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REVIEWS

**BY THE LATE MR. J. C. PHILPOT, M.A. OF STAMFORD,
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Sacred Musings, or, Songs in the House of my Pilgrimage. By Septimus Sears. Fragments of Experience, in Verse, written under the various forms of sorrow and joy which are common to Believers. Prefaced by a Letter containing some Account of the Author's earliest Spiritual Exercises. By William Peake.—
(April, 1857.)

There is in poetry, we mean *true* poetry, something inexpressibly charming to those with whose natural tastes it is in accordance. To understand, admire, and love it, and much more to write it, is a natural gift of comparatively rare occurrence, and which, even when found, exists in very different degrees in different individuals. This natural gift, whether confined to simply understanding and enjoying it, or expanded into a power of poetical composition, may be cultivated and improved by study and practice, and may be refined to a high degree by industry and exercise, but can never be communicated by them where it does not originally exist. In this it much resembles music and drawing. If there be no natural ear for music, no practice can enable a person to sing correctly; and if there be no natural taste for drawing, all instruction will fail to make the pupil an artist. So it is with poetry. No man can ever be a poet, in the real sense of the word, who does not originally and naturally possess the rare gift of a thoroughly poetical mind; and we much doubt if any one has even a dim perception of the exquisite beauty of poetry, or any acquaintance with the peculiar feelings that it kindles, unless his mental faculties are of a similar cast. As a proof; two men shall read the same lines. To the one, they shall make the blood leap in his veins, flush his cheek, fire his eye, and melt his heart into tears. The other shall think them very good and very pretty, but see and feel no more in them

than in a page of Robinson Crusoe. So two companions in travel shall see at the same moment, for the first time, the majestic range of the Alps spread before them in all their matchless grandeur. The one is speechless with rapture and admiration; the other thinks them very pretty, but, being tired and hungry, thinks much more about his dinner. Which of these two is the poet, which the man of prose? As, then, some persons are naturally incapable of understanding and admiring a beautiful landscape, so others are naturally incapable of understanding and admiring a beautiful poem.

But if to understand and enjoy poetry requires a special gift, how much more is a larger endowment of the same peculiar faculty needed to pour forth strains which shall at once proclaim their writer a true and genuine poet, and not a mere versifier. In fact, it is not so much one gift as an assemblage of many gifts, and these rarely united, that is required to constitute a true poet. He must possess great and original powers of thought, an active and thoroughly poetical imagination, feelings highly sensitive and acute, affections deep and strong; and these must be combined with a musical ear exquisitely attuned to sound, a rich and varied vocabulary of language, and a thorough acquaintance with the laws of metre and rhythm. His mind, by original constitution and long continued study, must resemble a musical instrument of exquisite manufacture, which is susceptible of every tone and responsive to every touch; and he must be a skilful performer upon it, thoroughly acquainted with all its powers, and able to evoke at will every note through its entire gamut. He must himself feel, deeply feel, every thought that arises in his mind, and almost every thought to which he gives utterance must be the vivid expression of this feeling. To move and stir the sluggish minds of others, he must have his own mind moved and stirred to its lowest depths; and he must, as it were, first bathe his words in the inmost recesses of his own heart, and then bring them forth all dripping with the feelings by which he himself is agitated. He should be able to clothe his ideas and feelings in the choicest and most musical language; and the whole, both in design and composition, should be under the control of a chaste and refined taste, so that nothing gross or vulgar, low, far-fetched, or obscure, should mar the delicacy and beauty of his thoughts and expressions. Though what he writes will often be the fruit of the greatest labor, it should from its ease, appear thrown off spontaneously and without the slightest effort; and, however highly polished by continual corrections, his verse should show no trace of the file.

But the question at once arises, "If this is to be a poet, where will you find one? You have set up a standard neither necessary nor attainable." To set up a standard is one thing; to require full compliance with it is another. It is with poetry as with every other product of the human mind or hand. Unless we set up an ideal standard of beauty or excellency, we can have no definite rules of judgment, nor any adequate and trustworthy points of comparison; and

without these, we are no judges whatever whether such and such a poem is poetry, or such and such a writer is a poet. And this is just the case with most readers. Having no standard in their own minds, or any poetical taste of their own, they cannot distinguish between mere verse and real poetry. Of course, in this as in every other product of the human mind, there are degrees of excellence, and a man may be a good poet who is not a great one. In fact, the gifts required for first class poetry are so great, that though the world has in all ages been flooded with verses, there are scarcely a dozen great poets. Excellence in any suit is so rare that for the same reason there never have been many great musical composers, or great painters, or great sculptors, or great orators. But to take a kindred instance; in music, there may be and are persons who can sing very sweetly and accurately, who are not first-rate singers, and individuals who can even compose with melody and harmony, do not rise to the highest class of musical composers, so in poetry there may be and are writers who are sufficiently led to shine and to please who are not poets in the highest sense of the word.

But it is time for us to leave the ground of poetry as poetry, and speak of it as attuned and adapted to the utterance of Christian thought and feeling. The hints we have dropped are meant to show that poetry, whether secular or religious, must emanate from a peculiar assemblage of original mental gifts, and cannot be learnt like farming or arithmetic, as well as to beat down that vain and conceited notion that every copy of verses put forth by any or every scribbler is poetry. A man may tag rhymes all his life, and leave behind him volumes of poems and piles of manuscript, of which the first is only fit for the trunk maker, and the last for the butter merchant. A poet is as different from a mere verse maker as a Handel from an organ grinder, a Michael Angelo from a stone mason, or a Raphael from a travelling portrait painter.

But what a proof of man's degradation and desperate wickedness it is, that this noble gift of poetry, the highest exercise, in one sense, of the intellectual faculty, the harmonious combination of the most subtle and exquisite tastes, which should only find their truest utterance in singing the high praises of God, should be prostituted, for the most part to the service of the devil. Sin and Satan have seized the lyre, which, as touched by the fingers of David, sounds the pure songs of Zion, and have dragged it down from heaven to hell. Naturally fitted, as we see in Holy Writ, to be a handmaid in the service of God, she has been made to subserve the vilest passions of the human heart. Lust and bloodshed, under the names of love and glory, have been her chosen themes; and thousands have been stimulated into crime by her magic tones chanted in the worship of these twin deities. In our own days, for instance, what an awful influence for evil has Lord Byron's poetry exercised upon the minds of thousands of the young and imaginative. What gloomy infidelity, what hatred of all restraint, what pride and selfishness, what contempt of

everything holy and spiritual, have his powerful verses engendered or nurtured in many a bosom. Youth is the season for those deep impressions which influence a life; and to a mind of poetical cast there is sometimes a force in one stanza of his glowing verse, which, imprinting itself on the memory as in letters of fire, burns and smoulders, till it gushes forth in lava streams of words and actions. We are not speaking here at a venture, but of what we have seen with our own eyes in days long gone by, for we have personally known those who apparently owed their ruin, body and soul, to the influence of his poems. To the young and ardent of both sexes, to the romantic and imaginative, to the meditative and melancholy, especially when under the influence of that strongest of all human passions, love,—how seductive is that poetry, which, in all the magic of verse, reveals and embodies their deepest and most secret feelings; and how almost at will the enchanter can beguile their thoughts and desires into the channel of his own headlong passions. What the Bible is to a child of God their idolized poet is to them. They hang over its pages, learn by heart its lines, are continually repeating to themselves favourite passages, till they drink into the very spirit of the writer, and adopt him as their model and guide.

Would that religious poetry exercised the same influence upon the children of God that secular poetry has exercised in all ages upon the children of this world. To a certain extent, and in a different way, we thankfully acknowledge that it does. The blessing, for instance, that Hart's hymns have been made to the church of God is incalculable. We name him, because, besides his rich and deep experience, and spiritual unction and power, he evidently possessed a large share of poetical gift. That there is something in the very form and language of poetry is indisputable; for else how is it that a verse, or line of a hymn, if it describe the experience of the soul, produces an effect which the same thought would not produce were it expressed in simple prose? The circumstance cannot be well explained, but the fact remains that there is something in the poetry itself, through which, as an instrument, the Blessed Spirit touches and melts the heart.

But independent of their qualities as poetry, spiritual and experimental compositions in verse have a power peculiar to themselves. Tried indeed by the standard that we have set up, few of our most admired hymns can be called poetry—at least, not if Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron are poets. But they possess what these poets had not—a secret power over the soul, a power contrasted with which, weighed in a spiritual balance, all their gifts are as valueless as time compared with eternity. When we have read the most beautiful compositions of earthly poetry, what impression do they usually leave behind? One so abhorrent to the spirit of Christ, that, in a spiritual frame, a Christian cannot read or even look at them. We are conscious to ourselves of two distinct feelings and tastes; one that would revel in poetry

such as we have attempted to describe, the other that would turn away from its carnality and worldliness with abhorrence; one that would despise the baldness of many a hymn dear to the church of God, the other that would feel and love the experience which it unfolds. For this reason, we feel it exceedingly difficult to appreciate poetry strictly religious. Having read in former days so much of first class poetry, as well as being naturally fond of it, we are too much inclined still to read religious verses as literary compositions, and to weigh them in the same balance as Homer or Shakspeare; and though our spiritual mind calls out against it, and would look at them with gracious eyes, yet we own there is a continual tendency to demand in them some of those qualifications which give to secular poetry not merely its charm but its very being. We offer this explanation and apology if we should seem to have dwelt too long, or insisted too much, upon poetry as distinct from religion.

The two publications which we have classed together at the head of the present article, though cast into a poetical form, do not claim to be poetry in the highest sense of the word. We do not say this to disparage them, but as intimating our belief that their writers have that which is intrinsically higher and better at heart. It would not, then, be dealing fairly by them, were we to try them by that high poetical standard that we have set up. And even were they naturally gifted to shine amidst the higher ranks of the poetic band, their very subject, and we may add, their own spiritual feeling, would much debar them from rising, we had almost said, in the words of Milton, "to that bad eminence." Indeed, as poetry deals so much with mere natural feelings, and draws its deepest and most intoxicating draughts, not from the well of Bethlehem or the pool of Siloam, but from the turbid springs of human passion, a spiritual poet is almost cut off from the main fountain of poetic thought and expression. A carnal poet may wander at will, unchecked by conscience or godly fear, amidst every field of human thought and passion, and pluck flowers for his poetic wreath from the very brink of hell. But a Christian poet can dwell only on those themes which the Holy Spirit has sanctified, and every thought and expression must be under the powerful restraints of a conscience made tender in God's fear. Debarred from the use of "strange fire," the writers before us have rather sought to fill their censers with coals from the brazen altar. Their aim is nobler and higher than any carnal poet ever dreamed of; and if they have clothed their thoughts and feelings in verse, it is not to bind their brows with wreaths of poetic laurel, but to express their own experience of sorrow and joy for the comfort and encouragement of the people of God. As gracious men, and as personal friends, both of them have a claim upon our affectionate sympathy and interest; and if we cannot rank them in the highest class as poets, we are glad to esteem and value both them and their productions as imbued with the spirit of the gospel.

As poetical contributions, Mr. Sears's compositions certainly claim the higher place, and are generally written with much ease of versification, and force and warmth of expression. Though his main object was doubtless to give utterance to his own feelings and desires, yet he has evidently paid much attention to the structure of his verse and the correctness of his rhymes. In some of his verses there is an easy, animated flow, and a command of poetic imagery and expression which evince a natural gift in that direction. But it has higher qualifications. There is a prayerful spirit, mingled with confession, breathing through them, which makes them very suitable to the tender in heart and contrite in spirit; and though doctrinal truth is not prominently put forward, yet, to use John Newton's figure, it sweetens the whole.

But, as a part of a reviewer's office is to find fault, we cannot but think it a blemish that so many of the pieces in Mr. Sears's little work turn upon what, without wishing to use an offensive expression, we can hardly help calling a jingle; we mean, concluding every verse with the same or nearly the same line; or, if not that, taking two or three words as a kind of key-note to every verse. Though sanctioned occasionally by Newton and Kent, and carried to excess by Medley, it is not used by our greatest and best Christian poets, as Toplady, Kelly, Berridge, Hart, Cowper, Swaine, or Steele. A friend, to whom we mentioned it, seemed to think it an evidence of poverty of thought, and there is, perhaps, some truth in the explanation. Sparingly used, it may add a force and a sweetness to a hymn, as in those beautiful lines by Fowler:

"Ye pilgrims to Zion;"

and in Kent's well known hymn:

"Jehovah hath said;"

but a beauty may be overdone. At any rate, when, out of sixty-nine pieces, about fifty are written wholly or partially on this plan, we think it a blemish instead of a beauty, and gives too much sameness, and a technical, artificial character to the work as a whole. The following affords a favourable specimen of the "Sacred Musings:"

THE INKHORN AND THE SLAUGHTER-WEAPONS.

"Set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry." Ezek. 9:4

How solemn a sight, my spirit engages;
The slaughtering army of vengeance draws nigh;
The dread storm of fury has slumbered for ages,
But now it awakens and darkens the sky.

**But hark! a sweet voice the tempest is stilling,
And bidding the heralds of judgment stand by;
To lose his dear chosen, Jehovah's unwilling;
Then, mark the dear men that sorrow and cry.**

**The man with the inkhorn, by heaven inspired,
Goes through his great work with this in his eye—
He'll not miss a soul with sackcloth attired,
But mark the dear men that sorrow and cry.**

**But, lo! what a sight! the thunders are pealing!
The weapons of vengeance are lifted on high!
And all to destruction are certainly reeling,
Except the dear men that sorrow and cry!**

**How fearful the sight! a city all streaming
With sad mingled blood of the low and the high!
And yet the sweet sunshine of favour is beaming
On the heads of the men that sorrow and cry.**

**Blest Spirit of Grace! my heart is desiring
To have this rich gift sent down from the sky;
That love, which with joy while the bosom 'tis firing,
Makes the heart with contrition to sorrow and cry.**

**O! give me the heart that glows with devotion;
A spirit that mounts with gladness on high;
A conscience so tender, it melts with emotion,
And makes me for evil to sorrow and cry.**

**When, not a step of my pathway untrodden,
I lie but next door to my home in the sky,
'Twere blest, if with tears my pillow were sodden,
If thy tender love make me sorrow and cry.**

**Lord! grant that the light of thy love may be gleaming,
Through all the dark valley of death when I die;
Thus let me expire, in the rays ever beaming—
In regions where saints do not sorrow or sigh.**

**Blest Salem, whose streets of pure gold God enlightens
With beams from the Lamb, that's exalted on high
The taste of thy glories, this truth surely heightens—**

No sin ever there makes us sorrow and sigh.

Mr. Peake modestly styles his poetical contributions "Fragments of Experience." Such fragments, when struck off at a white heat, under the influence of the blessed Spirit, have a value that elaborate poems cannot reach, which have been more coldly worked upon the anvil. Writing poetry under gracious influences, and sitting down to compose verse at a stated hour of the day, resembles preaching or praying in the Spirit, and doing so because the hand of the clock points to eleven. The people of God instinctively feel and recognise what is spoken or written under divine influences and as to them *that* alone is true eloquence which speaks from heart to heart, so *that* to them is alone true poetry which is imbued with unction and savour, and reaches their feelings and consciences. If not highly gifted as a poet, Mr. Peake evidently seeks the profit and edification of the family of God; and there is that sincerity and truth running through his poems which, placed in the balance of the sanctuary, far outweigh all mere poetical tinsel. The light which he bears is of the Lord's lighting, (Psalm 18:28,) not an ignis fatuus; and it leads to Gethsemane and Calvary, not to the regions of sin, death, and despair. Who would choose a Byron's fame to have a Byron's end? Happier far are our friends who have devoted their poetic powers to the service of the sanctuary, and, instead of seeking the applause of dying worms, have made their end and aim the glory of God. The following is a fair specimen of Mr. Peake's Christian muse:

"THE PRECIOUS THINGS PUT FORTH BY THE MOON."

(Deut. 33:14.)

Oft when the evening shades arise,
And darkness overclouds the skies,
The silvery moon is seen
To rise, and with a borrowed light,
Soon to disperse the shades of night,
And brighten all the scene.

So, midst the thousand shades of woe,
Which mortals suffer here below,
Believers yield a light;
Reflecting, as the silvery moon,
A light they do not call their own,
Which soothes afflictions' night.

Were not this world a darksome scene,
Did no dark shadows intervene,

The moon would rise in vain.
And so the soul's reflected light
Shines best in sorrows' darkest night
Of suffering and pain.

O! I have seen the child of God,
Who, bowed beneath afflictions' load,
My sympathy still shares;
Whose faith and patience oft have proved
A help to those of God beloved,
As have her fervent prayers.*
And I have seen, nor hope in vain,
Perhaps once more to see again,
The prayerful man of God;
Who ready was, at every call,
To wait, as servant, upon all,
And tread as Jesus trod;

Who sympathized with others' pain,
And when they sighed could sigh again,
So brilliant shone his light;
No moonbeam struggling in the dark,
Or living glow-worms' sprightly spark,
Shone with such lustre bright!

* The allusion is to my dear friend Sarah Adcock, of Uppingham, who for upwards of twenty years has been laid on a bed of extreme suffering, and is entirely dependent on the never-failing providence of her gracious God and Father in Christ Jesus. I know but of two other cases in any good degree resembling hers, either as to the duration of the sufferings or the grace bestowed to bear them.

The letter prefixed to the poems, containing some account of Mr. P.'s Christian experience, will be read with interest.

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Deborah, "A Mother in Israel." Judges 4:7. A Treatise on Walking with God. By the celebrated Anne Dutton. To which is prefixed, Her precious Memoir, as written by Herself. With a Portrait. A New Edition, with a Preface by J. A. Jones.—(May, 1857.)

The prophet Amos, writing under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and thus

speaking for God, puts a very pointed and pregnant question, where he asks, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" (Amos 3:3.) The inquiry thus launched forth, and permanently embodied in the word of God, embraces a very wide scope, and is true naturally as well as spiritually. Take, for instance, two persons in ordinary life—one quiet, reserved, studious, fond of retirement and solitude—the other noisy, boisterous, devoted to pleasure and gaiety, a sportsman and a gambler. Can these two men be bosom friends and intimate associates? As much as sheep can willingly lie down with dogs, or doves nestle with vultures. There must be a similarity of tastes, inclinations, tempers, and habits, before such a mutual pleasure can be taken in the society of each other, as shall result in any close or permanent intimacy.

But if this be true as a matter of daily observation and experience, how much more is it a solemn and permanent truth when viewed spiritually, and brought to bear upon 1. The relationship between God and man; and 2. Upon the relationship between the children of God and the servants of Satan. Can God, then, walk with man, or man walk with God, except they be agreed? The thing is impossible, God and man continuing what and as they are. God is holy, man unholy; he is infinitely pure, man desperately wicked: he dwelling in the light which no one can approach unto, man sitting in the very darkness and shadow of death. Yet, according to the testimony of the sacred record, Enoch walked with, and pleased God; (Gen. 5:22, Heb. 11:5;) Abraham was the friend of God; (Isa. 41:8;) and Corinthian believers were the temple of God. (2 Cor. 6:16.) Thus it is plain from God's own unerring testimony that there is a way whereby God and man may become agreed, and as such walk together; for not only may man walk with God, but God can also walk with man, according to his own promise, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." They thus walk together—God walking in them, and they walking with God. Are they, then, agreed? They are, or how else could they walk together, if the inspired question of Amos is to stand firm and true?

But is there no original breach which first needs repairing, no previous alienation that requires removing; for most plain it is that of the vast mass of mankind few, very few, really walk with God, or God walks with them? What, then, made the breach; for when God created man there was certainly no variance between the Creator and the creature? Sin made the breach; sin caused the separation; sin drove man out of Paradise, and set him at a distance from God. But could not this breach, this separation, this distance be removed? Removed it certainly might be, for removed, in certain cases, at least, it has been, or otherwise no one could walk with God; but not removed by any goodness, wisdom, strength, or righteousness of the creature. For consider what a dreadful breach has been made—how flagrantly, how wilfully man sinned, what death he brought into his whole being, body and soul; how

daringly he trampled on the express prohibition of his Maker and Benefactor; and how he not only sinned against the majesty, holiness, and justice of God, but cast himself into a state of condemnation and death, in which he has neither will nor power to return to Him against whom he has so deeply revolted.

But what man could not do for himself, God, in the depths of his infinite mercy, did for him, by sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, to offer that atoning sacrifice, to shed that precious blood, to work out and bring in that perfect righteousness by which sinners are reconciled to God, and stand without spot or blemish before him. Sin being thus wholly and completely put away, blotted out, cancelled, and eternally removed, the barrier between God and his people is fully taken away, the breach healed, and the sinner brought nigh unto his benign, compassionate, and merciful Father and Friend. But something more is needed—some spiritual knowledge, some experimental application, some divine manifestation of this wondrous scheme of pardoning love, this personal reconciliation of the sinner to God. And who thinks about, or cares for this personal and individual discovery of pardoning love, this sensible reconciliation of a sinner through atoning blood, but the poor, guilty, sin, law, and self-condemned wretch who would come to God as an accepted child, but cannot from darkness of mind, guilt of conscience, bondage of soul, grief for the past, and fears for the future? He would walk with God, but cannot, because as yet not having received the atonement, or reconciliation, (*margin*, Rom. 5:11,) he is not experimentally in his conscience so reconciled and brought near as to be agreed with God.

But something else is necessary also. He must be made a partaker of the divine nature, (2 Pet. 1:4,) be born of God, (John 1:11,) be taught and led by the Blessed Spirit, (John 6:45, Rom. 8:14,) be conformed to the image of Jesus, (Rom. 8:29,) have the mind of Christ, (1 Cor. 2:16,) drink of his cup, and be baptized with his baptism, (Matt. 20:23,) or how can he, so to speak, see with God's eyes and feel with God's heart?

1. If he is to walk with God and be agreed with him, there must first be a union of *thought*. God has his "thoughts," though these are as high above our thoughts as heaven is higher than the earth; (Isa. 55:9;) and we have our thoughts. But these thoughts of his and these thoughts of ours greatly differ till made to agree. His thoughts about the evil of sin, the worth of the soul, the beauty and blessedness of his dear Son, the efficacy of Jesus' blood and obedience, the honour due to his name, the manifestation of his own glory, and the full supremacy of his sovereign will over all persons and all events—these thoughts of God are not in harmony with our thoughts, unless by divine grace we are made to think in union with him. And here is the astonishing wonder of sovereign grace, that it gives us new thoughts, new feelings, new

views, new motives, new affections, new objects, and new ends—in a word, that "new heart" and that "new spirit" which God has promised to bestow upon his people. (Ezek. 36:26.)

2. There must also be an agreement in *will*. But how can that be, until our will is subdued into an acquiescence with "the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God?" (Rom. 12:2.) And this only can be as we are "transformed by the renewing of our mind," and brought into that conformity to the mind, image, and example of Christ which enables the soul, in its measure, to breathe itself forth in his own blessed words uttered in the gloomy garden, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

3. There must also be an agreement in *love and hatred*. What God hates we must learn to hate; what God loves we must be taught to love. Sin is the especial object of God's hate; and it must be the special object of ours. Christ is the especial object of God's love; and he must be the object of our heart's warmest, tenderest affection. Pride, hypocrisy, presumption, self-righteousness, the lusts of the flesh, covetousness, oppression, and persecution—in a word, everything worldly and wicked, earthly, sensual, and devilish, is and ever must be hateful and abominable in the eyes of infinite Purity and Holiness. If not made hateful to us, where is the agreement, where the walking with God? Humility, brokenness, godly fear, tenderness of conscience, spirituality of mind, singleness of eye to God's glory, separation from the world, faith, hope, love, submission, and resignation to the divine will, filial obedience, and heavenly fruitfulness in every good word and work—if these, and all other graces and gifts of the Holy Spirit, are pleasing and acceptable to God, must they not be also to us, if we are to walk with him in holy agreement?

The work before us is a reprint of a very sweet and experimental treatise on this subject by Mrs. Anne Dutton, a highly favoured saint of God who lived in the early part of the last century. It is prefaced by a very interesting Memoir, written in good part by herself, and gives a very feeling account of her last illness and death. She lived to be seventy years of age, and then—start not, reader—was starved to death; yes, literally and actually starved to death by a stoppage in her throat; dying of the disease medically called a stricture of the esophagus. But though thus dying by inches, her soul never flagged, and almost to her latest breath she was engaged in prayer or praise, speaking of or to the Lord, and carrying on an active correspondence with her friends.* The following extract will, we believe, be read with interest:

*She was a great letter writer, for besides many published volumes, several sacks full of letters were found at her death.

"Most surprising was it to all who now saw her, that she could either write or sit up; but her conversation was so cheerful, edifying, spiritual, and refreshing, as filled the heart and eyes of many that visited her with wonder. Her case, expressed by herself in the following letter, which was written November the 8th, and the last she was able to write, will give some idea of the state of her body and mind.

"Honoured and dear Madam,—I am extremely weak; but would fain, if I possibly can, once more write you a line, to thank you for all your great kindness, and for your last dear and tender letter. I have been so very bad, dear madam, this last week, that I could not write one line to any of my dear friends. My speech faltered two days ago, and I rattled in my throat as if dying, but the Lord gave a little reviving. Yesterday, my strength seemed quite exhausted, and I was parched up with the fever. It is very little I can swallow this day; that little the Lord gives me to receive; but my stomach now turns sick at everything. It is marvellous that my life should be preserved for so long a time without anything of substance, and very little liquid to support the animal frame. My moisture seems dried up, and I am as if I had no blood in me; and my flesh is so wasted, that I am almost like a skeleton; and yet, glory to my good God, this has been, and is, a blessed affliction! I hope it has been attended with some fruit to the glory of his worthy name; and the Lord hereby has exercised my graces variously, and blessed me with Divine consolations abundantly, which shall turn to my salvation. I am enabled now at last to triumph in Christ, who makes me more than a conqueror over sin, death, and hell, and all spiritual enemies. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, but am expectant of the greatest approaching good; because with me is the Lord of life; on his strong arm I lean; in his sweet bosom I rest; and thus cheerfully I come up from this grievous wilderness, to Immanuel's land of full joy and eternal bliss! And there, O how sweetly shall I drink,—and bathe, and dive, in and into that pure river of water of life, which proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb! How delightfully will the Lamb in the midst of the throne feed me, and lead me to living fountains of waters, while God my Father wipes away all tears from my eyes! And this bliss, my dear sister in Christ, shall you and I together possess, after a few more troublous days in the wilderness. God grant you strong faith, that you may be confident of this very thing, that of the infinite love of the Lord your Saviour you shall never be forgotten nor forsaken. Then the feet of your faith being well fenced, and your shoes iron and brass, in roughest places, your strength shall be equal to your trying days, to God's praise and your bliss.

"I forget not you and yours before the Lord of all grace; pray for my salvation out of all distress. Now I leave you, the Lord will take you up, and nourish you as his own child for himself. To his love, care, and power, I

commit my beloved sister; and in him, with the most tender love, and great esteem, bid you farewell for a little, very little time.'

"After this she had no strength to hold her pen any longer; but for two or three mornings would arise as usual, though it was expected, by all who saw her, she would die every hour in her chair; but her consolations in Christ abounded. She spoke of her decease, and gave orders to a particular friend of the manner of the laying out and interment of her body, with the greatest cheerfulness, satisfaction, and pleasure. On the 12th of November she took to her bed, and then it was expected every hour would be the last. The Lord gave her in mercy to sleep pretty much; but, when awake, she would often say, 'How my poor heart beats! But God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' Thus she continued till Lord's Day, the 16th of the same month, when many friends going in to see her, and every one expecting to see her last, she, with her finger pointing upwards, could only be heard to say, 'Glory, glory!' and then, laying her hand on her breast, would express the same with a smiling and cheerful countenance.

"A letter from a friend, who knew nothing of her dying condition, coming to hand Lord's Day evening, she signified her desire of a brother's sitting on the bed's side to read it; which he doing, and on reading the death of a well-known friend, and she taking no notice of it, he said, 'Do you not hear, my dear child? the Lord hath removed by death Mr. C—ll before you.' Upon her recollecting who the deceased was, she said, 'Ah, he has got the start of me. He is gone before, to welcome me home to glory!' About midnight she could speak no more; but her mouth, eyes, and hands loudly expressed the joys and consolations of her soul. The next day, about noon, a particular friend going to her bed-side, she, opening the corner of one eye, and perceiving who he was, put her hand out of bed to take hold of him; which he doing, and holding her hand in his, she lay till near nine in the evening, when the same friend being by her bed, and perceiving her soul to be quivering on her lips, put up with his whole heart the following ejaculation, 'Lord Jesus, receive thy handmaid's spirit!' and immediately her long-imprisoned spirit took wing, and made its joyful flight."

We cannot do better, we think, than now let this gracious and highly-favoured woman speak for herself on the subject that she was so well and experimentally acquainted with:

"Were we to approach an absolute God, we should be but like dry stubble to consuming fire. (Job 13:25, Heb. 12:29.) But O here it is we converse with Infinite Majesty dwelling in our clay, clothed with our flesh; and so the displays of his glory are delightful and not destructive to us. Thus John 1:14, 'The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the

glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' It was his glory who was the brightness of his Father's, the express character of his person; (Heb. 1:3;) and the undivided glory of the essence being equally in all the Persons in God. Hence it is that our Lord says, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;' (John 14:9;) because in the person of Christ we behold the same essential glory that is in the person of the Father, and also in the person of the Holy Ghost, he being God equal with both; and we behold the personal glory of all the Three radiantly displayed in the face of Jesus. As 2 Cor. 4:6, 'For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, which is so far from destroying us, that it became the ministration of life; while we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.' O amazing! that the bush should be on fire, and yet not consumed; (Exod. 3:2;) that the Godhead should dwell in the Man Christ, personally, in all its flaming glories, and yet the nature not be consumed, but preserved; and through him in all his, relatively. Well might Moses say, 'I will now turn aside and see this great sight.' Thus Christ is the way in his person, as Mediator—the great medium of converse between God and his creatures. But,

"Secondly. He is also the way, as our Kinsman-Redeemer, that has obtained eternal redemption for us; (Heb. 9:12;) and as such he is the great medium of converse between God and sinners, in which is comprised both his suretyship undertakings in the everlasting covenant, and also his suretyship performances in the fulness of time. He not only voluntarily took to pay the vast sums we owed, from whence it became a righteous thing with God to demand satisfaction at his hands; but he also, in the fulness of time, assumed our nature, (Heb. 2:16,) sustained our persons, (Col. 1:18,) fulfilled the law for us, bare our sins, (1 Pet. 2:24,) was made a curse, (Gal. 3:13,) conflicted with the powers of darkness, (Luke 22:53,) endured his Father's wrath, (Matt. 27:46,) and at last died in our room, (Rom. 5:6,) descended into the grave, (Eph. 4:9,) and rose again for our justification; (Rom. 4:25;) and having finished his work below, he ascended to glory, in the triumphs of his conquest, (Eph. 4:10,) attended with the chariots of God, and the shout of thousands of angels, as, 'The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle;' (Psa. 68:17, 18, with 47:5, and 24:8;) and, as our great representing Head, he entered into the holiest of all, and sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. (Heb. 9:24, 1:3.) And by this discharge of his suretyship engagements, he has answered all the law's demands, (Rom. 10:4,) satisfied Justice, (Isa. 42:21,) made an end of sin, (Dan. 9:24,) spoiled principalities and powers, (Col. 2:15,) made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in an everlasting righteousness; yea, has brought us in it, in his own person, into the presence of his and our Father, (John 20:17,) presenting us 'in the body of his flesh, through death, holy and unblameable, and unreprouvable in his sight.' (Col. 1:22.) Thus Christ

is the way in what he is to us, and has done for us, in which God walks in his poor sinful children.

"Here all the Divine perfections harmonize. Mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other. (Psa. 85:10). Here it is that God can be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus; (Rom. 3:26;) 'just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;' (1 John 1:9;) just in abundant pardon, multiplying to pardon the multiplied sins of our daily provocation; (Isa. 55:7;) and it was the glorious display of this grace that made the prophet break forth, as being filled with astonishing wonder, 'Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.' (Mic. 7:18.)

"Here is room for God to walk with us in his everlasting kindness, (Isa. 54:8,) covenant faithfulness, (Psa. 80:33,) abundant goodness, (Jer. 31:14,) infinite wisdom, ordering all things for our good, (Eph. 1:8,) and in his Almighty power sustaining us under our weakness, defending us from our enemies, by which we are kept as in a garrison through faith unto salvation. (1 Pet. 1:5.)

"Again: here is room also for *us* to walk with God in all relations, with suitable dispositions. With God as a Father; (Eph. 5:1;) Christ as a Husband, Brother, Friend; (Heb. 2:11, John 15:14;) with the Holy Ghost as an Indweller, Sanctifier, and Comforter, and who gives us boldness in the presence of God. (Heb. 10:19.) Christ's righteousness clothes us, (Isa. 61:10,) his fulness supplies us, (John 1:16,) his merits present us and all our services acceptable to God. (1 Pet. 2:5.)"

One more extract will show how experimentally she handles this blessed subject of walking with God in holy and peaceable agreement:

"The soul under the attracting influence of God's first love, afresh loves him again. (1 John 4:19.) And while, under the Holy Ghost's particular application, the name of the Lord is proclaimed, (Exod. 34:6, 7,) the soul, with Moses, bows down, and worships, (verse 8,) prostrating itself under the deepest sense of its own nothingness, adoring infinite wisdom and boundless grace, reigning to eternal life through the person and righteousness of Jesus Christ the Lord. (Isa. 40:17, 2 Sam. 7:18-22.) It looks afresh on him it has pierced, and mourns; (Zech. 12:10;) and with bitterness bewails its own wretchedness, by reason of an indwelling body of sin and death; (Rom. 7:24;) and all its unkindness and ingratitude to God as its Father, to Christ as its Husband, and to the Holy Ghost as its Comforter. And while it sees it has to do with a sin-pardoning God, that will lay none of its iniquities to its charge, O how its heart melts with love! And how hateful doth sin appear in its sight!

And as with weeping, so with supplications also the Lord leads it. (Jer. 31:9.) What unutterable groanings it sends forth into the bosom of its Father, after complete deliverance from the power and being as well as from the guilt and filth of sin! Lord, says the soul, whatever thou dost with me, never suffer me to sin against thy love. Keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me. (1 Chron. 4:10.) And while the child bemoans itself, the Father hears it in infinite bowels. I have surely heard thee, says God, bemoaning thyself; and then breaks forth in fresh discoveries of his love.—'Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child?...I earnestly remember him still; my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him.' (Jer. 31:18, 20.) Lord, says the soul, what manner of love is thine! Is it *me* thou callest a dear son and a pleasant child, who am the very worst of all thy children, and no more worthy to be called thy son? (Luke 15:19.) Aye, says the Lord, thou art my dear child, notwithstanding all thy unkindness; and 'my grace is sufficient for thee,' (2 Cor. 12:9;)—sufficient to pardon, pity, strengthen, and at last completely to deliver thee. And then what admirings of grace doth the soul break forth into! Grace! Grace! is its cry. (Zech. 4:7.) How unspeakably doth it 'rejoice in hope of the glory of God!' (Rom. 5:2.) In believing views of that state, into which nothing that defileth can enter, (Rev. 21:27,) when mortality shall be swallowed up of life, (2 Cor. 5:4,)—Lord, says the soul, then I shall love thee and serve thee as I would, (Rev. 22:3,) then I will bless thy name for ever, for all thy lovingkindness, when my heart is wound up to the highest pitch of holiness. (Psa. 145:1.) Meanwhile, pardon my shortness, pity my weakness, and help my infirmities. Though I think myself the most ungrateful of all thy children, thy kindness and my unkindness being set together, yet, Lord, since thy grace is sufficient for me, even for me, I will go on rejoicing and glorying in it, as distinguishing, free, full, and eternal; even while I loathe myself in my own sight for all my abominations. (Ezek. 20:43.) This is a little of the talk God and his people have with each other, while walking together in Christ, and as they commune with each other in Christ the great Way."

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A Testimony to the Loving Kindness and Faithfulness of a Covenant God, as displayed in the last Illness and blessed Death of the late John Warburton, Minister of the Gospel, and for 42 years Pastor of the Church of Christ assembling at Zion Chapel, Trowbridge."—(*June, 1857.*)

Who that knows anything of the wondrous doings and dealings of the Lord in providence and grace can say that miracles have ceased? It is true that the croaking raven no longer brings bread and flesh morning and evening to an Elijah by the brook Cherith; nor does the palsied leave his bed, or the dead come out of his grave, as in the days when Jesus walked here below; but wonders as great, though less visible to the eye of sense, are daily and hourly

wrought by the same Jesus, now sitting at the right hand of God.

The life and death of our dear and esteemed friend, the late Mr. Warburton, proclaim this truth as with trumpet tongue to those who have ears to hear, and write it up, as with a ray of light, to those who have eyes to see how great are the signs of the Lord, and how mighty his wonders to those who fear and love his great name among the children of men. He was, indeed, a special instance of those miracles of providence and grace which testify to the power and presence, the mercy and love of a Covenant Jehovah. But most Christians have a history of their own, a wondrous tale to tell of the providence of God, as displayed in their past life; dull, indeed, and trivial to carnal men, unimportant and uninteresting, if not a scoff and a jest, to such as would push God out of the government of his own world, but precious beyond all price to themselves, as affording them, through its intimate connection with the work of grace, blessed evidences of their present sonship and future inheritance. When faith is in living exercise, and can roll out and read the long, and, it may be, intricate scroll of by-gone years, sweet is it to see the providence of God in well nigh every line. However long may be the chain, it is all linked together from beginning to end; nor can one link be severed without breaking asunder the connection of the whole.

Why born of such and such parents; why so, in earliest infancy, brought up; why so circumstanced in childhood; why so situated in this or that locality; why exposed, at this or that period, to such trials and difficulties; why directed to such a spot as years grew on; why, in tender youth, cast into this or that deep trouble and heart-breaking sorrow; why these fair prospects blighted, these warm affections withered, these airy castles shattered, when least expecting, and least able to bear the shock; why this sudden and unexpected turn of events, bringing on the hour when grace first visited their souls; all who have any living experience of the path of the just have their individual life-history in which they can at times trace the wonder-working hand of God, holding the marvellous chain, and winding out link by link all these varied circumstances.

All, it is true, cannot tell the moving history recorded in the "Mercies of a Covenant God." They have had neither the deep troubles nor the blessed deliverances of the Lancashire weaver. Their goods have not been marked for rent, nor they and their children trundled off to the workhouse. They have not had the heavy trials in their families, in their churches, or in their own souls, which Infinite Wisdom had assigned to our departed friend. Still less have they had his great blessings and powerful manifestations of the love and goodness of God in providence and grace; nor has their tongue, if ministers, been clothed with that rich savour and divine unction which so marked his words in the pulpit, and in the parlour.

God designed him for a great work in the church of Christ, and therefore abundantly and eminently qualified him for it. However at the time hidden from his eyes, his heavy trials in providence; his deep and long poverty; the sinkings of his own desponding mind; the continual embarrassments to which he was plunged; his dismal and gloomy forebodings of a still worse future; his fears of bringing a reproach on the cause of God; the temptations of Satan with which he was assailed; the hidings of the Lord's face; his quakings and tremblings lest he had run unsent, and the whole series of anxiety and distress through which he was called to pass; all, connected as they were with the manifestations of God's love and mercy to his soul, were mysteriously tending to make him what he eventually was, a minister to the suffering church of Christ, a feeder of the flock of slaughter, a feeling experimental man of God to the mourners in Zion, the broken in heart; and the contrite in spirit. As in Paul he chose an instrument wherein "to show forth all long suffering for a pattern to them which should thereafter believe on him to everlasting life," so in John Warburton the Lord chose a vessel of mercy to show the power of his grace above all the wisdom of the creature.

But it has been well and wisely said that though God saves by "the foolishness of preaching," he does not send fools to preach. This is eminently true in the instance before us. Mr. Warburton was not a man of learning, or even much education; but he was naturally possessed of a sound, vigorous understanding, without which original gift mere school-cram is nearly useless. Great mistakes prevail on this head. Education is one of the grand idols of the present day, and is continually spoken of and cried up as the one thing needful, not only to root out of the land all immorality and vice, but to convert the rising generation into a race of philosophers, lawyers, statesmen, and divines. It is quietly assumed almost as a first principle, a mere matter of course, that the mind of man is naturally like a peach tree or a vine, which was only to be trained in a certain way and laid in to a certain length, and it is then sure to produce unceasing crops of fruit; or that it resembles a baler of Sea Island cotton, which may be scutched and carded, doubled and drawn, twisted and spun, woven and printed into any length, shape, size, and pattern that the manufacturer chooses. Just as if the original force and feebleness of the mind, its natural quality and staple, were of no account; and just as if education could convert a weak intellect into a strong one, and schools and colleges turn out Miltons and Bacons by contract, at so much a gross. When the plane and French polish can make a mahogany table out of a deal board, and the willy and the spinning-jenny tear and twist London shoddy into Australian wool, then will the school and the academy turn a noodle into a Newton, and educate a blockhead into a genius. We do not deny that education will, according to the literal meaning of the word, *draw* out what is in the mind—but it must be *in* first. You may draw and draw, but your thread will never

have any strength or length, unless there be at the bottom the needful staple and the requisite supply.

What Mr. Warburton might have been had his naturally strong and vigorous intellect been cultivated by a sound education in early boyhood and youth, cannot now be said. But most probably, we might rather say most certainly, it would have spoilt him. We might have had Warburton the acute lawyer, or Warburton the learned divine; but we should not have had Warburton the preacher, Warburton the feeling and experimental minister, the tried and exercised man of God. That he might not be thus spoiled, God himself took charge of his education, by placing him in early youth, not in an academy for young gentlemen, nor in a classical and commercial establishment, but in the school of Christ. Moses was made his schoolmaster, and first caught hold of him in Bolton Church, where, instead of charming his ears with the tones of the new organ, he sounded in them such a terrible peal of death, hell, and judgment to come, that his pupil dropped down half dead at his feet. Here he learnt his A B C in experimental religion; here Moses shook over him for the first time the rod; here the first lesson set him, amidst many sighs and tears, was to learn to spell the first letter of that dreadful sentence, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." What school or college could have experimentally taught him what he first learned in Bolton church—that he was a sinner, under the curse of God's righteous law? What laboured course of lectures, free library, or mechanics' institute could have made him cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner," all the way home, till his breast bone was sore?

Education is admirable in its way, excellent for a time state; but no education, classical, theological, moral, or religious, could have made, though it might have marred a John Warburton, either as a Christian or a minister, or brought him with sighs and groans to the Redeemer's feet. And when peace and pardon first reached his heart, when rich, free, sovereign, and superabounding grace poured salvation into his soul, as he sat in Mr. Roby's chapel, he learned more in one moment what the love of God was, whence it came, and whither it led, what it could do, and what bliss and blessedness it could create, than all the doctors and proctors, pastors and masters, schoolmasters or scholars, lecturers or libraries, teachers or tutors, could have taught him in half a century. When fierce temptations assailed his soul, when hell rose up in arms, and Satan, enraged to see so apt a tool lost to his service and enlisted in God's, hurled his fiery darts thick and fast against him, he was still at school, still learning better and wiser lessons than the Academy or the University could have taught him.

When dark clouds rested upon him in providence, when poverty and want knocked hard at his door, when little work and scanty wages, hard times and

an increasing family plunged him into a sea of embarrassment and distress, he was still learning deep and blessed lessons, never taught at Cheshunt or learnt at Bradford. When the clouds of darkness broke in showers upon his head, when the Sun of Righteousness gleamed upon his path in providence and grace, when he could set up an Ebenezer here and a hill Mizar there; when he could "look from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lion's dens, from the mountains of the leopards," and see the valley beneath all flowing with milk and wine, what books or book-makers could have taught him there was such a God in Israel, or have raised up in his heart such faith, hope, and love towards him? So with all his long experience of the ups and downs, ins and outs, joys and sorrows, risings and sinkings, feastings and fastings, smiles and tears, songs and sighs, mercies and miseries, heavens and hells of a living experience, what substitute could be found in human genius, or human learning for this course of heavenly instruction?

We are not setting up Mr. Warburton, but the grace of God in him. We are not daubing his memory with fulsome eulogy, extolling and idolising a worm of earth, or dressing out his poor cold remains with carnal flattery and empty praise. Could he speak out of the grave-yard, he would bid us be silent with that voice which has struck awe into whole congregations, and would admonish us in tones that would make us tremble, to ascribe the glory first and last to God. By the grace of God alone he was what he was. Grace began, grace carried on, and grace completed the whole work, from first to last, upon his soul. Great, especially in his early days, were his afflictions, and proportionably great were his consolations. But the Lord was with him in all his troubles and sorrows, temporal and spiritual, and brought him triumphant through them all. His debts, which had lain so heavy a burden upon him for many years, he as enabled honourably and fully to discharge, mainly through the blessing of the Lord resting on his little work, "The Mercies of a Covenant God." Thus his very providential trials proved providential blessings, and his debts were paid by his experience of their burden. Yet many were his mercies, if many his miseries. He was blessed with a large measure of health and strength for many years; was favoured with an affectionate wife and family, some of whom he had the happiness of seeing called by grace; was much loved and esteemed by the church of Christ, to which he was made so signal a blessing; was spared to a good old age, without many of its usual infirmities; was sweetly supported on his bed of sickness and languishing by the presence and love of his dear Lord; and, after many longings to be gone, yielded up his spirit into his bosom with "Hallelujah" upon his lips.

He was not, indeed, without his faults and failings; but these much sprang from, and were closely connected with, the warmth of his natural feelings. If at times he was irritable, it arose, not from moroseness and sullenness of

temper, but from that same warmth and depth of feeling which, flowing in another channel, made him so fond of his wife, children, and grandchildren, and so opened his heart to sympathise with their afflictions and trials, and take such a lively interest in all their concerns. He was also often considered arbitrary with his church and congregation; but Scripture and experience alike show that in a church, as in every other body, there must be order and government. If then the pastor do not exercise his legitimate influence and authority, there are those in every church who will rule the rest if they can; and as the other members will not quietly submit to this, the necessary consequence is strife and confusion. If Mr. Warburton held the reins with a firm hand, and sometimes sharply lashed the unruly, it was, in most cases, for the general good of the whole. He viewed himself as the father of the church and congregation, as indeed he was, for the former was chiefly made up of his spiritual children, and the latter was gathered and kept together by his gifts and grace. If then, as a father, he fed them, as a father he thought it right to govern them. His post was to lead, not to follow; to rule and govern, not to yield and obey. If sometimes he stretched his power beyond the usual limits of a pastor, and used the rod as well as the crook in ruling the church and congregation committed to his charge, it was not to exalt himself, make divisions, or introduce error, but for the good of the cause and the glory of God. He was naturally gifted with much sound good sense, knew the weakness and wickedness of the human heart, and seeing how soon divisions arise in a church, and what havoc they make of its prosperity and peace, he at once, with his broad weighty foot, trampled upon the rising flame which other ministers, of weaker and less determined minds, would let smoulder on, lest, in putting it out, they should burn their own fingers. Want of order and discipline is a prevailing evil in our churches; and when a pastor uses the authority which the Lord has given him to rule as well as feed the church, a cry is soon raised by those who are opposed to all order and discipline that he is tyrannical and arbitrary. He might sometimes, when thwarted and opposed, speak sharply, and look angry; and there was something in his fine, portly person, commanding look, and loud voice, that struck terror into the timid and silenced the talkative, but a tenderer heart never beat before the throne of grace and at the footstool of mercy. There indeed he was a little child, a babe, a humble, broken-hearted sinner. Much has been said of his temper and obstinacy, especially of late years, when painful divisions broke out in his church. But we challenge all his opponents and detractors to name a minister more broken and humble than he was before God. We have known many ministers, many good and gracious servants of God, but we never knew a man more tender in real soul feeling, more broken, and simple, and childlike, when the hand of God was upon him. His temper was naturally stubborn and obstinate, but this made the contrast all the greater to what he was by grace. Thousands can testify to what he was in the pulpit. No one who knows what spiritual tenderness, divine sensations and heavenly blessings are, could hear

him pray or preach, when the Lord was with him, without feeling there was a peculiar savour and power in his words. This dew and unction, with which he was favoured above any living minister, made him so acceptable to the tried and experienced family of God. It was not his gifts of eloquence, or powers of thought and expression; it was not the beauty of his language, or the force of his arguments, for in these external things he did not shine, that drew such crowds to hear him in London, and the country, but the peculiar savour and sweetness that dropped from his lips. He was truly and peculiarly an experimental minister of God's truth. He preached what he knew in his own soul by the power of God; what he had tasted, felt, and handled of the word of life for himself; what had been wrought in his heart and conscience by the operations and influences of the Holy Ghost. For him it was eminently true, that "the heart of the wise teacheth his mouth and addeth learning to his lips." (Prov. 16:23.) He was, therefore, "a minister of the spirit, not of the letter," "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." He honoured God, and God honoured him.

No minister in these last fifty years, excepting Mr. Huntington and Mr. Gadsby, has been so blessed to the church of God, or had so many seals to his ministry. Let those men or ministers who, for years, have been snarling at him and secretly whispering their slanders, produce as many witnesses on their behalf. Let them search and see whether God has blessed them as he blessed him. Can they preach with his favour and power? Can they describe the trials and afflictions of the people of God as he could? or the feelings of the soul under his smiles, as he was enabled to do?

If anything could shame and silence his enemies, it would be this last testimony of the love and mercy of God to his soul, which we hope all our readers will see for themselves. This will most abundantly show how he was favoured and blessed on his death bed. Gladly indeed would we have seen the whole of it in our pages; but as it is published for the benefit of the bereaved widow and family, we are happy to think that to those whom he loved so much upon earth he extends his hands, as it were, for their help beyond the grave. Surely no one who loves and reveres his memory will grudge the trifle that will enable him to possess himself of this testimony to the power of God in blessing his dying son and servant. It is very nicely and soberly put together, in a simple, unassuming manner, without any flattery of the deceased, or any attempt to exaggerate or set off his expressions, but leaving the dear old man to speak just as the words dropped from his lips. It is therefore quite commended to our conscience as a faithful record of his dying experience, and in this lies its value and blessedness. We shall only give the closing scene, which we must say is commended to us as one of the most blessed departures that we ever heard or read of. We seem to see in his last word the dear man's soul passing at once from earth to heaven, ravished with its opening glory, and

swallowed up in its bliss the moment before he entered eternally into it. Dry must be that eye which drops no tear over such a death, and hard that heart which does not inwardly sigh, "Let my last end be like his!"

Thursday, April 2nd.—All his children that resided in town, were summoned to his bedside. One of his daughters said to him, "Father, you feel Christ precious, and want to praise him in glory?" He lifted up both hands, pointing with one finger, and with fixed eyes as if gazing on some delightful object, exclaiming with peculiar emphasis and perfectly distinctly, "I haven't room, I haven't room." Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, it became difficult to understand what he said. To all around he appeared full of raptures, his lips continually moving as if talking to himself, and lifting up both hands continually as if enjoying the sweetest communion with his God.

Not long before he died, he appeared anxious to say something. On one of his daughters putting her ear close to his mouth, she heard him say, "Pen, ink." On which she replied, "Do you want to write, father?" He said, "Yes." Pen, ink, and paper were brought to him. He took hold of the pen, and held it in such a way as to cause surprise to all his children present. He tried to make a mark, but could not. He looked very earnestly at his daughter, and said, "You can write." She inquired, "Father, what must I write?" He said something; but none could understand what he said. On which his daughter said, "Is it anything about the church you want us to know?" He shook his head and firmly said, "No." Another of his daughters said, "Is it anything respecting the family?" As before, he replied, "No." "Is it to tell us how good the Lord is to you in your last moments?" He lifted up both hands, and waving them with peculiar delight, said, "Yes, yes." He still continued to appear as if those around him did not sufficiently understand him. With great exertion, he lifted up both hands, pointing with his finger, and labouring to articulate something. At last he said, "Hal—Hal—;" then followed with a firm voice, without a waver, "Hallelujah!" and he immediately breathed out his soul, at a quarter past seven, p.m.

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"Memoir of the Tried Life and Happy Death of Richard Dore, a London Mechanic." By the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, Minister of Port Vale Chapel, Hertford.—(*August, 1857.*)

Thomas Hardy, in one of his excellent letters, makes the following remark, "The best Christians I meet with are generally Huntingtonians." This witness is true. There is, or as we must now say there was, for so few of them are left, a depth and clearness of experience, a savour and a sweetness, a rich, tender, feeling, unctuous utterance, a discrimination between law and gospel, letter

and spirit, form and power, a separation from a lifeless profession, whether presumptuous or pharisaical, which distinguished them, in a most marked and decisive manner, as a peculiar and separate people. They had their failings and infirmities, as their justly admired and esteemed pastor and teacher had before them; and there were those, doubtless, in their ranks who had caught his faults without catching his grace, who were followers of his doctrine, but not followers of his Lord. Seeing all delusion but their own, taking hold of their teacher's skirt, as if he could thereby pull them into heaven, idolising and extolling him, as if thereby a part of his grace were reflected upon themselves, and clinging to him as a servant of God, as if that were the sum and substance of Christian experience; if there were such amongst his hearers, it was only what he himself declared and denounced, and is but another proof of the desperate wickedness and deceitfulness of the heart of man. His eminent gifts and grace, his great abilities as a preacher and writer, his separating, discriminating ministry, and the power of God so evidently resting upon him, not only gathered together a large congregation, but wherever there was a saint of God of any deep experience of the law in other congregations seeking rest and finding none under a letter ministry, he as it were instinctively crept in to hear the man who could and did describe the feelings of his heart. And when from the same lips the gospel was preached, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and pardon and peace reached his conscience, the wanderer settled under his ministry, as fraught with a divine blessing, and loved and revered him as the mouth of God to his soul. When he went into different parts of the country it was still the same. In Kent and Sussex, in the Isle of Ely, in Lincolnshire at Grantham, in Nottinghamshire at Newark and Nottingham, wherever he went, his Master went with him, and accompanied the word with signs following. His ministry was especially blessed to the gathering together of the outcasts of Israel, those peculiar characters whom Hart so well describes:

"The poor dependents on his grace,
Whom men disturbers call;
By sinners and by saints withstood,
For these too bad, for those too good,
Condemn'd or shunn'd by all."

Like Simon Peter, he was made a fisher of men. He could throw the hook into deep waters, where his brethren of the rod and line knew not where or how to angle. His own deep experience of the law, of divers temptations, of soul distress, of spiritual jealousy, of the hidings of God's face, enabled him to drop his line into the dark waters and gloomy sunken holes, where some spiritual fish hide and bury themselves out of sight and light; and his clear and blessed deliverance qualified him to angle also for those which leap and bask in the bright beams of the noon-day sun.

By his writings, occasional visits, and constant correspondence, he kept up the tie which knit him to his country friends. His liberal hospitality opened his house to them when they came to London, where he fed body and soul, entertaining them with his lively, witty, cheerful, yet spiritual conversation, reading at a glance their foibles and failings, and entering into their varied experience of sorrow and joy, with all the freedom and familiarity of an intimate friend, and all the authority of a revered and beloved teacher.

Amongst his town hearers and warmly attached friends and followers, was Richard Dore, the subject of the memoir before us. He was one of that class of hearers of whom John Rusk, Thomas Keyt, and, perhaps, Christopher Goulding, were types; men of naturally sound, vigorous understanding, with that sharpened activity and acuteness of mind, that peculiar readiness and intelligence, which characterise the London tradesman and mechanic. Mr. Huntington knew and highly esteemed him; and, as he was entangled in an unhappy marriage with a professing woman, who sat under the same ministry, is supposed to have had him in his eye in the "History of Little Faith." For forty years this wretched woman was the plague of his life; for Mr. Dore did not die young, as "Little Faith" is represented, but lived to a very advanced age (nearly eighty-eight years,) retaining full possession of his mental faculties, but afflicted for many years with almost total deafness. He seems to have resided at Hertford during the latter period of his life, and to have attended the chapel where Mr. Gilpin preaches. He was thus brought under the special notice of Mr. Gilpin, who, possessing a very happy faculty of remembering and recording spiritual conversation, collected, at different periods, the experience of Richard Dore. Though published six or seven years ago, it only very recently fell into our hands, and we must say that a more interesting, spiritual, and edifying book we have not for a long while seen. It is thoroughly commended to our conscience, as a blessed testimony of the power of vital godliness and the real experience of a living soul; and as such, we have felt a desire to bring it before our readers. Mr. Gilpin, we may observe by the way, was formerly a clergyman in the Establishment, but now ministers at Port Vale, Chapel, Hertford, and though not much known to the church of God, evidently from this and some other memoirs which we have seen, knows and loves the truth from a personal gracious experience of its power.

The memoir thus opens:

Those who knew Mr. Dore during the latter years of his life, cannot fail to reverence his memory for the truth's sake; and to desire that some memorial may be made of him, as eminently one of those, who though "poor in this world, are chosen of God to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love him." (James 2:5.)

He was a person naturally of great firmness both of mind and body, large and athletic in frame, blunt and uncultivated in manner, but capable of tender affection, and his thoughts and expressions full of energy. He commanded the esteem of his acquaintance, as a man of strict integrity in word and deed, abhorring deceit in everything, most of all in religion.

For many of his latter years he laboured under the great disadvantage of a deafness almost total. The only method of conversing with him was by his visitors writing down their questions or remarks on a slate, always kept by him for that purpose, which he would read and reply to. It pleased God to give him vigour of mind and strength of faith, to sustain this infirmity, though at times it weighed heavily upon him. He became increasingly fond of reading and meditation, and the result of both he would joyfully impart to others, with much freedom, and often to their spiritual edification. His constant companion was the Bible; and in the renewed diligence of his spirit in searching for its hidden treasures the word was truly fulfilled, "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thy heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest it shall lead thee, when thou sleepest it shall keep thee, and when thou awakest it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light, and reproofs of instruction are the way of life." (Proverbs 6:20-23.) It was the continual hunger and thirst of his soul, that led him to this unwearied diligence in searching the word; in which employment he found a never failing relief in all those inward conflicts and temptations which abounded in him as his consolations abounded.

It would appear that he was for many years, it cannot be said a hearer of Mr. Gilpin's, but an attendant at his chapel.

Notwithstanding his deafness, he persevered, while his bodily strength allowed, to attend public worship with the congregation to which he had long been united. For nearly fifteen years, being unable to hear a word, a quiet place was appointed for him, where he continued reading and praying throughout the service; and being directed by some friend to the text, he would sometimes, if asked afterwards, enlarge so freely upon the same subject, that one might have imagined he had heard the whole sermon. At other times his infirmity tried him severely; as he once expressed to a friend thus, "I know nothing now of what goes on in the world. I say, 'O Lord, thy people are comforted with one another's conversation, and I don't wish them to be as I am; but, when I was able to hear, the word from the preacher's mouth would enter my heart, and fill it with the love of God; now I often go and return again with a hard heart, being put to shifts, and I beg of the Lord to keep me. For,' say I, 'I cannot rejoice in what I do not hear; therefore, O

Lord, unless Thou hold me up, it is impossible for me to go on.' And I am obliged to pray heartily."

As we have already alluded to his unhappy marriage, it would be perhaps as well to show how he was betrayed into a step which entailed upon him a cross which lasted forty years.

The next particular worthy of notice in Mr. Dore's life was his marriage, which took place about the year 1790. Nearly forty years afterwards he became a widower, and from that period his daughter Rebecca lived with him to the close of his protracted life.

Before his acquaintance with the person whom he afterwards married, and at the very time he was under the strong hand of God in the beginning of his religious life, he had purposed to unite himself to one, who (to use his own words) "was to all appearance a quiet, innocent creature," but who was in truth a deeply designing hypocrite, and proved herself so by the profane ways she adopted in order to make him think her religious. Of these he was informed by some one who had detected them; yet his affections were so deeply entangled that he felt a sort of desperate determination to marry her, let the consequences be whatever they might, and began to make preparations accordingly. Just at that crisis he was reading in the book of Proverbs, and these words struck to his heart as a message sent for his warning from God. "He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver, as a bird hasteth to the snare; and knoweth not that it is for his life." (Prov. 7:22, 23.) "These words (I quote his own expression) struck me into a shivering at once. I was so terrified that I could not speak; and when a friend came in to see me, I could tell him nothing about it. However I was effectually cured, and never wished to marry that wicked woman afterwards."

After this providential escape, he began to feel himself too secure; "For," adds he, "I was so ignorant and careless that I never thought about asking the Lord how I should go on, and so after all I got a hypocrite for my wife. I became acquainted with another woman, and married her at once. I remember feeling afraid to pray about it, lest I should be hindered. She was a member of Mr. Huntington's church, and I thought that was enough. 'For the minister,' said I, 'has such good eyes that nothing can deceive him.' I supposed he could see through people all at once. I was no sooner married, and he heard of it, than I found out he knew. I had been deceived in her; for he said to me of her, 'There is no Christ there.' This cut me like a dagger, but proved true indeed; for in about three weeks the war began, which went on till her death, nearly forty years afterwards.

"As long as ever she lived I had nothing but a continual dreadful trial with her. It is impossible to tell of the things I went through. Yet sometimes I got comfort in a strange way. She used to be worse than usual on the Sunday, so that many times to be quiet I have stayed out walking all the time between morning and evening service, with a dry crust for my dinner rather than be in the house with her."

What made this dreadful violence the more distressing to her poor husband, was her apparent softness and hypocritical religion shown to strangers. Her words were so plausible as to deceive many for a time, and she invented all sorts of calumny against her husband, thus trying to bring him into trouble. But the more he was known the less her reports were believed. His integrity stood the test; and parties who had only him to look to, to defray out of the hire of his labour the debts she had recklessly incurred, treated him with the most lenient forbearance, from the respect they bore to the probity of his character. One more quotation from his own words will suffice on this subject. "My wife teased me till I was obliged to let her sell the lease of our house and our furniture for nine hundred guineas, and I never had a farthing of the money. She spent it all in drink, and wasted it. I don't think I could bear it now so well as I bore it then, for I was simple, and afraid of doing wrong, and so I got imposed on. I did strike her once, being greatly provoked, and she had me up before the magistrates. But when they heard the provocation, they said, 'We can't blame you.'—And now these troubles are as if they had never been."

