dependent; but dare we envy him? No; we would rather have our bondage than his carnal liberty, our mournings than his unhumbed false joys, our sighs and groans than all his mocking lying prayers, our little true tokens and intimations of free favour from our God than all his counterfeit coin, which shall, if grace prevent not, perish with him. We would rather have our good hope through grace, which is an helmet for our heads in the day of battle, and the anchor of our souls amidst the storm and tempest, than all the vain confidence and presumptuous untried faith, which thousands have proved to their eternal sorrow and confusion to be a poor bulwark against death and hell.

O to sovereign grace that we are found among the poor and needy, who God hath said shall praise him! Yes, he still heareth and regardeth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners. I am glad you have again proved that the presence of your God in the malthouse is sweeter to your soul than his absence in a chapel. Let who will be

in the pulpit, it is the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich and his presence will produce submission in a furnace of affliction, meekness in the midst of tribulation, and cause us to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. It has caused saints to sing his praises in a prison, and made tears of repentance and gratitude sweetly to flow in a coal-hole. All his blessings have and still will flow to us, my brother, according to his abundant mercy; if it were according to anything else, we should be shut out from the blessing, and though we have a hope which centres in the Lord alone, yet how blessed to be begotten again to a *lively* hope, to feel our souls revived and refreshed by the whispers of his voice, find his word and eat it to the strengthening of our contrite hearts, walk in his precepts with divine pleasure, and keep his commandments with real delight. I know of no sweetness in religion but in the act of working out those things which are well pleasing in his sight as he works in me to will and to do.

“The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.”

Slaves, driven by fear and deluded by legal hopes, do their slavish fleshly duty, but free-born souls, drawn by love and revived by divine fervour, find his service to be perfect freedom and the only real delight they have on earth. Bastards reap their frothy joys from carnal duties and natural obedience, which may be attained independently of God, and therefore never redound to his glory nor save a soul from the second death. May mercy through blood be still our plea, and to know and feel more of divine blessings and realities which humble the soul and glorify God be our desire. * * * *

I am still a poor restless sinner, and feel dissatisfied with my work at home and abroad. I want to go about the garden with the watering pot, but am constrained to blunder about with the pruning knife, and if I do not go as I am going, I should break down altogether. My fleshly mind and the superfluous branches of dead wood are not a little rumpled at my poor pulpit talk.

Believe me ever to remain yours very affectionately in the best bonds.

W—, July 3rd.

D. S.

LETTER TO THE LINCOLNSHIRE OUTCAST OF DECEMBER NUMBER.

My dear Brother in Christ,—Grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father in truth and love, be with you and all that love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. I received your epistle with the printed declaration of faith, which made my heart glow and say, “What hath God wrought? How are the bows of the mighty men broken; and they that stumble are girded with strength?” I have scarcely heard anything here respecting you, except what I heard from yourself when you were at my house, and what little I got from the newspaper. Little did I think the good Lord would thus manifest his great goodness to the poor praying despised few at D——. You have often been on my heart as

n branch of the church of God, and many times I have breathed out a groan and sigh for you, yet was I so faithless and unbelieving as to think that poor dark D—— would remain in the state it was; and when the Lord removed you and the few others there, that the salt would have lost its flavour at D——, and it would be ready for the wrath of God; but my heart rejoiceth in God my Saviour, while I feel ashamed of my ingratitude and unbelief. O for that precious faith which is the gift of God, which has proved that God's power stands not in might, nor in the arms of strong men, but that he is a God of the afflicted, an upholder of the weak, a protector to the forlorn, and a Saviour of those who are without hope. My prayer is for prosperity on the good work you are engaged in, and on the blessed declaration of faith which you have sent, which I believe to be in accordance with the word of God, though all God's people do not see or have faith in the Christian ordinance of baptism, by immersion, which I often wonder at. May the Lord of his infinite mercy enlarge the heart of the man of God, who, through mercy has come forth from the world of sin and iniquity into the glorious liberty of the ever-blessed gospel of God. May he be deeply and experimentally taught of God, that he may be able to break the bread of life to those that hunger after righteousness, strengthen the feeble knees, and hold up the hands that hang down. The King's command is, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people!" May he have on the helmet of salvation, and his feet be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, endure hardness as a good soldier, prove himself valiant for the truth, and through grace be enabled to stand in the day of trial; for it is not a smooth road that leads to the kingdom. God, in his word, positively declares it a rough and thorny path, and that it is through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom. But we have also this precious promise, that He will make crooked paths straight and rough places plain, and, if blessed faith is in exercise, what are the enjoyments of a day to the enjoyment of eternal life for ever and ever? There will be times when faith will not be in exercise, but all the corruptions of the heart be rising up in open rebellion, and the troubles of the heart enlarged by some trying providence, we mourning an absent God, and all our heart-sins testifying against us; this is as much as the strongest Christian can well bear. This I write from experience, but the covenant of his love is ever sure, and nothing but a full Christ will do for such a poor tempest-tossed soul.

I am afraid, my brother, I shall not be able to succeed in any contribution for your cause here, as they are so averse to baptism by immersion. Woe, woe to the church of God, that while anti-Christ is spreading, Arminianism, with dry doctrine and Calvinism covering the land, good and faithful men can hold their support from those that hold the same essential truths that they do, because they cannot see eye to eye in a Christian doctrine. These things will cease, my brother, if the beast again gets power. We ought to be most thankful that the Lord condescends to send here and there a faithful labourer into his vineyard in this dark day.

May the blessing of God rest upon the little church you are about to establish; may you never lean to your own understanding, but by fervent prayer inquire at the hand of the Lord for direction in all things; may you see the good hand of God with you, and may you grow as the palm tree, and flourish like a cedar in Lebanon. "Go forth in peace, and in righteousness be established."

I remain, yours in gospel bonds,

May, 7, 1839.

H. M.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Since writing my former letter, headed "Mrs. Diffidence and Old Mr. Honest," I have been harassed by the thought that there may be as much pride connected with the acknowledgment of our temptations, infirmities, and deliverances as though, like pharisees and hypocrites, we were making long prayers in the synagogues and at the corners of the streets to be seen of men. This thought has, indeed, made me many times wish that I had never intimated my intention of making any farther communication to you. But, being necessitated to believe that the Spirit of the Lord caused me to pen my former letter, and recollecting that the infirmities, temptations, deliverances, sorrows, and joys of the elect, whose names are mentioned in the sacred Scriptures, are therein abundantly recorded, and that such records have been both there and elsewhere instrumental in reproving, instructing, strengthening, and comforting the redeemed of the Lord, I am again induced, at all hazards, to prosecute my design; and should the accursed, all-coloured chameleon pride make his appearance while I write, may the meek and lowly Jesus, by his Spirit, so show him to my view as to give me fresh occasion to hate and loathe the monster for his own sake, and myself for being in his company; and may every fresh discovery of the truth of the apostle's statement, "when I would do good, evil is present with me," awaken new hungerings and thirstings after the righteousness of Christ, that thus "out of the eater there may come forth meat, and out of the strong there may come forth sweetness." (Jud. xiv. 14.) And blessed, for ever blessed be the name of "the wonderful, the Counsellor," that while sin is in itself an infinite evil, and the abominable thing that he and his people hate, it has been, is, and shall be overwhelmed by the streams of divine grace to the last moment of every believer's liability to its annoyance, since it is written by him that cannot lie, "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace." (Rom. vi. 14.) And again, "The law entered that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. v. 20, 21.) Aye, and from the battlements of glory shall the exciting song of triumph be sung by the once weakest and guiltiest of the blood-bought throng, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev. i. 5, 6.) "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

I am just reminded that one of the ancient writers furnishes the Christian with a good text; it is, when translated, "The shepherd counts his sheep, and the soldier his wounds." Yes, believer, thy Shepherd counted his sheep when he stipulated in covenant to redeem them, for we are told he foreknew them; (Rom. viii. 29, and xi. 2;) and he counts them now, for it is written "he knows his sheep;" (John x. 27;) and again, he "knows them that are his." (2 Tim. ii. 19.) Yes, and he will count every one of them into the fold of paradise, for "they shall pass again under the hand of him that telleth them, saith the Lord." (Jer. xxxiii. 13.) "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." (John x. 28.) "My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and no one shall pluck them out of my Father's hand." (John x. 29.) Dear Sirs, the tears of wonder are starting into my

eyes while I write these precious soul-refreshing words. And as though he would drown our doubts in his love, he tells us he will seek his sheep and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. (Exek. xxxiv. 12.) Yes, at that very moment, when our anxious spirits seem surrounded with darkness, danger, and death, shall the crook of our ever-loving Shepherd be stretched forth to rescue "his darling from the dog and the lion."

But not only does the Shepherd delight to count his sheep, but the soldier obtains relief and communicates pleasure, by telling of his wounds and his victories, and none of us surely can be strangers to the intensity of interest manifested by military men, while listening to the artless tale of one returned from a long campaign. Why, then, should the Christian warrior, whose calling is so much more honourable, whose enemies are so much more numerous and formidable, whose deliverances are so much more illustrious, and whose triumphs are so infinitely more glorious, be awed into silence from a fear that his motives may be suspected, and that a few envious persons may revile? especially, seeing that the captain of salvation spoke so often of his wounds! The practice of Christ and his people, and the overflowing hearts of the redeemed, forbid this silence, for the stones would rise up and memorialize God's mercies did they neglect to do it. And as to what some raw recruits may say, who, though they have put on the regimentals, have never entered the war, who have never had their skin grazed nor their bones broken, and who know nothing but by hearsay of poor Christian's experience when in the valley of humiliation, and are ignorant of the nature and the source of his exultation when he exclaimed, "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise again!" I say, as for such objectors, they are entitled to no more consideration than a warrior of a thousand fights would manifest to a young intruder, who should impertinently interrupt him in his narrative, towards whom he would turn for a moment his scarred and weather-beaten face, give him a smile of pity, and then proceed with his tale as unmoved by the interruption as though nothing more than a puff of wind had blown by. A veteran in the divine campaign has said, "Come all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he has done for my soul." But where God has done nothing either in wounding or healing, in bringing into trouble and in bringing out of it, in cutting down and in raising up, it is not to be wondered at that no sympathy should be felt towards the writers in *The Gospel Standard*, or that a certain minister should have libelled the work and its correspondents lately, from the pulpit, by saying that "those are the best writers therein who can write most about their abominations." Poor man, he reminds one of a *stay-at-home traveller*, who should boast that in all his travels, he never knew weariness, hunger, nor thirst; or of a soldier who should gravely assert that he had been to *parade* every day for seven years, done his exercise, and taken part in several *sham fights* to the bargain, without losing a single button or obtaining a solitary scar! But such *pop-gun* soldiers may rest assured that those who have been in the hottest of the King's wars will never be frightened by their silly hempen pellets, nor their "flash-in-the-pan" reports; and that, like the saints of old, they will continue to converse together of their temptations and their deliverances, their weaknesses and their strength, their bitters and their sweets, their sicknesses and their cures, their sorrows and their joys, their conflicts and their victories, "though hell itself should gape, and bid them hold their peace!"

And now, Messrs. Editors, I will endeavour, with singleness of eye to the divine glory, and with the hope of being in some humble measure instrumental in instructing and comforting the tried and tempted ones of the Lord's family, (among the poorest and most despised of whom I trust it will ever henceforth be considered by me a high privilege to be found,) to draw a brief outline of the way in which a covenant and gracious God has led me. And I will first begin with some of those providential interpositions which, on their own account, but especially on account of their connexion with the richer manifestations of divine grace, demand from every child of God a memorial of gratitude and praise to him, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

I have heard my dear mother say that I was introduced into this world of sin, and therefore of sorrow, in the severe winter of 1798, when such was the scarcity of fuel in the west of England that neither love nor money could procure it in the town in which the family dwelt, and that at my birth (in a large cold room) not a bit of coal or wood was in the house to mitigate the intensity of the weather, or to cook the slightest portion of food for mother or child. But he who heareth the young ravens when they cry listened to the crying of the mother and her babe, and sent his angel (a messenger of pity) into the heart of a neighbour, so that he was induced to part with a portion of his small stock, and thus instrumentally save the lives of both. Fevers of the most virulent kind preyed upon the health of my earliest years, and placed me, as it was thought, beyond the reach of recovery; but strength returned and health was restored. Stimulated by the pride of being one of the most courageous boys in my school, and having said I would never take a challenge without accepting it, although not naturally quarrelsome, I was induced to fight numerous battles with boys much older and stronger than myself, and was once brought home, after fighting an hour and a half, all but breathless, and so disfigured that my own mother did not know me. These battles were generally agreed upon on a Saturday, during the time given us to look over the church catechism, and were uniformly fought in the church yard. A watery grave also repeatedly threatened me, once by the malevolence of the two sons of a clergyman and a magistrate, who, because my father was, as they said, a "dipper and a methodist," had vowed to dip me while bathing till the breath was out of my body. This they attempted, and would, I believe, have accomplished but for the timely interference of a third party, who rescued me when quite black in the face. These malicious persecutors, on a subsequent occasion, seized me and suspended me, with my head downwards, from the top of a high castle, with pointed rocks and sea beneath. At this period no redress could be procured for the greatest insults and hardships inflicted on dissenters, who were suffered by the clerical magistracy to be abused in every shape, and spies were sent out by the government to inspect the congregations of Jacobins, as all the nonconformists were opprobriously and falsely called. No Tory prints, no Tory parsons made use, in those days, of the honeyed words, "our Wesleyan brethren;" all dissenters were then painted with the same brush, and that brush was dipped in wormwood and gall! On another occasion I recollect having fallen into deep water while leaning over the quay, with a view, by the means of a long furse-bush, to save a favourite little book from being carried away by the tide, that had been given to me by a gentleman from Bath, and which I had dropt into the sea. At this time no one was near but a sister, only eleven years of age, and a little girl still younger. They called in vain for help; no rope, nor any other means

of deliverance was at hand, but the tide was providentially just turned, and was going out. My sister, young as she was, as if intuitively, perceived this, and observing that my coat and pinafore had helped to buoy me up, although my head had several times gone beneath the surface, she resolutely determined to attempt my rescue by hastily descending some landing steps close by, and bidding the other child follow her with the view to be enabled, by the steadying influence of her hand, to reach as far out as possible. She walked into the water up to her chin, watched the nick of time that the body floated by, and with her arm extended to the full, and by means of her finger and thumb, reached the corner of the pinafore and succeeded in saving her brother's life at the peril of her own. Such, however, was my exhaustion, and such the distance the children had to take me home in my wet clothes, that it was a long time before a healthy circulation of the blood could be promoted. The varied, slender, but indispensably connected links in the chain of this providence have made me often exclaim,

"Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things."

At another time I was all but lost in an attempt to save a youth who is now one of the most talented and successful physicians in the land. Being summoned to the spot by the piercing cry and clenched hands of a near relation who could not swim (I was at this time about eighteen years of age and a good swimmer), and perceiving, on my arrival, that the youth, at a considerable distance from the bank and in deep water, was gurgling at the mouth, and struggling in the very agony of death, I rushed into the river without even stopping to remove either my boots, my hat, or any part of my clothes. I snatched him by the arm while sinking at least for the third or fourth time, but while turning myself round to make for land, he seized my right arm and rendered it useless, and then, managing to encircle my neck, grasped me with a strength that seems peculiar to persons so circumstanced, and so encumbered me that, together with his weight and that of my now soddened clothes, my face was brought completely under water. Being, however, a skilful diver, and knowing the direction of the bank, I made for it with an energy that I can now scarcely imagine myself capable of, and succeeded in reaching it, but in such a condition of utter debility that I believe if it had been another yard more remote, both of us must have inevitably perished. Several times I have been all but lost in open boats, and the oldest seamen have pronounced the escapes to be perfectly miraculous. I have been thrown from the backs of malicious and runaway horses when young, and have been dislodged from my chaise, and dragged for a considerable distance between the horse's heels and the splash board, without receiving the slightest injury. Cholera and influenza have both repeatedly threatened, and I have been mobbed and stoned while accompanying my father and others in preaching expeditions in the New Forest and elsewhere. In addition to all these dangers, and many more that might be told, I have been graciously saved from a purpose of self-destruction, formed many years ago, while encountering some youthful disappointments. And on these and numerous other kindred accounts I have had "to sing of judgments and of mercy." But these are only as the small dust of the balance when contrasted with my soul troubles, and my deliverances therefrom. Being, however, unwilling to trespass farther on your patience for the present, I will conclude by expressing a hope that as the opening of the leaves of divine Providence is often made, in the

hands of the Spirit, beneficially preparatory to the disclosures of the methods of divine grace, the above sketch may be useful in strengthening the faith of some of the Lord's dear people in the assurance that all their times and circumstances are in the hands of him who is "too wise to err and too good to be unkind,"

"That not a single shaft can hit
Until a God of love sees fit,"

and that "not a hair can fall from our heads without our heavenly Father's notice."

I am cordially yours, dear Messrs. Editors,

EPHRON.

P.S. I may perhaps be permitted to add that my remarks in my last, in reference to "academy-taught preachers," had respect to the systematic theology learnt there, and were not intended to bear upon the acquirement of the languages, &c., which may, I conceive, in the hands of the Spirit, be of service in the cause of truth.

EXTRACT OF AN ANSWER TO A TRAVELLER'S LETTER.

My dear Friend,—Since I received your letter my mind has been very much tried whether I should write to you or not; but, as you say, and I quite agree with you, without a good beginning there can be no good ending. My mind has of late been very much exercised about what I called a work of grace upon my soul, whether the convictions that I have passed under are spiritual, or whether they only arose from natural conscience being alarmed; for I feel fully persuaded that where the Spirit of God truly convinces of sin, the effects must be seen and felt. So, in answer to the question in your letter, whether our experience will accord with the experience and trying conflicts of the children of Israel, I feel as it were compelled to say a little of what I passed under before I made a profession. I was, by the Lord's restraining power, kept from running into those lengths of sin which some young people are left to go into. I was brought up to the Church of England, but, after a time, not being altogether satisfied, I sometimes attended the Methodists, and did so without any real conviction of my state as a sinner.

One day the preacher had occasion to speak about a man that was taken away suddenly by death, and whilst repeating these words addressed by our Lord to the Jews, in the 8th chap. of the Gospel by John, the last clause of the 24th verse was fastened upon my mind. "For if ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins," and they were attended with such light and power that I felt deeply convinced that although I had made a profession so long, yet I was dead in sin, and under the power of unbelief, and that if I was taken away in that state, I must certainly perish. Under those convictions I began to be more zealous, and to abstain from and attend to many things that I did not before, thinking by this I should obtain the favour of God and pacify conscience, so that I might be free

from those dreadful feelings which I was then the subject of; but I found, by all my strict attention to these things, I could not get away from those convictions that first seized me, and I felt dreadful workings of mind and hard thoughts of God. While in this state, those words came with great force into my heart, "For what the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law;" and then, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the law, to do them." I found that the law still kept commanding and condemning, without affording the least help to perform what it required, and truly I found that by the law was the knowledge of sin, for I found I was the subject of many things I was ignorant of before. What to do I did not know, feeling such dreadful evils in my heart as almost drove me to despair. With one of old, I seemed to choose death rather than life, for I viewed God as a sin-avenging God, and felt such rebellion in my heart against that God that brought me into being, that I wished I had been anything but an accountable being. One night in particular, I was in great distress, and could hardly sleep on account of what I felt and feared would come upon me. In the morning I arose from my bed, deploring my wretched state, concluding I should be overcome by the temptation of Satan and the sinful workings of my wicked heart. When sitting on the bedside, these words came with a degree of power to my soul, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." My soul was melted down in a moment, and the sweetness I felt from these words I think I never shall forget. I was led somewhat to enter into the sweetness of the word "Father," and of his "good pleasure" in giving, for truly I was in a needy state at the time. I felt in some measure delivered from the fear which I suffered under before, and I was bowed down in gratitude under a feeling sense of the Lord's goodness to me, an unworthy creature. I went for some days under the sweetness which those words produced on my mind, and I seemed to enjoy the favour of God; but I was not long in this state, for darkness came on, and I was brought into as bad a state in my feelings as before, for my inbred lust began to rise, and unbelief began to work, calling all into question, that this was not meant for one in my state, and I ought not, and could not believe that what I felt under those words was real, but if such and such words had been applied, I might then have had hope. About this time my mind began to be exercised about the doctrine of election, and it seemed as if all the powers of my mind rose up against it, for I could not see how God could be just in choosing some and leaving others; and as I could not at this time see I was interested in its blessings, it filled me with horror. I tried to harden my heart against it; but the Lord was pleased to lead me more and more into a knowledge of the hidden evils of my heart, and I felt that I was not only a sinner by actual transgression, but also by being the offspring of a sinful parent; and I was truly convinced that sin, in whatever shape, was a transgression of the law. I felt myself to be a sinner of the worst description, for at this time I had sinned against light and knowledge, and my feelings at this time I cannot fully describe. But, my dear friend, I feel per-

suaded you know something of the exercises of my soul in this state, and all this time I felt no love to God, which I hoped I had in times past, so that my state was really miserable, and all the preaching I heard gave me no relief, but added to my affliction. One night, while on my knees before the Lord, my mind was somewhat relieved by the following words, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God;" and at another time, "If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and his blood cleanseth from all sin," and I felt somewhat humbled under them, and could see such a suitableness and preciousness in Christ that my soul was led out in earnest desires after a knowledge of my interest in him, and of my justification before God, and that he would glorify his grace in having mercy upon one so unworthy. But I had to go some time in this state. Sometimes I had a little hope, then again fearing mine was the hope of an hypocrite; yet I did at times hope the Lord would deliver me, and I well knew that if I was saved at all it must be entirely of free, unmerited mercy. I had no other hope to rest upon. I had to endure many conflicts from the temptations of Satan and the dreadful workings of my wicked heart, but I desire to adore the Lord for his supporting grace in upholding me at that trying time. I could not rest satisfied with what I had received, but oftentimes begged of the Lord for a greater discovery of his mercy. One evening, after I returned home, I felt an impression to go up stairs, which I was in the habit of doing, but such horror of mind seized me that I knew not what to do, and, in the bitterness of my soul, I cried out, "Woe is me, for I am undone," and I fell on my knees against a box that stood in the room, feeling sensible that if the Lord did not appear for me I must sink to rise no more. But I hope I can say that this was a time of love, for I had such a feeling sense of the goodness and love of the Lord Jesus in his sufferings, and such a sweet application of the same to my soul, that I did believe at that time that I was interested in all he did, and I felt so melted down under what I felt, that I wept over him who died for me. I was freed from those things which I had been labouring under, and felt a love to the Lord for what I had received from his hands. But, my dear friend, I must conclude at present. Amen.

That you may be favoured with much of the Lord's presence, is the desire of, yours truly,

Rochford, Essex.

M—a N—g.

COMMUNINGS FROM A DISTANCE.