The remarks of Mr. Gilpin on this subject are much to the point:

This distressing dispensation of his unhappy marriage is calculated to enforce upon us terrible but most useful lessons. It seems as if the Lord, by suffering it, may have designed to treat with holy severity this good man's treacherous departure from a beginning which was right. He had just been providentially delivered from a similar snare, when instead of the exhortation finding place in his heart, "Thou that thinkest thou standest, take heed lest thou fall," we find him immediately forsaking the Lord as his Counsellor, and blindly relying upon the judgment of man. Now if after beginning in the Spirit we thus end in the flesh, see what a terrible end it makes.

At the same time let us remember that a good man is not one who commits no faults and makes no mistakes; but one whose faults and mistakes are all overruled for good, and who in the end, "through the fear of God, comes forth of them all." As Mr. Dore afterwards said, "The Lord has mercifully brought me through all my trials, especially that one I had for so many years with my wife. I remember Mr. Huntington preaching once from this text, 'He that feareth God shall come forth of them all.' He was a man that could branch out

many things in his sermons, and I used to sit and try how far I could find the evidences in myself, which he set forth as belonging to the people of God. I said of that sermon, 'It is all true, every word;' and so it has been to this day; here I am, and have come forth of them all!'"

The commencement of the work of grace upon his soul was faint; but, as is usually the case in those whom the Lord takes in hand, went on increasing in depth and power, till he was effectually killed to all legal hope. His experience, as given in the Memoir before us, was written from his own lips at various times by his friends taking notes of his conversation, and these were subsequently arranged in a continuous form. The first movement upon his conscience is thus recorded:

The first time I took notice of anything peculiar from God was when I was about seventeen years of age. I had burnt myself with gunpowder, and kept my bed senseless for a time, and unable to see because of the swelling. I lay in a little room, opposite a narrow window looking to the east. As the swelling went down, one morning the rising sun darted a ray into the room. The moment this ray of light entered my eyes, the Lord sent a ray of his wrath and judgment into my soul, which shewed me I was lost by nature and utterly undone. I burst into tears, and said, "I must be lost!" My mother heard me, and wanted me to see her Arminian ministers, but I would have none of them come near me. I prayed God to raise me up, and promised I would no more go on in my wickedness. He answered my prayer and raised me up, but I turned out worse and worse. I was quite ashamed at times of my evil ways; but that fear I had left [felt?] in my illness never left me. I used to be terrified at thunder, lest God should send me to hell at once for my wickedness. Once, at Birmingham, I was in a room with several people, and a storm came on. I was so frightened that I went down on my knees before them all, and began to pray the Lord's Prayer."

Soon after this he went to London, where he went through many alternations of feeling; sometimes sunk in fears of death and hell, and trying to reform, but ignorant of the way of salvation. The first gleam of hope he thus records:

"I walked about twenty yards from the door, along Oxford Street, and could almost show to this day the very stone I was standing on. It was a bright, cold night in March, the stars shone with uncommon lustre. I looked up, and 'Dear me,' I said, 'the stars are brighter than ever I knew them in my life before.' Just then a ray of light came directly down into my soul. Oh, it was a marvellous thing! It came as it were from the east into my heart. 'Lord,' I said, 'there is a Man in the heavens whom I love, and I know he loves me by what I feel.' I had never heard of such a thing as a man in the heavens. I had heard of angels and seraphim there, never of a man. I was never so surprised in my life. I put up my two hands, a little way apart, and said, 'I wish the

elements would open, just so wide, that I might see him.' It filled my heart with praise. I ran on, blessing God for the preaching I had that day heard, though I had not understood it. I was before so afraid of the devil that I dared not look behind me, now I thought I feared him no more than some straws which I remember seeing in my way. A sweet peace followed me till I reached my own door, and then left me. Yet the power of it has never left me to this day; I can never forget it. It was the very same joy I feel now. I thought next morning I would tell the man of it, who had first brought me to hear Mr. Huntington; but, as soon as he began to speak, I saw at once, though I was but born, that he knew nothing. From that time it has been like fire and tow in my heart, a continual conflict; yet this ray of light has been never taken away and never shall."

But he had to sink into deeper waters, that he might prove the power of him who alone could deliver. The dealings of God were singular with him, and so was his deliverance.

"The last Sabbath spent in this trouble, I remember walking through every room in my house, and seeing my face in the glass, I thought my countenance had changed, and that madness was coming on. However, it was not to be so, but it was fearful work. I went to chapel, and the text was, 'I will put a bridle in the jaws of the people, causing them to err.' (Isa. 30:28.) It was as if the whole discourse was to me alone, and had nothing to do with any one else. Going down Oxford Street, there was represented to my mind a number of people, and amongst them some religious professors whom I knew. I said to myself, 'You know your religion is better than theirs; if you can't stand, how can they stand?' 'Not at all,' I replied. I saw a line in my mind dividing the people into two parts, those on the right to be saved, those on the left to be lost. I saw that nothing could alter it. This shook me greatly. I looked up, and felt such infernal malice go up from my heart as never before nor since. It was truly the spirit of the devil himself. I said, with my teeth clenched, 'Oh, I wish there was no God!' Yet still there was a sort of crying or looking to God through all. In about four hours, I thought I could perceive in my mind that there was pity in God the Father towards me. It was as if he said in my heart, 'If you can prevail with my Christ, I will not stand in your way.' I caught it directly, for it shewed me I had been praying to God without Christ. I remember the day well. I had envied the vilest reptile; my heart was shown to be full of such venom and spite as I am sure is in every soul; and if my power had been equal to my will, I should have pulled God from his throne, and trampled him under foot! There was a state to look to be saved in! Yet he looked down as if he had compassion upon me, and made me to understand I should find mercy if I could prevail on his Son, Christ.

"This did not at first deliver me from my trouble, but it kept me for two or

three days doing nothing but crying to Jesus Christ to have mercy upon me. It was just like the breath coming and going, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!' I prayed nothing else; and the next Tuesday night, about ten o'clock, going into the little back parlour of my house in Poland-street, I was so oppressed that I could not speak; but my heart was still crying, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!' I fell on my knees, with my face looking downwards, and that same Lord Jesus, if ever he appeared to any man, appeared to me. I saw him standing at my left hand, and passing slowly towards my right. Just as he passed, he stooped down and looked up in my face; and the moment his eye glanced at mine, such a power proceeded from it into my heart as I can never describe. It wrought a revolution in my very soul. I can never tell all I saw. My sins were all laid upon him, and not mine only. He so innocent—I so guilty! I quite forgot my own misery, and thought only of him. I was grieved for him, and quite ashamed of myself. I loathed and abhorred myself worse than the vilest creature. The feeling in my body was as though my heart swelled, and I should be choked and die. But just then I burst into a flood of tears, which relieved me, and swept away all my hardness. I kept crying a long time, but it was not all sorrow. It was sorrow and joy, it was bitter and sweet, it was an ointment altogether. He appeared to pass on till he came to my right hand, and there stood still as plainly as man ever did. I remember his look exactly; I should know him again if I saw him. He was like a poor, care-worn young man, weighed down with sorrow and grief, heavily burthened with my sin and the sin of all that are to be saved. Just as it is written of him, 'He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.' How he went away I cannot tell; for I did not see him go away; but after he was gone, I said as surely as ever Simeon said it, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' It made me to understand these words, 'He shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those that condemn his soul.' (Psalm 109:31.) Oh, how this satisfied me, it was so very healing! My conscience was healed by the blood of the Lamb. I saw now no blood, but I felt the effects of it. I rejoiced as much as I was before sorrowful, 'with joy unspeakable and full of glory;' for the Lord had turned out the devil, and taken his place in my heart. 'Then was my mouth filled with laughter, and my tongue with singing.' It made me laugh for joy even as I went along the streets. The very next day I was laughing while at my work, and did not know that others observed me, and they said, 'See how Dore is laughing!' for I did not use to laugh while in that misery. The Song of Solomon used to come to my mind, 'He is the chiefest among ten thousand. His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend.' But what words can make this peace to be understood as I then felt it in my soul! Oh, I bless and thank his holy name!"

The extracts that we have made from the book will show that it is no common

Memoir, and that Mr. Dore was a man of no common experience. He had a religion, wrought by the power of God in his soul; and that which the Lord began, the Lord carried on. The life of God was kept alive in his soul up to the latest hour of his life. In his youth he had been led to offer up many fervent prayers that the Lord would not suffer his religion to wither in his old age. Those prayers were abundantly answered, and though for many years, during the last stages of his earthly pilgrimage, he was cut off, by almost total deafness, from hearing the preached word, yet, as will be observed from our first extract, the word of God was his constant companion; and to these holy fountains of inspired truth, he continually came, and was often permitted and enabled to drink blessed draughts of love and mercy, that flow so richly and freely in and through them.

Being a man of great natural vigour of mind, being blessed with a deep and clear experience, and being well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, his conversation was singularly original, spiritual, and experimental. Mr. Gilpin, possessing great facility in taking down the exact words of those with whom he converses, has, with great wisdom and honesty of purpose, given them, in all their unvarnished simplicity, to the church of God, and has appended to the Memoir some extracts of Mr. Dore's conversations. We should be pleased to give some of these more fully, but our limits, especially considering the copious extracts that we have already given, will only permit us to lay before our readers the following paragraphs:

"If you cannot feel as you wish, God says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' Come unto me, and tell me your griefs, 'for every one that asketh, receiveth.' 'I am the Lord, and I change not.' It is impossible that you can ask and not receive; if you do not ask, it is because you do not want. Tell him your wants simply. If you get into the way of conversing with the Lord Jesus, you do not know how it will grow; you will in the end tell him every secret which you can tell no one else. You can go and say, 'I should like to confess my sin and forsake it; but I cannot, it holds me so fast. Do help me.'

"It is the want of a clear view that his sins are forgiven, which makes a man afraid of death. Nothing but love removes this tormenting fear. You have not this love at all times; but at times it slips into your heart and makes you say, 'I love the Lord, because he has forgiven my sins.' And it is only by love that you know that your sins are forgiven. If you ever had this love you will not finally lose it. Those three verses, Rom. 8:28, 29, 30, must make a man know his state, if he is made honest. He must know whether there has been a call at some time or other, in some way or other, in some place or other. He must know if he was ever stopped in his mad career. Now if you are 'called,' it is because you are 'predestinated' to have your sins pardoned; and if so you will be 'glorified;' and if you have these things, what shall 'separate you from the love

of God?' I would pray, if I were you, day and night until I obtained it. I did so, but I never expected to be answered so full as I was. Yet I continued praying on, for the Lord kept me at it."

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Memoir of the Life of Hannah Judd. By the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, Minister of Port Vale Chapel, Hertford.—(September, 1857.)

In this world of ours, just now so bright and beautiful, as the golden grain falls under the reaper's sickle, the Lord himself giving us a fruitful season to fill our hearts with joy and gladness, nothing meets the eye but what is of time and sense. Wherever our lot be cast, or whatever be the place of our temporary sojourn; whether the crowded streets of the huge metropolis, or the busy northern towns, where the untiring giant of steam ever vomits forth his pitchy clouds, and whirls unceasingly round and round his million spindles; or the lonely sea-shore, where no sound meets the ear but the murmur of the waves against the shingly beach; or the quiet, secluded country village, where, lost amid shady lanes, we may roam and meditate, as if we were alone in the midst of creation; wherever our foot treads, or our eye rests, the world, and nothing but the world, meets our view. The men and women that we meet on every hand, whether fluttering in the gay robes of wealth and fashion, or the sons and daughters of toil, with poverty and care written on every feature of their face, and stamped on every thread of their dress, all, as they come trooping onward, however they vary in their million points of difference, resemble each other in this, that they live as much for time, sense, and self, as the ox that grazes in the field, or the bird that makes its nest in the bush. As far as we can judge from their words and actions, God is no more in all their thoughts, is no more looked up to, feared, loved, or adored by them, than he is by the swallow that chases the gnats in the evening breeze, or the butterfly that poises its wings over a flower in the noon-day sun. Nay, worse than this, "all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fish of the seas," all these, though by first creation put under man's feet, continue to glorify God, by still showing forth the wonders of his creative hand. "They continue this day according to his ordinances, for all are his servants." (Psal. 119:91.) But man, their original master, man their primitive head, has debased and degraded his nature far below theirs, for he has defiled it to the lowest depths of infamy and shame, and sunk himself and it into a loathsome abyss of pollution and crime, to which the brute creation present no parallel. Listen to that thrush on the topmost bough of yon quivering aspen tree, hailing the morning sun with his tuneful throat. He knows neither sin nor shame; he glorifies the great Author of his being, and is even now singing a morning anthem to his praise. But that miserable creature of a man, who, all bloated with gin and begrimed with filth, is staggering out of the ale-house, who cannot speak but with a voice hoarse with oaths and

strong drink; or that wretch of a woman who, alike polluting and polluted, infests the public street,—do we say that the thrush is a nobler creature than these sons and daughters of crime? Why, the very toad that lurks under the box edging in the garden, is not only a nobler being, but more glorifies God than this miserable drunkard, and that wretched prostitute. The bird of the air and the reptile of the ground are what God has made them; in them there is no sin, for them there is no hell. No blasphemy has defiled their mouth; no crime has sullied their feet. The eye of God does not hate them; the hand of God will not smite them. When they have lived their little day they will pass away, and be no more; but the wicked will be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.

Yet under this seething world of sin and crime hidden by the veil which time and sense cast over all external objects, there are transactions going forward, which are divine and heavenly, daily plucking out of this sea of confusion predestinated individuals, elect men and women, delivering them from the power of darkness, and translating them into the kingdom of God's dear Son. The Son of God has a kingdom given to him by his Father before the foundation of the world, and of which he took possession when he rose from the dead, ascended up to heaven, and sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. Of this present evil world Satan is the god and king, for the whole "course of this world" is "according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." But Jesus, King Jesus, is meanwhile administering his own kingdom of grace here below, and as such, is continually plucking out of Satan's domain the members of his mystical body, the objects of his eternal love, the sheep of his pasture, and the purchase of his blood. But this kingdom "cometh not with observation," or "outward show." (Luke 17:20.) It is a secret kingdom, a treasure hid in a field; and the favoured subjects of this kingdom, the partakers of its grace, and the heirs of its glory, are, like their once suffering but now glorified Lord, despised by a world of which they are the salt, hated by a world which is not worthy of their sojourning feet.

This train of thought has occurred to our mind from perusing the Memoir now lying before us. Whilst the busy world were buying and selling and getting gain, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, a poor woman, named Hannah Judd, was being trained up amidst affliction and sorrow, for the enjoyment of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for her, as kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. The incidents of her life are soon told, and are summed up by Mr. Gilpin in a few concise paragraphs:

Hannah Judd, whose family name was Shepherd, was born in the village of Little Hadham, Herts, in November, 1758. Her father was in a small way of

business, and her mother's family were farmers. In the twenty-second year of her age, she married Mr. Judd, a farmer, in the same county, and they had twelve children, every one of whom the mother survived, though ten grew up. She became a widow about the year 1812; but continued to carry on a farm at Barley, in Herts, till the year 1827, before which time she had become entirely blind; and in this state she went, with her only surviving daughter Sarah, and her youngest son Benjamin, to reside with another son, William, at a farm called Claypits, in Black-fan wood, Bayford, about three miles from Hertford. Here, first Benjamin and then Sarah died, and their mother was left in a state of considerable destitution with her son William only; who, not finding the farm to answer, became too poor to keep even a female servant. In the year 1839, they retired together to a little cottage near Wormley, in the same neighbourhood, where William's health began to decline, and he died in the year 1842, his blind and helpless parent having been for nearly two years confined to her bed through weakness, though not from disease. A relation by marriage (widow of one of the sons) had come to wait upon William at the last, and remained after his death to nurse her mother-in-law; who after a lingering and painful decline, died on the 24th of July, 1843, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

What read we here? A farmer's daughter marries in early youth a farmer, with whom she toils and labours thirty-two years; has by him twelve children; is left a widow at 54 years of age; between 60 and 70 falls entirely blind; loses one by one all her children; sinks into deep poverty, and finally dies, after a lingering and painful decline, in the 85th year of her age. What is there in such a life as this—the life of hundreds—worth recording? Why should this poor blind, helpless old woman, this care-worn widow have a Memoir published of her sayings and doings? Why, but because this poor old creature, this forlorn, poverty-stricken widow was a jewel of Immanuel's crown, a member of his body, a partaker of his grace, an heir of his glory. The Holy Ghost had made the body of this poor blind woman his own temple; Jesus himself communed with her from off the mercy-seat, revealed and manifested himself to her, and after conforming her to his suffering image here below, has taken her to himself that she may see him as he is face to face, behold his glory, and be for ever ravished with his love.

We have before remarked the happy facility that Mr. Gilpin possesses of taking down the exact words of those heirs of the kingdom, whose conversation he records. It is with him not merely a case of conscientious, scrupulous accuracy, but a labour of love. If thoughts be worth recording, if observations and speeches be worth preserving, let us, by all means, have them exactly as they were uttered. No one can describe a feeling so accurately and truthfully, or relate an experience so vividly and feelingly as the person who has passed through it. There is a freshness, a reality, a life, a power, an

originality in his words and expressions which almost wholly vanish, when you translate it into another person's language. And if this be the case in ordinary instances, how much more so is it, when, as with Richard Dore and Hannah Judd, there is a remarkable natural vigour of mind and strength, as well as originality of expression, combined with an experience of the things of God, singularly deep and varied.

The work of grace upon Mrs. Judd's soul commenced soon after her marriage, and seems to have begun in a way of sovereign mercy without any of those means that the Lord often employs to bring sinners to himself. Mr. Gilpin thus records it from her own lips:

"I married when about twenty-one years of age; and soon afterwards fell into very deep concern in my soul; but I did not understand my own case—everything was a mystery to me. I remember this passage of Scripture was very powerfully brought to my mind, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and other things shall be added.' I said, 'Lord, what is this seeking? How shall I seek?' and I longed to know, but I could not. At times I was in a very dull state, and seemed without any life in my soul. I could not tell anybody what I felt. I do not know that there were any of my relations who had the true fear of God, excepting only my husband's grandmother. I thought then, and I think yet, that she was a child of God. I could speak to her, and she used to like talking to me; for she saw the Lord had begun a work upon my soul. One day I very earnestly said to her, 'There is one thing I long to know—oh, how I do long to know it!—I seek—I try—I study, but I cannot find it out.' 'Well, child,' she answered, 'what is it?' Said I, 'It is what the new birth means;—what it means, that we 'must be born again?' She smiled, and said, 'Child, you shall know; for the word says, 'Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord.' That was her answer; and I could not get more from her at that time. In those days, I would take the Bible, and go into a spare room, away from all the din of the family, and search, and search, and search, that I might know this great thing. And to this day I feel satisfied that it is this seeking which must continue and abide with us."

Though seeking so diligently, she still continued in a confused state for some time, and her first comfort was from the words, "The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save." But this did not last long, and she seems to have been in much darkness and confusion for several years. But we will now let her speak again for herself:

"When I was thirty years old, I began to grow worse. My distress and horror were heavy at times. I knew I was a sinner, and yet did not feel the weight of my sins; I saw I was not able to repent. I heard a sermon at Buntingford from these words, 'Turn thou me and I shall be turned. ...Surely after that I was

turned, I repented.' Jer. 31:18, 19. It confirmed me to know that repentance is the Lord's work. I longed for it—I asked for it—but did not think I was either longing or asking, not so as to satisfy myself. My husband could pray night and morning, but I did not think I was praying at all. It used to comfort me that my husband prayed for me, for I supposed he was an experienced Christian, regular in attending his stated place of worship, had no darkness of soul, and no misgivings; he was always comfortable, but I grew worse.

"All this brought on by degrees impatience and fretting; and my fretting provoked the Lord. For I used to be saying, 'It is better for me to die than to live.' And I thought the Lord would have taken me at my word. For one day while yet in this bad state, my mind was impressed suddenly that in three days I should die indeed. This brought a change, it fell on me like a judgment. 'Die! (I said) I'm not fit to die;' and I prayed that I might live. 'O, Lord, (I said) lengthen my days, and enable me to repent,' for I thought I should go to destruction, it seemed clear to me. However, it was wonderful what that impression meant, not that I should die in body, but that on that day I should begin to die to sin and to live to God. For on the third day a change came. His Spirit struck in with the word, and brought this text to my heart, 'Thy Maker is thy husband.' (Isaiah 54:5.) It followed, 'Fear not, I have redeemed thee—I have called thee—I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness, for I have redeemed thee, saith the Lord.' These words altered my state; they made me understand the grace of God, and I was satisfied that I had never understood things rightly before. I had light now from the Lord, and seemed to be in a new world, all things were new to me. I tried to explain my happiness, but I found that those around me did not like it, and could not conceive what I meant; so I was obliged to keep my feelings to myself."

And now what comfort and encouragement did she get from her pious husband, who was so regular at chapel, who had no darkness of soul, and no misgivings, who was always so happy and so comfortable, the type of hundreds who know neither God nor themselves, ignorant alike of sin and salvation, and who know nothing of doubt or fear, because they know nothing of either heaven or hell?

"Now it was that my husband quite disappointed me. For as long as I had continued in my bad state, he would frequently put such questions to me as these 'How do you go on?' 'Does the Lord hear your prayers?' So I thought he would be very glad to hear that my prayers had been heard indeed. But when I gave him the account, he did not understand it at all. He said, 'You are mistaken.' 'No, indeed, (I would say) I am not,' for I was quite sure I was not, but I never could make him see it; so that instead of being able to speak with him more and more, I was obliged to speak less and less, and at last I could say nothing at all. For I began by degrees to find out that he had never known

a change, never known the Lord's dealings, though he was so steady in his profession. This was a heavy thing."

But this poor woman had something more trying than a professing husband. She left her first love, and had to be brought back by terrible things in righteousness:

"Well, I hoped I had almost done with sin, but sin began to return more and more. I seemed to myself worse than before. I began to be like the children of Israel, who turned back. For a long time after that light sprang in, I had felt it like death to have a worldly spirit, but by degrees I began to cleave more and more to the world again. I became vain in my dress, and very proud, thinking I had been shewn great things by the Lord; and so dead I was in my soul, that though I went to public worship, I hardly knew what for, but kept swinging to and fro, like a door on its hinges. Only at times I felt many secret rebukes, and was quite sure that the Lord would punish my sins. All my comfort left me, and I began again to feel great horror and lowness of mind."

The first stroke of the Lord's chastening hand was the death of a beloved daughter, aged seventeen, which she deeply laid to heart, though not without hope for her soul. Her trouble and her remarkable deliverance are thus recorded in her own simple, sweet, and expressive language:

"My affliction brought me back to seek the Lord more, and he had never left me utterly without hope, though for a long time I had mostly felt things all very dismal. I went on in a low state, but still seeking, for nearly two years. It began to be a great burden to me again to enter much into worldly business. By degrees the great weight of my sins began to oppress me most heavily. I could see no escape, no way open. I cannot tell you of this time of trouble, as I even now feel it to have been. I do not think that this dreadful lowness arose so much from the fear of destruction, as from the Lord's enabling me to feel the real guilt and evil of my sins. I remember I used to have hope at times. Sometimes many promises came into my heart, but I was such a wretch that I could receive none of them. I kept putting them away, saying, 'These are not for me.' Once the Lord said, 'Behold, thou art made whole, sin no more.' But I could not conceive how this could be. However, the blood of Jesus, as shed for me, seemed precious at times, but the lowness swallowed up the hopes again. Thus the Lord kept teaching me deeper and deeper by littles.

"It seemed a long time before the Lord was pleased to return; but oh! when he did manifest himself it was in a beautiful manner! I can tell no one all that I felt at that time! It was on a day when I had for a while felt very unhappy, and had a great longing to pray; but it did not seem as if I could pray. I went into a little spare room in our house at Barley, and there I read the Bible by myself. Having finished reading, I was going out of the room, but I was as it

were turned back again, that I might see the great sight. I have often wondered since that I did not fall to the ground; and I am quite sure I could not have kept standing, had not the Lord strengthened me. The Lord drew nigh in great glory, and he sent into my heart these words, 'Return, O backsliding, daughter, for I am married unto thee.' (Jer. 3:14.) That was the word, 'I AM MARRIED UNTO THEE.' At the very same time He was pleased to let me know what it meant, in a beautiful way and manner never to be forgotten. It was marvellous, very marvellous, I could tell no one,—it was too great. I feared I should be doing wrong to speak of it, remembering that the Lord said after his transfiguration, 'Tell no man.' So I can say, 'Come hither, all ye that fear God. I will tell you what he hath done for my soul;' for He hath done great and marvellous things; but I cannot speak of all that the Lord shewed me on that day—only that the thing was so. If ever I knew what it was to look to an arm of flesh in my husband, I knew then and there what it is to be married, and to be one, with that great Saviour. As soon as ever the Lord had spoken these words, and made me to know, then I was like Jacob. I said, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not!' and I was afraid, and said, 'How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven!' (Gen. 28:16, 17.) At the moment it seemed almost all delight, yet there was a fear and a dread; but these were swallowed up. I did not see my sins then; no, not one of them; they were all hid out of sight, and taken away and gone. I felt the love then, not the sin. Yet I had a fear, and the fear abode too; so that I never went into that room afterwards, as long as ever I lived there, without being struck with something like a shadow of what I had once seen there. Whenever I went in there, I feared. For indeed, if you love, you must fear; for there is reason to fear as well as to love, He is so great a God. The Lord says, 'Oh that there were such a heart in them always to fear me.' So it is; there is fear as well as love; and whenever I went into that room where I saw the great sight I shuddered. I said that what I had enjoyed in those few minutes was worth striving a whole life for. I said, 'Who can tell the folly of living to the world, and not seeking to know the Lord?'

Trouble after trouble, chiefly in the loss of one beloved child after another, poverty, and blindness befell this afflicted widow; and to these outward trials were added sorrows of a keener, because of a more inward and spiritual nature. But in all these things she was instructed, and through them was led more and more deeply into the mystery of vital godliness. She thus speaks of the benefit of her trials:

"One good has been this, that the Lord has shewn me a great deal more of the evil of sin, and also of the application of Christ's blood; and I know, and am quite sure, that He died for my sins indeed. I don't mean that inwardly, any more than outwardly, it has been all sunshine. Oh! the plague that my heart has occasioned me, joined at times with the devil and all his troop. But the

Lord will never forsake the work of his own hands; die when I may, I know I am the Lord's; what a wonderful mercy! I can say with all my heart that I am not worthy of the least of all his mercies, nay, that I am truly and indeed deserving of hell; but I know and am certain sure that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Also, I wish to encourage others to seek the Lord, for He teaches us these things by very slow degrees, and He has much to teach us; but He is always faithful, and everything which he says He will fulfil. He will never leave his work unfinished."

How well, how wisely this poor woman speaks! What life and power, what reality and truth are stamped upon her words, especially where she describes what she saw, heard, and felt when the Lord drew nigh in his glory and love.

Where there is true religion, there is a power, a depth, a reality, as different from the cut and dry Calvinistic profession of the day, as light from darkness, or life from death. Read too our next extract, and then compare it with the dry, doctrinal assurance, the ease in Zion, the settling on the lees, the "always happy" state of the great bulk of modern professors. Why, one half-hour of this poor old widow's experience would dash their dead assurance to a thousand shivers. She had an assurance, too, good old creature; she knew in whom she believed, and that her sins were washed away in atoning blood; but her assurance did not rest on a doctrine in the letter of the word, but on the sweet manifestations of the Lord to her soul, and the inward whispers of his eternal love:

"Since Sarah died, I have been mostly quite alone; William out in the fields all day, and no soul in the house to look after me. But by all these things I know and feel that the Lord teaches me deeper and deeper. I can compare my case to that of children, whom we put from one school to another school, that they may be deeper and deeper educated. About the beginning of last winter the Lord taught me in a wonderful way. I was left to feel my abject weakness to the uttermost; I was ill in my body, and I believed that death might ensue; and I felt at that time an exceeding great dread and fear of death. I had sunk upon the floor in my bed-room and was insensible for some time. It was the day before my daughter-in-law from Chishill returned home. She came up to say that two ladies wished to see me. I just had strength to go down, but I could hardly speak to them, and they soon left. At this time I felt no fury from the enemy, and no help from God; but a sinking lower and lower, even to hell, and neither foot-hold nor hand-hold to keep me up. Surely it was a horror of great darkness which fell upon me. At daybreak my daughter-in-law took her leave; and being quite helpless and forlorn, my inward trouble and my outward trouble together seemed too great for me. I thought it was needful that I should try to get through a little household work. I went out to wash some pails; and as I was feeling along by the bushes into the garden, I was so

overwhelmed and pressed down, that I stood still, and said, 'My burden is too great for me!' Then were these words spoken to me with such light and power, it was as if I heard the Lord speaking them from heaven, it was as when I saw his glory in the heavens, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee!' This took away all my trouble. It was as if I looked about for my trouble, but could not find it. I said, 'I don't want my daughter-in-law nor anyone else, to make me comfortable, since God loves me with an everlasting love, and will certainly save me to the end.' I felt the sureness of his love, and that not one thing he has promised me could fail for evermore."

Our great desire for ourselves in personal experience and in all that we bring before our readers, either as written by our own pen or that of others, is a faith which stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. We dearly love vital religion; we embrace, with all the affections of our heart, the power of God, as put forth in a sinner's soul; we see more and more the deceitfulness and hypocrisy of a religion in the letter and in the flesh, and we see more and more the beauty and blessedness, the grace and glory of a revealed Christ, and of his divine kingdom set up in the heart. Husks and shells are all that the letter gives. Marrow, fatness, honey, milk, wine, yea, more, the very flesh and blood of the Lamb—this heavenly food in the eating and drinking of which is eternal life, the Holy Ghost gives to the hungry and thirsty saints of God, when he applies the living word with a divine power to their hearts. Get, dear friends, a taste of the sweetness and blessedness of a divine religion, and it will kill you to all other. It will be a light in your understanding, to see the miserable end of a graceless profession; a life in your soul, to stir you up to seek more and more of the inward kingdom of God; a power in your affections, to fix them more on things above; and feeling in your conscience, to depart more and more from evil.

If then we have drawn somewhat too largely on the memoir of Mrs. Judd, it has been from the desire to bring before our readers what we hope may be for their spiritual profit. Many an eye rests on our pages to find therein some heavenly food. When we cease to bear this in mind, it will be better for them and ourselves to lay down our pen.

Among the friends of Mrs. Judd was the late Mr. James Bourne, a man of deep and tried experience, and a minister of the gospel, if we mistake not, at Sutton Coldfield, of whom Gilpin has published also a memoir. Several of his letters to Mrs. Judd are inserted in her memoir, and we cannot forbear closing our review with one which we consider particularly sweet and experimental:

From Mr. Bourne to Mrs. Judd, Nov. 25, 1835.

Dear Friend and Companion in tribulation,—I have often thought of you since I paid you a visit, and have pondered the wisdom and righteousness of God in his judgments upon the children of men. Perhaps I differ a little from some, when I speak of his judgments upon his own children; but having been myself made to feel that he is terrible in his doings, I am constrained to stand in awe, and acknowledge that my sin has many times brought on his severity. For (see Psalm 99) though the Lord pardons Moses, Aaron, and Samuel, yet "he takes vengeance of their inventions." How often have I been brought down to the gates of death, and almost to despair here, and yet his faithfulness has never failed. When the furnace has humbled me and broken the iron sinew of my neck of pride, then in his compassion he has poured in the oil and the wine, and as the tribulation has abounded, so also has the consolation.

The Lord does nothing in vain. It was not in vain that he should give you a large family and take them away again. It was not in vain that he should take away your eyesight. Flesh and blood cannot account for these things; but the teaching of God's Spirit enables us, in them all, to acknowledge his wisdom, to be silent from complaining, to confess that our sin procures them, and his love, mercy, and pity, sanctify them; and that these all are among the "all things" which are to "work together for good." (Rom. 8:28.)

The Lord watches over us. He knows our feeble frames, and was himself, in all points, tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Once, when I was almost upset in despair, and as David says, "I roared for the very disquietude of my heart," the Saviour drew near, and said in the sweetest, tenderest manner possible, "I am touched with the feeling of all your infirmities." This love, pity, and compassion, broke my heart all to pieces, and I said, "Lord, I am ashamed to make one complaint, I am a grievous sinner, and thou art infinitely kind and tender!"

This is what reconciles us to the cross, and will work patience and submission.

Oh, may the Lord abundantly satisfy your soul with some such sweet refreshing from his presence, and then you can and will say, "He hath done all things well." This will also be your token, that though you are now naturally blind, you shall one day see "the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off!" Remember me, when it is well with you!

I am, dear friend, yours in the Lord,

James Bourne.

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Hymns on Sacred Subjects, wherein the Fundamental Doctrines of

Christianity, with many other interesting points, are occasionally introduced. By the late Rev. A. M. Toplady. Written between fifteen and eighteen years of age.—(October, 1857.)

The God of all grace raised up, equipped, and sent forth many eminent ambassadors of the Gospel, in the middle of the last century, whose names are still embalmed in the hearts of his living family; for among the innumerable glories and excellencies of heavenly grace, this is not the least of its beauty and blessedness, that wherever vitally manifested, it lives and flourishes in death, through death, and beyond death. Like, indeed, its divine Author and sovereign Giver, its beauty and glory are hidden from the eyes of a profane and professing generation, that can no more love and admire grace than Herod and Pontius Pilate or the Scribes and Pharisees loved and admired Jesus Christ; but as in the days of his flesh, there were those favoured ones who "beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," so are there those now who still behold his glory, as made known to their souls in the grace of the gospel. All that savours of his power and presence, of his Spirit and love, is dear and estimable in their eyes. They love his servants, because, as anointed by his Spirit, they testify of Him; and they love what is uttered by their lips, or is traced by their pen, because, through their word and witness, heavenly blessings are communicated to their souls. Nor does death break the bond of union which makes them and the church one in love. Their writings live when the hand that penned them is mouldered to dust; the power and savour that rested upon them in life still anoints the records of their experience; and the same Jesus at the right hand of the Father now bears testimony to them, as they once bore testimony to him. Their persecutors have perished from the earth; their very names are forgotten, or, if remembered, are only so by virtue of their connection with the men whom they hated, as Alexander, the coppersmith, is preserved from oblivion by his persecution of Paul. So true is it, that "the name of the wicked shall rot," but "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." And why? But because as the Lord said to his disciples, "It is not they that speak, but the Spirit of their Father which speaketh in them;" and what he speaks is like him of whom he testifies, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." As, then, righteous Abel, by that faith of which he was made a partaker, "being dead yet speaketh," so out of their tombs, or rather from their heavenly mansions, up to which faith follows them, do many departed servants of God still speak by their writings, or by such fragments of their living experience as are left on record. And in some sense they are more honoured and esteemed now than when they lived and walked upon earth.

A great writer has said,

"The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones."

This witness is true as regards the children of men, whose evil is so great and good so little; but is not true as regards the servants of God. Their frailties and infirmities, however treasured up by a sneering world, are forgotten by the Church of God, and what they were by the grace of God is alone remembered. All in them that was mortal sank into the same grave with their tabernacles of clay, and what was immortal still survives untainted by death or corruption. So far as they were impregnated with life from the Fountain of Life, their words still live, and the same grace that breathed and spoke in them when their lips moved on earth, still speaks in their writings now that their souls have passed into glory. But whilst we love the men, we do not idolise their names or canonise their writings. They are not Jesus, nor are their books the Bible. We love them because they loved Jesus, and we love their writings because they testify of him to us. What he made them they only then were, and what he makes them to us they only now are.

Among the eminent saints and servants of God, who lived in the last century, few have exercised a greater influence in the church of Christ than Toplady. He was raised up at a peculiar juncture, just when John Wesley was sowing his tares in the gospel field, and fighting with all the desperate enmity of his crafty mind against the sovereignty of God. Wesley was no common antagonist; and it needed a man of great natural powers of mind, acuteness, and force of intellect, undaunted fearlessness, readiness of pen, and above all, a deep experimental acquaintance with the truth, to meet and overthrow him in the field of conflict. Wesley had on his side nearly everything that could set off and recommend his flesh-pleasing doctrines. He had naturally great clearness of mind and precision of thought, and a very simple, lucid style of preaching and writing. These were backed by amazing zeal and earnestness, most unwearied labours, great self-denial, a look and manner almost apostolic, a large amount of outward holiness, and a singular power of influencing and governing the minds of men. In his preaching and writing there was so much scripture, torn and riven from its connection and plausibly introduced, as to gild over his errors; and, as he dwelt much upon the terrors of the law, and, to use the expression of his followers, "shook his hearers over hell," he alarmed the conscience of many with legal convictions, which he set himself to heal by preaching up fleshly holiness and perfection in the flesh. Against the sovereignty of grace, the glorious truths of personal election, particular redemption, imputed righteousness, a finished work, and the certain perseverance of the saints of Christ, he fought with all the subtlety, ingenuity, and violence that could be displayed by the most daring rebel against God and godliness for more than sixty years, getting worse the older he grew. As the acknowledged leader of multitudes, he, by oceans of sermons, books, and tracts, filled hundreds and thousands of his followers with as much

enmity as himself against the blessed plan of salvation by grace; and, determined to make a compact with error, and shore it up with all the beams and buttresses of human policy, he spared no labour, and shrank from no exertion to accomplish his end.

But just in the height of his war against the truths of the gospel, a champion stepped forth from the ranks of the despised Calvinists, who met him at the sword's point, beat his weapons out of his hand, and laid his pride and self-righteousness in the dust. This champion was the immortal Toplady.

A short sketch of this eminent saint and servant of God may, perhaps, not unsuitably, serve as a preface to our Review of his hymns, which have been issued under the superintendence of Mr. Doudney, from the Bonmahon Industrial Printing School.

He was born at Farnham, Surrey, on the 4th of November, 1740, his father, who was a major in the army, dying at the siege of Carthage, soon after the birth of his son. He was partly educated at Westminster school, that celebrated seminary where so many great men, and among them, neither least nor last, the poet Cowper, have received that training which fitted them to occupy the most eminent positions in the State. But he was removed thence at an early period of his age by the circumstance of his widowed mother going to Ireland to obtain a family estate, so that he continued and finished his education at Trinity College, Dublin. It was there chiefly that, by dint of hard and unwearied study, he obtained that proficiency in the learned languages and that great knowledge of divinity and church history which appear so conspicuous in his controversial writings. He certainly was possessed of very shining abilities, of great penetration and acuteness of mind, of a peculiar fluency of language, and at times of great elevation and even eloquence of expression. To these great natural abilities was added an unwearied perseverance, which made him study night and day. All this he might have had independent of and distinct from divine grace, and have lived and died an enemy to God and godliness. But the Lord had designed him for great and eminent services in his vineyard, and therefore, in his own time and way, called him by his grace. We do not know the exact means the Lord employed to awaken him from his sleep of death, but his mother was a gracious woman, and he sat under the sound of the gospel before he went to Ireland. He has himself told us that "he was awakened in August, 1756," but we know not how deeply he suffered under the condemnation of a broken law and the guilty alarms of a conscience made tender in the fear of God. The time and manner of his deliverance is much better known, and was very marked and conspicuous. About a year after his first awakening, when but sixteen years of age, he one evening went into a barn at a place called Codymain, in Ireland, where a man named Morris was preaching to a handful of people. There the

Lord blessed and delivered his soul from the bondage and curse of the law, and brought him nigh unto himself by the blood of sprinkling.

He thus speaks in his diary of that memorable evening:

Feb. 29th, 1768.—At night, after my return from Exeter, my desires were strongly drawn up to God. I could indeed say that I groaned with groans of love, joy, and peace; but it was even with comfortable groans which cannot be uttered. That sweet text, Eph. 2:3: "Ye who were sometimes afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ," was particularly delightful and refreshing to my soul; and the more so as it reminded me of the days and months that are past, even the days of my sensible espousals to the bridegroom of the elect. It was from that passage that Mr. Morris preached on the memorable evening of my effectual call by the grace of God. Under the ministry of that dear messenger, and by that sermon, I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1756.

But though thus sensibly brought nigh by the blood of the Lamb, much darkness rested on his mind respecting those heavenly truths, which are usually called the doctrines of grace. For about two years was he searching and inquiring into the truth, till the reading of Dr. Manton's sermons on John 17 was blessed to his soul to lead him into, and establish him upon the grand discriminating truths of sovereign grace. About four years after this establishment of his soul in the truth of God, and six years from the time of his deliverance in the barn, he was ordained a minister of the Church of England.

Though unable ourselves to continue in that system, we are not so bigoted as to deny that the Lord has had dear saints and eminent servants of his, who lived and died in communion with it. Romaine, Berridge, Toplady, and Dr. Hawker, where can we find four men or ministers more blessed of God in their own souls, or in their ministry to others? In the Church of England they were born and brought up; in it they preached and laboured, and God owned and blessed their labours; and in it they died in peace and joy, and the full assurance of faith.

The objections, the well-grounded objections which have compelled so many good men to leave her walls, were not laid upon their consciences. The providence of God seemed to favour their continuance where they were; and as the Lord overruled this circumstance to the effectual calling and blessing of many under their ministry, what can we say? Who that fears God and loves his truth would have lifted up his finger to prevent Romaine preaching at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, or St. Anne's, Blackfriars, to crowds of listening hearers? Who would not be glad were there such a preacher in London now, whether he preached in Westminster Abbey or St. Pancras Church? Who that loves the truth would wish to nail the pulpit-door against Dr. Hawker, as he

walked up the aisle of Charles Church, Plymouth? Had these great and good men felt as Mr. Brook and Mr. Birch felt, they would have acted as Mr. Brook and Mr. Birch acted, and cast gown and cassock, prayer-book and surplice to the moles and the bats. But the errors and corruptions of the Church of England which have forced so many good men out of her pale, were not laid with weight and power on their conscience. They saw that she held truth, blessed truth, for the most part in her articles, and there being an open door in her communion to preach the gospel without let or hindrance, and being much blessed in their own souls, and in the ministry, they continued to preach peace by Jesus Christ without being disturbed in their consciences by what has been an intolerable burden to other men of perhaps less grace than themselves, but more exercised on these particular grounds. But evil always produces evil, and the consequence of these good men remaining in and sanctioning by their example a corrupt system, has been to embolden others who have neither their grace nor their gifts to stand out against all convictions themselves and to condemn those who desire to act in the fear of God in this important matter.

Toplady evidently was greatly blessed in his own soul both in private and in public, when a minister at Fen Ottery, and Harpford, Somerset, and afterwards at Broad Hembury, Devon. No one that knows and loves the truth can read his diary, never meant to be perused by mortal eye, without seeing how, at times, his soul was blessed and favoured. How full of sweetness and savour are the following extracts from it!

Wednesday, March 2nd.—In secret prayer this morning before I left my chamber, the fire of divine love kindled, and the Lord sensibly shone upon my soul. I could not forbear saying, "O why art Thou so kind to the chief of sinners?" I was so taken up and, as it were circumfused, with the love of God, and the perception of my union with him, that I could hardly ask for pardon. Thus I walked in the light of His countenance, for, I suppose, two or three minutes; when, alas! evil wanderings intervened, my warmth of joy suddenly subsided, and I was in a great measure brought down from the Mount. Yet the sweetness and peace of this heavenly visit remained after the blessed Visitant had withdrawn. Though the Sun itself retired from view, yet (if I may so express it) I enjoyed the refraction of His beams. He did not disappear without leaving a blessing behind him; sufficient, I trust, for faith to live upon until I see him again.

Friday, 25th.—This afternoon and evening, but especially at night, the Lord has been very gracious to my soul. I could see myself loved with an everlasting love, and clothed with Christ's everlasting righteousness. My peace flowed as a river, and I found the comforts of the Holy Spirit to be neither few nor small. My sense of justification was unclouded, as when the clear shining of

the sun giveth light. "My beloved is mine and I am his." Under these sweet unutterable manifestations I have scarce anything to pray for; supplication is swallowed up in wonder, love, and praise; Jesus smiles, and more than a ray of heaven is shed upon my soul. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." My harp is taken down from the willows, and I can sing the Lord's song in a strange land.

Saturday, 9th.—The merciful and gracious Lord was sensibly with me the latter part of to-day. "Awake and sing," and presently after, "Arise and shine" were spoken to my soul from above with great power and sweetness.

Late at night God was again pleased to give me the knowledge of a Sabbath day's blessing to-morrow. Such comfortable and peremptory convictions of God's future presence and blessing on a succeeding Sunday (with which I have been so often favored beforehand) I intend henceforth, as often as God is pleased to grant them, to distinguish by the name of Saturday assurances. Assurances they are indeed, so clear, positive, and satisfactory; I never knew them once fail or deceive my trust. I have often been dejected and fearful at the approach of a Sabbath on which I was to minister publicly; and God has frequently, not to say generally, been better to me than my unbelieving fears; but on those happy days (and blessed be his name, they have of late especially been very many) when previous assurances have been given me of his help and presence, on the Sunday following the assurance has always been made good. The Lord has often disappointed my doubts and the evil surmisings of unbelief, but he never once disappointed my hope when he has said previously to my soul, "I will be with thee."

Saturday, 27th.—In secret prayer to-night, God gave me a Saturday assurance of a blessing to-morrow; and I was enabled to believe that it would be unto me even as the Lord had said.

Sunday, 28th.—Read prayers and preached, both parts of the day, with uncommon strength of body, and with vast enlargement of soul. Between morning and afternoon service, being in my study, and comfortably engaged in secret prayer, the Lord visited me with a refreshing shower of divine love, so that my soul was like a watered garden. I never felt so intense a desire to be useful to the souls of my people; my heart was expanded, and burnt with zeal for the glory of God, and for the spiritual welfare of my flock. I wished to spend and be spent in the ministry of the word, and had some gracious assurances from on high that God would make use of me to diffuse his gospel, and call in some of his chosen who are yet unconverted. In the afternoon the

congregation was exceeding great indeed. I was all on fire for God, and the fire, I verily believe, caught from heart to heart. I am astonished when I review the blessings of this Lord's Day that a sinner so vile, so feeble, so ill, and so hell-deserving, should be thus powerfully carried beyond himself, and be enabled to preach with such demonstration of the Spirit. 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. Lord, let thy word run and be glorified! Out of weakness, I am made strong; to thy name alone be the entire praise! And go on, O go on, to own the counsel of thy unworthiest messenger, and to make the feet of him that sent me sound behind me! Thy mercies to me, both as a man, as a believer, and as a minister, have already been so wonderful, that there is hardly anything too great for me to hope for at thy hands.

Who can read these extracts from his diary, and not see how favoured and blessed this saint and servant of God was? And what a blessed death he died! We cannot forbear for the sake of those readers who may have never seen the account of it, to make a few extracts of his dying experience of the goodness and love of God, as manifested to his soul.

The more his bodily strength was impaired, the more vigorous, lively, and rejoicing his mind seemed to be. From the whole tenor of our conversation during our interviews, he appeared not merely placid and serene, but evidently possessed the fullest assurance of the most triumphant faith. He repeatedly told me that he had not had the least shadow of a doubt respecting his eternal salvation for near two years past. It is no wonder, therefore, that he so earnestly longed to be dissolved and to be with Christ. His soul seemed to be constantly panting heaven-ward, and his desires increased the nearer his dissolution approached. A short time before his death, at his request, I felt his pulse, and he desired to know what I thought of it. I told him that his heart and arteries evidently beat (almost every day) weaker and weaker. He replied immediately, with the sweetest smile upon his countenance, "Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching; and blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory."

A few days preceding his dissolution, I found him sitting up in his armchair, and scarce able to move or speak. I addressed him very softly, and asked if his consolations continued to abound as they had hitherto done. He quickly replied, "O my dear Sir, it is impossible to describe how good God is to me. Since I have been sitting in this chair this afternoon (glory be to his name!) I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of his presence with, and love to my soul, that it is impossible for words or any language to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable, and I fear not but that God's consolations and support will

continue." But he immediately recollected himself, and added, "What have I said? God may, to be sure, as a sovereign, hide his face and his smiles from me; however, I believe he will not; and if he should, yet still will I trust in him. I know I am safe and secure; for his love and his covenant are everlasting."

The same friend calling upon him a day or two before his death, he said, with hands clasped, and his eyes lifted up and starting with tears of the most evident joy, "Oh my dear Sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch are so abundant, that he leaves me nothing to pray for but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise. Nevertheless, I do not forget that I am still in the body, and liable to all those distressing fears which are incident to human nature, when under temptation, and without any sensible divine support. But so long as the presence of God continues with me in the degree I now enjoy it, I cannot but think that such a desponding frame is impossible." All this he spoke with an emphasis the most ardent that can be conceived.

Speaking to another particular friend on the subject of his "dying avowal," he expressed himself thus: "My dear friend, those great and glorious truths which the Lord, in rich mercy, has given me to believe, and which he has enabled me (though very feebly) to stand forth in the defence of, are not (as those who believe not or oppose them, say) dry doctrines or mere speculative points. No. But, being brought into practical and heartfelt experience, they are the very joy and support of my soul; and the consolations flowing from them carry me far above the things of time and sense." Soon afterwards he added, "So far as I know my own heart, I have no desire but to be entirely passive; to live, to die, to be, to do, to suffer, whatever is God's blessed will concerning me; being perfectly satisfied that as he ever has so he ever will do that which is best concerning me; and that he deals out in number, weight, and measure, whatever will conduce most to his own glory, and to the good of his people."

Another of his friends mentioning likewise the report that was spread abroad of his recanting his former principles, he said, with some vehemence and emotion, "*I* recant my former principles! God forbid that I should be so vile an apostate!" To which he presently added, with great apparent humility, "And yet that apostate I should soon be if I were left to myself."

To the same friend, conversing upon the subject of his sickness, he said, "Sickness is no affliction; pain no curse; death itself no dissolution."

All his conversations, as he approached nearer and nearer to his decease, seemed more and more happy and heavenly. He frequently called himself "the happiest man in the world." "Oh!" says he, "how this poor soul of mine longs

to be gone! Like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. Oh that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away to the realms of bliss and be at rest for ever." Being asked by a friend if he always enjoyed such manifestations, he answered, "I cannot say there are no intermissions; for if there were not, my consolations would be more and greater than I could possibly bear; but when they abate they leave such an abiding sense of God's goodness, and of the certainty of my being fixed upon the eternal Rock, Christ Jesus, that my soul is filled with peace and joy!"

At another time, and indeed for many days together, he cried out, "O what a day of sunshine has this been to me! I have not words to express it. It is unutterable. O, my friends, how good is God! Almost without interruption his presence has been with me." And then repeating several passages of Scripture, he added, "What a great thing it is to rejoice in death!" Speaking of Christ, he said, "His love is unutterable!" He was happy in declaring that the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, from the 33rd to the end of the six following verses, was the joy and comfort of his soul. Upon that portion of scripture he often descanted with great delight, and would be frequently ejaculating, "Lord Jesus, why tarriest thou so long?" He sometimes said, "I find as the bottles of heaven empty they are filled again;" meaning, probably, the continual comforts of grace which he abundantly enjoyed.

When he drew near his end he said, awaking from a slumber, "O what delights! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?" And a little before his departure he was blessing and praising God for continuing to him his understanding in clearness; "but (added he in rapture) for what is most of all, His abiding presence, and the shining of His love upon my soul. The sky (said he) is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Within the hour of his death he called his friends and his servant, and asked them if they could give him up. Upon their answering, since it pleased the Lord to be so gracious to him, he replied, "O what a blessing it is you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with me, for no mortal can live (bursting while he said it into tears of joy) after the glories which God has manifested to my soul." Soon after this he closed his eyes, and found, as Milton finely expresses it—

_____ "A death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life,"

On Tuesday, August 11th, 1778, in the 38th year of his age.

After this wonderful display of the love of God to his dying servant, it seems scarcely credible, though the fact is indisputable, that John Wesley actually gave out that "he died in black despair, uttering the most horrible

blasphemies." Sir Richard Hill wrote a letter to John Wesley, which he published in the magazines of the day, mentioning the names of the parties to whom Wesley had used the words, and called upon him to affirm or deny what he had so said. But to his lasting disgrace, J. Wesley answered not a word, and had not the common honesty to acknowledge or to deny the truth of the report. But no; to acknowledge the blessedness of Toplady's death would be to acknowledge the blessedness of the doctrines that Toplady lived upon and preached, and to do so would shake the very foundation of the system that John had so laboriously built up.

In addition to his other mental gifts Toplady possessed that highest and most elevated, if not the greatest of all natural endowments, a poetical genius. To write verses is easy enough. Any one can tag a few rhymes together and call it poetry. Cowper has well described such poetry as that:

"When Labour and when Dulness club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand;
Beating alternately in measured time,
The clockwork tintinabulum of rhyme;
Exact and regular the sounds will be;
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me."

But Toplady had a real poetical gift, and when the Lord sanctified this endowment to his own glory, sweet were the strains that he poured forth.

How a youth of eighteen could pour out such simple, easy, thoroughly original, and yet at times sublime verses, so pure in thought and language, so rich in experience, and so imbued with the unction and savour of the Holy Ghost, is indeed marvellous. Some of his compositions will live as long as there is a people of God on earth, such as "Rock of Ages," &c., "Happiness, thou lovely name," "Christ, whose glory fills the skies," "A debtor to mercy alone."

We wish our limits would allow us to give that sublime one, entitled, "A contemplation suggested by Rev. 7:1-17," and commencing:

"I saw, and lo, a countless throng."

There is to our mind a grandeur in that piece of poetry, an easy flow of language, a harmony of rhythm, and purity of rhyme, and all gushing spontaneously out of his heart, like a bright mountain stream, that speaks at once the poet and the saint. As he strikes his harp it is with the hand of a master, but holy fingers touch the strings. We have no doubt they were written when his soul was in the sweet enjoyment of the Lord's presence, and flowed forth without toil or labour, being the utterance of his heart, gushing out in modulated verse, as the most suitable vehicle to express the blessed feelings of his soul. We cannot forbear giving one verse of this sublime "Contemplation," where he addresses the saints gone before him, whom he had personally known on earth:

**"Lov'd, while on earth; nor less belov'd tho' gone;
Think not I envy you your crown;
No; If I could, I would not call you down.
Tho' slower is my pace,
To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on Jesus all the way.
Who, now and then, lets fall a ray
Of comfort from his throne.
The shinings of his grace
Soften my passage thro' the wilderness,
And vines, nectareous, spring where briers grew.
The sweet unveilings of his face
Make me, at times, near half as blest as you.
O might his beauty feast my ravish'd eyes,
His gladd'ning presence ever stay,
And cheer me all my journey thro'.
But soon the clouds return; my triumph dies;
Damp vapours from the valley rise,
And hide the hill of Sion from my view.
Spirit of light, thrice holy Dove,
Brighten my sense of in'trest in that love
Which knew no birth, and never shall expire!
Electing goodness, firm and free,
My whole salvation hangs on thee.**

Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity.
Redemption, grace, and glory, too,
Our bliss above, and hopes below,
From her, their parent fountain flow!
Ah, tell me, Lord, that thou hast chosen me!
Thou, who hast kindled my intense desire,
Fulfil the wish thy influence did inspire,
And let me my election know!
Then, when thy summons bids me come up higher,
Well pleased I shall from life retire,
And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now."

As might be expected in compositions written by a youth, between sixteen and eighteen years of age there is a disparity; and some, it must be confessed, are rather flat compared with the higher poetry, but all breathe the pure language of Canaan, and are, more or less savory and experimental.

Mr. Doudney deserves credit for this neat little volume, which we may well recommend as a good railway companion, being not too large for the side pocket, nor the print too small for the shaking of the train.

We find that we were under a mistake in saying that Richard Dore was a member of Mr. Gilpin's congregation. He lived in London, and continued to sit under Mr. Burrell up to the time of his decease.

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Tropologia.—A Key to Open Scripture Metaphors. By Benjamin Keach.—
(November, 1857.)

It is, at first sight, perhaps, somewhat remarkable how little use God has made of argument, that is, direct logical argument, in the Scriptures of truth. To say that he never employs positive, direct argument, would be incorrect, as Paul, in his epistles to the Romans and to the Hebrews, has brought forward argument after argument to prove the grand truths which he there so clearly and powerfully lays down. It is true that his arguments are so clothed with divine life and power, and so imbued with the rich stream of vital experience

which flow from his heart and pen, that their strict, logical reasoning is not immediately seen, and by most readers is almost wholly unobserved; but if grace and experience give flesh and form, solid argument gives bone and sinew to his weighty periods.

But as a general rule, God does not argue in the Scriptures. To do so, would be unbecoming the exalted majesty and dignity of so great and glorious a Sovereign. He did not argue light into being, nor was the sun fixed in the sky by any reasoning process as to its nature or necessity. He spoke but the word, "Let there be light," and light burst forth at his Almighty fiat. He willed there should be a sun to rule the day, and that glorious orb stood at once in the firmament of heaven. So in the Scriptures, which are a pure revelation of his mind and will, and more especially of his grace, mercy, and truth in the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, God does not argue or prove, but speaks. Being a divine revelation, a spiritual unfolding of salvation by the atoning blood and meritorious obedience of the Son of God in flesh, the Gospel, though not against reason, is above it. It is altogether divine and supernatural, and as such is above the province and out of the scope and reach of logical argument. The Gospel of the grace of God is not a thing to be proved, but a truth to be believed; it is not submitted to our reasoning powers as a subject for critical examination, but is a message from God addressed to our conscience, feelings, and affections. For this reason among others, men, fond of argument, and proving everything by strict logical deduction, generally make very poor preachers. They argue and argue, and prove and prove this and that doctrine, or this and that point, delightfully to their own satisfaction, but for the most part to empty seats and yawning hearers; and while a preacher like Whitefield will, with a striking figure, or a warm appeal to the conscience, make a thrill run through thousands, a Cambridge senior wrangler will have scarce anybody but himself to appreciate his sound convincing argument that certainly there is a God, and that there is a strong probability that the Scriptures were written by divine inspiration.

When the Lord condescends to reason with man, it is on another footing, and with a different language. "Come now, and let us reason together," are his own tender words. But in so speaking, he does not present any logical argument to our mental faculties, but at once addresses the conscience, and the conscience loaded with sin and guilt: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they

shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And this just meets our case; for it is not by any reasoning process that we come to know that our sins are as scarlet; nor is it by any exercise of our mental powers upon the truth of God that we come to know that, washed in the blood of the Lamb, they are as white as snow. When Christ reveals himself to our soul, then only do we see him and know him; and when he hides himself, we cannot behold him, however sound our judgment, correct our creed, or clear our experience.

And yet, though it is not by reasoning or argument, that we are either convinced of sin, or blessed with peace, yet our enlightened understanding, as the Lord the Spirit shines upon the word, and through the word into our heart, sees admirable beauty and glory in the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and in all the grand leading truths of the Gospel. If salvation through the incarnation, sufferings, bloodshedding, and death of his own co-equal and co-eternal Son be, as the Scriptures declare, the greatest depth and height of the wisdom of God, (Rom. 11:33, Eph. 3:9-11, Col. 1:26, 27) we must, if we have "the mind of Christ," and are taught of God, see and admire the wisdom thus displayed. But this we see by "the eyes of our understanding being enlightened," (Eph. 1:18,) to which divinely illuminated understanding the mystery of the cross becomes "the wisdom of God." (1 Cor. 1:24.) We are not fools and dolts; we do not believe wild visionary dreams and fancies; we do not credit tales, legends, and lying miracles; nor are we led blindfolded by priests or monks, or juggled and deluded by that strange mixture of superstition, servile fear, formality, and enthusiasm by which Satan has climbed into the high places of the earth, and by a false religion, with a million diversities to suit his many-hued worshippers, has barred out Christ and his Gospel. The truth of God, which shines, as with a ray of divine light, in the Scriptures, has been brought with a divine power into our conscience, or, to speak more scripturally, "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." It is in grace as in nature. Why does a man believe there is a sun? Because he sees it up, up there above, shining gloriously in the mid-day sky. He wants no logical argument, no reasoning process to convince him of the existence of the sun when he sees the light and feels the heat of his glorious beams. And how does he know there is a glorious Christ, at the right hand of the Father, a blessed Sun of righteousness in the

spiritual firmament? Because he has beheld him by the eye of faith as revealed to his soul by the power of God; because he has seen light, and felt warmed, cheered, and blessed by his soul-dissolving beams.

But as the Lord necessarily makes use of human language in the Scriptures, and all human language is of necessity based on the very constitution of the mind of man, it almost inevitably follows that the Lord, in speaking to us as men, addresses himself to the different faculties of our mind. Without professing to lay down a strict and accurate analysis of the human mind, we may say at least thus much, that men can trace in themselves four apparently distinct faculties—reasoning, imagination, conscience, and affections. We can all, in some measure, reason, fancy, feel, and love. To these four different faculties of our mind is all language addressed; and so it is in the language of God to man, as he speaks in the Scripture. To speak generally, argument is for reason, figures for imagination, admonitions for conscience, and a precious Christ and his glorious gospel for the affections.

Now, perhaps, we can see a little of the way before us, and how far the foregoing thoughts are connected with the subject of our Review.

A thick book lies upon our table printed at the Bonmahon Industrial School, and on its broad back the binder has stamped these words, "A KEY TO OPEN SCRIPTURE METAPHORS. BENJAMIN KEACH." This Mr. Keach has taken the Bible into his hands, and looked at and examined every figure, comparison, and metaphor that occurs in the sacred page; and in this thick, but not cumbersome volume, this worthy man, this laborious divine, has sought to explain the spiritual meaning of all the figures, that are so largely made use of in the sacred scriptures. But perhaps before we say anything more about good Mr. Keach and his big book, it may not be unacceptable if we drop a few remarks on the subject of figures generally.

We just now said that figures are addressed to the imagination, as distinct from the reasoning faculty; but only so that the words of truth may reach our conscience and affections. Let us see this by an example or two. God says to his people, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." He here uses a figure comparing our sins to scarlet. Now by what faculty of our spiritual mind do we realise the striking comparison of our sins to scarlet?

The idea of scarlet comes before us as of blood-red dye. We have seen blood; we have seen scarlet; and at once our sins are represented to our view as of a blood-red hue, as deserving death, of which blood is a standing emblem. But it does not rest here. It comes, through this representation, to our conscience, which feels and owns the sentence true; and then the promise comes: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow"; that is, all their bloody stain shall be washed away, and the soul made as white as the purest snow that stands untrodden by the foot of man upon the mountain top. The conscience being thus purged from guilt, the affections flow out to a sin-pardoning God.