My dear Friend,—As I have had sweet 'communion and fellowship with you in days and years that are past, and the help and support that I then received from your conversation have never left my mind at times unto the present day, I take the liberty to communicate a few lines to you respecting some of the Lord's dealings with me since I have been afflicted. One night last October I was taken, as I

thought, for death, for I seemed to be dying, and I felt I had nothing to look unto, and nothing to trust in but a crucified Christ; and these words were sweet to me: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him." After this my complaint abated until December, and then I felt a great deal worse, but for some time my mind was supported, but not with that clear evidence of my interest in Christ which I wanted in the prospect of death before me, and I began to sink into gloom and despondency of mind for some time. One night, however, there was a text out of Esther and another out of Ezra that gave me a little help for some time, but my fears again prevailed, and I began once more to sink; but a few words came to my mind out of a chapter in Solomon's Song; and I never felt such sweetness and the words so opened in reading as that passage was to me then; nor had I ever such feelings but three times before in all my life from reading the word of God. There was also a text in Exodus and another in Habakkuk that gave me great encouragement for about twenty-four hours, but after this so great a darkness came over my mind and such distress of soul that I cannot describe, for not one of the promises nor one of the invitations in the word of God seemed to reach my case, for I looked at the word and thought there was nothing there for me but that in Jonah, where he says, "I am cast out of thy sight." This I thought was my lot now, and would be my portion for ever; for I was afraid what I had felt in times past was not the Spirit's work in my heart, or a real work of grace there. But at the worst I had no fear of hell, as to the punishment of it, as the consequence of sin, but my distress was from being deprived of or cast away from the presence of God, and how it was that I was kept from sinking into total despair I could not see then. But I think if ever I knew what Paul meant when he said, "he did count all things but dung so that he might be found in Christ," I think it was at this time; for I hope the Lord was stripping me, and bringing me as a poor guilty, unworthy, undeserving sinner to his footstool, pleading for mercy. After some time I felt a little help from that text where Christ says he "will in no wise cast out;" and then came that text in Hebrews where it is said, "He is able to save to the uttermost;" and this passage was the principle support that I had from the word. And as Christ is spoken of there as "an intercessor," it brought to my mind what I felt some years ago when I hope I had a precious view of Christ as an intercessor, and this gave me encouragement to beg of him to plead on my behalf, and to intercede for me, for I was led to see that Christ was the only way of access, and the only way of acceptance, and the only way through which any blessing could come to me. And at times for some weeks I felt a little hope that I was one that was included in the word "them" in the passage, but at other times I sank very low and was afraid I was a castaway, and that there was no mercy for me, until one night, that came to my mind where it is said, "Christ was anointed to preach good tidings to the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." And soon after these words came: "The Lord hath put away

thy sin;" and the next day these words: "Thou art all fair, there is no spot in thee;" and that came where Christ is spoken of as "coming from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah," and of his being "almighty to save;" and that also: "Ye are complete in him;" but what I felt I cannot describe. Yet I can say I was melted down in self-abasement, and I could not sink low enough in my own feelings under a view of his great goodness and forbearance, and his great love, mercy, and compassion towards one so vile and so unworthy. And to think of his great love in putting away my sin, and to say there was no spot in me, I could not magnify nor exalt him enough for his great mercy towards me, but I thought if it were possible, I never would commit another sin, no, not so much as a sinful thought. And these words do follow me at times ever since (Ps. xxxiv.): "O magnify the Lord with me," and that in Psalm cxvi.: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" But I find I cannot magnify him, nor render unto him enough for all his benefits, for they are innumerable, but I can say with Mary, "He that is mighty hath done to me and for me great things, and holy is his name," and to him be all the praise and all the glory.

Yours in a perpetual bond,

O—, March 20, 1839.

J. P.

TO THE MINISTRY.

Dear Brethren,—If I attempt to throw in a live coal among the smoking embers of dead Calvinism, methinks those of you in whom there is a spark of life will bear with me a little in my folly; and, indeed, bear with me, (2 Cor. i.,) as contention is not my object, and controversy generally arises from opposite elements, and not from light or life from the same fire. (Matt. iii. 11.)

I am called to take my stand, and to lift my poor feeble voice amidst the high Calvinists of 1839. What you deem to be your moving principle I know not; but the first thing I am led to feel for is life, for I dare not apply election and everlasting love to the dead, as many appear to do. And after God the Holy Ghost has quickened the soul, (Eph. ii. 1, 5,) I feel for a true experimental death and condemnation under the spirituality of the law; for when the holiness of God, or the commandment, came, sin revived and I died, and sin became exceedingly sinful by that which is good. The holiness of God, like devouring fire, (Exod. xxiv. 17,) stops the mouth, blocks up every plea, consumes all whys and wherefores, and, instead of reasoning so well about salvation, the cry is, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30.) The soul becomes guilty before God, and says, like Job, "I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken, but I will not answer; yea, twice, but I will proceed no further. Behold, I am vile." This is the language of one under tutors and governors, until the time appointed of the Father. The following also is only learned in the same school; "Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips,

and mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." (Isa. vi. 5.) And another also; "My comeliness is turned into corruption, and I retain no strength; neither is there breath left in me." (Dan. x. 8, 17.) And again; so terrible was the sight, that Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." (Heb. xii. 21.) And again; "When I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead." When a man's eyes are open, the holiness of God will turn all his comeliness into corruption. Now let me ask you if you do not feel the necessity of going over some of this trembling ground for the poor, quaking, broken down man, before you dare cry peace, and talk so much and so sweetly about electing love and redeeming blood, and placing it to the account of those who do not know how to value it, and who never were in debt. Again; let me ask you if it does not appear preposterous, and quite incongruous, to attempt to apply glad tidings to any but those who are ready to perish. But alas! alas! behold the shoals of doctrinal preachers and men-pleasers of the day,—men who mistake the word of the kingdom for the power, and the flesh for the Spirit, and talk of Christ by the hour to those who never felt their need of such a Daysman, nor Meeting-place, and who cry, Peace, peace, where there should be no peace! and what a perversion of sound wisdom, to force the peaceable doctrines of the gospel where there has never been the least trouble nor travail of soul, and calling out, "Salvation, salvation, without money and without price," to those who have never yet had a bill brought in but what they were able to pay, and to be trying to effect a mighty cure where there is no complaint, and to be so anxious to apply a remedy where there is no painful disease. I wish to ask you, also, whether you can make an unneeded Christ a precious Christ, for I cannot to my soul, neither can I believe it in the souls of others. When any person is making a noise, like the noise of strangers, (Isa. xxv. 5,) I could plainly say, What is thy hope, or what has the Lord done for thee? David praised the Lord with a loud voice, but then it was for something done or something hoped in; "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!" But what for? "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases. Here was a good cause to bless him. "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercy." To feel the fire, and to believe that Christ has snatched me as a brand from the burning, will make him precious. To believe that it is the Son who makes me free from the wrath to come, and free to all the blessings of my Father's house, (John viii. 36,) will make him precious. To believe that it is his blood only that brings me nigh to God, and that after I have discovered myself to be a long way off, even as far as hell is from heaven, this will make him precious. To see that it is he alone, Immanuel, that stamps my dignity, will make him precious. But without something of this, I would rather say with the prophet, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord-revealed? There is no beauty in him that we should desire him." None to be seen naturally; and, to tell the truth, the poverty of my faith in the Son of God forms one of

my chief trials; and for a living soul to be sifted about upon this ground, this tender, blessed standing-place, it will make him groan, and send him to the house of God sometimes with only a strong desire, which David says, and I have often been glad of that, is not hid. But it is not merely calling out, Lord, Lord, that will satisfy life, any more than calling out, Bread, bread, will satisfy me at dinner time without eating.

Now if a man's lips are touched with a live coal from off the altar, and his iniquity purged, (Isa. vi. 9, 10,) and he is called to go and take his stand among some of the high doctrinal assemblies of the nineteenth century, carrying this live coal, and not a lie, in his right hand, and the treasury of a fiery baptism in his earthen vessel, with his face harder than a flint, to speak all the words that are in his heart, (Ezek. iii. 9, 10,) accepting the person of no man, neither giving flattering titles unto men, (Job xxxii. 21, 22;) feeling for the circumcising work, without hands, of God the Holy Ghost in the heart, and Jesus Christ, and him crucified, in the soul, together with the faith which stands in the power of God, and not in the wisdom of men, (1 Cor. ii. 5,) he will soon find there has been some daubing with untempered mortar, (Ezek. xiii. 10,) and the hay, wood, and stubble must either burn or fly; that is, if he begins at the bottom instead of the top of the tree, and lays the axe at the root, and is determined to find out the wound that caused the man sickness and death; and this before he comes to say anything about the top boughs of God's everlasting love, or the leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations, "for except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish;" and if he goes into some of the intricate paths of his own repentance, and winds about into the unseen ways of his own experience; he will soon lose some of his hearers, for they cannot follow him, and he will find that this prophecy stands good yet, "Hear ye, indeed, but understand not; see ye, indeed, but perceive not. Make the heart of this people fat, and their ears dull of hearing." The hearts of strangers are made fat with the prophets prophesying straight and smooth things, who cover with a covering, but not of God's Spirit, by not drawing the line of demarcation, but taking all into covenant who will come and hear them preach. And they fatten upon the green pastures of the promises of God, while the heart of the children is made sad, who are writing hard and bitter things against themselves, fearing that it would be presumption in them to conclude that they are the people of the Lord.

To preach about free grace is easy enough; to preach about a full salvation in Christ for the Lord's own people is easy enough (the Bible is full of it); to talk by the hour about the Lord's vineyard being enclosed and kept night and day is pleasant enough, to those who like to preach or pray, standing in the temple receiving their reward at the time, even the approval of men; but to describe the pathway and strait gate into Christ (into Christ, I say, for he is the way), and the translation from the power of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son, and to carry the importance of being a mouth for God stamped upon his soul; this, this is something more than just

telling the people that Christ loved the church, and that every member of his shall be in heaven, which is a truth, but the chain of evidence in my soul makes that truth good to me.

My brethren, I was once asked this death-like question, and that by respectable Calvinists, of long standing, who passed for Christians, indeed: "Sir, do you not think that if a person can hear the doctrines of free grace and God's election, it is a proof they are of the number of his elect?" Now, such a question would naturally lead to the inquiry, what sort of a ministry had such people been in the habit of sitting under? I will answer, some of the soundest doctrinal men in England. Then may I not say, how long shall the blind lead the blind with the golden chain of God's electing love, borrowed or plundered from the poor weeping, labouring, heavy-laden, broken-spirited church of Christ?

But perhaps it may be said, "Give some further account of thy stewardship, and the effect of a live coal from off the altar in thy own soul. Well, brethren, I cannot, I dare not be so inconsistent as to cast the pearly and golden doctrines of predestination, justification, and glorification before swine; for they appear then in my view like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout. (Prov. xi. 22.) But we read that calling comes in after predestination, (Rom. viii. 30,) and it is the first link that lays hold of the poor sinner, and the second link is justification, and the last link is glorification; two hold the man on earth, and two hold fast in heaven; for predestination and glorification are in heaven, while calling and justification are let into the soul. Now it is this high calling, this heavenly calling, that appears to me to be left out, and then the chain is broken, and with me it is the chief link in the chain, and without it I have nothing to do manifestly with the others; and it is this holy calling that makes all the disturbance in a man's soul, and distinguishes him from the many who are called outwardly, but who are not chosen; for many are called, but few chosen. Now, this work appears to me to be let down from heaven like the sheet Peter saw, and all drawn up again into heaven. It seems like a double chain, calling and justification meeting in the sinner. Justification takes him into heaven, and glorification crowns him; and at each fastening the same man, the identical person, *whom* he did predestinate, *them* he also called, &c.

It appears to me to be the work of a minister to trace out the called of God before he says anything about justification. And he will find that not many wise men, not many noble, not many mighty are called, but that God hath chosen the foolish things of the world and weak things of the world; and things that are despised hath God chosen; and to pick up these he will have to wander about in his own experience; sometimes in a sheep skin, sometimes in a goat skin, sometimes on a mountain, and sometimes in a den or cave of the earth. He will be tempted, and tormented in his mind with temptation; for if temptation is no trouble, it is because the streams all run one way. He must go out into the lanes, highways, and hedges in the travail of his soul. I do not mean taking a comfortable walk when the sun shines; but in a long wintery night, when the

storms rage and the winds howl, and the beasts of the forest do move, and the best friend is from home, and that to meet the called of Jesus Christ, that his house may be filled; that the man who has fallen among thieves may get a little kindness rendered him; and that he may be feet to the lame and eyes to the blind, that they may ride upon his experience into the green pastures of redeemed love, given them in Christ Jesus before the world began. (2 Tim. 1. ix.) "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick; but I will destroy the fat and the strong; I will feed them with judgment." (Ezek. xxxiv. 16.)

Stoufford, Beds.

G. M.

SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

My much esteemed Friends in our most glorious Head Christ,—Being satisfied that you are the servants of the Most High God, I do the more cheerfully write to you, having been a reader of your precious little *Standard* from the commencement of the last year, and having found it good and precious to my soul. I had been a reader before of the *Trumpet* and *Herald*; but when, as God would have it, your *Standard* was put into my hands, I was like the woman of Samaria when Christ opened her heart, and let a little living water into it. She left her old water-pot, and went and said unto the people of the city, "Come and see a man that told me all things," &c. I am happy that God has spared a few faithful servants in this dark day to publish the truth as it is in Christ. Before your *Standard* appeared, I thought, much like Elijah, "They have digged down the altars, and I only am saved, and they seek my life;" but God said, "I have reserved to myself seven thousand men that have not bowed the knee to Baal." May the dear Lord raise up many men, and send them out into his vineyard to defend the faith in spite of all the awful lies that are advanced in almost all churches and chapels in the kingdom. May God keep you faithful and upon your watch-tower, and may he enable you, as his watchmen, to give the time of night when any of the citizens ask; for "if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who shall be prepared for battle?" When I learned that the circulation of your *Standard* spread so wide, it made my soul rejoice, for it found its way into many dark towns and villages, where there is nothing but "do and live," and scarcely that. It has, to my knowledge, been made a blessing to many; and thousands more, no doubt, by God's blessing, will be blessed. I hope that a few dear servants, through God, may be enabled to furnish your pages with a little matter which otherwise would have been buried from most of God's people, had it not appeared in your *Standard*; but God has enabled them to drop a handful from their own stock in the field of our spiritual Boaz, to the poor returning Moabites, who are driven, from necessity, to come and glean in that blessed field. Those God-taught men that the professing world is ashamed of, my soul rejoices in, namely, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Philipot, Mr. Gadshy, I. K., and many more; for my soul is united to them in the dearest ties; and the former, Mr. Warburton, was, more than two years ago, made very useful to my soul, as I had been for many years sitting under those wretched taskmasters

calling the people idle, when, by God's goodness, I was directed to bear him at Studley, when he so blessedly went in the footsteps of the flock, that my soul was from that moment knit to him, like Nathan and David, and from that time that love has still been strengthened to him; and when I have had the honour of being favoured with hearing one of those blessed men whom God sends, I can say, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings." I have for some time been thinking of sending you a few lines by way of encouragement; but my littleness so appears before me that I think I am not worthy to write to such men of God. It fills my soul with pleasure to see that God is supplying you with a little matter for your *Standard*, for about the conclusion of last year I read your thoughts of discontinuing the work, and it was like a thunderbolt to my soul, as the devil immediately set on me, and said, "Well, it is all over with the *Standard* you so much boasted of; it will be printed no more; then, what will become of you Antinomians? you will all come to nothing!" This drove me to God by prayer, and, blessed be his name, he helped me with so great a help, that before I arose from my knees I was led to believe that God would enable you to continue it. I went to bed, but could not sleep, and in the night, the devil began at his old work with, "It is all over; the *Standard* will come out no more." "Lord," said I, "make him a liar." This followed me for days and nights till I saw our determination in spite of all difficulties to go on, the Lord enabling you. "Well," said I, "devil, you are a liar, and the father of lies." This is not the first time he has been in my house, for he has a friend in one part of the dwelling; but, blessed be God, the Holy Ghost says they shall have dominion over him or them, which is the devil and his family, in the morning.

I have merely written this, hoping God may make my feeble effort of use to encourage your hearts and hands in his work. "May God supply all your needs out of his own hand, which is in Christ the Head, and give you patience to stand in your lot, for that which meets with no opposition is not of God.

I conclude these few feeble lines with my very kind love to all those that love our Lord Jesus Christ, for none but God's elect have this honour conferred upon them.—I remain, yours for Christ's sake.

AN OUTCAST.

Dear Sirs,—Will you excuse an obscure character in troubling you with an account of some of the strange workings of my mind. I have been until of late sitting under a minister that perhaps preaches the doctrines of truth pretty correctly; and although I did not enjoy much, if any, of the manifestations of the love and mercy of God to my soul, neither was I altogether satisfied with such a ministry, yet I enjoyed, as I thought, a comfortable assurance from past experience of interest in the finished work of a dear Redeemer; but having, of late, been brought to sit under the ministry of a man that preaches up a particular experience, and that draws a line of distinction between the doctrines of truth in the head and the doctrines of truth wrought in the soul by God the Holy Ghost, I have been truly brought to call all my past experience into question. I have experienced what I thought amounted to death and life, for well do I remember the place where convictions, strong and powerful, first seized my mind, when that passage of scripture was quoted, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire;" and truly I left the place with that curse following me, loud as thunder, "Depart, ye cursed." I strove to amend by prayer and fast-

ing, but all in vain, for my sins seemed but to increase. I felt convinced that I was lost, and that hell would be my portion for ever and ever. O wretched state! Thus went I on, until one night, never to be forgotten, I went to bed expecting that before morning I should be in hell, and my expectation seemed confirmed, for before the dawn of morning, the devil, to my imagination and feeling, came into the room. Up to the bed he came, took me out, placed me under his arm, and away he flew. We were soon abroad, and over the tops of the houses he went. Hell appeared at a distance, large and deep, enclosed within a wall, and columns of fire and smoke ascending high. We rapidly approached the place, and, O! dreadful feeling, the gate stood wide open. The devil entered in with me under his arm, and, to my feelings, the flames began to kindle upon me. To prevent, if possible, my entering, I tried to catch my foot upon the side of the entrance, and in doing so I turned my head, and, lo! the dear Redeemer appeared descending from the skies towards me. In agonies of despair, I cried, "Lord, save, or I perish!" In an instant hell was gone, the devil was gone, and I and my dear Redeemer appeared alone. I awoke, if indeed I was asleep, full of joy. O delightful time! My sins were gone, Jesus was truly precious, and joy never to be expressed was felt within. I knew not where I was, nor scarcely whether in the body or not. And, O how sweet and precious did the dear Redeemer appear to me for several weeks! But, ah! this sweet frame of mind and sweet communion with God so gradually declined, that I scarcely missed it until it was gone. The enemy set in upon me and said, "Ye are deceived; you thought you were going to heaven, but it is not so. Yea, if indeed the Lord did ever appear for you, he has now forsaken you; you are too great a sinner to be saved." O mournful state! I went often to the place where I thought I had enjoyed his presence, but all was barren. "Now," I cried, "I am lost, I am lost after all; what can I do?" To go where I thought I had enjoyed my Lord appeared to be of no use. "The Lord has forsaken me; I am too great a sinner to be saved," was my daily cry; until one Lord's day that I shall never forget, I went to the door of the place I had usually attended, walked away again, exclaiming, "It is no use to go there;" but, where else can I go? thought I. I turned back, and in I went. The preacher ascended into the pulpit, and soon took his text, "But Zion said, the Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." My soul was set at large in an instant; joy inexpressible filled my breast; never more, thought I, will I say the Lord has forsaken me. But, ah! many a long year has passed since then; many trials, mostly of a providential kind, have I experienced; many cries and groans have gone up to the dear Lord, and some sweet answers to prayer I think I have enjoyed; yet, often now I think that perhaps after all it is nothing but the working of a deceitful heart under the influence of the devil. I sometimes think that perhaps the devil can counterfeit a death and life as well as any other part of the travail of a real Christian, for he to me appears such a striking imitation of the work of God the Holy Ghost, that I often think it is impossible to tell the difference. Does the real Christian become dead to the law? Hypocrites tell us the same. Does the real Christian experience deliverance from law-curse and condemnation? There are those that I believe to be mere formalists who declare they

have experienced the same. Does the Christian love God? The formalist says he loves God also. Does he love the children of God? The formalist appears to love them too. Does heaviness in the heart of a Christian make him stoop? Formalists feel a casting down also. Does a good word, applied with divine power, lift him up? Formalists can speak of passages of scripture being applied to their case also. In short, the devil appears so capable of imitating the work of God, that I often say, How am I to know the difference? Yea, I sometimes say, It is impossible to know the difference! O the mystery of iniquity! Well may Philpot say, "Nature has the appetite of a vulture, and the digestion of an ostrich; for the very sword that stabs her to the heart, she feeds upon, and truly nothing seems to come amiss to her." I often say, Shall I ever really know whether I am a child of God or not? I suspect every thing in myself, and of almost every thing I see or hear I often say, perhaps it is nothing but the flesh and the workings of a deceived heart. If I hear those that I think are Christians talking about the things of God, I feel little or no pleasure in joining, for fear it should be nothing but nature after all; and there is but one here and there that I can speak to. If I hear some that I thought to be Christians speak of their being cut down under the ministry of the word, or of their being blessed, I suspect, and say within myself, perhaps it is all flesh; and then to feel so little love to God, if I feel any, makes mine a truly doubtful case. Miserable state; I feel dead to the world and dead to God. These threatening passages match me well, "Twice dead, plucked up by the roots;" and then again, "Your life shall hang in doubt before your eyes; reprobate silver shall men call you, because the Lord has rejected you." Have you, dear Editors, ever felt, or have any of your Christian correspondents been in such a path; a heart, at times, as hard as a stone, and, I fear, destitute of any real love to God? Perhaps, I often say, if there was no hell I should care nothing about these things, and this again appears a dreadfully bad sign, "Shut up and cannot come forth." At times my trouble appears to be dying away, and "O!" I cry, "I am sinking down into my old careless state; my troubles were natural, and it is coming to a natural death without any manifestation of the love and mercy of God to my soul. Lord, have mercy upon me! "Lord, save, or I perish!" O eternity, eternity, how dreadful doth it appear to me at times! The soul once lost shall be for ever lost. "O spare me a little that I may recover my strength before I go hence and be no more!"

June, 1839.

A DOUBTER.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Free Grace. By John Saltmarsh. (Recommended by William Huntington, S. S.)—London: Bennett, 1839. 12mo., pp. 132, price 3s.

It is trying to us in the exercise of our office as reviewers to pronounce an unfavourable opinion of works which bear marks of having been written by gracious men, especially if they have been approved of by others whose opinions carry with them spiritual weight and authority. Thus with the book before us; we are loath to condemn and yet are more loath to approve. It is sound in doctrine and combats many legal errors of the day in which it first appeared—the times of the Puritans. But there is a tone running through it which we can by no means approve of. What, for instance, shall we say to such passages as these? (p. 56) "I suppose, instead of questioning, men should set about believing, and they would soon know whether they do believe or not. My grounds for this

observation are these, 1st, Christ's command—believe; and this is his commandment that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ. Now commands of this nature are to be obeyed, not disputed. Good servants do not reason their duty out first with themselves, but fall to doing what they are commanded." Again; "In the things of the Spirit, to be jealous of the truth of them doth not honour the faithfulness of Jesus Christ." Again (p. 58); "We ought, I suppose, no more to question our faith, which is our first and foundation grace, than we ought to question Christ, the foundation of faith." A man preaches and writes to little purpose who is so ready with his "oughts." Again (p. 59); "It is Satan's greatest policy to put a soul upon resolving such a question." So the cry, "Search me, O God, and try me," according to John Saltmarsh, comes from the devil; and it was Satan who dictated Paul's precept (2 Cor. xiii. 5); "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith." One more extract (p. 60); "In the gospel all are immediately called to believe; so that none can believe too soon or too steadfastly in Jesus Christ our righteousness." P. 116; "Salvation is not made a puzzling work in the gospel; it is plain, easy, and simply revealed. This is short work, believe and be saved; look but upon Jesus Christ for life, and salvation is in thy soul; believe with thy heart and thou art saved." So many of these dead flies, found in nearly every page, cause J. Saltmarsh's ointment to send forth in our nostrils a stinking savour. Mr. Huntington, we think, must have read the book carelessly, or not observed such passages when he gave it the powerful sanction of his recommendation.

The Carnal Professor. By Robert Bolton, B. D., 1634.—Hamilton.

We hardly know what to say about this little book. In some respects it is right, in others it is wrong. Some parts of it are very legal, others are true. However, this we know, it is not to our mind; it is not, in many respects, what we like. It is much in the style of most of the old writers. It states some truths respecting the total fall, ruin, and depravity of human nature, but in such a legal way as if dead sinners could quicken their own souls. It also contains some true experience, but very little; nor is it clearly and satisfactorily traced out. It jumbles up the dead and the living together. There is no proper separation kept up throughout the work; and though it contains some good truths, yet the truth in doctrine and experience is not closely and particularly enough stated to warrant us to recommend it to the notice of the children of God.

POETRY.

ODD FEELINGS.

When God the Spirit made me see
My horrid, foul deformity;
I had a sight and sense of sin;
Odd feelings then I felt within.

Such were the pangs that tore my heart,
My running sores, my dreadful smart,
My soul was fill'd with great dismay,
At these odd feelings, night and day.

My load of guilt, my bitter foe,
Fill'd this my helpless soul with woe;
My heart, it was as hard as steel;
O what odd feelings these to feel!

Whilst passing thro' this dreadful flood,
There's some would say, "Trust thou in
But they, alas! could never see [God];"
These strange odd feelings felt by me.

My ghastly looks, my groans, and cries,
Tis true, did fill them with surprise;
Great Wakering, near Southend, Essex.

But only Jesus could me cheer;
He knew what my odd feelings were.

He brought me to his blessed feet;
With him I had communion sweet;
His love, which he did then impart,
Eased the odd feelings of my heart.

His precious name, his charming voice,
Did make my very soul rejoice;
But, though I eat of living bread,
Odd feelings are not from me fled.

I find I'm in a barren land,
Where foes appear on every hand;
And oftimes even on the knee,
Odd feelings then are felt by me.

But soon the tempest will be o'er,
Then Satan he will cease to roar;
And I shall never feel within,
Odd feelings through the plague of sin.

W. W.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 47. NOVEMBER, 1839. VOL. V.

REGENERATION.

"Ye must be born again."—John iii. 7.

A short statement, involving a long subject, uttered by the Prince of Life, who spake as never man spake, and the substance of which is engraven on the heart of every living member of the mystic body.

To be born of God, is to receive life from God. By nature we are dead in trespasses and sins, and have no more conception of spiritual things than a man perfectly blind has of the judgment of colours.

It is a life given by the Father, in Christ, through the Spirit; by it we feel, see, and know. He who is born of God is quickened to feel he is lost; to see he is justly cursed by a righteous law; and to know that he deserves eternal wrath. Such a soul lives, to die. All his fancied comeliness perishes from view; stript of a supposed hope in divine mercy, he beholds Jehovah is just; in the blaze of majestic holiness he sees himself undone; the refuge of lies in which he previously trusted is swept away, and the deepened convictions of his anguished heart entirely destroy his hiding-place.

He who is quickened by the Holy Ghost feels the revelation of a righteous law manifest in his conscience; sin appears in its true character as an offence against the throne of heaven; and although it be true that these convictions are the proofs of divine life, yet the poor wretched captive apprehends them as portentous of eternal damnation.

The new birth is not evidenced by an abstract fear of hell; a mere dread of punishment is more the feature of a slave than a child. It is to be feared that many thousands have no other evidence of divine favour than an apprehension of wrath; but as to a holy hatred to self,

and a melting sense of unworthiness before God, these things form no part of their *credenda*. Such, I apprehend, is not the religion of the Son of God.

The new birth is entirely the sovereign work of the ever blessed Spirit. It is the coming into a new state; "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature;" "Ye are God's workmanship." 'Tis the formation of the soul in the image of Christ; "Ye are quickened together with Christ." 'Tis the erection of an empire in the heart, never to be destroyed; for the Spirit of Him that raised up Christ from the dead dwells in all the regenerate family.

Regeneration differs from conversion; with propriety, we may say, they have often been confounded. The former is life imparted; the latter is life in its act and exercise. With respect to the matter of the Spirit's work in regeneration, it is perfect in its kind, but progressive in its apprehension. The new-born babe in the mystic family has all the properties of regeneration; but not an understanding of their use: hence we are said to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ;" but who that have been brought into the school of Christ do not find a progression in self-knowledge to loathe and abhor themselves, whilst they are certainly conscious of desiring, with the apostle, to know Christ more, and the power of his glorious resurrection?

The new birth is distinguished by peculiar acts in the soul: hence helplessness is felt, yet help experienced. In the perfection of this work the sinner's imperfection clearly appears. Thus the life that comes from God heaves the soul to the throne in groans and sighs. The chains that are around the conscience are felt to be galling. Sincere desire for mercy would put up her head; but a cloud is seen. Jehovah is just, cries the anxious prisoner; and, therefore, will he have compassion upon my guilty soul?

I well remember, (sometimes with humbled feelings,) those many years of intense anguish, passed in heavy bondage of soul, whilst waiting for the moving of living waters,—the hymns of that blessed man of God, Mr. Hart, and the Bible, being my only companions, except a conscience drenched in agony. I ran from chapel to chapel with a desire to get ease; but they appeared only to minister fresh torment to my distracted soul; and sure I am, as of my own existence, that no relief to such a state can be found, but in the peaceful blood of the cross. Many convictions have been healed by men; but the wounds made by the arrows of the Almighty can receive no cure but from Gilead's balm.

The Holy Spirit creates anew to lead to Christ. Immanuel is glorified by the testimony of the blessed Comforter. He always leads to the Lamb. Let the religion of thousands be tried by this test, and it will appear emptiness itself. New-born babes in the household of favour see they have no righteousness. As to their own, it appears to them filthy rags, or as dung and dross. They, therefore, admire the salvation that finds them a robe that God approves,—a pardon, just, equitable, and complete, and a plea at the mercy seat that Jehovah will ever delight to hear.

Regeneration is, therefore, the dawn of eternal day upon the quickened heart. It is a boon which ten thousand worlds cannot purchase. It is a work ten thousand hells cannot destroy. 'Tis the discovery of heaven's deep designs. 'Tis the revelation of God's will to the heart. 'Tis the clothing of the soul for ever; the fitness to come to God; without it, all worship is delusive; prayer a solemn mockery; hope a delusion, and farther, a system of presumption. Destitute of this quickening testimony, the man is dead whilst he lives; dreaming of heaven, but in the broad path to destruction; fancying himself something, whilst he is a slave to the deceitfulness of his own wicked heart. Such have the lamp without oil, and they will be covered with shame when the Master makes his appearance.

The Holy Comforter maintains the work he has begun; he anoints the eye to see the beauties of Jesus; he attracts the ear to the sound of a Saviour's voice; he excites to humble pleading with the Lord; by his powerful intercession hope revives its drooping head, and faith puts forth its trembling hand. Thus the weeping seeker creeps at the foot of the cleft rock, with, "Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me."

Regeneration distinguishes the adopted family; "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." By the powerful calling of the Eternal Spirit, the election of the people is evident. Thus chosen in Christ, they are brought to Christ, and by the demonstration of truth in the conscience, the union betwixt the Head and members—the Saviour and the saved, the Husband and his bride—is made evident. From hence communion and fellowship follow, for intercourse with Jesus in his sufferings and conquest is the base of all true religion and real enjoyment before the Lord of Hosts. Truly said John, "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ."

The mystery of divine life in the soul has offended thousands who have thought themselves secure for eternity; and the reason is obvious, because it ascribes the whole glory of a sinner's salvation to the joint record of the Eternal Three in One. It lays the axe of truth at the root of all will-worship, duty-faith, or whatever wild and deceptive schemes the children of men may devise; for however carnal reason may object, it is a truth that will evidence the confusion of millions, that none are saved but the really ruined; none are found but the sensibly lost; none are redeemed but the self-condemned; none are righteous before God but those who are convicted of their unrighteousness. If we judge ourselves, we shall not be judged, "for when we are judged we are chastened of the Lord that we should not be condemned with the world."

To close these desultory remarks on a subject of eternal importance, we must confess, with humility and shame, that we know but very little of this great work, in the present state. There is such a glory in every part of the kingdom of Christ as to overwhelm our little minds. Nevertheless, the "little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked." If in spiritual feeling we be as the bruised reeds; if in desire we be as the smoking flax; we will rejoice that our kind Lover will not break the former, nor quench the latter;

but will bring forth the spiritual judgment of his captives unto victory, in the truth, as it is in Jesus.

Thus, my aged brother, I have tried to gather up a few thoughts on this great question, according to your desire, which I desire, if the Lord will, may have a witness in your heart. You have long professed to trust in Christ; but is it, in reality, the repose of a broken down, law wrecked conscience, upon the arms of mercy? Is it the cry of your soul, from heartfelt anguish, God be merciful to me, a poor, lost, wretched, undone outcast; or is it pleasure without profit, words without life, sentiment without feeling, profession without possession?

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

The Holy Spirit reveals the things of Christ to the soul. Thus the blood that brings pardon and peace is felt in its softening, humbling, and purifying influence upon the heaven-born heart. “ The righteousness that delivers from death” produces a blessed acquittal in the conscience. Grace reigns through the power of God. The subject of the new birth delights in new covenant mercy, and loves to walk in a newly consecrated path. By spiritual faith such a one hangs with trembling upon the promise, waits upon the Lord, in secret, for the descent of heavenly dew, and rejoices in hope of the glory that shall be revealed.

With fervent desire for your understanding of these important matters, I remain, your well-wisher in truth alone,

Boston, Lincolnshire, June 1st, 1839.

WILLIAM FELTON.

SOUL-HUMILITY.

My dear —,—I was very glad to receive your kind letter, and felt some inward encouragement because my preaching had really been blessed to you to the refreshing of your soul. But I assure you that a sense of my vileness and unworthiness makes me wonder whether it can possibly be that one like myself should be the honoured instrument of conveying consolation to the Lord’s family. I liked your letter, because you treated of your daily feelings; for what is religion without them?—a mere name. And I believe that thousands are deceived by trusting in a mere knowledge of mysteries and a creature faith, without any sighs or groans, not being burdened with sin, plagued in heart, nor tempted by the devil. I am more and more convinced that every soul must be humbled down into the dust of self-abasement before it can speak of the Lord’s mercy and goodness. There is a reality in religion, and a great power also when it proceeds from heaven, which will make a man wonder however he shall get to heaven; and he will learn that it is no easy nor comfortable road thither. I know so very little, and am so hard-hearted, and so unclean, and full of unbelief, that I feel at times ashamed of professing religion, and sometimes I feel as if I was awfully presuming in standing up in a pulpit. Many who are never shaken from their strong confidence despise me, as Michal did David, when I am constrained to confess my wicked and abominable feelings. Yet, in the midst of all this confusion in my soul, I have a strong testimony within, that if I am not right they are not, for I have had their religion worked out as false and awfully deceptive in my own experience.

Bastard Calvinists and head notional professors are the most unprofitable companions that the tried children of God can meet with, as they talk so much of faith, love, prayer, doings, zeal, and prosperity, and seem to have everything in their favour; and such language in the ears of a poor tempted sin-bitten soul is like striking the dying dead. What a mercy that God does not leave us in their hands, nor condemn us when we are judged. I sometimes wonder why I go on preaching, as I am so ignorant, and know so little of anything like power or grace in my soul; but through mercy the Lord seems to say a word in season by me to some who are hobbling along in temptation, darkness, and ignorance. I feel unworthy of the Lord's favour to the last degree, and am thankful that I am out of hell, and am full of fears about giving up my religion, or at least preaching, very often; for when I have not a spark of life, and nothing but sin and corruption, what hope have I that I am in the covenant of grace? Can God dwell in me? I feel comforted at times that others are brought to such places, whom I can see grace in, and who are obliged to join with me, and say as *Hart* does;

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

Though I feel sin striving in me, I think I have never been rightly humbled yet, and that my spirit has never been broken. O that I could say I was of that spirit wherein God delights to dwell. The Lord, in mercy, encourages me at times in my own soul, and also in the ministry; and then I can hope and believe all is well, but I have to question every frame and every consolation from real necessity. The way to heaven is not easy, nor can faith be got hold of so readily as many make it out, nor is a soul so soon established with grace. Those that are not opposed by the devil, nor inbred corruptions, may flatter themselves how fast they get on, and they may have a peace, but I consider it like the calm of the dead sea. I am despised, and am a worm; I would not live at this poor dying rate, but I cannot help myself; I cannot get out; I cannot mount up with wings like eagles, but am ready to halt and faint, and wish at times that I had never heard of the name of Jesus, and that my soul might be annihilated! It is trying to preach and talk about Christ when we care not about him; and I am sure if God does not give me faith in him, and a hope in his mercy, I can have neither. You seem to be more favoured than myself. I wish I could have meltings of heart and overflowings of love. It seems that I am in the wilderness, and not in the land of Goshen, for I find myself tried, exercised, tempted, and troubled. I have been preaching the last two Lord's days in this large professing city. Some profess to hear me with profit, but no doubt many are saying as David's brother did to him; “I know thy pride and haughtiness of heart; why have you got into the pulpit?” and I consider it a wise and sound remark, for they might well say so if they knew what I felt within. Many want to hear of great things, of strong faith, great joy, and constant peace, and want to be built up in the truth. I am altogether unfit for such a work, but there seem to be plenty in London busy enough at it, and succeed tolerably well; but may the Lord keep me from joining in their way of building up, for they seem to care nothing at all about a good foundation. If they can preach people unto an assent to the doctrines of grace, and can get them on the mountains of presumption, they thank God for prospering them in their work. Thus they make their mem-

bers rich with such bills that I cannot in any way indorse, for I am sure that such riches will never pass current with God, and will never stand in the court of heaven; so they are offended and displeased with me. Nevertheless, London is not without a scattered few that I am pleased with, and many seem desirous of hearing what I have to say.

It is a very large field for a searching ministry. There is a good deal of old wood that wants cutting out in the best churches here, but it wants men with a deeper experience and more faithfulness than myself to use the pruning knife freely. I find myself in the midst of temptations here; may the Lord preserve me. Though I am considered so ignorant, and to have so little faith, yet I believe many wish me to show that I have none by falling into gross sins, who are great advocates for holiness. I shall be glad to hear from you whenever you be inclined to write, for I think you and I can agree, though you are far before me; but you seem to bear with my ignorance, my very little experience, and, besides this, you are inclined to encourage me in the work. May the Lord bless you and keep you.—Yours very sincerely,

London, September, 1836.

W. T.

THE BELIEVER DYING AND LIVING IN CHRIST.

“Now, if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him.”
Rom. vi. 8.

Brethren in the Lord,—I herewith sketch out, for your perusal, a few thoughts that have traversed my mind on the above passage, as illustrative of some of the steps in which the trembling captives of the Most High are led to the possession of their heavenly inheritance.

The religion of Jesus Christ is that important subject which can only be known by a divine revelation; hence, we find it presented to our view in characters which fully accord with a bowed down, broken up, and inward wreck of conscience, whose very breath is an offence to them, and whose amazement it is that a righteous God can have any thoughts of love to their immortal spirits. The great apostle of the Gentiles was so thoroughly instructed in the mysteries of God's salvation, and the methods of the Divine Being in fetching home his banished, that it was his great delight to abase the creature in the exaltation of the Redeemer; and, in the words before us, and their connexion, he exhibits a faithful and striking portrait of what all the quickened pass through, and, whilst exalting the death of the adorable Lord, he shows that the people who are Christ's are as certainly destined to pass through death as to enjoy the blessings of everlasting love.

A close survey of the divine testimony will aid the humble seeker to discover how our God hath joined together the safety-calling and training of the chosen family. It is the design of the eternal Three-in-One to be glorified in the everlasting salvation of an adopted church, composed of those sensibly lost and inwardly ruined outcasts that shall attain the promised rest for ever. The words suggest the following observations:

First, That there is a people with Christ. Secondly, That these people are dead with Christ, and as certainly shall they live with him.

Many can talk about living with Christ who have never died for his sake. The Holy Ghost begins in a sinner's heart by killing, and all who are inwardly slain bear the testimony of life from the author and finisher of Zion's redemption. To be with Christ expresses a union of nature, feeling, and action. The true believer is a real member of Christ's body; "I am the vine, ye are the branches;" and, as he is a living vine, so the branches must live. Jesus is the head over all things to his church, so that the people chosen in him, blessed in him, are said to be quickened together with him, are raised up with him, and shall be with him at last; "For unto him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on my throne." Those that are with Christ, the blessed Spirit makes manifest. Hence, every spiritual feeling is from the Head; life and light are communicated from Christ; that which comes from Jesus goes back to him. Herein true godliness is distinguished from false, and the son of the bond child is known from the child of promise. These people were ever seen in Jesus; the Father loved them in Christ, and gave them into his hands; he is their surety; in his righteousness they are exempted from deserved damnation; in his blood they have peace; by his grace they are divinely kept, cared for by him who is Lord of all, and defended by him who has all power in heaven and in earth. Who shall root up one of them, snatch one of them from the embraces of the Lord, or destroy the soul thus guarded by Omnipotence?

Such are said to be dead with Christ. This is not natural death, for that has passed upon all men. It is not eternal death, for believers in Jesus can never die. No; blessed be his holy name, it is an inward death, the result of life communicated; for the Holy Ghost, in divine quickening, reveals a life that discovers death, but is itself of endless duration; and hence the paradox of good John Bunyan, "Who'd live abroad, at first must die at home." I remark it is an inward death to sin, the law, the idol self, and a Christ-degrading world. It is a death unto sin; not the death of sin in us, though he that is thus dead is free from sin, from its love, power, and pleasure. Divine life kills all these. Whilst sin remains it does not reign. To such a poor lost captive sin becomes a bitter burden, an intolerable load; he sees in the blaze of righteous majesty an end of fleshly perfection; he looks upwards and dreads a devouring God, and his great question now is, How can such a mass of pollution be just with Jehovah? Such are dead to the law, by the body of Christ, in consequence of union to the Saviour. Their false conclusions are swept away; legal hope expires before the light of heaven; all their fleshly props are removed; the spurious faith they gloried in vanishes from sight; they are made to confess themselves fools. The tongue that prated about religion is dumb before God; the eye that was ravished with external beauty now looks within and sickens at the sight; every new discovery fills the soul with consternation and dismay. Moses is now beheld in most terrific array; and thus, as in the case of the apostle when the commandment was brought into the conscience with power, sin revives, and a terrible death is felt in the soul. They are

dead to self. Neither righteous nor sinful self can be any longer trusted; and this is a death that accompanies us in all our journey. Our nasty pride, base self-sufficiency, cruel envy, and that inward lurking self require continually to be kept down, and therefore our wise Lord is pleased to ballast his vessels with much affliction, and to purge our dross by those trying and cutting dispensations that lay open the flesh, and cause us to cry, "Heal us, O Lord; save us, for thou art our praise." They are dead to the world. Its maxims cannot satisfy the heaven-bound traveller; its gaudy toys are worthless trash in the esteem of the quickened mind. He goes into it and its spirit, imperceptibly, and is dearly taxed in the employ; he is a stranger passing through mystic Moab, but he has a better land in view. He often feels it to be a very narrow path to his home, and agonizes, in secret prayer, to enter therein. In short, he is an exile in a foreign land; he has his passport to the place of destination, but is sorely vexed with intruders on his way thither. "Such are not of the world, because Christ hath chosen them out of it." But such are also said to live with Jesus. Yes; indeed, he is their life; they have it as the gift of a Triune God; the Father gave it in Christ. Immanuel declares, "I give unto my sheep eternal life;" and the eternal Majesty, the Comforter, gives it in regeneration. Thus, by the quickening of the Spirit, the family are known, electing love is declared in power, the redemption of the slain Lamb is felt, and that grace needed, thirsted after, and longed for which is treasured up in the church's holy Head. "Your life is hid with Christ in God, and when Christ, who is your life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

But, further; this is a life of inward testimony. It is a faith in hope of repose upon the everlastingness of Immanuel's work. It exhibits that faith that lives in and feeds upon Christ; "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me;" "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." This is the unspeakable privilege of every true believer. Such derive sweet support from the soul-nourishing doctrines of justification by the obedience and death of the Son of God; such glory in sanctification by Christ; such are happy only in Immanuel's smile; such glory in free and unmerited grace. This faith is often sorely tried by sad desertion, horrible darkness, inward temptations and buffetings of our unwearied foe. This faith often faints, but die she never shall, for in her dreadful encounter with the foe, she is strong, not in herself, but in "the grace that is in Jesus Christ."

These, Messrs. Editors, are, I conceive, some of the steps in the consecrated path to bliss; and we know that those who are thus trained in this divine school, led in this way, tried in every step in the strength of their Lord, disputing every inch of ground with the arch foe, must be more than conquerors. Such are like Gad; though seemingly overcome, "they shall overcome at the last."

The Lord be with your spirits to guide you in the good and right way.

Yours in Him who is all in all,

Stamford, Lincolnshire.

F. W. N.

THE ISRAELITES.