Again, when Jesus says, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," we do not apprehend the meaning of his words by any process of reasoning; but we picture to ourselves a vine such as we have often seen against the walls of a house. Our imagination gives a substance to this figure, as representing the union of Christ and his members. We do not want to see a vine actually with our bodily eyes, when we read John 15. The vine has been engraved previously on our mind, through the medium of our eye; and the impression having been once made there, our imagination at once, as if instinctively, recalls the picture thus already made, and gives it a present reality and force. But it does not rest here. As applied by the Spirit, it passes on to the conscience, and, through the conscience, reaches the affections, which, embracing the truth thus revealed, give it a firm dwelling-place in the heart.

This is all that we mean when we speak of figures being addressed to the imagination. We do not mean thereby a wild, visionary, roving, unhallowed fancy, such as poets and artists indulge in, or anything resembling what that great master of language has described, where he speaks of

**"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling
Glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."**

We mean no such carnal fancy or poetical imagination as that; but we are speaking of that sanctified faculty of the mind which, under the influences and teaching of the Holy Spirit, receives the vivid, living impression made upon the heart and conscience by Scriptural figures.

If you doubt or deny our explanation, will you tell us *how you* are made to feel the power and truth of such a figure as "I am the good Shepherd." You say, "I know nothing about your imagination and all that; I receive it by faith." Of course you do, or you do not receive it at all. But it is faith acting through what is vividly and powerfully impressed on your imagination. Put it in this light. You feel sin, or you feel pardon and peace. How do you feel the guilt and burden of sin? And how do you feel the sweetness and blessedness of peace through the blood of Jesus? "By faith," you answer. Yes, but by faith acting through the conscience; for it is in the conscience that guilt is felt; and it is in the conscience that peace is enjoyed. So with the affections. You love Jesus and his truth. How came you to love him? By faith; because "to you that believe he is precious." But where do you love him? In your heart of hearts, your warm, living, heavenly affections. Here, then, is faith working by love, and purifying the heart; that is, as it here means, the conscience. Now, if faith work by the spiritual understanding in receiving and acknowledging the truth; if it work by the conscience in feeling guilt and pardon; if it work by the affections when it makes Christ precious, may it not work by the imagination, that is, a pure, holy, and sanctified faculty, for which we lack the appropriate word, but which is engaged in receiving the truth, through a scriptural figure. How much the "Pilgrim's Progress" has been owned and blessed! And what is it all addressed to but our imagination? How do we realise the Slough of Despond, and the Wicket-gate, and Giant Despair, and the dark river with the pilgrims passing through, and the glorious city opening its gates to receive them, but by our imagination acting upon these striking figures, and thus giving them a substance and a power to our hearts? If, then, a man say, "Imagination has nothing to do with religion," we answer, "My good friend, you are confusing yourself with words without understanding their meaning. Put your 'Pilgrim's Progress' on the fireback, and the 'Holy War,' and the 'History of Little Faith,' 'Quarles's Emblems,' and many other precious books of a similar stamp; for if you discard the faculty of picturing objects as these spiritual writers have represented them, you need not keep these works as useless lumber on your shelves."

We have entered into this perhaps somewhat dry and uninteresting explanation, because it may seem, at first sight, rather startling to say that there was such a thing as imagination in a Christian heart. But as the Lord has given us imagination, as well as reasoning, conscience, affections, &c., in

the work of grace and the teaching of the Spirit, he illuminates, sanctifies, and employs this faculty, to apprehend his mode of instruction by type and figure.

Whether our explanation be correct or not, this one thing is certain, that there is something in figures eminently adapted to convey instruction, and to present truth with peculiar power and force to the mind. For one person who can comprehend an argument, there are hundreds who can understand an illustration; and a figure will be stamped on the memory for life, when a proof will be forgotten in ten minutes after it has been clearly laid down. We need not wonder, therefore, that the Lord the Spirit has so filled the Holy Scriptures with figure and illustration; and that the Blessed Lord himself, who spake as never man spake, so opened his mouth in parables, which are, in fact, but extended figures.

"I have used similitudes," says the Lord, "by the ministry of the prophets;" (Hosea 12:10;) and we need hardly say how striking and appropriate these similitudes are. Look, for instance, at the Song of Solomon. Bridegroom and bride, seem to vie with each other in running through all the range of natural objects conspicuous for beauty and loveliness, to celebrate each other's beauty, and to mingle their mutual loves. Gold, silver, ivory, jewels, beryls, and sapphires as articles of cost and beauty; spikenard, calamus, cinnamon, frankincense, myrrh, and aloes as the chief spices; the rose, the lily, the pomegranate, as the sweetest and purest of scents; the palm, the cedar, the vine, the fig, the apple tree as the choicest of trees; the horse, the roe, the young hart, or fawn, as the most beautiful of animals; the dove, and especially the turtle dove, as the most fond and affectionate of birds; honey, wine, milk, as the sweetest of food; purple and scarlet as the most resplendent of colours—how the Holy Ghost glances, as it were, through all creation, from the sun walking in his brightness to the dove cooing in the shade, to set forth the beauty and glory, the love and loveliness of Christ and the Church. Whence this rich and bounteous profusion, his almost lavish prodigality of figure, as if the Holy Spirit, in writing this book by the pen of Solomon, strewed, as it were, beauty in every verse from his finger tips, unless figure and emblem were the choicest and most suitable means of conveying a sense of Christ's beauty and blessedness, as seen by the eye of faith in union with his bride? Strip the Song of Solomon of its figures and comparisons, and you make it a mere dead and dry disquisition on the love of Christ and his

Church, as much like the exquisite and beautiful Song of Songs as a dead hedge or a gate-post resembles a palm or a cedar. And not only would the Song of Solomon bleed at every pore were its figures stripped away, but the Bible generally, the blessed Bible, on which the Holy Ghost, by figure and comparison, has shed his richest unction, his sweetest and softest dew, would be almost as dead and dry as an Act of Parliament. Where would be Isaiah's glowing imagery, the beautiful figures and comparisons through which the Lord has comforted thousands of sorrowful hearts? Where Jeremiah's terrible denunciations and withering rebukes? Where Ezekiel's emblematic representations—his barber's razor, his meat by weight and water by measure, his digging through the wall, his pot with the seething bones and filthy scum? In a word, not only where would all the life and power of the Bible, but where would the Bible itself be, were the figures gone? In fact, the Bible would not be the Bible were the figures removed or tamed down to dry declarations.

God knew best how to write his own book; and he has filled it with comparisons. Look at the figures which he uses to mark out and distinguish his own chosen people. They are his sheep, his wheat, his jewels, his vessels of mercy and honour, his trees of righteousness, his virgin bride, his house and dwelling-place, his kings and priests, the lot of his inheritance, the members of his body, flesh, and bones; the crown of his head, and the spouse of his heart. The wicked in the same manner are stamped and branded by emblem and figure. They are designated as goats, chaff, tares, vessels of wrath, reprobate silver, dross, swine, wolves, a stench in God's nostrils, a generation of vipers, hatching cockatrice' eggs, and weaving the spider's web; trees twice dead, clouds without water, wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

Take the figures on both sides as descriptive of the righteous and the wicked, of which we have given but a faint specimen, and then ask yourself if it be in the power of human language or human thought, except by emblem and figure, to give such force and weight to describe the friends and foes of God. Certainly not. It is God's own language, therefore the fittest, weightiest, truest, best.

When figures are scattered in such rich profusion in the sacred pages, and

where a man undertakes to explain all of them in a spiritual and experimental manner, we may well conclude that it is no common or easy undertaking, and that to have the mind of the Spirit in all his exposition, needs no ordinary spiritual man. A great depth of vital experience and a clear insight into the meaning of the Holy Ghost must be given to a man from above who undertakes to lay open figure after figure, and metaphor after metaphor; and not only so, but a great and unusual sobriety of judgment, and a conscience made and kept very tender in the fear of God, to preserve him from running wild amidst Scripture imagery. How many light and trifling men have disgusted the saints of God by desecrating the holy figures of the Scripture by their carnal explanations and bold presumptuous intrusion into sacred mysteries, the power of which they had never known or felt; and even good men have sometimes made themselves ridiculous by attempting to open a figure, and have done it so awkwardly and confusedly as not only to destroy the meaning of the figure itself, but to make one part of their explanation contradict the other, or, what is worse, some grand Bible truth.

This great undertaking good Mr. Keach has attempted, and doubtless has done it as well as any one could have done it in his day, and better than anyone could do it in our day. We first saw the book at a minister's house, we shall not tell how many years ago; and we hardly like to say what struck our mind at once as we glanced over the pages: Why, here is what schoolboys call a "crib," that is, an English translation of their Latin Virgil or Horace which they use on the sly, instead of working out the meaning slowly word by word by the dictionary.

Keach will give a dishonest minister almost as many sermons as there are Bible figures—all drawn out into regular heads, and the various meanings and applications laid down with much soundness and clearness. This is no objection to the book itself, but it is a great objection to the thieves that plunder it, and steal wholesale from it their texts, ideas, and sermons. When you hear a very dry methodical, doctrinal sermon, which evidently does not come from the man's heart, and is not his own by life and feeling, you probably would not greatly err if you traced it back to Dr. Gill's Commentary or Benjamin Keach's Key to open Scripture Metaphors.

This is of course the abuse, not the use of Gill and Keach, for which neither

they nor Mr. Doudney, who has republished their works, are fairly responsible.

As far as any one man has grace and gifts, understanding and ability to explain the figures, Keach probably has done it as well as could be expected, but we fairly confess that we would sooner have one figure opened up by the Holy Spirit to our heart, and one soft whisper of the Lord himself to our soul than without it all the explanations which worthy Mr. Keach has given.

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An Account of the Last Sickness and Death of James Bourne, in his Last Years Minister of the Gospel at Maney, Sutton Coldfield.—(December, 1857.)

Religion in our day is not very unlike the description which the sacred historian has given of the crowded meeting at Ephesus: "Some therefore cried one thing, and some another; for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together." (Acts 19:32.)

Ask most persons who are usually considered by themselves and others as exceedingly religious this simple question, "What is religion?" some will cry one thing, and some another, for the whole assembly of them is confused; and the more part know not wherefore they are come together, except that "there is no small stir about that way."

Twenty-four thousand people went down on the Fast Day to the Crystal Palace, professedly and on purpose to humble themselves before God in that Temple of Art on account of our Indian troubles. Now, we do not say a word against a day being set apart by authority for public confession, humiliation, and prayer. God accepted the repentance of Ahab and the fasting of Nineveh; and a day set apart by Government for the purpose of humiliation is so far a public recognition that we have not, as a nation, yet cast off the Lord as our Ruler; and it also gives an opportunity to the praying people of God to meet together and seek his face, as Joel exhorts, (Joel 3:17,) and as Daniel did. (Dan. 9:3.) But viewing the whole matter with a spiritual eye, independent of, and distinct from, that public occasion, may we not fairly ask, How many of that vast multitude knew, in the things of God, their right hands from their left? Let not our meaning be misunderstood. We view that vast assemblage as

a kind of huge mirror in which we may see reflected the present state of religious profession in the great metropolis. The Crystal Palace, that unrivalled triumph of science and art, the pride of London, the prized resort of every class of society for recreation and amusement, that light and airy, yet, noble and commanding structure, which standing on a lofty height gleams beauty for miles around—that this, of all places, should be turned into a dissenting chapel, that a Baptist pulpit should be erected in its very heart and centre, that the gay and giddy crowd, with all the lovers of music and mediaeval courts, should be driven from their feast-day that the lovers of preaching and religious oratory might have it all to themselves for a fast-day! none can deny that this is a significant fact, let them seek to explain it how they may. Many will view in it the triumph of religion over the prejudices which have so long assailed it; others will see in it almost a Pentecostal effusion of the Holy spirit for the conversion of innumerable sinners and the edification of innumerable saints; and others, who cannot take so sanguine a view, or raise up their faith so high, will hail it as a pledge that the Lord is now doing, or is about to do amongst us a mighty work, such as he wrought by Whitefield a hundred years ago. Our faith may be very weak in this matter, and we may be sadly bigoted, narrow minded, and prejudiced; but we cannot help, if we advert to the subject at all, freely expressing what we see and feel. We hope that we have not now for the first time to learn what is true religion and the power of vital godliness; nor have we here to confess to God and man that we have hitherto understood nothing of what the Bible teaches, and the Holy Ghost makes known in the hearts of the saints of God. Weighed then in the balances of the sanctuary, though we would ever desire to hold them, if with a faithful yet with trembling hand, we feel that Crystal Palace religion is light indeed. There may be those who would compare such preaching as was heard that day with that of Whitefield.* Do such persons know anything of the religion which Whitefield possessed and preached? Are they at all acquainted with his experience, life, and labours? Whitefield preached the new birth with tears of heavenly life, liberty, and love streaming down his cheeks; did not open his lips before the Lord had put him into a vital possession of a deep and blessed experience, which, in his public ministry, gushed as a living spring from his heart and mouth; was weighted down with a heavy load of inward and outward trial; lived a life of faith and prayer, of union and communion with the Lord Jesus Christ; and was sometimes so blessed in his soul as to dwell on the very confines of heaven. Whitefield was

persecuted and pelted by the rude mob; was hated and abhorred by the higher classes of society; was generally disliked and suspected by the lukewarm professors of his day; and was loved and esteemed by none but the afflicted people of God. Whitefield's eloquence was one of feeling, not of words,—of heart and soul, not of mere lips and tongue; and if he had great natural gifts, such as a most exquisite voice and a most expressive countenance, they were all subordinate to the grace of God and the gifts of the Holy Spirit, and were wielded by him almost as if he were unconscious that he possessed them. Besides which, there is another striking feature which seems much overlooked by those who are rejoicing in the return of the days of Whitefield. His preaching was but a part, and indeed but a small part of that gracious revival with which the Lord favoured and blessed his church in this country during the latter half of the last century, and was but one shower of the copious effusion of the Holy Spirit in that day. His gallant ship might have been the first to heave anchor, and leaving the dull and stagnant harbour, been the foremost to breast the winds and waves of the open sea; but Toplady, Berridge, Newton, Romaine, and above all the immortal Coalheaver followed hard in his wake. So that it was not the pulpit eloquence of one man, or a mere gathering together of people to one place, all which, like Jonah's gourd, may perish in a night; but the Spirit of God in the hearts and lips of many choice and eminent saints and servants, men of faith and prayer, sound in the truth, and specially taught of God; men, whose name and memory still live in the affections of his people; and who, in life and death, in preaching and practice, in walk, conduct, and conversation, gave every evidence that they were sent, furnished, and commissioned by the Holy Ghost to hold forth the word of life. And as the ministers, such were the hearers; at least, that portion of them who were called and blessed under their ministry, for "like people like priest" will ever hold for good and evil. They were not a Crystal Palace assemblage, but such saints of God as Tanner, Serle, and Mason, in the days of Whitefield and Romaine; and such tried and experienced men as Keyt, Rusk, and Dore, in those of Huntington. What God may be now secretly doing, or what he may mean to do by all that is now going on we cannot say, for his way is in the sea, his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known; and good may arise from men being led to read the Bible and think about religion. But we feel ourselves placed just in this position—willing to hope, and ready to accept any true marks of the work of God, but not willing "to put darkness for light and light for darkness; bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter;" nor desirous to

say, A confederacy, to all who say, A confederacy. We do not speak with the least unkind or prejudiced feeling against any man or any people; but what we feel in the still, calm depths of our own mind, as desirous to view the whole subject with spiritual eyes, and to handle it with cautious and trembling hands. But we must say for ourselves that the more our own soul is led into the sacred power and holy unction of the life of God, the less do we see of the stamp of the Holy Ghost upon the matter. We have read many of the sermons that have been published, and though, as is to be expected in every man, they are very unequal in ability, we cannot but admire many striking things that may be found in them, and freely acknowledge the vein of faithfulness and honesty that runs generally through them; but however we may admire them as human compositions, and even as such they are often coarse and defective, both in thought and expression, yet we look in vain for the life and power, the unction and savour of the Holy Spirit in them. There is that in them which is eminently adapted to touch the springs of natural feeling, and to gratify those who admire originality and strength of expression, and a line of vigorous and sometimes humorous thought that strikes hard and indiscriminately, but who are utter strangers to the operations of divine grace. But what impression do they leave upon the soul that is feeling after, and looking up for the power of God to melt and soften, comfort and bless? Should we make them our bosom companions on a bed of sickness and death, or in moments of deep trial and affliction? The secret and sacred power that communicates pardon and peace, the oil of joy, the unction from the Holy One, the rain that drops, and the dew that distils the gracious touch from the Lord's own hand, the word of life from his own lips, is what the child of God is looking for under the ministry; and if he cannot obtain this, or any measure of it, in hearing or reading a sermon, be the preacher who he may, he loses that for the loss of which nothing else can make up. Can we find this in the New Park Street sermons? We have not found it. We ask our gracious readers who know for themselves what this divine power is, if they have felt or found it. If not, let us not be led by others. We must hear for ourselves, as well as be saved for ourselves. The grievous point in the whole matter is to see so many persons, and among them old and experimental professors, deceiving themselves in these deeply important matters, and mistaking the mere workings of natural feeling, and the excitement of pulpit eloquence for a religion that will take their souls to heaven. It is a vital, saving religion that we desire to possess and contend for; for if we have not *that*, we had better be in the world altogether. And we must

say that the more we breathe toward the pure, vital breath of God; the more that we stretch eyes, ears, heart, and hands to see, hear, feel, and handle the Word of life; the more that we desire to live under the power and influence of divine blessings; and the more that we seek to realise union and communion with the Lord Jesus, the less we turn to, and the more we turn from, Crystal Palace religion. We call it by this name, because we view it just now as a standing type of the religious profession of the day in general, and of London profession in particular; and we so name it not with a view to wound or injure preacher or people, or distress any tender, feeling child of God, who, in the simplicity of his heart, went down that day with a desire to serve the Lord, but as generally expressive of our views and feelings upon a subject that engrosses so much attention both in the Church and in the world.

* We had the curiosity to buy and read the sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon at the Crystal Palace. It was indeed a most trying occasion for any preacher to stand up before such a multitude, and all, without doubt, anticipating, from the season and the man, a feat of unrivalled pulpit oratory. We of course cannot tell how it sounded when heard, and as aided by voice and gesture; but as read, it seems to us more like a speech, half political and half moral, and neither of them possessing a high order either of thought or expression, rather than an appeal to the consciences of perishing sinners met to bewail their own sins, and those of the Church and of the land. We could find in it neither Law nor Gospel; and were struck with astonishment when we read what is called "The Invocation," by which the Service was opened; for it is a certain fact that in this opening prayer, God is addressed as "the Supreme being," but his dear Son, the only Mediator between God and men, is not so much as named. It may be pleaded that it was an accidental omission, and that the prayer afterwards does name the name of Jesus. But to omit Jesus in any approach to the Majesty on High; to open a service of humiliation and prayer, in which that all-prevailing name was not so much as breathed; and that the representative of 24,000 mourning sinners never even mentioned that name which is above every name, that name which is the ointment poured forth—how can we think the blessing of God could rest upon a Service, the very opening of which dishonoured him, because it dishonoured his beloved Son? Would Whitefield have opened the service so?

But this is not the only channel in which profession runs. In the days of our

fathers it was a river deep and strong, yet hemmed in by high banks from the world at large; but now it is a land-flood that is spread far and wide, and alike shallow and stagnant.

We know not how others may feel, but we can say for ourselves, there are few things more sickening to us than this widespread profession of religion, without the vital power; and the nearer it approaches the truth, the worse it is, because more deceptive, as well as more obtrusive and presumptuous. Profanity is bad. It is grievous to see the sin that runs down our streets like water. The scenes which meet the eye, especially in London, are grievous; but they carry with them their own condemnation, and do not intrude into the sacred precincts of truth and godliness. But a loud, noisy profession, with just enough truth in the letter to salve over the convictions of the natural conscience, but not enough of life or power either to save or sanctify, to deliver from the dominion of sin or separate from the world, like the salt that has lost its savour, is good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men.

How refreshing to the spirit that is wearied with all this light and empty profession, to turn to something real, solid, and divine; to a religion on which the Lord sets his own seal as his own gift and work! Such a religion as this now lies before us, in the little work the title of which we have given above; and we have to express our regret that, after repeated attempts in London to procure another copy, our efforts are completely unsuccessful. But we will do what we can by our extracts to show what a blessed testimony Mr. Bourne has left to the reality and power of a divine work upon the soul.

If then it be said of or to us, "You poor, narrow-minded, bigoted creature! Can nothing satisfy you? Must you ever be calling in question this and that person's religion, and throw your pen, for want of a sharper and a heavier weapon, against so great a work as is now going on?" Well, we must answer, if you will call us all this, we shall try and bear it. None will rejoice more than we, to find that it is a real work of God. But whilst waiting for this, we can show you something that is his work beyond all doubt and question; and you may compare the one with the other. It is true we cannot give you eyes, but we can and do hold up before you what our heart and conscience tell us is true religion; and we can assure you that it differs as much from the general

religion of the day as grace differs from nature, spirit from flesh, and the power of God from the wisdom of man. "Where, where," you ask, "is this wonderful religion of yours?" Why, if you cannot find it in any measure in your own heart, you certainly will not find it anywhere else; but we hope it is to be found, even in our dark and gloomy day, in the hearts of many, for the Lord has still a people whom he has formed for himself, and who even now show forth his praise. But in this little work before us such a religion is to be found—a religion on which the Lord set his own special stamp up to the very close.

How beautiful it is, how edifying to see, as in Mr. Bourne's case, a life of faith crowned by a blessed death, to hear from the bed of languishing and pain, not the murmurs of unbelief, not the cries of guilt and despair, but the words of faith, hope, and love; the voice of thanksgiving and praise. When nature sinks under a load of pain and suffering, when the things of time and sense drop away like the leaf from the autumn bough, when death draws near and eternity opens to view, when heart and flesh alike fail, then to have the Lord near, whispering consolation and peace, and find him the strength of his heart and his portion for ever, surely this direct and immediate testimony from heaven stamps a man's religion as truly divine. Such was the religion of Mr. Bourne.

O how much of what is called religion bears no such divine stamp upon it, no divine stamp on the beginning, and no divine stamp on the end! But let men take up what religion they please, and be as religious as they may, the Lord will own no work but his own, and smile upon no soul which he has not regenerated by his grace.

We have been much impressed with the little work before us. There is a life, a reality, a power in this account of Mr. Bourne's last sickness and death which came home with solemn weight to our conscience. Such a deathbed is rarely witnessed. No raptures, no ecstasies, no excitement, no rant or noise; all calm, still, quiet; yet oh! how deep, weighty, and solemn! What life, feeling, and power!

We are not at all acquainted with Mr. Bourne's history beyond what we gather from this simple record. In the title page, he is said to have been, in his

latter years, minister of the Gospel at Maney, near Sutton Coldfield; and he was much advanced in years; as he died in the eighty-second year of his age. He had also evidently passed through much affliction and trouble, for he said on his dying bed, "Not one good word has failed; all those sweet promises I have had in my deep troubles, they all come now to comfort me."

Mr. Bourne, it would appear, though advanced in years, was in the enjoyment of a fair share of health and strength, being able to preach up to his last illness. This came on very gradually about the end of March, 1854, with a slight cold, and at first no apprehensions were entertained by his friends of a fatal result; but it soon turned to a severe attack of jaundice, which so reduced him that he afterwards sank from debility.

"The following sentences," (we here use the words of the little Memoir,) "written by himself, show the feelings of his mind during the former part of his illness, in which he was, for the most part, in a low and tried state, earnestly waiting for the Lord under darkness:

"My cold leaves me very weak, and makes me feel my end is fast approaching. Last night I fell down very low, and could not find the Lord. I thought I was given up as one too bad to be saved. I could not pray with any feeling, and could not call it praying at all. I could not justify God. I knew he was righteous in his dispensations to me; but I was a grievous sinner. I acknowledged and confessed, but all was nothing, hardness, darkness. I greatly lamented secretly that my religion in my old age was come to this; but I felt I had no power to alter it. I feared I was walking in something that would prove the root of the matter was wanting. I was ashamed to own this. I could not lie down in my bed; I had no rest. I dressed in the morning, but seemed very poorly in body, and worse in soul; but it being the day appointed to prepare for Wednesday, while looking for something for the people, these words were put before me, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' Here I found relief. His love, I felt, was all I wanted; and when I read what you wrote, 'Edom, and Moab, and Ammon had no such hope, why should Israel hope? Christ was there, (and where he is there must be a good hope,) and in him they had a secret principle of life which should *never fail*,' the last two words made me again to believe the Lord's love was everlasting. Like the tree whose substance is in it when it casts its leaves, so I found it; the returning mercy of the Lord in my

heart is a substance when all outward things fail."

"On Lord's day, May 14, he preached for the last time, speaking in the morning for about twenty minutes, upon the words, 'Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness;' (Psl. 51:1;) and described six sorts of mercy which had followed him all his days: preventing mercy, protecting mercy, redeeming mercy, pardoning mercy, renewing mercy, and crowning tender mercy. In the evening he was only able to speak for about ten minutes, and was supported from the pulpit into his house by two of his hearers."

But the Lord was very gracious to him; and before he once more visited his soul with the returning light of his gracious countenance, in answer to his entreaties for mercy, gave him some whispers of his love in these words, "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death until they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom;" and these, "It was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." (Matt. 16:28; Luke 2:26.)

But the time was now come for the Lord more fully to manifest himself, and bear his own sealing testimony to the truth and reality of his own gracious work upon his heart.

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

The following extract will be read with interest, as giving a slight sketch of his early experience:

To one of his daughters he dictated a short account of the beginning of the work of God upon his heart, as follows:

"I want to tell you of my beginning while I am able. I was in deep soul-trouble two years. I went on a journey into Wales. In the place where I slept for the night, I was awoke towards morning with a something, saying 'You had better get up.' O the love, mercy, pardon, and forgiveness that flowed into my heart! and this lasted two years. Soon afterwards, when rather losing sight of it, this came with such sweetness and power, 'What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?' *Seek diligently*, that was the word. Lord, I said, give me that diligence; and he did restore to me the light of his countenance fourfold. I was told it could not be right, because I had no bondage. I did not know bondage then, but by and by I lost my love and found trembling, darkness, and sore conflict; and had to fight the fight of faith. Then the same persons told me I was not rightly delivered, or I should not have that. I was called an apostate and denied their pew; but here lies the apostate with his heart as full of love as it can hold. But their words then had some weight, and nearly sank me into despair, so that I thought all was lost for ever, until these words were repeated many times with great power, and brought me up again, 'Thou shalt return in the power of the Spirit.'"

The above was spoken with great difficulty, and in broken sentences.

One thing in the above extract much struck our mind; his being called an apostate, and denied a seat in their pew, because his deliverance did not exactly tally with what his former friends considered to be God's only mode of delivering a soul. How much of this miserable, and we may say, unchristian spirit, has ever prevailed, and, we fear, still prevails, amongst persons who take a high standing in divine matters. Few, perhaps, go to such an extreme length as to call a man an apostate, and deny him a seat in their pew because they doubt the reality of the work of God upon his soul; but many a child of God has had to suffer from cruel suspicions which the event has proved were founded neither on truth nor righteousness. How often in such cases does the Lord make good his own gracious promise, "Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed." (Isa. 66:5.) Even the painful exercises that these suspicions produce in a tender conscience often blessedly work for good; for, through God's grace, they mightily stir up a cry

in the soul for clearer and clearer, more full and powerful manifestations of the Lord's love, with many an appeal to the great Searcher of hearts, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wickedness in me; and lead me in the way everlasting."

Another thing has much struck our mind in reading this simple memorial of the dying saint. The earnest and affectionate way in which, from his own experience, he contended for the substance and power of a heart-felt religion as a divine reality. There is something very affecting and yet very sweet in the following extract:

May 23rd.—On seeing his two sons-in-law he could not at first speak for weeping; but one being about to withdraw, he called him back, saying, "Come, don't go away; I want to tell you both. These are not tears of sorrow, but of joy. It is a broken heart. The Lord breaks my heart all to pieces with his goodness and mercy. It is no fable, but a reality; a substance. 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.' Why? Because 'I have redeemed *thee*, *thou art mine*.' O those words, 'This is as the waters of Noah unto me.' 'As I have sworn they shall no more go over the earth, *so have I sworn* I will not be wroth with thee;' no nor rebuke thee. No wrath, no rebuke; and for the Lord to *swear!* How astonishing! But it is no fable; it is a truth, a reality, a substance. Not one word has failed me." The beginning of the Lord's prayer being referred to, he answered, "Yes, He will let me call him my Father, my God, and the Rock of my Salvation. He won't deny this, which Thomas said, 'My Lord and my God.'" One said "How often you have feared this time!" He answered, "Yes, I never expected it would be thus. No wrath, no rebuke, and for the Lord to swear! but the reason is 'I have redeemed thee.' *Redeemed*, redeemed *thee!* With what? With the precious blood of Christ. O that precious blood!" One said, "You find an abundant entrance." He replied, "More than abundant; it breaks my heart." One reminded him how he used to speak of that word, "Wait on the Lord, and he shall strengthen thy heart." He answered, "Yes, *he shall* strengthen. There is the Lord's will in that. I could have no power now to seek for it. I am so weak, I cannot pray, but only just now and then lift up my heart to him, and he is so very gracious and helps me. Not one good word has failed; all has come to pass. Ah, W—, I never thought it would come to this in the end. *Never.*"

We have only space for the closing scene, the solemnity and sweetness of which is such as is rarely witnessed:

In the night his cough became exceedingly bad, and he said much that was indistinctly uttered; but very plainly articulated many times, "He's nigh, he's nigh." About twelve o'clock he sank apparently unconscious, breathing very hard, until about two o'clock in the morning (June 10th), when he distinctly said, "Let me drink, let me drink." When water was offered to him he put it away with his hand, and, after a great effort, said, "No, no; I want to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem." "Come, come!—Let me dwell on high." "Come, come now." "Make haste." "Come, come"—many times repeated, which were the last words he could distinctly utter.

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

When we proposed to ourselves to bring this blessed memorial before our readers, we were not aware of the difficulty of procuring a copy; and perhaps had we known that circumstance would scarcely have deemed it right to tantalise them by giving them a sip and a taste of such blessed food without their being able to procure for themselves the remainder of such truly savoury provision.

If we are not mistaken, we owe to Mr. Gilpin the preservation of these fragments of a departed believer; and as the work seems now to be out of print, we should feel glad if the notice we have here taken of it should induce him to present the church of God with a second edition. It is in such testimonies that the life and power of godliness are chiefly seen; and few things come more home to the heart and conscience of those that fear God than to see a dying bed so illuminated with the opening glories of heaven. We have reason to believe that the memoirs of Richard Dore and Mrs. Judd have

been much blessed to our readers; and though the memoir before us is not of the same varied character, yet we almost think in power and savour it fully equals, if not excels, them both. Its unpretending simplicity is the least of its many recommendations; its faithfulness and genuineness speak for themselves; and though no words can convey what is actually felt in a dying room, by witnessing the speaking eye; and the expressive countenance of a saint, departing under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, yet so far as words can do it we seem transported to the very spot, where, when heart and flesh fail, the Lord in an especial manner manifests himself as the strength of the dying believer's heart and his portion for ever.

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**Meditations and Discourses on the Glory of Christ. By John Owen, D.D.—
(February, 1858.)**

In that most sublime and touching prayer which the Lord Jesus Christ, as the great High Priest over the house of God, offered up to his heavenly Father before he shed his precious blood on the cross, there is one petition, or rather an expression of his holy will, which is full of unspeakable blessedness. "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." (John 17:24.) The change from petitioning as a Priest to willing as a King is very remarkable, and casts a gracious light on the nature of Christ's mediatorial intercession at the right hand of God. On the footing of his covenant engagements, atoning sacrifice, and finished work, as well as from the perfect equality of his divine nature with that of the Father and of the Holy Ghost, he utters the expression of that sovereign will which was and is identically the same with the eternal will and fixed decrees of his heavenly Father. And O, how full and comprehensive, how gracious and condescending is the will of Christ as thus expressed! How it embraces in its firm and sovereign grasp all the members of his mystical body, all the sheep of his pasture and the flock of his hand, all that the Father gave him to be eternally his own! Yes; all the countless millions who before the foundation of the world were given him as his joy and crown, as his eternal inheritance, as the delight of his heart, and the promised reward of his incarnation, sufferings, and death, were included in this expression of his holy

and unchanging will. Whatever be their state and condition here below, whatever sins and sorrows they may have to sigh and groan under, whatever opposition they may encounter from earth or hell, this will of Christ holds them up so that they cannot fall out of his hand, or be deprived of their glorious inheritance.

If we then have any divine testimony that we belong to that favoured number who were given to Jesus by his heavenly Father, and thus have an interest in this blessed will of our great High Priest, it may well become us to fix our thoughts upon the subject which is brought before us in that little work which was the last that issued from Dr. Owen's pen, and which we may say embodies his dying experience. This we learn from the following interesting extract:

Dr. John Owen finished his course at Ealing. It was there that he employed himself in writing his last work, "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." He died August 24, 1683, aged sixty-seven, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, London. On the day of his death, his friend Mr. Payne said to him, "Doctor, I have just been putting your book on the Glory of Christ to the press;" to which he answered, "I am glad to hear that that performance is put to the press; but O, brother Payne, the long looked-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done yet, or was capable of doing in this world!"

As this little work was once made very sweet to us on a bed of sickness, we have always regarded it with peculiar affection, and for that reason, perhaps, prefer it to any other of Owen's productions. We know there are those amongst the family of God who do not feel much towards the writings of Dr. Owen. They consider them heavy and dry, and can scarcely read them with patience or attention, not to say, life and feeling. We cannot say that such is either our feeling or experience. It is true that the style of Dr. Owen is somewhat heavy, as he scarcely ever uses any figurative expressions to relieve his language; and as he sounds the depths of every subject which he handles, a measure of patient attention is required to follow him step by step in his elaborate, methodical exposition of those profound subjects which chiefly exercise his pen. As he was a man of deep thought, and penetrated into every part of his subject, his interpretation of divine matters needs a close and patient attention to follow, and this but few readers are willing or able to give.

He is, therefore, considered dull and dry, and his long, elaborate distinctions and explanations are deemed obscure and unintelligible. To persons who never care to think or reflect, all is dry that needs the exercise of a little thought. Were their minds engaged and their hearts touched with the solemn truths that Owen handles, they would often find the dry land a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.

But, we have usually found, when we have been in a spiritual frame of mind, a solemn weight and power in his writings which has touched our heart and reached our conscience. On such grand and exalted subjects as the Person of Christ, his atoning blood and righteousness, the freeness, fulness, and sufficiency of his superabounding grace, he writes as a master in Israel; and such experimental topics as temptation, the subtlety and power of indwelling sin, the hidings of God's face, and the restoration of peace, with its accompanying effects of spiritual mindedness and the other attendant fruits of vital godliness, he handles with great depth and feeling as one thoroughly and intimately acquainted with them by long and vital experience. He possesses a peculiar way of communicating the soundest and most scriptural instruction on these points, at least in our judgment, without becoming dead and dry, so that whilst we learn we feel, whilst we assent we believe, and whilst scripture after scripture falls with convincing evidence from his pen, truth after truth drops with power and savour into the heart. We only wish we were more often in that spiritual frame of mind when we could read him more, and could feel every day of our life as we have sometimes felt as his wise and weighty words have dropped into our soul.

It cannot be denied that the ministry of the day is generally very light and superficial, not merely in opening up and unfolding the teachings of the Blessed Spirit in vital experience, but in setting forth with clearness, weight, and power the glorious truths revealed by the same Holy Spirit in the pages of the Gospel. Without wishing unnecessarily to condemn or depreciate any laborers in the vineyard, and it is a matter for much thankfulness that there are still men of grace and gifts who are made a blessing to the churches, we cannot be altogether blind to the real character of much that in our day passes for preaching of the Gospel; and in nothing does it seem more deficient, than in fulness, weight, and solidity. Truth is preached, but more the surface of truth than "the deep that coucheth beneath." Surely, there is something more

in the word of truth than a few doctrines stated again and again in just the same words. Joseph's portion was "the precious things of heaven, precious fruits brought forth by the sun, precious things put forth by the moon, chief things of the ancient mountains, precious things of the lasting hills, precious things of the earth, and the fulness thereof," and last and best, "the good will of him that dwelt in the bush." This was the goodly portion of him that was separated from his brethren. (Deut. 33:13-16.) If so rich and various be the portion of the peculiar, the separate people, of whom Joseph was but the type, one would think that the dispensers of the portion, the stewards of the house, should bring forth some of these precious fruits for their spiritual food and nourishment. Taking a broad view of the ministry of the day, without fixing our eyes on any particular minister or ministers, so as to relieve our thoughts and words from all personalities, may we not, in all Christian faithfulness and affection, ask, "Are there many such faithful and wise stewards whom the Lord has made rulers over his household to give them their portion of meat in due season?" But besides being a steward of the house, the minister is, or ought to be, the shepherd to feed, the guide to lead, the instructor to teach, the monitor to warn, the counsellor to advise, the reprove, where needful, to rebuke. May we not look around and say, Where shall we find all, or anything like all, this? Take one office of a minister—to *teach* the people committed to his charge. What little solid instruction is usually gained from the pulpit, so as to build up the soul on its most holy faith. We are not speaking of the doctrinal preaching of the day, which is no doubt all very correct, so far as it goes; but of that weighty, solid opening up of the truth of God, which instructs as well as edifies the soul; which gives it matter for subsequent prayer and meditation; which sends it home full of solemn thoughts and feelings, and spreads abroad a holy savour upon the heart. How often does the gracious hearer come on the Lord's Day to his earthly courts with a real longing desire for spiritual food. He may not, perhaps, be under a very heavy trial that needs a special blessing, or under a temptation that makes him so to reel and stagger that he is crying out for a very clear and marked deliverance, but he has that general sense of his poverty and need which makes him long for some spiritual food. He comes with a tender, prayerful spirit, for he has been on his knees in his bedroom, and has been favoured with some earnest breathings for a blessing on the word to be preached, and has read his Bible that morning with a feeling which has softened and melted his heart. Glad to be released from the toils and anxieties of the week, he sallies forth to the place of

worship, and feels a sweet and solemn pleasure as he meets his dear brethren once more in the house of prayer. The first hymn rather suits his feelings, and he hopes it is the beginning of a good day with his soul. He lifts up his heart for the minister as he stands up and opens the word of God. But O, how carelessly and hurriedly, blundering over the simplest words, and getting through that beautiful psalm, or that sweet and solemn chapter, just as a schoolboy recites his lesson, does he read that divine book. And then the prayer—the same, word for word, over and over again, as dry and as unfeeling, as careless and as irreverent, as if there were no dread Majesty of heaven to be feared or adored, no sins to be confessed, no mercy to be sought, no Jesus to be loved, no grace to be supplied. Surely, surely he who supplicates for so many fellow saints, yet fellow sinners, should have something more to bring before the throne of grace than a few threadbare, worn-out petitions which all the hearers know by heart. And then the sermon, all confused and indistinct; no straight lines in doctrine or experience, but the old thing over and over again; from which neither instruction nor encouragement, neither reproof nor comfort, can be gathered, and in which there is nothing clear but the preacher's intense self-satisfaction, who sits down as if he had preached with all the gifts of a Gadsby, and all the unction of a Warburton. What must be the feelings of a hearer who really needs, and feels he needs food for his soul, under this sad, sad exhibition? We may seem severe, but, not against any good and gracious man, however small his gifts, who, with a single eye to the glory of God, speaks in his great name. There will be in that man, if he has not much variety of subject or of expression, a life and a power, a feeling and a savor which will refresh the soul, if it do not much instruct the mind, or enter very deeply into the heart. It is against the *imitators* who, without grace or gifts, think themselves qualified for any pulpit or any people, that we speak. Whether truly, let others judge. It is a very solemn thing to stand up in the name of the Lord, to be his mouth to the people; and when we consider what a work it is to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood, well may any man, whatever be his grace or gifts, say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" When a man gets into a pulpit, he says thereby, "I stand here to instruct you, to feed your souls with the truth of God, to lead you step by step to the heavenly Canaan, and to be made a blessing to you, as you severally need it." But if he can do none of these things; if really gracious, spiritual hearers return home again and again uninstructed, unblessed, he may call himself a servant of God, but the King of kings does not seem very

clearly to stamp his broad seal on the assertion.

We have digressed thus far to contrast with such a ministry as this that of a man like Dr. Owen. When the wearied and dissatisfied hearer goes home after his sad and gloomy Sabbath, let him take down Owen on Psalm 130, or "On the Glory of Christ," and quietly read the first half-dozen pages. We are much mistaken if he will not see the difference between the clear weighty, solid instruction he finds in them, and the light, chaffy, confused jumble under which he was so vainly trying to get some food for his soul. His enlightened understanding now goes hand in hand with a believing heart, and when he lays the book down, takes the Bible, and bends his knee before the Lord, he feels the weight and savour of the things he has been reading fresh on his spirit. Most true it is, that we can hardly look for a man like Owen once in a century; and therefore it seems unfair to compare ministers of our day, or indeed of any day, with a man of his grace and gifts. We allow the objection; but we have brought Owen forward not as a standard that ministers should reach, but as an example of what spiritual instruction is as unfolded by a servant of God.

The Mediatorial glory of Christ is a most deep and blessed subject, but one which requires to be handled with a reverent pen and a believing heart. In fact, no man is fit to write or speak on this solemn subject who has not had some divine manifestation of this glory to his soul. It was the view of this glory, which, in the days of his flesh, drew to his feet his disciples and followers, as John beautifully speaks: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." (John 1:14.) The glory thus seen was "the glory of the only-begotten of the Father," that is, of the divine nature of Christ as the Son of God. As such, he is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person," (Heb. 1:3,) so that, in knowing him we know the Father, and in seeing him we see the Father. This made Jesus say to Philip, in that touching language of mingled reproof and wonder, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?" (John 14:9.) How great, how elevated above all utterance or all conception of men or angels, must the glory of Christ be as the Son of the Father in truth and love! "No man hath seen God at any time," for "he

dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto;" but "the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." And thus in the person of Christ the glory of God is revealed and made known to the sons of men. But to whom? Not surely to the unbelieving mass, to whom he is as a root out of a dry ground, in whose eyes he hath "no form nor comeliness," and who, when they saw him in the days of his flesh, beheld "no beauty in him that they should desire him." The meanness and lowliness of his birth and life, and the very veil of human nature itself which he assumed, hid his glory from the eyes of the carnal and unregenerate, who saw his holiness only to hate it, and owned his power only to rebel against it. But there were those then, as there are those now, "who were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God;" and to these "he manifested forth his glory," and not only so, but in giving them his grace, gave them a part of it and in it, (John 17:22,) which made them believe in his name, and follow him whithersoever he went. (John 1:12-14; 2:11.) Glorious, then, he is as God; for all the perfections of Deity are his. All the might, majesty, and power, all the holiness and purity, all the omniscience and omnipresence; all the mercy and compassion, all the truth and faithfulness, all the justice and righteousness, all the love and goodness, and we may add, all the anger, wrath, and indignation of God against transgressors,—in a word, all that the Father is the Son is likewise, for he is one with him in nature, essence, dignity, and glory. But as God is essentially and eternally invisible, he has seen fit, in the depths of his infinite wisdom, to make himself seen and known by sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, that he who commanded the light to shine out of darkness might shine into believing hearts to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Thus not only is the Lord Jesus Christ glorious in his essential Deity as the Son of God, but glorious also in his holy, spotless humanity which he assumed in the womb of the Virgin Mary. For this, though the flesh and blood of the children, was "that holy thing which was begotten of the Holy Ghost," (Heb. 2:14; Luke 1:35,) and was taken into union with his eternal Deity, that he might be "Immanuel, God with us." The purity, holiness, and innocence, the spotless beauty and complete perfection of this human nature, make it in itself exceedingly glorious; but its great glory is the union that it possesses and enjoys with the divine nature of the Son of God. The pure humanity of Jesus veils his Deity, and yet the Deity shines through it, filling it with unutterable brightness, and irradiating it with inconceivable glory. There is no confusion

or blending of the two natures, for humanity cannot become Deity, nor can Deity become humanity; each nature remains distinct; and each nature has its own peculiar glory. But there is a glory also in the union of both natures in the Person of the God-man. That such wisdom should have been displayed, such grace manifested, such love revealed, and that union of the two natures in the Person of the Son of God should not only have, so to speak, formerly originated, but should still unceasingly uphold, and eternally maintain salvation with all its present fruits of grace, and all its future fruits of glory, makes the union of the two natures unspeakably glorious. And when we consider further that through this union of humanity with Deity, the church is brought into the most intimate nearness and closest relationship with the Father and the Holy Ghost, what a glory is seen to illuminate the Person of the God-man who as God is one with God, and as man is one with man, and thus unites man to God, and God to man; thus bringing about the fulfilment of those wonderful words, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." (John 17:21.) And again, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." Thus there is the glory of Christ as God, the glory of Christ as man, and the glory of Christ as God-man. And this threefold glory of Christ corresponds in a measure with what he was before he came into the world, with what he was whilst in the world, and with what he now is as having gone to the Father, according to his own words. (John 16:28.) Before he came into the world his chief glory was that belonging to him as the Son of God; whilst in the world his chief glory was in being the Son of man; and now that he is gone back to heaven his chief glory is that of his being God and man in one glorious Person.

This latter glory of Christ, which is, in an especial sense, his mediatorial glory, is seen by faith here, and will be seen in the open vision of bliss hereafter. The three disciples on the Mount of transfiguration, Stephen at the time of his martyrdom; Paul when caught up into the third heaven, John in Patmos, had all special and supernatural manifestations of the glory of Christ; that is, surpassing what is generally given to believers. But the usual way in which we now see his glory is by the Holy Spirit, "glorifying him by receiving of what is his, and showing it to the soul." (John 16:14.) This divine and blessed Teacher testifies of him; (John 15:26;) takes away the veil of ignorance and unbelief which hides him from view; (2 Cor. 3:16, 17;) shines with a holy and sacred light on the Scriptures that speak of him; and raising up faith to believe in his

name sets him before the eyes of the enlightened understanding, (Gal. 3:1; Eph. 1:17, 18,) so that he is looked unto and upon; (Isa. 45:22; Zech. 12:10;) and though not seen with the bodily eye, is loved, believed, and rejoiced in with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. (1 Peter 1:8.) Thus seen by the eye of faith, all that he is and has, all that he says and does is made precious and glorious. His miracles of mercy, whilst here below; his words so full of grace, wisdom, and truth; his going about doing good; his sweet example of patience, meekness; and submission; his sufferings and sorrows in the garden and on the cross; his spotless holiness and purity, yet tender compassion to poor lost sinners; his atoning blood and justifying obedience; his dying love, so strong and firm, yet so tried by earth, heaven, and hell; his lowly, yet honorable burial; his glorious resurrection, as the first begotten of the dead, by which he was declared to be the Son of God with power; his ascension to the right hand of the Father, where he reigns and rules, all power being given unto him in heaven and earth, (Matt. 28:18,) and yet intercedes for his people as the great High Priest over the house of God. (Rom. 8:34; Heb. 10:21.) What beauty and glory shine forth in all these divine realities, when faith can view them in union with the work and Person of Immanuel! A view of his glory and a foretaste of the bliss and blessedness it communicates has a transforming effect upon the soul. We are naturally proud, covetous, and worldly, often led aside by, and grievously entangled in various lusts and passions, prone to evil, averse to good, easily elated by prosperity, soon defected by adversity, peevish under trials, rebellious under heavy strokes, unthankful for daily mercies of food and raiment, and in other ways ever manifesting our base original. To be brought from under the power of these abounding evils, and be made "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," we need to be "transformed by the renewing of our mind," (Rom. 12:2,) and conformed to the image of Christ. (Rom. 8:29.) Now, this can only be by beholding his glory by faith, as the Apostle speaks, "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. 3:18.) It is this believing view of the glory of Christ which supports under heavy trials, producing meekness and resignation to the will of God. We are, therefore, bidden to "consider Him that endureth such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest we be wearied and faint in our minds;" and to "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." (Heb. 12:1-3.) Sicknesses too sometimes befall us when we need special support; the sands of our time are fast running out, and there is no turning

the glass; our "days are passing away as the swift ships, as the eagle that hasteth to the prey;" and death and eternity are fast hastening on. When the body sinks under a load of pain and disease, and all sources of happiness and enjoyment from health and strength are cut off; when flesh and heart fail, and the eyestrings are breaking in death, what can support the soul or bear it safe through Jordan's swelling flood, but those discoveries of the glory of Christ that shall make it sick of earth, sin, and self, and willing to lay the poor body in the grave, that it may be for ever ravished with his glory and his love? Thus we see how the glory of Christ is not only in heaven the unspeakable delight of the saints, whose glorified souls and bodies will then bear "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" but here on earth, in their days of tribulation and sorrow, this same glory, as revealed to their hearts, supports and upholds their steps, draws them out of the world, delivers them from the power of sin, gives them union and communion with Christ, conforms them to his image, comforts them in death, and lands them in glory. We thus see Christ, like the Sun, not only illuminating all heaven with his glory, the delight of the Father, the joy of the spirits of just men made perfect, and the adoration of all the angelic host, but irradiating also the path of the just on earth, casting his blessed beams on all their troubles and sorrows, and lighting up the way wherein they follow their Lord from the suffering cross to the triumphant crown.

Dr. Owen may be said to have given the church of God the completest view of this divine subject that can be found in the pages of any writer. Our limits, however, will allow us but room for the following extracts. The first regards his glory in suffering:

The glory of Christ is proposed to us in what he suffered in the discharge of the office which he had undertaken. There belonged indeed to his office, victory, success, and triumph, with great glory. (Isa. 63:1-5.) But there were sufferings also required of him antecedent thereto. "Ought not Christ to suffer, and to enter into his glory?"

But such were these sufferings of Christ, as that in our thoughts about them, our minds quickly recoil with a sense of their insufficiency to conceive aright of them. Never any one launched into this ocean with his meditations, but he quickly found himself unable to fathom the depths of it; nor shall I here

undertake an inquiry into them. I shall only point at this spring of glory, and leave it under a veil.

We might here look on him as under the weight of the wrath of God and the curse of the law; taking on himself, and on his whole soul, the utmost of evil that God had ever threatened to sin or sinners. We might look on him in his agony and bloody sweat, in his strong cries and supplications, when he was sorrowful unto the death, and began to be amazed, in apprehension of the things that were coming upon him, at that dreadful trial which he was entering into. We might look upon him conflicting with all the powers of darkness, the rage and madness of men; suffering in his soul, his body, his name, his reputation, his goods, his life; some of these sufferings being immediate from God above, others from devils and wicked men, acting according to the determinate counsel of God. We might look on him praying, weeping, crying out, bleeding, dying, in all things making himself an offering for sin. "So was he taken from prison and judgment, and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off from the land of the living, for the transgression (saith God) of my people was he smitten." (Isa. 53:8.) But these things I shall not insist on in particular, but leave them under such a veil as may give us a prospect into them, so far as to fill our souls with holy admiration.

How glorious is the Lord Christ on this account in the eyes of believers! When Adam had sinned, and thereby eternally, according to the sanction of the law, ruined himself and all his posterity, he stood ashamed, afraid, trembling as one ready to perish for ever under the displeasure of God. Death was that which he had deserved, and immediate death was that which he looked for. In this state, the Lord Christ in the promise comes unto him, and says, Poor creature! How woeful is thy condition! How deformed is thy appearance! What is become of the beauty, of the glory, of that image of God wherein thou wast created? How hast thou taken on thee the monstrous shape and image of Satan? And yet thy present misery, thy entrance into dust and darkness, is no way to be compared with what is to ensue; eternal distresses lie at the door. But yet look up once more, and behold me, that thou mayest have some glimpse of what is in the designs of infinite wisdom, love and grace; come forth from thy vain shelter, thy hiding-place; I will put myself into thy condition; I will undergo and bear that burden of guilt and punishment which would sink thee eternally into the bottom of hell. I will pay that which I never

took; and be made temporarily a curse for thee, that thou mayest attain unto eternal blessedness. To the same purpose he speaks unto convinced sinners, in the invitation he gives them to come unto him.

Our next extract refers to the glory as exalted after suffering:

Our constant exercise and meditation on this glory of Christ, will fill us with joy on his account, which is an effectual motive to the duty itself. We are for the most part selfish, and look no farther than our own concerns. So that we may be pardoned and saved by him, we care not how much it is with himself, but only presume it is well enough. We find not any concern of our own therein. But this frame is directly opposite to the genius of divine faith and love. For their principal actings consist in preferring Christ above ourselves; and our concerns in him above all our own. Let this then stir us up to the contemplation of this glory. Who is thus exalted over all? Who is thus encompassed with glory, majesty, and power? Who is it that sits down at the right hand of the Majesty on high, all his enemies being made his footstool? Is it not he who in this world was poor, despised, persecuted, and slain, all for our sakes? Is it not the same Jesus who loved us, and gave himself for us, and washed us in his own blood? So the apostle told the Jews, that the same Jesus, whom they slew and hanged on a tree, God had exalted with his right hand to be a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and the forgiveness of sins. (Acts 5:30, 31.) If we have any value of his love, if we have any concern in what he hath done, and suffered for the church, we cannot but rejoice in his present state and glory.

Let the world rage whilst it pleases; let it set itself with all its power and craft against every thing of Christ that is in it; which, whatever is by some otherwise pretended, proceeded from a hatred to his person; let men make themselves drunk with the blood of his saints; we have this to oppose to all their attempts, namely, what he says of himself: "Fear not, I am the first and the last, he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and death. (Rev. 1:17, 18.)"

Blessed Jesus! we can add nothing to thee, nothing to thy glory; but it is a joy of heart unto us, that thou art what thou art; that thou art so gloriously exalted at the right hand of God; and we do long more fully and clearly to

behold that glory, according to thy prayer and promise.

The Doctor is justly severe upon those graceless professors who speak evil of what they know not; and with this extract we shall conclude:

But I cannot here avoid another short digression. There are those by whom all these things are derided as distempered fancies and imaginations. Yea, such things have been spoken and written of them as contain a virtual renunciation of the gospel, the powers of the world to come, and the whole work of the Holy Ghost as the Comforter of the church. And hereby all real intercourse between the person of Christ, and the souls of them that do believe, is utterly overthrown; reducing all religion to an outward show and a pageantry, fitter for a stage than that temple of God which is in the minds of men. According to the sentiments of these profane scoffers, there is no such thing as the "shedding abroad of the love of God in our hearts by the Holy Ghost;" nor as the "witnessing of the Spirit of God with our spirits, that we are the children of God," from which these spiritual joys and refreshments are inseparable, as their necessary effects; no such thing as "rejoicing upon believing, with joy unspeakable and full of glory;" no such thing as "Christ's showing and manifesting himself unto us, supping with us, and giving us of his love;" that the divine promise of a "feast of fat things, and wine well refined" in gospel mercies, are empty and insignificant words; that all those ravishing joys and exultations of spirit that multitudes of faithful martyrs of old and in the latter ages have enjoyed by a view of the glory of God in Christ, and a sense of his love, whereto they gave testimony to their last moments in the midst of their torments, were but fancies and imaginations. But it is the height of impudence in these profane scoffers that they proclaim their own ignorance of those things which are the real powers of our religion.

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Communion with God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. By John Owen, D.D.—(*March, 1858.*)

As no heart can sufficiently conceive, so no tongue can adequately express, the state of wretchedness and ruin into which sin has cast guilty, miserable man. In separating him from God, it has severed him from the only Source and

fountain of all happiness and all holiness. It has ruined him, body and soul. The one it has filled with sickness and disease; in the other it has defaced and destroyed the image of God in which it was created. It has shattered all his mental faculties; it has broken his judgment, polluted his imagination, and alienated his affections. It has made him love sin, and hate God; it has filled him from top to toe with pride, lust, and cruelty, and has been the fruitful parent of all those crimes and abominations under which earth groans, and the bare recital of some of which, reaching our ears from

"India's coral strand,"

has filled so many hearts with disgust and horror. These are the more visible fruits of the fall. But nearer home, in our own hearts, in what we are or have been, we find and feel what wreck and ruin sin has made. There can be no greater mark of alienation from God than wilfully and deliberately to seek pleasure and delight in things which his holiness abhors. But who of the family of God has not been guilty here? Every movement and inclination of our natural mind, every desire and lust of our carnal heart, was, in times past, to find pleasure and gratification in something abhorrent to the will and word of the living Jehovah. There are few of us who, in the eye of our flesh, have not sought pleasure in some of its varied but deceptive forms. The theatre, the race-course, the dance, the sports of the field, the card-table, the midnight revel, or the stolen waters of sin were resorted to by some of us to afford what the Apostle calls "the pleasures of sin for a season." Our mad, feverish, thirst after excitement; the continued cry of our wicked flesh, "Give, give!" our miserable recklessness or headlong, daring determination to enjoy ourselves, as we called it, cost what it would, plunged us again and again into the sea of sin, where, but for sovereign grace, we should have sunk to rise no more. Or, if the restraints of morality put their check upon gross and sinful pleasures, there still was a seeking after such allowable, as we deemed them amusements, as change of scene and place, foreign travel, the reading of novels and works of fiction, dress, visiting, building up airy castles of love and romance, studying how to obtain human applause, devising plans of self-advancement and self-gratification, occupying the mind with cherished studies, and delighting ourselves in those pursuits for which we had a natural taste, as music, drawing, poetry, or, it might be, severer studies and scientific researches. We have named these middle-class pursuits as less obvious sins

than such gross crimes as drunkenness and vile debauchery in the lower walks of life; but, viewed with a spiritual eye, all are equally stamped with the same fatal brand of death in sin. The moral and the immoral, the refined and the unrefined, the polished few or the rude many, are alike "without God and without hope in the world," until renewed in the spirit of their mind. We are often met with this question, "What harm is there in this pursuit or in that amusement?" "*Is God there?*" should be the answer. The harm is, that the amusement is delighted in for its own sake; that it occupies the mind, and fills the thoughts, shutting God out; that it renders spiritual things distasteful; that it sets up an idol in the heart, and is made a substitute for God. Now this we never really know nor feel till divine light illuminates the mind, and divine life quickens the soul. We then begin to see and feel into what a miserable state sin has cast us; how all our life long we have done nothing but what God abhors; that every imagination of the thoughts of our hearts has been evil, and only evil continually; that we have brought ourselves under the stroke of God's justice, under the curse of his righteous law, and now there appears nothing but death and destruction before our eyes.

And yet, with all this misery and wretchedness, through all this remorse for the past and dread for the future, there are raised up desires after God—the fruit and work of his grace in the heart. These are the first breathings after communion with God, the first movement of the soul quickened from above towards its Father and Friend.

But whence comes this movement of the soul upward and heavenward? What is the foundation on which a sinner may venture nigh, yea, as brought near, may realise what holy John speaks of, "And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ?" (1 John 1:3.)

God himself has laid the foundation in the gift of his dear Son. Had Jesus not taken our nature into union with his own divine Person, there never could have been any communion of man with God. This is beautifully unfolded by the Apostle. (Heb. 2.) "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that, through death, he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." "The children whom God had given him" were partakers of flesh

and blood. But this flesh and blood had sinned, was become alienated from God, was tyrannised over by the devil, was subject to death, and the judgment that cometh after death, and the fear of death held them in continual bondage. Unless these poor bondslaves of sin, Satan, and death were redeemed, they could not be reconciled to God, or brought near so as to have any fellowship or communion with him. But the Son of God "took on him the seed of Abraham," that is, he assumed human nature as derived from Abraham; for the Virgin Mary, of whose flesh he took, was lineally descended from Abraham; and thus was "made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." And so "in all things being made like unto his brethren," (sin only excepted, of which he had no taint or stain,) "he became a merciful and faithful high priest to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." Without this redemption, without this reconciliation, there could be no communion. Communion means fellowship; fellowship implies mutual participation and mutual interest. It is not single, but twofold—a community of nature, or interest, or affection, in which each party gives and takes. Thus the foundation of all communion with God is laid in this blessed truth, that the Son of God has taken our flesh; this gives him communion with man. He is himself God; this gives him communion with God. In the ladder that Jacob saw in vision, the lowest part rested on earth, the highest was lost in heaven. Thus the human nature of Christ touches earth with its sorrows, but his divine rises up to heaven with its glory; and man, poor, wretched man, may, by having communion with Christ in his sufferings, have communion with God in his love. John blessedly opens up this in his first epistle: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life." (1 John 1:1.) What had John heard from the beginning? What had he seen with his eyes? What had he looked upon, and his hands had handled of the Word of life? What but the Son of God in the flesh? His ears had heard the voice; his eyes had seen the form; his hands had handled the feet and hands of the Word of life; and not merely bodily, for that would no more have given him life than it did the Jewish officers who bound his hands, or the Roman soldiers who nailed him to the cross. It was the spiritual manifestation of the Word of Life to his soul, (as he himself declares: "For the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us,") which enabled him to say, "That

which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us, and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John 1:3.) Now, as this divine way is opened up to our hearts, we begin to find access to God through Jesus Christ, as "the way, the truth, and the life." Until he is in some measure revealed and made known to the soul, there is no ground of access to God. Sin, guilt, and condemnation block up the path; the law curses, conscience condemns, Satan accuses, and in self there is neither help nor hope. But as Christ is revealed and made known, and the virtue and efficacy of his blood is seen and felt, faith becomes strengthened to approach the Father through him, until after many a struggle between hope and despair, the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, and this gives fellowship with God.

Dr. Owen in the work before us, has penetrated into the depths of this divine subject, as few but himself could have done. He has shown, with his usual clearness, the foundation on which all communion with God is based; and he has in a very sweet and experimental manner, unfolded the fruits that spring out of it, in the heart and life of a child of God.

As God exists in a Trinity of Persons and a Unity of Essence, the Doctor has divided his work into three leading branches, and has unfolded in the first, communion with the Father, in the second, communion with the Son, and in the third, communion with the Holy Ghost. As it is, like most of Owen's, a very deep and elaborate treatise, sounding the depths and ascending to the heights of communion with a Three-One God, we can hardly give a sufficient idea of the work from a few detached extracts. Yet the following passages, taken from different parts of the work, will serve to show the spiritual and experimental manner in which he has handled his heavenly subject:

There are three things in general, wherein this personal excellency and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ doth consist.

1. *His fitness to save.* The uniting of the natures of God and man in one person made him fit to be a Saviour to the uttermost. He lays his hand upon God by partaking of his nature; (Zech. 13:7;) and he lays his hand upon us by being partaker of our nature; (Heb. 2:14-16;) and so becomes a *daysman* or umpire between both. By this means he fills up all the distance that was made by sin between God and us, and we who are far off are made nigh in him. Upon this

account it was, that he had room enough in his breast to receive, and power enough in his spirit to bear all the wrath that was prepared for us. This ariseth from his union of the two natures of God and man in one person; (John 1:14; Isa. 9:6; Rom. 1:3-5;) the necessary consequences whereof are: 1. The subsistence of human nature in the person of the Son of God, having no subsistence of its own. (Luke 1:35; 1 Tim. 3:16.) 2. That communication of attributes in the person whereby the properties of either nature are promiscuously spoken of the person of Christ, whether as God or man. (Acts 20:28; 3:28.) 3. The execution of his office of mediation in his single person, in respect of both natures, wherein is to be considered the agent, Christ himself, God and man; he is the principle that gives life and efficacy to the whole work, that which operates, which is both natures distinctly considered; the effectual working itself of each nature. And lastly, the effect produced, which ariseth from all, and relates to them all; so resolving the excellency I speak of into his personal union.

2. His fulness to save, from the effects of his union which are free, and consequences of it, which is all the furniture that he received from the Father by the union of the Spirit for the work of our salvation. "He is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him;" (Heb. 7:25;) having all fulness unto this end communicated unto him; "for it pleased the Father that in him all fulness should dwell." (Col. 1:19.) And he received not the Spirit by measure; (John 3:34;) and from this fulness he makes out a suitable supply unto all that are his, grace for grace; (John 1:16;) had it been given him by measure, we had exhausted it.

3. His excellency to endear, from his complete suitableness to all the wants of the souls of men. There is no man whatever that hath any want in reference unto the things of God, but Christ will be unto him that which he wants. I speak of those who are given him of the Father. Is he dead? Christ is life. Is he weak? Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God. Hath he the sense of guilt upon him? Christ is complete righteousness, "the Lord our Righteousness." Many poor creatures are sensible of their wants, but know not where their remedy lies. Indeed, whether it be life or light, power or joy, all is wrapped up in him.

There are two things that complete this self-resignation of the soul.

1. *The loving of Christ for his excellency, grace, and suitableness, preferring him in the judgment and mind above all other beloveds.* In Cant. 5:9, 10, the spouse, being earnestly pressed by professors at large to give in her thoughts concerning the excellency of her beloved in comparison of other endearments, answereth expressly that he is the "chiefest of ten thousand, yea, (verse 16), altogether lovely," infinitely beyond comparison with the choicest created good or endearment imaginable. The soul takes a view of all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, and sees it all to be vanity—that the world passeth away, and the lust thereof. (1 John 2:16, 17.) These beloveds are no way to be compared unto him. It views also legal righteousness, blamelessness before men, uprightness of conversation, and concludes of all, as Paul doth, "Doubtless I count all these things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." (Phil. 3:8.) So also doth the church (Hos. 14:3, 4) reject all assistances, that God alone may be preferred. And this is the soul's entrance into conjugal communion with Jesus Christ, as to personal grace, the constant preferring him above all pretenders to its affections, counting all loss and dung in comparison of him. Beloved learning, beloved righteousness, beloved duties, all loss compared with Christ.

2. *The accepting of Christ by the will as its only husband, Lord, and Saviour.* This is called receiving of Christ, (John 1:12) and is not intended only for that solemn act whereby at first entrance we close with him, but also for the constant frame of the soul in abiding with him, and owning him as such. When the soul consents to take Christ on his own terms, to be saved by him in his own way, (Rom. 9:31, 32; 10:3, 4,) and says, "Lord, once I would have had thee and salvation in my way, that it might have been partly of mine endeavours, and as it were by works of the law; but I am now willing to receive thee, and to be saved in thy way, merely by grace; and though I would have walked according to my own mind, yet now I wholly give up myself to be ruled by thy Spirit, for in thee have I righteousness and strength, (Isa. 45:24,) in thee am I justified and do glory;" then doth it carry on communion with Christ as to the grace of his person. This is to receive the Lord Jesus in his comeliness and eminency. This is choice communion with the Son Jesus Christ. Let us receive him in all his excellences, as he bestows himself upon us.

I shall choose out one particular from among many, for the proof of this thing; and that is, Christ reveals the secrets of his mind unto his saints, and

enables them to reveal the secrets of their hearts to him—an evident demonstration of great delight. It is only a bosom friend unto whom we will unbosom ourselves. There is no greater evidence of delight in close communion than this, that one will reveal his heart unto him whom he takes into society, and not entertain him with things common and vulgarly known. And therefore have I chosen this instance from amongst a thousand that might be given of this delight of Christ in his saints. He communicates his mind unto his saints and unto them only; his mind, the counsel of his love, the thoughts of his heart, the purposes of his bosom for our eternal good. His mind, the ways of his grace, the workings of his Spirit, the rule of his sceptre, and the obedience of his gospel—all is spiritual revelation of Christ. "He is the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." (John 1:9.) He is the dayspring, the day-star, and the sun. So that it is impossible any light should be but by him, "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he shows them his covenant," (Psa. 25:14,) as he expresses it at large, John 15:14,15.

Now the things which in this communion Christ reveals to them that he delights in may be referred to these two heads: Himself; His Kingdom.

Christ reveals *himself* to his people. "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him, and will manifest myself in all my graces, desirableness, and loveliness; he shall know me as I am, and such I will be unto him, a Saviour, a Redeemer, the chiefest of ten thousand. He shall be acquainted with the true worth and value of the pearl of price; let others look upon him as no way desirable, he will manifest himself and his excellences unto them in whom he is delighted, that they shall see him altogether lovely. The saints with open face shall behold his glory, and so be translated to the image of the same glory as by the Spirit of the Lord." He also reveals *his kingdom*. They shall be acquainted with the government of his Spirit in their hearts, and also his administration of authority in his word among his churches. Thus does he manifest his delight in his saints; he communicates his secrets unto them; he gives them to know his Person, his excellences, his grace, his love, his kingdom, his will, the riches of his goodness, and the bowels of his mercy, more and more, when the world shall neither see nor know any such thing.

And he also enables his saints to reveal their souls unto him, so that they may walk together as intimate friends; Christ knows the minds of all. "He knows what is in man, and needs not that any man testify of him." (John 2:26.) He "searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of all." (Rev. 2:23.) But all know not how to communicate their mind to Christ. It will not avail a man at all, that Christ knows his mind, for so he does of every one whether he will or no; but that a man can make his heart known unto Christ, this is consolation. Hence, the prayers of the saints are "incense," "odours;" and those of others are "howling," "cutting off a dog's neck, offering of swine's blood," "an abomination unto the Lord."

When such a pen as Dr. Owen's has written on this subject, well may ours be slow to add anything to his wise and weighty words; yet we should be hardly satisfied to bring our Review abruptly to a close without expressing a little of what we see and feel upon this vital point, for in it we are thoroughly convinced lie the very life and power of all saving religion. Nothing distinguishes the divine religion of the saint of God, not only from the dead profanity of the openly ungodly, but from the formal lip-service of the lifeless professor, so much as communion with God.

How clearly do we see this exemplified in the saints of old. Abel sought after fellowship with God when "he brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof," for he looked to the atoning blood of the Lamb of God. God accepted the offering, and "testified of his gifts" by manifesting his divine approbation. Here was fellowship between Abel and God. Enoch "walked with God;" but how can two walk together except they be agreed? And if agreed, they are in fellowship and communion. Abraham was "the friend of God;" "The Lord spake to Moses face to face;" David was "the man after God's own heart;"—all which testimonies of the Holy Ghost concerning them implied that they were reconciled, brought near, and walked in holy communion with the Lord God Almighty. So all the saints of old, whose sufferings and exploits are recorded in Heb. 11 lived a life of faith and prayer, a life of fellowship and communion with their Father and their friend; and though "they were stoned, sawn asunder, and slain with the sword;" though "they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented;" though "they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth," yet they all were sustained in their sufferings and

sorrows by the Spirit and grace, the presence and power of the living God, with whom they held sweet communion; and, though tortured, would "accept no deliverance," by denying their Lord, "that they might obtain a better resurrection," and see him as he is in glory, by whose grace they were brought into fellowship with him on earth.

This same communion with himself is that which God now calls his saints unto, as we read, "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord," (1 Cor. 1:9,) for to have fellowship with his Son is to have fellowship with him. As then he called Abraham out of the land of the Chaldees, so he calls elect souls out of the world, out of darkness, sin, and death, out of formality and self-righteousness, out of a deceptive profession, to have fellowship with himself, to be blessed with manifestations of his love and mercy. To this point all his dealings with their souls tend; to bring them near to himself, all their afflictions, trials, and sorrows are sent; and in giving them tastes of holy fellowship here, he grants them foretastes and prelibations of that eternity of bliss which will be theirs when time shall be no more, in being for ever swallowed up with his presence and love.

Even in the first awakenings of the Spirit, in the first quickenings of his grace, there is that in the living soul which eternally distinguishes it from all others, whatever be their profession, however high or however low, however in doctrine sound or unsound, however in practice consistent or inconsistent. There is, amidst all its trouble, darkness, guilt, confusion, and self-condemnation, a striving after communion with God; though still ignorant of who or what he is, and still unable to approach him with confidence. There is a sense of his greatness and glory; there is a holy fear and godly awe of his great name; there is a trembling at his word; a brokenness, a contrition, a humility, a simplicity, a sincerity, a self-abasement, a distrust of self, a dread of hypocrisy and self-deception, a coming to the light, a labouring to enter the strait gate, a tenderness of conscience, a sense of unbelief, helplessness, and inability, a groaning under the guilt and burden of sin, a quickness to see its workings, and an alarm lest they should break forth—all which we never see in a dead, carnal professor, whether the highest Calvinist or the lowest Arminian. In all these, whatever their creed or name, there is a hardness, a boldness, an ignorance, and a self-confidence which chill and repel a child of God. Their religion has in it no repentance and no faith—therefore no hatred

of sin or fear of God. It is a mere outside, superficial form, springing out of a few natural convictions, and attended with such false hopes and self-righteous confidence as a Balaam might have from great gifts, or an Ahithophel from great knowledge, or the Pharisee in the temple from great consistency, but as different from a work of grace as heaven from earth. How different from this is he who is made alive unto God. His religion is one carried on between God and his own conscience, in the depths of his soul, and, for the most part, amid much affliction and temptation. Being pressed down with a sight and sense of the dreadful evil of sin, he at times dares hardly draw near to God, or utter a word before the great and glorious majesty of heaven. And yet he is sometimes driven and sometimes drawn to pour out his heart before him, and seek his face night and day, besides more set seasons of prayer and supplication. And yet this he cannot do without peculiar trial and temptation. If he stay away from the throne, he is condemned in his own conscience as having no religion, as being a poor, prayerless, careless wretch; if he come, he is at times almost overwhelmed by a sight of the majesty and holiness of God, and his open, dreadful sins against and before the eyes of his infinite purity. If he is cold and dead, he views that as a mark of his own hypocrisy; if he is enlarged, and feels holy liberty and blessed confidence spring up in his soul, he can scarcely believe it real, and fears lest it be presumption, and that Satan is now deceiving him as an angel of light; if he has a promise applied, and is sweetly blessed for a time, he calls it afterwards all in question; if favoured under the word, to see his interest clear, he often questions whether it were really of God; and if his mouth is opened to speak to a Christian friend of any sweetness he has enjoyed, or any liberty that he has felt, he is tried to the very quick, before an hour is gone over his head, whether he has not been deceiving a child of God.

But by all these things living souls are instructed. The emptiness of a mere profession, the deceitfulness of their own hearts, the darkness, misery, and death that sin always brings in its train when secretly indulged, the vanity of this poor, passing scene, the total inability of the creature, whether in themselves or others, to give them any real satisfaction, all become more thoroughly inwrought into their soul's experience. And as they get glimpses and glances of the King in his beauty, and see and feel more of his blessedness and suitability to all their wants and woes; as his blood and righteousness, glorious person, and finished work are more sensibly realised, believed in,

looked unto, and reposed upon; and as he himself is pleased to commune with them from the mercy-seat through his word, Spirit, presence, and love, they begin to hold close and intimate fellowship with him. Every fresh view of his beauty and blessedness draws their heart more towards him; and though they often slip, stumble, start aside, wander away on the dark mountains, though often as cold as ice and hard as adamant, with no more feeling religion than the stones of the pavement, and viler in their own feelings than the vilest and worst, still ever and anon their stony heart relents, the tear of grief runs down their cheek, their bosom heaves with godly sorrow, prayer and supplication go forth from their lips, sin is confessed and mourned over, pardon is sought with many cries, the blood of sprinkling is begged for, a word, a promise, a smile, a look, a touch, are again and again besought, till body and soul are alike exhausted with the earnestness of expressed desire. O, how much is needed to bring the soul to its only rest and centre. What trials and afflictions; what furnaces, floods, rods, and strokes, as well as smiles, promises, and gracious drawings! What pride and self to be brought out of! What love and blood to be brought unto! What lessons to learn of the freeness and fulness of salvation! What sinkings in self! What risings in Christ! What guilt and condemnation on account of sin; what self-loathing and self-abasement; what distrust of self; what fears of falling; what prayers and desires to be kept; what clinging to Christ; what looking up and unto his divine majesty, as faith views him at the right hand of the Father; what desires never more to sin against him, but to live, move, and act in the holy fear of God, do we find, more or less daily, in a living soul!

And whence springs all this inward experience but from the fellowship and communion which there is between Christ and the soul? "We are members," says the Apostle, "of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." As such there is a mutual participation in sorrow and joy. "He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He can, therefore, "be touched with the feelings of our infirmities," can pity and sympathise; and thus, as we may cast upon him our sins and sorrows, when faith enables, so can he supply, out of his own fulness, that grace and strength which can bring us off eventually more than conquerors.

But here, for the present, we pause, having only just touched the threshold of

a subject so full of divine blessedness. Such a subject as this, descending to all the depths of sin and sorrow, and rising up to all the heights of grace and glory, embracing fellowship with Christ in his sufferings and fellowship with Christ in his glory, is a theme for Paul after he had been caught up into the third heaven, and for John in Patmos, after he had seen him walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks; nor even could their divinely-taught souls adequately comprehend, nor their divinely-inspired pens worthily describe all that is contained in the solemn mystery of the communion that the Church, as the Bride of the Lamb, is called to enjoy with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the great and glorious Three-in-One God.

(Concluded, April, 1858.)

What Christ is to the Church, what the Church is to Christ, can never be really known till time give place to eternity, faith to sight, and hope to enjoyment. Nor even *then*, however beyond all present conception the powers and faculties of the glorified souls and bodies of the saints may be expanded, however conformed to the glorious image of Christ, or however ravished with the discoveries of his glory and the sight of him as he is in one unclouded day,—no, not even then, will the utmost stretch of creature love, or highest refinement of creature intellect, wholly embrace or fully comprehend that love of Christ, which, as in time so in eternity, "passeth knowledge," as being in itself essentially incomprehensible, because infinite and divine. Who can calculate the amount of light and heat that dwell in, and are given forth by the sun that shines at this moment so gloriously in the noonday sky? We see, we feel, we enjoy its bright beams; but who can number the millions of millions of rays that it casts forth upon all the surface of the earth, diffusing light, heat, and fertility to every part? If the creature be so great, glorious, and incomprehensible, how much more great, glorious, and incomprehensible must be its divine Creator! The Scripture testimony of the saints in glory is that "when Christ shall appear they shall be like him, for they shall see him as he is;" (1 John 3:2;) that they shall then see the Lord "face to face, and know even as also they are known;" (1 Cor. 13:12;) that their "vile body shall be fashioned like unto his glorious body;" (Phil. 3:21;) that they shall be "conformed to his image," (Rom. 8:29,) and "be satisfied when they awake with his likeness;" (Ps. 17:15;) that they shall be "before the throne of God,

and serve him day and night in his temple;" (Rev. 7:15;) that "their sun shall no more go down, for the Lord shall be their everlasting light;" (Isa. 60:20;) that they shall have "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" (2 Cor.4:17;) and shall "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. 12:3.) But, with all this unspeakable bliss and glory, there must be in infinite Deity unfathomable depths which no creature, however highly exalted, can ever sound; heights which no finite, dependent being can ever scan. God became man, but man never can become God. He fully knows us, but we never can fully know him, for even in eternity, as in time, it may be said to the creature, "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." (Job 11:7-9.) But if, as we believe, eternity itself can never fully or entirely reveal the heights and depths of the love of a Triune God, how little can be known of it in a time state! and yet that little is the only balm for all sorrow, the only foundation of solid rest and peace.

In resuming, therefore, our subject, we are at once led to feel how little here below we can realise of that love of Christ in the knowledge and enjoyment of which mainly consists all communion with him. But we are encouraged to drop a few more hints on this sacred subject, not only from its peculiar blessedness, and in the hope that its further consideration may be profitable to our readers, but from the testimony that we have received from some of them that what we were enabled to write in our last Number met with their acceptance, and was read by them with interest and pleasure.

Love is communicative. This is a part of its very nature and essence. Its delight is to give, and especially to give itself; and all it wants or asks is a return. To love and to be beloved, to enjoy and to express that ardent and mutual affection by words and deeds; this is love's delight, love's heaven. To love, and not be loved,—this is love's misery, love's hell. God is love. This is his very nature, an essential attribute of his glorious being; and as he, the infinite and eternal Jehovah, exists in a Trinity of distinct Persons, though undivided Unity of Essence! there is a mutual ineffable love of the three Persons in the sacred Godhead the Scripture abundantly testifies: "The Father loveth the Son;" (John 3:35;) "And hast loved them as thou hast loved

me;" (John 17:23;) "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. 3:17.) And as the Father loves the Son, so does the Son love the Father: "But that the world may know that I love the Father," are his own blessed words. (John 14:31.) And that the Holy Ghost loves the Father and the Son is evident not only from his divine personality in the Godhead, but because he is essentially the very "Spirit of love," (Rom. 15:30, 2 Tim. 1:7,) and as such "sheds the love of God abroad in the heart" of the election of grace. (Rom. 5:5.)

Thus *man* was not needed by the holy and ever-blessed Trinity as an object of divine love. Sufficient, eternally and amply sufficient, to all the bliss and blessedness, perfection and glory of Jehovah was and ever would have been the mutual love and intercommunion of the three Persons in the sacred Godhead. But love—the equal and undivided love, of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, flowed out beyond its original and essential being to man; and not merely to man as man, that is to human nature as the body prepared for the Son of God to assume, but to thousands and millions of the human race, who are all loved personally and individually with all the infinite love of God as much as if that love were fixed on only one, and he were loved as God loves his dear Son. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," is spoken to each individual of the elect as much as to the whole church, viewed as the mystical Bride and Spouse of the Lamb. Thus the love of a Triune God is not only to the nature which in due time the Son of God should assume, the flesh and blood of the children, the seed of Abraham which he should take on him, (Heb. 2:14-16,) and for this reason viewed by the Triune Jehovah with eyes of intense delight, but to that innumerable multitude of human beings who were to form the mystical body of Christ. Were Scripture less express, we might still believe that the nature which one of the sacred Trinity was to assume would be delighted in and loved by the holy Three-in-One. But we have the testimony of the Holy Ghost to the point, that puts it beyond all doubt or question. When, in the first creation of that nature the Holy Trinity said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," and when, in pursuance of that divine council, "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul," God thereby uniting an immortal soul to an earthly body, this human nature was created not only in the moral image of God, (Eph. 4:24,) but after the pattern of that body which was prepared for the Son of God by the Father.

(Heb. 10:5.) The Holy Ghost, therefore, in Ps. 8, puts into the mouth of the inspired Psalmist an anthem of praise flowing from the meditations of his heart upon the grace and glory bestowed upon human nature, as exalted in the person of Christ above all the glory of the starry heavens: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained: what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet." (Ps. 8:3-6.) Here the Psalmist bursts forth into a rapture of admiration at beholding how man, that is, human nature, in itself so weak and fragile, so inferior in beauty and splendour to the glorious orbs that stud the midnight sky, should yet attract the mind, and be visited by the love of God; how that nature, "made a little lower than the angels" in its original constitution, yet should, by virtue of its being taken into union with the Person of the Son of God, be crowned with honour and glory, and dominion given to it over all the works of God's hands in heaven and in earth. (Matt. 28:18.) That this is the mind of the Holy Ghost is evident from the interpretation given of the Psalm by the inspired Apostle: "But one in a certain place testified, saying, What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; thou crownedst him with glory and honour, and didst set him over the works of thy hands. Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet. For in that he put all in subjection under him, he left nothing that is not put under him. But now we see not yet all things put under him. But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man." (Heb. 2:6-9.) When, then, the Son of God took our flesh into union with his own divine Person, he not only invested that nature with unspeakable glory, but by partaking of the same identical substance, the same flesh, and blood, and bones, wedded the Church unto himself. This is the true source, as it is the only real and solid foundation of all the union and communion that the Church enjoys with Christ on earth, or ever will enjoy with him in heaven. He thus became her Head, her Husband, and she became his body, his wife. Nor are these mere names, and titles, any more than husband and wife are mere names and titles in their natural relationship. The marriage relation is an unalterable tie, an indissoluble bond, giving and cementing a peculiar but substantial union,

making man and wife one flesh, and investing them with an interest in each other's person and property, happiness and honour, love and affection, such as exists in no other relationship of life. Thus the assumption of human nature made the Lord Jesus Christ a real, not a nominal husband, yea, as much a husband to the Church as Adam became husband to Eve on that memorable morn in Paradise, "when the Lord God brought her unto the man" in all her original purity and innocence, (beautiful type of the Church as presented to Christ in her unfallen condition!) "and Adam said, This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman because she was taken out of man." (Gen. 2:23.) As then in the marriage union man and wife become one flesh, (Gen. 2:24,) and, God having joined them together, no man may put them asunder, (Matt. 19:5,) so when the Lord Jesus Christ, in the "everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure," betrothed the church unto himself, they became before the face of heaven one in indissoluble ties. As he undertook in "the fulness of time" to be "made of a woman," she became one with him in body by virtue of a common nature; and becomes one with him in spirit when, as each individual member comes forth into a time state, the blessed Spirit unites it to him by regenerating grace. Such is the testimony of the word of truth. "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones;" (Eph. 5:30;). "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." (1 Cor. 6:17.) Her union, therefore, with his flesh ensures to her body conformity in the resurrection morn to the glorified body of Jesus; and her union with his spirit ensures to her soul an eternity of bliss in the perfection of knowledge, holiness, and love. Thus the union of the church with Christ commenced in the councils of eternal wisdom and love, is made known upon earth by regenerating grace, and is perfected in heaven in the fulness of glory.

The church, it is true, fell in Adam from that state of innocence and purity in which she was originally created. But how the Adam fall, in all its miserable consequences, instead of cancelling the bond and disannulling the everlasting covenant, only served more fully and gloriously to reveal and make known the love of Christ to his chosen bride in all its breadth and length and depth and height! She fell, it is true, into unspeakable, unfathomable depths of sin and misery, guilt and crime; but she never fell out of his heart or out of his arms. Yet what without the fall would have been known of dying love or of the mystery of the cross? Where would have been the song of the redeemed, "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood?"

Where the victory over death and hell, or the triumphs of superabounding grace over the aboundings of sin, guilt, and despair? Where would have been the "leading captivity captive," the "spoiling principalities and powers, and making a show of them openly, triumphing over them in himself?" What would have been known of that most precious attribute of God—*mercy*? What of his forbearance and long-suffering; what of his pitiful compassion to the poor lost children of men? As then the church's head and husband could not and would not dissolve the union, break the covenant, or alter the thing that had gone out of his lips, and yet could not take her openly unto himself in all her filth, and guilt, and shame, he had to redeem her with his own heart's blood, with agonies and sufferings such as earth or heaven never before witnessed, with those dolorous cries under the hidings of his Father's face, which made the earth to quake, the rocks to rend, and the sun to withdraw its light. But his love was strong as death, and he endured the cross, despising the shame, bearing her sins in his own body on the tree, and thus suffering the penalty due to her crimes, reconciled her unto God "in the body of his flesh, through death, to present her holy, and unblameable and unreprouable in his sight." (Col. 1:22.) Having thus reconciled her unto God, as she comes forth from the womb of time, he visits member after member of his mystical body with his regenerating grace, that "he may sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word," and thus eventually "present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." (Eph. 5:26, 27.) Communion with Christ, therefore begins below, in our time state. It is *here* that the mystery of the marriage union is first made known; here the espousals entered into; (Jer. 2:2, 2 Cor. 11:2;) here the first kiss of betrothed love given. (Song 1:2.) The celebration of the marriage is to come; (Rev. 19:7-9;) but the original betrothal in heaven and the spiritual espousals on earth make Christ and the church eternally one. As then the husband, when he becomes united to his wife in marriage ties, engages thereby to love her, cherish her, feed her, clothe her, count her interests his interests, her honour his honour, and her happiness his happiness, so the blessed Jesus, when in the councils of eternity, he betrothed the Church to himself, undertook to be to her and do for her everything that should be for her happiness and honour, perfection and glory. His own words are, "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." (Hos. 2:19, 20.) And again, "For

thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall he be called." (Isa. 54:5.) "For as a young man marryeth a virgin, so shall thy sons* marry thee; and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." (Isa. 62:5.) There must be union before communion, marriage before possession, membership before abiding in Christ and he in us, a being in the vine before a branch issuing from the stem. It is the Spirit that quickeneth us to feel our need of him; to seek all our supplies in him and from him; to believe in him unto everlasting life, and thus live a life of faith upon him. By his secret teachings, inward touches, gracious smiles, soft whispers, sweet promises, and more especially by manifestations of his glorious Person, finished work, atoning blood, justifying righteousness, agonising sufferings, and dying love, he draws the heart up to himself. He thus wins our affections, and setting himself before our eyes as "the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely," draws out that love and affection towards himself which puts the world under our feet. What is religion without a living faith in, and a living love to the Lord Jesus Christ? How dull and dragging, how dry and heavy, what a burden to the mind, and a weariness to the flesh, is a round of forms where the heart is not engaged and the affections not drawn forth! Reading, hearing, praying, meditation, conversation with the saints of God—what cold, what heartless work where Jesus is not! But let him appear, let his presence and grace be felt, and his blessed Spirit move upon the heart, then there is a holy sweetness, a sacred blessedness in the worship of God and in communion with the Lord Jesus that makes, whilst it lasts, a little heaven on earth. Means are to be attended to, ordinances to be prized, the Bible to be read, preaching to be heard, the throne of grace to be resorted to, the company of Christian friends to be sought. But what are all these unless we find Christ in them? It is He that puts life and blessedness into all means and ordinances, into all prayer, preaching, hearing, reading, conversing, and every thing that bears the name of religion. Without him all is dark and dead, cold and dreary, barren and bare. Wandering thoughts at the throne, unbelief at the ordinance, deadness under the word, formality and lip service in family worship, carelessness over the open Bible, carnality in conversation, and a general coldness and stupidity over the whole frame—such is the state of the soul when Jesus does not appear, and when he leaves us to prove what we are, and what we can do without him. He is our sun, and without him all is darkness; he is our life, and without him all is death; he is the beginner and

finisher of our faith, the substance of our hope, and the object of our love. All religion flows from his Spirit and grace, presence and power. Where he is, be it barn or hovel, field or hedge, closet or fireside, there is a believing soul, a praying spirit, a tender conscience, a humble mind, a broken heart, and a confessing tongue. Where he is not, be it parlour or chapel, public worship or private prayer, hearing the word or reading the Bible, all is alike empty and forlorn to a living soul, pregnant with dissatisfaction and loaded with self-condemnation. It is this inward sense of the blessedness of his presence and the misery of his absence, the heaven of his smile and the hell of his frown, that makes the sheep of Christ seek communion with Him. He has won their heart to himself by discovering to them his beauty and his love, and they having once seen the glory of his Person, heard the sweetness of his voice, and tasted the grace of his lips, follow him whithersoever he goeth, seeking to know him and the power of his resurrection, and counting all things dung and loss that they may win him, and have some manifestation of his love. What is to support the soul under those trials and temptations that at times press it so sore, relieve those cruel doubts which so disquiet, take away those fears of death which so alarm, subdue that rebelliousness which so condemns, wean from the world which so allures, and make it look beyond life and time, the cares of the passing hour, and the events of the fleeting day, to a solemn and blessed eternity, but those visitations of the Blessed Lord to the soul which give it communion with himself? Thus were the saints of God led and taught in days of old, as the Holy Ghost has recorded their experience in the word of truth. Remembering the past, one says, "Thy visitation hath preserved my spirit" (Job 10:12.) Longing for a renewal, another cries, "O when wilt thou come unto me?" (Ps. 101:2;) and under the enjoyment of his presence the church speaks, "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." (Cant. 2:4.)

*** We prefer the rendering, "thy Maker," which only requires the change of a point in the Hebrew, and is not only more agreeable to the meaning, but corresponds more exactly to the parallel clause in the same verse. Bishop Lowth renders it "thy Restorer;" literally, it is "thy Builder."**

We are, most of us, so fettered down by the chains of time and sense, the cares of life and daily business, the weakness of our earthly frame, the distracting claims of a family, and the miserable carnality and sensuality of our fallen

nature, that we live at best a poor, dragging, dying life. We can take no pleasure in the world, nor mix with a good conscience in its pursuits and amusements; we are many of us poor, moping, dejected creatures, from a variety of trials and afflictions; we have a daily cross and the continual plague of an evil heart; get little consolation from the family of God or the outward means of grace; know enough of ourselves to know that in self there is neither help nor hope, and never expect a smoother path, a better, wiser, holier heart, or to be able to do to-morrow what we cannot do to-day. As then the weary man seeks rest, the hungry food, the thirsty drink, and the sick health, so do we stretch forth our hearts and arms that we may embrace the Lord Jesus Christ, and sensibly realise union and communion with him. From him come both prayer and answer, both hunger and food, both desire and the tree of life. He discovers the evil and misery of sin that we may seek pardon in his bleeding wounds and pierced side; makes known to us our nakedness and shame, and, as such, our exposure to God's wrath, that we may hide ourselves under his justifying robe; puts gall and wormwood into the world's choicest draughts, that we may have no sweetness but in and from him; keeps us long fasting to endear a crumb, and long waiting to make a word precious. He wants the whole heart, and will take no less; and as this we cannot give, he takes it to himself by ravishing it with one of his eyes, with one chain of his neck. If we love him it is because he first loved us; and if we seek communion with him, it is because he will manifest himself to us as he doth not unto the world.

Would we see what the Holy Ghost has revealed of the nature of this communion, we shall find it most clearly and experimentally unfolded in the Song of Solomon. From the first verse of that divine book, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth," to the last expressed desire of the loving bride, "Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or like to a young hart upon the mountains of spices," all is a "song of loves," (Ps. 45 title,) all a divine revelation of the communion that is carried on upon earth between Christ and the Church. She "comes up from the wilderness leaning upon her beloved," whilst "his left hand is under her head, and his right hand doth embrace her." She says, "Look not upon me because I am black;" but he answers, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." At one moment she says, "By night, on my bed, I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not;" and then again she cries, "It was but a little that I

passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth. I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me." (Song Sol. 3:4.) Comings and goings; sighs and songs; vain excuses and cutting self-reflections; (5:3-6;) complaints of self and praises of him; (5:7-16;) the breathings of love, and the flames of jealousy; (8:6;) the tender affections of a virgin heart, and the condescending embraces of a royal spouse; (1:7; 2:3-7;)—such is the experience of the Church in seeking or enjoying communion with Christ as described in this divine book.

O that we could walk more in these gracious footsteps! Whatever be our state and case, if it can truly be said of us what the angel said to the women at the sepulchre, "I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified," we have a divine warrant to believe that, "he is gone before us into Galilee. There shall we see him." He is risen; he has ascended up on high, and "has received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." He is now upon the mercy seat, and he invites and draws poor needy sinners to himself. He says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He allows us, he invites us to pour out our heart before him, to show before him our trouble, to spread our wants at his feet, as Hezekiah spread the letter in the temple. If we seek communion with him, we may and shall tell him how deeply we need him, that without him it is not life to live, and with him not death to die. We shall beg of him to heal our backslidings; to manifest his love and blood to our conscience; to show us the evil of sin; to bless us with godly sorrow for our slips and falls; to keep us from evil that it may not grieve us; to lead us into his sacred truth; to preserve us from all error; to plant his fear deep in our heart; to apply some precious promise to our soul; to be with us in all our ways; to watch over us in all our goings out and comings in; to preserve us from pride, self-deception, and self-righteousness; to give us renewed tokens of our interest in his finished work; to subdue our iniquities; to make and keep our conscience tender; and work in us everything which is pleasing in his sight. What is communion but mutual giving and receiving, the flowing together of two hearts, the melting into one of two wills, the exchange of two loves—each party maintaining its distinct identity, yet being to the other an object of affection and delight? Have we nothing then to give Christ? Yes, our sins, our sorrows, our burdens, our trials, and above all the salvation and sanctification of our souls. And what

has he to give us? What? Why, everything worth having, everything worth a moment's anxious thought, everything for time and eternity.

We conclude our Review, already perhaps too long, with one more extract from the wise and weighty words of Dr. Owen:

"First. The saints cordially approve of this righteousness, as that alone which is absolutely complete, and able to make them acceptable before God. And this supposeth five things:

"1. Their clear and full conviction of the necessity of a righteousness wherewith to appear before God. This is always in their thoughts. Many men spend their days in obstinacy and hardness, adding drunkenness unto thirst, never once inquiring what their condition shall be when they enter into eternity. Others trifle away their time and their souls, sowing the wind of empty hopes, and preparing to reap a whirlwind of wrath. But this lies at the bottom of all the saint's communion with Christ—a deep, fixed persuasion of the indispensable necessity of a righteousness wherewith to appear before God. The holiness of God's nature, the righteousness of his government, the severity of his law, the terror of his wrath, are always before them. They have been convinced of sin and have looked on themselves as ready to sink under the vengeance due to it. They have cried, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?' and have all concluded, that if God be holy, and of 'purer eyes than to behold iniquity,' they must have a righteousness to stand before him; and they knew what will be the cry, one day, of those otherwise minded.

"2. They weigh their own righteousness in the balance, and find it wanting. And this in two ways: 1st. In general; when men are convinced of the necessity of a righteousness, they catch at everything that presents itself to them for relief; as men ready to sink in deep waters catch at what is nearest to save them from drowning, which sometimes proves a rotten stick that sinks with them. So did the Jews; (Rom. 9:31, 32;) they caught hold of the law, and it would not relieve them; the law put them upon setting up a righteousness of their own; this kept them doing, but kept them from submitting to the righteousness of God. Here many perish, and never get one step nearer to God all their days. This the saints renounce. They have no confidence in the flesh; they know all they can do will not avail them. See what judgment Paul makes

of a man's own righteousness, Phil. 3:8-10. This keeps their souls humble, full of a sense of their own vileness, all their days. 2nd. In particular; they daily weigh all their particular actions in the balance, and find them wanting as to any such completeness as upon their own account to be accepted with God. 'O,' says a saint, 'if I had nothing to commend me unto God but this prayer, this duty, this conquest of a temptation, wherein I myself see so much imperfection, could I appear with any boldness before him? Ah, it is all as filthy rags.' (Isa. 64: 6.) These thoughts accompany them in all their duties, in their best and most choice performances. Lord, what am I, in my best estate! How little suitableness unto thy holiness is in my best duties! O spare me, in reference to the best thing that ever I did in my life! When a man who lives upon convictions hath got some enlargement in duties, some conquest over a temptation, he hugs himself, like Micah, when he had got a Levite to be his priest: now surely God will bless him; he hath peace in what he hath done. But he who has communion with Christ, when he is highest in duties of sanctification, is clearest in the apprehension of his own unprofitableness, and renounces every thought of setting his peace in them or upon them. He says to his soul, Should God deal with thee according to thy best works, thou must perish.

"3. They value and rejoice in this righteousness for their acceptance, which the Lord Jesus hath wrought out and provided for them. This being discovered to them, they approve of it with all their hearts, and rest in it. (Isa. 45:24.) 'Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.' This is their voice and language when once the righteousness of God in Christ is made known to them. 'Here is righteousness indeed, here have I rest for my soul.' Like the merchantman in the gospel, (Matt. 13:45, 46,) that finds the pearl of price. When first the righteousness of Christ, for acceptance with God, is revealed to a poor labouring soul, that hath sought for rest and hath found none, he is surprised and amazed; and such a one always in his heart approves this righteousness on a fivefold account. (1.) As full of infinite wisdom. 'Unto them that believe,' saith the apostle, 'Christ crucified is the wisdom of God,' (1 Cor. 1:24,) they see infinite wisdom in this way of their acceptance with God. In what darkness, says such a one, was my soul! How little able was I to look through the clouds and perplexities wherewith I was encompassed! I looked inwards, and there was nothing but sin; I looked upwards, and saw nothing but wrath; I knew that God was a holy and

righteous God; I knew that I was a poor, vile, unclean and sinful creature, and how to bring these two together in peace I knew not. But in the righteousness of Christ doth a world of wisdom open itself, dispelling all difficulties, and manifesting a reconciliation of all this. 'O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!' (Rom. 11:33, and Col. 2:3.)"

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A Selection from the Correspondence of the late Rev. Joseph Chamberlain, Minister of Salem Chapel, Leicester; and Sketches of some of his Sermons; with Brief Recollections of his Life and Last Illness. By his Widow.—(May, 1858.)

Not many now remain in this vale of tears who were favoured with the personal friendship and familiar correspondence of Mr. Huntington. One after another they have been gathered into that happy and eternal home where they are now enjoying, in one unclouded day, the open vision of that glory of their risen Lord of which, during their sojourn here below, they had but transient glimpses and short though ravishing foretastes. Mr. Locker, Mr. Beeman, Mr. Turner, and now Mr. Chamberlain, have all followed their beloved friend and spiritual father into those mansions of eternal bliss where the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne feeds them and leads them unto living fountains of waters; and God wipes away all tears from their eyes. (Rev. 7:17.) Mr. Vinall still survives, waiting his dismissal, knowing that, at his advanced period of life, he must shortly put off this his tabernacle, and, as a servant of the Lord who has long borne the burden and heat of the day, will enter into rest and his works will follow him. Both Mr. Huntington and his friends were, for the most part, spared to a good old age, proving the truth of that precious promise, "Even to hoary hairs will I carry you;" and having served their generation by the will of God, are fallen on sleep and laid unto their fathers. But though dead they still speak, either by their writings or by those living witnesses to whom their ministry was blessed, and who, as long as life is spared, will remember, with gratitude to God and affection to his servants, what they received with power and savour from their lips. Though not ourselves Huntingtonians, in the usual sense of the word, yet, as lovers of good men, as admirers of the grace of God wherever seen, and as pressing forward to the experience and enjoyment of the same power of godliness, we

venerate with the greatest esteem and affection the memory of Mr. Huntington and his immediate friends and followers. It is impossible, we believe, for any person who knows anything of the power of vital godliness in his own soul to read half a dozen pages of Mr. Huntington's writings without feeling that there is a peculiar stamp upon them which none of his friends and followers, as they themselves would willingly and readily admit, have ever been able to reach. It is not merely the great and striking grasp of thought, the singular boldness and originality of expression, the wonderful aptness of scripture quotation, the firmness and decision of mind, the vigour and clearness of style, the lively wit and playful humour, the sparkling figures and pregnant comparisons, all which must ever characterise them as literary performances of a very high order to those who understand what mental ability and powerful writing are; but it is not, we repeat, these mere literary excellences (though even these have an unperceived weight and influence on the minds of many who from want of education or mental cultivation can hardly appreciate them) that stamp Mr. Huntington's writings with such undying worth and value. It is the force of truth, the weight of deep and undeniable experience, the close and strict accordance with the testimony of God himself in the inspired word, and the life and power in them which so search the conscience and reach the inmost heart that make them acceptable to the family of God, and will always render them a priceless treasure to the Church of Christ.

But if we who never saw nor heard him so feel his words as goads, and as nails fastened by the great Master of assemblies, how must those have felt who sat under his ministry, heard his prayers, listened to his private conversation, and personally witnessed the grace that was in him. We have in Mr. Warburton's "Mercies of a Covenant God" an account of an interview which he had with Mr. Huntington, in which he relates what power and unction he felt under his parting blessing, and that it long abode with him to revive and encourage his soul in the work of the ministry. In the work before us we have a similar testimony to the benefit and blessing received by Mr. Chamberlain from the conversation of the same eminent saint and servant of God.

"He had ever considered and esteemed it a great mercy and blessing of the Lord towards himself, that so early in life he met with Mr. Huntington's works, heard him preach, and became acquainted with him. He ever blessed

God for Mr. Huntington,—that he should, in great mercy and goodness, have sent forth such a 'burning and shining light' in this 'cloudy and dark day,' when 'the shadows of evening are stretched out.' He knew well what he had witnessed in that eminent servant of God, to the last month of his life, having spent some weeks with him a very short time before his death, when he received from him those cautions, admonitions, and instructions which he never lost sight of. Mr. Huntington gave him the kindest advice and every encouragement; showing him, from his own experience, what he might expect to meet with; and that the more it might please God to bless his labours, the more he might expect to be troubled from one quarter or another, the adversary being ever ready to oppose all good. He frequently mentioned the benefit he had derived from Mr. Huntington's conversations in these last interviews with him, and that his words had been a comfort and support, a stay and encouragement to him in the many trials that were appointed him."

If such a power and blessing rested on his private conversation, how great must have been the privilege of those who stately sat under his ministry, and were taught and influenced by the same blessed Spirit that so evidently dwelt in and spake by him. The ministry of the word is such an express ordinance of God that he himself accompanies it with a peculiar blessing. No writings, therefore, of a servant of God, nor even his published sermons, however faithfully or accurately reported, can come up to what he is in the pulpit when his Master is with him. The sweetness and savour that fall with his words, the entrance they find into the conscience, the demonstration of the Spirit and of power that attend them to the heart, the blessing that they communicate as speaking peace, pardon, and salvation with the very voice of God himself, the softening influence that they spread to melt and dissolve the soul into humility, contrition, and love,—these, and similar effects, cannot be reproduced by our holding in our hands the exact words which, as they fell from the lips of God's servant, were attended with these blessings. At this distance of time, therefore, though we have Mr. Huntington's works, we have not Mr. Huntington. We have the sermons, but we have not the minister; we have the words, but we have not, at least not in the same measure, the power which accompanied them. It was *himself*, whom they saw and heard—the reality, the substance; we have but the shadow. When he stood up before them, he so spake what he personally and experimentally knew, what he had tasted, felt, and handled of the word of life, what he had received by divine

revelation from the Lord of life and glory, that his words fell with a weight and power upon their consciences which we who read his writings can hardly now realise; for his speech and his preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; and thus the faith of his believing hearers stood not in the wisdom of man but in the power of God. From this power resting on his ministry Mr. Huntington gradually gathered round him not only a large body of hearers who warmly loved and deeply revered him for his work's sake, but a circle of attached friends who vied with one another in showing him unfeigned respect and affection. The letter ministers whom he exposed sometimes with such keen, caustic humour, and sometimes with such sharpness and severity, and the empty professors whom he sent away stripped naked and bare of all their professed religion, naturally enough, in their spite and vexation, reviled and slandered him. He took away their gods, and what had they more? This was an unpardonable offence, and his unsparing mode of doing it made it worse. But, their very outcry against him only made his real friends cleave more closely to him, as seeing in the very scorn and contempt manifested by them only the stronger proof that he was walking in the footsteps of his despised Lord, and that it was enough for the disciple to be as his Master.

Among these personal friends of Mr. Huntington, few were more attached to him or regarded him with greater respect and more deserved veneration than the late Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester. He, had, indeed, much reason to do so, as Mr. Huntington's preaching and writings were made such a signal blessing to his soul. In the "Epistles of Faith" there is a letter (reprinted in the work before us) written by himself to Mr. Huntington, in which he gives a most clear and blessed account of his soul travail, powerful temptations, and distress and bondage under which he laboured for many years, and under which he first met with his books and heard his ministry. Our limits will not allow us to give as copious extracts from this truly experimental and most interesting letter as we could wish, but we cannot pass over the signal deliverance which he obtained under a sermon preached by Mr. Huntington:

"When I came to Grantham to hear you, in the year 1807, I was bowed down with trouble, till my spirit sank within me, and, as Paul says, I seemed 'pressed out of measure, above strength;' and my countenance proclaimed to all who saw me the disconsolate and distressed state of my mind. What I

suffered I can never express; I felt as if the time was just at hand when all would be over with me, and that something would take place to make manifest to all the awful state I was in. I thought that no one seemed to care for me, which added abundantly to my grief; 'I looked on my right hand and beheld, but there was no one that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.' (Ps. 142:4.) In this state I went to the chapel on Sunday morning, and you preached from Hab. 3:2: 'O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid; O, Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.' While you were speaking, I found a very great change in my feelings, and was very comfortable; the Lord's presence was with me, and I had some little brokenness of heart before him; but this was only the beginning of that which was afterwards to follow, for there were yet greater things in store for me. 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' saith the Saviour, 'that your joy may be full.' Before I left Grantham, on relating to you a few of the trials I had gone through, I remember that what you said to me was very encouraging, and your last words were, 'When submission to the will of God takes place, I have no doubt he will appear for you.' When I left you to return home, my heart was ready to break with a mixture of grief and joy. I had no expectations of hearing you again the following week; but God's thoughts are not ours, neither are his ways our ways; wherever he intends to do his people good, something must occur to bring them there, as nothing can hinder his purpose. 'God will work, and who shall let it?' A way was opened for me to go to Newark, which I gladly embraced; and on the following Sunday morning I found my mind more serene, calm, and quiet than it had been for some time; and in prayer I found nearness of access to the Lord, and a little enlargement; I was led out in great earnestness that the Lord would be with me, to bless and comfort me; and I felt a confidence spring up in my mind, and a persuasion in my heart, that God had heard and would answer the petition that I had put up to him to bless your ministry to me that day. 'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.' (Heb. 11:1.) And blessed, for ever blessed be the Lord, he condescended to fulfil all my petitions, and attended his word with power to my heart, while you were speaking from Isa. 35:3, 4: 'Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you.' I may say with the Psalmist, 'Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will

hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.' (Ps. 20:6.) He strengthened me out of Zion; but what I felt I shall never be fully able to express; 'the God of hope filled me with all joy and peace in believing, that I might abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.' (Rom. 15:13.) While your doctrine dropped as the rain, and your speech distilled as the dew upon my soul, my beloved was come, and his reward was with him, and his work before him; the Holy Spirit testified of him, and took of the things which were Christ's and showed them plainly unto me. And I felt in my soul such quietness, composure, tranquility, and submission to the will of God, and such brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit, together with such unction, power, rest, and peace, as I am not able to speak of; but I found that 'godly sorrow that worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of.' (2 Cor. 7:10.) All my bondage, darkness, and fear were gone, and I rejoiced in God as the portion of my soul, who had reconciled me to himself by Jesus Christ; 'For your shame ye shall have double, and for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion.' All that I had suffered before was not worthy to be compared with that glory which was now revealed; 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' (Isa. 60:1.) The Lord was the health of my countenance; he anointed my head with oil, and my cup ran over; my soul delighted itself in the Lord; and as I said then, so say I now again, I would not take all the world for what I then enjoyed, and what I have many times experienced since; it is that which makes all things in this life sink into nothing."

There is one thing well worthy of notice in the experience of Mr. Chamberlain, as described in the letter which he wrote to his spiritual father and friend, from which we have given the above extract, and that is, the long and varied travail of soul which he was called upon to pass through, both before and after his deliverance. The work in him was not only deep, but it was thorough. The Lord never ceased to deal with his conscience till he had searched it through and through, and his own gracious work he tried to the uttermost, so that he received nothing from the Lord which was not proved over and over again. This made him honest before God and man, and settled the work of the Spirit in his heart on a firm and solid basis, as really and truly wrought in his soul by a divine power. Mr. Chamberlain probably did not see it at the time, but the Lord was thus laying the foundation of his ministry in after years. He was thus enabled to enter experimentally into the varied trials

and exercises of the Lord's living family, to sympathise with the grieved in spirit, the captive exile, the prisoner in the dungeon, the beggar on the dunghill, the self-condemned and self-abhorred, the tried and tempted, the cast down and the cast out. Having deeply tasted in his own experience of the wormwood and the gall, having had his teeth broken with gravel stones, and having been smitten into the place of dragons, he was able to speak a word in season to the weary; and having been in his own soul sweetly blessed, delivered, and comforted, he was equally able to comfort those who were in any trouble with the comfort wherewith he was comforted of God. Thus what he spoke was out of a feeling, believing, experienced heart, and as such dropped with weight and power, savour and unction, into the heart of the exercised family of God. By the present generation Mr. Chamberlain's ministry was scarcely known, as he was either in his youth or his prime. We mention this as necessarily restraining us from offering any opinion of our own upon it. To judge of the ministry of a man of God, it is neither sufficient nor fair to take one part or period of his preaching. It must be viewed as a whole. What he was in youth, when full of life, warmth, and zeal; what he was after a longer, deeper experience, when greater maturity of life, and a riper judgment had softened what might have been harsh, without impairing its strength and faithfulness; what he was in declining years, when much family affliction was added to bodily infirmity, and, as a shock in its season, he was being prepared for the heavenly garner. No due estimate can be formed of a minister's grace and gifts, power and life, usefulness and acceptability to the Church of God, by taking him only at one portion of his ministerial career. Take, as an instance, those two eminent servants of God, Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Warburton. We only knew them personally after they had been many years labouring in the vineyard. What Mr. Gadsby was when he first went to Manchester; what Mr. Warburton was when he first settled at Trowbridge, were both quite different from what each was thirty or forty years after—not different in doctrine, not different in experience, not different in any one vital point of the truth of God; but different, as in nature a man of sixty differs from a man of thirty. Bodily powers decline, the mind becomes less active, youthful zeal is, in a good measure, cooled, and all this change exercises an influence on both the man and his ministry. Would it not be unfair, then, to take a man of God at his first entrance upon the work, and say, "What this man now is, he ever shall be; I form my judgment of him from what he now is, and I do not mean to alter my opinion of him, whatever he may hereafter be,

or however he may himself alter? He is a boy now, and a boy he always shall be." But, view the opposite extreme. Take the same man forty or fifty years afterwards. He is now an old man, with many of the weaknesses and infirmities of old age. You hear him now. "He is an old man," you say, "and always was an old man." Now take him at another period—in middle life, when naturally and spiritually he is in his prime, his youthful zeal moderated, his judgment matured, his experience enlarged, but, the infirmities of old age not yet come on. Will you now say, "I have him at last, just as I would have. He never was young; no never shall be old; he always was, he always shall be in my mind, just what he is at this present moment?" But would this be fair any more than before? He might still lack much of what was beautiful in youth, when his bow abode in strength and the fresh dew rested on his tabernacle; he might still lack the softened tone and affection, the gentleness and meekness of old age. Is it not, then, unfair to take any one portion by itself; and must we not, if possible, take the whole of a man's ministry, from first to last, before we are in a position to form a right judgment upon it? It would be rash, therefore, and presumptuous in us to express an opinion of Mr. Chamberlain's ministry, nor are we called upon to do so. But viewing the depth and clearness of his experience in youth, and judging from the letters, here given, of the continued dealings of God with him to the latest period of his life, we should say that we have every reason to believe it was solid and weighty, full of scripture—a marked feature in all Mr. Huntington's followers, thoroughly sound in truth, feeling and experimental, and, at times, attended with great sweetness and savour, dew and unction to the heart. But we have another element from which to form a sound opinion. There is no better testimony of a man's ministry than the character of his hearers. If they are light, frothy, and vain, full of doctrine in the letter, but devoid of savour and power, without a vital experience of the things of God to humble and break them down into humility and contrition, but puffed up with pride, ignorance, and self-conceit, is there not the clearest evidence that such is their minister? "Like people, like priest," is a proverb neither dead nor buried. But take the converse; let them be a solid, weighty, truly gracious people, many of whom are possessed of a deep experience, others much tried and exercised, and others well established in the truth of God who, as a body, can only permanently cleave to and love a ministry that can feed, instruct, and comfort their souls. Show us this people for a number of years cleaving closely in affection to one minister—it may be idolising him too deeply, and from the

warmth and esteem they feel towards him scarcely allowing there is any one but he who can feed the church of God—but show us such a people, and take him with all his and all their faults and failings; we will show you a savoury well-taught man of God over them. Now we know that Mr. Chamberlain had for many years a gracious people of this solid, weighty kind, not only at Leicester, but at Newark, Nottingham, Grantham, Loughborough, Bottesford, and other places, where he was in the habit of going stately to preach; some of whom we have personally known and much esteemed, and others whom we know by report. This we view as one of the strongest testimonies, if not the very strongest testimony, of what a man's ministry really and truly is. Gifts may draw a crowd of light and flighty hearers; talent and ability may raise admiration; friendliness and kindness may engender affection; and strict consistency of life may procure esteem; but none of these qualities singly, nor all combined will bring together and keep together for a number of years, a body of gracious, feeling, experimental hearers. To have such, a man must be able to feed the church of God which he hath bought with his own blood, and must be thoroughly commended to their consciences as the mouth of God to their souls. If then not able to form a judgment of Mr. Chamberlain's ministry, not only on account of the considerations before-mentioned, but also from the want of personal knowledge, we may still arrive at some solid opinion from what we have seen and known of his hearers. And we must say, that some of the most savoury, gracious, and feeling persons that we have known were his hearers and friends. It is true that as regards the ordinances of God's house, and the nature, formation, and discipline of a gospel church, we widely differ in our views and opinions from him; but that does not and never did affect our esteem and affection for him as a saint and servant of God. We should do violence to our own conscience if we suffered our esteem for either Mr. Huntington or Mr. Chamberlain to lead us to follow them where we believe they were not led by the scriptures or the Holy Spirit; but we view the manifested grace of God as far beyond any external ordinances. There is no inconsistency here. We admire and love Toplady, Berridge, and Newton; but that is no reason why we should admire episcopal government, written prayers, and baptismal regeneration. So we love and esteem Mr. Huntington and Mr. Chamberlain; but that is no reason why we should love infant baptism and admission into a church without the church itself having the chief voice, in the important matter of church communion. Differences of opinion in religious matters must necessarily lead to differences of action; and

thus many ministers and people may be compelled to walk separately who are really united in heart. This is unavoidable in our present time state, for I can no more call upon you to act contrary to your honest conscientious convictions, than you can call upon me to act contrary to mine. But, because, as regards church communion or personal intercourse, there may not be a walking together (for "how can two walk together except they be agreed"), yet there may be esteem and affection on higher grounds and an abiding spiritual union, and this is our feeling now, and ever was, towards Mr. Chamberlain.

The volumes before us are very neatly and carefully got up, and reflect great credit on both editor and printer. Many religious books are so miserably edited, so full of grammatical mistakes, errata of the press, bad spelling, and printed on such wretched paper, with faulty type and thick blotchy ink, that they disgust and repel, by their very appearance, many readers who are accustomed to the beautiful productions of the modern press. Mr. Huntington would never suffer his works to be so mangled and marred, nor to be printed except in the best possible way. His friend, Mr. Bensley, was the best printer in London of his time, and his edition of Mr. Huntington's works is to this day a beautiful specimen of his care and skill. What has been the consequence? That his edition is still a handsome library book which will last when all the cheap editions will have tumbled to pieces. But, besides this careful editing and excellent getting up of the book, we much admire the judgment and wisdom displayed in weeding out all superfluous matter. Familiar letters, never meant for publication, necessarily contain much that is neither wise nor needful to submit to the public eye. Little family matters, inquiries about health, kind messages, expressions of regret for not writing before, and all that mere surplusage to the general reader, have been wisely omitted from the letters of Mr. Chamberlain, and nothing left but what is purely spiritual and experimental. And we must say, that there is a great deal of sweet, savoury, vital, experimental religion in these letters. They breathe the very spirit of pure truth, with nothing to jar on the mind, and we especially admire the entire absence of everything sectarian, everything self-exalting and depreciating or condemning others. From these letters you would not learn that Mr. Chamberlain had any enemies, any opposers or troublers. There is scarcely a single name mentioned, or anything personal beyond his own trials of mind and exercises of soul, with the support and comfort that the Lord bestowed upon him. We wish we had room for one or two of his letters, but

our space only admits the following interesting account of his blessed death-bed:

"On Wednesday and Thursday, 27th and 28th February, Mr. Chamberlain continued in the same cheerful, calm, and happy frame of mind, and was much interested on Thursday evening, in hearing several notes read, which were written to several friends in acknowledgement of their kindness in contributing to the testimonial. Indeed it is impossible to describe his sweet serenity and cheerfulness, his calm and steadfast reliance on God and submission to his will, combined with his ardent longing and desire for dissolution, when the appointed time should come. He retired to rest at his usual hour on the Thursday night, apparently not more indisposed than he had been for some weeks; but about 2 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Chamberlain was alarmed by hearing him breathe with great difficulty; she immediately aroused the family, and they found him suffering most acutely from extreme oppression of breathing, spasmodic pain, and faintness. It was with difficulty he could articulate a word or two, but he evidently thought his departure was near, and appeared anxious that his family should be conscious of it, until one of them said, 'You wish us to be aware that you think the Lord is about to take you to himself.' He immediately smiled, and seemed quite relieved. On the arrival of his medical attendant, who was instantly sent for, he expressed his opinion that such suffering could not continue long; if it were not alleviated death must ensue. But it pleased God to rebuke this extreme suffering in the course of a few hours; and, to the surprise of all, he continued some days. Days of much suffering, indeed, they were, respiration entirely ceasing at intervals, and then again rushing through the lungs with great violence, causing most distressing feelings, attended by extreme restlessness and faintness. But not one murmur escaped his lips; all was patience, thankfulness, and praise for the Lord's goodness, and for every effort of those around him to mitigate his affliction. He tried to comfort them, frequently taking their hands and blessing them.

"It pleased God that some of the symptoms should be alleviated by the medicine which was prescribed for him, which was viewed by his family as a great mercy. Several scriptures were quoted, which gave him pleasure, especially Ps. 23 and Rev. 21:4-7: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying;

neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.' 'He that overcometh, shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.' To which he replied, 'Yes, precious.' Also Rev. 22:5, 'And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.' To all which he sweetly assented.

"On Saturday he was so ill it was grieving to witness his suffering; yet, in the worst, not the least impatience was shown, but, on the contrary, thankfulness for any little relief that was afforded him. And when his wife expressed her fears that he suffered greatly, he would answer, with a smile, 'Patience.' It was with great difficulty he uttered a word, but the sweetness which attended the few broken accents, and the heavenly smile which rested upon his countenance, will never be forgotten, as at intervals he faintly said, 'Happy,' 'Happy,' 'Precious Jesus,' 'All is peace,' 'All is well,' 'Precious,' 'Precious Jesus.' And to various passages, which were repeated he would say, 'Blessed,' 'Yes, precious.' Such was the extreme faintness at times that it was feared every minute might be his last; but he once suddenly revived, and by the broken expressions he uttered it could be told how greatly he was favoured, and how abundantly he was sustained. The breathing was so distressingly bad through the night that the pillows were moved every few minutes; but although those around rendered him all the support in their power, yet nothing alleviated his sufferings. Amidst all, however, he still smiled, and when able to speak, kept saying, 'Bless the Lord.' On the Sunday, the respiration was so greatly affected that he was scarcely able to speak throughout the day; but he once said, 'My Lord and my God.' Then, in the evening, as though his thoughts during the day had been in connection with those words, he faintly and slowly said, after it had been observed to him, 'The Lord is your helper.' 'I believe he is;' 'My Lord and my God;' and then more faintly added, 'My Redeemer, my Saviour, my King.' Late in the evening the respiration was mercifully relieved, and the dear patient fell asleep for the first time since Thursday. He continued sleeping for some hours, and when he gradually aroused and was able to speak, he expressed himself in a way which clearly showed the Lord's presence was near; and his happy countenance testified to the inward peace which he experienced. He first observed to his wife, 'Write, Blessed are the dead;' when she finished the passage he smiled most peacefully, moved on his pillows, and was again asleep for a few minutes.

After which, on awaking again, he several times repeated, 'Blessed, blessed,' 'Worthy, worthy,' 'Yes.' 'And I shall sing, Worthy the Lamb.' 'They shall cry—cry—and I shall cry, Worthy the Lamb.' Some time after, he said, 'O Christ! Christ!' It was remarked, 'Christ is your all in all.' He replied, raising his hands, 'Yes, yes; my Saviour, my Lord.' Again it was said, 'You are in a blessed state.' He replied, 'Yes; O let us be thankful.' 'You will be glad to depart and be with Christ.' 'Yes, yes.' 'You have longed and waited for the time.' 'Ah!' he exclaimed, with fervour and animation. He continued much the same during the afternoon and evening, dozing at intervals, and speaking a few words occasionally, until about 9 o'clock. At half-past 10 he was gently raised on his pillows, and in a few minutes he was in a calm sleep, from which he never aroused. After 12, the breathing became rather quicker, and the intervals of cessation longer; at 4 it changed again, becoming fainter and regular, and it was fully expected the closing scene was near. There was no alteration; the same peaceful slumber continued, the features were placid and happy, a heavenly smile rested upon the countenance; he moved not, but continued to breathe more and more faintly, until five minutes before 11 o'clock, on the morning of the 5th of March, 1856, when he gently opened his eyes for a moment, breathed a little quickly, and without even a sigh, the happy spirit entered into the joy of his Lord."