My Friend,—I suppose it is generally thought that the Israelites were a typical people, and set forth the Lord's dealings with his people under the gospel dispensation, and that their servitude under Pharaoh sets forth the travail of a child of God under the law. We are well aware they were most grievously oppressed, and before their deliverance their strength was very much reduced. But will our experience accord with this? Do we know anything of the bondage of the law? Many know something about the letter of the law, but very few about the spirituality of the law. On this point I am often very much tried. I want to know whether my convictions are natural or spiritual, for if we never were spiritually convicted, we were never spiritually pardoned. It seems very evident the children of Israel had a promise of deliverance before they enjoyed liberty, which, no doubt, kept them from utter despair; but mark well, they suffered much before they obtained it, as the Lord said, "I have heard the cries of the children of Israel, and I will go down and deliver them." So I consider it is the case with a man under the law, when he is brought to his wits' end, and all hope of ever being saved is given up, he may have some such words as these come forcibly to his mind, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee," which creates a hope, and the man says, "Who can tell but that I may obtain mercy?" But this is not deliverance, neither can he rest until he enjoys deliverance; but when God's arm is stretched out and saves him from all his foes and fears, he can then truly say, "Salvation is of the Lord alone." But it is the travels of the children of Israel I wish to say a word about. I recollect what you said to me, that is, "If you come to talk about walking, you cut most of us off." I must confess it is a bad state to be in, to be at ease in Zion; and I do believe a quickened soul is not long at ease. When the Lord brought Israel out of Egypt, with an outstretched arm, they did not slide into the land of Canaan at once. O, no; they had some trials to wade through, and dangers on every hand, and most of them that suffered various afflictions never reached the good land; and I do firmly believe that numbers in our day, as well as in the Apostles', suffer many things, many outward trials, as well as inward checks of natural conscience, and are excluded heaven after all. I feel fully persuaded that nothing short of a manifested salvation will stand the test, and the soul that has enjoyed it is sure to meet with a heavy cross; for it is "through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom." If it was not so, should we need shoes of iron and brass? And these shoes are for heaven-bound travellers. The way to heaven is a trying path. Israel had not long left Egypt before they were in a more trying situation than ever. To see a host armed with weapons, intent upon their destruction, and apparently no way of escape, was truly dreadful, and a child of God has many such dreadful times. The trial of faith differs vastly from the sweet and comfortable assurance of faith, and yet where there are no trials there are no deliverances. God has joined these things together, a day of prosperity, and a day of adversity; a time to mourn, and a time to rejoice; sighs and songs; frowns and smiles. And if we have not the two, have we not ground to believe we shall be castaways at last? Things round this part have been in a dreadful state. You have had teachers to lull you asleep, but truly they have been very ignorant of the true state of things. Most that have had a stock in hand have had a false stock, and in the time of trial it will be proved so. They have been dealing in the works of the flesh, and thought them the fruits

of the Spirit. This is a horrible delusion, and I think the worst of delusions is a freedom from internal trials. The conflicts of the soul look dark. They that have no changes fear not God, and God is not the God of the dead but of the living; and where there is divine life there is sure to be a continual struggle. I for my part find it so, for I sin daily through the weakness of the flesh, and am daily grieved for it. I am often walking in darkness and am very uneasy about it. I am often tossed with a terrible tempest and fear I shall make shipwreck of faith. I am often full of troubles and my life boweth down to the grave, yet the Lord has heard my cry, and brought me from the dust of death. Heavenly travellers stand in need of heavenly way-marks, but how few can I find round this part that know the way to the city. When the Lord delivered Israel from their enemies at the Red sea, they could then sing his praise, but they had a terrible wilderness to pass through after that. It has shaken me very much when I have seen professors drop off like untimely fruit. David was much alarmed when Ahitophel fell off; and the apostles, when the Lord said, "One of you shall betray me," were very much afraid; and a man that knows something about the deceit of his own heart, is truly fearful at times. He may be deceived, and he has great searchings of heart upon this point, neither can he rest without divine manifestations of his interest in Christ. Now, my friend, I do not wish to alarm you. You acknowledge you have been in a bad state as it regards the life of the soul, and I am not sorry to see you tried about it, and I hope your trials may lead you to a throne of grace, and that you may be like the woman of Samaria, take no denial, and give the Lord no rest until you obtain a blessing; and if the Lord should answer your prayers, you will be something like Hannah, for your face will shine, and your soul weep to the praise of the mercy you have found; and you will be weaned from the dry doctrine preachers of the day, and count them but dry breasts. May the Lord cause his face to shine upon you. Amen.

Rochford, Essex.

A TRAVELLER.

THE MINISTRY.

My dear Father in the Gospel of Christ,—I received yours this morning, and feel myself much relieved by the prospect held out of seeing you ere long. Your presence will stop the trade for awhile of those who are so busy in doing mischief. N— will be in Liverpool on Lord's day, I expect. He may prove a God send to those individuals who are charging revealed truth with Arminianism, and are blessing God they are *privileged to sin!* From the present state of things, as they exist among persons in a profession of religion, I am ready to believe that Truth first presented herself to the world, and went about to seek entertainment, but finding none, she resolved to leave the earth and take her flight to heaven; but as she was going up she let fall her mantle, and error, waiting by, snatched it up, and ever since hath gone about in it; but to me it appears evident that they who think they are bound for heaven in the ways of sin, have either found a new way, untrodden by all that have gone thither, or will find themselves deceived in the end. In vain do men pretend to love the gospel which proclaims peace, while they reject the precept which requires obedience. I have been sorely tried for some days past, but when I received yours this morning, I said to myself, well, I have two friends yet, one in my covenant God, and one in his sealed servant, my father. This opened

to me a new train of thought. My precious Christ, said I, lets temptations and tribulations assault me; but this neither disproves his love nor endangers his right in me; yea, it doth but give evidence of the invincible firmness of both. He suffers worldlings to lie soft and sit warm, and pamper their flesh at leisure, but he hath nobler business for his champions, and most of all for the stoutest of them; he calls them forth to honourable service; to the hardest encounters. He sets them on, one to fight with sickness, another with poverty, another with reproaches and persecutions, others with prisons, doubts, fears, despair, and death itself. Yet, all this while he loves them, and will not suffer any to set upon them to hurt them, for the cross, and strength to bear it, are alike ours in Christ, as sore eyes to Leah, a thorn in the flesh to Paul, a feeble tabernacle to Timothy, a peculiar sickness to Elisha, barrenness to Hannah, a thigh out of joint to Jacob, a plague all day long, and a rod every morning for you and me, my father. Thus we are taught to know that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and is not to be attained by slothfulness and sitting still with folded hands, crying Peace, peace, but must be invaded by the sword of the Spirit, and the shield of faith, with armies of prayers and tears; and they who, under the teachings of God the Holy Ghost, thus set upon it, are sure to take it; for thus saith the Lord; "They looked unto him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed." "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good." Although "many are the afflictions of the righteous," yet Jehovah "delivereth him out of them all." "He keepeth all his bones; not one of them is broken."

I fear that I shall have exhausted your patience, but the wind blew for a few minutes and I forgot myself.—In the faith of God's elect, and in the path of tribulation, I once more subscribe myself, yours in the Gospel.

Liverpool, Jan. 31, 1839.

D. K.

Dear Friend,—Yours I received, and am glad to hear that the Lord is prospering you in your business. I hope you will be kept from high-mindedness, for we have a devilish nature, that is soon puffed up. May the Lord keep us thankful and humble for his tender mercies over such worthless wretches. I have humbled many times at the feet of a dear Jesus, to hear from different parts of the blessing the little book that is out has been to many of the Lord's dear children. Who could ever have thought such a thing, that God would ever have owned such an ignorant thing; such a weak thing; such a base thing; such a despised thing; yea, such a nothing, to bring to nought the things that are, that no flesh might glory, but that he that glorieth, should glory in the Lord.

My dear friend, I stand astonished when I think of Besses-o'-th'-Barn, and sometimes exclaim, What hath God wrought! and sometimes as carnal, worldly, and beastly, as if I had never tasted the Lord is gracious, and do, indeed, feel at such times as if I was as destitute of one particle of grace as if I was entirely dead in sin. But the Lord appears again, bless his dear name. Hitherto he has helped the poor snail. I am very glad to hear the *Standard* has such an extensive circulation. I do believe the Lord blesses it. I have been

well pleased you have not encouraged empty controversies. If ever you do that, the savour of it will be over. There is nothing like experimental things for the bulk of the people that read the *Standard*; and, perhaps, you may be ready to say, why don't you write? My dear friend, the Lord knows I tell you the truth, it is not for want of desire, nor from a wish to smuggle the things of God; it's for a want of ability to put them together with the pen, and you know I cannot give myself abilities, and I believe it's all for the best, for I am such a light, empty, frothy, proud fool, that I believe if the Lord was to give me the abilities to write as he does some of his people, I should hardly know, one half of my time, whether I was on my feet or head. I am like an old pack-horse, I can walk the steadiest with the pack on my back. Well, bless the Lord, it's all right. I have moments when I can from my heart sing,

"My Jesus has done all things well."

I want more of these moments, they are so very sweet and good.

Trowbridge, March 29, 1839.

J. W.

OBITUARY.

Dear Friends,—As many of your readers have been acquainted with Margaret Bibby, of Bolton, I thought it might be interesting to them to hear some account of her last moments. I do not intend to write a flattering description of her experience, as those who knew her will bear witness with me, that were she living, such a relation would have been a stench in her nostrils.

She was one that knew the plague of her heart; a species of knowledge that very few possess. I have heard her say, that her heart was the devil's *work-bench*; he seemed always busy there, manufacturing his infernal stuff. She felt herself a fool, a beast, a devil. It may well be supposed that for such a soul, nothing but free grace would do. And truly so it was. When young she was a Methodist; but at no time was she suffered to arrive at that pitch of presumption her class-leaders had attained, and were desirous of whipping her into. She used to say, she was always behind-hand; and yet, she could not tell how it was, for she found that others did not feel the same. Curiosity at length induced her, with some companions, to hear Mr. Gadsby; he entered into the avenues of her heart, and traced the workings of corruption, and the wiles of the devil, in such a way as she had never heard before. To use her own expressions, he followed her in all her ins and outs. From that time she felt the strongest union to him, and attended his ministry, though she had to walk a distance of six or seven miles. Ever since the Lord in providence called her to Bolton, she had been a speckled bird in the eyes of professors, uniting with the despised few that meet in King-street.

Though for many years the Lord saw fit to deprive her of the privilege of meeting with the saints publicly, yet in mercy, the hearts of the people were inclined to meet with her, and preaching and prayer-meetings were frequently carried on under her roof. Although the doctrines of grace were sweet and precious to her, yet she could not always rejoice in them. Often was she found labouring in the care of temptation, rebelling against the word at the waters of Meribah;

(Num. xx. 24;) and many a night has she spent in deadly struggles with the prince of the power of the air. Such a season is not the time for singing. It is hard work to maintain a *hope* that the Lord will yet appear. Those who never feel a carnal heart rising up in rebellion against the Lord's dispensations, would not have found communion with Margaret Bibby. But she had also her bright seasons, when the Lord made himself known to her as the beloved of her soul. Once, when very ill, she sent for a friend, that she might relate to her the blessed experience of the past night. "I have had," said she, "such manifestations of the love of God to my soul, that I am scarcely able to contain myself for joy." This is some years ago, and the friend alluded to did not at that time expect her to get better. She appeared to be on the brink of eternity, awaiting her dismissal with inexpressible delight. But the time appointed was not come. She had yet to wade through many a deep of tribulation. I trust I never shall forget the answer she once gave me, on quoting to her Acts xiv. 28; "It is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom." "Yes," she replied, "*through*, it is *through*; the Lord will never leave his people in the midst." For the last twenty years she has been subject to violent attacks of asthma, which have often threatened her life. At length the messenger arrived. During the week before, she had evidently been sinking fast, and her strength failed much.

On Monday, September 23rd, a friend saw her in the morning, and asked her how she felt in her mind. She said, "Very comfortable." I saw her in the evening, when she said, "Christ is my all in all." She breathed with difficulty, and it was with great exertion she could speak at all. After a little interval she exclaimed, "He is *dear*," which she spoke with all the emphasis she could. Some time after, she requested the friends who were present to sing a hymn, and engage in prayer. The 328th of the selection was sung,

"Afflicted saints, to Christ draw near,"

which she seemed to enjoy much. From this time she scarcely spoke, and about three o'clock on the Tuesday morning, she gently breathed her last. Thus died one who had for many years known and loved the truth. She was not merely informed in her judgment, and acquainted with the bare letter of the truth in the word, but by the Spirit's teaching was possessed of the very life and power of true godliness,—an experimental knowledge of her misery and her mercy. In this awful day of flaming profession, how few there are like her, really broken-hearted; plagued without and plagued within. The Lord grant that more of your readers may be manifested as being of this class.

Bolton, October 5th, 1839.

W. B.

SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

Messrs. Editors,—One of your correspondents wishes to know, if there are any "ministers of the gospel" in several places which he names, and Wells is included. Now for Wells, I answer in the negative. True, there are many who call themselves and are called gospel ministers; such are now as common in England as trees in a wood; but they have only the name. There are many about us who are advancing old wives' fables, intruding into those things they understand not, vainly puffed up and puffing up the fleshly mind, propagating lies in hypocrisy, or truth in the letter of nature's ability, building up hypo-

crites, and fighting against the saints. If the preaching of the men in and about Wells be true, then believing is the easy work of the creature, and not the exceeding greatness of the Lord's power.

These preachers never had any soul questions to answer, that defied the light and learning of the natural man, nor any objections raised in their consciences by self and Satan, that nonplussed their natural religion to silence. They were never suared by sin, guilt, and providence, so as to be like a bull in a net, full of the fury of the Lord. They were never brought down with their own shame and confusion covering them; therefore, they cannot tell how God the Spirit works in the soul. They cannot describe the feelings of a living man, nor touch his case, or explain his path.

I have crooked things to cope with, but they cannot ministerially make them straight. I have rough paths to walk in, but they cannot make them plain. I want stumbling blocks removing, but they cannot remove them. I want a high way cast up and a standard lifted up, but they cannot do either the one or the other. I want a seeing guide, but they are blind. I want watering, but they are clouds and wells without water.

If you, Messrs. Editors, will indulge me, I will in a few words tell you how things have been with me, under such preaching and preachers as these parts are deluged with. One night my heart was meditating terror; I was overflowing with rebellion; I was accusing and condemning the Lord, because he had not prevented me bringing myself into condemnation. These were my thoughts and words as I walked alone, "Why did not the Lord keep me from sinning in the way I have sinned? Why did he let me run to the awful lengths I have run, and then damn me for it? He could have prevented me, but he would not. O what a wretch am I, and how cruelly the Lord has dealt with me. What a pitiable estate is mine, and yet I share no pity in the heart of Him whose pity will avail in my soul's salvation." I felt enmity boiling up in my heart against the Lord, beyond what I dare to name. In the midst of these musings, these words came to my mind, "To the praise of the glory of his grace." In that moment I was thrown down, covered with shame and confusion; my mouth was stopped, for I saw and felt that if the Lord kept and saved me, it was to the praise and glory of his grace; but he was under no obligation to save me; I had no claim upon him for his keeping and saving power. It was to the praise of the glory of his grace, and he therefore had in himself good right and lawful and absolute authority to choose upon and in whom the glory and praise of his grace should shine forth, in keeping and saving. I was occupied in these musings until I came to the door of what is called a Calvinistic chapel, which being open, I went in, and the preacher's text was, "To the praise of the glory of his grace." I felt my bowels move within me when he read the words, and a hope sprung up in my heart that I should that night have my case fully opened and made plain, and no longer remain in doubt as to whose or what I was. I durst not say I was one of the Lord's, yet there was a something in my soul that cried after the Lord; what that something was, I did not know, nor could any of the preachers which came within my reach tell me. I was sinking in despair without hope, and, as I often said, without God in the world; and yet, I found in spite of myself, there was a hope, which kept me waiting on the Lord. But to end my poor scrawl. The preacher never touched my case in any one particular; yet there were many good doctrinal truths spoken, all which in the letter I knew equally with the preacher. I returned

home a poor wretch, despairing yet hoping, sighing and groaning, yet calling myself a thousand fools, to be so troubled about that which could never be cured. When at home, I began musing upon what I had heard, and my awful estate before God, and these questions sprung up in my thoughts; Has the Lord sent these men to preach? Are they servants of the Lord, taught and endued by him with power from on high? I was afraid to think otherwise. But again, I thought, If Jesus has sent them, how is it they cannot touch my case, nor describe it, though the Lord, whom they call their Master, sometimes, in a little measure, opens and describes my case. Now, if they were sent by Jesus, they would have the Spirit and mind of Jesus, and that would qualify them to enter into, and unfold the exercises of my poor soul; but as I never found one of them that did, or could come near it, therefore, I must say, these men are not ministers of the gospel; rather they are, as the Holy Ghost hath said, witches and wizards, that do nothing but peep and mutter out of the dust, where they crawl, serpent-like, but are strangers to plainness of speech, according to an experimental knowledge.

I dare not now call a man a gospel minister, although he can explain to me the truth as it is stated in the book. I want the Spirit and power of the word opened up to me, as it has been wrought in my heart's experience. I want to know how God the Spirit works by the word, and what part of the word it is that is living and working in me, what feelings are created by it, and what is the nature of it, and from whence comes the opposition against its workings, which I every day feel. In the book it is a dead word, that will be destroyed; but in Jesus, and in the soul's experience of them that are his, it is the living word that liveth and abideth for ever; but our divines do not understand this.

Wells, 1839.

ERUDITUS.

Messrs. Editors,—There has come out the most virulent and contemptible stuff I ever saw in my life against the truth of God. It is printed at Marlborough, Wilts. It is printed on the side of a sheet of paper, and people are recommended to paste it up in their houses. The paper I allude to is called, "On Calvinism and Antinomianism." O my soul, bless the Lord that thou hast not come into the secret of the rubbishy writer thereof. The venom, poison, ridiculous and most terrible abominations of the writer are beyond everything. Whatever can the writer mean? He libels every truth of God. He drives right ahead against the whole plan of salvation. He jeers all the solemnities of revealed religion. He brings old covetous Bishop Tomline to support him. Tomline, the Arminian's and the writer's prop, was notoriously covetous, which is idolatrous. Adam Clarke is signed at the end of it; and if any one could extract *one drop* of gospel out of Adam Clarke's *farrago* of books, he might be immortalized as a doer of impossibilities.

The putter-out of the above sheet at Marlborough, Wilts, and all such like persons, I wonder what Satan thinks of. The sheet is to prop up the most *nauseous* free-will, universal redemption, man's power, and God's servility. One line of the man's poetry will sicken you to the back-bone. It is this:

"Heaven but persuades; almighty Man decrees."

Did you ever hear such stuff? Such a writer ought to be put in a glass case to be looked at as a great curiosity; but the poor thing is not

worth taking notice of. I think I understood that it was a parson who had it printed. This proves what Huntington says, that parson-making is the devil's employ. Why? Let the adorable Lord answer; "The blind lead the blind." Satan begets, nurtures, and finishes off the blind leaders, and then all is right. The leaders (like the putter-out of the trashy paper I have alluded to) being secured, the blind followers of such blind guides are guided captive by the prince of hell at his will. As says the apostle, "Led captive by the devil at his will." As the free-willer has attempted rhyme, so must I. As he is as bitter as a wasp against predestination (for predestination is what he is knocking his knuckles against all through the paper) I must strike a stave *not* in concerto, to the poor creature. But the flat abomination of his whole paper, is what I do not like to soil my hands by even alluding to. I wonder what the Marlborough folks think of the *Adam Clark-y* writer of the dish of free-will he recommends them to paste up in their houses? He vilifies predestination as the "devil's doctrine"! I revere predestination as in God's hands the supreme arbiter, guide, and witness of my whole life, both in providence and grace, and all the circumstances thereof. I believe the devil believes in predestination about every thing, "Thus far shalt *thou* come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." It is a wonder how the devil *can* therefore set men on to vilify predestination. But here is the old serpent's *matchless* effrontery; he sets men on to fight like dragons against what *he* knows to be true. Thus, the bigger lie, the more the devil is thereby pleased. O, shocking! What a nest of false witnesses, like a nest of hornets the old serpent does set off a-flying and buzzing over this earth we are living on! And no wonder, for the devil being the false Christ as well as the god of this world, need we wonder at his having flocks of amanuenses like the Marlborough writer? But what an awful thing, that the sublime and eternal truth of predestination should be flown at waspishly, both by the learned as well as the unlearned, by the peasant, and the prince, by the clownish and polite! But so it is to be! The gospel *is to be a stumbling-block* to all but the elect. They stumble both at the incarnate and written word whereunto also they were appointed. (1 Peter ii.) The chapel of truth in Marlborough has been sold to the Papists; for the Ranters are only Papists modernized and vamped up afresh. O, horrible times! Baxterianism, Arminianism, Fullerism, and such like trash are spreading. Martin Luther and John Calvin are flat against the profession of the day. Universal offers, universal sufficiency, and a universal atonement, are the strange doctrines and wild-fire of this missionary-phrenzied, falsely religious age. Mongrel and *not* heaven-made preachers are shouting away in a false gospel in nearly all the pulpits of the land. A mongrel preacher is one taught of man, and not of God; one taught of self and *not supernaturally*; in the letter and not in the Spirit. God is a Spirit, and can only be worshipped in God the Holy Ghost. Therefore every letter preacher is only a conjurer. "Because they be replenished from the east, and are soothsayers like the Philistines." (Isaiah ii. 6.) "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." "Sensual are they, not having the Spirit." "But these speak evil of those things which they know not; but what they know naturally as brute beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves. Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gainsaying of Core." (Jude 10, 11.) "But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed." (2 Peter ii. 12.)

'Tis predestination's glow,
Lights my steps while here below ;
By that sovereign truth's high blaze,
I do trace out all my ways.

'Tis God's blessed Spirit shines,
Marks decreed and boundary lines ;
All events, in his control,
Predetermin'd, shining roll.

O, my soul! the wicked stand,
To be dash'd at his command ;
Pillars shatter'd, through the fall,
Softening ne'er at mercy's call.

Vast tremendous waves, too, roll,
Piercing o'er my ransom'd soul ;
But the sea that sinks the goats,
Wafts to harbour favour'd boats.

Abingdon.

I. K.

Dear Sirs,—In reading the *Gospel Standard*, I have, at times, felt my soul refreshed, strengthened, and encouraged, except I am awfully deceived, which I very much fear I am, as all my past experience seems to have been begun and carried on only by the flesh and Satan ; and although I have had very many seasons when I could, with all the familiarity of a child, call God my Father, and seem to feel myself to be his adopted child ; yet, it seems to me that it was only the natural passion excited, which so terrifies my soul from day to day, and month to month, that I am ready to give up all for lost ; and had not an unseen hand preserved me, I should long ago have plunged myself into an awful eternity. That I am out of hell to the present moment, I can only attribute to the wonderful forbearance of God.

I have submitted the following brief sketch of my experience to you, hoping God may enable you, if it is his sovereign pleasure, to drop a word of encouragement to a desponding, hell-deserving sinner.

The first convictions I had of sin were in childhood. When four years old I feared to sin against God openly, lest he should strike me dead, and send me to hell. When I grew older, these impressions wore off, and I became by degrees, as I advanced in youth, one of the most notorious characters in almost every species of crime, till I had almost reached manhood. While in this state I had, at times, great terrors and distress of soul, for I sometimes thought the devil would take me away bodily. At such times I would promise, if spared, to do better ; but the more I promised amendment, the more I fell into sin. While in this state, the house of God was to me a prison, and but seldom did I enter it. But it came to pass, on a certain day, that from very abominable motives I entered the house of God, where, to my great surprise, I heard, from the pulpit, my character described, even my very thoughts, with which the minister pronounced several awful threats against me, and on hearing which I verily believed the earth would swallow me up, and I should sink to hell to suffer for my sins. The agony of soul it produced I cannot describe. After my feeling of horror was abated, I resolved to act differently, and be very pious, which I was told was my duty. But how to part with my companions and choice amusements I could not tell, as they were very dear to me, and I was equally ashamed to be religious before them. For some months I endeavoured to act better, and prayed God to help me to leave my sinful ways and pardon the past. In this way my horror of

hell abated, and I hoped I should please God; but, alas! I soon found myself at some of my old games, and wishing I could get rid of my thoughts of religion, and give full scope to my desires in sin.