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A Short account of the Life and Conversion of Sukey Harley, of the Parish of Pulverbach, near Shrewsbury. Taken from her lips by the late Rector's Daughter. In Two Parts. Part second.—(*June, 1858.*)

The Sovereignty of God is a great, an unfathomable depth, and needs ever to be approached by the saints and servants of the Most High with trembling steps, and looked at and into with believing, reverent eyes. "My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments;" "My heart standeth in awe of thy Word;" "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Such is the frame of soul in vital experience, however in our day little known and less regarded, in which it becomes "them that are escaped of Israel" (Isa. 4:2) to look at the sovereign good pleasure of Jehovah in "doing according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." Many fight, with all the desperate enmity and rebellion of the carnal mind, against the bare idea that

all men and all things are at the sovereign disposal of the great God of heaven and earth; and others, who are not thus held down hard and fast in the chains of rebellion and error, hold the doctrine of divine sovereignty, if not in unrighteousness, at least in a carnal, presumptuous spirit, which plainly shows that they never learned it feelingly and experimentally in their own souls under the teaching and unction of the Holy Ghost. It is hard, perhaps, to say which of the two is the more repulsive to the spiritual mind—the daring denial of the rebellious Arminian, or the flippant boldness of the dead Calvinist. Error is hateful, but truth in a hardened conscience is awful. The grand and glorious truths which are revealed in the word of God are to be received not as mere speculative doctrines into the natural judgment and reasoning mind, but into the tender heart and living conscience, as the gracious unfolding of the mind and counsel, the will and wisdom of Him who is "greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him." And surely of all truths revealed in the Scriptures none is more to be regarded with trembling awe and holy reverence than the sovereignty of Jehovah in electing some to eternal life and appointing others to eternal destruction. We believe this on the authority of Him who cannot lie; but when we look up into heaven, and see its unspeakable bliss and glory, and look down into hell and view its ever-burning flames, we may well pause and say, "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." (Ps. 77:19.) There are those who seem almost to exult in a carnal spirit over the destruction of the reprobate. There is, indeed, a solemn submission to, and a believing acquiescence in the sovereign will of the Judge of all the earth, knowing that he must do right, as Aaron "held his peace" when fire from the Lord went out and devoured his two sons, Nadab and Abihu. (Lev. 10:2, 3.) Nay, more, there is a holy joy in the conquest of the Lamb over his enemies, as expressed in the words, "Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her;" (Rev. 18:20;) and, "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might." (Judges 5:31.) But this is a very different feeling from a carnal exultation over the lost, which shows a state of mind, to say the least of it, the exact opposite of Paul's "great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart" for his unbelieving brethren, (Rom. 9:2,) and breathes a language very unlike the prayer of Moses, "Yet, now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." (Exodus 32:32.) Who can think, without grief and

sorrow of heart, upon a dear parent, child, or husband departed without any evidence of a work of grace upon the soul? When you awake at midnight and think of the departed one, where is your exultation over those fixed decrees which determined his eternal state? Submission there may be and should be to the will of God; but a man must be a very heathen—"without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful," (Rom. 1:31,) who has neither sigh nor tear for his own flesh, at the thought of their eternal woe.

It is when we look at the sovereignty of God on what we may perhaps call its *bright* side—its merciful and gracious aspect, as plucking innumerable brands out of the fire, and especially when the decree of election turns its smiling face upon us, that we can rejoice in it, and admire and adore the electing love of God in delivering our souls from the bottomless pit. And not only we who have been made alive from the dead, but every regenerate soul is a living witness of the sovereignty of grace. There is not, there never was, there never will be a manifested vessel of mercy, who is not a monument of the sovereign electing, redeeming, regenerating, and preserving love of a Triune Jehovah; and this every saint of God feels when mercy visits his heart and he is sealed by the Holy Ghost unto the day of redemption. "Why me? why me?" must ever be the wondering, admiring, adoring cry of every child of God when blessed with a feeling, appropriating sense of his personal interest in the precious blood and love of the Lamb. But there are instances which seem to shine forth with peculiar lustre, and to stand out beyond the usual dealings of God as prominent examples of the sovereignty of his eternal love. As in a garden every flower may be beautiful in its kind, and all were planted by the same gardener's hand to deck and adorn his beds, but there may be some which strike the eye as more signal in beauty of shape and brightness of colour than the other occupants of the border, so in the church of God there are trees of his right hand planting which display more conspicuously than others the wonders of his sovereign, distinguishing grace. Saul of Tarsus and the thief on the cross have always struck our own mind as two of the most signal instances of sovereign grace contained in the Scriptures. The self-righteous Pharisee, imbued with all the learning and pride of the Sanhedrin, and overflowing with all the persecuting spirit of the murderers of Stephen, and the malefactor, loaded with the crimes of a life of violence and bloodshed, yet snatched from the jaws of hell at the last gasp—Reader, and admirer of the grace of God, can you strike the balance between these two monuments of

electing love, and decide which was the more indebted to sovereign grace? "Ah," but say you, "I know a greater monument of sovereign grace than either." Well, be it so; but next to yourself, can you decide whether Paul or the dying thief was the more indebted to the heights and depths, lengths and breadths of atoning blood and redeeming love? We really, for our part, cannot tell. We look at Paul before and after his conversion, and wonder at and admire the grace of God that made out of such a pharisee, such a bigot, such a strict consistent legalist, such a bloodthirsty persecutor, a saint so rich in every grace, an apostle so endowed with every fruit and gift of the Holy Ghost. Saul on his road to Damascus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," and Paul, with the words in his heart and mouth, "What mean ye to weep and break my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus;" (Acts 21:13);—O what grace thus to change the lion into the lamb, the man ready to martyr into the man ready to be martyred! But next we turn to the dying thief. Listen with wondering ears and admiring heart to his believing prayer, addressed under such circumstances and at such a moment to the Son of God, in his deepest humiliation, at his lowest point of ignominy and shame, when his very disciples all forsook him and fled, and his glory was hidden under the densest, darkest veil. A risen Jesus appeared to Paul in all the blaze of heavenly glory; a crucified Jesus was hanging before the dying thief in little less shame and degradation than himself and his twin malefactor. O, what faith at such a moment to call him, "Lord," and to believe he had a kingdom, and to desire to be made a partaker of its present grace and future glory! Has not this prayer, believing reader, been mine and thine? Have not we sought to realise the blessed Redeemer as set thus before our eyes? and whilst we threw all our heart and soul into the petition, breathed forth, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom?" The prayer of the dying thief shines, we must say, in our eyes as one of the greatest, if not the greatest act of faith recorded in the Scriptures, and only paralleled, we cannot say surpassed, by Abraham's sacrifice of his son.

But let us not think that there are not now walking on the face of the earth like monuments of sovereign grace. Up that court, in that garret, there is a dying Mary Magdalene, out of whom the Lord has cast seven devils. Down in that coal-mine there is one whom once "no man could bind, no, not with chains," "neither could any man tame him;" but he is now "sitting at the feet

of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind." Walking under that hedge, now weeping, now praying, now singing, now looking into his little Bible, is a returned prodigal—a base backslider whom the Lord has forgiven, but who can never forgive himself. Hiding his face in the corner of the pew is that persecutor of his poor broken-hearted wife, now in glory, whom since her death the Lord has called by his grace, and whose tears and sighs show how deeply he repents of his sins against her and Him. Whilst the world is going on buying and selling, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, God is here and there raising up these monuments of his grace to live for ever and ever in his presence, when the world and all the fashion of it shall have utterly passed away.

To a spiritual mind, what sweet food for faith, what a field of holy meditation is opened up in the sovereignty of grace as thus displayed in those wonders of redeeming love which every now and then come under our own special knowledge and observation! To what praise and adoration does it give birth; what openings up of the depths of the Father's love; what views of the fulness and perfection of the Redeemer's blood and obedience; what a sight of salvation as a free, irrevocable gift; how independent of all creature works of righteousness, how distinguishing, how superabounding over all the aboundings of sin and guilt, is grace seen to be; what love and union are felt to the objects of this signal mercy; how the soul is more and more firmly established thereby in the truth of God; and that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy!" Dare any call the sovereignty of God in his electing love and discriminating grace "a licentious doctrine?" Ignorance coined that lie; and enmity gave it circulation. The sovereignty of grace received into a believing heart has led many a one from sin; it never, under the unction of the Holy Spirit, led one into sin. Many a poor, despairing wretch it has saved, not only from the guilt of sin that distressed his conscience, but from the power of sin that entangled his inclinations, and carried him captive. The same Christ Jesus who of God is made to his people "righteousness and redemption," is also made unto them "wisdom and sanctification;" (1 Cor. 1:30;) and those who are "washed and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus," are also "sanctified by the Spirit of God." (1 Cor. 6:11.)

But to what are all these remarks—perhaps already extended too far,

preparatory? To what signal instance of sovereign grace are they intended as a preface? To one that shines in our eyes with distinguished lustre, but one not wholly a stranger to our pages. About nine years ago* we reviewed the first part of the experience of Sukey Harley. A greater monument of the free, sovereign, discriminating grace of God than this poor, ignorant woman, we believe, scarcely stands on record. We must refer our readers to the Review to which we have alluded for an account of what Sukey was before grace reached her heart. But as there are probably among them some who have not read that Review, or cannot readily refer to it, we may very briefly mention Sukey's birth, pedigree, and education. Do any of our readers know the manners and habits of the working classes who occupy that extensive coal and iron district, commonly called "the black country," stretching between Birmingham and Shrewsbury, and which, from the clouds of smoke by day, and the blazing furnaces by night, would almost recall to the imagination of a poetical traveller Milton's lines:

"At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed."

Sukey was, by birth and origin, one of those men-like women, who are to be found amongst the wives and daughters of the colliers and miners that are as much at home under ground as above it, and as expert with the hammer as the fist. Sukey before her call by grace, could neither read nor write, but was a stout, strong woman who, to use her own expression, could "get through lots of work," and in her carnal days danced, and raved, and worked, and swore, with all the exuberance of health and strength, amidst this lawless population—much more wild, be it remembered, and lawless fifty years ago, when well nigh every collier in his Sunday dress sat on his heels on the pit bank, with his bull dog between his knees. Amidst this wild race Sukey was born and bred; married a collier, whom she despised in her heart because he would not quarrel and fight like other men, and whom she was ready to beat with her brawny fist when he gently reproved her for her unceasing flood of oaths in her common talk. Sukey was not, in her carnal days, immodest or immoral; but rough, and ignorant, and dark beyond description as to the commonest ideas of any kind of religion. But sovereign grace, before time had

birth or being, before the foundations of the earth were laid or the dayspring knew its place, had written Sukey's name in the Lamb's book of life, and by firm decree had fixed her "first and second birth." It was not of chance that she was born in a collier's cabin any more than it was of chance that she was new-born into the kingdom of God by his word entering with power into her heart, or of chance that she is now in glory, singing the high praises of God and the Lamb. "Sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ and called" was as true of Sukey as of all the election of grace. "Sanctified" she was "by God the Father" when, in the electing decrees of his sovereign will, he set her apart to be a partaker of his own holiness, and uniting her to the Son of his love as a member of his mystical body thus constituted her holy in the Holy One of Israel. "Preserved" she was "in Jesus Christ," amidst all her ignorance and wild, untamed life, and in the Lord's own time and way was "called" to know him in the sweet manifestations of his love.

* See "Gospel Standard," vol. 15, p. 171. May No., 1849.

Sukey was alive when the first part of her experience was published, but the circumstance was carefully concealed from her; she has now passed to her everlasting rest, and therefore all objection has now ceased to its being made public. We cannot say that the second part is so striking or so deeply interesting as the first, but it is of the same decisive stamp, and as giving a further account of her experience in her latter days, forms a worthy and appropriate sequel. With great honesty and faithfulness the compiler has mentioned some of Sukey's infirmities and failings; not to depreciate her, but to manifest the grace of God in subduing them; and has given us some very interesting conversations with her, preserved in her own honest, homely talk. There is also an account of her death, in which there was nothing remarkable. It was our intention to conclude our Review in this No. with copious extracts from the book itself, as not only extremely interesting and profitable, but because we understand the work itself is so scarce that a copy can hardly be procured. But the exigencies of the printing-office will not this month permit us to insert any more than the following spiritual and experimental letter of Mr. Bourne (whose happy death we lately reviewed) to her after reading the first part of her experience:

"Dear Friend in the Lord,—I have read your account with great delight and

sweet spiritual refreshment; and bless God for displaying his sovereign pleasure in choosing out of a wicked world the least likely in all the village where you dwelt. You can never boast of your goodness or natural wisdom, but can with me say, 'It is of his free mercy he has saved us by the washing of regeneration.' True enough, you could not find out how you were to be born again; yet you at last perceived that this spiritual wind blew where it listed, though you could not tell whence it came or whither it went; so is every one that is born of the Spirit. (John 3:8.) I was much encouraged by your description of the way the Lord taught you to read. Is anything too hard for him? No. This ought to encourage you and me to come boldly to a throne of grace with all our wants, and not (as we are so ready to do) go everywhere else. We have all a most foolish feeling that an arm of flesh can do wonders; but this is one thing the Lord will be continually striking at all our days; and will never cease to show us, by various means, that none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good. How the Lord, in your ignorance, instructed you according to his written word! There is no salvation for sinners, but through Jesus Christ; this revelation was made known to you; and the Lord the Spirit put that prayer into your heart, 'Lord, bring me into the true light and knowledge of thy dear Son.' This prayer was heard; and he came into your heart with all his saving benefits. Thus his coming drove out all other objects; all your fiddling, dancing, swearing, and all other vanities, the Lord cast into the depths of the sea of his love, and left no desire to return to them. 'What fruit had you in those things whereof you are now bitterly ashamed?' What fruit?—Misery and wretchedness was the fruit. But what fruit found you in the revelation of Jesus Christ to your soul? The fruit was love, joy, peace, goodness, mercy, and many more fruits of the Spirit, which are always found when he has possession of the heart; and when we walk in the Spirit, and in the sweet enjoyment of these things, what a discovery by the Spirit we often find of the pride of the heart! These evil beasts will show their heads; that corrupt principle called the old man will often seek for the mastery, and fight for it too; and this is the reason the Lord tells us to endure hardness as good soldiers, and put on the whole armour of God—not our fleshly armour, but God's strength, which shall be made perfect in weakness. So, my dear friend, when you are attacked by any of these evil beasts, and they bring on great fears, there are also many confessions and cries; and then your weakness will be manifest, and you will come to the right place where God sends this help, 'Let the weak say, I am strong.' This causes hope to abound and courage to

increase, and we again press on, and Christ our Captain never leaves us, but leads us on to victory. May this be your happy lot, not to be discouraged because of the way, but rather look at the almighty arm of our blessed Redeemer, and see if we can

'———Sink with such a prop,
That holds the world and all things up.'

"To Sukey Harley."
Nov. 8th, 1836."

From, Yours in the Lord,
"J. BOURNE.

(Continued July, 1858.)

What a view the believing soul sometimes gets of the fulness, freeness, suitability, and blessedness of the grace of God, as revealed in the Person, blood, and righteousness of the Son of his love; and how it sees it reaching down, as it were, its delivering arms from heaven to earth, infolding and sustaining in its sovereign embrace all the objects of his eternal choice. To the carnal, the profane, the worldly-minded, the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, anything that breathes of the holy air of heaven is hateful, as condemning their sensuality and ungodliness. They can do with precepts which they never practise, and with commandments which they never perform; but a religion that would save them from the enjoyment of the sins they so madly love, a breath from the holiness and purity of heaven that would lift them out of their darling lusts and divorce them from their beloved idols, is to them a sentence of imprisonment and death,—as hateful to their vagrant minds as a clean cell in Coldbath Fields Prison to a London thief, or a workhouse bath to a filthy tramp. Grace must begin a work in the heart before there can be any movement of the mind toward it; and the two-edged sword that goes out of Christ's mouth must make a wound in the conscience before the balm of free grace in his atoning blood and dying love can be revealed and applied by a divine power to the soul. But no sooner does the Blessed Spirit open up to a poor law-cursed, conscience-condemned sinner the way of salvation through the blood and righteousness of Christ, and that all is of grace from first to last, than at once his ears are opened to drink in the

sweet melody of that joyful sound. There is in salvation by grace such a suitability to all his wants and woes; it is so opened up to his enlightened understanding as reconciling those conflicting claims of justice and mercy which he could not solve, and by which he was racked and torn; it is so commended to his conscience as taking away all merit from the creature, which he well knows can have none, and as giving the whole glory to God, who, he is sure, deserves it all; and it drops with such sweetness and power into his soul as a word of consolation and encouragement, that he embraces it with every tender feeling and warm affection of his heart. No language can describe the feelings of the soul when it first emerges out of darkness into light; when it passes from bondage, guilt, and condemnation into peace, liberty, and love. How different are the feelings and the language of a soul under the first shinings in of the Sun of righteousness from the scoffing recklessness of the profane worldling, the rebellion and enmity of the self-righteous Pharisee, and the hard, unfeeling, talkative presumption of the dead professor. The mere *doctrine* of grace does nothing for the soul. As long as it is a mere notion or opinion, it has no more saving or sanctifying power than any other notion or opinion. A man may have an opinion that such and such water is very pure and clear, or such and such wine very choice and delicious, or such and such food very nourishing and strengthening; but if the water be still in the well, the wine in the cellar, and the meat in the larder, and neither drop nor morsel of one or the other reach his mouth, he may die of hunger and thirst in the midst of his opinions. How many, O how many of those who sit in our chapels amidst the saints of God are perishing in their sins with the Bible and hymn-book before their eyes, the sound of the gospel in their ears, the doctrine of grace in their lips, but the love of the world in their hearts. Not so with the soul under the teaching and blessing of God. Grace is to him "a charming sound," not because the word pleases his ear or the doctrine gratifies his mind, but because its inexpressible sweetness and power have reached his inmost soul.

And as grace suits the young believer, when he first tastes that the Lord is gracious, and feeds on the sincere milk of the word that he may grow thereby, so in every after-stage of his experience, down to the very grave, it is made more and more suitable, and becomes more and more precious to his heart. For as he journeys onward in the path of temptation and tribulation, he has many painful lessons to learn of which the young Christian knows little or

nothing. The dreadful evils of his heart, the snares laid for his feet by Satan, his continual conflicts with the unbelief and infidelity, the pride and rebellion of his fallen nature, the grievous backslidings, departures, and wanderings of his heart from the Lord, the experience he has of his own coldness, deadness, and base ingratitude—these, and a thousand other trials and temptations, make grace, in its blessed manifestations, most suitable to the saint of God who has been for any time in the strait and narrow way. It is the spring of all his happiness and holiness, of all his salvation and sanctification, of all his faith and hope, love and obedience. It revives him when dead, renews him when all heavenly feeling seems lost and gone, delivers him from bondage and condemnation, comforts him in affliction and sorrow, separates him from the world, subdues his iniquities, keeps alive the fear of God in his breast, draws out prayer and supplication, makes sin hateful and Christ precious, and gives him not only his title but his meetness for glory. And when we come to his last hours upon earth,

**"When sickness and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,"**

when nature sinks under a load of pain and languishing, what then can support the soul in the immediate prospect of eternity but that grace which saves from death and hell? In fact, when we have a spiritual view of the majesty and purity of God, the unbending justice of his holy law, and our own vileness and pollution, our guilt, and sin, and shame before him, our thorough emptiness of all good, our thorough fulness of all evil, there is not, there cannot be a single ray of hope for our ruined souls but what grace reveals and applies through a Saviour's blood.

In our last number we gave a slight sketch of the character and experience of Sukey Harley, and as we found in it much that was not only thoroughly original but deeply experimental and profitable, we intended to give copious extracts from the work itself, but were unable to do so from circumstances over which we had no control. In resuming, therefore, the same subject this month, we shall only dwell upon those points in her character and experience which may serve to draw attention to the extracts that we give. No firmer, stouter champion for sovereign grace ever lived than Sukey Harley, for few were more sensibly indebted to it, as well as experimentally knew its efficacy

in plucking a brand from the burning, and delivering a vessel of mercy from the power of darkness and translating it into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

But Sukey had faults and blemishes, some of which were deeply ingrained in her natural temper and disposition, and others seem due to the amazing ignorance in which she had lived so many years amidst that wild and lawless population. Among these, one of the most prominent was a naturally high spirit, which made her impatient of contradiction and unable to bear reproof or rebuke. And yet there was that grace in her heart which, sooner or later, made its power felt and known, and brought Sukey down to the Lord's feet with confession and humility. There is one remarkable instance given in the book before us of her pride and resentment under a sermon preached by Mr. Bourne, which she viewed as levelled at her, because this faithful servant of the Lord testified against the pride of the heart, and showed the only way in which it could be subdued. But our limits will not allow us to extract the account, nor the gracious, experimental way in which she was brought to see and confess her fault, and bless the Lord for another proof of his love and grace in showing and subduing the evils of her fallen nature.

Closely connected with this high spirit, was a warmth of temper which sometimes broke out in a way much to rejoice the enemies of godliness and distress her own soul. In her graceless days Sukey had much pugnacity about her, and this natural warmth of temper and spirit of combativeness she carried too much into her religion. The compiler of her experience has, with much wisdom and constancy, let us see the dark side as well as the bright in her character. She has not bedaubed her with fulsome praise, concealing or justifying all her faults; nor, on the other hand, has she roughly and unnecessarily dragged them to light, but has mentioned them only so far as it was needful to give a just estimate of her character and experience, and to show the grace which subdued and the wisdom which brought forth glory to God and good to her own soul out of them. The pugnacity of poor old Sukey in defence of her religion, and its painful consequences, are thus described:

"One mistake which in much ignorance she used to make, was this, that if on any occasion she was reproached or insulted, or any way ill-used, on account of her religion, she considered it right by way of testifying her integrity and her attachment to the cause of God, to retaliate upon the offender with a

degree of warmth quite unjustifiable on gospel grounds. She used to call this 'fighting for her religion;' and it may be supposed that during the course of twenty years many battles of this kind were fought, but on which side the victory turned may be considered doubtful.

"A circumstance of this nature transpired about the end of the year 1839: She was one day met, as she was walking along the road, by a young man who was both profligate and profane. He instantly set upon her, and began to ridicule and laugh at her religion, throwing out many bitter invectives against the cause of God. She, in her zeal to defend God's truth in her heart, rebuked him with so much warmth and vehemence of language that the contest between them grew to a very fiery pitch. But the more she endeavoured thus to defend the cause of God with carnal weapons, the more did she bring a reproach upon it. At length, having thus provoked her to wrath, the scoffer gained (as he thought) his point, which was to prove her a hypocrite, and God's truth a lie; and he made a fearful triumph of his victory. There were lookers on also upon this occasion, who evidently enjoyed the scene; and were each wishing to make the most of it to suit his own ends."

Now we shall see how Sukey was shown the evil of these "fights for her religion:"

"Not many days afterwards, Sukey went up to the house of some friends, and related the whole affair herself. They had heard of it before through another channel, and had been greatly troubled at the circumstance. One of them gives the following relation of this interview and the after results of it: 'It was in vain that we endeavoured to enlighten Sukey's eyes into the wrongness of such like proceedings; she would only reply, "Why, I did'na care for myself, but he mocked God's truth, and was not I to *face* him? Yes; and I would do it again too, except that I am sorry to hurt your feelings. I don'na care who braves me, gentle or simple folks, but I will brave them again. Wasn't it the wicked enmity in his heart against God that made him mock me? To be sure it was; and do you think I'll stand that? No; I must fight for my God as long as I live, let who will try to stop me." "O, Sukey, Sukey," I replied, "how often you say that you are the greatest fool in this world! and surely it is this foolishness that makes you speak in this way. Can you not understand that you are fighting *against* God, and not *for* him, in such ways as these?" "No," she

answered; "I can'na understand what you mean. But," she added, in a softer tone, "I hope the Lord will give me power to pray about this when I go home, and if I am wrong, I hope he will put me right." She said this as she turned away to leave the house. I plainly perceived that no reasoning could convince Sukey of her error, and I felt utterly hopeless that she ever would be convinced. Just then, the words of Ps. 17:13, 14, occurred to my mind, "Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is *thy sword*; from men which are *thy hand*, O Lord, from men of the world." Also 2 Sam. 16:5-12, where an account is given of Shimei cursing David; and I said in my heart, "Lord, it would be very easy for thee to teach her—she does not know that the wicked are *thy sword*." A few days afterwards, I paid Sukey a visit at her cottage, and without making any comment, or alluding in any way to what had passed, I took the Bible and read those two passages; and while yet the words were in my mouth, she sank down in spirit, and fell before the Lord. "Ah, my dear lady, that is God's word to my heart! Why, I never knew, till this moment, that the wicked are *God's sword*. What a most notorious, ignorant, wicked woman I must be! I have been fighting against God all these years, while I was thinking I was fighting for him. Isn't it a wonder that he bears with me, such an ignorant fool as I am? The wicked, God's sword! Why, I never knew this before. Ah! David knew it when he said, 'So let him curse, because the Lord hath bidden him.' And I can say so too, now, 'Let him curse, let him curse, because the Lord hath bidden him.' Ah, poor man! he knew not that, though he is the devil's servant, yet he is only a sword in God's hand. No; he understands nothing about that. Well, I feel sorry for him in my heart, I do. I could put my head under his feet to serve him, if it would be of any use. Ah! 'let him curse, let him curse, because the Lord hath bidden him;' but in one moment my God could turn his heart, and instead of cursing there would be blessing."

"This was God's touch upon Sukey's heart, as David speaks, 'He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.' (Ps. 104:32.) She never forgot the instruction which had been conveyed to her mind upon this occasion; and there are many who can bear witness that from this time a most remarkable change was wrought in her conduct under circumstances of a like kind."

The dealings of God with Sukey's conscience were peculiar, and this combined with her natural temperament, thorough want of education, and rough mode

of life before her call by grace, sometimes made Sukey's faithfulness offensive to the lovers of smooth things. The following extract gives us a striking trait in her character:

"There was one part of her Christian character—and that, perhaps, the most prominent and striking feature in it—which was but little understood, and still less appreciated. She had been made, under the teaching carried on in her own heart, to renounce, as hateful before God, all that counterfeit kind of religion which savours merely of the flesh, and which often makes a very showy appearance, deceiving many by a sort of devotional feeling worked up in the natural affections only. The keen sense she had of the difference which subsists between this deception of the devil and that religion which is wrought in the heart and maintained in 'the inner man' by the Spirit of the living God, so influenced the line of her conduct on some occasions as to bring her under the censure of many, who, if they had had penetration enough to have discovered the principle upon which she acted, and the spirit by which she was guided, would have judged far otherwise. She could never heartily join in religious conversation, even with such as she believed had a real work of grace in their hearts, except she felt in her spirit, or perceived in theirs, a living touch from off God's altar. If this were lacking, she cared not for the discourse, knowing the truth of what we are told by Solomon, that 'the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.' (Prov. 14:23.) She would often, therefore, abruptly turn away with a bluntness of manner peculiarly characteristic in her, or she would put a stop to the conversation with some pointed remark sufficiently demonstrative of her disapprobation, and generally conveying some home-truth to the speaker. In one way or other, and without much ceremony, she was sure to put an extinguisher upon an evil she could not remedy. By this kind of behaviour it may be readily supposed that she often laid herself open to the accusation of being deficient in unity and brotherly love, as well as to a want of spiritual discernment; and she was obliged to lie under the reproach, preferring the honour that cometh of God to that which cometh of men, contrary to the Scribes and Pharisees."

We do not say we have Sukey's boldness and faithfulness in putting so thorough a damper upon the small-talk of carnal professors, but we quite feel with her that there is a good deal of empty sound even in the conversation of those who fear God, and much of what they say upon the things of eternity is light and empty, because they are not at the time under that sweet and sacred

influence which gives to words weight and savour. Those who watch the movements of their own hearts, and can discern the difference between flesh and spirit, can easily tell whether they are under a divine influence when they converse with the saints of God, or are speaking what they know to be true, but of which they are not at that moment feeling the power. And as the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat, the discerning of the Lord's family can usually tell what is the influence under which others speak, and whether it is mere talking religiously for religious talk's sake, or the utterance of the heart under the operation of the Blessed Spirit.

The most valuable part of this book is the part in which Sukey speaks herself. There is something in her homely language so forcible and so simple, and yet such reality and power shine forth in almost every word, that a debt of gratitude is due to the compiler for the faithful record with which she has favoured the church of God. As a specimen, we give the first of these recorded conversations with her:

"I want to tell you what the Lord has been showing me this morning. I went to prayer as usual, but I felt no desire for prayer, I felt no strength in body or soul; I could do no more to help myself to God than a new-born babe; I was dead; I had no faith; God had knocked me down for my sin. But he did not leave me long in this way, for in two or three minutes he shone on me, and he said, 'I am here, I am thy strength.' Then I felt all happiness and glory. He said, 'This is a warning for thee not to be lifted up in thyself, nor to trust in thy feelings.' My comfortable feelings; I am not to build upon these things, nor be too much distressed when I am cast down, but look to him. This showed me how many there are who think they have religion in themselves. I feel I have nothing, all is in him. How I feel for those who are looking to themselves and what they can do! I am poor; I found this morning I had no will, no power, no desire. This came on my mind this morning, what the folks say of me, 'O Sukey Harley, you are so good! if I was like you I should not fear to die.' Well, I thought, if they had seen me this morning, they would have seen I had no religion. O those poor creatures who boast of religion in themselves! Well, it will all leave them on their death-beds. They say they can pray always. I cannot pray always; to be sure I might pray all day with words, but what is that? Unless my God comes, my prayer is nothing. I often think of that verse, 'When thou hast shut thy door, pray, &c.;" and I say, 'Lord, thou knowest I

cannot shut the door; thou must do it.' The Lord showed me, to-day, what prayer is; I cannot pray one thing without him. I asked him to teach me to pray according to his will. This is what I do; I fall down before my God, and wait, and never give up till he tells me what to say. I cannot speak till he comes. If he does not answer me directly, then I hang upon him, I cry unto him, I wait for him; and when he sees fit he makes me feel his answer. I was thinking how I am just like a little child who is trying to get something that is out of its reach; it will strive and strive, but it cannot get it; and just so do I; I want my God, and I reach and strive, and pray and cry after him."

The following extract will show that Sukey knew experimentally the fellowship of Christ's sufferings:

"O, what a blessed thing for me! Bless and praise his holy name for it! I have got a God to go to, to rely on. Yes, I have. He knows my griefs, he hears my groans. My heavenly Father gives me this assurance, that in Christ Jesus, 'the very hairs of my head are all numbered.' This is the confidence which I have in him—the very faith which he has given me that it was his own blessed will from the foundation of the world to do it for me. He chose me, he called me, he redeemed me; he has all power in heaven and earth. I have had such a blessed experience this morning how that my name was engraved on his heart when he suffered on the cross. Yes, he knowed my name *then*, and O, he knowed my sins! O, how my sins pierced him! I have been thinking what a sight it must have been; what a woeful sight to see them! those wretches—those monsters! and myself among them, the very worst, the very chiefest among them; I cannot, I dare not call them by one name worse than I can call myself. I was there! I did it! My sins crucified him, pierced him, agonized him! But O, to see them laying hold on that dear, spotless Lamb of God—hauling him, beating him, mocking him, buffeting him, nailing him to the cross. O, what a sight, a woeful sight! Then, again, I thought on that wonderful word which he uttered just before he died; and did you ever consider what a wonderful word it was—what it expresses? Ah, what it expresses! '*It is finished.*' O, what a work he had finished then. It was the work his heavenly Father gave him to do; he undertook it, he carried it through, and brought it to an end; and then do you think he can let any poor soul be lost whose name he had written on his heart then? No; he cannot. He gives me this assurance; he saves because he will. Paul says, 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept

the faith.' Ah, but it was his dear Redeemer that did it for him though; he was well aware of that. Christ fought the fight. *He* run the race. *He* won the crown. Glory, glory be to him for ever!"

The great feature in Sukey's religion was, that Christ was her all in all, and that not in doctrine and notion, but in the daily experience of her soul:

"Did I ever tell how, one day, when I felt I had no light, no knowledge, no faith, no hope, no desire, I was miserable, poor, and wretched, for my Saviour had left me? In this state I went to bed, mourning, and grieving, and pining. Well, now, I will tell you how my God came and blest me. He awoke me in one moment with these words, 'My light is thy darkness.' I was up in an instant. He gave me strength, and power, and will, and all I wanted. I can trust him since then, and he helps me to wait on him. He gives me this now, patience to wait a bit longer; and he keeps me low, and bids me sink before his footstool, and he shows me that if he never comes again I can have nothing to say; I feel my condemnation—I am a wretch. But

'I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out, and banish'd from thy sight.'

But when he comes, I have wisdom, and knowledge, and light, and understanding, and joy, and everything. He sends all down from heaven to me; and when he pleases, all is gone again. He comes and he goes just as he sees fit; and this is my life. And when he is with me, how I rejoice; and when he is gone, how I mourn and grieve till he comes again; and he does come, he does not leave me long. He knows I cannot live without him; he is my life. What are my troubles when he is with me? they are nothing. I cannot speak of them; it would be a scandal to him to speak of troubles then. It says, 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.' My God tells me I can have no greater joy than I can have when he is with me, unless he were to release my soul from the body. But O, my heavy temptations! Sometimes I think I am going to heaven through the flames, yes, I may say through the flames. I think of my Saviour, when that wicked foe tempted him. Ah! I dare not speak of my inward trials and temptations. Satan is with me every moment when I am left to myself. My God permits him to harass and tempt me; but my God gives me to watch, and

he teaches me to know Satan's devices; and I can tell in a moment now, what is my God, and what is that deceitful foe. Satan has a religion, and he makes us think it is the true; and he deceives many a poor soul by setting before them one good thought after another, so that they look to their hearts, and trust in their hearts. I am quite frightened when I think of our world; not when my God is with me, I am not afraid then—neither men nor devils can make me fear then. But this world is like a prison to me; I feel a lone soul in it. I was thinking what a narrow path we have to walk in. It is as if there was a deep pit of water on both sides, and the way so narrow we could scarcely keep it, and full of dangers on every side. But my Saviour is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'"

But Sukey, though at times greatly favoured, was at others as greatly tried and distressed:

"Who knows anything of my life? It is hid with my dear Redeemer; my life is his life. I have no other life. I walk about this world the same as all the rest, but I am dead. I hate and abhor myself, and I hate and abhor that outside profession. There's plenty of it about here; prayers to no end, reading the word, and abundance of good works and good talk. What trash it all is; I inwardly detest it in my very soul, that false, empty, *know-nothing*, outward profession! I cannot abide it. My dear Saviour is my religion. He is my possession. What's profession without possession? It is not worth much, indeed; it won't do for me, I know.

'My treasure is his precious blood.'

'That is a treasure rich indeed,

Which none but Christ can give.'

When I see by faith his pierced hands, and feel that my sins have nailed him to the cross, no heart can conceive what that brings before me. I'm lost in wonder. For me! *He died for me!* Ever since the morning of my conversion, in my old house down at Ryton, my blessed Redeemer has held me in his dear hands. He showed me then that he died for me, that he hung on the cross for my sins. Yes, I saw him, with the eyes of faith, bleeding on the tree for my sins. I can truly say, I am his, and he is mine. God is my father, Jesus Christ is my Redeemer, and heaven is my home; and I can truly say, 'I have fellowship with the Father, and with his son Jesus Christ.' I can truly say I am fed with

the living Bread of everlasting life, and my soul is abundantly satisfied. Often, when I have been unable to eat the natural food for my body, I have sat down and said, 'Now, my dear Father, feed me with the Bread of heaven.' And he has come and given me a rich feast, and so filled me with his mercies that I have wanted no food for my body, I have been so strengthened and refreshed. I often think of these words, 'He would have fed them with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee.' But O, how sometimes I find the reverse of all this, and

'Fierce temptations wait around,'

Satan and my own evil heart stir up all, and there am I in the midst; and cannot stir one step to deliver myself till my Redeemer comes and drives Satan away; and then I am left alone with my Saviour—him and me alone. But how hard the battle is sometimes before he comes. He has left me for days and nights together, at times, to fight and wrestle with Satan and my own heart; and sometimes I think my own heart is the worst enemy of the two. I do hate and abhor my heart; I detest and abhor myself on account of the evil that dwells in me. I am ready to tear away this body of sin and death that is in my flesh, if I could."

On the morning of Aug. 16th, 1853, Sukey was seized with a paralytic stroke; and from that time till her death, five days afterwards, she never opened her eyes or spoke, but lay as if unconscious of everything passing around her. From an impression on her spirit, more than thirty years before, Sukey had anticipated that she would be taken away in this manner:

"Often, during her latter years, she has expressed herself in a way somewhat similar, and uniformly maintained her belief that God would be glorified at her death, not by opening her mouth, but by closing it. 'Don't you be terrified,' she would say, 'or think that I have been taken by surprise, if you should hear of my dying suddenly, or being struck speechless, so as not to utter a word on my death-bed. My God has been preparing me for it these years and years past; and I wish to warn you about it, that you may know it will not come upon me by surprise. I never feel satisfied to close my eyes at night, nor can I rest in peace till I feel Jesus Christ in my conscience, so as to say, 'Now, Lord Jesus, if it should be this night, I am ready to go.' O, if he is

absent, and guilt is on my conscience, what *un-restless* [unrestful?] nights I have! My sighs, my groans, my tears none know but he himself! nor can any other bring ease to my distressed soul!

"Now I often think about my death—there will be a great disappointment then. The folks will be gathered together to see old Sukey Harley die; and they'll think to hear glorious words from my mouth—they'll think to catch somewhat then. But what's the use of that? Hear me speak! My filthy-rag righteousness, what's that? O, there's a great mistake in our world about this, for they don't see the difference between the flesh and the spirit. But I have this feeling, that my mouth will be stopped then; there will be nothing left for me to say. I shall be nothing, but my blessed Redeemer will be all in all. The folks will see my lump of flesh, but they will not, they cannot see my life. My life is not here; it is hid with Christ in God! Who can see my righteousness? My righteousness is not mine; it is Jesus Christ's. I have asked him, my blessed Saviour, to make me give my *dying* testimony while I am yet alive, walking up and down in this world. And he has put his words in my mouth, to speak as he bids me. I cannot speak thus to such as won't understand me; they would take my words wrong, and call me a strange woman. Let them talk so, but I have got a Saviour! Yes, and I know him and he knows me!"

We are sorry to add that we understand that the work before us is exceedingly scarce, and that a copy can hardly be anywhere procured. Reprints are rarely successful, as it is extremely difficult to resuscitate a book that has been for some time out of print; and yet we cannot but be sorry that a book so full of choice matter, so thoroughly original, and so deeply experimental, should be lost to the church of God.

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The Grace and Duty of being Spiritually-minded. Declared and Practically improved. By John Owen, D.D.—(August, 1858.)

Most clear and decisive are the testimonies which the Holy Ghost has given in the word of truth to the depth of the fall—so clear and decisive that the wonder is how men professing to receive the Scriptures as an inspired revelation can dispute or deny what is so plainly declared by Him who cannot

be deceived and who cannot lie. In fact, the whole testimony of God from first to last—from the page which records the murder of the martyred Abel to that which writes on the heavenly city, "For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie"—is a declaration of what man is as a fallen sinner before the eyes of infinite Purity. What man has done when left to himself, and therefore what human nature is, as a turbid and corrupt fountain, to pour forth such streams of unutterable abomination, is most vividly drawn by the apostle Paul. Romans 1:21-32. Look at the summing up of the long catalogue of crime, enough to make the sun hide its face from such debasement of that nature created in the image of God, once so fair and beautiful, so innocent and so pure, in which not a vain thought or sensual desire ruffled the calm of that spotless heart in which the features of its glorious Creator so brightly shone. Compare man in Paradise with the brutal monster, the obscene wretch of the pagan sty thus described: "Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful; who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them." (Rom. 1:29-32.) Can human language paint man's portrait in darker colours? Is there one bright tint to relieve this mass of shade? one fair and beautiful quality to redeem human nature from such unqualified denunciation? But it may be said, Paul is here describing the Gentile world, and picturing the abominations practised in his days, before Christianity had dawned upon the earth, before that mild and beneficent dispensation had shone into the dark corners of the globe, and put to flight the crimes of heathenism and idolatry. True, he is describing the depths of human depravity as then manifested in the Gentile world, the crimes practised without remorse or shame by the polished Greek and civilized Roman; and that his description is not exaggerated is well known to every one at all acquainted with the literature of that period. But after all this deduction, the question still recurs, How came human nature to be so outwardly vile, unless it were inwardly base? How could lips utter words, how could hands perpetrate deeds of such filth and blood, unless the heart first conceived the thoughts which brought forth such horrid fruit? Surely the fountain must be bitter, to give forth such bitter

waters; the tree must be corrupt, to bear such "grapes of gall," the wine of which is "the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps." But has Christianity done so much? Has it reformed mankind and regenerated the human race? It has, thanks be to God, done much for man and more for woman; it has banished into darkness crimes once committed in the light of day; it has alleviated the horrors of war; elevated woman to the side of man, whence she was originally taken; and spread principles of morality and kindness far and wide, which influence the minds of thousands who still live and die in all the darkness and death of unregeneracy. But beyond this outward reformation, and that most scanty and partial, the heart of man is still a fountain of evil, casting forth its wickedness. It is still corrupt to the very centre, foul to the very core—a running, reeking, heaving, fermenting mass of filth and folly, full of deceit and hypocrisy, unbelief and infidelity, murmuring and blasphemy, lust and sensuality, murder and enmity, rebellion and despair, increasing in wickedness down to its lowest depths; for far, far beyond all human sight, unfathomable abysses of crime stretch themselves, which, like a volcano, only make themselves known by the boiling lava which they continually throw up. One sentence of the Holy Ghost has often struck our mind as depicting more than any other what the heart of man really is: "Because the carnal mind is *enmity against God*; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." (Rom. 8:7.) Enmity against God must not only include in its bosom the seeds of every other crime, but be in itself the worst of all crimes. To be an enemy to God must be a most awful position for a creature of his hand to stand in; but to be enmity itself must be the concentrated essence of sin and misery. An enemy may be reconciled, appeased, turned into a friend; but enmity, never. *That* dies, if die it can, fighting; *that* is proof against all love; *that* seeks only occasion by the very kindness of its benefactor to hate him more—hates him most for his goodness; *that* knows no pity, feels no remorse, is subject to no control, is unappeasable and irreconcilable, and would sooner bear its own inward hell of hate than enjoy a heaven of love. And when we think for a moment who and what the great and glorious God is, against whom this reptile heart bears an enmity so enduring and so wicked; when we view him by the eye of faith as filling heaven and earth with his glory, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, and yet day after day loading all his creatures with benefits, and to his people so full of the tenderest love and compassion—then to see a dying mortal, whom one frown can hurl from all the pride of health and

vigour into the lowest hell of misery and woe, spitting forth, like some miserable toad, his slaver and venom against the glorious King of kings and Lord of lords—well may we stand amazed at the height of that presumption and the depth of that wickedness which can so arm a worm of earth against the Majesty of heaven. But worse than all, to come nearer home, to find our own heart, our own carnal mind, still what the Holy Ghost has described it, "enmity" against the God of all our mercies—that is the worst, the cruelest blow of all.

Men fight against sovereign grace; yet what but sovereign grace can meet a case so desperate as ours? What but a salvation without money and without price, what but the length and breadth, and depth, and height of the dying love of an incarnate God, and the atoning blood of a dear Redeemer can suit or save such miserable wretches! And what but the almighty power and invincible grace of the Holy Ghost can communicate to the soul, sunk so low into carnality and death, that wondrous birth from above whereby it is "delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son?"

One of the most blessed marks of regenerating grace and the sure fruit of the love of God shed abroad in the heart is that spiritual-mindedness of which Paul declares, it is "life and peace." It has occurred, then, to our mind, in the great dearth of modern books suitable to review, to bring before our readers the work at the head of this article, in which Dr. Owen has treated this blessed subject with his usual clearness, depth, and power. It was in the first instance written by him for his own private meditation, at a period when he was laid aside from the ministry, and was afterwards brought forward in a series of discourses to a congregation amongst whom he statedly ministered in those evil times when sin ran down the streets like water, in the days of that wretch of wretches, Charles II., and that bigot of bigots, James II. The power and purity of the religion of the early Puritans had then already begun much to decline. During Cromwell's time, religious profession had walked abroad in silver slippers, was fostered and encouraged in high places, and being the way to court favour and employment in the church and in the state, had been taken up by many who were utterly destitute of the life of God. In those days there were doubtless many eminent saints of God, but there were doubtless many terrible hypocrites. Many dearly loved and served Jesus Christ, but

many dearly loved and served their own belly. Choice servants of God preached the gospel with a single eye to the glory of God and the good of his people, and choice hypocritical imitators preached the gospel with a single eye to their own glory and the good of their own pockets. When, then, the scene changed, and the return of Charles II. opened the sluice-gates of sin so long pent back by the stern Protector, these graceless professors were unable to stem the tide of contempt and persecution which burst forth against all who held the doctrines, professed the principles, and lived the life of the strict Puritans. Many were at once swept away into the profane world, some conformed to the Established Church, others joined in persecuting the faithful followers of Christ, and most of them, in some way or another, concerning faith made awful shipwreck. But even of those who were not thus carried down the stream, many too plainly made it manifest that they were affected by the strength of the current, and stemmed the tide with wavering steps. Either to avoid the cross, for in those days heavy fines, loathsome jails, and banishment from their native land were the almost certain penalties of non-conformity—or influenced by their own worldly spirit, or infected by the example of the loose professors around them, many who professed Puritan principles sadly departed from the strict walk of their godly ancestors. This departure was witnessed with grief of spirit by men like Owen and Bunyan, who not only knew much in their own souls of that divine teaching which led them up into sweet union and communion with the Lord, but had seen and known the power of godliness in the days of the Commonwealth. Being themselves cast into the furnace of persecution and affliction, and being blessed in the midst of the fire, Bunyan in his cell at Bedford, Owen in his study at Enfield, witnessed with sorrow of heart not only the open profaneness and profligacy which had taken the place of the strictness and sobriety of the times of the great Protector, but the infection communicated thereby to the professing church. Those who are familiar with Owen's writings may trace in them two prominent features, 1. His firm assertion of gospel truths in opposition to the infidelity, popery, profaneness, and Socinianism of the day; and, 2. The attempt to stir up the minds of the saints to attain to the experience of those truths in their own soul, and carry them out in their daily walk and practice. These two points make his writings so instructive, edifying, and profitable. He first opens up in the most scriptural way the fundamental truths of the gospel, that there may be a firm and solid foundation for faith; he next shows how these divine truths become experimentally the food of the

soul; and he then traces out the fruits they bear as manifested by a godly, holy, devoted life. Bunyan and Owen, though widely differing in education, learning, social position, style of writing, &c., were both men who walked with God—men whose hearts, lips, and lives were much under the influence of grace. They were baptised with one Spirit, and both loved and lived the gospel which they preached. Taught of God, they had an unction from above, and in the light, life, and power of this heavenly anointing they saw the evil and sin, the deceptiveness and hypocrisy, the peril and danger of that worldly spirit, that departure from godliness, its principles and practice, to which we have before alluded. They saw all around them worldly, covetous professors, like Byends and Hold-the-World, prating fools like Talkative, self-deceived ignoramuses like Ignorance; and all "going on pilgrimage," all holding Puritan doctrines and more or less mixed up with the real saints of God. The immortal tinker was led to shoot at them his keen arrows in his matchless allegory; and the Oxford Vice-Chancellor, whose grave and learned pen was not adapted to such an emblematic style, directed against them not only many warnings in his other writings, but especially composed with that view the treatise before us, in which in a most scriptural and experimental manner, he traces out the nature and effects of that spiritual-mindedness, without which, with all his profession, a man is dead before God. An extract from the preface will show how his mind was led to publish this work:

"Again, there are such pregnant evidences of the prevalency of a worldly frame of spirit, in many who make profession of religion, that it is high time they were called to a due consideration, how opposite they are to the power and spirit of that religion which they profess. Every way by which such a frame of spirit may be proved to prevail in the generality of professors, is manifest to all; in their affected ornaments and dress, in their manner of conversation, their waste of time, their over-liberal entertainments, bordering to excess, and in sundry other things, such a conformity to the world appears (though severely forbidden), that it is hard to make distinction; and as these things manifest a predominancy of carnal affections in the mind, so, whatever may be pretended, they are inconsistent with spiritual life and peace.

"To call men off from this evil frame of heart, to discover the sin and danger of it, to supply the thoughts and affections with better objects, to direct to ways and means of effecting it, to discover and press that exercise of soul

which is required of all professors, if they purpose life and peace, is the design and work of the following treatise; and however weak the attempt, it hath these two advantages—it is seasonable, and sincerely intended; nay, should this be its only success—to provoke others possessed of more time and greater abilities, to oppose the vehement and too successful insinuations of the world in the minds of professing Christians, my labour will not be lost. Things have come to that pass, that a more than ordinary vigorous exercise of the ministry of the word, and of other appointed means, is necessary to recall professors to that strict mortification, that separation from the ways of the world, that heavenly mindedness, that contemplation of spiritual things, and delight in them, which the gospel of Christ doth require; else we shall lose the glory of our profession, and leave our eternal state very uncertain. To direct and provoke men to that which is the only remedy of these sore evils, and which is the alone means of giving them a view and foretaste of eternal glory, is the design of this discourse, which is recommended to the grace of God for the benefit of every reader."

If in those days Dr. Owen was grieved by the declension of so many in the professing church from the faith, hope, and love, the power and influence of the everlasting gospel, what would he have said had he lived in our time? When was there ever more worldly conformity than now? When was there ever more carnality in conversation, more backbiting, slander, idle gossip, tittle-tattling from house to house, levity and froth indulged in without scruple or shame? so that a little feeling, experimental, savoury intercourse with the saints of God, such as profits and edifies the soul, creates and cements a spiritual union, draws the heart upwards to heaven, and makes us love Jesus and the image of Jesus in his people, is almost unknown. In ancient times, "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him." (Mal. 3:16.) Their conversation was such as the Lord could hearken to, and record in his book. But would the Lord hearken to and record the conversation of most professors now, the main object of which is to exalt themselves and depreciate others; and under a thin veil of religious phraseology, put on to blind others and deceive themselves, display little else but the pride and worldliness of their hearts? When was there more general deadness and darkness in the churches, and so little life and power in the pulpit and pew? When were experimental men of God more scarce, and more

despised and depreciated; or mere prating ministers, who have a gift to speak, but who give little evidence that they either know or love the truth of God, so many and so popular? But let men say what they will, or be what they may, let thousands combine to lower the sacred things of God to their own sunken level, it still stands a fixed, immutable truth, fixed as the throne of God, immutable as the great self-existent I AM, that "to be carnally-minded is death"—death total in the unregenerate, death partial when the living soul is under its power and influence; and if death total in the unregenerate, it entails all the awful penalties and punishments of death, if life from God do not eventually quicken. Therefore no mere profession, no formal creed, no sitting under a gospel ministry, no church-membership or partaking of ordinances, no name to live while dead, will rescue from the second death, from the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched, those who are carnally-minded, whatever be their profession, whether of the highest Calvinism or the most grovelling Arminianism. But "to be spiritually-minded"—to live and walk under the blessed power and influence of the Holy Spirit, to have the heart and affections drawn up from this poor, vain scene to where Jesus sits at the right hand of God, this is "*life*," the life of God in the soul, with all its present blessedness and all its future glory, and "*peace*," for peace and rest are alone to be found in this path of union and communion with a glorified Redeemer. In this sweet spirituality of mind, in these heavenly affections, and in this intercourse with the Lord at his own throne of grace, the life and power of godliness much consist. Unless the heart be engaged in it, religion is heavy, dragging work. Prayer, reading, meditation, preaching, hearing, conversation with the saints, all are "a burden to the weary beast" when the power and life of God are not in them, when the heart is cold and dead, and not under some sensible influence from the courts of heaven. But when a sweet and sacred influence rests upon the soul, when there is a felt union and communion with the Lord of life and glory, when a word from his lips, into which grace is poured, touches and softens the heart; and faith, viewing his beauty and blessedness, grace and glory, love and blood, sympathy and suitability, takes hold of his strength and says, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," and he condescends to unveil his lovely face; then there is a lifting up of the heart and affections to the merciful and compassionate High Priest over the house of God. The lusts and evils which cling to the body of sin and death, as the viper to Paul's hand, then drop off into the fire of godly jealousy, "the coals whereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame" against all that

God hates; pride and covetousness, fretfulness and murmuring, evil tempers and carking cares, and a thousand God-dishonouring anxieties, hide their hateful heads; unbelief and infidelity, and a whole black troop of doubts and fears are put to the rout; and the Prince of Peace reigns and rules as the soul's only rightful and loved Lord. Sweet, seasons, but, alas! how transient; how soon fresh clouds gather, fresh storms arise, fresh lusts work, and fresh foes start up from every ambush to try faith and hope and patience, and cast a dark cloud over the soul! We trust we know, from what we have felt in our own bosom, what this sweet spiritual-mindedness is, and what are its blessed effects. It is a key to unlock the Scriptures, for then we read them under the same sacred influence, and by the same divine teaching by which they were written; it is a door of prayer, for under these calm and peaceful emotions the soul, as if instinctively and necessarily, seeks holy communion with God; it is the fruitful parent of sweet meditation, for the truth of God is then thought over, fed upon, and is found to be bread from heaven: it is the secret of all life and power in preaching, for unless the heart be engaged in, and melted and softened by the truth delivered, there will be a hardness in its delivery which will make itself sensibly felt by the living hearer: and it is the power of all spiritual conversation, for how can we talk with any unction or profit unless we are spiritually-minded, and in that frame of soul wherein the things of God are our chief element—the language of our lips, because the delight of our soul? But to be otherwise—to be carnally-minded on our knees, with the Bible open before our eyes, in the house of prayer, at the Lord's table, in the company of the family of God—what a burden to our spirit, what a condemnation to our conscience, what a parent of doubt and fear whether matters can be right between God and our own soul, when there is such a distance between him and us! And of all poor miserable wretches, felt or not felt, a carnally-minded minister must be the worst. Death in the pulpit must engender death in the pew. A minister stands there as an instrument in the hands of God to comfort and encourage the drooping hearts of his people, to strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees, to be a means of communicating life to the dead, and reviving the living. But if dead himself, totally dead, can he communicate life to others? And if "as one dead, of whom the flesh is half consumed," like Miriam when struck by leprosy—a good man sunk into carnality and death, and that not deeply felt or groaned under as a heavy load, how can he feed the church of the living God? It is true that the most eminent saints and servants of God have their dead and dark seasons,

when the life of God seems sunk to so low an ebb as to be hardly visible, so hidden is the stream by the mud-banks of their fallen nature. Still it glides onward, round them, if not through them; and sometimes a beam of light falls upon it from above, as it threads its way toward the ocean of eternal love, which manifests not only its existence but its course, and that it gives back to heaven the ray it receives from heaven. Nay, by these very dark and dead seasons, the saints and servants of God are instructed. They see and feel what the flesh really is, how alienated from the life of God; they learn in whom all their strength and sufficiency lie; they are taught that in them, that is, in their flesh, dwelleth no good thing; that no exertions of their own can maintain in strength and vigour the life of God; and that all they are, and have, all they believe, know, feel, and enjoy, with all their ability, usefulness, gifts, and grace, flow from the pure, sovereign grace, the rich, free, undeserved, yet unceasing goodness and mercy of God. They learn in this hard school of painful experience their emptiness and nothingness, and that without Christ indeed they can do nothing. They thus become clothed with humility, that comely, becoming garb; cease from their own strength and wisdom, and learn experimentally that Christ is, and ever must be, all in all to them, and all in all in them.

We hope to resume the subject (D. V.) in our next number, when we shall endeavour to show how well and wisely Dr. Owen has treated this important point, and how feelingly and experimentally he has written upon it.

(Continued, September, 1858.)

It is surprising how our minds alternately, and as if instinctively, sink or rise as various circumstances in ourselves or in others come before our view, or press with weight and power upon our conscience. A few instances on both sides of the question may illustrate this.

For some days or weeks, then, it may be, our mind may have been dark and beclouded; coldness and deadness may have much chilled our heavenly affections; trials and temptations may have harassed our soul; the presence of the Lord may have been much withheld; sin and corruption may have worked within at a fearful rate; and, under a feeling sense of our vileness and

sinfulness, painfully aggravated by all these circumstances, we may have cried, almost in a fit of despair,

"Can ever God dwell here?"

How can the soul that is alive unto God, and living, or desiring to live, continually to his honour and glory, and to walk in the light of his countenance, not but sink into a low spot when all within is so opposed to, or so far from, that peace in believing which is its element and home? Or, if comparatively free from personal trials, some circumstances of a very painful and distressing nature may have come before our mind, or press upon our conscience, connected with others. Some gross inconsistency in a member of the church has perhaps come to light; or there has been a sad display of anger and temper at a church meeting; or two members have fallen out, and one or both have manifested a bitter, unforgiving spirit. Or, apart from church troubles,—the heaviest of all after personal afflictions, we may, in a solemn moment of prayer and meditation, have had a spiritual view of the general state of the churches of truth, as either torn with strife and division, or much sunk into barrenness and unfruitfulness. Or, to come still more closely home, to a still more tender point, a difference may have arisen between us and a beloved friend; or where we have looked for sympathy and comfort, under some trial and affliction, we may have met with just the reverse, and so have been "wounded in the house of our friends," learning thereby, in a way of personal though painful experience, the meaning of those words, "The best of them is as a brier: the most upright is sharper than a thorn-hedge." (Micah 7:4.)

Or if engaged in the work of the ministry, as is the case with some of our readers, we may have been for some time much shut up in the preaching of the word of truth, and may have felt much darkness of mind and bondage of spirit in the house of prayer; if hearers, there may have been much deadness under the preached word; nothing for a long time may have dropped with power and savour into the soul either from the prayer or the sermon; and Satan may have taken great advantage from these things to harass the mind and cast a gloomy cloud over the whole of our experience.

Under these and similar circumstances, which we need not more fully

particularize, the soul possessed of the grace of God sinks at times very low; and as we are too much disposed to measure things by our own feelings, as a dark cloud over the sun casts a gloom over the whole face of nature, we look round and begin to say, "Where is there any real religion, any vital godliness, any blessed communion with the Lord, any of that spirituality of mind in which, and in which alone, there is life and peace. Where and what am I, and where and what are others?" We remember, perhaps, with Job, "the days of our youth, when the secret of God was upon our tabernacle," and say, "O that I were as in months past, when the candle of God shined upon my head, and by his light I walked through darkness." "O that the Lord would once more appear, would remove these dark clouds, and shine into my soul, that I might delight myself in him as all my salvation and all my desire."

When the believing soul is thus brought low, made to confess its sins, and look wholly and solely to the Lord, a sweet and blessed change often takes place. There is a breaking in of divine light and life, a revival of faith, and hope, and love, a renewed sense of the Lord's goodness and mercy, an enjoyment of his presence and smile, a liberty, an enlargement, a coming forth in prayer and praise, a fresh view of the King in his beauty, a discovery of his grace and glory, of his love, blood, and righteousness, of his sweetness and suitability, with a pressing forward towards union and communion with a Lord so gracious and yet so glorious, with a Saviour so exalted and yet so compassionate, with a High Priest, once on earth a bleeding sacrifice, and now in heaven such an all-prevailing Advocate and Intercessor. "Wilt thou not revive us again," cried the church of old, "that thy people may rejoice in thee?" (Ps. 85:6.) This gracious revival is the answer to that longing cry, to that earnest petition, breathed out of the heart sensible of its coldness and deadness, but unable to revive itself; for as no man ever quickened, so no man keepeth alive his own soul. When, then, he who gave fulfilment to that gracious promise, "Because I live, ye shall live also," and sends down renewed blessings, for having ascended on high, "he has received gifts for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell among them," (Ps. 68:18,) then it is with the soul a returning to the days of its youth, (Job. 33:25,) and these words are again sweetly realised, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." (Sol. Song 2:11, 12.) Can the soul not but rise when the Lord thus lifts it up? "Thou hast lifted me up, and cast me

down." (Ps. 102:10.) He is her Head, her Husband, her All. If he frown, must she not sink? If he withdraw, must she not mourn? If he smile, must she not rejoice? What is religion, if there be no union with Christ? If there be union with Christ there will be the fruits as well as the feelings of that bond of spiritual intercourse; and though absence does not break the marriage tie as presence does not create it, either in nature or in grace, yet the espoused soul, like the fond wife, that lives and loves, is grieved at the departure and rejoices at the return of its wedded Lord. Simultaneously with this personal revival of the soul after a long scene of darkness or a painful season of temptation and trial, or instrumental as a means of producing it, there may arise from without circumstances which, like a favourable breeze, speed the soul onward when she has expanded her sails to the wind. One whom we have long known and loved in the Lord is removed by death, but makes a blessed end; or some signal display of grace appears in some one near and dear to us by earthly ties; a son, a daughter, a sister-in-law becomes most unexpectedly and almost unhopedly manifested as a vessel of mercy, and the heart, is filled with wonder and admiration. Under these displays of sovereign grace, the stony heart relents, and is melted into contrition and love; tears of holy joy flow down the cheek, and blessings and praises ascend out of the heart to the God of all our mercies for this fresh display of the lengths and breadths, depths and heights of redeeming love. If engaged in the work of the ministry, the Lord perhaps sets his hand once more in a most conspicuous manner to the work, revives preacher and people, gives testimony to the word of his grace in sending a marked deliverance to a soul under deep distress; clothes the word with power to quicken the dead and comfort the living, and makes it fall like the dew and distil like the rain upon the souls of the people, so that there is a flowing together of heart to heart amidst the family of God.

We have particularized at some length the various causes of sinking and rising as experienced in the soul of a saint of God, to show the changes that take place within, and the ebbings and flowings, the lights and shades of the divine life. Men dead in a profession, with hearts of adamant and brows of brass, hardened by pride and worldliness, under a mask of religion, may ridicule these changes, and taunt us with "setting up frames and feelings, nursing doubts and fears, gloating over our corruptions, living beneath our privileges, poring over our miserable selves, dishonouring God by our unbelief, idolising self, and making a Christ of our experience." Swelling words of this kind, and

a whole vocabulary of similar set terms, are as easily shot off from a hundred pulpits, and with about as much real execution as the guns at Portsmouth salute the Queen when she is going to Osborne. The very men who load and fire these pulpit guns, with all their noise and smoke, know no more of the experience of a saint of God than the artillery-men at Portsmouth of what the Queen is debating in the palace with her ministers; but they fire as they have been taught with the ammunition already made for them, and lying packed and handy at their feet. We are not setting up doubts and fears, or canonising corruption; we are not raking a dunghill for pearls to set in Jesus's crown, or putting the mutability of the creature in the place of, or side by side with the immutability of the Son of God and his finished work. But we say of and to all, in the pulpit or out of it, who, through ignorance or enmity, oppose a feeling religion, "Because they have no changes they fear not God." And if they fear not God, they have not the beginning, much less the end of wisdom; they are not even in the lowest form of Christ's school, much less monitors or masters. But ignorance will prate, and enmity will revile. It is our wisdom and mercy to heed neither, but "with well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Who that knows the true grounds of Dissent does not smile when a young Puseyite clergyman lets off his university arguments against "the perilous sin of schism," when Popery is stamped upon every thread of his buttoned-up cassock-waistcoat, and upon every wrinkle of his long surtout? Who that knows the firm foundation of the doctrines of grace does not smile when a smug youth, hot from the Academy, thinks he is demolishing in one sermon the rock on which the church is built, and scattering election to the four winds of heaven? And may we, in a similar manner, not smile, or rather sigh, when men ignorant of the life of God, destitute of all divine teaching and gracious influence, hurl their invectives or deal out their miserable, commonplace arguments against the experience of the saints? But it is a miserable warfare to be engaged in. He that toucheth the saints toucheth the apple of God's eye. Rather let our tongue never more name the name of God, rather let the pen fall for ever from our paralysed fingers than our tongue or finger knowingly speak or write a word against the work of God in the soul of a saint.

But we have sadly wandered from our subject, which was to examine the work of Dr. Owen on spiritual-mindedness. Our object, however, in the preceding remarks was to show the connexion between these gracious revivals

of soul, of which we have spoken, and the spirituality of mind of which the Doctor treats; for we do not view spiritual-mindedness as an habitual state of the regenerated soul, but one brought forth under special influences, and therefore subject to fluctuations. The meaning of the apostle in the text on which the Doctor has founded his work, (Rom. 8:6,) is simply this, that the mind,* the breath, the bent and inclination of the new man of grace, is "life," as its main element, and "peace," as the result and fruit of life. In other words, the new man of grace, that "spirit," (John 3:6, Rom. 8:16, Ezek. 36:26,) which is born of the Spirit possesses "life" as its animating, operating principle; and as this life is from Christ and unites to Christ, it enjoys "peace" from its union and communion with him. But the apostle does not lay it down as a certain fixed principle that the soul of a believer is *always* spiritually-minded, and that therefore, he always enjoys life and peace. He is, on the contrary, drawing the distinction between the flesh and the spirit in a believer, and showing the essential difference between the two. The one is death, the other life; the one is enmity, the other peace; the one not subject to the law of God, the other obedient to his will and word; the one displeasing to God, the other pleasing in his sight. Thence he argues that all men walk, that is, think, speak, live, and act, according to the one or the other; and that those who "walk after the flesh," that is, follow out its movements, desires, and dictates, are dead, at enmity with God, disobedient, and therefore displeasing to him; whilst those who "walk after the spirit" possess and manifest divine life, enjoy peace with God, obey his precepts, and are pleasing in his sight.

* It is exceedingly difficult to give the exact meaning of the Greek word here rendered "*minded*."

But it is time for us to see what Dr. Owen says on this important subject. As usual with him, he has handled the subject in the most masterly way, sounding all the depths of the heart, hunting the soul out of its false refuges, and showing not only what this spiritual-mindedness is, and the life and peace attending it, but its conflicts and its victories, its decays and its restorations, its present grace and its future glory.

We cannot say that we can fall in with all the Doctor says on these points, for, like most of the Puritan writers there is sometimes a legal tang, and as he held the doctrine of progressive sanctification, that error necessarily casts much

obscurity over his views. Still, it is a most instructive, edifying, and experimental work, and is imbued throughout with a holy unction which evidently shows that he was taught of God, and knew for himself the divine realities for which he so strongly contended.

In the following extract the Doctor opens up in what gracious experience of the soul this spiritual-mindedness chiefly consists:

"1. The *actual exercise of the mind in its thoughts*. They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; they think on them, their desires are after them, and their contrivances are continually for them; but they that are after the spirit mind the things of the spirit; their desires are after, their thoughts and meditations are on things spiritual and heavenly.

"2. This minding of the spirit resides *habitually in the affections*, so that spiritual-mindedness is the exercise of the thoughts on, and aspiration of the soul in its desires after spiritual things proceeding from the love of its affections, and their engagements unto them.

"3. A *complacency of mind*, from that gust or delight which it finds in spiritual things, from their suitableness to its constitution, frame, inclinations, and desires. There is a salt in spiritual things to the renewed mind, while to others, they are like the white of an egg, without taste or savour. Speculative notions about divine things, when alone, are sapless and barren. It is in this savour of them that the sweetness and satisfaction of the spiritual life consist. Thus we taste by experience that God is gracious, and that the love of Christ is better than wine, or whatever hath the most grateful relish unto a sensual appetite; and this is the only proper foundation of that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory."

Having thus shown in what spiritual-mindedness consists, he goes on to enforce it more particularly and closely on the conscience:

"As these three things concur in minding of the spirit, or constitute a person spiritually-minded, so you must have remarked the two following important truths as directly contained in the text:

"1. That spiritual-mindedness is the great distinguishing character of true

believers, or real Christians, from all others, and

"2. Where any are spiritually-minded, there alone is life and peace. What these are, what their excellency and pre-eminence above all other things, and how they are the effects of spiritual-mindedness, will be shown hereafter.

"Either of these considerations is sufficient to demonstrate of how great concernment to us this subject is; and must excite us to inquire diligently whether we are spiritually-minded or not. There are many professors who greatly deceive themselves in this important point; they admit of sacred truths with their understanding; they assent to them, yea, they approve and often commend them; but admit not their power in and over the conscience, nor judge of their state by them, which proves their ruin, and demonstrates that they believe not one syllable of Christianity as they ought. Again there are others who, 'like a man beholding his face in a glass, goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.' (James 1:24.) The word of God represents unto them their spiritual state and condition; they behold it, and conclude that it is even so with them, as the sacred oracles declare. But immediately their minds are filled with other thoughts, acted upon by other affections, and taken up with other things, and they forget in a moment the representation of themselves, and their situation. Wherefore, all that will or can be mentioned on this subject will be utterly lost, unless a firm persuasion hereof be fixed in our breasts, unless we are really affected with, and under the power of, this momentous truth, 'that to be spiritually-minded is life and peace.' Whatever our light, knowledge, or profession may be, destitute of minding the spirit, there is no real interest in, nor any claim to, life and peace."

But the question may occur to a sincere child of God who knows and feels much of his barrenness, darkness, and death, whether he is or can be spiritually-minded, when he is so rarely in the enjoyment of it, and is often so far from the life and peace which are its attendant fruits. Here great wisdom and holy caution are needed to give a right answer. Many a wretched, carnal, dead professor takes comfort from hearing that the real child of God has his seasons of deadness and coldness, not thinking or caring to think that it is one thing to be *always* dead, and another to be so *sometimes*; one thing to see it, and another to feel and mourn under it. How many there are in the professing

church "who bless themselves in their heart, saying, I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of mine heart, to add drunkenness to thirst." (Deut. 29:19.) These are they who feast with the children of God, "feeding themselves without fear," when they are but "clouds without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots." (Jude 12.) Much wisdom, therefore, and caution are needed not to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs; on the one hand not to make the heart of the righteous sad, and on the other not to strengthen the hands of the wicked by promising him life when all his ways are ways of death. (Ezek. 13:22.) To clear up this point, the Doctor, in our next extract, points out how a man may come to know whether he is ever spiritually-minded:

"To give some satisfaction in a case of such great importance and necessity, now that hypocrisy hath made such an inroad on profession, and gifts have imitated and usurped over grace in its principal operations—observe,

"1. When the soul finds a *spiritual complacency*, an inward pleasure in and after prayer and other duties, it is an evidence that grace had a share and influence in its spiritual thoughts and desires. The prophet Jeremiah received a gracious message from God, full of excellent promises, and pathetic exhortations unto the church; 'upon this (said he) I awaked, and beheld; and my sleep was sweet unto me.' (Jer. 31:26.) God's message had so composed his spirits that he was serene and quiet, like a man asleep; but afterwards he stirs up himself to review and consider what had been spoken to him, and, saith he, 'my sleep was sweet unto me.' I found a sweet complacency in, and great refreshment to my soul, from what I heard and received. So it is often with a soul that hath had real communion with God in prayer; at the time, and afterward on the consideration of it, how is the Christian delighted and refreshed! This holy complacency and sweet repose of mind is the foundation of every Christian's delight in the duty of prayer; they do not pray merely because it is their duty, nor because they so stand in need of it that else they could not live; but they have delight in it, and to keep them therefrom is all one as to keep them from their daily food and natural refreshment. Now we may use, but can have no delight in anything, unless we have experienced some complacency and rest; and the soul's delight in prayer ariseth from the near approach that is made in it unto God, the fountain and centre of all spiritual rest and complacency; and the fruit hereof is, he makes them that

thus seek him to drink of the river of his pleasures, the satisfying, refreshing streams of his grace and goodness; they approach unto him as to the fountain of life, to drink or obtain renewed communications of life and grace, and this not in vain; hence arises that spiritual complacency; though I might add that a blessed satisfaction results to the soul from the due exercise of faith, hope, and love, graces in which the life of the new creature doth chiefly consist. The exercise of these graces doth compose and refresh the mind, (even in mourning and godly sorrow for sin there is joy,) and it prepares and makes the soul meet to receive more supplies of grace from above; and thus conscience is enabled likewise to bear testimony to our sincerity in the aim, performance, and end of the duty, which greatly strengthens the mind's repose, and adds to its complacency and joy."

It is right to observe that the Doctor insists much upon our using the means of grace, especially prayer, reading, and meditation, to attain this spiritual-mindedness, and gives the strongest warnings and cautions against sloth and carelessness, and walking at all inconsistently with the precepts of the gospel and the dictates of godly fear. But after having pointed out various means and helps to attain to this blessed state of soul, knowing what man is as a fallen sinner, and the weakness of the flesh, he adds what we think may be very encouraging language to those who feel themselves to come so short of that heavenly frame of mind which he inculcates as such a blessed fruit of divine grace:

"Cry to God for assistance. Supply the brokenness of your thoughts with prayer, according as either the matter or your infirmities do require; bewail the darkness, instability, and weakness of your minds, so as to groan within for deliverance and help; and if your designed meditations do issue only in a renewed sense of your own insufficiency, with application to God for supplies, they are by no means lost as to a spiritual account. When the soul labours for communion with God, but sinks into broken, confused thoughts, under its own weakness; yet if the Christian looks to God for relief, his mourning and petitions will be accepted with his Maker, and be profitable unto himself.

"Be not discouraged with an apprehension that all you can attain to in the discharge of this duty is so little, so contemptible, that it is to no purpose to persist in it. Nor be ye wearied with the difficulties you encounter in its

performance. You have to do with him who will not break the bruised reed, and whose will it is that none should despise the day of small things. If there be in this way a ready mind, it is accepted. He that can bring into this treasury only the mites of broken desires and ejaculatory prayers, so they be his best, shall not come behind them who cast into it out of their greater abundance in skill and ability. To faint and give out, because we cannot rise to such a height as we aim at, is a fruit of pride and unbelief. He who gains nothing else by continual endeavours after holy, fixed meditations, but only an active sense of his own unworthiness, is a sufficient gainer amidst all his pains; but ordinarily it shall not be so. Constancy in the duty will give ability for it. They who conscientiously abide in it shall increase in light, wisdom, and experience, till they are able to prosecute it with greater success."

Have we not all much reason to lament our coming short of this sweet and blessed spirituality of mind? Yet how can we know what it is unless we have felt it, or at least some measure of it, in our own breasts? The dead in sin and the dead in a profession neither know it nor care to know it. It is the living family of God alone who know its blessedness and sweetness, for they alone are born of the Spirit, and therefore walk after it, mind it, and enjoy it. And yet, what life there is in it, when felt! It is the only real happiness the child of God enjoys here below; his companion in solitude, his support in affliction, his comfort in sickness, and his peace in death. For if it be "life," to have it must be an inward well of water springing up in his soul; (John 4:14;) and if it be "peace," it is the enjoyment of Christ's own best gift and last legacy. In fact, in it are all the life and peace of religion, and without it religion is but a name and a notion, without present grace or future glory. How sweet, at such moments, is the word of God! What light shines upon the sacred page! what wisdom and truth appear in every line! what a fulness, blessedness, and unction drop from it, like honey from the honeycomb! Such was Jeremiah's feeling: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart: for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts." (Jer. 15:16.) Such was David's experience: "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" (Ps. 119:103.) Why is this, but because we are then taught by the same Spirit under whose inspiration the Scriptures were written, and are under the same influences and the same holy anointing? How sweet, then, is prayer! It is the language of the heart, the ascending breath of the soul, the spiritual sacrifice laid upon the

golden altar, and ascends with the incense of the great and glorious Intercessor. (Rev. 8:3, 4.) How sweet, then, is meditation, as spiritual thoughts roll in upon the mind, spiritual feelings fill the soul, and spiritual affections warm and melt the heart. This is to delight oneself in the Lord, (Ps. 37:4, Isa. 58:14,) to feel that the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, (Prov. 3:17,) to taste and see that the Lord is good, (Ps. 34:8,) to find how near, dear, and precious Christ is to those that believe, (1 Pet. 2:7) and to see with every look of faith more and more of his beauty and blessedness. No company is now wanted but the Lord's company; and the more the heart is drawn up towards him, the more it receives out of his fulness. Here is life—the life of all religion, and of all ordinances, preaching, praying, hearing, reading, conversing; spiritual-mindedness is the life of them all. Without it all is death in the pulpit and in the pew. You may have eloquence, ability, sound doctrine, texts by scores, and anecdotes by handfuls; you may have voice, rant, and gesture; and all this may pass for wonderful preaching, when there is not a grain of spiritual life in the man or his ministry. And you may have admiring hearers in the pew, full of vows, promises, and tears, and yet not one grain of divine life in the heart. True religion is "a secret;" it lies between God and the soul; and this secret, which is with those who fear God, (Ps. 25:14,) is having the Spirit and mind of Christ; (Rom. 8:9; 1 Cor. 2:16;) and thus being "one spirit" with him, as joined to him by this holy tie. (1 Cor. 6:17.) This brings "peace." Enmity and war cannot exist between friends, and the Lord says to his disciples, "ye are my friends." He himself is our peace. It comes through his blood, for by it he hath made peace. Spiritual-mindedness implies reconciliation, a being brought near; union and communion, and a resting on the atoning blood and finished work of the Son of God.

The Lord graciously bestow upon us much of this spiritual-mindedness, and thus make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; for without holiness, of which this is a main part, no man shall see the Lord.

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Memoirs of Elizabeth Cairns. Written by Herself. —(*October, 1858.*)

One expression in the word of truth has sometimes struck our mind with peculiar force, as throwing a ray of light on the mysterious ways of the Lord

in the present dispensation of his grace. "But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory." (1 Cor. 2:7.) There is a wisdom of God which is not hidden—at least not from the eyes of men who acknowledge God at all, and see the world and all things in it created and sustained by an Almighty hand. All that the great and glorious Creator has designed and executed must necessarily bear the stamp of infinite wisdom and omnipotent power. From the sun in its meridian height to a drop of water in the ocean, from the elephant that stalks proudly in the jungle to the mite that crawls upon the cheese, from the towering oak and spreading cedar to the blade of grass and the moss on the wall,—every created object proclaims the wisdom and power of God. As in earthly things, the counsels of men endued with wisdom display the character of the contriving mind, and are both the consequence and evidence of it; or as in the works of art the statue or the picture at once manifest the artistic eye or the fashioning hand, so in things divine the wisdom and the power of the Almighty are so stamped in all the works of his creative hand that none but the wilfully blind can refuse to see it. David exclaimed, "O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep;" yet he adds, "A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this." (Ps. 92:5, 6.) There are still such brutish men, who, brutalized by sensuality and self-indulgence, or sunk into brutal ignorance by infidelity, know not the wisdom and power of God, though they carry about with them, in their own bodies, in their wonderful structure, the clearest evidence of both. But natural men, such as Paley, have been so struck with the wisdom and power of God in creation that they have pursued it with wonder and admiration from department to department, till they have stopped exhausted by the ever new display of both. Who, indeed, that is endued with any degree of thoughtfulness can walk abroad on a clear night, and not feel as if overwhelmed of the contemplation of the starry firmament. David felt this when, looking up to the heavens glittering as they do in the East with their myriad orbs of light, he exclaimed, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" (Ps. 8:3, 4.)

The wisdom of God is not hidden in these wonders of his creative hand, for "the invisible things of him (that is, the things otherwise invisible, such as his wisdom and power, greatness and glory) from the creation of the world are

clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." (Rom. 1:20.) But "the hidden wisdom" of which the apostle speaks is that which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man. This is the wisdom of the cross, the mystery of Christ crucified, and the whole dispensation of grace here below, of which the cross is the sum and centre, as well as the distinctive mark and symbol. This is the wisdom only spoken among and known unto them "that are perfect,"—the matured, established children of God, who are no longer babes, and, as such, need teaching "the first principles of the oracles of God," but "by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." (1 Cor. 2:7, Heb. 5:12, 13, 14.) It is their happy privilege to see the hidden wisdom,—a wisdom "which none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." As then, so now, the princes of this world know not the hidden wisdom of God; for "the princes of this world" are not merely kings and rulers, monarchs environed with all the pride and pomp of state, and governors endued with power and authority, such as Herod and Pontius Pilate, but the men of mind and influence, the ruling spirits of the period who stamp their spirit on the age. Who are now the princes of this world in our renowned isle? Not merely our temporal rulers, to whom, in all lawful matters, we owe obedience; not merely our excellent Queen, the houses of parliament, the ministers of state, and all endued with legal authority, whom we thankfully acknowledge as the higher powers to whom we are gladly subject, but those less conspicuous in rank and eminence, who really rule and guide the nation by ruling and guiding public opinion, and are princes, if not in title, in real authority and influence. Our poets and historians, our popular authors, the newspaper press, the great literary periodicals, the speakers at large public meetings, the bishops and clergy, the leading Dissenting preachers, and, not to weary by a long enumeration, all who by station, property, rank, or intellect rule the age by impressing a distinctive stamp upon it, may be included among "the princes of this world," from whom, by a special dispensation, the supremest display of the wisdom of God is hidden. It is hidden from them by divine decree, and as an unalterable part of God's determinate counsel. No advance, therefore, of the human mind in any other wisdom brings it any nearer to this, nay, rather, as in the case of two diverging roads, every step takes it farther from it. The advances of human intellect and ingenuity, even in our short span of life, have been stupendous. To converse across the wide Atlantic, the last and latest

triumph of human skill and ingenuity, would have been pronounced, thirty years ago, impossible. But men may connect continent with continent, and send the electric spark beneath the rolling waves, and yet remain ignorant of that invisible chain which links together the Son of God in his glory and the contrite sinner in the dust. They may weigh the pressure of the air by determining the rise or fall of a little quicksilver in a glass tube, who can never weigh the pressure of sin on a guilty conscience; may measure the distance of the sun from the earth who can never tell the nearness of the Sun of righteousness to a believing soul; may send messages with lightning speed from London to Paris, yet never receive a message of mercy from the God of all grace to their heart.

And yet the cross is the greatest display of the wisdom and power of God that could be revealed to the sons of men. That the Son of God, the co-equal and co-eternal Son of the Father in truth and love, should take the flesh and blood of the children into union with his own divine Person, and in that pure and spotless humanity should suffer, bleed, and die to redeem his ruined people from the lowest depths of sin and misery—what a display is here, not only of love surpassing all thought, and grace beyond all expression, but, of wisdom issuing out of such depths that we can but stand upon the brink with holy wonder. To reconcile justice and mercy, fully to satisfy the intrinsic demands of God's righteousness and yet save a polluted worm of earth, to pardon millions of aggravated crimes, and yet not infringe on the spotless holiness of the great and glorious self-existent I AM,—what a difficulty is here! what an impossible problem for men or angels to solve! But the incarnation of the Son of God has solved all these difficulties, and not only so, but has brought God and man together in the person of the God-man. In union with the Father through his Deity, in union with man through his humanity, he is the Mediator between God and men; and thus is brought about that wondrous union of which the Lord himself speaks, and before whose words we solemnly pause with, "O the depth!" "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

But a part of this hidden wisdom is that the people of Christ, so dear and near to him as "members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones," should in their time state be conformed to his suffering image on earth, that they may

hereafter be conformed to his glorified image in heaven. A mighty work is going on continually on earth, as much hidden from the eyes of men as the depths of the Atlantic Ocean from those who sail over its heaving waves. A people, for the most part poor and ignorant, and always hated and despised, are being prepared for eternal glory. As stones destined to form a noble palace, a work of consummate grandeur and beauty, are gradually hewed into shape in some field adjoining the quarry whence they are taken, it may be across a broad river or arm of the sea to the destined spot where they are built into the precise place designed for them by the architect as their fixed and final resting place; so it is with the living stones of the great and glorious building of which Jesus is both foundation and corner-stone. "I have hewed them by the prophets," says the Lord of his people. (Hos. 6:5.)

But when being thus hewn, what sees the world either of their present grace or of their future glory? What knows it of the hewing thus going on? The very field itself is hidden from their view. And even those admitted into that field, what see they for the most part but the chippings, the dust, and the stones? some just lifted from the quarry, others in various stages of hewing and squaring, and others taken away out of sight, and borne across the wide river to the mansion above.

Let us not marvel, then, if the members are as much hidden from the eyes of men as their Head when here below. When that blessed Man of sorrows was tabernacling in flesh, who, save a few disciples, to whom his glory was divinely made known, knew him, loved him, or cared for him? So with his people now, for "as he is so are they in this world." To be unknown, neglected, hidden in obscurity, or so far as known to be hated, despised, persecuted, and misrepresented—this is a part of the cross. Here are some of the depths of infinite wisdom; here is "the glory of God to conceal a thing," (Prov. 25:2,) which will one day burst forth to his eternal praise. Let us, then, cleave to his cross as our secret joy. Our proud flesh may be often crimped and mortified by neglect and contempt; but it is good for us to be so: we could not bear the world's smiles; they would seduce into that conformity from which the cross is meant to separate us. May we, with Moses, "choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." We suffer but little compared with those who "had trial of cruel mockings and

scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy;) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." (Heb. 11:36-38.)

Compared, too, with our Puritan ancestors, those godly men who by their sufferings and passive resistance to the fury of their oppressors won for us our present religious liberties, what are our persecutions? We have neither their sufferings nor their grace, neither their separations from the world nor their devoted walking with God.

These thoughts have occurred to our mind in connection with the little work at the head of the present article. It is a reprint of an old book, originally, we believe, published in Scotland, and which, with much in it that tastes of the Puritan views and expressions, is still full of the deepest interest as a close and accurate portraiture of the dealings of the Lord with a highly-favoured vessel of mercy. In its style, in its keen and close heart-anatomy, it much resembles Halyburton's Memoirs, but, being the production of an uneducated person, is more simple and plain. It is true there are many legal expressions in it, as we find in Erskine's Sermons and other works of the same period; but these are only as motes in the sunbeam, or dross in ore of gold, which are easily separable from the pure metal which shines and glitters brightly through it all.

Elizabeth Cairns, who here writes her own life, was a Scotch woman, born of godly parents, in the year 1685, during the heat of the persecution that then raged in Scotland against all who would not conform to the new Liturgy, or attended the meetings of the Covenanters. The book thus opens:

"As I was informed by my parents, I was born in the year 1685, when the persecution was very sharp; and through the bloody cruelty which was then exercised, my parents were deprived of all they had in the world, and cast out of house and hold, because of their joining with, and adhering and cleaving to the then persecuted Gospel and remnant. In this extremity, my mother, by the providence of God, got into a little cottage, where she brought me forth, a living child, to the hazard of her own life."

The Lord began to work upon her conscience at a very early age, so that even so early as seven or eight years of age she had impressions about heaven and hell, which she believed were of the Lord's teaching, though but like the dawning of the morning. She was naturally of a pensive, meditative turn of mind, strengthened, no doubt, by the circumstances of the period and her own solitary employment; for from the tenth to the sixteenth year of her life she was sent out into the fields with her father's flock.

As we propose, D.V., to return to this little work again, and our pages are rather crowded this month, we shall conclude for the present by the following extract:

"After this, it was my employment for several years to keep my father's cattle. From the eighth year to the tenth year of my age, I was much delighted with my book, so that I was not only content with the reading of it, but so retained it on my mind that when I had not time to read I might have it to meditate on. All the day-time I was still in the fields alone with my flock; but in the winter seasons, especially in the long nights, I was busy getting lessons from any that would teach me, and whenever I could read distinctly by myself, I carried my book always with me, and as I read there shined a light on my mind, so that I was filled with wonder at everything I read. From the tenth year to the sixteenth year of my life, it pleased God, in holy sovereign grace and mercy, to discover both my misery and the remedy more clearly; as also when I read, I found a difference. For in the former two years wherein I was filled with wonder, the word was all alike to me; but now there were passages sent into my mind with power, suitable to my case. I remember one day I went to prayer, as I was wont to do, and that word was brought into my mind: 'The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord.' (Prov. 15:8.) On which I fell a-thinking, and applied it to myself, and I saw, although my conscience could not charge me with a wicked life, yet I had a wicked nature, and by this I came to see that, although I had never committed gross sin, yet there was as much sin in my nature as would make my best duties hateful to God; and so I went to prayer again, with these words in my mouth, 'Oh that God would renew me after his own image! and give to me his Spirit, and enlighten my mind in the saving knowledge of himself;' and that scripture was brought to my mind, 'Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord,' &c. (Hos 6:3); and that, 'And those that seek me early shall find me' (Prov. 8:17.) After

this I felt more light and power in reading the word, and was taught to observe the inward frame of my heart. At this time, the particular places of the word of God I was most delighted with were the four evangelists. Oh how pleasant was it to me to read over the birth, life, and death of the blessed Redeemer! As also the book of Psalms, many of which I retained on my mind and sang them when I was alone. There was also the Song of Solomon, and the prophecies of Isaiah; and it being my lot to live alone, and none to instruct me in what I read, and having no opportunity of hearing the Gospel preached because of my employment; so when I read those scriptures, I fell a-reasoning what this and the other expression meant, and therewith I went to God and pleaded with him by prayer that he might open mine eyes, that I might see the wonders of his law. After this there shined a light into my soul, by which the word was made as a lamp to my feet and a light to my paths, insomuch that there was no action, either religious, moral, or natural, but this light discovered a law to be a rule to them. But this light did not always continue, and so I came to know it by its comings and its goings. I observed when it was absent my prayers were as so many dead words, and the word itself as a dead letter; but when this light was present my prayers went well with me, for I could have prayed and read so as my natural spirits would have failed me before my furniture. Oh! how pleasant then was the Sabbath day to me, wherein I would have joined with my neighbour-shepherds in prayer and praising God, and some of them, whom God by his grace did call, had sweet remarks to put on those days as well as I. There was one day when this light was absent I was going by a corn-field, I stood up by a stalk of corn, and it was higher than I, at which I fell a-weeping when I considered how short a time it had been in the earth, and yet had come so great a length, and I had made so little progress in my way to heaven. I remember another day, when this light was absent, I sat down to eat my bread, and as I asked a blessing, that, as it were, stared me in the face, that the creature was cursed to all them that were out of Christ; so I carried my bread about with me all day, and when I would have eaten the curse still stared me in the face. Another day I came to a well to drink, and I sat down to ask a blessing, in which there shined a light into my soul, that made me see the curse removed by Christ, and mercies coming through the channel of the covenant of grace to believers. Oh, this made me drink of water more sweet than any wine! I remember another day, when I was keeping my sheep at the back of a dyke, in the loop of a snow-wreath, I sat down to pray; and there I met with that I could never tell the

world of. But this I do remember, I would have been content to have gone from that place to eternity, never to have seen any relation again. Another day, when I was under the impression of man's misery by the fall, I saw a neighbour-shepherd going along whistling as he went, at which I fell a-weeping, and said, 'Oh, if you saw in what a state you are by nature, you would not be so merry;' so I fell a-reasoning thus with myself; Yon person is cheerful in his way, and I cannot be cheerful in mine.

"Sometimes in meditation on spiritual mysteries I was carried so far above myself that I would have forgotten where I was and whither I was going; and yet Divine Providence would have so guided me, and brought my flock together to my hand, although (being so taken up in meditation) that at that time I would have forgotten to look after them myself. I remember also, when I would have heard the birds singing, it would have stirred me up to praise my God. And sometimes I remarked on a cloudy day that the sun would have given a blink, and immediately the cloud would have covered it again. Oh, thought I, this did represent to me my condition in this world; and then I would have longed for the day when the Sun of righteousness should shine to all eternity on my soul, and never to be covered with a cloud any more."

(Concluded, December, 1858.)

There is a great tendency in our mind to reduce every thing and every person to a certain fixed model. We have all of us certain modes of thought and of expression which, because they accurately represent our own views and feelings, are, as if instinctively applied by us as rules of measurement to others with whom we may be brought into contact. Assuming that we have truth on our side, and that we possess a spiritual judgment in the things of God, this fixed rule of measurement is not only necessary to the guidance of our steps, but highly and indisputably right. How can we "approve things that are excellent," or "try things that differ," (Phil. 1:10, *margin*.) unless we have a standard of truth and error, of good and evil, set up in our judgment and conscience? We shall make the grossest mistakes if we have not a spiritual discernment bestowed upon us to prevent us calling evil good and good evil, and putting darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. Definite words and phrases are but the outward expression of

this inward standard of measurement. Truth, like law, or science, or mechanical arts, being fixed and definite, has its own peculiar and appropriate language; for the most part purely scriptural, and therefore beyond all controversy sound and unexceptionable. Men professing truth are often accused of using a certain set of words and phrases and no others, in preaching or writing, to communicate their thoughts, views, and feelings. As these expressions convey no definite ideas and embody no sweetness or power to the carnal mind, it grows weary of this sameness, and feels it irksome and repulsive. Many have thrown aside our pages with contempt and disgust, on the ground that the pieces, the letters, the obituaries, &c., are all so similar, and run so much in the same channel. "The dying persons," say they, "use almost the same words; we cannot, therefore, receive them as genuine. The writers of letters fall into the same phrases; so that when we have read one, we have read the whole. We cannot understand it, and do not know what to make of it; but we must confess it has to us a very suspicious appearance." Apply this objection to a parallel case. You, your wife, and your children are all ill at the same time of the same complaint. You have been all eating Bradford lozenges; or a typhus fever, or cholera, or a smart attack of influenza has laid you all on a sick bed. When the doctor comes to see you, must you have one set of phrases to describe your symptoms and sufferings, your wife another, and the children another? Why should not you, your wife, and the children all tell in the same simple, expressive words that your head aches, your face burns, your chest is sore, your cough incessant, your thirst great, and your sleep little? And should the remedies be blessed, do you all want next morning three sets of phrases to tell the doctor that you have had a good night, that your headache is gone, your face cooler, your cough looser, and that his medicine has done you a great deal of good? Apply this little parable to the matter before us. If the children of God all feel the same malady of sin, have the same symptoms, and the same sufferings, and if they are blessed and benefited by the application of the same remedy, the blood, and love, and grace of Christ, what objection is there to the description of them in the same language? and if this language be scriptural, and as such inspired and sanctioned by the Holy Ghost, must they come to you for a different vocabulary because these phrases pall on your ear by their constant sameness? Does the doctor act on your principles? To him does not sameness of language rather testify to sameness of suffering? and would not studied variety of expression imply sham rather than real illness? It is true that in all this sameness of expression there may be

occasional cant, hypocrisy, and imposture, for words are easily caught up; but as all the counterfeit sovereigns and half-crowns in circulation neither invalidate nor impair the genuine coins, of which they are base imitations, so, should a canting letter or hypocritical piece get by mistake into our pages, it does not overthrow or injure those communications which are spiritual and sincere.

We are then decidedly in favour of "a form of sound words," whether in preaching or writing; and we much suspect the reality of that profession which, under the pretence of an irksome sameness, would discard the scriptural words and phrases which the saints of God have ever used as means of expressing the truth as it is in Jesus, and their experience of its power, with the varied feelings of the soul. The first symptom usually of a man having imbibed an error is his cavilling with received expressions, for he instinctively feels that these stand in his way as bulwarks against his new views; and we may, therefore, lay it down for the most part as a safe rule that error and heresy are generally couched under a repugnance to scriptural or generally received phrases, and that their irksomeness is not because of their sameness, but because of their soundness. We can say for ourselves that, after many years' study and reading, which have given us at least a tolerable acquaintance with the words and phrases of the English language, we can find no better expressions than the simple and often sublime language of our Bible; and for the most part no safer or sounder words than those in which the poorest and most uneducated saint of God expresses his feelings when the Lord is with his soul to visit and bless. It must be so; truth wants no embellishment; its own beautiful simplicity is its best recommendation; and the mind that would quarrel with truth because it is so much the same might quarrel with its daily bread because it has the same taste, with its daily bread because it has the same flavour, with its daily air because it has the same purity.

But having thus guarded ourselves, as far as we can, on one side, we will now take a survey in another direction, for there are few subjects which do not admit being viewed in different lights and from an opposite quarter. It may be, then, that a real saint of God, one evidently under the teaching and influence of the Blessed Spirit, may not express himself exactly in the language which has become most familiar to our ears, or which is most in harmony with the standard of truth and experience set up in our own heart and conscience.

It may even be scriptural and experimental, but the mode of expression shall be somewhat different. Must we shut our eyes at once against it, and condemn it forthwith, without judge or jury, because it is not exactly our language, or does not come up to the true standard, from which it must not vary an inch, and which we always carry about in our breast, as the carpenter his two-foot rule in his side-pocket? Would not that be an error in the other extreme, and be constituting ourselves a pope, seated in an infallible chair? If grace dictate the speech, if the words be scriptural, and the experience sound and savoury, are we not bound to receive it? If coined in heaven's mint, must it not be good coin, though not exactly the same in size, weight, and colour as we are every day seeing or handling? But let us go one step farther. Suppose that, with these coins presented to our acceptance, some are of base metal—not feloniously uttered, but innocently offered, the offerer not knowing their worthlessness or counterfeit nature. Now if we believe the utterer not to be acting fraudulently, ought we to send for the policeman, and give him into custody as a felon, or quietly to pick out the bad money, for the coins are but few and of small nominal amount, and throw them into the fire?

Do our readers see our meaning, or to what all this is introductory? It is intended, then, not merely as a general piece of counsel, to be made use of as circumstances call for it, but as a special word of admonition, not to send to jail Elizabeth Cairns, because, in her experience in the little work before us, this honest, simple-minded Scotch girl, who, from six to near sixteen, was herding or shepherding in the lone moors, with only a little girl for her companion, does not speak and write in the language of Hart and Huntington.

But, besides this, the times were different, and her teachers tinged with much of that legality of expression, if not of spirit, which is so visible in almost all the Puritan writers. Now look at the following extract, and see how truth and error, flesh and spirit, are mixed in it:

"After this my parents were going to partake of the Lord's Supper, and they advised me to go with them; so I set about preparation and self-examination, in which I came to some composedness of mind, and a reflex light was sent me, by which I did go back to the morning of my day, and got a view of my sins, both of omission and commission, and was made to examine my state by those marks of grace given in the Scriptures, as also to examine my duties, both as

to number, matter, and manner of performance, and all this with enlargement and brokenness of heart in prayer. The place where the Lord's Supper was to be celebrated was a good way off. On the preparation day, the two texts were wonderfully ordered for me; the one was for my trial, the other for my consolation. The one was 'Who is this that engageth his heart to approach unto me? saith the Lord.' (Jer. 30:21.) The other was, 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life.'—(John 3:16.) This was a sweet day to me; but on the Sabbath morning I was sore straitened, for I could neither pray nor meditate; in the first sermon I was again revived; the text was, 'Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man.'—(Prov. 8:4.) The whole of the sermon was good; there was a word in the close of the sermon with which I hope power came; the word was, 'Take Christ in the arms of thy love, and thou shalt have Him.' With this light there shined a light in my soul, and immediately I arose, and went to the table, believing it would be as the minister said. And while I was partaking, there shined a light into my soul, more bright than the former, and continued in less or more for the space of half-a-year. Oh, this was a sweet feast to me! And so I came from this solemnity, with my soul lifted up in the ways of the Lord, and running swiftly in the ways of duty."

Here is this good little girl setting about preparation and self-examination for the Lord's Supper, examining her duties,* both as to number, matter, and manner of performance, as if right performance of duties gave her a right title, in part at least, to that holy feast. What a spirit of legality and bondage must have pressed her down when she sat down to examine her prayers and her performances! And yet with all that, what sincerity and grace shine forth! The Lord indulged her with a smile, not for her duties, but from his own mercy and love.

* The apostle bids us examine ourselves whether we be in the faith, but does not bid us examine our duties to prove we are so. These two things, we need hardly remark, very widely differ.

The next trial that Elizabeth had to pass through was one common to many of the Lord's people. It was to have some evidence whether she had passed under the Law, and had spiritually felt its bondage, condemnation, and curse. But

she shall describe her trial in her own simple expressive language:

"I remember it was my ordinary way to try myself by what I had heard, and there was one thing I still did miss in my experience, which was that I had never gone through a law-work, nor known what a spirit of bondage was, except some short convictions, and immediately got an outgate* again. So when I heard the way of the Spirit of God, His preparing the soul before it embraced Christ held forth in the Gospel, I thought all that I had met with was far short, and that one in nature, by common operations, might attain to all that I had attained to. By this I raised all my hopes, and it pleased the sovereign Lord to withhold those comfortable blinks† of divine light and power that I was wont to enjoy; yet, nevertheless, a merciful and gracious God was pleased to manifest the sovereignty of his grace and mercy to me, one of the vilest of Adam's degenerate posterity, in opening my eyes to see a deeper sight of my natural state than ever I had seen. Now I was led to see what a happy creature man was when he came out of the hands of his Maker, and that he was both able and willing to serve his God in all things that he required, without the least breach or failure, as is evident from his first creation, being created after the image of God, as is clear from Gen. 1:26, 27. But, by the entrance of sin, this beautiful and shining creature, that was the noblest piece of all the lower creation, now became the vilest of all creatures, and instead of the image of God, he now got on the image and livery of the devil, and God becomes his enemy, casts him out of his favour, and draws the sword of justice against him; and also the law, with all its curses is against him, and, oh, now he is made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, and to all the wrath and curse of God in hell to all eternity, as is clearly held forth, Gen. 3. All this was set before me, and I was made to go through every step of man's misery with application to myself, by which I came under such awful impressions of the holiness and righteousness of God, as if I had seen the sword of justice drawn and pointed against me, and as if hell had been open before me, and I justly deserving to be cast into it; this being so strongly impressed on my mind, I was seized with great terror. But it pleased a merciful and gracious God to cover these fearful and terrible views from my mind in some measure, yet got no sensible outgate, but remained for several days in great terror, fearing every moment that the earth would open and swallow me up. Yet, for all this terror and confusion that I was in, there was a light in my mind, leading me back by reflection on

the former discoveries I had got of the way of salvation by Christ, but I still cast all away, because I thought all my former experiences were but common workings of the Spirit, and that which one in a natural state might attain unto. There was also a broad sight of my actual sin laid before me; here I saw that many a bitter fruit of actual transgression had sprung from the cursed root of original corruption, and I was made to mourn over all my prayers and sweet hours as nothing, yea vile, without God and his grace in them."

*** An escape or deliverance.**

† Gleams, rays of light.

We pass over how she got some relief from her distress, through the application to her soul of John 14:6, to give an extract, in which she mentions a sweet deliverance, of a more clear, powerful, and enduring character than any she had before experienced:

"After this, I compared myself with those marks of grace given in Scripture, according to the conditional promises. Here I was led back, by a reflex light, to the dyke, the stone, and the hillside, places where I had been informed in the way of salvation by Christ, and had felt the power of grace determining my soul to embrace him, as the fore-mentioned light cleared up to me by the Scripture. Here I thought to have founded my faith and hopes of salvation by this rational reduction, because I found in my experience those marks of grace that the conditional promises did require; and while I was comforting myself with these things, that question was brought to me, 'Did you not cast away all those former attainments as delusions, and as what one in nature might attain to, and how dare you then venture to comfort yourself by them?' With this again I raised my hopes, and for all that Christ had done for sinners, I could take no comfort, because I could not win to know if I was one of them the Father had given to the Son to be saved by him.

"After this, I was in great distress for several days, still crying to God for an outgate; so it pleased a gracious God to display his sovereignty for my relief, which was one night in secret prayer. I was so raised in my soul that in some measure, I may say, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell; but this I do remember, I was turned to behold the glory from which there shined

a light into my soul that strengthened and capacitated it to behold glorious objects and inexpressible mysteries that were represented to my view; and here I was allowed, as it were, to come near God, and got a soul-satisfying blink of his glory, and would have been content to have lived so to eternity. And while I was thus beholding and enjoying, it was darted into my mind, as if a voice had spoken to me, 'Thy name is written among the living in Jerusalem,' and immediately the veil covered the glory which I beheld. After all this, there remained a light on my soul for a whole year; but sometimes it shined brighter than at other times.

"Lo, here my question was answered, and I believed that my name was written among them that were given by God the Father to the Son, to be saved by him, according to the covenant of redemption. Here I desire to lay my hand on my mouth, and say no more as to those great mysteries I was allowed to behold; for I am persuaded they can be better felt than can be told. For my mind could never indite, much less my pen write, what I was allowed to behold. 'O the height, the depth, the breadth and the length of this love of God that passeth knowledge,' in condescending so far to one of the vilest of all the race of Adam, who never deserved a blink of his reconciled face, much less to have the veil as it were rent, and to get such a view of manifested glory! But in none of all those attainments do I desire to glory, but in a reconciled God in a Mediator, for a portion to my soul in time and for eternity. And thus ends the eighteenth year of my age. This year, places, and times, I desire to remember as long as I live, which were my Bethels and my Peniels, because there I had so great discoveries of God, and my life was preserved."

During this period of her life, the time of her espousals, she was favoured again and again in her soul as few saints of God are. Thus she writes:

"Those scriptures, and many more, were made the matter of my meditation, and frequently there shined a light on my soul when I was thus meditating that represented to my view inexpressible mysteries, so that I would have forgotten where I was and what I was doing. And thus when the veil was drawn aside, and I allowed to come to the threshold of the door, as I thought, allowed to behold the glory of the higher house, I would fain have been in; but, alas! I behoved to come down again; and I cried, 'O death, death, when wilt thou come, and when will the veil rend, and never return to cover the

glory again?' This made me undesirous to keep company, or yet to follow my employment, which brought me in a great strait. So I went to God with those words in my mouth, that if he would not take me out of the world, he would give me two capacities, or a strength of mind, one to serve him, and another to serve the world. And accordingly as I asked he answered me, so that immediately after he endued me with a strength of mind by which I could accomplish my business and yet keep up my intercourse with heaven; so that even in time of harvest, when there was no absenting from company, nor yet time for prayer, yet when I lifted up my head with my handful to lay it in the sheaf, I would have sent up a short prayer, in which time there shined rays of divine light that filled my soul with sensible manifestations of divine love; and when I was thus engaged in company, and could not win out of hearing their idle and vain talking, I would have been as one deaf, while my meditation was taken up in maintaining my intercourse with God; yet at that time there was as much reason given me as guided my hand in my employment."

One more manifestation must here suffice:

"I remember one Sabbath morning, it was remarkable to me, when I awaked out of sleep I began in meditation, on the covenant of redemption, and there shined a light into my soul, by which I got a view of the glorious contrivance of redemption and wonderful transaction between God the Father and God the Son: here my soul was brought to such a capacity and strength so as to get a view of what the Father demanded of the Son, and proposed to him concerning man's redemption, as also the Son's sweet compliance with every particular required in that covenant, as in Ps. 40:6-8: 'Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required. Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.' My mind could never indite, nor my pen write, what here I was allowed to behold.

"From this I was left to view the covenant of works, and man's happy state in paradise before he fell, and how he fell, and his misery after he fell; and from this I was led to behold the glorious covenant of redemption, as displayed in a covenant of grace, and revealed to Adam immediately after he fell, in those words: The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent. (Gen.

3:15.) All this I was led to see in meditation before I arose that morning; so after I arose, I went to secret prayer, and there I was led to see the covenant of grace in a deeper view than ever formerly I had seen it.

"Here I saw that all that passed between the Father and the Son in the covenant of redemption was displayed and applied to the believer in the covenant of grace; and here also I got another sight of my name in it; as also I felt a power bringing up my soul to a compliance with every particular therein represented to the view of my faith.

"Those glorious mysteries so filled my soul with joy, wonder, and praise, that I was made with the psalmist (Ps. 148 throughout) to invite all the creation, heavens, earth, seas, and all things therein, to join with me in praising. And I came from that place and that prayer in the clear view and felt impression of those glorious mysteries, so that I was forced to lay my hand on my mouth, and hold in my voice. For when I came to the family and saw my relations, I would have heartily invited them to join with me in the praises of free grace; but I had no will to discover myself to the world."

Now must we not say that this poor Scotch girl was eminently favoured, and that there is a power, reality, and savour resting on her word which much commend it to the conscience, though there may be expressions in it different from the usual language of experience with which we are most familiar?

But some of our readers will be saying, But where were her trials? What did she know of the dark side? Did she go on all through her life thus favoured and blessed? Indeed she did not. She had her bitters as well as her sweets, her deep waters, her hot fires, her desertions, and her hells, as well as her smiles, her kisses, her manifestations, and her heavens. For three years then, chiefly through the powerful temptations of Satan, that is, from the twentieth to the twenty-third year of her life, she walked under the hidings of God's face, in the greatest darkness of soul, and very great consequent distress of mind. During this period Satan was permitted to harass her with the most infernal temptations, presenting himself to her imagination in various shapes, and most especially assaulting her when engaged in secret prayer. But her fourth year was the worst of all:

"Thus passed these three sad years of my life. Now three years of this dark cloud are over, but, alas! the fourth year was darker than they all, for now I was not only deprived of the blinks of divine light, and of the sensible smiles of my Beloved, but also of the sensible exercise of all grace and all duties I had been exercised in; and this was not all, but the chain of the devil was let out, and all the troops of infernal spirits, and swarms of lusts, members of the body of death, did gather themselves together against me. This did holy Sovereignty see meet to permit for ends known to himself. Here I stood, stripped naked of all my armour as to my sense, and exposed to the open field of temptation, where I endured the thunderbolts and fiery darts of the devil; yet, notwithstanding all these, I was allowed to hold fast my grips of an interest in the covenant.

"One day, as I sat down to read my Bible, the tempter bade me cast it away,—it was not only once or twice he did so, but for many days he continued calling me to cast it away; and I was so far deprived of my armour that I could do no more to resist him but hold my Bible with both my hands, and weep over it.

"Another day, as I was lamenting my wearied life when compared with the life I lived formerly, the tempter came with that temptation, 'Curse the day wherein thou wast born;' and I could say no more against him but this, 'Oh! shall that which was Job's sin be my duty?' Thus I went for several days thinking still my mouth would open and curse my day, but I desire to bless the Lord, who preserved me, for I do not remember that ever I opened my mouth, or yet gave the least consent to this temptation: this was still presented to me, 'Oh, shall that which was Job's sin be my duty?' Yet the tempter continued from day to day, so that the poison of his arrow was like to drink up my spirits, and I thought it was with me as it was with those people, 'In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning!' for the fear of thy heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the "sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see.' (Deut. 28:67.) But that which was worse than all this, my glorious Redeemer did still hide his face from me, and the spirit of prayer was withdrawn, and the sword of the Spirit, the word of God, was turned to be a dead letter; yet when I was in this sad condition, my soul clave to God, and said, 'Although thou shouldst kill me, yet will I trust in thee.' (Job 13:15.) Thus I was allowed to hold fast my interest in God, as my covenanted God, notwithstanding all that was come on me.

"After this, the tempter came with that temptation, and said, 'Murder thyself, for thou needest not fear, thy eternal interest is secured.' This temptation he continued for many days.

"One day I was praying alone in a secret place, and he set violently upon me, and presented to me both conveniency and instruments to murder myself; upon this I was forced to fly out of the place. Another day, I was going some space of way myself alone, and in the way there was a ditch of water, where he set violently on me to drown myself, busking* his temptation with this: 'Thou needest not fear; thou wilt immediately go to heaven, and the world will never know what is become of thee.' Oh! now I was like to go distracted, for I could give no resentment†; but I was kept from yielding to him, and helped by an unknown support of an Almighty God to resist the temptation in all its appearances."

*** Dressing out.**

† Reply.

It was, however, full seven years before she got fully delivered—seven long years of dreary desertion, with occasional glimpses of love and mercy to keep her from despair. Though we have given more extracts than our space readily allows, we cannot leave her under the dark cloud:

"After this, one day as I was in prayer, it pleased a sovereign and gracious God, as it were, to rend the veil, where I met with a renewed discovery of a glorious Christ, in the sweet rays of his glory and manifestations of his divine love that ravished me and brought me near hand, and so filled me with such a sense of his love that I could hold no more.

"So I remained as if I had been in possession for some time, but what I here both felt and saw I will neither word nor write, and so the veil returned and covered the manifested glory I then beheld. And when I saw the light of this world again, I earnestly desired to be dissolved, that so I might win* to behold the bright and glorious face of my Redeemer, and swim in his infinite fulness to all eternity. And while I was thus breathing after perfection, that word,

'Here am, I, send me,' (Isa. 6:8,) came with such power and rebuke that I immediately applied it to myself, and thought it was my duty to say with the prophet, 'Here am I, send me,' about whatever the Lord had yet to do with me in this world; either in the way of duty, or yet in the way of suffering, it was still my duty to be at his call."

*** Go.**

There was something very remarkable connected with the publication of the above memoir.

When she was about 46 years of age a fire broke out in a house where she had left the papers containing the Lord's dealings with her soul. These were saved, with other things, but unknown to her were copied and spread abroad. As her writing was bad, and besides had been blotted, the copy made was exceedingly incorrect. For twelve years she was ignorant of the circumstance that this copy had been taken, for the papers were safely returned to her after the fire. When, however, she discovered that her experience had been spread abroad, and that through the incorrectness of the copy many mistakes had been made, she felt herself called upon to publish it herself, that the cause of truth and the glory of God might not suffer. In this singular way did the Lord work to bring forth into the light of day his secret and sacred dealings with his handmaiden, verifying the promise, "For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops." (Luke 12:2, 3.)

Now, who that knows anything of divine matters by divine teaching will not acknowledge that Elizabeth Cairns was a woman taught of God, and led by the Blessed Spirit? Does she not condemn and put to shame the religion of many who would call her legal, and reject her experience because her language somewhat differs from their own? We cannot do so; and only wish there were more like her in the church of God; as simple, as sincere, as much in earnest, as much blessed, and we may add, as much tried and tempted. She was not an every-day professor. She was one of those rare persons who care more for the soul than the body, for eternity than time, and for God than man. Religion was not with her a thing to be taken up and laid down at will.

Every inch of the ground was with her tried over and over again; for did she rest in any view, any doctrine, any experience, until the Lord himself clearly set her down at it by his word and Spirit, presence and power. She was as much in the hands of God as clay in the hands of the potter. She was what he made her and no more; knew what he taught her and no more; had what he gave her and no more. What he communicated she felt, what he revealed she believed, what he bade she did, and what he laid on her she endured. Faith, and hope, and love were not at her command. When the Lord manifested himself she was happy, and when he withdrew she was miserable. When he hid himself she could not behold him, and when he came again she embraced him. If this is not true religion, vital godliness, where is it, what is it, and whither shall we go to find it? She had all the religion preached or professed by the advocates for works, and a great deal more, of which they are thoroughly ignorant. She prayed continually, read the Bible constantly, attended ordinances regularly, took heed to her ways diligently. Thus she could say, "Are they Hebrews? so am I. Do they pray? so do I. Do they read? so do I. Do they watch? so do I." But she could add what they could not: "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ." (Phil. 3:7, 8.)

Here, then, we close our Review of this remarkable book, and trust our readers will derive profit and instruction from the extracts that we have given of it, which will speak in plainer language than any that we can furnish either of approval or of explanation.

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The Remains of Isaac Beeman, late Minister of the Gospel, Cranbrook, Kent.—(*February, 1859.*)

The blessed Redeemer, in that most solemn and comprehensive intercessory prayer which he offered up, as the great High Priest over the house of God, on the eve of his sufferings and propitiatory sacrifice, besought of his heavenly Father that there might be manifested union amongst his immediate disciples: "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me,

that they may be one as we are." (John 17:11.) And not for his own peculiar disciples only, whom he was about to leave, did the blessed Lord intercede with his heavenly Father that they might be one as the Father and he are one, but his holy soul poured forth its interceding breath that the same blessing might be granted to *all* his future disciples: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also, which shall believe on me, through their word; that they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." (John 17:20, 21.) We have used the words "manifested union" amongst his disciples, for it was not for abiding and invisible, but for evident and visible unity and harmony among his people that the Redeemer prayed. The former already existed as a substantial reality, and could therefore neither be increased nor impaired. It was established in the heavens far above all the roaring winds and waves, the ebbing and flowing tides of this restless sea of time here below. In eternity, before all worlds, the members of Christ's mystical body were united to him by everlasting decree as their covenant Head; and therefore this union is necessarily unalterable and immutable: "Thine eyes did see my substance yet being unperfect, and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them." (Ps.139:16.) But not so with that manifested and visible union which, in a time state, cements together the members of the mystical body of Christ. *That* is subject to much fluctuation; *that* waxes and wanes, ebbs and flows, rises and sinks, according to the spiritual state of the members themselves, and the gracious operations of the Blessed Spirit on their hearts. The Lord, therefore, prayed to his heavenly Father that that secret and spiritual union might be manifestly visible; and that not only to the saints themselves, the blessed partakers of his grace and the destined heirs of his glory, but to the world itself in which they now live, and by which they are on every side surrounded. But this could only be accomplished by certain clear and visible fruits and effects, which should stand forth as indubitable marks, and be possessed of sufficient weight and force to bear down prejudice and suspicion, and convince a selfish world that Christian love is not a name and pretence, but an undeniable reality. As the world cannot penetrate into the heart, and indeed has no eyes to see the work of the Spirit there, the inward union of the saints of God can only be made outwardly manifest by the harmony and concord which they display, the love and affection, the mutual sympathy and forbearance which they manifest, by the actions of Christian kindness and liberality which they show to each other

under the most trying circumstances, by the tender regard which they display to one another's character, their consideration of each other's feelings, their generous interest in one another's welfare, by owning each other as brethren, by walking and associating together as such, and being separate from all others, however admired and esteemed. By these visible fruits and effects, and by the whole tenour of their walk and conduct, as evidently springing from a deep-seated and ever-flowing fountain of love and affection to one another as partakers of his grace, his heavenly Father would be glorified, and the world would believe that he had sent him; for though he was no more on earth to be a pattern of love, he would leave a people upon it as his representatives, to manifest that he lived at the right hand of the Father, and sent his Spirit down to conform them, in all ages, to his own loving and lovely image.

But now compare the present state of things with this prayer of the blessed Redeemer, and with the fruits and effects of the union for which he prayed as we have thus faintly sketched them. Cast your eyes round in this or that direction, or fix them upon the churches of truth, as it is useless to look anywhere else, for if not found there, the union sought for will be found nowhere. Those who do not know the truth do not know the Lord, who is "the truth," as well as "the way and the life;" and most certainly those who do not profess the truth cannot know it, for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Looking, then, at those who profess the truth, so far as they come within the sphere of our observation, and we are able to view their state and character with an impartial, unprejudiced eye, can we say that this union is very bright, distinct, or clear? The lamentation of most good men, and the complaint of godly people generally, as far as our observation extends, would lead to the conclusion that it is not with the churches now as it was with that of Thessalonica: "But as touching brotherly love ye need not that I should write unto you; for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another." (1 Thess. 4:9.) The ancient exclamation of the heathen world was, "See how these Christians love one another." Does the world say so now, or is its exulting language, "See how these professors bite and devour one another?"

Has, then, the prayer of our great High Priest for manifested union amongst his believing disciples fallen to the ground? Was Jesus, whom the Father "heareth always," (John 11:42,) unheard, unanswered in this one request, this

most important, this most earnest petition of his holy heart and mouth? How can such a supposition be consistent with the words, "Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips," (Ps. 21:2) and many other passages of similar import? We must not admit, for a single moment, such a doubt to take possession of our minds. How can we, indeed, entertain such a thought in our breast, if we have any regard for the Scriptures of truth, or any faith in the veracity of him who cannot lie? But the question still recurs, Is the oneness visible? Is there manifested union amongst the people of God? Are there not many divisions and disputes even amongst the true disciples of the Lord, the real followers of the Lamb? In gospel churches do peace and harmony generally prevail? Are there no secret heart-burnings and jealousies which too often break out in words and actions? Are even all the ministers of truth, the sent servants of God, united together in one unvaried tie of love and affection? These, from their very position, are leaders, and should be examples to the flock. In them, above all others, should this union be clearly manifest; and having a larger experience, for the most part, of trials and temptations, and being peculiarly exposed to the assaults of their unwearied foe, they seem more especially called upon to sympathise with one another, as well as to mutually comfort and encourage each other in the arduous work in which they are engaged.

Knowing the state of many churches, do not our words almost sound as irony, and rather as a description of things as they should be than as they are? What then? Must we fall back on the same spot of unbelief and infidelity? Has the prayer of the Lord Jesus Christ utterly fallen to the ground? and did the Father not hear the Son? (Heb. 5:7.) No; that cannot be. How, then, shall we explain the mystery, unravel the knotted coil, solve the difficult question? Thus. There is a substantial union among the living family which underlies all differences. It is with the members of Christ's mystical body as with the members of our natural body. What a difference of form, feature, shape, and completion distinguishes individuals from one another! Where, out of the whole human race, can we find two persons precisely alike? Yet how much greater their resemblance than their difference. Take man—any man, of any race, of any colour—and place him by the side of an animal. How at once it is seen that an impassable gulf separates the lowest man from the highest animal; and that of any two men, taken at random from the wide-spread members of the human race, the greatest difference is but as nothing

compared with the general resemblance. May we not apply this figure to the living family of God? It is true that there are many differences among them, all which tend much to impair union, for "how can two walk together except they be agreed?" but these differences are as nothing compared with their points of resemblance—as spots on the face of the sun, which sensibly impair neither his light nor heat. The differences are visible, because they lie on the surface, as freckles and wrinkles are seen on the face, when bones, muscles, arteries, and nerves,—the real stamina of the body, are unseen. The differences which subsist amongst the Lord's people are for time, their agreement for eternity; their strife is but the fruit of the flesh, and will perish with the flesh, but their union is a fruit of the Spirit, and will last when the flesh is returned to its native dust. Compare what you feel to a child of God, one really and truly manifested to your conscience, with what you feel to a worldling, to a Pharisee, to a dead professor. You must be sensible that if not perfectly united to him "in one mind and in one judgment," yet you agree with him far more than you differ, and that in all the grand fundamentals of truth, and in all that concerns vital godliness, you are one. You have a feeling, too, of love and union with him which you cannot, perhaps, define, but which is not the less real. But with the pharisee, the worldling, the dead professor, you have not one point of union or agreement, and you feel that whilst they are what they are, you and they are separate, both for time and eternity.

These thoughts have sprung up in our mind in connection with the work at the head of the present article. Mr. Beeman was a most attached friend and follower of Mr. Huntington, and though we never saw him in the flesh, his "Remains," as here published, have been much commended to our conscience. With their general drift and spirit we feel much union, for we are well convinced that he was a man taught and blessed of God. It is true that in some things we think he was altogether wrong, as for instance, in a total disregard of ordinances, for we understand that he had neither any church or either ordinance; but he was one who knew the truth for himself, breathed much of a Christian spirit in his life and ministry, was singularly humble and retiring, and lived much in the fear of God and the enjoyment of his presence and love. Though most warmly attached to Mr. Huntington, and though an especial favourite of the Doctor, he seems of all his followers to have imbibed most of the good and least of the evil of his admired teacher and friend. Some of Mr. Huntington's admirers put us in mind of the courtiers of Alexander the Great.

Their great commander had a natural defect in carrying one shoulder somewhat higher than the other. This defect, out of compliment to him, his courtiers imitated; but a high shoulder did not make them all Alexanders. And so to imitate Mr. Huntington's defects does not make his imitators all Huntingtons. Nay, they may copy his words, imitate his phrases, follow out his practices—except his noble liberality, and because he sometimes dropped a word against the Baptists, may angrily denounce baptism; but all this does not endue them with his grace or his power. The defects of good men are much more readily copied than their graces; and it is much more easy to say, "I am of Paul, and I of Cephas," than to preach and live like the great apostle of the gentiles, or to labour and suffer like the Galilean fisherman. We desire to love all good men, and highly to esteem all the Lord's servants; and whilst we stand firmly to our own views and principles, not to be carried away by a party spirit. In carrying out this, many a rude knock have we had to encounter from men who mistake their own jealous and angry spirit for the Spirit of the Lord; but which we endure without retaliation as knowing the source whence it springs, and that it neither adorns nor exalts them. We shall still, with God's help and blessing, hope ever to love grace wherever we see it; but not be, we trust, so weak and foolish as to set up any man as our guide and pattern, when we have their Lord and our Lord for both—that blessed Jesus, who was meek and lowly in heart, and sought his Father's glory, not his own. But to return to the work before us. In reading Mr. Beeman's letters, and this is not the first time that they have come under our eye, as we have possessed the volumes some years, we have found and felt a very sweet vein of experimental truth to run through them. Without taking a very great grasp of the things of God, and not possessing the variety and originality, the play of thought and language, the ease, and strokes of wit and humour that so mark the letters of Mr. Huntington, there is yet a sweetness and a savour pervading them, which make them very profitable to read. We know not how others feel toward religious books so called, but we frankly confess that there are very few that we can read with real soul profit. As to the general publications of the day under which the press groans, it is not one solitary entangled fly which makes them send forth a stinking savour, but the ointment is half made up of dead flies. Free will and free grace are so rubbed up together that it is neither one nor the other, but a rancid mass which one throws aside with disgust. Preachers and writers who aim at popularity clearly see that, if they are to have hearers and readers, they must adapt themselves to the taste of the day,

and that the plain naked statements of the Scripture must be clothed in a modern dress to find acceptance with the masses. They thus gradually dilute and adulterate both law and gospel, softening the terrors of the one and widening and enlarging the promises of the other, until the distinctive features of both are completely lost. What profit can be found in such a confused jumble to a child of God, whose whole soul is on the stretch to know the truth that maketh free, and who, surrounded by errors without and within, is looking up to the Spirit of truth to seal it upon his heart, and save and sanctify him thereby? And even of the few books that are written with the pen of truth, there are those which seem rather to do the soul harm than good. There is a lightness about them which ill suits a soul weighed down by trouble or pressed heavily with a sense of eternal things. Faith is made out to be so easy a thing as if nothing more was necessary than to believe the doctrines of grace. The mighty power of unbelief, the stings of guilt, the dagger-thrusts of temptation, the craft and subtlety of Satan, the dreadful sin and corruption of the heart, and its miserable helplessness—all which, sensibly felt, break up a dead faith, are as much passed by and ignored as if they were dreams of the past, no more fit for the present day than witches, ghosts, and meteors, which formerly terrified a superstitious generation. Thus we are gradually losing the power of truth—it being on one side so dressed out in crinoline as to have lost all its proportions, and on the other withered into a skeleton, in which there is neither blood nor life. We are glad then to find there are still such works as that before us, in which there is the complete absence of the two extremes to which we have alluded, and where we find a sweet vein of experimental truth that much tends to edify the believing heart. There is in them, as far as our judgment extends, nothing hard and dry, nothing theoretical and speculative, nothing proud or pompous. Their tendency is to soften the heart and to soothe and encourage a troubled mind, by pointing out feelingly and experimentally the suitability and fulness of the Saviour; and by tracing out the work of grace from its very beginning, to cast a light upon the path that a sensible sinner treads, from Mount Sinai to Mount Zion.