Some time had now passed since my first convictions; and as I still went to chapel, one Sunday my character was again described to me from the pulpit. All my sins stared me in the face, and my back-sliding conduct seemed to be the most dreadful, for again I expected God was about to send me to hell. I now begged God not to damn me, but to spare me a little longer, and I would surely act better, and never more offend him. I now resolved, let the consequence be what it would, to part with all my companions and sins, and keep close to my duty, and be much in prayer, in which I engaged many times a day. I now began to be persecuted by those with whom I had to do, which more frequently urged me to prayer, begging God to convert their souls. This, too, I was told by the people with whom I then worshipped, or rather mocked, was my duty. I soon came forward a candidate for baptism, and joined the church. By this time I was highly delighted with my attainments, and especially my gift in prayer, for I thought I could pray better than one half of them, and now and then I had it hinted to me how fine I could pray. In this state I got more and more pleased with myself. For a length of time guilt would be on my conscience; but that could soon be removed by what I called applying to the blood of Christ in prayer. In those days I was very zealous in distributing tracts, and in every way trying to convert souls to God; so with these and other doings I soon had the title of a zealous-going Christian. In all these things I seemed very happy, and sometimes I thought if I could but convert one sinner I should fill a high place in heaven.

After several years had passed, I began to be very sorely tried in temporal things, for many times I could not get the necessaries of life. I now began to think all was not right with me, and that I was deluded, for if I was a child of God he would not let me want. I soon got very miserable and dejected, but every Sunday I heard these words from the pulpit; "Do more for God, and support his cause, and pray more, and God will do more for you." Then again I would set about it, but the more I strove the more I found myself wanting. This I could not reconcile, till I happened one day to enter a place of worship, where I heard, for the first time, that salvation was all of grace, temporal and spiritual, at which I burst into a flood of tears, wondering how God could have loved me from all eternity, for my case was so described that I thought surely the Lord was my God. My indignation was now roused against those ministers who laid heavy burdens on men's shoulders and will not help them with one of their fingers. I now went rejoicing for some time that grace and glory were all the free gift of God; but, most of all, that I ever should be the object of his love. While in this state of smooth travelling I often expected a storm, for I felt as though trouble awaited me; and how truly did my thoughts come to pass, for every thing soon gathered blackness, both in providence and in soul matters, to such an extent that for months I have been terrified lest I should be cut down as a cumberer of the ground, and sent to receive the just desert of sin. Never could I have thought that there was such a troop of devils in my heart, or such awful blasphemy and corruption of every sort as I have found in the winter of desertion. If I attempt to pray, some dreadful portion of scripture enters into my mind, such as, "Cast the unprofitable servant into outer darkness;" or, "Depart from me, ye cursed." If I hear the word and my

case described, then I am hardened against hope and comfort, and a thousand curses rush through my mind against God, and his truth, and his servants. Then a fit of awful despair seizes my soul, thinking I shall be swallowed up in hell for ever. I search the word, but find nothing but threats. My case seems hopeless. I sometimes wish I could be punished with common sinners; but, alas! the hottest of all hells seems to await me for my hypocrisy and abominable presumption. I groan, and pray, and beg for mercy; but he shutteth out my prayer, and mocks when my fear cometh, and often reminds me of Esau, and Judas, and Balaam; so that I am constrained to exclaim, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." O! it is a dreadful thought to be cast out from the presence of him whom I have so many times called my Friend, my Redeemer, my All and in All; but who, I fear, at the last day, will say, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity;" which, if it be his sovereign will, may his grace prevent, by my eternal salvation by grace.

Frome, May, 1839.

A DOUBTING SINNER.

Messrs Editors,—I can truly say, in the sight of a heart-searching God, that ever since I heard the history of the little despised and buffeted cause of God and truth at James Deeping, in Lincolnshire, the same has had an abiding place in my affection; and often when feebly attempting to lisp out my plaintive moan and petitioning requests at Jehovah's throne, I have been suddenly drawn out to implore the divine blessing (which alone can make rich) upon that little garden, as an effect, as I trust I can in truth say, of the love I feel to them and to those who have signed their address. I cannot forbear, through this medium, of inquiring of those who drew up and signed the said "Address to the Friends of Vital Godliness," which made its appearance in your pages for this month, headed, "The Doctrines of Faith," what is intended by the words "purchased inheritance," as there inserted, (page 182.) For if the same is in accordance with God's word, I am either unacquainted with their true meaning, or with the true source, spring, channel, title, and conveyance of the saint's blest inheritance. I am well satisfied that if the expression is in accordance with the Scriptures of truth, there are among those who have set their hands to the above address, persons to whom it hath pleased the great Fountain of every good and perfect gift to impart abilities sufficient to substantiate and make plain the same, so far as the letter goes. And if the same is not scriptural, I trust they possess enough of that much talked of by all the prateapace bastard Calvinists, yet little known spiritual commodity, humility, to acknowledge it an error as publicly as they have advanced it, and as such to erase it from their declaration of faith or creed. For my own part, I cannot deem the expression, "purchased inheritance," as in the said address, consistent with the word of inspiration; for although I read in St. Paul's epistle to the church at Ephesus (i. 14) of the redemption of the purchased possession, or the elect, who were bought with the blood of the Lamb, being redeemed by the power of the Spirit, yet I never remember reading in the ancient Record of the inheritance to which this loved and bought possession are predestinated, being either purchased by blood or redeemed by power. I read that it was prepared for them by the Father from the foundation of the world; (Matt. xxv. 34;) and they obtain the same, in Christ, upon the ground of Jehovah's sovereign act of predestinating favour, (Eph. i. 11,) and is reserved in heaven for those

who, being called by God the Spirit's grace, are kept by his almighty power, (1 Pet. i. 4, 5,) till, through his matchless mercy, they sweetly enter the same through Christ the door, by the almighty drawings of the Father, and the propelling influences of the Spirit. Thus, through him (Christ) all the loved and chosen progeny have and shall have access by one Spirit, or by a Spirit-produced faith, into this grace wherewith we stand. This honour of a glorious inheritance, flowing from, centreing in, and enjoyed through sovereign favour, have all God's set apart ones. Praise ye the Lord.

And now, Messrs Editors, as in a multitude of words there wanteth not sin, and a fool when he shutteth his lips is accounted wise, let me conclude by just saying, if you think a defence of the truth, or an acknowledgment of the error of the expression complained of is at all necessary, by an early insertion of the above you will greatly oblige me; if not, by rendering a profitable reason for their omission, you will as much oblige, yours in a love-knot that neither Satan's paws nor sin's claws can sever, loosen, or untie,

Old Hurst.

CLAUDIA.

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sirs,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, and all those who have or may hold up and exhibit the *Gospel Standard*, untarnished with any thing of the creature, or creature attainments.

For some time past I have felt a disposition of mind (but was not let hitherto,) to inform you that, under the blessing of Jehovah the Holy Ghost, many of the Lord's dear family that are poor in spirit and possessing the fear of God in their souls, have felt much pleasure and *profit* from time to time in perusing your periodical, and it hath afforded them encouragement to "press towards the mark for the prize of their high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Believing that you, or some of your correspondents, will give your thoughts on any portion of Scripture to any poor inquiring soul, who seeks for his soul's profit, and for truth *simply as such*, and praying that the Holy Ghost may direct your mind, and enable you so to do, I would beg your thoughts on the 17th and 18th verses of the 7th chapter of Job; and in so doing you will favour and oblige the poor unworthy inquirer,

Yeovil, July, 1839.

J. H.

Brethren in the Lord,—An anxious inquirer would feel obliged by your reply to the following query:—In what way are we enabled to distinguish betwixt an unctuous experience of truth in the heart, and those sallies of feeling which are justly denominated fleshy? There is such a contrariety of sense in the experience of the quickened that there is much fear of deception even with those who hope with trembling in the Lord's mercy.

Should the almighty Spirit direct you to the elucidation of the subject, it may prove beneficial to your spiritual readers, and not without some benefit to

Yours sincerely in Jesus,

July 3, 1839.

LESS THAN THE LEAST.

Messrs. Editors,—Will your correspondent, Mr. Philpot, through the *Gospel Standard*, be kind enough to describe the character of a babe in Christ, &c., the *stages* on the road to heaven, the *difference* between the doubts and fears of a soul under the law and *after deliverance*, the nature workings, effects of trials and temptations, and the feelings of the soul under them; and, also, what he

spiritually means by ticks, maggots, &c., and the different diseases the sheep of Christ are the subjects of?

This request was occasioned by reading his, Mr. Philpot's piece, "A Foundling Owned," in the November number of 1838; and should he comply with the above inquiry, we trust to find as great a comfort as we have found in his former writings, as we are not privileged with a *searching* ministry.

July 11, 1839.

THREE POOR SINNERS, W., G., W.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Remarkable Incidents in the Unerring Providence of God; published for the Encouragement of God's Elect against Unbelief. By C. Drawbridge. 12 pp.—Bennett and Highams.

The first part of this little tract was written by Dr. John Arrowsmith, in the seventeenth century, during the time of Cromwell's despotism, and consists of a compilation of beautiful aphorisms, relating to the providence of God. The latter part, by Mr. D., mentions several striking instances of the visible appearance of the hand of God, in a way of providence, for the relief of some of his family. He has promised that "bread shall be given, and water shall be sure;" and, as our dear brother Gadsby sometimes says, "he never promised any more; therefore all that we have more than bread and water, we have above bargain." "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee," saith the Lord; and sure we are that no poor soul was ever led to cry from his very heart to the Lord for deliverance from either soul trouble or body trouble, but the Lord heard and delivered; for

"Prayer edited by the Lord,
The Lord will surely hear."

"The day of adversity is set over against the day of prosperity." "There are times wherein long prosperity followeth after much adversity; as in Joseph's case." "There are times wherein adversity treads upon the heels of prosperity; as in Job's case." "There are times wherein crosses and comforts take it by turns, so as a man goes out of one into another, in a succession of vicissitudes; as with Hezekiah." "There are things wherein pleasure and sorrow, joy and grief, are so interwoven one with another, that a man may seem happy and miserable both at once; as with Jacob, David, Ahasuerus, Haman, &c. God doeth thus in his providence to magnify his goodness. The frame of our spirits is such, that if prosperity were continued without interruption, we should be apt to swell and presume; if adversity without intermission, to sink and despair. Whilst Israel marched throughout the wilderness, the blackest night had a pillar of fire, and brightest day a pillar of cloud; so in this world, things never go so well with the Israel of God, but that they groan under some affliction: never so ill, but that they have some comfort afforded them." (pp. 3, 5.) But we stop. The price is only a penny, and the work is worth it; though we think, judging from part of page 6, that if Dr. A. had meddled much with divinity, he would have made a bungling job of it. We wonder Mr. D. did not leave it out.

Seventeen Original Hymns. By the late John Wilkinson, Devonport. 35 pp.—Bennett.

This work is written in a strain of humility which we much like. There is no place so safe for, or more sweet to a child of God than the feet of a once agonizing Jesus. To lie there with our mouths in the dust, and everlasting arms supporting us; broken-hearted sinners, saved by a once broken-hearted Christ, and our broken hearts being healed by the application by the blessed Spirit of that blood which flowed from the broken heart of the God-Man! O dear children of God! this is heaven upon earth! Have you ever enjoyed it? O if you have, you will bless the Lord for ever for it.

"O love, of unexampled kind,
That leaves all thought so far behind,
Where length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
Are lost to our astonished sight."

We give the following extract from the work before us:

"Come, sinner, come, and hear me tell
Of grace, which saved my soul from hell;
Of grace that's sov'reign, rich, and free,
Which hath been magnified in me.

"Grace made my stubborn soul to bow;
Grace made my guilty eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace to me that did impart
A humble, broken, contrite heart.

"In all my faith, in all my love,
The omnipotence of grace I prove;
To trust and love are works divine,
And these thro' sov'reign grace are mine.

"In all temptations by the way
Grace hath me succour'd to this day;
And grace will true and constant prove
Till grace I sing in realms above."

A Few Original Poems, presented with Humility and Affection to Royalty in Rags. By Septimus Sears. 32 pp.—Scoggins, Ipswich.

A good little work. We believe the author is one of the living family of God, and are persuaded, from the poem on the "Shulamite," (pp. 9 to 12,) that he knows something of the conflict within. The copy sent us for review has been read by a dear sister, who has for many months been sorely afflicted in body, and we are sure the author will rejoice to learn that it was much blessed to her soul.

POETRY.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POOR SINNER AND HOPE.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

SINNER.

I'm wretched, and lost, and helpless, and poor.

HOPE.

But Jesus is merciful; knock at his door.

SINNER.

Law-wrecked, sin-tortured, pluck'd up by the root,
I feel myself void of all spiritual fruit;
I'm blind, lame, and guilty,—sure none can be more,—
And know not which way to get to the door.

HOPE.

The door is at hand; it is Jesus the Lamb,
Who loves to hear sinners plead his dear name;
His once broken heart felt all thy sad woe;
And now he feels for thee, and will not say, "Go."
For mercy still thirst, and incessantly cry;
The God of all grace will prove himself nigh.

SINNER.

I'm filthy, and hard, and loathsome, and bare;
How can I? how dare I attempt to draw near?
Sure no one on earth has more cause to despair.

HOPE.

The mercy of Jesus just suits thy sad case;—
'Tis sovereign, free mercy, entirely of grace;—
And soon he in mercy will smile in thy face.

SINNER.

Thy words may sound sweet; but can it e'er be
That Jesus will smile on a sinner like me,
So filthy, polluted, unholy, and base?
I cannot, I dare not expect such free grace.

HOPE.

Your baseness but proves that its mercy you need;
From high-crying crimes you want to be freed;
And Jesus *delights* his free grace to bestow
On souls heavy laden with guilt, sin, and woe.
Whoe'er is made willing his grace to receive,
His mercy he freely will unto them give,
And cause them to feel that in him they must live.

SINNER.

Such a dead lump as I to have hope in the Lord!
What, Christ set *me* free, his grace to record!
My case is too desperate; I'm full of dismay;
A mass of confusion, unable to pray;
Nor can I believe that the Lord will appear
To bless me with peace and make me his care.

HOPE.

False reasoning, and pride, and cursed unbelief,
Are now of thine enemies some of the chief.
They try to divert thee from Christ and his blood,
And lead thee in self to see something that's good;
And so bring a price for pardon and peace,
Instead of receiving the Lamb and free grace.
God's method of saving is sovereign and free,
Without any merit or goodness in thee;
If thou canst believe, and on Jesus rely,
Thy burden of guilt will assuredly fly,
And Christ and salvation will fill thee with joy.

SINNER.

How *can* I believe with such a base load?
My sins are against a righteous, good God;
His law, and his goodness, and justice, must cry,
"See yonder's a wretch deserving to die."
And can he in justice give true joy and peace
To such a polluted, vile mass of disgrace?

HOPE.

Come, poor, trembling sinner, for mercy still cry,
For Jesus, the Christ, will not let thee die;
His thrice blessed heart rich grace will bestow
On broken-down sinners who feel their sad woe.
Though sick, faint, and feeble, on Jesus rely;
His grace is sufficient thy needs to supply;
A real sin-sick sinner he will not let die.

SINNER.

Whatever thou sayest, I yet tremblingly fear
My case will at last sink me into despair.

HOPE.

Of any thing short of Christ and his blood,
Thou well mayest despair, and despair is then good;
'Tis Jesus, and Jesus alone, must thee bless
With life, peace, and joy, and true righteousness;
His precious atonement brought home to thy heart
Will heal thee of all thy sin-torturing smart.

SINNER.

But if for a moment I *have* a small hope,
Fresh hurricanes come and break down my prop,

And leave me to sink just as low as before;
 Yea, sometimes I think I've sunk down much lower:
 Thus I fear to have hope, lest all should prove vain,
 And plunge me still deeper and deeper in pain.

HOPE.

Let all thy props go which self can prescribe,
 And bare all thy weight on Christ crucified;
 Lean wholly upon him, by faith in his blood,
 And thou shalt indeed have true peace with God.

SINNER.

A true peace with God I cannot obtain;
 'Tis what I desire, but desire it in vain;
 Such a poor, guilty, trembling, weak creature am I,
 Neither worthy to live, nor yet fit to die;
 No help can I find, nor on Jesus rely. }

HOPE.

To Jesus alone for his pardon still cry;
 If thou canst not speak, for his pardon then sigh;
 Believe in his name, and thou shalt have rest,
 And prove that in blessing he has thy soul bless'd;
 Fall down at his feet; plead his love and his blood;
 For he surely will bless thee with true peace with God.

SINNER.

Believing is something I cannot obtain;
 I fear it's presumption to trust in his name,
 So awfully great and so deep is my stain. }

HOPE.

Lay prostrate before him; there pant, groan, and sigh,
 For he will appear to lift thee on high.

SINNER.

Is there any poor creature so wretched as I?
 I neither can stand, fall down, nor yet fly.
 Where am I? what am I? Lord Jesus, appear!
 Or plunged I must be in eternal despair.

HOPE.

The blood of the Lamb can cleanse even thee;
 Believe in his name, and thou shalt be free.
 No sinner that e'er on the Lord casts his care,
 Shall ever be plunged in eternal despair.

SINNER.

Fain would I believe; Lord, bless me with faith
 In Him who has vanquish'd both sin, hell, and death;
 Help me to cling to him by faith, hope, and love;
 Give him my affections, and lift them above.

HOPE.

Amen! Hear his cry, dear Spirit of God,
 And draw him by faith to Christ and his blood;
 Or bring Christ to him in hope, power, and love,
 And set his poor, trembling conscience above.

SINNER.

"Amen," says my heart; come, sweet Spirit, haste,
 And draw me to Jesus the fountain of grace;
 Apply the atonement, and give my soul rest,
 And cause me to feel that in Jesus I'm bless'd.

HOPE.

Thou most blessed Jesus, speak peace to his heart,
 And cause all his guilty fears to depart;
 Kiss his soul into rest, and cause him to prove
 The power of free grace and immutable love.

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

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

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

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

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

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TRUE FAITH.

"All these died in faith," &c.—Heb. xi. 13—16.

By this chapter we see that the Lord never intended to save any one, experimentally in the conscience, since Adam's fall, but by faith in his own Son, which at once sets aside all the works of man, of whatsoever kind, as to the obtaining of salvation. The promise of the woman's seed to destroy the works of the devil raised up our first parents from their fallen state. Spiritual faith in the truth of the promise was the substance to them, Christ the way in it, and him they embraced in heart and feeling, and felt the love of God to such poor sinners as they had rendered themselves by listening to Satan. Abel, being convinced of sin, was led by the Spirit to look to the promise, and, by faith, was persuaded of it, in which faith he brought his lamb, which, in faith of Christ to come to be a sacrifice for sin, he offered, and obtained witness that he was a righteous man in Christ's righteousness. In our present fallen state, no man can please God, except by faith in his dear Son, in whom he declares himself well pleased; and when faith lays hold of the Saviour, and feels his dying love, we then become strangers to the world and pilgrims in it, not counting it our home. Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, and Sarah are said to have died in faith. Their works had no hand in making their dying bed easy; but by faith in the Saviour's doings and sufferings, they surmounted all their evils, both in life and heart, although the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. This faith, whenever God is pleased to give it, conquers the world, and overcomes the devil. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob dwelt in tabernacles, not in brick and mortar houses, nor cities, but wandered with their household and cattle from one part of Canaan to another,

showing all that saw them that they were a different people from the people of the world; and when God calls his chosen ones now, they come out from among the ungodly world, and touch not the unclean thing. This call separates them from the world, and they walk with their God, and worship him in spirit and truth. The conversation of the world has become hateful to them. They seek a better country. "Truly, if they had been mindful of the country whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned;" but when they know the evil of sin and the worth of Christ, they are not like the dog that returns to his vomit, for what they have vomited they hope never again to swallow. They detest the sow, that was washed and returns to wallowing in the mire. They dread the state of a way-side hearer, and thank God for a broken-up heart, in which his word has taken root, and that they have not been suffered to fall from his truth. They pray against the state of a stony-ground hearer, in whom the deceitfulness of riches and the lust of other things have choked the word, so that no true fruit is brought forth, no faith to purify the heart, no love to Christ to purify the affections from idols. Demas loved this present evil world, and forsook Paul. "Will ye also go away?" said Christ to his apostles, when many of the above sort turned from him. But they that love him say, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." This is the language of God's elect. These, when in their right mind, show, both in life and conversation, that they have no desire to go back. They know the evil of their former state, by which they plainly declare they seek a better country, that is, a heavenly one. In our natural state, we know nothing about heaven, nor should we ever know, if God did not make us know our sins. A fear of the wrath to come, the sorrows of death, and the pains of hell, make us, under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, cry to God, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul!" and we are constrained to cry till we obtain a feeling sense of our interest in Christ, which, as Romaine says, quenches the hell within, and brings heaven into the heart. Then we know something of what heaven is, and we now seek a heavenly kingdom, a better substance; and God is not ashamed to be called our God, for he has prepared for us a city. Those for whom this city is prepared are the people of his own choice, whom he hath loved with an everlasting love, and predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son. This being ordained in the covenant of grace before the world began, it is to be completed in time, and all is done as ordained, or else neither you nor I would ever have been called. A new heart and a new spirit is promised; therefore this chosen people are chastened, for "What son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" and under this work the heart of stone is removed, and the new spirit given. All these are brought under the Lord's teaching; "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord;" "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, and teachest out of thy law." He has promised to write his law in their hearts, which is, to give them faith in Christ, and through him to be merciful to their unrighteousnesses, and to remember their sins no more; and, says the Lord, "All shall know me, from the least to the greatest, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." They are all the work of his own hands, and he never will forsake them.

Jerusalem was called the Zion of the Holy One of Israel, and the Lord hath chosen spiritual Zion for his resting-place; "Here will I dwell, for I have desired it." Poor and needy men and women compose this city, which (Rev. xxi.) was seen by John coming down from heaven, having the glory of God, and the light was like a stone most precious,

even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal, the glory of the Son of God, who is this jasper stone of life. This city has walls, great and high, which is also Christ, for he is the wall of salvation. This city has twelve gates. Among the twelve tribes of Israel was Christ revealed, and the way of life by him made known. Gates are for entrance; the twelve gates are the names of the twelve tribes; east, three; west, three; north, three; south, three; "The law of the Lord shall go forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem into all the world." This city has twelve foundations in its walls, which may be considered the twelve apostles, for, ministerially, they laid the foundation, Christ, for every believing soul to found his hope upon. A golden reed was to measure the city. The gates and walls must be measured with God's word, and real faith paints to itself the whole. This city is in perfect measure with God's word, and by and by will be all perfection, for the length, and breadth, and height are equal. It is said to be of pure gold, like unto clear glass. Its foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones, lively stones. Precious sons of Zion ("Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints") will make up this city, of which God is the builder and maker. No literal temple will be there, for the Lord God almighty and the Lamb is the temple of it, and the saints shall walk in the light of it, and God shall be their everlasting light and glory. Eternal day will shine, for there shall be no night there, an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that never will fade away.

AN IMMUTABLE FRIEND.

"A friend that loveth at all times."—Prov. xvii. 17.