In reading Mr. Beeman's letters we feel to be in the company of one that knew his own heart, in its desperate vileness and wickedness, and who had also felt experimentally in his own soul the love and blood and presence of Christ. We feel that we are with one who made the word of God his bosom companion, which he read in the light and teaching of the Spirit, whose heart was

prayerful and tender, who lived secluded from the world, and who was at times favoured with sweet communion with his heavenly Father and eternal Friend. Thus reality, such a vital and blessed reality as no mere doctrinal statements of truth can attain to, is stamped upon the words that flowed from his pen; and this gives them a peculiar weight and power, and an entrance into the heart which nothing else can effect. We much prefer the Letters to the Sermons, though it is right to mention that the latter are put forward as merely containing the "substance" of some of his discourses, and therefore we have them not as they were fully delivered. But, as they appear in the first volume of these "Remains," they strike us as by no means equal to his letters for weight and savour, and that some of them are taken up too much with historical explanations and comparatively inferior matter. At the end of the second volume there is a short account of his last illness and death, by Mr. Birch, a member of his congregation, and the author of the sermon part of which is given in our present number. From this we make a short extract:

"On the morning of the 13th, he said, 'It is a hard struggle; for if death is not swallowed up it will swallow us up. I wish I could get rid of all my doubts and fears, and have no bondage.' On the same morning he called together all his family, and not being able to speak distinctly, he wrote the following words on a paper, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' This he intended as his dying testimony to them. Fearing that what he had written might not be understood perfectly, he made an effort, and said, 'My conscience would fly in my face, and my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I did not say so;' and added, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and I joy in the God of my salvation.' On my speaking to him on the various conflicts of the soul, he replied, in a very weighty manner, 'God has respect unto the work of his own hands.' In the evening he said, 'Cast down, but not destroyed; hold thou me up.' He spoke much of the righteousness of the Lord Jesus, of his blood, and of the approbation which God always gave to us on believing in him. 'In this hour of trial,' said he, 'he preserves and keeps me. Faith stands fast above all fear.'

"The 14th was to us all the most memorable day during his illness. On that day it appeared to us that the Holy Spirit particularly strengthened his inner man; for he spoke very largely, and with great animation, on Isa. 60: 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.'

'Some,' said he, 'say one thing, some another; but the meaning of the Spirit can only be made known to us by experience.' He then added, 'Peace is come in like a river, righteousness covers me all over like a breastplate; a glorious light shines all around my head.'

"On the 15th he observed, on Isa. 32:16, 'Judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field.' 'Wherever this righteousness is, that field is fruitful.' On Isa. 59:1, 'Listen, O isles, unto me,' he observed that all real religion began with listening, and that wherever the light of life is risen upon a soul, that light will never go out."

As we have spoken highly of his letters, we have thought it well to give one which will be all the more interesting, as narrating some of his experience:

"It seems needful to know how we came in at the wicket gate at the head of the way, for all real pilgrims enter in at the strait gate, and tread the narrow path, which the ignorant and unclean have never trodden. I was a considerable time before I found the gate, and long before I was satisfied that I entered in thereat; but I have this to say, this gate of life was discovered to me from above, or I should never have found it. I could by no means or any power in myself discover it; such blindness was upon my eyes. I could see my sin, the justice of God, and feel his wrath revealed against me; but Christ I could not see. This gate was discovered by degrees, first by one scripture and then by another, as God and man in one person to fulfil the law and satisfy divine justice, or no salvation for me; and after this sight pressed sore by unbelief, lest in him I should never believe, and so, after all, be damned as an unbeliever of the gospel. The efficacy of his blood I felt in my conscience, purging the dreadful guilt of sin under which I lay; which sin, in the same sense and sight, has never come back to this day; and when my interest was made manifest in this Saviour of sinners, I said it was enough! I suppose I was then fairly entered in at the gate of life. O then I could have cast, (with the twenty-four elders around the throne) the crown at his feet, and sang, Hallelujah! But in a while, or process of time, my love grew cold, sensations of this kind wore off, the world with her much fair speech came, my fleshly part sided with the alluring charm, and I slid back as a backsliding heifer. But O the faithfulness of God! He put the yoke again upon my neck, and brought me back; or suppose I rather say, drew me from that state, and would not leave

me there.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but in faithfulness hast thou afflicted me; for since I have learned to keep thy word.' David says thus. I said above, that I supposed I had, before this, entered the gate; but how soon did I get into By-path meadow! and it is a great wonder I was not drowned in destruction and perdition! However, this I know, I pierced myself through with many sorrows. But that which brought me sensibly into the path of life again, as I hope, was the discovery of a crucified Saviour, whom I had so long slighted and injured by my heart-idolatry. This discovery broke my heart, and killed me to self and sin and all the world; won my affections and soul to himself, and made me loathe myself in dust and ashes; and the worst names for such a sinner that could be formed in the mind of man were applied to myself. I have thought at times this was godly sorrow that worketh repentance, that is, such as is never to be repented of. In those days, all of Christ was sweet to me, as also was this passage, "I will heal their backslidings, and love them freely;" and also, from the best evidence, I thought I was the merchantman that had found the pearl of great price, and sold all for him, for I cared about nothing else. I also thought I understood these words, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to me;" and with Paul, "Have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord?" I could then, with Mary, sit all day at his feet, and receive his words. I had in those days, as I walked in the way of pilgrims who had entered this gate, converse with them that were gone before, and saw that by one Spirit we were all baptized into one body, and made all to drink into one Spirit. I also thought in those days, and since, too, at times, that when the heart is circumcised to love God, we are one spirit with him; we love what he loves, think highly of all things that he commends, and disapprove of all that he disapproves; and could wish to be perfect in the image of his Son for ever. Say, is it not so? I cannot tell you here all that I could say; but after all my goings in and goings out, I am but of little faith, and dark and cloudy days do I pass through. I think often that if I had any real faith at all, I should have more faith than I have; and so am ready to conclude against myself; and fears rise upon this, with Bunyan's Christian, "If I should die in the river!" However, hope at times springs up, that whenever I die, I shall die in the faith of Christ; and that this will be my case I cannot quite give up; for when God called me to the fellowship of his Son, he called me to his eternal kingdom and glory; and I even hope I shall sit down in that kingdom with glorified saints,

though one of the least of the least."

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The Scripture Doctrine of Christ's Sonship. By Benjamin Wallin. Vindiciae Evangelicae; or, The Mystery of the Gospel Vindicated. By Dr. Owen.—(March, 1859.)

The language of complaint put by the Lord into the mouth of one of his prophets of old, was "Truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter; yea, truth faileth." (Isa. 59:14, 15.) May not the same or similar language issue from the lips of his faithful servants now, when they look around and see the reception that truth, for the most part, meets with in our day and generation? As regards the general mass of what is called "the religious world," may we not justly say, "Truth is fallen in the street"—despised and trampled under foot as a worthless thing? And as regards churches and ministers of clearer views and a sounder creed, in too many who once held and preached it, "truth faileth," either in purity of doctrine, power of experience, or godliness in life.

And yet, what possession can be so dear to the church of God as the truth? To her it is committed by the Lord himself as a most sacred and precious deposit. (John 17:8; Gal. 1:8, 9; Eph. 3:10, 4:11-16, 5:25-27; Col. 1:18-24, 2:6-10; 1 Thess. 2:4; 1 Tim. 3:15; Rev. 3:22.)* Her very standing as a witness for God upon earth, (Isa. 43:10; Acts 1:8; Heb. 12:1,) as well as all her present and future blessedness, are involved in her maintenance of it. Men may despise the truth from ignorance of its worth and value, and may hate it from the natural enmity of the carnal mind, and from its arraying itself against their sins and errors; but it is the only really valuable thing on earth, since sin defaced the image of God in man. Lest, therefore, it be lost out of the earth, the Lord has lodged it in two safe repositories—the Scriptures of truth, and the hearts of his saints. The scriptures, it is true, are in the hands of every man; but to understand them, believe them, to be saved and sanctified by them, is the peculiar privilege of the church of God. Therefore her liberty, her sanctification, her position as the pure and unsullied bride of the Lord the Lamb, nay, her salvation itself, are all involved in her knowing and maintaining the truth as it is in Jesus. Do we say this at a venture, or in harmony with the oracles of the living God? "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." (John 8:32.) Then without knowing the truth there

is no gospel liberty. "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." (John 17:17.) Then without the application of the truth to the heart there can be no sanctification. "I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ." (2 Cor. 11:2.) Then another Jesus, another spirit, and another gospel than the truth corrupt the mind from the simplicity that is in Christ, and seduce the bride from her rightful Head and Husband. (2 Cor. 11:3, 4.) "And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." (2 Thes. 2:10-12.) Then without receiving the love of the truth there is no salvation. Thus we see that without a vital, experimental knowledge of the truth there is no liberty of spirit, no sanctification of heart, no union with Christ, and no salvation of the soul. And what is a religion worth when all these divine blessings are taken out of it? What the salt is worth when it has lost its savour; what the chaff is worth when the grain is severed from it; what the tares are worth when the wheat is gathered into the garner. How necessary then it is for churches and ministers to hold the truth with a firm, unyielding hand, and to give no place to error, no, not for an hour! Remember this, churches and ministers, deacons and members, and all ye that fear God in the assemblies of the saints, that there can be no *little* errors. How would you, ye husbands, admit of a *little* unfaithfulness in your wives? Is Jesus less tender, less jealous over his bride than you? Satan never introduces little errors; all, all are full of deadly poison. There was no great quantity of arsenic in the Bradford lozenges; not much strychnine in Palmer's doses; but there was death and destruction in both; or where not death, disease and suffering for life. Error in itself is deadly. In this sense, the tongue of error is "full of deadly poison;" (James 3: 8;) and of all erroneous men we may say, "with their tongues they have used deceit, the poison of asps is under their lips." (Rom. 3:13.) "Their wine," with which they intoxicate themselves and others, "is the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps." (Deut. 32:33.) The patient may vomit up the poison, but it is poison not the less. Do not try, then, the strength of your stomach or presume upon the soundness of your constitution. When you have tested the error by the unerring word of truth, label it, POISON; and "touch not, taste not, handle not," but put it away on the highest shelf, out of the reach of children and servants, lest any of the family drink and die.

*** Our space does not admit of our opening up and working out the above scriptures; but they all deserve the most attentive examination and consideration, as witnessing to the above declaration.**

We are grieved to see an old error now brought forward, and, we fear, spreading, which, however speciously covered up, is really nothing less than denying the Son of God. The error we mean is the denial of the eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the only begotten of the Father, and resolving it into a name, a title, or an office. If the Lord has done anything for us by his Spirit and grace, he has wrought in our heart two things,—a love to his truth, and a love to his people. By both of these principles we feel, therefore, constrained to lift up our voice for truth and against error. Many of the saints of God are weak in judgment and open to the snares of Satan. They would not willingly, wilfully embrace error; but being simple, or not well rooted and established in the truth, they cannot discern false doctrine when speciously wrapped up in a cloud of words, and backed with arguments and an array of texts, the meaning of which is perverted and distorted. For their sakes, therefore, as well as for the glory of God and the profit, we trust, of his people generally, we feel led to combat this error, and to open up, elucidate, and defend, as far as we can, the truth on this most important point. Let none think that this is a matter of little import, that we are plunging into a controversy about mere words, and troubling the churches with tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, and omitting the weightier matters of judgment, mercy, and faith. Examine the Scriptures for yourselves, especially the first epistle of John, and then say whether the true Sonship of Christ is a matter of little importance. This must be our justification, not only for bringing the subject prominently forward, but for devoting to it a considerable space, as we shall doubtless require more than one Number for its due consideration. And as we hope, with God's help and blessing, to examine the subject prayerfully and carefully, in the light of his teaching, and as revealed in his Sacred Scripture, we call upon our spiritual readers, not merely to give a passing glance to the testimonies that we shall bring forward, but to weigh them well in the balances of the sanctuary, and see for themselves whether we are contending earnestly for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints, or, laying aside the commandment of God, are holding the tradition of men.

We lay it down, then, at the very outset, that to a believing saint of the Most High, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that a belief in him as such is essential to salvation, is beyond all doubt and all controversy. A few scriptures will decide this; the main difficulty being, where there are so many, which to fix upon for that purpose; but examine carefully and prayerfully the following. The first shall be the noble testimony of Peter. "When Jesus came into the coasts of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Matt. 16:13-16.) And what said Jesus to this noble confession of Simon Peter? "And Jesus said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 16:17.) Do not these words of the blessed Lord clearly show that it was by divine revelation Peter knew and believed Jesus was the Son of the living God? And are not all "blessed" with faithful Peter, to whom the Father has revealed the same divine mystery, who believe as he believed, and confess as he confessed? But if the Father has not revealed it to their heart, need we wonder that men neither know, believe, nor confess it, but stumble at the stumbling-stone laid in Zion? Again, "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John 3:35-36.) How clearly is believing on the Son of God made the test of life and salvation; how needful, then, to know who the Son of God is, that we may have a right faith in his divine Person, and not make a mistake in a matter of life and death. You may think that you believe on the Son of God, but may be looking to a name, a title, or an office instead of the Son of the Father in truth and love. Take another testimony: "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father." (1 John 2:23.) Do you deny the eternal Sonship of Christ? Are you, as far as lies in your power, destroying that intimate and ineffable relationship which he bears to the Father as the only begotten Son of God? O what dangerous ground are you treading! Beware lest you deny the Son, and so have not God as your Father and Friend, but fall into his hands as a consuming fire. Are not these testimonies enough? But on a matter of such importance take as one more witness that most comprehensive of declarations proclaiming, as in a voice of thunder, those who have and those who have not

life: "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." (1 John 5:9-12.)

Any observations of ours would but weaken the force of the testimonies that we have brought forward from the word of truth. You that "tremble at God's word," (Isa. 66:2) and "hide it in your heart," that you may cleanse your way by taking heed thereto, and not sin against the Lord, (Ps. 119:9, 11,) weigh these scriptures well, for they are the faithful and true sayings of God, (Rev. 22:6) the testimony of him who cannot lie.

But it will be said that we are drawing nice and needless distinctions, and that all who profess to believe in the Trinity, the Deity and atoning blood of Jesus Christ, and the other leading truths of the gospel, believe in and acknowledge the Sonship of Christ. Yes, in lip; for they dare not in so many words deny so cardinal and fundamental a doctrine; but many who think and call themselves believers in the Son of God do all they can to nullify and explain away that very Sonship which they profess to believe.

But as it is necessary to point out and overthrow error before we can lay down and build up truth, we shall, as briefly as the subject allows, first show the different modes in which this fundamental doctrine of our most holy faith has been perverted or denied.

There are four leading ways in which erroneous men have, at different periods of the church's history, sought to nullify the vital doctrine of the eternal Sonship of Jesus.

1. Some place the Sonship of Christ in his *incarnation*, as if he was not the Son of God before he assumed our nature in the womb of the Virgin. The main prop of this erroneous view is the language of the angel to the Virgin Mary: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee

shall be called the Son of God." (Luke 1:35.) But these words refer not to the actual but to the manifested Sonship of Jesus. His human nature never was called the Son of God, nor can a single passage of scripture be produced where the pure humanity of Jesus, as distinct from his divine nature, is spoken of under that name. As wearing our nature, he is called "The Son of man" again and again, but never the Son of God; but as none but he had a human nature begotten of the Holy Ghost, and as his being miraculously conceived in the womb of the Virgin was the fulfilment of prophecy, (Isa. 7:14; 9:6,) he who wore that nature was called the Son of God. This pure humanity was called "that holy thing," for two reasons, 1. to show that it was not a person but a nature, which had no subsistence in itself distinct from the Person of the Son of God; and, 2, to show that it was intrinsically and essentially holy—not involved in the fall of Adam, nor corrupted by the taint of original sin, but, though of the flesh of the Virgin, sanctified by the Holy Ghost at the moment of its conception, under his overshadowing operation and influence. These two natures are distinctly named and kept separate in that memorable passage of the great apostle—that mighty bulwark against the floods of error and heresy: "Concerning his Son Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David according to the flesh; and declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." (Rom. 1:3, 4.) There Jesus Christ is declared to be "God's Son," and yet "made of the seed of David according to the flesh;" therefore the Son of God *before* so made, and not becoming so by being made, and "declared" (*margin*, "determined"*) "to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead."

* The literal meaning of the Greek word is, "distinctly marked out," or "clearly defined."

Besides which, were Jesus the Son of God by virtue of his miraculous conception, he might rather be called the Son of the Holy Ghost, which is a thought shocking to every spiritual mind.

Nothing can be more plainly revealed in the word of truth than that the Lord Jesus existed as the Son of God *before* his assuming flesh. The testimonies to this are so numerous and so plain that the difficulty is, which to name and which to omit; but take the following: "God so loved the world that he gave

his only-begotten Son," &c. (John 3:16.) Then he existed as his Son *before* he gave him. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all," &c. (Rom. 8:32.) Then he was his own Son *before* he spared him not, but delivered him up out of his own bosom. "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him." (1 John 4:9.) Then he was his only-begotten Son *before* God sent him into the world. Sending him into the world no more made him God's Son than, to speak with all reverence, my sending my son to school makes him my son.

2. Another error on this important point is that the Lord Jesus is the Son of God *by the resurrection from the dead*. The main prop of this view is what we read in Acts 13:32, 33: "And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in that he hath raised up Jesus again; as it is also written in the second Psalm. Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." But the meaning of the apostle is abundantly clear from the passage already quoted, Rom. 1:4. His resurrection did not *make* him, but *manifest* him to be the Son of God. Did not the Father, *before* the resurrection, twice with a voice from heaven proclaim, "This is my beloved Son?" (Matt. 3:17; 17: 5.) Will any man then lift up his voice against the Majesty of heaven, and say that Christ was not the Son of God *before* his resurrection, which he clearly was not, if the resurrection made him such? Why, the Roman centurion, who stood at the cross, had a better faith than this when he said, "Truly this was the Son of God." (Matt. 27:54.) Nay, the very devils themselves were forced to cry out, *before* his sufferings and death, "Thou art Christ, the Son of God." (Luke 4:41.) We may be sure, therefore, that none but a heretic of the deepest dye could assert that the Blessed Lord was made the Son of God by the resurrection.

3. Another erroneous view of the Sonship of Christ is that he is so *by virtue of his exaltation to the right hand of God*. This view is founded upon a mistaken interpretation of Heb. 1:4: "Being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they." Christ was *made* so much better than the angels, not as the Son of God, because as that he *was* better than they already, being indeed their Maker and Creator. (John 1:3; Col. 1:16.) Nor did he become God's Son by being "appointed heir of all

things," and "obtaining by inheritance a more excellent name" than all the angelic host. If I have an only son, and he inherits my property, his being my heir does not make him my son, but his being my son makes him my heir. So the blessed Jesus is God's heir because he is God's Son, not God's Son because he is God's heir. But the beauty and blessedness, the grace and glory, the joy and consolation of his being "the heir of all things," lie in this, that he is such *in our nature*,—that the same blessed Immanuel who groaned and wept, suffered and bled here below, is now at the right hand of the Father as our High Priest, Mediator, Advocate, Representative, and Intercessor; that all power is given unto him in heaven and earth as the God-man; (Matt. 28:18;) and that the Father hath "set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality and power, and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world but also in that which is to come." (Eph. 1:20, 21.) But he has all this preeminence and glory not to *make* him the Son of God, but because he who, as the Son of God, "thought it not robbery to be equal with God, made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." (Phil. 2:6-11.) The joy of heaven above, the delight of the saints here below, their only hope and help, strength and wisdom, spring from this, that the Son of God is exalted to the right hand of the Father in the very nature which he assumed in the womb of the Virgin. But if he were *made* the Son of God by this exaltation, it sinks his Deity by merging it into his humanity, and constitutes him a made God—which is not God at all, but an idol.

In fact, these three views, which we have endeavoured to strip bare out of their party-coloured dress, are all of them either open or disguised Socinianism, and their whole object and aim are to overthrow the Deity of the Lord Jesus, by overthrowing his divine Sonship. The enemies of the Lord Jesus know well that the Scriptures declare beyond all doubt and controversy that he is the Son of God. This mountain of brass they may kick at, but can never kick down. But they know also that if they can by any means nullify and explain away his Sonship, they have taken a great stride to nullify and explain

away his Deity. Beware, then, simple hearted child of God, lest any of these heretics entangle your feet in their net. Hold by this as your sheet-anchor, that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God in his divine nature, as his eternal and only-begotten Son. Faith in him as such will enable you to ride through many a storm, and bear you up amidst the terrible indignation which will fall upon his enemies, when he shall break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

4. But there is another way in which erroneous men seek to explain, and by explaining deny, the eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus, and that is, by asserting that he is *a Son by office*. These men do not deny his essential and eternal Deity, nor do they seek to overthrow the Trinity. On these points they are professedly sound—we say "professedly," for we fully believe that the Deity of Christ and the very doctrine of the Trinity itself are so involved in the eternal Sonship of Jesus, that they stand or fall with it. This, however, they do not or will not see, and call themselves believers in the Trinity of Persons and the Unity of essence in the great and glorious self-existent Jehovah. But they do not believe that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are essentially and eternally such, and neither are, were, or could be otherwise, but that these are covenant offices and titles which they have assumed, and by which they have made themselves known to the sons of men. Thus they do not believe that Christ is the Son of the Father by eternal generation, his only-begotten Son, as being eternally of his essence, but that the three distinct Persons in the Trinity covenanted among themselves, the Father to be the Father, the Son to be the Son, and the Holy Ghost to be the Holy Ghost, and that chiefly for man's redemption.

Monstrous figment! God-dishonoring error! which needs only to be stated to be reprobated by every believer in the Son of God as a deadly blow against each Person in the Trinity, and destroying that intercommunion of nature and essence, without which they are three distinct Gods, and not three distinct Persons in one undivided God-head. Truly Satan introduces no little errors into the church; truly all his machinations are to overthrow vital truths, and to poison the spring at the very fountain head.

We bless God that there is a Covenant—a covenant of grace, "ordered in all things and sure;" we adore his gracious Majesty that in this everlasting

Covenant the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost sustain certain relationships to the Church of God; but we most thoroughly deny that these relationships *made* them to be Father, Son and Holy Ghost; and that separate from them the Father is not really and truly Father to the Son, nor the Son really and truly Son to the Father, but only nominally so. For who does not see that, if this be true, the Father might have been the Son, and the Son might have been the Father, and the Holy Ghost either the Father or the Son? for certainly if they are so, not by essence and nature, but by office, and are three equal, independent Persons, at liberty to choose their several titles there appears to be no reason why they should not have chosen otherwise than they did. We see, therefore, into what confusion men get when they forsake the simple statements of Scripture, and what perilous weapons they hold in their hands when they directly or indirectly sap the very throne of the Most High. But to clear up this point a little further, let us illustrate it by a simple figure. Suppose, then, that three friends, of equal rank and station, were to go on a journey, say a foreign tour; they might say to one another before they started, "Let us severally choose the three departments which we shall each attend to. I will take this part, if you and you will take that, and that." Now why might they not, as three friends of equal station, without any tie of kindred, choose different departments from what they actually selected, for there was no anterior binding necessity that they should have chosen the exact offices which they fulfil? The same reasoning applies to the three co-equal Persons of the Trinity, if Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be but mere covenant names, titles, and offices, and not their very mode of existence. But it will be said by such men, "You carnalise the subject by your figure." Not so; we have too much reverence, we, trust, for the things of God to carnalise them; but we use the figure to meet you on your own ground, and to show you by a simple argument the absurdity and folly, not to say the impiety of your views. We admit, nay more, we rejoice to believe that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost sustain each their relationships in the everlasting Covenant; but these relationships are not arbitrary offices, which they might or might not have severally chosen, but are intrinsically and necessarily connected with, and flow out of their very subsistence, their very mode of existence. So that to talk, as some have done that "the three Persons in the Alehim" (to use their barbarous Hebrew) "covenanted among themselves to be Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," is all abominable error, and tantamount to declaring that but for the Covenant, the Father would not have been the Father, nor the Son the

Son, nor the Holy Ghost the Holy Ghost. Where is there one scripture for such an assertion? When the blessed Jesus, in that sacred, heart-moving prayer, "lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, Father the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee," (John 17:1,) was there no other relationship, no more intimate and eternal tie than being his Son by assuming an office? We cannot express what we have seen and felt in that most blessed and sacred chapter, perhaps the most solemn in the whole word of God; but there is that tender intimacy, that holy, filial communion with his heavenly Father breathing through it which conveys to a believing heart the fullest assurance that he is the eternal Son of God as being of the very essence of the Father.

But as we cannot convey to erroneous men our faith, we must meet them on the solid ground of argument. Nothing then can be more evident than that the one great and glorious Jehovah existed in a Trinity of Persons before the Covenant. What then were those three Persons before the Covenant was entered into? Did that Covenant alter their mutual relationship to each other so as to introduce a new affinity between them? You might just as well say that the Covenant made them a Trinity of Persons, or called them into being, as to say that the Covenant made them Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; for if these be but Covenant titles, had there been no Covenant, they most certainly, according to your own showing, would not have been Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This is indeed overthrowing the Trinity with a witness, and making the distinct, eternal subsistence of three Persons in the Godhead depend upon a Covenant made on behalf of man. For remember this, that you cannot touch one Person of the Godhead without touching all; and if you say that the Son of God is the Son only by office, you say with the same breath that the Father is only a Father by office, and the Holy Ghost only a Holy Ghost by office.

But let us further ask, What do you mean by saying that the Son of God is so only by office, or as a name or title? Has the Son of God, his only-begotten Son, no more real, intimate, and necessary relationship to his Father than *calling* himself his Son, when he is not really his Son, but only so by office? Do you think you clearly understand what it is to be a Son by office? for persons often use words of which they have never accurately examined the meaning. The Lord Jesus, by becoming man, became the Father's *servant* by office, but if you make him a Son by office, you strip him of all his glory. His glory is this,

that though he was a Son by nature, he became a servant by office, as the Apostle says "Though he were (not "became") a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." (Heb. 5: 8.) In this we see his unparalleled condescension, his infinite love, and boundless depths of grace, that though, by nature and essence, the Son of God, and as such co-equal with the Father, he stooped to become a servant. But apart from all Scripture revelation, it is an absurdity, an insult to common sense, to make the Lord Jesus Christ a Son by office. There are but two ways by which any one can become a son; 1, by generation, 2, by adoption. In the first case, he is the father's son, his true, proper, and real son; in the other, his made, or adopted son. No office or service, no law or title, no covenant or agreement can make a son if he be not a real or an adopted one. A servant by office may become a son by adoption, as Abram complained that "one born in his house (as a servant) was his heir," and as Moses became the son of Pharaoh's daughter; (Exod. 2:10;) and a son by nature may become a servant by office; but a son by office is an absurdity, both in nature and grace. Thus on every ground we reject as a gross error, a vile heresy, the doctrine that the blessed Son of God is only a Son by office or by virtue of the Covenant, and shall attempt in our next Number to show what is the Scripture doctrine on this important point, and to prove that he is the eternal only-begotten Son of God, by nature, being, and essence.

We give an extract from the Preface to the work of Dr. Owen's mentioned at the head of the present article, and think it full of that sound wisdom and vital, practical godliness which is so marked a characteristic of the Doctor's writings:

"Diligent, constant, serious reading, studying, meditating on the Scriptures, with the assistance and directions of all the rules and advantages for the right understanding of them, which, by the observation and diligence of many worthies, we are furnished withal, accompanied with continual attendance on the throne of grace for the presence of the Spirit of truth with us to lead us into all truth, and to increase his anointing of day by day, shining into our hearts to give us the 'knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,' is, as for all other things in the course of our pilgrimage and walking with God, so for our preservation against these abominations, and the enabling of us to discover their madness and answer their objections, of indispensable necessity. Apollos, who was mighty in the Scriptures (Acts 18:24,) did mightily convince the gainsaying Jews. (verse 28.) Neither in

dealing with these men is there any better course in the world than, in a good order and method, to multiply testimonies against them to the same purpose.

"Let us then labour to have our senses abundantly exercised in the word, that we may discern between good and evil, and that not by studying the places themselves which are controverted, but by a diligent search into the whole mind and will of God, as revealed in the word, wherein the sense is given in to humble souls, with more life, power, evidence of truth, and is more effectual for the begetting of faith and love to the truth, than in a curious search after the annotations of men upon particular places. And truly I must needs say that I know not a more deplorable mistake in the studies of divines, both preachers and others, than their diversion from an immediate, direct study of the Scriptures themselves unto the studying of commentators, critics, scholiasts, annotators, and the like helps, which God, in his good providence, making use of the abilities, and sometimes the ambition and ends of men, hath furnished us withal. Not that I condemn the use and study of them, which I wish men were more diligent in, but desire pardon if I mistake, and do only surmise by the experience of my own folly for many years, that many who seriously study the things of God do yet rather make it their business to inquire after the sense of other men on the Scriptures than to search studiously into them themselves.

"That direction in this kind, which with me is *instar omnium*, is, for a diligent endeavour to have the power of the truths professed and contended for abiding upon our hearts, that we may not contend for notions, but that we have a practical acquaintance within our own souls. When the heart is cast, indeed, into the mould of the doctrine that the mind embraceth; when the evidence and necessity of the truth abides in us; when not the sense of the words only is in our heads, but the sense of the things abides in our hearts; when we have communion with God in the doctrine we contend for; then shall we be garrisoned by the grace of God against all the assaults of men. And without this, all our contending is, as to ourselves, of no value. What am I the better if I can dispute that Christ is God, but have no sense or sweetness in my heart from hence that he is a God in covenant with my soul? What will it avail me to evince, by testimonies and arguments, that he hath made satisfaction for sin if, through my unbelief, the wrath of God abides on me, and I have no experience of my own being made the righteousness of God in him? If I find

not in my standing before God the excellency of having my sins imputed to him, and his righteousness imputed to me, will it be any advantage to me in the issue to profess and dispute that God works the conversion of a sinner by the irresistible grace of his Spirit, if I was never acquainted experimentally with the deadness and utter impotency to good, that opposition to the law of God which is in my own soul by nature, with the efficacy of the exceeding greatness of the power of God in quickening, enlightening, and bringing forth of obedience in me? It is the power of truth in the heart alone that will make us cleave unto it indeed, in an hour of temptation. Let us, then, not think that we are anything the better for our conviction of the truth of the great doctrines of the gospel, for which we contend with these men, unless we find the power of the truths abiding in our own hearts, and have a continual experience of their necessity and excellence in our standing before God and our communion with him.

"Do not look upon these things as things afar off, wherein you are little concerned. The evil is at the door; there is not a city, a town, scarce a village in England, wherein some of this poison is not poured forth. Are not the doctrines of free will, universal redemption, apostacy from grace, mutability of God, of denying the resurrection of the dead, with all the foolish conceits of many about God and Christ in this nation, ready to gather to this head? Let us not deceive ourselves, Satan is a crafty enemy; he yet hovers up and down in the lubricous,* vain imaginations of a confused multitude, whose tongues are so divided that they understand not one the other. I dare boldly say that if ever he settle to a stated opposition to the gospel, it will be in Socinianism. The Lord rebuke him. He is busy in and by many where little notice is taken of him."

* Slippery, unsettled.

(Continued, April, 1859.)

There are two things which every child of God has the greatest reason to dread; the one is *evil*, the other is *error*. Both are originally from Satan; both have a congenial home in the human mind; both are in their nature deadly and destructive; both have slain their thousands and tens of thousands; and

under one or the other, or under both combined, all everlastingly perish but the redeemed family of God. Evil—by which we mean sin in its more open and gross form, is, in some respects, less to be dreaded than error, that is, error on vital, fundamental points; and for the following reasons: The unmistakable voice of conscience, the universal testimony of God's children, the expressed reprobation of the world itself,—all bear a loud witness against gross acts of immorality. Thus, though the carnal mind is ever lusting after evil, thorns and briars much hedge up the road toward its actual commission; and, if by the power of sin and temptation, they be unhappily broken through, the return into the narrow way, though difficult, is not wholly shut out. David, Peter, and the incestuous Corinthian fell into open evil, but they never fell into deadly error, and were not only recoverable, but, by superabounding grace, were recovered. But error upon the grand, fundamental doctrines of our most holy faith is not only in its nature destructive, but usually destroys all who embrace it.

As, however, we wish to move cautiously upon this tender ground, let us carefully distinguish between what we may perhaps call voluntary and involuntary error. To explain our meaning more distinctly, take the two following cases of involuntary error by way of illustration. A person may be born of Socinian parents, and may have imbibed their views from the force of birth and education. Is this person irrecoverable? Certainly not. The grace of God may reach his heart, and deliver him from his errors, just as much as it may touch the conscience of a man living in all manner of iniquity, and save him from his sins. Or a child of God, one manifestly so by regenerating grace, may be tempted by the seducing spirit of error breathed into his carnal mind by a heretic or by an erroneous book, and may for a time be so stupefied by the smoke of the bottomless pit as to reel and stagger on the very brink and yet not fall in. Most of us have known something of these blasts of hell, so that we could say with Asaph, "My feet were almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipped;" but they have only rooted us more firmly in the truth. These are cases of what we may call *involuntary* error. But there is *voluntary* error when a man wilfully and deliberately turns away from truth to embrace falsehood; when he is given up to strong delusions to believe a lie; when he gives heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, and seeks to spread and propagate them with all his power. These cases are usually irrecoverable, for such men generally wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived; error so blinds

their eyes and hardens their hearts that they cannot or will not see anything but what seems to favour their views, and at last they either sink into a general state of unbelief and infidelity, or die confirmed in their deceptions. It is scarcely possible to read the Epistles of the New Testament, especially those of Paul to Timothy and Titus, and those of Peter, John, and Jude, without being struck by the strong denunciations which those inspired men of God launched, as so many burning thunderbolts, against error and erroneous men. Any approach to their strong language, even in opposing the most deadly error, would in our day be considered positively unbearable, and the grossest want of charity. It is, with most, an unpardonable offence to draw any strong and marked lines between sinner and saint, professor and possessor, error and truth. The ancient landmarks which the word of truth has laid down have, almost by common consent, been removed, and a kind of right of common has become established, by means of which truth and error have been thrown together into one wide field, where any may roam and feed at will, and still be considered as sheep of Christ. It was not so in the days of Luther, of John Knox, and of Rutherford; but in our day there is such a general laxity of principle as regards truth and falsehood that the corruption of the world seems to have tainted the church. There was a time in this country when, if there was roguery in the market, it was not tolerated in the counting-house; if there was blasphemy in the street, it was not allowed in the senate; if there was infidelity in the debating-room, it was not suffered in the pulpit. But now bankers and merchants cheat and lie like costermongers; Jew, Papist, and infidel sit side by side in the House of Commons; and negative theology and German divinity are enthroned in Independent chapels. It would almost seem that Paul, Peter, John, and Jude were needlessly harsh and severe in their denunciations of errors and erroneous men, that Luther, John Knox, and Rutherford were narrow-minded bigots, and that it matters little what a man believes if he be "a truly pious" man, a member of a church, a preacher, or a professor. Old Mrs. Bigotry is dead and buried; her funeral sermon has been preached to a crowded congregation; and this is the inscription put, by general consent, upon her tombstone:

**"For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."**

But if to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints be bigotry,

let us be bigots still; and if it be a bad spirit to condemn error, let us bear the reproach rather than call evil good and good evil, put darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter.

Here, then, we resume our subject, hoping, with God's help and blessing, whilst we contend faithfully for the truth as it is in Jesus, to advance nothing that may be in the least inconsistent with his sacred word, and desiring his glory and the good of his people. But as Abraham, when he went up the mount with Isaac, left the young men and the ass at the foot; as Moses put off his shoes, at God's command, when he stood on holy ground; so must we leave carnal reasoning at the foot of the mount where the Lord is seen, (Gen. 22:14,) and lay aside the shoes of sense and nature when we look at the bush burning with fire and not consumed. Four things are absolutely necessary to be experimentally known and felt before we can arrive at any saving or sanctifying knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus: 1, divine light in the understanding; 2, spiritual faith in the heart; 3, godly fear in the conscience; 4, heavenly love in the affections. Without light we cannot see; without faith we cannot believe; without godly fear we cannot reverentially adore; without love we cannot embrace him who is "the truth," as well as "the way and the life." Here all heretics and erroneous men stumble and fall. The mysteries of our most holy faith are not to be apprehended by uninspired men. Spiritual truths are for spiritual men; as the Apostle beautifully says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." (1 Cor. 2:9-10.) It is, therefore, utterly impossible for men who are "sensual, having not the Spirit," to understand any branch of saving truth, much more the deep mysteries of godliness. We must be taught of God and receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, or we shall never enter therein; and it is for those who have been so led and taught that we mainly write.

We attempted to show in our last Number the various ways in which erroneous men have sought at different times to overthrow the eternal Sonship of Jesus. If we have succeeded, with God's help and blessing, in refuting what is false, we have advanced a good way in proving what is true; for in grace, as in nature, the conviction of falsehood is the establishment of

truth. Before, then, we proceed any further, let us fix our foot firmly on the ground that we have thus far made good, and not run backwards and forwards in confusion, as though we had proved nothing. What is proved is proved; and as each successive step in an argument is clearly and firmly laid, it forms, as in a building, a basis to support a fresh layer of proof. These points, then, we consider in our last Number to have been fully established from the word of truth: 1, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; 2, that he is not the Son of God by the assumption of human nature, or by the resurrection, or by sitting at God's right hand, or by virtue of any covenant name, title, or office; 3, that he was the Son of God before he came into the world; and, 4, that consequently, he is the Son of God in his divine nature. The pre-existerian dreams and delusions we need not say we utterly discard as full of deadly error, and therefore need not stop to show that he is not the Son of God by virtue of a human soul created before all time and united to his body in the womb of the Virgin, at the incarnation. Here, then, we take our firm stand, that Jesus is the Son of God in his divine nature; and if that divine nature is truly and properly God, as the words necessarily imply, and as such is co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, then he must be the eternal Son of the Father. No sophistry can elude this conclusion. Forsaking the Scriptures and the guiding light of divine revelation, you may reason and argue on natural grounds, and cavil at the words, "an eternal Son," and "eternal generation," as expressing or implying ideas naturally inconsistent, not to say impossible. But we shall not follow you on such boggy ground. If you will do so, lose yourself there, and, led by the ignis fatuus of reason, flounder from swamp to swamp, till you sink to rise no more; but we shall, with the Lord's help, abide on the firm ground of God's own inspired testimony, and draw all our proofs from that sacred source of all knowledge and instruction. But though we shall confine ourselves to the inspired testimony in opening up this subject, we shall endeavour to proceed step by step, carefully and prayerfully, in the hope that our pen may move in strict harmony with the truth of God in a matter so mysterious and yet so blessed. Follow us, spiritual reader, with the Scriptures in your hand and with faith and love in your heart, that we, as taught and blessed of God, may be able to set our seal to those words, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." If we have not this, what witness have we worth having?

1. First, then, we lay it down as undeniable Scripture truth, that the Lord

Jesus Christ is *the Son of God as God*. This is the express testimony of the Father himself, "But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." (Heb. 1:8.) Is it not clear from this express declaration from the Father's own lips that the Son is God, and God because he is the Son? How else is he "the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person?" (Heb. 1:3.) The human nature of Jesus was not "the brightness of God's glory," for how could a created, finite nature represent the brightness of the glory of the infinite, self-existent, I AM? Nor could the nature assumed in the womb of the Virgin be "the express image of God's person." The person of God must necessarily be divine, and the express image of it must be necessarily also divine.

2. Secondly, we assert that when the Scripture speaks of Jesus as *the only-begotten* Son of God, it speaks of him as such in his divine nature. Thus, when John says, "And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father," (John 1:14) that glory was the glory of Christ's divine nature; for how could his human nature, which was marred more than the sons of men, shine forth with the glory of his divine? This "glory of the only-begotten of the Father" is most evidently the same glory as that of which Jesus speaks in those touching words, (John 17:5,) "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." But this must be the glory of his divine nature, for his human nature he had not then assumed. Then "the glory of the only-begotten of the Father" must be the same "glory as he had with him before the world was," and that could be none other than his divine. Thus we are brought in the clearest and most indubitable manner to this point, that Jesus is the only-begotten Son of God as God. The two passages that we have quoted bring us to this conclusion with all the clearness, force, and distinctness of a mathematical problem. Examine one by one the links of this argument, and see if they are not firm and good. Jesus is the only-begotten of the Father; this is the first step. As the only-begotten of the Father, he has a peculiar glory; this is the second step. This glory he had with the Father before the world was; this is the third step. As he could only possess this glory in his divine nature, for his human did not then exist, he is the only-begotten Son of God as God; this is the fourth step, and establishes the conclusion that he is the eternal Son of the Father, and that by eternal generation. You may object to the term, "eternal generation;" but how else can you explain the words, "the only-begotten of the Father?" If you say that

this refers to the human nature of Jesus, how can you interpret in that sense the passage, "the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father?" (John 1:18.) Surely you will not say that the human nature of Jesus was in the bosom of the Father from all eternity. How was he ever in the bosom of the Father but as his only-begotten Son, and if he lay there from all eternity as his only-begotten Son, what is this but eternal generation?

But we have by no means exhausted our quiver. "Thine arrows," we read, "are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee." (Ps. 45:5.) The Lord fill our quiver full of them; then shall we not be ashamed; but shall speak with his enemies in the gate. Look at the following testimony: "God so loved the world, that he *gave his only-begotten Son*, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.) Does not Jesus himself here declare that the Father "*gave his only-begotten Son*?" Was he not, then, his only-begotten Son, *before* he gave him? If language mean anything, the words positively declare that God had a Son, an only-begotten Son, and that he so loved poor fallen man, that he freely and voluntarily gave this only-begotten Son for his redemption. But *when* did God love the world? Before or after Jesus came in the flesh? Of course before, for love moved him to give his only-begotten Son. *Where*, then, was his only-begotten Son when God loved the world? In heaven, with God. And what was he in heaven, with God? His only-begotten Son. Then he was his only-begotten Son in his divine nature, for his human nature never was in heaven till after the resurrection. And if his only-begotten Son in his divine nature, and if he existed as such from all eternity, what is this but eternal generation? Surely Jesus knew the mystery of his own generation; and if he call himself God's only-begotten Son, is it not our wisdom and mercy to believe what he says, even if our reason cannot penetrate into so high and sublime a mystery?

**"Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores."**

But you will say, "We do not deny that Jesus is God's only-begotten Son in his divine nature, but he is so, by virtue of the everlasting covenant." But how could a covenant beget him? Begetting implies an origin, not a compact; and to be begotten implies a nature, a mode of existence, not a covenant. The two ideas are essentially incompatible; for begetting implies a relationship in

which there can be no covenant; whereas a covenant implies the existence of the covenanting parties.

But another may say, "I believe that Jesus is the Son of God, but neither by virtue of his divine nor of his human nature viewed separately, but of his complex Person as God-man Mediator." But was his complex Person in heaven before the incarnation? Surely not. But that the Son of God was in heaven before his incarnation we have already abundantly proved. It is evident, then, that he is not the Son of God by virtue of his complex Person, for he was so before he took our nature into union with his divine. He must be the Son of God either as God or as man. We have shown over and over again that he is not the Son of God as man. What then remains but that he is the Son of God as God, and therefore anterior to his assumption of our nature in the womb of the Virgin, and therefore anterior to his becoming God-man? The Lord at the same time declared, "He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." Do you believe in the name of the only-begotten Son of God? How can you if you deny that he is the eternal Son of the Father? For we have already proved from Scripture that he is the only-begotten Son of God in his divine nature; and he who denies that most certainly believes not "in his name," by which is meant his very being and nature, Person and work, as revealed to the sons of men.

But as the matter is so important, let us now examine another testimony: "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life." (1 John 5:20.) Carefully examine the mind and meaning of the Holy Ghost in this remarkable declaration, for it is well worth weighing word by word. "We know," says holy John, "that the Son of God is come." But how do we know that the Son of God is come? By the personal, inward, and experimental manifestation of him as the Son of God to the soul. But, if not so manifested, not known. And who understand and "know him that is true?" Those to whom he hath given an understanding. Then where no such understanding is given, there "he that is true" is not understood or known. "And we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ," Then if not in union with the Son, not in him that is true, and therefore necessarily in him that is false. "This is the true God." Who? The Son. And why? Because he is the Son. "And eternal

life." Then out of him is eternal death. Why? Because only in union with him is eternal life. Look at the chain as thus drawn out from beginning to end; weigh it well, link by link. "The Son of God is come." That is link the first. "We know that he is come." That is link the second. "He hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true." That is link the third. "We are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ." That is link the fourth. "This is the true God, and eternal life." That is link the fifth. And may we not, with holy John, add another link to close the chain? "Little children, keep yourselves from idols;" and amongst them, from the idol of a Son by office, for such is not "the true God nor eternal life."

4. But now let us advance a step further in our line of argument and show that Jesus is not only the Son of God in his divine nature, but, as being "the only-begotten of the Father," is God's own *proper, true, and eternal Son*. Take the following testimonies by way of proof of this assertion: "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending *his own Son* in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." (Rom. 8:3.) Here the Holy Ghost declares that "God sent his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh." Have you ever carefully weighed the meaning of the words, "*his own Son*?" If you are a father, does not your own son widely differ from an adopted son? The word means literally his "*proper*" and "*peculiar*" Son—his own in a sense specially distinct from any other. But let us examine this passage a little more closely. A certain work was to be done which the law could not do, for "it was weak through the flesh." The law was strong enough in itself, for it had all the authority of God to back it; but it was weak through man's infirmity—the flesh not being able to keep or obey it. God, then, sent *his own Son* to do what the law could not do. If words have any meaning, if the Blessed Spirit choose suitable expressions to convey instruction, what can we understand by the term, "God's own Son" but that Jesus is God's true and proper Son by his very mode of existence? This is the grand and blessed revelation of these last days, as made known to the apostles and prophets, and embodied in the inspired pages of the New Testament. What, for instance, is the foundation of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and indeed of the whole Epistle, but that the Son of God has a relation to the Father not only of a dignity but of a nature which he alone possesses? How clear and emphatic the language in which the apostle opens that weighty epistle, "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the

prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds." (Heb. 1:1, 2.) View the Son thus spoken of as a Son merely by office or by covenant title, and the whole force and beauty of the words are lost. But see in the Son the true and real Son of the Father, then the love and mercy of God, as speaking in and by him in these last days, shine forth in all their unparalleled lustre. So, in the words just quoted from Rom. 8:3, the whole foundation of redemption is laid on this rock, that God sent his own Son. Can language be more plain or more positive? If Jesus be not God's own Son, his true, real, and proper Son, what do the words mean? We say it with all reverence, that if Jesus be a Son only by office, such words as "his own Son" would but mock and deceive us, and lead us to believe a lie. If I were to point to a son of mine, and say to a neighbour or a stranger, "This is my own son," and a few days after the person learnt that he was not my own son, but an adopted child whom I was accustomed to call my son when he was no such relation, should I stand clear of deception in the matter? If God, then, declares that Jesus is "his own Son," am I to believe that he is his Son by nature, by eternal generation, and thus his true and proper Son, or to make him a liar? It seems to us that holy John has already decided the matter: "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son." This is just your case, if you say that Jesus is not God's own Son, which you must certainly do if you say that he is not his Son by nature, but by office. You do not believe God because you believe not the record (or testimony) that God gave of his Son, when he said from heaven, "This is my beloved Son." And what is the consequence? "You make God a liar." And is not that an awful position for a worm of earth to stand in? But such is ever the result of listening to natural reasoning and argument instead of believing the testimony of God.

But again, have you ever looked at the word "sent," in the passage that we are now considering? There is a singular beauty and propriety in a Father sending a Son, which is completely lost if the second Person is so far independent of the Father as to be a Son merely by office. As such he might certainly covenant to come, but could hardly covenant to be sent. But view him as the Father's own Son, and then the love of the Father in sending him, and his own love in consenting to come, ("Lo! I come,") are beautiful beyond expression.

But this is by no means the only passage in which Jesus is spoken of as God's "own Son." Look at those words in the same blessed chapter, (Rom. 8,) which have comforted thousands of sorrowful hearts, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Can words be more expressive, "He that spared not his own Son?" Believing soul, you that desire to know God's truth for yourself, who would not hold error for a thousand worlds, and are looking up for that wisdom which cometh from God, consider well the words; they are full of truth and blessedness. Do not the words, then, clearly declare that the love of God was so great to the church that there being no other way by which she could be saved, God the Father spared not his own true and proper Son? Make Jesus a Son by office, and the whole force, not to say the meaning, of the passage is gone in a moment. It would be, so to speak, like plucking away the whole love of God to his people. If Jesus be not God's own proper and true Son, where is the compassion of the Father's heart overcoming, so to speak, all his reluctance to give him up? Where the depth of the Father's love in delivering him up for us all? The moment that you deny the eternal Sonship of Jesus, you deny the Father's love to him as his own Son, and with that you deny also the peculiar love that God has to his people. Thus you destroy at a stroke the unutterable love and complacency that the Father has to the Son as his own Son, and the compassion and love displayed to the church in giving him up as a sacrifice for her sins. The only foundation of our being sons of God (1 John 3:12) is that Jesus, our Head and elder Brother, was the Son of God. Therefore he said to Mary Magdalene after the resurrection, "Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God." (John 20:17.) Why "your Father?" Because "my Father." Why "your God?" Because "my God." "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." (Gal. 4: 6.) Why sons? Because Christ is the Son of God. Why the Spirit of his Son? Because the Holy Spirit proceedeth from the Father and the Son, as his mode of subsistence. In removing these ancient landmarks of truth, men little think what havoc they make, we were going to say, in heaven and in earth. In heaven, by destroying the very essence and mode of existence of the three Persons in the sacred Godhead; in earth, by destroying the foundations on which the church is built. If you destroy the peculiar and unutterable love of God to the church, what do you leave us? And this you most certainly destroy

if you deny the eternal Sonship of Jesus, for the love of the Father to the church is the same as his love to the Son: "And hast loved them, as thou hast loved me." (John 17:23.) O the depth of God's love! To carry out this love, in a sense, both Father and Son made a sacrifice. The sacrifice that the Father made, out of his love to the church, was that he gave out of his own bosom his darling Son, and spared him not the sorrows and agonies of the cross, but delivered him up to the curse of the law, the temptations of the devil, the malice of men, and the burning indignation of Justice arresting him as a transgressor. The sacrifice that the Son made was to leave his Father's bosom and be delivered up to a life of suffering and a death of agony. How much is contained in that expression, "He that spared not his own Son!" But does not all its force and meaning consist in this, that Jesus is the true and real Son of God? But if you still are in doubt about the meaning of God's "not sparing his own Son," look at an almost parallel expression, "I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." (Mal. 3:17.) In reading that passage, what meaning do you attach to the expression of "a man sparing his own son?" Is the own son spoken of there the man's real, true, and proper son, or an adopted one, or one, calling himself so when he is not? You answer, and that well, "Why, the whole force of the passage depends on the person spared being the man's *own* son." Then why interpret this passage in that sense, which, indeed, you cannot help doing, and explain what is said about God's *own* Son in a manner quite different? But you say, "I cannot understand this eternal generation. It seems to me so inconsistent, so self-contradictory, that I cannot receive it." Do you mean, then, to receive nothing which you cannot understand, and which appears self-contradictory? Then you must on those grounds reject the two greatest mysteries of our most holy faith—the Trinity and the Incarnation. We do not call upon you to understand it. But if you love your own soul we counsel you not to deny it, lest you be found amongst those who deny the Son, and so have not the Father. (1 John 2:23.)

But again, if Jesus be not the true, proper, and real Son of God, how can we understand the parable of the vineyard and the husbandmen, given us by three evangelists? We need not go through the whole parable, but simply take what is said about the householder sending his son: "Having yet, therefore, one son, his well-beloved, he sent him also last unto them, saying, They will reverence my son." (Mark 12:6.) Now, it is most plain that the whole force and beauty of the parable consist in this, that after the owner of the vineyard

had sent servant after servant to the husbandmen, and they had beaten some and killed others, last of all, "having yet one son, his well-beloved," he sent him. Two things, then, this parable most certainly establishes: 1, That his coming into the world did not *make* Jesus to be the Son of God, for surely none would be so foolish and ignorant as to say that the son spoken of in the parable *became* the householder's son by being sent to the husbandmen. It was because he was his son already that he was sent to them as the father's last messenger. 2. That Jesus bears the same relationship to the Father that the son bore to the householder, or the parable has neither force nor meaning. Look closely at this matter, for the Lord's parables are not idle tales, but, though wrapped up in figures, are words of truth and righteousness. If Jesus, then, be not the true, proper, and real Son of God, what is the meaning of the parable? No one would accept this interpretation, that it was not the real son of the householder that was sent, but a neighbour or a friend who personated a son, who assumed the office and took the title when he was not his son at all. Do you not see, as a general rule of Scripture interpretation, that whilst you hold the truth all is simple and harmonious, and passage after passage confirm and corroborate each other; but the moment that error is set up all is confusion, and you cannot by any possible means get one passage of Scripture to harmonize with the other? So with this parable as harmonizing with the true and real Sonship of Jesus. The moment you see and believe that Jesus is the true Son of the Father, and that by nature and essence, the whole parable is full of exquisite truth, pathos, and beauty; but abandon that view, and the parable at once falls to the ground as devoid of all sense or significance.

It is with the eternal Sonship of Christ as with the Trinity, the Deity of Jesus, the Personality of the Holy Ghost, &c. It does not so much rest on isolated texts as on the general drift of God's inspired word—what the Apostle calls "the proportion (or analogy) of faith." (Rom. 12:6.) And it is an infinite mercy for the church of God that the Holy Spirit has so ordered it; for single texts, however clear, may be disputed, but the grand current of truth, like a mighty river, not only bears down all opposition, but flows on in a pure, perennial stream, to slake the thirst of the saints of the most High.

But take another testimony to the same grand truth, and that from God's own mouth. Twice did God himself declare, with an audible voice from heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. 3:17; 17:5.)

Surely when God speaks from heaven those who fear his great name will by his grace listen, believe, and obey. If Jesus "received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," (2 Peter 1:17) we who desire to honour and glorify him should feel a solemn pleasure in obeying the Father's voice: "Hear ye him." Blessed Jesus, we do desire to hear thee, for thy sheep hear thy voice, and thy mouth is most sweet; yea, thou art altogether lovely. When sin distresses our conscience, or error assails our mind, may we ever feel and say, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." (John 6: 68, 69.)

But if Jesus be the Son of God merely by office or covenant title, where is the blessedness of that voice from heaven, proclaiming him the beloved Son of the Father? It would but deceive and mislead us were it but a name, not a reality; a title implying a relationship which did not actually exist. If words so plain and so expressive mean anything, (and who dare say that God's words mean nothing?) they most certainly declare an intimacy of divine relationship between the Father and the Son, peculiar and ineffable, deeply mysterious but inexpressibly blessed. No name or title can give an essential relationship. My son is called my son because he is my son; and if he were not so, no calling could make him so. In the same or an analogous manner the covenant, however blessed, however ordered in all things and sure, could not make the Word to be the Son of God were he not so by eternal essence. Besides which, if Jesus be not the Son of God by his very mode of subsistence, there would be, at least as far as we can see, no peculiar significance in his becoming so by the covenant. It does not at all touch the efficacy of redemption, which depends on the Redeemer being God as well as man. If, then, the second Person of the Trinity be not the Son of God by nature and essence anterior to and independent of the covenant of grace, there appears to be no reason why he should assume that particular title for the purpose of Redemption rather than any other. As this, however, is a point involving many other considerations, we shall not further press it, though it has a weight with our own mind. Thus, from whatever point of view we examine it, we see error and confusion stamped upon every explanation of the Sonship of Jesus but that which has always been the faith of the Church of God, that he is the Son of the Father in truth and love. (2 John 3.) As such we, in sweet union with prophets, apostles,

and martyrs, with the glorified spirits in heavenly bliss, and the suffering saints in this vale of tears, worship, adore, and love him, and crown him Lord of all.

(Concluded, May, 1859.)

Whether we set forth truth or whether we expose error, and we can scarcely do the one without at the same time performing the other, the word of God must ever be the grand armoury whence we take the weapons of our spiritual warfare. This is both apostolic precept and apostolic practice. "Take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." (Eph. 6:17.) "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God." (1 Pet. 4:11.) "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." (2 Cor. 10:4.) In this spirit, as obeying this precept, and walking after this example, have we thus far attempted to overthrow that grievous error of denying the eternal Sonship of Christ, and to set forth that vital, fundamental truth of his being the Son of the Father in truth and love, which has formed the subject of our last two Reviews; and following the same rule of guidance, we hope in our present Number to bring it to a conclusion. In so doing we have little hope of convincing those who have drunk deeply into the spirit of error. The poison is already in their veins, vitiating in them all that once seemed like truth and simplicity. As infidelity, when once it has got full possession of the mind, rejects the clearest evidences from positive inability to credit them, so error, when once it has poisoned the heart, renders it for ever afterwards, in the great majority of instances, utterly incapable of receiving the truth. Against every text that may be brought forward in support of truth an objection is started, a false interpretation offered, a counter statement made, an opposing passage quoted,—the object evidently being not to bow down to truth, but to make truth bow down to error; not to submit the heart to the word of God, but to make the word of God itself bend and yield to the determined obstinacy of a mind prejudiced to its lowest depths. O what a state of mind to be in! How careful, then, should we be, how watchful, how prayerful, lest we also, "being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from our own steadfastness." (2 Pet. 3:17.) A tender conscience, a believing heart, a prayerful spirit, a watchful eye, a wary ear, a guarded tongue, and a cautious foot, will, with God's blessing, be great preservatives against error of every

kind. But to see light in God's light, to feel life in his life, to have sweet fellowship and sacred communion with the Father and the Son, to walk before God in the beams of his favour, to find his word our meat and drink, and to be ever approaching him through the Son of his love, pleading with him for his promised teaching,—this is the true and only way to learn his truth, to believe it, to love it, and to live it. No heretic, no erroneous man, no unbeliever ever stood on this holy ground. That childlike spirit without which there is no entering into the kingdom of heaven; that godly jealousy for the Lord's honour which makes error abhorred and truth beloved; that tender fear of his great and glorious name which leads the soul to desire his approbation and to dread his displeasure; that holy liberty which an experimental knowledge of the truth communicates to a citizen of Zion; that enlargement of heart, which draws up the affections to those things which are above, where Jesus sits at God's right hand;—these, and all such similar fruits of divine teaching as specially distinguish the living saint of God, are not to be found in that bosom where error has erected its throne of darkness and death. On the contrary, a vain-confident, self-righteous, contentious, quarrelsome spirit, breathing enmity and hatred against all who oppose their favourite dogmas, and thrust down their darling idols, are usually marks stamped upon all who are deeply imbued with heresy and error. They may be very confident in the soundness of their views, or in the firmness of their own standing, but God rejects their confidences, and they shall not prosper in them. (Jer. 2:37.)

In resuming, then, our subject, we cannot but express our conviction that as we are enabled to read the Scriptures of the New Testament with a more enlightened understanding, and to receive them more feelingly into a believing heart, we become more and more forcibly struck with these two leading features in them: 1. The clear revelation made therein that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; and 2. The amazing weight and importance attached by the Holy Ghost to a faith in him as such, and to a profession corresponding to that faith. It is not one or two passages, however plain and clear, but the whole current of revelation that carries such conviction to a believing heart. The eternal Sonship of Christ is, as it were, the central Sun of the New Testament, to remove which is to blot out all light from the sky, and to cast the church into darkness and the shadow of death. The manifestation of the Son of God is the sum and substance of the whole wondrous scheme of love which has brought heaven down to earth in the incarnation of Christ, and taken earth

up to heaven in his resurrection and ascension to the right hand of the Father, agreeably to that testimony of holy John which may be called an epitome of the gospel: "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John 4:9, 10.) To believe in him as the Son of God, and to confess him as such before men,—this, in the New Testament, is the distinguishing mark of the disciples of Jesus. That in believing him to be the Son of God, they believed him to be equal with God, which he could only be by being eternally of the same essence, is plain from the very language of the unbelieving Jews: "Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God." (John 5:18.)