To a person in real need and necessity, friendship is truly desirable and good, whether natural or spiritual that friend may be. Circumstances often occur that make us need assistance, even in the common affairs of this life. But, my dear fellow-travellers in the strait, narrow, squeezing, path of tribulation, it is to you that my thoughts are directed. If we look for immutable love and friendship amongst men, alas! we shall be sadly disappointed. Man is changeable; and although some people's friendship is more sincere than that of others, yet the most upright often prove sharper than a thorn hedge; therefore, if thou hast a friend to-day, think it not strange if he should leave thee to-morrow, turn his back on thee, and prove thy real enemy. Thou mayest meet with a friend in prosperity, that may shun thee in adversity; or, thou mayest meet with a friend who will stand by thee in times of need, as regards temporal affairs, all through life, (a rare thing indeed,) but even he must leave thee in death. But not so with this Friend in the words at the head of this paper; he loves at all times; yes, he is the Lord Jehovah, the God that changeth not; "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Think, O believer, on the awful state we were sunk into by the fall, dead, blind, sinful, devilish. Awfully wretched and miserable must have been our case, had it not been for this Friend, who delivered us from so great a death, by the quickening influence of his Holy Spirit. No arm could reach us here but Omnipotence; no friendship but that which is divine; no love but that which is infinitely free. This love is the love of a Triune God; of the Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity; three distinct persons in one undivided Jehovah; "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one." (1 John v. 7.) Well may

the apostle say, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us," in choosing us, vile, filthy, sinful us, and giving his Son for our Surety, who became incarnate. Hear the lovely language of this immutable Friend; "In sacrifice and offering for sin thou hast had no pleasure; but a body hast thou prepared me; Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." (Heb. x. 5, 6, 9.) What was this will of God? Why, that Israel, the church, should be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. And how was this to be done, seeing that justice was inflexible towards the criminal? ("The soul that sinneth shall die.") Why, mercy now steps forward and meets truth, and says, "Deliver him from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom." Well, then, says justice, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts; smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn mine hand upon the little ones." (Zech. xiii. 7.) Yea, such was the love of this Friend, that although the stroke of divine justice was so heavy that he exclaimed, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" that he prayed, saying, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" yet, I say, such was his love that he exclaimed, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt;" (Matt. xxvi. 38, 39;) "For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. And this is the Father's will who hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." (John vi. 38, 39.) Thus, "I lay down my life for the sheep, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." (John x. 17, 18.) "I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever believeth in me shall never die. Because I live, ye shall live also." See here, then, what wisdom, power, faithfulness, and love there is in this immutable Friend! O how delightful when the Spirit, as a quickener, enlivener, and remembrancer, is pleased to bring these truths home to the soul, and exhibit Jesus to faith's view, in his suitability as the Friend of sinners, that loveth at all times. Yes, believer in Jesus, thy life is hid with Christ in God; and no enemy, either from the world, the flesh, or the devil, shall ever be able to extinguish it. Annoy and distress thee they may, and will, while thou art in the body, but this Friend that loves thee at all times "will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He is the eternal conqueror who hath spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly; yes,

"This mighty warrior faced the whole,
Nor left the bloody field;
Though wrath lay heavy on his soul,
He would not, could not yield.

"He stain'd his garments in their blood;
And, O victorious King!
In triumph rose the conquering God,
Sweet victory to sing.

"Nor hell without, nor hell within,
Shall Jesus overcome;
He'll save from devils, wrath, and sin,
And lead his children home."—GADSBY.

O then, what an unspeakable mercy it is to have such a Friend as this, that resteth in his love, so that, come what will, as the apostle exultingly said, "What shall separate us" from this Friend? Neither things present, however perplexing or distressing; nor things to come,

however gloomy in their appearance; nor height, nor depth,—the height of God's holiness, nor the depth of our infernal nature; for this Friend is our Daysman, which lays his hand on both parties. Here God and sinners meet; as the poet sings,

“ And since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dyed in blood;
'Tis he, instead of me is seen,
When I approach to God.”

What an infinite Friend is this! O how has my soul been humbled down in the dust of self-abasement under a feeling sense of my rebellion, unworthiness, ingratitude, and a thousand other evils of my wretched nature, when he has been pleased to visit my soul with a sense of his love and friendship. Yes, bless his dear name, let unbelief and the devil say what they may, I have found and proved him to be my Friend, both in providence and grace, in times of deep distress, in delivering me. How sweetly and powerfully has he appeared, and broken every bond asunder, and restored my captive soul, by leading me forth into a wealthy place, where I have gone forth in the dance of those that make merry, and sung a song to the praise of the glory of his grace. But, when this Friend withdraws, I return to my own sad place; unbelief and the devil come in again, evil questionings arise in my mind, and I conclude that changes and war are against me. But, my dear fellow-travellers, what a mercy it is that God is faithful to his covenant; he is of one mind, and not all our changes can change him; he loves at all times; he loved in eternity past; he loves in time, in death, and in judgment; he loves in darkness as in the light; he loves in poverty, in riches, in prosperity, and in adversity, in sorrows, in joys; yea, his love is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear him; he loves his people when they think they feel no love to him, but, on the contrary, nothing but enmity, peevishness, mistrust, and a host of evils, like Jonah and others. He is the same; he rests in his love. That the editors, spiritual readers, and writers of the *Gospel Standard*, may happily experience the love of this Friend manifested in their own souls, is the prayer of one of the most unworthy of the family,

Sutton Banger, May 19th, 1839.

A SMOKING FLAX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Dear Sister in the Faith of God's Elect,—I have often had a desire to write to inform you of the dealings of the Lord with me, for I know of no one who ought to be informed more than yourself, as I am not forgetful how much you travailed in soul for me until Christ was formed in my heart, the hope of glory, and of the cup of cold water you gave me in Christ Jesus our dear Lord's name. You, no doubt, will sympathise when you hear of my numerous family, the price of the staff of life being exceedingly high, and our scarcely having any employment. I was sent to prison by my baker for the sum of five pounds which I owed him; and Pharaoh, (for such I shall name him,) my landlord, would not, at my request, allow me to leave his house without six months' notice; and although at that time I owed him half a quarter's rent, I should have left sufficient furniture behind to pay him; but the dear Lord, being on my side, never suffered him to take a single thing from me, and I truly became, as I am told, the song of drunkards,

for he could not tell what to make of me, being, through rich and undeserved mercy, enabled to cast my burden on the dear Lord, who, in a wonderful way, gave me the means to discharge the same. Bless his dear name, none that trust in him will ever be ashamed or confounded. The landlord thought that as the baker had hedged me in, he would turn me out, and strip me of my little all; but he, or, at least, the devil, was restricted from touching my goods; for he was under restriction, as in the case of my brother Job. Do you weep with, and for me? Methinks you do, and for my heavy family. Now then I will change the subject.

A certain lady, or ladies, having heard of my distressed situation, sent into the neighbourhood to make strict inquiry concerning my character, and, as it proved a blessing to me, I am led to suppose a good report was returned.

“ Now for a theme of thankful praise
To tune the stammerer's tongue.”

A friend who knew what stronghold I was in, sent and delivered me. That burden was taken away, and the other put upon my raw shoulders, and nothing but destruction before my eyes; ten pounds and expenses to pay, and not a penny to pay it with. “ Well,” says unbelief, “ you must fall by the hand of Saul or Pharaoh;” but as the devil was a liar from the beginning, so I proved him to be, which I shall show.

A day or two before the execution on my goods took place, the ever-blessed Captain of my salvation, who was made perfect through suffering, and is set down at the right hand of his Father, told me he despised the shame, which was a great comfort to me, and a cordial to strengthen me before the trial came on. About one o'clock the next day I entered my chamber, and pleaded the following promises: thou hast said, “ Call upon me in trouble, I will deliver,” &c.; “ Ask your Father in secret, and he will reward you openly;” “ Glorify thy servant, and thy servant will glorify thee;” “ Thou hast promised to deliver in six troubles, and in seven thou wilt not forsake;” “ O let thy hand be known toward thy servant!” “ Before you speak, I will hear; and, while speaking, I will deliver,” &c. O what a sweet cluster of heart-cheering portions was, by the eternal Spirit, poured into my distressed soul. I found much energy in this promise, “ Glorify thy servant, and I will glorify thee;” and, as I felt much weakness, I begged the dear Lord would strengthen me, and not suffer me to disgrace his ever-blessed name, as I expected to be stripped of all my little property, still believing it would then work together for my good. After craving his blessing on my labours, and praying my dear Lord to let his goodness pass before me, and his presence to go with me, I went out, for the first time after my imprisonment, and the first house I called at (mark the goodness of my ever-blessed God and Father!) was where two widow ladies lived, who had sent the butler. After delivering the goods which the servant had ordered, and receiving my money, the servant who paid me said it was the request of the ladies that I would walk into the drawing room. I did so, and they asked me about my wife and family, and how I got on in business. I answered and told them what had happened to me a few days before, but I did not know at that time that they had sent the butler. After a little further conversation I was for withdrawing, but they kept interrogating me; and I again was coming away, but a glass of port wine was given me, I not in the least expecting my dear Lord was there to deliver me. One of the ladies withdrew to an adjoining room, and in a few

minutes brought in her hand a ten pound and two one pound notes, and, to my great astonishment, gave them to me, desiring I would go home and settle what I owed as soon as possible. O the sudden and unexpected great goodness of my ever-faithful and ever-blessed God to one so vile, so overpowered me, that I burst into a flood of tears before them, for my heart was filled with gratitude and praise. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life!" O! where is there a people that have a God like unto our God, to supply all our needs! seeing, knowing, and feeling we have no worth or worthiness in us; yet what care and watchfulness he has over his chosen. His eyes are ever over the righteous, whom he alone has made so, and his gracious ear ever open to their cry. O the faithfulness and goodness of our covenant God. Whoso honours him he will honour! Ever-blessed be his name, he is a God unto Israel, he never will leave nor forsake the work of his hands! O my dear Rachel, press forward towards the mark for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus. You plainly see what I have suffered, seeing the dear Lord has stripped me as he did Job, and, I trust, put his fear in my heart, although you are not acquainted with one hundredth part of what I have been called to pass through since he brought me into the furnace of affliction, and made choice of me therein. Remember, we are called to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold of eternal life. O what a sweet promise, "I will never leave you, nor forsake you," notwithstanding our numerous doubts and fears, but he will give us strength equal to our day. If you read Zeph. iii. 16, you will find it verified in me, and my God has promised me, in the 19th ver., to undo all that afflict me, that he will get me praise in every land where I have been put to shame; therefore, I am upon my watch-tower, and hope patiently to wait the fulfilment thereof; and also the latter part of the 20th ver., "And I will make you a name and praise." I am afraid of being too much lifted up with the goodness of my dear Lord; it makes me cry to be kept humble at his feet. The apostle says, "Be not high minded, but fear." Be it so, O Lord, unto me. "O that men would praise the Lord for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

When I paid the broker, I told him my God paid the money, and I was not ashamed of him, neither was he ashamed of unworthy me, for he calls us brethren. You may suppose I think but lightly of you, as I am but seldom at your house, but the Lord knows I am often conversing with you in spirit, and remembering you in my feeble prayers, as I never can forget your labour of love towards me, nor be unmindful of my obligation to both of you. If you lived nearer, you would have more of my company, as I delight in none but those whom I firmly believe to be of the household of faith. I have found out some who walked in the light of our departed pastor, Mr. Huntington, for a season, but, alas! now he is gone, their light is gone too, "running after every low herd," &c. Bless the Lord, they are well kept whom he keepeth, for they never can finally fall, for no man can pluck them out of his hands, nor can anything separate us from the love of Christ Jesus our Lord. O what a blessed thing it is to be despised and hated of all men when faith is in lively exercise. This promise was sweet before a severe trial came upon me; "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings, his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." I have been very cold, dead, and barren for months past, but this purging draught has brought forth more fruit to the glory of God, and to the comfort of me, his unworthy servant. What a mercy and blessing it is to be enabled to put our whole trust in one so mighty to save. To live by faith is sweet living, although

the Paschal Lamb is eaten with bitter herbs. Do not say I always bear heavy tidings, for here is good news from a far country. I must now think of concluding, praying the dear Lord to bless you both.

I remain, your weather-beaten brother in our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,

A BRUISED REED.

PS. The following lines have been verified in me so far as I have come:

“They that in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded side,
Shall see the danger over past,
Stand every storm, and live at last.
Praise ye the Lord.”

Walworth, 1st Feb., 1814.

[We have left out a portion of the above, as the writer will perceive, for we did not like the spirit of it.—Eds.]

JESUS FOUND.

“Philip findeth Nathaniel, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph.”—John i. 45.

While meditating on a part of the above verse, the first revelation of the love, mercy, and grace of a covenant God to my soul occurred to my memory. I call him a covenant God, because I believe that he did, long ere he gave this world an existence, bind himself in an oath inviolable, settlements immutable, and in a covenant eternal in matters concerning the salvation of the whole election of grace, and praise to his holy name, I have some assurance that he has communicated to my soul, by the Holy Ghost, the heavenly tidings that he has put me among the predestinated number. But what is the ground of my assurance? My deliverance from the power of darkness, and my translation into the kingdom of God's dear Son; and, as calling and election are bound hand in hand, therefore, if I am enabled to trace my calling, and can prove it to be of God, *and of God alone*, in this I prove my election; they are inseparable. But what is calling? It is the gracious act of the Spirit, when, by his almighty power, he takes the sinner out of the broad way that leads to death, and puts him in the narrow way that leads to life. (Matt. vii. 13, 14.) And a most blessed way it is; it was cast up by eternal love, and opened by redeeming blood: and none can get into this way but they who are brought there by the Lord of the way: neither can any get them out of this way; it is an everlasting way. Calling is a time-state act, and it precedes all other acts of the Spirit in his great work of glorifying the Lord Jesus Christ in the heart of a sinner. “He shall glorify me,” said our Lord; and it was this first act *wrought in me* that brought these words fresh to my recollection; “We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth;” which words were uttered with surprise, and with as much surprise can I utter them; so can every dear heart that has tasted that the Lord is gracious. And now I will state how,

where, and when I found "Jesus of Nazareth." For there was a time when I was ignorant of him; I did not know him, or for what purpose he came into this world. Consequently I knew nothing, and felt nothing of the blessedness of salvation, the preciousness of sin-atoning, justice-satisfying, sinner-covering, peace-bringing, and conscience-healing blood; or of the need, fitness, and suitability of that righteousness which is unto all, and upon all them that believe. But I was not to live and die in this state; I was not always to be led captive by the devil; I was to be made alive when dead. God decreed that I should be born to die naturally; and he also decreed that I should be born again to live eternally. But when was I born again? When the eternal Spirit made me seek Jesus. How did I seek him? By the power and direction of God; by cries, sighs, and groans; by mourning, praying, and repenting. The agony of soul I then experienced I shall never forget. My heart was broken; my spirit wounded; my mind was filled with terror; my sins, long past and forgotten sins, appeared before me in horrible features; guilt seized my conscience; I was convinced that I had sinned against an infinitely holy and righteous Jehovah. "My mouth was stopped." I had nothing to say; I had no pleader; to all accusations and convictions all that I could utter was guilty, guilty; mercy, mercy; pardon, pardon. I then justified God in my condemnation (though this point has often sorely tried me since). O how the blessed law of God (and in his law I delight after the inward man), when applied home to the conscience in its spirituality, exposes the offender; it strips him naked; neither can he find any dress, refuge, or hiding-place in a past moral life. I know this for a truth. I had not been permitted to go to those extremes of sensuality, improvidence, and intemperance into which many of the Lord's people have been left to go. I was trained up at a Sunday-school, and under the eyes of professing parents. But what is all this when the arrows of God's wrath are fixed in the sinner's heart? I attempted to screen myself behind a David, a Magdalene, and a Peter; but their crimes did not seem half so heinous as mine. I saw and felt myself to be a desperate rebel, a high offender, a daring sinner, and a guilty wretch; not a whit better than some of the Corinthian church were in their unbelief; and this while my poor soul was plunged in deep anguish. For me there was then no peace, joy, or hope; trouble and sorrow were my companions. But a long time did not elapse before I was delivered out of this state of misery and wretchedness; the happy time arrived when I was to be freed from all law charges, demands, and requirements. It was in Jesus I found this freedom. One day, while on my knees supplicating for mercy and pardon, in a blest vision I beheld our most endeared Immanuel, in human form, suspended on the cross without the gates of heaven; at the same time I was immersed in indescribable glory; peace that passeth all understanding flowed like a stream into my bosom. I was amazed and astonished, struck with awe and wonder; and it was at what God had revealed; for he revealed his dear Son to me, and in me. I found him whom I had been seeking most earnestly; him whom I so much needed; him whom I felt that if I

did not find I must perish for ever; and I really think that the woman in the parable, who sought the piece of silver, did not exceed me in the work of seeking. *I found Jesus.* I was compelled to seek salvation, and in seeking salvation I sought Jesus. O how truly absurd it is, yea wicked, for a mere mortal to exhort his fellow mortals to seek salvation before the Spirit has convinced them of the need of it. Those of old found the Lord with their bodily eye; but I found him with the eye of faith, and in finding Jesus I found the everlasting love of God, and lost the everlasting wrath of God. I found salvation, and lost damnation, and the feeling sense and apprehension of it. I found pardon, and lost guilt. I found mercy, reconciliation, righteousness, sanctification, and justification; and lost my misery, pollution, captivity, and bondage. I found comfort and joy, and lost distress and grief. In a word, I found heaven, and lost hell; I found life, and lost death. But who can describe the blessedness that there is in finding Christ, by the sweet application of his blood? In my thus finding him, through the channel of effectual calling, I found a right and title to all that is in him; and O his boundless stores of grace. And as we pass on through the wilderness, he gives us here a little, and there a little; and the smallest spiritual favour received from him proves our title *to all* that is in him. Since that period of my life I have found many things beside; even corruption, ignorance, blasphemy, rebellion, unbelief, and a desperately wicked heart; my nature has been a pest to me. I have also found doubts, surmisings, suspicions, fears, and fightings; and, thanks be unto God, I have found my weakness, unworthiness, dependance, and poverty; but, amidst all my waywardness, I have proved the loving-kindness, constant care, and unchanging faithfulness of the Lord God Almighty. And should any poor, disconsolate souls read these lines, who may be labouring under the apprehensions which I laboured under, I can tell them that, sooner or later, they shall find the Lord Jesus, to the joy and rejoicing of their hearts, as was the case with me.

London.

G. T.

A FEW WORDS TO W. J., OF SUFFOLK.

Dear Sir,—Having read your letter to the Editors of the *Gospel Standard*, inserted in June No. for 1839, I take it for granted that your statements are as true, as your confessions are candid and your inquiries sincere. The great and important point for which you address the Editors of the *Gospel Standard* is, if I mistake not, to ascertain whether your “spot be the spot of God’s children;” and the principal cause of your suspicions appears to me to arise from the fact that you “cannot remember when first you felt a thirst for God;” especially as you so justly quote the opinion of one who states that “a right beginning is a beginning *felt*.” I would not for the world, if I knew it, act the part of a deceitful comforter to you; at the same time, I am both willing and desirous, if it be the dear Lord’s will, to say a few words, as the Lord shall enable me, which, under

the Holy Spirit's almighty teaching, may be made a blessing to your soul.

You say that from infancy to manhood you both imbibed and retained the sound doctrines of the gospel; that in the early part of manhood you were a high Calvinist in theory and judgment, but a Deist in practice and pursuit; and that from a babe you thought upon God. I observe, there is nothing of uncommon occurrence here; for many doubtless there have been in past ages, as well as there are in the present age, who could state the same things,—high towering professors, who live and die resting upon a sound judgment of the doctrines of the gospel, yet have ever been perfectly regardless whether those blessed doctrines were really and truly felt upon their heart, soul, and conscience. A man may write well as a correspondent, and he may have thoughts of God from a babe; yea, he may preach well as a divine, and understand all mysteries, (in his head,) and even “in the name of Jesus cast out devils,” and yet may remain all his days ignorant of one moment's experience of such doctrines, as regards their blessedness and power. So that I cannot consider, thus far in W. J.'s narrative, that there is any ground whatever to build the least solid evidence that “his spot is the spot of God's children.” But when W. J. tells me of the “trickling tear” that fell when he once more heard the long-forgotten sounds of sovereign grace and dying love, he spreads, as it were, a carpet of green over the barren heath of his former state. Not that the mere circumstance of the falling of a tear affords an evidence of our “spot being the spot of God's children;” no, but if we can trace its source from a feeling sense of our sin and misery on the one hand, and of holy and internal joy in hearing of the displays of sovereign grace and the preciousness of dying love on the other; I ask, is not the falling of the tear in such a case as this an evidence of life within? Here the silent tear, like the lighted taper, throws a cheering light upon our path, when we are led in days of darkness to “grope like a blind man for the wall,” or to take a retrospective view of past days, in order to find some friendly and satisfactory mark of the Almighty's hand. Sometimes, in a solitary tear, when drawn from such sources, and arising from such causes, there is more genuine indication and indentation of the Spirit's work to be found, than frequently is contained in all the laboured, systematical, studied, and precise statements, decorations, and declarations of those who are gifted with extraordinary memories, as also with a multiplicity of words to express the time, the manner, and the way in which God was pleased first to appear to their souls in a way of conviction, or afterwards in a way of conversion and deliverance.

On a rainy, thick, and hazy night, what friendship there appears to the traveller, literally, in the aid of the faint glimmering of a single star! and what a help by the way does the recollection of a tear afford to Zion's pilgrims through this waste, howling wilderness! How sweetly, at times, they pursue their journey by the light of a solitary tear! O what sympathy, encouragement, and strength there appear in the tears of a David, which God put into his bottle; and in

those of a Hannah, which fell not lifeless to the earth! O, who can tell the relief that is sometimes experienced from

“The burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near?”

None but those, whose “spot is the spot of God’s dear children.” The distinguishing difference between natural and spiritual tears and affections are strikingly observable in the case of Esau contrasted with that of Mary Magdalene. God’s word is the best authority upon such subjects, because it corresponds with the feelings and experience of every ransomed soul, and is the only infallible criterion upon those things which are connected with our eternal peace. The star of Bethlehem will guide us right; therefore “the righteous must hold on their way.”

You further say, you are the subject of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows, of holy longings and divine aspirations; you express your miserable state when spiritual appetite fails; and you do profess to know, unless wretchedly deceived, what it is to pray with sincerity, and that too for supporting grace, and resignation to the Lord’s will under every cross, trial, and difficulty. I simply ask, does W. J. indeed think that any except those who have the spot of God’s children ever thus truly feel, are ever thus severely exercised, or ever thus sincerely pray? No.

You also state your dread at the smallest cessation from trouble, unless succeeded with joy and peace in believing, knowing that outward calm produces lifelessness within. It is our mercy, W. J., to know the Lord is the same to us in both, and in all possible cases; and though perhaps you can say with one of old, who is now safely housed above this our world;

“More the treach’rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o’er my head,”

yet I would reply,

“When all is still as death within,
Trust thou in Jesus, sink or swim.”

In continuation, you observe, you are not unacquainted with what *real* poverty of spirit is; and in some measure you do enjoy the promises at times; as also that you cannot abide the preaching of the day. I take it for granted that you mean the clammy, deathly, dry, formal, in-and-out preaching of the day, which passes, both in the eyes and consciences of mere professors, for the decided, soul-supporting, and Christ-glorifying truths of the glorious gospel of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ, who, with the Father and the Spirit, is Israel’s covenant God. Again, I ask W. J., can such things be, and he yet question whether his “spot be the spot of God’s dear children?” Would to God that each of the little few who hear me from Lord’s day to Lord’s day could say the things which you say, could feel the things which you have felt, and know the truth as you have experienced it. The Lord will in the end bring thee out and “bless thee, let thine Esaus” (namely, thine unbelief, Satan, the law,

the world, and sin) "say what they please." With respect to your occasional enjoyment of the precious promises of Scripture, it is our mercy to know their stability rests not upon our enjoyment of them, but upon the oath of Jesus. Frames and feelings, by experience the Lord's dear people know, are but as it were the small sky-lights which at times serve to keep the dwelling from total darkness; but it is seeing and feeling that all the promises are yea and amen in Jesus for us, that lights up the whole temple, through God the Spirit's sweet illumination. We bless the Lord for every true and comfortable frame and feeling; but as the taper of life burns down in the socket of time, these shadows are less regarded, and the true Light, (Christ Jesus,) in all the glories of his person, work, character, and relations, shines forth more and more unto the perfect day. What are the streams to the river and the ocean? What are the shadows to the substance?

You also speak with pleasure of those who have been made the means of flogging you, and of hunting you from every chink and crevice where you have sought to take refuge; and yet you feel there is a *certain* something for which you have not been sufficiently flogged. The writings of good men, you also state, have been made very useful to you in driving you closer and closer into a corner, - I trust for purposes of good; to lead you to meditation, watchfulness, and prayer; to drive you more and more from self, the world, and sin; and to experience more and more of the Lord's sufficiency, fullness, faithfulness, and love. "He will search Jerusalem as with candles." Here, then, it appears the sword has not been drawn in vain, nor the seed sown in vain. You add up these particulars by saying, for these huntings, floggings, discoveries, and searchings you can bless God, and love the instrument employed. Now, who but those whose "spot is the spot of God's children" ever yet was thus enabled to kiss the rod that smote them?

You likewise remark that you can see, yea, do acknowledge God's justice, right, and sovereignty in the condemnation of a sinner, but you complain that at times you arraign his almighty sovereignty at the bar of your reason. Convinced of the sin of such reasoning, you are brought to mourn over the same, and pray that you may be led to set a proper estimate on the sufferings of the dear Redeemer; feeling your ingratitude, you wonder you are not cut off from the land of the living; and finish the paragraph by saying that after seasons of mercies, you are immediately tempted with ingratitude for those mercies so recently received. To these things I observe, your case, however distressing, is by no means uncommon. I am truly sorry from my heart that I am so much like you, and have abundant reason to clothe myself in sackcloth, dust, and ashes before the Lord, and cry out, "Unclean, unclean." Still, allow me further to remark, however correct your premises are, namely, as respects your exercises, which doubtless you feel in the way and manner described, your inference is decidedly wrong; for you infer from the nature of your exercises, that your religion is only in your head. Now it is clear, from daily experience, if all the Lord's dear, tried, and buffeted peo-

ple were thus to pass sentence upon themselves for such causes, they would be most miserable indeed; for who among them, more or less, can be found that are not similarly exercised? and who among them have not abundant reason to condemn themselves for the like things? I humbly venture to think, that whatever W. J.'s religion consisted in at one time, I mean when his religion was evidently only in his head, he has abundant reason to believe his religion is now in his heart. I believe the religion he professes is the religion of those who were first called Christians at Antioch; and why do I say so? what foundation have I for my assertions? I reply, when I read of W. J.'s heart-searchings and exercises of soul, of his joys and of his sorrows, of his detestations of self and faith in the Lord Jesus; yea, when I think of his sighs, groans, conflicts, and pains, must I not think they bespeak the marks of God the Spirit's work upon the heart, soul, and conscience? and if so, must I not come to the conclusion that his "spot is the spot of God's children?" One of old said, "The Lord was in the place, and I knew it not;" and to W. J. I would say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." What W. J. stands in need of is that which the Lord will assuredly one day give him, namely, the Holy Spirit's divine and satisfying witnessings. It was not enough for the Israelites to slay the lamb on the overnight, as the destroying angel passed by, in order to protect them from his destroying sword; no, the blood of the lamb must be sprinkled upon the lintels and door-posts of their houses. Even so it is not enough for W. J., nor for any poor sensible sinner to know that Christ died for poor sinners; what W. J., and all the Lord's children want to feel, is, the application of his precious blood upon the door-posts of their consciences, and upon the lintels of their hearts and souls; then, and not till then, will they be in full assurance and satisfaction enabled to say, "Jesus has loved me, and has given himself for me."

"For when to me thy blood's applied,
'Tis then I've peace with God."

The Lord will in his own time take W. J. from the cradle where he now is, as regards his standing, and cause him at length, like the beloved John, to lean with holy confidence upon his breast. The lap is easy and safe also, but as the shoulder is the highest and most firm place, so the breast is the warmest and most desirable. "Condescend to men of low estate."

But the principal difficulty, after all, and by which you are most staggered, appears to me to be contained in the following sentence; "But what perplexes and puzzles me very much is, that I never was convinced of my hell-deserving sinfulness at all to my satisfaction." Observe here, that a necessary conviction, or rather a saving and gospel conviction, does not consist in its depth, but in its nature. A natural conviction terminates in a natural end, and produces natural effects only; but a spiritual conviction terminates in life eternal, and produces fruit to the praise and glory of God; and though there is, to outward appearance, oftentimes a similarity between the two, yet the difference is distinguishable; so that we cannot mistake the one

for the other, if we mark the effects, and observe the end, which, of course, in such instance can only be known by waiting the "time of the end." We may set up particular marks, and erect certain scriptural standards, whereby a soul may be supposed to judge whether his convictions are sufficiently deep or no; yea, whereby he may, at all events, for a time, be enabled to distinguish between the two for himself; but until the Holy Spirit has settled the point in his heart, soul, and conscience, I am certain he will afterwards be found to question the depth and reality of his convictions; yea, and waver too upon the point whether his religion be in his head or in his heart, notwithstanding all the marks, evidences, and standards which you may observe, adduce, or erect to convince him of his "spot being the spot of God's children." "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

You further say, that another point by which you are perplexed and much troubled about, is, that you cannot at all account for the interval between your carnal and sinfully secure, and your present doubting and fearing state, nor can you for the life of you remember when you first felt a thirst for God. Now, here to me you appear to be troubled where there is no ground for trouble, except indeed it be in your imagination, and that is no real ground. From what Scripture does your trouble arise? You fall in with the opinion of a good man, where he says, "A right beginning is a beginning felt;" but that good and gracious man does not tell you that unless you can state the day or hour when first you felt the breath of life breathed into your immortal soul, therefore your "spot cannot be the spot of God's dear children." If he did, it does appear to me (I speak subject to conviction) he thereby would be laying the evidence of spiritual life more (at all events, too much) upon the strength of the memory, rather than upon, though by no means to the exclusion of, the work of God the Spirit itself on the soul. Nothing is or can be more certain or sound than that "a right beginning is a beginning felt." So it might be at the time in which it was experienced; but many are the circumstances that might arise to cause the vessel of eternal mercy to lose the knowledge of, or not be able to state the day or hour in which the Holy Spirit first breathed the breath of life into his immortal soul. For instance, the pangs or throes by which he was first seized might have been comparatively slight, therefore less remarkable; and the intervals between them might have been wide apart, therefore less memorable; as it is frequently so in a natural sense, so it is in a spiritual sense; and yet the labour and delivery itself is as certain in the one case as it is in the other; but when labour-pains cease, after-pains follow; and perhaps some of W. J.'s pains are of that nature. But further inquiries are necessary, before judgment could safely be pronounced. The question is not (with regard to your eternal safety) whether you can remember the precise time when first divine life was communicated, but whether you are satisfied that divine life does *now* exist in your soul; not whether you were born again in the month of June, 1800, or in the month of June, 1839; not whether you were born again in the first, second, or

third watch, or whether you can remember the number of the watch in which you were born again or no; but whether you have any well grounded evidence (and I think you decidedly have) to believe that you really ARE born again. If the question be asked, how do I know divine life is communicated, when at the same time I cannot remember the *first* time I possessed a spiritual thirst for God? I reply, because I feel *now* its pulsations, namely, the pulsations of divine life moving upon the waters of my soul; leading to prayer, to praise, and to rejoice in the salvation of Jesus, with other holy and heavenly feelings, desires, and exercises. Indeed, the whole work of conviction, conversion, and deliverance may be carried on in some cases far more gently and gradually than in others; therefore, particular circumstances, in such cases, are not so strongly impressed upon the mind; still, all must pass under the rod, and all must be killed before they are made alive. It is also asserted by some, that none have a right to conclude they are God's children until they are brought into full assurance, or gospel liberty; but this notion is anti-scriptural, therefore spurious. W. J. will find that of reading many books there is no end, and the opinions of men are little more than vanity itself. It is the Holy Spirit alone that can fully satisfy the inquiries of W. J., and put his soul to rest; until then he will be like a cork upon the ocean, tossed to and fro with the opinions of men, by his own doubts and fears, and by his frames and feelings; but, blessed be God, resting on Christ he will never finally sink.

Portsea, Hants.

H. NIGHTINGALE.

THE WINE OF THE KINGDOM.

Dear Friend,—What can I wish you better, than that you may drink new wine with the master of the feast, in his kingdom?

The exhortation is, "Drink no more water, but a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities." The weak are they who stand in need of it, and those who are ready to perish, and for such it is prepared. It never inflames, gives red eyes, breeds contentions, nor makes the head giddy, or the legs weak. The more copiously it is drunk, the more sober we grow; and the stronger it is, the more able we are to bear it. It never creates sickness or disgust; its flavour never loses its relish. It is best taken upon an empty stomach, and cannot be drunk too early in the morning; and if you are kept at it all night, so much the better. It braces and it purges; it is a powerful astringent, and a gentle cathartic; in fevers it reduces the heat, in chills it warms and invigorates, in tremblings it is a good strengthener, in low spirits it cheers and enlivens, and in great elevations, it is sure to work moderation and temperance. It is good for stiffness of the joints, and excellent in all disorders of the bowels; it gives clear vision to the eyes, and is no less useful in complaints of the ears. The hands that have hung down through weakness have often felt its efficacy, and the feet that have stumbled have acknowledged its benefit. It is a great improver of the skin and complexion, and is

sure to make him who uses it fat and comely, though it never can help the flesh. It is of wonderful use to the tongue, and has been known to make those who stammer speak plainly, yea, and even the dumb to sing. It is of great use to the voice; it has changed the querulous sounds of grief into the melodious chantings of exquisite joy. It has often made a palace of a prison, and has been seen to assuage pain in a fiery furnace; it has the happy art of making affliction pleasure, and tribulation joy. But, there are counterfeits, my friend, and these will ferment, inflame, intoxicate, create sickness, fill all places with vomit, enfeeble through their poisonous ingredients; and these meeting with the foul humours of the corruptible part, at last bring on dreadful disease, which proceeds in bloatings and swellings, till the whole frame is emaciated, and death ensues. God preserve thee and thine from such spurious and destructive mixtures, and bless thee with many draughts of genuine wine. The first is the venom of asps, the poison of dragons; the last, the pure and unadulterated juice of the *red* grape. The Almighty bless my friends.

Ever yours,

W. J. B.

AN HONEST CONSCIENCE.

My dear Brother and Sister in Jesus,—With pleasure I read yours dated from Zion's furnace, and truly sympathise with you in the bereavement you have experienced, and I would, as I believe you do, with resignation say, "Thou, Lord, hast done whatsoever it hath pleased thee." The departure of my beloved parent is still with me a lamentation, notwithstanding all the glorious circumstances which attended it, and I think it will remain so, till, as David said, "I shall go to him." The list of illustrious names who have lately left the orbit in which they shone, to shine like the sun in our Father's kingdom, is but a proof of the prevalency of our Redeemer's prayer; "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." And is not this enough to satisfy us? O no, "then (and not till then) shall I be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness." Long indeed has been the time since I received a letter from you, and many false conjectures have passed upon my mind respecting the cause of your silence, but I find, by yours, we have both been treading the path of tribulation, and eating the bread of adversity, and drinking the waters of affliction. But, at this moment, the language of my heart is,

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

Dear brother, it was by means of an announcement in a letter you wrote me that I first heard of the *Gospel Standard*, from which time I have read it with delight and profit, as well as recommended its perusal and wished it success; but the following texts as its motto, did not quite please my vanity; my prejudice told me it showed a party spirit in the editors; Acts viii. 37; Mat. xxviii. 19. However, now, and with a blush, I own my shame that I could fall out with the word of God. But I hope this is some excuse for my conduct; "I did it ignorantly." You cannot think how coldly and with what regret I heard you had been baptized, and I have never entered into any conversation

upon the subject, lest our differing opinions should jar; considering myself proof against coinciding with you on that point, though we agreed in every other particular. But as light by degrees broke in upon my mind, it is but just that I should relate its progress, as I am certain it cannot be unacceptable to you; still I must implore you to bear with any awkward expressions I may make use of, as I am now a Baptist not a week old, and now only a *dry* Baptist. My first born, I am ashamed to say, was, what is commonly called at church, "baptized," when but a few weeks old. Much have I suffered in conscience in consequence of permitting it, as it was to oblige its relatives on my wife's side. The next three, as I thought most consistently, were sprinkled by Dissenters. Indeed, I could adopt the words of my beloved and lamented pastor Mr. F——, "my chief inquiry among professing men was, not what they knew of forms, but what they knew of the power." My sister Dorcas, of whose death I wrote you an account, sharply reprov'd me for some assertions I made in my blind zeal against immersion, adding, "If on your knees you asked the Lord to guide you, he would guide you into the truth of that subject." I hung down my head as a thief that is taken, and many a sigh and prayer heaved my breast to be led into all truth. Every argument I weighed both for and against immersion, till, in the issue, I concluded the words of my late beloved pastor were correct; "I defy any man to prove, from Scripture, that sprinkling children, is baptism, or anything like it." Accordingly, as a man who acts from principle, my last two children have not been sprinkled, notwithstanding the inhuman laws of our land, which refuse the unbaptized dead a burying-place within the precincts of what is falsely called the consecrated ground,—a weighty argument this for the undecided and ignorant to continue the iniquitous practice, there being in these parts no Baptist chapel, nor dissenting burial ground. Long since have I dropped the weapons I formerly used against believers' baptism, and have often been grieved to hear persons, whom for other things I entertained a love and esteem for, speak contemptuously or slightly of it; still I hoped to have passed the few days I might have yet to live neutral, without a public confession; but this was almost as impossible for one who moves in my capacity as for a lighted candle to be concealed; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Although I had occasionally heard Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Warburton for many years at Conway-street and Gower-street chapels, and not without profit, yet much was lost to me through my prejudice against their Baptist principles. But it has pleased our dear Lord for the last year and a half to lead me through deep waters and fiery trials; and, as Mr. Hart says, I had

"To pass the darkest paths alone."

And you know how distressing this must be to one who had been so highly favoured by the Lord, and so much caressed by his people. I cannot write to the full the extent of my temptations and despondency. Early this spring, Mr. Warburton's experience fell into my hands, and was much blessed to me, and a rich feast I enjoyed; and O what a sweet union of soul I felt both to him and his fellow-servant Mr. Gadsby. Prejudice against either has never since raised its head. O with what keenness of desire I embraced the first opportunity that offered of hearing Mr. Warburton at Gower-street, one Lord's day since Mr. F——'s death. I found a word in season; since which I have once had the privilege of hearing Mr. Gadsby in the same pulpit. I went under peculiar circumstances of temptation and sorrow, and O what a time I had. The hymns begun thus, "Elijah's example declares," and

"Pilgrims we are, to Canaan bound." Here I was quite broken down; and then the dear Baptist servant of God met my case both from Scripture and experience. You can in part guess at my feelings. I cannot here disclose all, but, as one unknown, I walked the twelve miles to my home in intercourse with our precious Jesus. You cannot expect to hear of my prejudice any more. O no; I love and pray for those blessed men; and, that night and since, the language of my soul has been

"With them number'd may I be,
Here and in eternity."

I peruse every scrap of theirs I find in print. I had for some days past been impressed with these words, "Search the Scriptures," and, on Saturday last, I opened the New Testament, for the first time in my life, to read impartially of my Saviour's obedience to the rite of baptism, and his absolute command for its observance. Here I saw that his Father and the Holy Ghost, as well as the evangelists and apostles, bore witness to it. I was now arrived at a decision. The next morning, Sunday, June 30th, I had these words spoken in my soul; "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." I was convinced it alluded to the dear Saviour's sufferings. Having no engagement for the day, I felt an inclination to attend, for the first time, Foot's Cray chapel, in hope of bearing Mr. Silver, whom I had never heard; but I found that he was not there, but a Mr. Lewis, from Chatham. I arrived just after eleven; the service was commenced, and the minister was delivering an address prefatory to his baptizing four women and two men. The concourse was too great to admit of my seeing any one immersed, but I felt, during the administration of the ordinance of baptism, something like the Eunuch, and, had it not been for the perspiration of my body, and the disturbance of their order, I could have deliberately addressed the minister in his words, "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" When the whole had been baptized, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, the minister solemnly addressed the Majesty of heaven thus; "It is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room." Then the hymn was sung which begins, "Jesus, and shall it ever be," in which my heart united. The whole was conducted with the most marked decorum. One of the members of the church spake in prayer, at the close of which, the same minister appeared in the pulpit, and took for his text; "For the transgressions of my people was he stricken." (Isa. liii. 8.) O, with what feelings did I listen while he demonstrated the illustrious sufferer; how he was stricken, and for whom, being the *Son of Man*, the *Lord of life and glory*; stricken by *men*, by *devils*, and by *his Father*, for *all his own elect*; stricken by *poverty*, by *ingratitude*, by *temptation*, and by *justice*. Hence his dolorous cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" O, my friend, who can but apply the words of Mr. Hart,

"His was a baptism deep indeed,
O'er feet and body, hands and head."

And

"Not but we taste the bitter cup,
But only he could drink it up."

When the service was ended, and the congregation retired, I approached the baptistery, and, in contemplation, saw the Saviour's grave; and, as it presented to my mind his sufferings and death, I entertained an esteem for it. At dinner time, I read to a few friends

the three hymns of Mr. Hart's on baptism, and saw a beauty in them I had never seen before, and felt an increasing love to all my dear baptist brethren and sisters, especially those whose feelings I had previously hurt by my ignorant expressions. In the afternoon, I saw the right hand of fellowship publicly given to each of the newly baptized persons, who were addressed by Mr. Lewis, and solemnly and affectionately exhorted to walk worthy of their vocation. Their confession of faith was read; it was the same that Dr. Gill compiled, and was quite in accordance with my own views. Now followed the administration of the Lord's supper, and, though I was only a spectator, none felt perhaps more personal interest. When the collection-plate passed round, Mr. Lewis very emphatically said, "Only I would that you should consider the poor, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." After the service was ended, several of the friends approached me with every expression of their union to me, and in allusion to the ordinances, in which I had not visibly partaken, invitingly said, "Yet there is room." In the evening Mr. Lewis preached from "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God." (Isa. liii. 10.) He handled the text like a workman. The arm, as denoting power, he proved to be Christ, the *wisdom* of God and the *power* of God; he showed his hand to hold a sword, a rod, and a sceptre, as used in the conversion, support, and government of his chosen; and instanced Manasseh, Mary, the thief, and Paul, and that none would believe the report but those to whom the arm of the Lord is revealed. He quoted here that verse of Mr. Hart;

" Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

He asserted that we were but two classes, believers and unbelievers; quoting, "Whosoever hath the Son hath life, but whosoever hath not the Son of God, hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him," adding, if our sins were not visited on the Surety, they must be visited in our own persons. He endeavoured much to caution us against mistaking the death-sleep of professors for the "peace of God that passeth all understanding." He then drew a striking contrast between Balaam and Job. The former said, "I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not near;" the latter, "I shall see him for myself." He then concluded with the following interrogation, "What says your experience to this? Is it the experience of Balaam, or the experience of Job?" Thus, my brother, I saw he was not guilty of what I had often heard the Baptists charged with, viz., making a Saviour of baptism. You must not be surprised if my next announces that I am a baptized brother. Certain I am of opposition and slighting contempt, but it will be but the same measure given back to me, and as some have borne with me, I hope to bear with others.

Your observations on the progress of Popery in our native land is indeed appalling, as is also the almost entire profaneness and insensibility of our countrymen. I have read in the Posthumous Letters of Mr. Huntington the following prophetic language; "Our good old king (Geo. III.) is the breath of our nostrils, and by his shadow we dwell among the heathen; but when he is removed, the papists will get into both houses of parliament, and then things will wear a worse aspect." How this has been fulfilled is obvious; which of itself con-

firmly that offensive clause in his epitaph, "England and its metropolis shall know there hath been a prophet among them." May you and I, with all that belong to the Lord, be "kept by his power through faith unto salvation;" and may he guide and support you and yours, and then, if we meet no more in this vale of tears, we shall meet soon at his right hand, where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore. Notwithstanding the removal of those dear servants of God, we have still, besides those in this letter named, some others, for the Lord knoweth them that are his, and their spiritual offspring will be his witnesses, when we are numbered with the clods of the valley.

My wife unites with me in love to you and yours, and believe me ever to remain yours in the best of all bonds,

Bromley, Kent.

JAMES C.

DYING FAITH.

My dear Sir,—Agreeable to your desire, I will, as the Lord shall enable me, give you a few particulars respecting the Lord's gracious dealings with my dear child. What she was before the Lord laid his afflicting hand upon her, you are no stranger to; and for some time after illness had made a great alteration in her appearance, it did not make any change in her mind, for she seemed totally regardless of what might be the result. I do not think it can be more than ten or twelve weeks back that her mind began to be alarmed respecting the awful state she was in as a sinner. I think it was about that time I began to observe her to be more thoughtful, and to begin to read good books, (which before had been her aversion,) and it now became evident there was much distress in her mind. She had now given up every hope of recovery, and observed to two or three young friends, she should not mind dying if she had the slightest hope of being happy after death. Soon after this her distress of mind began to be very great, her days being truly miserable, and her nights sleepless; but I believe she was enabled to pray earnestly for mercy. Her knowledge of herself as a sinner was very clear; her utter inability to obtain any blessing from the Lord, by any act of her own, she knew to a certainty, neither could she try to merit anything by a future obedience, as she found the Lord's hand was gone out against her. She was, therefore, from dire necessity, obliged to throw herself on the mercy of God, as a helpless, lost, and undone sinner. During the conflict that was carrying on in her mind, she had a strong hope, at times, in the mercy of God from portions of divine writ being secretly brought home with power to her soul. One in particular appeared to be a strong cordial to her fainting spirits, which is the following; "Why art thou cast down, O my soul; and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him." From which passage she gathered strength to plead again and again for mercy; nor did the blessed Spirit leave her, but enabled her still to cry earnestly for salvation, through the blood and righteousness of a Saviour. At last the dear Lord brought deliverance to her soul, in the way she related to you when she sent for you. From that time till the following Wednesday before her death, she was quite calm in her mind, and earnestly longed for the day of dissolution, which was now making hasty strides. The Wednesday preceding the Friday on which she died, the great enemy of souls was, no doubt in wisdom, permitted to make the last dreadful attack. Her distress was then great indeed; all her hopes gave way; she thought

every thing she had passed through was an entire delusion; she clasped her hands in agony, exclaiming, "O mother, will the Lord let me sink into hell after showing me what he has done? Why did he ever suffer me to hope in his mercy, and enable me to feel his love, and now leave me a prey to the destroyer? O! what shall I do?" with a great deal more of similar language. She then for a few moments became more calm; then clasped her hands again in earnest breathings to the Lord for deliverance, but did not appear to get any relief. And for my own part, I must confess the enemy had the same advantage over me as he had on the mind of my dear child, and I could not advance a word by way of comfort, but was obliged to say the Lord was just in his dealings with us both. She acquiesced in what I said, and declared herself to be the vilest of the vile. There was very little alteration in her till about twelve at night, when, in the greatest extremity, she thought herself surrounded by infernal spirits, who really, to use her own words, appeared as though they would take possession of both body and soul. When at this extremity, these words came as a voice, "Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." Her mind instantly became calm, her countenance was no more sad, the enemy was put to the rout, she was enabled to trust to that promise, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further," and she now declared him to be a chained enemy. From that time till half past eleven on the Friday night following she seemed to long for the time of her departure. Several times during the day she beckoned me to her, and said with a sweet smile, "Daughter, be of good cheer." About eight o'clock she said, "I will not be low spirited any more; I have sweet promises that God will never leave me." "O me," she said, "glory! glory! glory!" and, with extended arms, exclaimed, "I am coming!" About ten o'clock she called me to her, and said, with an expression of countenance I cannot describe, "Pray that the Lord may take me soon." I was not in the room at one time, when she appeared in a transport, and cried out, "Victory! victory! victory!" But immediately that I came in her sight she said, with a smile, "Mother, I have shouted victory!" I said, I shall soon have to say, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours." She answered very quickly, "Thanks be to Jesus for it." The time of her dissolution was now fast approaching, and her desire to be gone became more intense. She repeatedly was saying, "It will not be long;" and with both hands and eyes lifted up, was speaking to herself, apparently in prayer. She once said to me during the last few hours of her life, "I have got it," meaning the blessing. "Ah! I have prayed for it, and I will never leave off praying." She was now in the agonies of death, and agonies indeed they were. She asked her sisters if her feet were cold, they told her they were; at this she was quite delighted, and again said, "It will not be long, thank God." She turned round her face to the side of the bed where I was sitting, took my hand and pressed it in hers. In a little while after, her breathing became more gentle. The last words she spoke were, "Sweet Jesus, I am coming!" and in a few minutes breathed her last.

THE MINISTRY.

Dear Brother in the best of Bonds, the glorious Gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—I received your kind, affectionate, and brotherly epistle to-night, and could have desired (if it had been the will of our God) to have received the delightful information that

you had experienced the sunshine of Jesus, beaming with light, love, joy, and liberty, in your soul, having the transportation from your dark cell to the bright mansion-house and large room spoken of by David, your feet being set upon the Rock Christ, feeling your standing there. Darkness precedes light, bondage liberty, sorrow joy. And although you may find it trying work to have all your carnal, fleshly reasoning and pride burnt up, nevertheless you shall lose nothing in the furnace except your tin and dross; and when the Lord can see his image in you, he will bring you forth as gold seven times purified. But I hope that you are not altogether without a little glimmering, though not quite sunshine. May Jesus verify his promise in your experience, where he saith, "The vision is but for an appointed time; he will come, and not tarry." Although circumstances at present prevent me from coming to C—, I am, in contemplation, often conversing with you. And, indeed, I miss you greatly; for if there is one Christian brother whom I love for the Lord's sake, it is you. Never, to my recollection, have I found one with whom I could travel to the same extent in what I hope the Lord hath wrought in our hearts. I often question the reality of a work of grace in my heart; but, if it be the Lord's work, it is sure work, and neither men nor devils can mar it. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." I have, of late, been in a very dry, barren state. I often wish that Providence had ordered it so that we were nearer each other, that we could converse together; for as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man; as iron sharpeneth iron, so the countenance of a man his friend; and if the pumps be dry, when a word is dropped in, by pumping a little, the spring flows copiously. As for the work of the ministry, I have been pretty quiet of late, verily believing that the Lord had not called me to that office. I think that I can speak or preach no more to God's people of the work of Christ in me, or trace out his work in them, or his gracious dealings with them, either in the day of adversity or prosperity. The Bible is a sealed book; no opening there. Mr. — is leaving us for six weeks, and the church has agreed that I must speak, not only at our chapel, but at A— also; how I shall be enabled, God alone knows. Pray for me, if it be the will of the Lord, that the Spirit of all truth may take of the things of Christ and reveal them to me, a poor, destitute, naked, blind, foolish, worthless, and hell-deserving wretch, who, if God in his sovereign mercy takes him to glory, will have the greatest cause to sing, "Not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory." Eternity will be too short to utter all the praise due to sovereign, electing, unchangeable, and eternal love, which passed by thousands, and chose us in Christ before time. Notwithstanding that all our sins, offences, and crimes, in thought, word, and deed, were present to his omniscient eye, yet these did not hinder him from blessing us in Christ with all spiritual blessings, and manifesting them to us in time by the blessed Spirit. We are fickle and changeable beings. What a mercy that our God changeth not; therefore we are not consumed.

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

We should know nothing of Jesus as a comforter, if we never experienced sorrow; if we never felt the galling chains of sin, we should be strangers to the voice of Christ, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." A feeling sinner is a sacred thing; the Holy Ghost has made him so. Our Lord says, "It is expedient that I go away. If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but, if I depart, I will send him unto you." Blessed be his holy name, he will never leave nor forsake

his children. Yet his grace must be tried; "The Lord trieth the righteous." If we knew nothing of the light of his countenance being withdrawn, leaving us to mourn his absence, we should never need him as a comforter. What love! so amazing, so great, so unparalleled. Well may it be said, "Many waters cannot quench love;" "Having loved his own that are in the world, he loveth them to the end." Not all our departures and rebellions can cause him to alter his purpose towards his chosen, nor all the fires of persecution, nor hell itself. This love is (like its divine Author) eternal. But though saved from the consequences of sin, we are not at liberty to sin. "God forbid that we who are dead to sin should live any longer therein." May the Lord bless us with a tender conscience, that we may fear him and daily show forth his praise in all we do and say. May we, and all the elect of God, experience his leading us to enjoy more and more of the streams of that river which makes glad the city of God, and the heights, depths, lengths, and breadths of the love of God, that passeth knowledge fully to comprehend.

I did think that the Lord would have appeared before this, in the manifestation of his love to your soul, enabling you to read your interest in his atoning blood and electing love by precious faith, to see your call to the ministry, and for a little to go on your way rejoicing; but he is faithful who hath promised. He hides the purpose of his grace to make it "better known." He will fulfil his promise; "I will lead the blind by a way they know not." His footsteps are in the great deep, and his goings are unknown to carnal reason; but

"God is his own interpreter;
And he will make it plain."

May the Lord come with you to B—. Many of our people desire again to hear you. May the Lord instruct, support, and richly lade you with gospel food and the fulness of Christ's power in blessing, that we may experience a great watering-time and overflowing of the influences of his Spirit upon the church, so that he that sows and they that reap may rejoice together, "in that the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." May he enable you, by his wisdom, strength, and power, to feed the sheep and lambs of his flock with the milk and strong meat of the kingdom. The Lord bless you and keep you on your way, make your face brass and your shoulder adamant, your shoes iron and brass, and lead you to see the Almighty bringing you out between the mountains of brass spoken of by the prophet. May you be a vessel laden with precious wares and rich treasures for the people. The Lord preserve you from the fear or applause of men, and the pride of your own heart, make you teachable and submissive, direct, instruct, and guard you through the dreary, waste, howling wilderness, until you reach the paradise above, beyond the reach of care and pain. Such is the prayer of your unworthy brother in the path of tribulation,

Blackburn, Nov. 4, 1836.

J. F.

Highly favoured, and greatly beloved in Christ,—Grace, mercy, and peace to you and yours.—I can scarcely find words to express what I have felt since I read your epistle to me respecting what the Lord has been pleased to show you by those sweet and secret manifestations with which but few, even of his own children, are favoured. Surely, Mrs. T., the Lord has now convinced you that salvation, with all its delightful pleasures and powerful realities, is the free and unmixed gift of his

own sovereign will. Surely you must say, "By the grace of God, I am what I am;" and that "he will have mercy on whom he will." But, let us adore his loving-kindness by reflecting upon the past for a few moments. Call to remembrance the darkness and anxiety of your mind previous to hearing the word of truth. Reflect how you ran hither and thither, seeking rest and finding none. Call to remembrance also the enmity which arose in your heart when you did hear his voice; how you struggled to disentangle yourself from the hook with which the Saviour caught you. Did you not say that I had thrown you off from your foundation? Did you not declare that you would never come to hear me again? Did you not conclude that I was but a false prophet, and that all my preaching was lies? and would you not have forsaken it all, *if you could?* Ah, my sister in the covenant of grace, and in the bonds of gospel, my Lord who sent me with a message for YOU, would not suffer that message to be spoken in vain. He says, "My word shall not return unto me void;" he says, "All that the Father hath given me shall come;" he says, "I have loved thee, and with loving-kindness drawn thee." Yes, everlasting praises to our adorable Redeemer, "he makes his own sheep willing in the day of his power." Pause, then, my sister, and remember *all* the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee. And further; even after he had convinced you of truth, did you not contend and say that you did not think it possible for any one feelingly to say, "MY Lord, and MY God?" But now, in your own experience, the Lord has justified his promise where he says, "They shall call on me, and they shall say, 'The Lord is MY God,' and I will say, 'They are my people.'" It well becometh you, then, to raise an Ebenezer of gratitude and thankfulness for all that he hath shown you. The anointing which you have received abideth in you; and you have an unction from the Holy One. The exhortation of Paul is applicable to you; "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and be not entangled again." As long as the Bridegroom is with you, you will not fast; but the day may come when the Bridegroom may withdraw, and then for a season you will *fast*. But now, my sister, reflect, for a moment, and see how exactly the Scriptures have been fulfilled in you; "He that goeth forth weeping shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." You *have* gone forth weeping, desiring, seeking; the eye of Christ was over every step; the Spirit of Christ created every desire; and now you have come home to him, even to his banqueting house. His banner over you is love.

I can now understand how it was that I was so powerfully constrained to come to S— last Thursday night; and now I fully believe that the Spirit of Christ gave me that word to speak; for you were a living witness to the truth that though the vision may tarry, yet it shall come. God shall not lie. O glory to his loving name!

C. W. B.

THE DAY OF ESPOUSALS.

Dear Messrs. Editors,—Those of your readers who are experimentally convinced that signs and wonders are not ceased in Israel from the Lord of hosts which dwelleth in Mount Zion, will, I think, be pleased with the following extracts from two letters I lately received from a sister of mine in the flesh, who has for some years, I believe, been seeking the Lord, if haply she might feel after him

and find him, but who, until now, had no personal knowledge of him as her Redeemer. I honestly confess that had she written in Greek or Hebrew, I could not have been more astonished; and as her simple statement did my soul good, and the savour of it abode with me several days, I trust a blessing may rest upon it, and that it may prove an encouragement to every travailling soul that has come to the birth, and has not strength to bring forth.

Stamford, November 7th, 1839.

J. C. P.

“For the last two days it has been in my mind to write to you. I then thought I would not, but I have got up this morning with a strong desire to do so.

“I have always felt unwilling to make any profession of religion, or to confess the desire I had for eternal life; but as it has pleased Jesus in his great mercy to reveal himself to my soul in a singular, but in his own way, I cannot help testifying that I have escaped from the bondage of Egypt, and have been sweetly brought into the land of promise. Men may sneer, and devils rage, but this I know from his own clear manifestation, that I am his, and he is mine. Even you may doubt; but the way has been so truly his own, that I must relate it. For some years I have been at times anxious about the state of my soul. Sometimes I fancied I was a child of God, and at times circumstances occurred to incline me to believe it. Then months passed in a lifeless, dead manner, even without the form of prayer, for I felt I mocked God, and that it was only lip-service. Our dear sister's dangerous illness, in the summer of last year, brought me in humbleness of spirit to the foot of the cross; and my nights of watching by her were spent in tears and prayers for her recovery. I laid before the Lord his mercy to Hezekiah, and to the Shunammite. The dry bones in Ezekiel also rested on my mind. Her surprising recovery gave me a little assurance that my prayer, and turning my face to the wall like Hezekiah had been answered. Since then my mind has gone through various changes; sometimes hoping, and at other times thinking I was too corrupt to be saved. If I went to church, the singing and chanting, and the mockery of the responses smote me, and my conscience whispered, ought you to be here? I gained no spiritual benefit from any of the doctrinal ministers in, or out of the Establishment that I heard; nothing that stayed by me. I heard Mr. I.* once, but had been prejudiced against him by a misrepresentation of his doctrines, and returned equally prejudiced. I still shrunk from dissent; my long illness made no impression, and when I got pretty well I went (still ashamed) to Mr. I.'s chapel, because D— was too far for me in my weak state to reach. Circumstances occurred about this time which led me much to prayer and searching the Scriptures; and my conscience becoming more tender, I was obliged to make a stand upon a point which was most painful to the flesh, and on which, though Satan much harassed me, I was enabled to maintain my ground. On Monday morning I *did pray* and I did petition the Lord that he would in mercy give me an answer to what I desired; that he would show me I was in the way to heaven, and would give me some proof that I was a child of his. It was what I had often asked for, but had never been plainly answered. I begged that he would show me that he had thoughts of good towards me during that evening service. To chapel I went. The hymns, the prayer, the portion of Scripture read, gave me no promise that my prayer had reached the throne of grace. The sermon was nearly ended when suddenly Mr. I. changed the subject, and read Isaiah lix. My soul caught hold of the 10th verse; the veil dropped from my eyes. I saw Jesus ready to receive me, and all my sins were washed away in his blood. I had found and entered the gate after long groping for the wall. The concluding prayer satisfied my soul that my prayer was answered, and I rejoiced exceedingly in heart. I came home, went to my room, and on my knees could say, “My Saviour, and my Lord,” without a fear, or a doubt. All this time my heart is filled with Jesus' love, and rejoicing in the Spirit. Every part of scripture that I open, and every hymn that I turn to, suits my mind. I am so certain that I have been removed from darkness into light, that no human power can take it from me.

O pray for me, that the Lord may shine more brightly and gloriously into my soul, that I may stand steadfast in his faith through his upholding me, and that he will keep me from the temptation of an evil world, and my own inward corruption. I know that I cannot long continue in these joyful feelings. I never was so happy, nor so satisfied that Jesus alone could have drawn the cords of love so sweetly and so closely around me. I know shortly I must expect coldness, the wiles of Satan, and my own corrupt heart to go hand in hand against me, but the manifestation has been drunk in so fully that I can never forget that, once chosen always a child. And if the apostle's warfare was so great what must not I expect? But with the Lord's help I will wrestle and wrestle, and will not let him go. I can say no more now, my heart is too full. Pray to the throne of grace that this sudden and joyful change may not be too much for my mind. I feel as if some wonderful thing had taken place, which almost incapacitates me from thinking at all. Let the issue be what it may, I know that I am safe. I can only weep and rejoice. I am too happy to talk much, and my body has suffered under it.

"PS. Mr. I. has since told me that for several days previous he had been much drawn out on my behalf, pleading and praying that the Lord would bless the word to my soul. The issue has proved that it was true prayer.

"Stoke, Oct. 10th, 1839."

"F. M. P.

* G. J. of the *Gospel Standard*, January, 1839, p. 10; G. I. of April No., p. 78; and June No., p. 126.

Extract from a second Letter.

"For ten days after the Lord revealed himself in my soul, I was ill with a violent cold in my chest, and all that time my dear Saviour did not take his presence from me. How anxious was I to go to him, hoping that, as I had felt I had seen his face, I should not live, though such a blessing was almost too much to expect, much less ask. Blessed days and hours I spent, without any other prayer than that he would not take his presence from me. I wished for nothing but to be gone to him. I had no fear of death, the sting was gone; my sins were pardoned, and I a child of God, and a sister of Jesus for ever. I had bitter feelings coming down stairs again, but I know all is right, and I sincerely trust he will now never forsake me for whom he has done so much. Of course, much of that sweet communion with him has fled, still, I can call upon him comfortably, and feel a sweet desire to go to prayer to him. His word is very precious, and the simple truths are no longer as a sealed book. I can take his promises, particularly in Isaiah, to *myself*, and can still rejoice and sing his praises. I feel acutely that sin, inbred sin must be, and is hateful to God. I dare not sin in thought or act wilfully, and sincerely do I pray that I may have grace to resist all inward and outward temptation.

"I have since had a text powerfully applied to my soul, 'Prepare thou the way of the Lord,' and I have a sweet assurance that it is a harbinger of blessings for those so naturally dear to us. How humble should I feel that I have in mercy received the greatest of all blessings, which no outward nor inward circumstances can deprive me of. Blessed be the Lord for all his mercies.

"God bless you, my dear brother, ah! in the strongest of all ties.

"Your affectionate sister,"

"Oct. 25th, 1839."

"F. M. P.

THE LAW WORKETH WRATH.

Messrs. Editors,—In reply to your correspondent J. F., of Norwich, (July No., p. 160,) I shall make only a very few remarks; but one thing I must say, and that without alluding personally to J. F., that if no persons attempted to meddle with religion till religion meddled with them, and even then only vindicated that which, under the divine teachings of the Holy Ghost, their eyes had seen, and they had looked upon, and that which, under the life-giving

power of the same Spirit, their hands had handled of the word of life, there would not be so many errors in the world as there are. I am sure that every man who has had the law brought to his conscience by a divine power, has felt that "the law worketh wrath." (Rom. iv. 15.) It is one thing to talk about the law, and another thing to feel its solemn workings. A man who has felt a revelation of the just wrath of God in his conscience by the law, will never be offended at Berridge for composing the following lines:

"The law provokes men oft to ill,
And churlish hearts makes harder still."

Nor at Hart for saying,

"Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone."

When God reveals his wrath in the conscience by the law, the man feels horror, wrath, hardness, and rebellion, and the poor soul is then bordering on distraction, and can feelingly say with the psalmist, "While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted." (Ps. lxxxviii. 19.) Nor was Job a stranger to such feelings, for he said, "The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit; the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me." (Job vi. 4.) Paul also knew it well, as recorded in Rom. vii. 8, 9; "But sin, taking occasion by the commandment, wrought in me all manner of concupiscence. For without the law, sin was dead. For I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." Sin took occasion by the commandment, (mind that,) and wrought in him all manner of concupiscence; and so it will in the characters to whom your correspondent alludes, if ever God reveal his wrath by the law in their conscience, and if that is never done, they will never be proper witnesses in this matter. They may appear to be very zealous of the law, and make great strides in a fleshly religion, and bring forth a deal of what they call fruit, and after all not take one step out of Rom. vii. 5; "For when we were in the flesh, the motions of sins, which were by the law, did work in our members to bring forth fruit unto death." Now if "the law worketh wrath," and if "sin, taking occasion by the commandment, worketh all manner of concupiscence," and if "the motions of sins, which were by the law, work in the members to bring forth fruit unto death," then Berridge tells truth; and sure I am that it is so, for God has said it, and I have powerfully felt it, and am, consequently, a witness that God is true; and I am fully persuaded that every heaven-born soul, who is brought into the liberty of the gospel of God's grace, has, in a greater or less degree, felt it too. We only know the real work and power of either law or gospel, as God reveals it in the conscience.

"True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt."

It is one thing for men to go to the commandment, and be zealous both of God and the law, though in reality ignorant of both (Rom. x. 3); but it is quite another thing for the commandment to come to them. Paul had experienced both states, and could therefore speak to the point; and while he was satisfied with going to the commandment, never having felt its power in his conscience, all appeared to go on pretty well, and he could vainly vamp up his fleshly mind with the presumptuous idea that as "touching the righteousness which is in the law, he was blameless," (Phil. iiii. 6,) and think himself alive, and lively too; yea, he could zealously move on in a variety of branches of fleshly religion; but how did it fare with him when the commandment came to him, and wrath was revealed in his conscience? Why, sin revived; not died; no, no; but revived, and Paul died,—to his vain and presumptuous confidence in the flesh. (Rom. vii. 9.) Before the commandment came, he could strut about as brisk and as lively, and make his boast of the law as zealously as any dry doctrinal, dead professor in this day; but when the law revived sin, and worked wrath, down he in the end tumbled, dead and damned for anything he could do to help his own soul; and sure I am that it was so with myself. Not one particle of tenderness of conscience, meekness of mind, or love to a Three-One God, to his word, to his worship, or to his people, ever sprung up in my heart, by or from the law. No; that came from the free grace of God, as revealed in the gospel; and the least glimpse of

that gospel grace revealed in the heart by the Holy Ghost will begin to produce tenderness of conscience, and lead the soul to abhor sin and self, and thirst and pant after a greater manifestation of that gospel grace, and of the pardon of all sin and the glory of God in Christ as "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." (Rom. x. 4.) Those professors who think they have received the Spirit by the works of the law are deceiving their own souls; "This only would I learn of you, Received ye the Spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?" (Gal. iii. 2.) I would recommend J. F. to leave dry doctrinal professors to make the best of their way by the light of their own fire, (Isa. i. 11,) and seek to have conscience and the word of God brought together, that he may be enabled to keep the company of a Three-One God, as revealed in the word of God, and of his blessed blood-bought, heaven-called, and heaven-bound children. May he, and I, and all God's dear called children, be enabled to enter more feelingly and constantly into the glorious power of the following branches of God's blessed truth; 2 Cor. xiii. 14; 1 John i. 2, 3; for if we are in very deed led spiritually into this glorious mystery, we shall experience a sweet measure of the glory of being "dead to the law by the body of Christ, and delivered from the law, that we should bring forth fruit unto God, and serve him in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter."—(Rom. vii. 4, 5, 6.)

Manchester, Nov., 1839.

W. GADSBY.

POETRY.

LUKEWARMNESS.

Song of Solomon, v. 2—8.

<p>'Twas the voice of Jesus that spake, When kindly he knock'd at my door; I slept, but my heart was awake; (Lord, leave me to slumber no more:) How kindly he did me entreat, "Come open, my sister, my love;" But not all this language so sweet My frozen affections did move. "Come open, my dove undefil'd; Why dost thou thy Saviour thus slight? My head it is filled with dew, My locks with the drops of the night." With stupid ingratitude I To frame my excuses began; My coat of profession laid by; How shall I again put it on? The scandal of Jesus's cross, I thought it my feet would defile; And loth this world's favour to lose, That lately had ceased to revile. My Saviour was grieved to the soul; But just as he turn'd to depart, He put in his hand by the hole, And push'd back the bolt of my heart. The force of omnipotent love My heart, though so languishing, felt; My bowels began for to move, My frozen affections to melt.</p>	<p>Tho' of late so unwilling to stir, I rose my Beloved to find; I felt my hands dropping with myrrh, Which he on the lock left behind. I open'd, but oh! he was gone; I fainted with sorrow and shame. My cursed lukewarmness I own; There's none but myself that I blame. It wounded me sore to reflect How tenderly 'twas that he spake: I treated his love with neglect; O, Lord, how my bosom did ache. I call'd, and he answer'd me not; I mourn, and most justly I may; Me also the watchmen have found; My veil have they taken away. Young converts, take warning by me, Of spiritual sloth to beware; And oh! when my Jesus you see, Remember my case in your prayer. Methinks when my story I tell, And mention my Jesus's name, My bosom with ecstasy swells, And kindles my love to a flame. There's something within me forebodes That Jesus will see me again; His chariot I hear's on the road: Return, blessed Jesus. Amen.</p>
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W. HUNTINGTON.

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* This Title was omitted by mistake from part of our impression.—EDS.

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ERRATA.

In part of our impression, the title "Dying Faith" was omitted from the piece commencing on page 265.
In page 245, third line from bottom, for "unto" read "into."

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