We have already quoted two memorable instances of Peter's faith and confession as witnessing to Jesus being "the Son of the living God." (Matt. 16:16; John 6:69.) We will now, with God's help and blessing, examine some others of a similar kind, and amongst them we will first take Paul's belief in, and testimony unto, the same vital truth. "Straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God." (Acts 9:20.) Carefully examine, spiritual reader, and prayerfully consider the words that we have just quoted. What a marvel is here! We see the once persecuting Saul called by sovereign grace, made a believer in that Jesus whose name he had so abhorred, and whose people he would fain have swept off the face of the earth, and preaching him boldly as the Son of God in the very synagogues where he intended, in his blind rage and headlong fury, to compel the saints at Damascus to blaspheme. (Acts 26:11.) What did his heart so firmly believe, what did his mouth so boldly preach, but this vital truth, that Jesus is the true and real Son of God? His simple, child-like, new-born faith knew nothing of those crafty perversions, those subtle distinctions whereby truth is now denied under the pretence of being explained. Rising up by power divine into a spiritual apprehension of, and a living faith in, the Son of God, whose voices he had heard, and whose glory he had seen, he knew no such dishonouring views of God's only-begotten Son as that he was not his Son, by nature and eternal subsistence, but by office, by virtue of the covenant, by a pre-existing human soul, by his complex person, or by any such other fallacious interpretation as erroneous men have since invented to darken counsel by words without

knowledge, and sully the pure revelation of God. When God revealed his Son in Paul's heart, (Gal. 1:16,) it was to show him his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth; and this glory was the glory in which he eternally subsisted as the true and real Son of God. Paul, therefore, from the revelation that he had of him in his own soul, believed that he was the Son of God by eternal essence and original subsistence, that true and real Son of the Father in whom the Old Testament church believed as the promised Messiah, and for whose advent it was waiting in faith and hope. A few words upon the faith of the Old Testament saints may here not be out of place; for it may explain why Nathanael, Paul, the Eunuch, and others so implicitly and instantaneously received Jesus as the Son of God, when once they believed in him as the promised Messiah. There was no doubt in the mind of the believing Israelite that the true, real, and proper Son of God was to come. The clear language of the second Psalm, and the express declaration of prophecy, (Isa. 9:6,) had already firmly laid *that* as the foundation of the faith of the Old Testament church. The question with the elect remnant when Christ came in the flesh was, whether Jesus of Nazareth were he. Immediately, therefore, that Jesus was revealed to a God-fearing Jew as the promised Messiah, faith flowed out toward him as the Son of God for whose coming he was looking. Such believing Israelites were Simeon, Anna, Zacharias, Elizabeth, Nathanael, and other godly men and women "that looked for redemption in Jerusalem." (Luke 2:38.) In a similar way, the high priest "adjured Jesus by the living God to tell them whether he was the Christ, the Son of God." The very chief priests, and elders, and all the council did not doubt that the true and real Son of God was to come, for that was the faith of the Old Testament church; but they disbelieved that Jesus who stood before them was he; and they crucified him as a blasphemer, not as doubting that when Messiah did come, he would be the eternal Son of God, but as rejecting the claims of Jesus of Nazareth to be such. Thus not only believers but unbelievers concur in exposing the ignorance and refuting the errors of those who in our day deny the eternal Sonship of Jesus.

But now look with the same spiritual eye at the faith and confession of the Eunuch. (Acts 8:37.) Philip, who had preached unto him Jesus, and no doubt in so doing had declared to him his true and proper Sonship, refused to baptize him till he was assured of his faith. In answer to that appeal, what was his confession? "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." (Acts 8:37.)

Now, can we for a moment think that this believer in the Son of God viewed him as such by office, or by covenant, or by any such crafty invention of subsequent days as erroneous men have sought out whereby to obscure truth too bright, too dazzling for their dim eyes? Or do we not rather believe that his faith rose up at once to embrace the sublime mystery that Jesus of Nazareth whom Philip preached was the true and real Son of God? It is a sound and safe rule of interpretation that the simple, literal meaning of a passage is that which the Holy Ghost intends. Apply that rule to those passages where Jesus is spoken of as the Son of God, and it at once follows that his true and literal Sonship is meant by the expression. The scriptures are written for the plain, simple-hearted, believing family of God, who receive the truth from his lips in the same unreasoning faith as a child listens to the teaching of its mother. (Ps. 131:2; Isa. 28:9.) Now where would be the child-like faith of all these simple-hearted believers if the blessed Jesus were not really and truly the Son of God, but only so by some mysterious explanation which denies the plain letter of truth? Spiritual reader, avoid mystical, forced, fanciful, strained explanations, and receive in the simplicity of faith the plain language of the Holy Ghost. It will preserve thy feet from the traps and snares spread for there by crafty men who by fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple. Seek rather to know and feel the power of truth in thy own soul, and to experience that inward blessedness and sacred liberty which the Son of God gives to those who believe in his name, according to his own words—words of solemn import against the servants of sin and error, but full of blessedness to those who kiss the Son in faith and affection. (Ps. 2:12.) "And the servant abideth not in the house for ever: but the Son abideth ever. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8:35, 36.)

Having viewed the testimony borne to the Sonship of Christ by individuals, we will now, though not in strict chronological order, look at the united voice of all the disciples. We read that after witnessing the miracle of Peter's walking on the sea and the ceasing of the wind when Jesus came into the ship, "Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God." (Matt. 14:33.) It was not that they had doubts before, but they were so overwhelmed with the greatness of the miracle, and so awed by the power and presence of the Lord then in their midst, that their hearts bowed down before him in holy adoration and believing love, as the very Son of the eternal Father, and as such possessed of all the power and glory of the

Godhead. Can we suppose that their minds were taken up with speculations such as daring men have since invented to deny and dishonour both Father and Son, or did their simple, child-like, and divinely-inspired faith at once embrace the blessedness of the mystery that the Jesus whom they then saw, and at whose feet they fell, was the Son of the Father in truth and love?

But it is needless to multiply testimonies of this nature. It must be evident to all who read the New Testament with an enlightened eye that faith in the Son of God is put forward again and again as the grand distinctive feature of those who are born and taught of God.

We shall therefore now pass on to show the way in which this blessed truth is intimately and inseparably connected with the experience of every living soul, for that is the grand mark and test of a doctrine being of God; and in so doing we shall, as before, keep as closely as possible to the Scriptures of truth. The eternal Sonship of Christ is no dry doctrine, but a fountain of life to the church of God; and as its vital streams flow into the soul they become springs of happiness and holiness, purging the conscience and purifying the heart, and giving and maintaining communion with God.

1. *A life of faith* is the grand distinguishing mark of a saint of God here below. But this faith must have a living Object, and such a one as can maintain it in daily exercise. "Because I live, ye shall live also," was the Lord's own most gracious promise. (John 14:19.) Now, let us see what was Paul's experience on this point. "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 the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." (Gal. 2:20.) The life which Paul lived in the flesh was "by the faith of the Son of God." This was his life of faith, looking unto, believing in, hanging upon the Son of God, and receiving out of his fulness supplies for all his need. (John 1:16; Phil. 4:13, 19.) Now, how is it possible for any man to live a similar life of faith unless he believe in the same way in the Son of God? and how can he believe that he is the Son of God if he deny his true and real Sonship? His grace and glory, his Person and work, his blood and righteousness, his suitability and all sufficiency, his beauty and blessedness, his love and sympathy, his headship and dominion, his advocacy and intercession as the great High Priest over the house of God,—in the knowledge, faith, and experience of which the very life

of a believer is bound up, are all so intimately connected with, all so directly and immediately flow from, his eternal Sonship that they cannot be separated from it. Thus, if there be no faith in the Sonship of Christ there can be no true faith in the Son of God; and if there be no true faith in the Son of God, what is a man, with all his profession, but one who has a name to live and is dead?

2. *Communion with God*, that rich, that unspeakable blessing whereby a worm of earth is admitted into holy converse with the Three-One Jehovah, is intimately, indeed necessarily, connected with the life of faith of which we have just been treating. But there can be no communion with the Father and the Son where there is no "acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ." (Col. 2:2.) In other words, there must be a living faith in, and a sincere confession of, the Father as the Father, and a living faith in, and a sincere confession of the Son as the Son, before there can be any sacred fellowship with the Father and the Son. This is John's testimony: "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John 1:3.) How, then, can any have fellowship (that is, communion) with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ if they deny both Father and Son, which they most certainly do if they reject the eternal Sonship of Jesus? Well may God say to such, "If then I be a Father, where is mine honor?" (Mal. 1:6.) You may call me your Father. I reject your claim, for you deny my dear Son, and "whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father." (1 John 2:2:3.) There may be a notional Christ presented to the imagination, a letter Christ conceived by the natural understanding, a Christ upon the cross, as in pictures and on the Romish crucifix, painted upon the eye of sense; and by a strong effort of the mind, there may be, with all these representations, a something like faith and feeling which may be thought by poor, deceived, deluded creatures a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. But if there be no spiritual faith in his Sonship there can be no spiritual communion with him. It is only as the soul is blessed and favoured with discoveries of him as the Son of God that faith goes out toward him, hope anchors in him, and love flows forth after him; and where these three graces of the Spirit are, there, and there only, is there a saving knowledge of his Person, a blessed experience of his grace, and a sacred fellowship of his presence.

3. Nor can there be, as it appears to us from John's testimony, any *walking in*

the light of God's countenance, any *fellowship* with the family of God here below, or any saving *knowledge of the cleansing blood* of the Lamb where Christ's eternal Sonship is denied. And what is a religion worth when these three blessings are severed from it? Consider, in the light of the Spirit, the following testimony: "But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1: 7.) Look at the three blessings spoken of in this verse: 1. Walking in the light as God is in the light; 2. Having fellowship with one another; 3. An experience of the blood of Jesus Christ his Son as cleansing from all sin. And observe how the whole stress of the verse lies upon the words, "Jesus Christ his Son." Take away his true and real Sonship,—for light there is darkness, for fellowship with the saints there is separation from them, and for the cleansing blood there is a guilty conscience and a sin avenging God.

4. As there is no communion with Father and Son without a living faith in the eternal Sonship of Jesus, and no walking in the light, no fellowship with the saints, and no knowledge of atoning blood, so there is no *indwelling of God* without such a faith and confession. "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." (1 John 4:15.) To be a saving confession, there must first be a believing heart; (Rom. 10:10;) and wherever the one precedes, the other certainly follows. (2 Cor. 4:13.) If, then, there be no true faith there can be no true confession, but a heart which believes aright will ever manifest itself by a confessing tongue. It is for this reason that John pronounces such a blessing on "whosoever *confesseth* that Jesus is the Son of God." But do those confess him who deny his true and proper Sonship? No; he only confesses him whose eyes have been anointed to see his beauty and glory as the only-begotten of the Father, and whose faith embraces him as having been eternally such. In his happy soul "God dwelleth" by his Spirit and grace, for in receiving the Son of God as such into his heart, he has received the Father also; (1 John 2:23;) and "he dwelleth in God," for by dwelling by faith in the Son of his love he dwelleth also in the Father. Then how can he who denies the eternal Sonship of Jesus have any part or lot in a blessing like this?

5. Another rich blessing connected with faith in the true and real Sonship of Christ is, *victory over the world*. "Who is he that overcometh the world but he

that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" (1 John 5:5.) A man must either overcome the world, or be overcome by it. To overcome the world is to be saved; to be overcome by it is to be lost. He, then, who does not believe that Jesus is the Son of God does not and cannot overcome the world, for he has not the faith of God's elect; he is not born of God; there is no divine life in his soul; and he has therefore no power to resist the allurements, endure the scorn, or rise superior to the frowns and smiles of the world, but is entangled, carried captive, and destroyed by it. Where the world is loved the heart is necessarily overcome by it; for in the love of the world, as in the love of sin, is all the strength of the world. Now unless the love of Christ in the soul be stronger than the love of the world, the weaker must give way to the stronger. Unbelief, heresy, and error cannot overcome the world, for such are utter strangers to the faith which purifies the heart from the lust of it, to the hope which rises above it, and to the love which lifts up the soul beyond it.

6. Again, it cannot be doubted that of all the blessings which God can bestow in feeling experience, few surpass a *knowledge of the possession of eternal life*. But this rich blessing is intimately connected with faith in the Sonship of Jesus. This is John's testimony: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life." (1 John 5:13.) To whom does John write? To those that "believe in the name of the Son of God." They alone can receive and believe his testimony, for they alone possess the inward teaching and witness of the Blessed Spirit to the truth of his word. He does not write to heretics, to erroneous men, to disbelievers in, to deniers of the eternal Sonship of Jesus. As these have not the Son of God they have not life; (5:12;) and John writes not to the dead but the living. For their sakes, and to confirm their faith and hope, he writes that, from the witness of the Spirit, they may know in their own hearts and consciences that they have eternal life; and this they have because they have the Son. If this be true, none can know that they have eternal life but those who believe in the name of the Son of God. And how can we think that those believe in that name who deny his true and real Sonship, to set up in its place an idol, a figment of their own vain mind; and because they cannot understand the mystery of an eternal Son, or make it square with their natural ideas of generation, renounce it altogether, or explain it utterly away?

Nor, as it appears to us, can the fundamental doctrine of the Trinity be

maintained except by holding the eternal Sonship of Christ. There are two errors of an opposite nature as regards the doctrine of the Trinity: 1. One is Tritheism, or setting up three distinct Gods; the other, 2. Sabellianism, which holds that there is but one God under three different names. Each of these errors destroys the Trinity in Unity, the first by denying the Unity of the Essence, the second by denying the Trinity of the Persons. The true and scriptural doctrine of the Trinity steers between these two erroneous extremes, and holds a Trinity of Persons in a Unity of Essence. Now, the Lord Jesus, as the eternal Son of the Father, is distinct from him as his Son, and yet necessarily one with him as partaking of the same Essence; and the Holy Ghost, as proceeding from the Father and the Son, is distinct also from those Persons of the Trinity, and yet, as eternally proceeding from both, partakes of their Essence likewise. Thus we have a Trinity of Persons but a Unity of Essence—one God, but eternally subsisting as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Eternal Sonship gives to the Son a Unity of Essence with the Father, and yet a distinctness of Person; thus as the Son he is one with the Father, (John 10:30,) and yet as the Son he is distinct from the Father. So, eternal procession from the Father and the Son gives to the Holy Ghost Unity of Essence with the Father and the Son, and yet a distinct Personality. Upon this firm basis the Trinity stands. But if you remove the eternal Sonship of Christ, you also must take away the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost; and by so doing you destroy the Unity of Essence and intercommunion of nature of Israel's Triune God. If the denial of the eternal Sonship of Jesus involve such consequences, well may we tremble at such an error as removes the very foundations of revealed truth. All other views of the Sonship of Christ lower his essential and eternal dignity, and however craftily disguised, tend to and usually end in Arianism. If his Sonship be not his eternal mode of subsistence, it must, in some way or other, be created Sonship; and what is this but Arian doctrine in its very root and essence? How the Son can be eternally begotten, and how the Holy Ghost can eternally proceed is a mystery which we cannot understand, much less explain; but we receive it by faith, in the same way as we receive the "great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh." If once we begin to reason on these matters, we are lost at the very threshold of our inquiry. To believe, not to speculate—to receive the testimony that God has given of his Son, not to doubt, argue, and cavil, is the only sure path, as well as the peculiar blessedness of a child of God.

In this spirit have we sought to handle the weighty matter which has occupied our thoughts during our last three Numbers. The subject has grown almost insensibly under our pen, and yet we feel that we have scarcely grazed the surface, much less laid bare the depths of this vital truth. We shall not, however, detain our readers any longer upon it, as it is rather in our mind to publish a small tract on the subject, recasting the whole; and whilst we preserve the chief arguments that we have brought forward, we shall endeavour to give the whole a more exact and complete form than its present fugitive shape, and thus make it, with the Lord's help and blessing, more worthy of acceptance with the church of God.

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Sacred Hymns from the German. Translated by Frances Elizabeth Cox. Hosannah to the Son of David; or, Hymns of Praise to God. By William Williams.—(*June, 1859.*)

Singing, when heart and voice go together, is certainly a most delightful part of the worship of God here below. In bestowing upon man the power of singing, as a vocal utterance distinct from speech, the Lord, who made all things for his own glory, doubtless intended that this gift should be a means of showing forth his praise; and therefore all exercise of this faculty but for that express purpose is not its use, but its abuse. Singing is not like speech, necessary to man's existence, or even to his well-being. There was no indispensable necessity that the throat and other vocal organs should be so exquisitely constructed as to produce at will musical sounds; but with the same wisdom and goodness that prompted the Lord to deck the earth with flowers under man's feet, to regale his ears with the melody of the birds in every bush, to delight his smell with the fragrant odours of the violet and the rose, and charm his eye with the prospect of wood and mountain, lake and valley, stretched out in the far landscape, was he also pleased to furnish him with a capacity to solace himself with sweet sounds, and join with angels in singing his eternal praise.

We merely now see earth as a wreck, and man as a ruined wretch upon it. But amidst all the wreck of earth and all the ruin of man, we at intervals catch faint glimpses of what this world was in its primeval creation, and what man

was as he issued from his Creator's hand; and these gleams of beauty peering out of the general desolation, as flowers spring out of the bare face of a rifted rock, serve to show us, in some measure, what were God's thoughts and feelings when, after his six days' work, he looked down from heaven and "saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." (Gen. 1:31.) At the end of each day's work God "saw that it was good;" but when, on the sixth and last day, the crowning act of creation was accomplished, and the heavenly Artificer had made Adam, "in his own image, after his own likeness," to have dominion over the works of his hands, and man walked forth as the ruler of this wide domain, then the Lord saw that "it was *very* good," and rested with holy satisfaction on the seventh day, which he blessed and sanctified.

Thus the power to sing, the faculty of producing musical notes in melody, and combining them in harmony, was as much the gift of God to Adam as the power of speech; and as by the one, he was able to speak to and with the Lord, and converse with the wife of his bosom, so by the other he could, with her, acceptably sing his praise. Happy state! for though he could not sing the wonders of redeeming love and atoning blood, nor lift up his voice in thankful notes as a sinner saved by grace, yet could he, in all the purity and innocence, the freedom and happiness of a sinless, guileless heart, tune his song to his great and glorious Creator's praise. The fall broke these notes asunder; and sighs, not songs—groans, not "thanksgiving and the voice of melody," now came from under the shade of those dark trees whither sin and shame, guilt and remorse, had driven our fallen parents. But the fall, though it plunged man into the depths of sin and woe, marred and defaced the image of God in which he was created, and brought death into his body and soul, no more destroyed his natural capacity for singing than it destroyed his faculty of speech; but it perverted both, and directed them into a corrupt channel. Sin, the universal spoiler, seized hold of the power of song, as it appropriated the organ of speech, and turned both these noble faculties into instruments of unrighteousness. The scoffer, the drunkard, and the licentious seized hold of song as an incentive to profanity, drunkenness, and lust, as the blasphemer and the liar laid hold of speech to curse and deceive. But redeeming grace, in reconciling man unto God in the Person and by the finished work of his dear Son, has rescued these original gifts of speech and song, and, by sanctifying them to the service and glory of God, has turned them, once more, like the streams of the south, into a channel of prayer and praise.

The earliest mention, we believe, of singing in the record of truth is the Song of Moses and the children of Israel after they had passed through the Red Sea and seen the Egyptians dead upon the seashore. This was, indeed, a season to them of triumphant song. In Egypt they groaned; at Pihahiroth they cried out unto the Lord; at Marah they murmured; and at Massah they rebelled; but on the shore of that sea which had proved their deliverance and their enemies' destruction, they burst forth into a universal song of triumphant praise. How, indeed, could they so well express the swelling feelings of their joyful hearts? How could they otherwise, with one unanimous voice, exalt their wonder-working God? All utterance but song, and that one universal song, would have been weak—unworthy of their deliverance, unworthy of their great and glorious Deliverer. Song is the only mode of vocal utterance in which multitudes can simultaneously and intelligibly join. Speech must necessarily be confined to one voice. "Speak one at a time," is an indispensable command when even two individuals attempt to talk at once. But, song may unite the voices of thousands in one intelligible harmonious chorus. It is, therefore, the only means whereby, without discord and confusion, numbers can unite in openly and loudly praising the Lord, and thus it stands alone as an act of public worship in blending together the hearts and voices of the assemblies of the saints. What a swelling chorus must have arisen from the assembled tribes of Israel as Moses led the song, and Miriam accompanied it with her timbrel! And in what other way could the sacrifice of thanksgiving have been offered by so amazing a multitude? But, alas! what is man? As the sweet Psalmist of Israel complains, "Then believed they his words; they sang his praise; they soon forgot his works; they waited not for his counsel." (Ps. 106:12, 13.) The next time that mention is made of Israel's singing, how different the song, how different the object of their worship! "And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said to Moses, There is a noise of war in the camp. And he said, It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome: but the noise of them that sing do I hear." (Exod. 32:17, 18.) Wretched idolaters! stupid creatures, to worship a golden calf, and sing the praises of that molten idol with the same voices which had sung so lately the praises of Jehovah! Well might the anger of the Lord break forth against such an insult to his sacred Majesty, after having wrought for them a deliverance so recent and so conspicuous.

But we must not linger over these scenes in the desert, except to notice that as Moses entered the wilderness with a song of thanksgiving, so at the end of the forty years' sojourn he closed his labours with a hymn of praise; for that divine utterance of his heart and lips in which he called the heavens to give ear and the earth to hear the words of his mouth, was, as it were, his dying song; and he spake it in the ears of all the people, that it might be their enduring national anthem. (Deut. 31:30-32:44.)

Those who have felt the sweetness and power of her strains, who have travelled with her in sorrow and joy, will remember the song of Hannah; for though the precise words are, that "she prayed, and said," yet it is evident, from the form of the verses, that it was a poetical and musical composition which she sang at the door of the tabernacle, and was thus a public acknowledgment of her praise, which the Holy Ghost inspired her to sing as he afterwards inspired David. And well she might sing and swell on high her notes of praise, with the infant Samuel in her arms and the love of God in her heart. (1 Sam. 2:1-10.)

That singing formed a large and important part of the Levitical service is very evident from scattered intimations of the practice of the word of truth; and as that was a national and external worship for the multitude as well as a spiritual and internal service for the believing Israelites, musical instruments were sanctioned in the temple, which are quite foreign to, and indeed inconsistent with, our New Covenant dispensation, which requires the pure worship of the heart and lips, not the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of lifeless instruments. But even in this the blessed Lord was not unmindful of the spiritual wants of his people in all ages, for he inspired David, Asaph, Heman, and Ethan to write those blessed Psalms which were not only used in the temple service, but have been such a treasure of consolation to his family in all time, and will continue to be so, till time shall be no more. The temple and its service have all passed away. No Levite now sings in its courts; no high priest now offers sacrifice at its altars. The great High Priest has come, and offered himself as a sacrifice; and offering and burnt offering are no more required. The true priests now are "the royal priesthood"—the saints of God, who, through regenerating grace, offer "spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." (1 Pet. 2:5.) But, the Psalms still remain as the enduring expression of every gracious feeling of the regenerate heart; as a precious

manual of living souls, embracing the whole compass of Christian experience; as a sympathising friend and faithful guide of the church of God, that can sink with her into the lowest depths of sorrow, or soar with her to the loftiest heights of joy. This wondrous depth and variety of experience, so suitable to all the states and stages of divine life, has made them the daily companion of the family of God, soothed many an aching heart, laid them on many a dying pillow, and inspired the last whisper of many an expiring breath. It is true that we do not, indeed cannot, sing the Psalms. Song requires poetry, and that such as the natural ear has moulded into the form adapted to the native language. Prose cannot be sung unless chanted, as in cathedrals, or in a solo voice, as recitative; both of which are not only highly artificial, but destructive of the combined voices of a congregation. Thus, though the Psalms are Hebrew poetry, and were sung in the temple as poetical and musical compositions, they cannot, as translated into English prose, be sung now in our assemblies, for the form of poetry cannot be transferred from one language to another by simple translation, but must be adapted to the peculiar shape, such as metre and rhyme, which English verse requires. The Psalms cannot, therefore, be sung as they stand in our Bibles; and as to the attempts which have been made to versify them, and thus adapt them to singing, we all know what miserable failures have been the almost invariable result of such attempts, from Sternhold and Hopkins to the latest versifier.

Hymns, then, have naturally and necessarily come to occupy the place of the Psalms in Christian churches, and this not only because poetical form is indispensably necessary to tune, but because they can set forth Christian truth in a way which the Psalms could not possibly do. Until Christ came in the flesh there could be no clear revelation of his Person and work. The Psalms, therefore, though, as interpreted by the light of the gospel, full of blessed truth, are inadequate exponents of Christian doctrine; and we might as well accept the preaching of the Old Testament prophets as fully adequate to the proclamation of the gospel as confine our singing to the Psalms as amply sufficient for the utterance of Christian truth and the expression of gospel praise. Mr. Romaine used to object to the singing of hymns in public worship, as being mere human compositions. But, with all our respect for Mr. Romaine, might we not ask him if his sermons were not human compositions, and yet he preached them in the public worship of God; and were not the prayers that he read human compositions also? Nay, the very Psalms

themselves, for which he so strongly pleaded, being versified by modern pens, were human compositions also, unless he believed that the same Spirit who inspired David to write them in the Hebrew, inspired Tate and Brady to translate them into English verse. Hymns, then, as written by godly men, are to singing, as a part of the worship of God in our Christian assemblies, what the preaching of the servants of the Lord is to the proclaiming of the gospel; and we may add, what prayer by men of God is to the worshipping of him in spirit and in truth. The Lord, in tender mercy, as ever mindful of the wants of his people, has bestowed upon some of his saints and servants the grace and gift of experimental and poetical utterance, and has highly honoured with his blessing the hymns written under his teaching and unction. What a treasure, for instance, have Hart's hymns been to the church of God, and how evidently he was especially inspired of the Holy Ghost to write them with an unction, savour, and power, which carry with them their own evidence to every heart that has felt their sweet influence. For the blessedness of hymns is not limited to the use of them in the public worship of God. They form a treasure of spiritual and experimental truth which the Holy Ghost makes use of to comfort the mourners in Zion. Their very form not only gives them a place in mind and memory, but condenses truth into the smallest compass, so as to present it in its very spirit and essence; both of which circumstances, we need not observe, are especially favourable to their application with a divine power to the heart. And as the gracious men who wrote them penned them for the most part under a divine influence, the Blessed Spirit, in applying them with a sweet unction to the soul, is but sealing on the hearts of others what he first wrought by his own grace in the hearts of their composers.

The singing of hymns appears to have been always a part of the service of God in the New as well as in the Old Testament church. The blessed Lord himself sanctioned it by his own presence and example, for we read that, after the celebration of the Lord's supper, when "they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." (Matt. 26:30.) We may believe, without irreverence, that the blessed Lord sang with his disciples their farewell hymn of prayer and praise, and that his holy lips moved in concert with those of his disciples. That the New Testament churches sang hymns in their assemblies is very plain from several places in the New Testament. Paul, for instance, thus writes to the Colossian church: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and

spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." (Col. 3:16.) And again, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." (Eph. 5:19.) Nor was he one who, from defective voice or ear sat tuneless and silent amidst the assembled church; but in lifting up his voice it would not be with mere natural melody, or without a spiritual understanding and apprehension of what he sang, for he says of himself, as a worshipping saint, that singing with him was as much a spiritual sacrifice as prayer itself. "What is it then? I will pray with the Spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." (1 Cor. 14:15.) It was thus that he and Silas solaced themselves in the gaol at Philippi, when their feet were in the stocks and their backs raw and sore with stripes. The blessed Lord visited their hearts with his presence and love, and "at midnight they prayed and sang praises unto God." Nor were their voices weak through suffering, or restrained through cowardice; for so loudly did they sing that their notes of praise penetrated through the thick walls, into all the prison cells, and the prisoners heard them; (Acts 15:25;) and not only so, but they entered the ears of the Lord of the Sabaoth, who, in answer to their hymns of praise, convulsed the earth with a violent shock, which not only heaved up the very foundations of the gaol, but mightier work still! rent and tore to its very centre the gaoler's harder heart.

That singing hymns continued to be a standing practice in the church of God, after apostolic times, is plain from a remarkable heathen testimony; for among the ancient Roman authors that have come down to us, as fragments of the mighty wreck of ancient literature, are the letters of Pliny the younger, in which, writing to the Emperor Trajan, about the year 110, he says, of the primitive Christians, concerning whom he was, as the governor of the province, making a report to his imperial master, "They repeat among themselves a hymn (literally 'a song') to Christ as God." That the practice of singing hymns was of late introduction into the Western church is evident from a remarkable passage in the Confessions of Augustine, (written about A.D. 420,) in which he describes the effect produced on his mind by the singing at Milan:

"The hymns and songs of thy church moved my soul intensely; thy truth was distilled by them into my heart; the flame was kindled, and my tears flowed

for joy. This practice of singing had been of no long standing at Milan; it began about the year when Justina persecuted Ambrose. The people watched in the church, prepared to die with their pastor. There my mother sustained an eminent part in watching and praying. Then hymns and psalms, after the manner of the East, were sung with a view of preserving the people from weariness; and thence the custom has spread through the Christian churches."

Latin being the language usually spoken in the Western part of the great Roman empire, the hymns were, of course, written in that language, and were, therefore, fully understood by the congregations; but when the Northern nations broke in upon Southern Europe, and introduced their native languages, Latin became gradually so corrupted by the intermixture that the pure Latinity of the hymns became, in course of time, a dead language. As then Popery began to rise out of the heaving mass, and to subject all the nations to her sway, it suited well her crafty policy to carry on the public service of God in a language not understood by the people. Thus, singing as well as prayer became, for ages, a dead service, in which surpliced priests and white-robed choristers chanted and sang, not in praise but in mockery, of that great and glorious God whom they professed to serve. But, just in the darkest hour, light broke forth. At the very moment when the Romish church was saying in her heart, "I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow," (Rev. 18:7) the Lord God "who judgeth her," was raising up an arm to give her a deadly wound. Luther arose; and one great reform, effected by his preaching and writing, was to re-introduce into the public worship of God the language which all understood. The singing of hymns arose in German reformed churches, and few things contributed more to the spread of the Reformation than the hymns then composed and sung in public and private. D'Aubigne thus writes upon this point:

"From the days of Luther the people sang; the Bible inspired their hymns. It was impossible, in celebrating the praises of God, to be confined to mere translations of the ancient hymns. Luther's own soul, and that of several of his contemporaries, raised by faith to the sublimest thoughts, and excited by the battles and perils which incessantly threatened the rising church, soon gave utterance to their feelings in religious poems, in which poetry and music were united and blended. Thus the sixteenth century beheld the revival of that

divine poetry which from the very first had solaced the sufferings of the martyrs. We have already seen how, in 1523, Luther employed it in celebrating the martyrs of Brussels. Other sons of the reformation followed in his steps. Hymns were multiplied, and, spreading rapidly among the people, contributed powerfully to awaken them from their slumbers."

Luther was a thorough German, in possessing a most musical ear and taste;* and the same Lord who so richly endowed him with the gifts of writing and preaching furnished him also with great powers of poetical composition. The first hymn which he wrote, to which D'Aubigne alludes in the above extract, had a most remarkable effect. Three young monks† who had been converted from Popery were burnt alive, by the Inquisition, in the market-place at Brussels. Luther wrote a hymn upon their death, full of fire and energy which, in a short time, was sung everywhere in Germany and the Netherlands, the beginning of which has been thus translated:

"No, their ashes will not die;
Abroad their holy dust will fly,
And scatter'd o'er earth's farthest strand,
Raise up for God a warlike band.
Satan, by taking life away,
May keep them silent for a day;
But death has from him victory wrung,
And Christ in every clime is sung."

Without preaching, without writing, Luther could not live. His soul was on fire, and the flame burst forth in glowing verse. This ardour of soul is especially manifest in his hymns, and few compositions of a human pen have had such enduring power and effect. One of his hymns, commencing with a line which may be rendered,

"A strong tower is our God,"

has had a power and influence in all Protestant Germany which still continues; for though the Protestants there have lost his spirit and his faith, they still use his name and word as a rallying cry against the Popery by which they are hemmed in and almost overborne. But upon all his hymns strength of

thought and force of language are so stamped, and such an energy of faith, that they stand as distinct from all the other hymns as Luther himself from all other men.

Germany is very rich in hymns, and though they much differ in style from those with which we are so familiar in our own highly-prized English hymn-book, yet there is a sweet, tender, humble, prayerful spirit breathing through very many of them.

* His high opinion of music seems to us quite exaggerated, but it might have partly sprung from his witnessing the effects of the newly-composed hymns sung all through Germany. "After theology," he used to say, "it is to music that I give the first place and the highest honour." "A schoolmaster must be able to sing; without it I will not even look at him."

† One of these young martyrs said, when the flames reached him, "It seems to me as if they were roses."

The selection at the head of the present Article is, perhaps, not the best that might have been made, as the object of the translator seems to have been more to present her readers with a variety of authors than the spirituality or even the beauty of their compositions. It has, however, the advantage of containing the German on the opposite page, which offers, at least to those who understand the language, not merely a facility of comparison but a guarantee that the translation is faithful, which, indeed, as far as we have examined it, it certainly is. But in this, as in every other instance, no translation can give the force and beauty of the original. The words which flow from the poet's pen and the peculiar metre and rhythm in which they are written, are as much a part of the writer, as much an integral and inseparable part of the hymn, as the thoughts and feelings themselves. The latter may be, in some measure, translated, but the former never. "The thoughts which breathe" always find their expression in "words that burn;" and if translation does not destroy the breath of the one, it certainly quenches the flame of the other. Besides which the very exigencies of the rhyme frequently demand such a departure from the original that in the translation not only is the spirit evaporated, but the body is gone with it too. As this almost inevitable result must necessarily attend every translation, of course, the little work before us is not exempt from it. Yet, with all this necessary abatement, we feel bound to speak well of

it for its faithfulness and execution.

One of the sweetest later writers of German hymns was Johann Heerman, who lived during the horrors of the thirty years' war, (A.D. 1618-1648) in which he several times escaped being murdered as if by miracle. He was a great sufferer in body, so as not to be able to preach, he being a minister, the last seven years of his life, during which period, being a great sufferer, he wrote the chief part of his hymns, which bear stamped upon them all the marks of his humble, prayerful, and tender spirit. In order not to encumber our page with too many extracts, we have put under the head of Poetry, at the end of the present Number, a hymn of his composition, a translation of which appears in the collection before us.

The other collection of hymns, at the head of our Review, was composed by a remarkable character who lived in North Wales during the early part of the last century, and for at least forty-five years travelled forty and fifty miles every week, preaching, chiefly in Welsh, all through the Principality. He chiefly wrote in Welsh, in which he excelled as an author; but the work before us he composed in English. That not being his native tongue, there is at times a stiffness apparent in his compositions; and yet there is a force and originality breathing through his uncouth language, which show that he knew and felt what he said, and that no mercenary motive or thirst for human praise moved his pen, but that he wrote for the glory of God and the good of his people. A well-known hymn of his begins:

"O'er those gloomy hills of darkness,"

and may be found in most collections. Under our head "Poetry," we give another which may be accepted as a fair specimen of the productions of his heart and pen.

And now, as the opportunity offers itself, will our readers permit us to drop a few thoughts upon singing as a part of the service of the sanctuary. We have already said that it is the sweetest, but we must add that it is the most difficult to carry on as a spiritual and acceptable service, and for the following reasons:

1. Of all our public services it is *the most mixed*. In the reading, expounding,

praying, and preaching, the minister exercises a virtual and practical monopoly. It may be good or it may be bad; but it is a monarchy; not an aristocracy as in the prayer-meeting, nor a republic as in the singing, where rebellious voices—rebellious, we mean, against all the laws of melody and harmony, time and tune, are generally the loudest. Unhappily, a discordant voice is the sure fruit of an unmusical ear; and as this unmusical ear cannot detect its own discords, it is unashamed and unabashed at its own tones,—tones which jar upon the musical ear worse than the knife-grinder's wheel or the ungreased hay-cart. Could we, then, have our own way, these jarring notes should either be silenced or softened, wholly mute, or lost in the crowd.

2. Another difficulty is, that the Lord's people who *should* sing, often from want of ear and voice, *cannot* sing, whilst those who for want of grace should not sing both can and do.

3. Thence arises a third difficulty, which we have never yet seen a way to get over—that through this admixture of carnal voices the service itself becomes a mingled, and therefore, *not wholly a spiritual service*. But to see it with grief of spirit and almost despair of amendment is one thing; to foster and sanction it is another. We cannot help the carnal part of the congregation singing, but we need not make them; we need not invite voices, male and female, to sing, merely because they *can* sing, still less stick up as a choir, in the very front of the congregation, and as leading a most solemn part of the worship of God, poor dead and dark "singing men and singing women," whose only recommendation is a good voice and some little knowledge of music.

4. *Congregational* singing, not choral, is the only fit service of the sanctuary. A well tuned choir, with their fugues and their anthems, their singing in parts and their selections from Handel and Haydn, may please the ear, but they certainly grieve the heart which has in it any living faith and godly fear. Choral and congregational singing are not necessarily incompatible, but they almost invariably become so through the musical pride of the choir. The choir do not like their airs and graces, their new tunes and difficult pieces to be drowned, and, as they consider it, totally spoiled by the congregation. They, therefore, often purposely choose tunes which the congregation cannot sing, that their monopoly may be preserved intact, and that the singing may be not to the praise of God but themselves. And the congregation, continually beaten

and baffled by the new and difficult tunes, at last cease to interfere with the singing gallery, which thus at last becomes, like the musical service at the London Magdalen or Foundling Hospital, a mere orchestra of performers.

5. The best plan, we think, is the London way, which is for a precentor (or clerk) to lead the air and the congregation to follow. When the precentor has a good ear so as not to drop or lower the key, and has a strong, clear tenor voice, which can lead the air without faltering, the congregation will be sure to follow, and to follow well too. The false notes of the bad singers are lost in the body of voice which sustains the air, and the general result is not only pleasing to the ear, but is what singing should be—congregational worship.

6. As singing can be the sweetest and most delightful part of the service, it can be made a perfect *misery*. The sweetest hymns may be slaughtered by one loud discordant voice. How often has some horrid voice by its discordant tones—notes we cannot call them, jarred every nerve of the writer's frame, and made him hang down his head in perfect misery unable to hear, think, or pray, and long for the end of the hymn almost as much as the patient under the surgeon's knife longs for the end of the operation. What is the sweetest hymn when thus mangled and murdered? And how grievous to sit in misery and pain even when one of Hart's blessed hymns is sung! and be obliged to stuff the fingers into the ears to shut out, if possible, the nerve-racking sounds.

7. *Tunes* should be *suitable* to the *hymns*. A solemn tune and a lively hymn—how alike inconsistent! As some singers have no ear, so some leaders have no judgment. They will choose a lively tune full of repeats to a hymn on the sufferings of Christ, and a slow solemn air to a hymn of joyful praise. Such persons, were they masters of bands, would play Saul's March at a wedding, or a Scotch reel at a funeral.

8. Our next hint is, that the singing should be *neither too fast nor too slow*. Too fast is quite unbecoming a spiritual service. Hymns are not to be sung any more to jig time than to jig tune. Gravity, decency, and solemnity become the service of God. The opposite fault is a more common one. To drawl over a hymn makes the singing sometimes insufferably tedious. We have known four verses to take up nearly, if not quite, a quarter of an hour; which, were the singing, as is usual, three times in the service, would take up nearly half the

time.

9. One hint more and we have finished our singing lecture—long enough, in all conscience, for all, and too long by half for that thin-skinned race—singers. It is a great mistake to sing too many verses. Four, or at the most five verses are quite enough, except in such short metres as 7's. Singers are very fond of tunes with repeats; and what is the consequence? When the last line of the verse is sung three times, as it is in some tunes, two more verses are practically added to the hymn, if four verses are sung. Let us endeavour to bear in mind that God is a Spirit, and seeks and requires spiritual worshippers; and were this more on the heart and before the eyes of those who lift up their voices in the house of prayer, it would, under his help and blessing, render it a service more glorifying to God and more acceptable to his believing people.

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Deacon-Craft, the Bane of the Churches. By A Witness. S. G. B.

As a general rule, we do not like anonymous books any more than we like anonymous letters. If a book be a good one, no author need be ashamed to put his name to it; and if a bad one, he ought to be as much ashamed of sending it forth as he evidently is of giving his name. But as most things have their use, so anonymous books, like anonymous letters, may sometimes contain rough, unpalatable truths which are worth listening to, even though they come, like arrows in the dark, from an unseen hand. And even if they contain untruths or half truths, false or exaggerated charges, or are written from bad motives or in a wrong spirit, still they may be worth examining, that the false accusations may be disproved, or the few grains of truth be winnowed from the chaff and dust of falsehood.

In this spirit, and with these views and feelings, we desire to examine the book before us. We do not, indeed, much like the spirit it manifests, and its general tone is overdrawn and exaggerated; but it probably contains a considerable amount of truth, and gives some hard and justly-deserved knocks to a corrupt system. Its title is very suitable to its subject, which is, to expose and denounce the craft manifested by deacons in those churches wherein they monopolize all power and influence, and make pulpit and pew alike bend to their sovereign sway. As it professes to be written by a witness, the author has, we presume,

seen the evils against which he has drawn his pen. But he seems to have little or no experience of living churches or living deacons; and the wonder to us is that, with his strong feelings on the subject, he could have continued so long an eye-witness of the evil deeds which he so pointedly denounces.

But we shall let him introduce himself and his book, that his testimony may be listened to without prejudice and without partiality:

"This little work is published with the hope (under God's blessing) of doing good to Zion; and not from feelings of vindictive personality. Let the reader bear in mind that it is the sin, not the person, that I direct my pen against. After years of painful conviction that much of the strife and spiritual death of the present day is brought on by deacon-craft, I would stifle that conviction, but cannot. In fact, one manuscript has been previously written, and destroyed, under peculiar feelings. But prompted again the second time, I send it forth; well knowing, that if the abuse is not removed in this generation, the work of reformation at least may begin where new churches are formed, and be carried out by the rising generations in days to come."

These "years of painful conviction," we may fairly presume, were spent in connection with one of those churches which are so grievously oppressed; but as he does not give his name, and as we do not know the initials, we cannot gather what church this was, though it seems to have been one professing truth, but without a pastor, and of which the deacons were self-elected, or rather nominated by the existing deacons. But let us see the sort of deacon that presides over the church of which S. G. B. was or is a member; for, as he says, he "heard" the speech which we shall presently quote "before the church," it must have been at a meeting at which the deacon presided, and S. G. B. must have been present as a member, or he could not have heard it with his own ears:

"I once heard a self-elected deacon say, before a church without a pastor, 'He was Christ's representative upon earth.' The Pope says he is; but all do not believe it. Oh! what is man not capable of doing or saying when left to himself! This very deacon has put off the church meeting when any member has offended him; and to this day uses all kinds of subterfuges to keep out another deacon, or deacons, whom the church wish to see in office, in order to see the

cause of truth flourish, and their affairs conducted satisfactorily, and the accounts rendered yearly."

Now, it seems very hard to tell a man that we do not believe what he declares he himself heard; but we think we may suspect that S. G. B.'s ears deceived him, and that the deacon said "he was the *church's* representative," not "*Christ's*." But whether so or not, if the deacons be such characters as he describes, they are indeed pests to the churches, and amply deserve all the denunciations which he hurls against them; for this is his description of their character and conduct:

"These deacons take upon themselves to choose supplies favorable to their standing. Only let them have their way in this, then next they will seek to choose a pastor who would suit their wishes, whether the ministry be acceptable or not. I have known churches where such has been the case; and to the great annoyance of all true hearted Christians, they have chosen letter-men of truth, as devoid of the Holy Ghost as the hirelings in Christ's day, who are let in amongst the sheep. What do they do then? Why rob the fleece, worry the flock, and often devour the flesh, like ravening wolves, until they are caught, and turned out, leaving the sheep half-dead. And when faithful ministers of Christ speak boldly in his name, and are led to say any thing about lording it over God's heritage, or the like, it is a mortal offence; they cannot endure sound truth in its practical bearing; on doctrine they can soar away to things wise above what is written; in fact, I have been an eye witness to the power of such men, that they have been able to set up false teachers, and knock down true prophets. These things ought not to be; the evil works, like Jesuitism, a thousand ways, and is the quintessence of Popery. They are more like the representatives of the devil than of Jesus Christ; the Antinomian spirit and hard heartedness which these men manifest my very soul hates, as much as it does Arminianism."

But as our object in noticing this little work is not so much to give currency to its statements as to examine the matter with an impartial eye, we shall, with God's blessing, look at the whole subject from a wider and more comprehensive point of view than the author has considered it, to see whether there are not in the churches professing truth, good deacons as well as bad, and thus remove, as far as we can, the slur which such a book as this seems to

cast on a scriptural, honorable, and important office, and on officers who hold it in the fear of God and for the benefit of his people.

And first let us cast a glance at the original institution of the office. "And in those days, when the number of the disciples was multiplied, there arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration." (Acts 6:1.) From these words it clearly appears that daily relief was afforded to the widows and poor members of the church at Jerusalem out of the funds supplied by the sale of lands and houses of the wealthier disciples. (Acts 4:34, 35.) But an abuse crept in. The Grecians, that is, those Jews who lived in the provinces and spoke the Greek tongue, murmured against the Hebrews, or stricter Jews, who lived in Judea, because they favoured the Hebrew widows, as being more closely connected with them by birth and language, to the neglect of the Grecian. This suspicion, whether just or unjust, produced some strife, which the twelve apostles, under the direction of the Holy Ghost, settled by devolving the pecuniary matters of the church upon officers chosen for this purpose by the disciples themselves. "Then the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word." (Acts 6:2-4.) "The saying pleased the whole multitude." They saw the grace and wisdom displayed by the apostles in disencumbering themselves of these worldly matters, that they might give themselves more fully up to the work of the ministry, and their great disinterestedness in not seeking to engross any influence which might arise from handling and distributing the church's money. The apostles plainly and clearly, however, laid before the church what sort of men they should choose for the office, and gave them three special marks to direct their choice. 1. That they should be "*men of honest report,*" *i.e.*, men not only esteemed by the members for their grace and godliness, but bearing a good character generally in the world for honesty and uprightness, as they were to be entrusted with the pecuniary concerns of the church. 2. That they should be "*full of the Holy Ghost,*" in his graces and gifts, men of faith and prayer, who manifestly lived under the power and influence, anointings and teachings of the Blessed Spirit the Comforter; and able, as occasion offered, to speak a word in season, to defend the truth, to reprove

disorderly members, to visit the sick, and drop a consoling word to the afflicted or the dying. 3. And "*full of wisdom*," *i.e.*, of spiritual wisdom, so as to speak and act for and in the church wisely and well; and full of natural wisdom too, so as to manage church affairs with judgment, prudence, and caution, and bring no reproach upon the cause of truth by weakness and folly. The apostles themselves took no part in the election beyond specifying the number that should be chosen, in the full confidence that the church, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, would choose suitable men without any suggestion from them of the individuals whom they might wish elected. The church seems to have made a most excellent choice, for amongst them we find the names of Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, who, as the first martyr, sealed the truth with his blood, and of Philip, whose ministry the Lord so blessed to the Samaritans and to the Eunuch. And as the murmuring arose among the Grecians they selected the seven deacons from that particular section of the church, as is plain from their names, which are all Greek names—a most singular instance of their disinterestedness and their thorough desire to remove all cause of complaint, as well as to heal the breach that was beginning to be made. But when the church had chosen the seven deacons, it would seem that the apostles claimed some share in ratifying the election, for we read that "they set them before the apostles," *i.e.*, presented them as the church's choice, as if to see whether the twelve approved of their selection; and when they had done so, and the apostles saw that they had attended to their instructions, and had chosen suitable men, they first "prayed" for and with them and the church, as seeking the blessing of God upon them and his sealing testimony upon the good work; and then "laid their hands on them," which was the usual way, in those days, of conferring the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost, as is plain from Acts 8:17, 19:6.

Now, as the office of an apostle has wholly passed away, for to have seen the Lord was necessary for it, so as to be a personal witness of his resurrection, (Acts 1:22; 1 Cor. 9:1,) we can hardly, perhaps, draw any present inference from the conduct of the apostles, for none now in the church of God occupy their precise place and stand in their peculiar position. Yet as "pastors" are as much God's gift as "apostles," (Eph. 4:11,) and come nearest to that office, we may perhaps infer that the pastor of a church, where there is one, is not to be wholly shut out of consideration in the choice of deacons. Following this clue, let us see if we can at all lay down the part which the word of truth assigns

him. He clearly is not to appoint or nominate the deacons, directly or indirectly, for the apostles, in all the plenitude of their power, did not do this. But he is bound to lay before the church the qualifications necessary for the office, and may mention how many he may think necessary or advisable to be chosen; but he must then leave the selection of the particular individuals to the church without any personal interference, or employing any secret or underhand means, as utterly unbecoming the character of an upright and godly pastor, to influence the election. The church, on the other hand, has its duty to perform to the pastor as well as to itself; for as the first church "set" the newly-appointed deacons "before the apostles," to obtain their approval and ratification, it would clearly imply that it should choose deacons in union with the pastor, not only men of grace and gifts, but of a kind, quiet, and affectionate spirit, who will be a comfort and a help to him in the arduous work of the ministry, not thorns in his side, disaffected to his person and authority, and diminishing, by a party spirit, or crafty and underhand manoeuvres, his influence and usefulness. They should, therefore, be men of peace and quietness, and yet firm and faithful; of sound sense and practical wisdom, yet possessed of godly fear and uprightness of heart, lip, and life; well instructed in the truth, and deeply rooted and grounded in it, by a living experience of its power and blessedness; men of faith and prayer, with a suitable gift of utterance; and from their spirit of tenderness, love, and affection, acceptable to the church and congregation. Such men will neither be tools of the pastor, if he get entangled in a wrong spirit, to oppress the church or any member of it, nor tools of the church, or of any party in it, to vex the pastor or trample upon the weak. Such men are precious as fine gold, ornaments to their profession, pillars of the church, comforts to the pastor, and, by using the office well, "purchase to themselves a good degree" (far beyond any university titles) of the church's honour, affection, and esteem.

There are in the living churches deacons who approach more or less this scriptural model; for as the Lord has still his living pastors to feed the churches, so has he his living deacons to guide and rule them. A large debt of esteem and gratitude is justly due to such deacons as these, especially when they have stood for many years in churches destitute of a pastor, and have had need of all their faith and all their firmness to keep the door of the pulpit shut against mere letter men, whom many weak and ignorant members of the church would have let in. Some of these deacons have had the chief weight and

burden of the cause resting on their shoulders as regards its pecuniary concerns, have contributed for years most liberally and ungrudgingly to its support, and made themselves, perhaps, responsible for the debt which has lain on the chapel, when they have been burdened themselves with a large family or an extensive business. All this time they have had to endure the hard speeches of the wandering ministers whom they could not receive, and perhaps been almost insulted at church meetings by angry members, who would, if they could, take out of their hands all the power, leaving them all the responsibility, pecuniary and otherwise, of the office, without any of the authority and influence. Surely men who, in the fear of God and from love to his truth which they have felt, tasted, and handled for themselves, have for years contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints and adorned it, by their lives, should be "counted worthy of double honour, and not be thwarted and opposed from a spirit of party, but be supported by all the strength of the church, as the soldiers in an army support their officers and follow their leading, as all animated with one heart and one spirit.

We have shown what a deacon should be; and if such cannot be found in the church, it should choose men as near the pattern as it can. No man, whether pastor, deacon, or member, comes up to the Scripture model; but we must not lower the standard or debase the pattern, for there is no surer method of corrupting the whole body. This is true in nature as in grace, in the domain of art as in the domain of religion. A faulty model debases both work and workman; a pure pattern may cause despair of success, but stimulates exertion to imitate it. It would appear from the little tract before us that S. G. B., whoever he is, only knows the congregations of the dead, the churches that have a name to live, but which are utterly sunk into carnality and worldliness. Deacons are chosen out of the church, and are, or should be, a fair sample of the bulk; so that most probably the deacon-craft against which he writes is met in these very churches by the member-craft and minister-craft, of which he says nothing, and which have much tended to make the deacons what he describes them. According to his description, the deacons are the wolves and the members the lambs. But how came the lambs to choose wolves to tend them? and what are the watch-dogs about which should protect the lambs from the wolves? If the London ministers—for we have a shrewd suspicion that S. G. B. is describing London deacons—at all resemble the picture here given, Isaiah has already drawn their character: "His watchmen are blind:

they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter." (Isa. 56:10, 11.) If the churches of which he knows so much are what he describes them to be, all we can say is, that they richly deserve such deacons as they have got, for it is like people like deacon: and if they choose or continue in office deacons such as he represents, by conniving at their ungodly conduct, they are partakers of their evil deeds. We venture to say that if half of what he alleges against deacons be true, and could be fairly substantiated by facts, there is not a church of truth worthy of the name that would not by a unanimous vote, put them out of office. But if the people are so covetous as to let themselves be bribed, or so cowardly as to allow themselves to be overawed, they deserve all they meet with. The real root of deacon-craft, and such a craft, there probably is, is the corrupt state of the churches which rear bad deacons, as a dung-heap produces flies.

We have seen S. G. B.'s description of the deacons whom he has personally known; now let us look at the churches as described by the same pen; and then let us judge whether churches and deacons are not fairly matched and fully worthy of each other:

"The churches generally are so buried in the world and its customs that many of them are lukewarm, and drugged to stupefaction; and their deacons' conduct is scarcely noticed, however despotic it may be. The rich, lordly men, who stand at the head of many causes of truth, scarcely know their right hand from their left in divine things. Having a clear knowledge of the truth in the letter, both as regards doctrines and experience, they flatter themselves they also possess the mind and grace of Christ; whereas their line of conduct from year to year betrays that they are out of the 'secret' altogether. Because they can entertain ministers, cast accounts, and build chapels, they take for granted that all will be right at last. The poor of the flock think and say, 'I like to attend church meetings; but it is not my place to speak, much less rebuke our Mr. Deacon So-and-So, act as bad as he may.' Now, I tell such they are wrong; Christ allows no property qualification in his church; gifts and grace ought to go first, not the heaviest purse. Any person acquainted with the Scriptures knows this. Why are there so many half filled chapels and so many

divisions throughout the land? Is it because there are so many discontented and ill-tempered sheep at home, in no pasture? or is it because they are driven out by the worldly deacons, whose spirit is more fit to rule an absolute monarchy than the church of the living God?"

If "the churches generally are so buried in the world and its customs that many of them are lukewarm and drugged to stupefaction," such worldly, drugged, and stupefied churches cannot possibly choose good deacons out of their own body, for they do not possess the materials. It would be like drunkards choosing a teetotaler to measure out their drink, or opium-eaters begging money for laudanum of a man who abhorred the practice. What could the best deacons do with such churches as S. G. B. describes; and of one of which, from his intimate knowledge of the whole art and mystery of deacon-craft, he was clearly a member? It would be like setting shepherds to feed and watch over goats. And if "the poor of the flock dare not speak at church meetings, let the deacon act as bad as he may," what sort of poor are these? Poor in pocket, or poor in spirit? Poor who fear the deacons and the loss of church gifts, or poor who fear the Lord and not the face of man? Through mercy, we do not know any such deacons or any such churches, except by report, and should as soon think of being in union with such men and such people as of uniting with the Pope or a band of friars.

But we have not yet given his full description of the deacons or of their craft. It is strongly drawn and highly coloured, but is, we presume, taken from the life. As we have never seen the original we cannot tell if it be a striking likeness. But if he be a true witness, woe to the deacons; if he be a false one, woe to himself. He is drawing the character of what a deacon should be, and then describes what the deacons whom he has known are:

"Secondly. The character of this officer; 'honest, holy, and wise' are the three qualifications required. Now then, contrast these with our modern deacons. Do they simply manage the secular affairs of the churches? No; they also take upon themselves to dictate what ministers shall and shall not preach; alter rules, inserting their own, good or bad, keep out and admit members at their pleasure; spend the funds; keep the accounts secret; set up one minister, throw down another, and tyrannize over the people, by utterly disregarding their will and the rules laid down, until the church is obliged to divide. Is such

conduct either honest, holy, or wise? Have we men whose hearts and consciences have been made honest by God the Holy Ghost, through deep convictions of sin and forgiveness of the same; wise to choose faithful servants of Christ, who preach doctrine, experience, and practice? Alas, alas! We have not. Some of them will only admit men into the pulpit that preach doctrinal truth; and Sabbath after Sabbath dwell on God's high decrees. How can the lambs of the fold feed on strong meat? or the young in the way understand the deep mysteries of the kingdom, before they know their election? I know a servant of Christ whose name was cast out as legal by a deacon, simply because he wished the hearers of truth not only to come themselves, but to bring as many of their neighbours to hear the gospel as they could. 'O,' said he, 'God knows where his sheep are.' True; he does; and knows also where their (the deacons') hearts are, viz., in the world all the week, and on the Sabbath too, whilst their heads are in the chapel, sitting as critics to make a man an offender for a word spoken contrary to their views. Others, on the opposite side, like all practice, and hate Antinomian doctrines; and as for what is called experience, it sounds like nonsense in their ears. I grant these are extremes. The great bulk know something of the path between, but are sunk down into the world, prospering in business, with their fortune half or wholly made, their pockets heavy with gold, and their souls light with carnality; saying, as the Laodicean church did, 'I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing.' Food, luxuries, wealth, worldly honours, charming music, paintings, incense, gold, silk, pearls, and goodly apparel—in fact, all the Pope can give his grandchildren, that would be accepted, until their heads swim, and they deliberately tell God's poor, afflicted people they are Christ's representatives on earth, and ought to be respected as such, when the church is without a pastor."

Now, during the last two or three and twenty years we have seen something both of churches and deacons too, in different parts of England; but we must say we never saw deacons such as he describes. "To alter rules, inserting their own, good or bad; to keep out and admit members at their pleasure; to spend the funds, keep the accounts secret, set up one minister, throw down another, and tyrannize over the people by utterly disregarding their will and the rules laid down;"—if there be such deacons, all that we can say is, that we have never seen them; and if they be what this "witness" declares they are, what sort of a church can that be which tolerates them? A church which submits to

such tyranny deserves such tyrants, for such slaves deserve such slave-drivers—especially as they chose them and keep them. Nor is this our opinion only. The very master of deacon craft who knows all the wheels and working of that great machine—the Juggernaut of the churches, if his description be agreeable to truth, is just of the same opinion. According to S. G. B.'s own testimony, much of the fault lies with the churches themselves. Let them, then, bear their full and fair share of the blame; for if they can remove the disease and do not, whom can they blame if the gangrene is preying upon their vitals?

"Facts are stubborn things. Let the churches look to it, and set their house in order. Should the Lord use this instrument, his name shall have all the glory. Reluctant indeed have I been to send it forth. If the public say the spirit is bad, I ask, 'Does not the state of the churches justify the assertions?' If they do, faithfulness in a good cause cannot originate from a bad source. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.'

"Until the church of Christ looks out faithful, honest, and spiritual men, qualified by grace, to conduct the secular affairs thereof, and assist the servants of the Lord to discharge their office and calling, no good,—no lasting good,—can rest upon her members. Whilst they neglect their duty, in seeing their affairs properly managed, sanction their deacons to use the priest's office, and to dictate to them, whom they shall, or shall not have, the present strife (more or less) must continue. Look how the church is deluged and tormented with men never sent of God to proclaim his truth, let in by carnal deacons, or carnal deacons who have set themselves prating, like clouds without rain, who never water the heritage of God. Would it be thus if we had men as deacons who held 'the mystery of faith in a pure conscience,' and who knew the spiritual unction and power of vital godliness? I believe not; such will not want to preach until God sends them, and not then until constrained to do so by his power."

There may be a certain amount of truth in all this; but what a state a church must be in to allow of such things! Where are "the faithful, honest, and spiritual men" to be found in a church thus lorded over? For it is not as if a church could go out of itself to choose its officers, or as if it could go to another church and say, "You have some faithful, honest, and spiritual men among you whom we should like to be our deacons." It is necessarily tied to

choosing them out of its own body; and such men as would be scripturally suitable for the office could hardly be found in it, or they would not have suffered matters to have come to the present pass. Before such men can be chosen they must first exist; and such lights as they will prove to be, when elevated to the deaconship could not have been hidden under the bushel of church membership.

But the ministers whom S. G. B. knows, and who, of course are very different from "the men never sent of God to proclaim his truth, let in by carnal deacons," and poles asunder from "the prating deacons, the clouds without rain," it would appear from his description, are not much better than the deacons or the churches. What shall we think of the poor timorous coward whom he places in the pulpit? Is this a man of God who is to take the precious from the vile and rightly to divide the word of truth, and yet trembles in his shoes before an ungodly deacon who has put him into the pulpit with a nod and with a nod can put him out?

"Where are the Elijahs? Ah, where? Not in the deacons' hearts; if they were, we should have different men in the pulpit; for as matters stand now, the wealthy deacon consults the choice of the congregation as much or more than he does the church in the choice of ministers as supplies, and a pastor, when such is required. I could point out cases that have come under my notice where ministers have been set up and knocked down like children's toys, not by the church, but by arbitrary deacons, who will not hear faithful men, men whose minds are distracted, and scarcely know how to open their mouths to declare what God has put in, for fear of giving offence, and having the half-loaf taken from their families. To be honest to their conscience, and to procure the bread that perisheth, is a daily burden; whereas godly deacons should be the right hand support, and relieve the pastor from all the earthly cares he can, so that the word spoken may be profitable; and not treat them as if they were a necessary evil, as they do the poor law. Sooner or later God will mark their conduct. I could speak of his naked bow already directed against some, but forbear. Also I could disclose facts proved against these hindrances to godliness that would make worldly men of integrity blush, but would rather pray God to give them repentance, and remove the present evils existing through deacon-craft."

Can we call these "faithful men"—faithful to what but their own interest?—"who scarcely know how to open their mouth to declare what God has put in for fear of giving offence, and having the half loaf taken from their families?" We do not know any such ministers any more than we know such deacons. If such there be, their names should be published, as they stick up defaulters at the Stock Exchange, that the churches may be aware of them, and not trust the care of their souls to men, all whose thoughts are upon their own bodies. We do not know such men, nor do we want to know them, for they must be dishonest men—dishonest to God, dishonest to the people, and dishonest to their own consciences; and a man had a thousand times better sweep a crossing or break stones on a road than stand up in a pulpit, as the professed servant of God, and watch the deacon's face, whether it frown or smile on what he preaches. Of the two, the minister is worse than the deacon, as holding a higher office in the church and being unfaithful to it. "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." (1 Cor. 4:2.) This man, therefore, is no steward, or an unfaithful one. "The righteous is as bold as a lion;" but this man is afraid of a deacon, merely because he has a few sovereigns jingling in his pocket, and would sooner displease God, who can cast body and soul into hell, than offend a purse-proud, over-bearing wretch of a professor, who at the worst can only turn him out of the pulpit—and serve him right too for his dishonesty. If such men be "trembling for their half loaf," they must be among those who say, "Put me into one of the priest's offices, that I may eat a piece of bread." (1 Sam. 2:36.) What can God have "put in" such a man that "he scarcely knows how to open his mouth to declare it, for fear of giving offence?" It cannot be his "*fear*," for that is "a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death," and the "fear of man bringeth a snare," from which he is clearly not delivered. Nor can it be "*his word*," for that would be as a burning fire shut up in his bones, (Jer. 20:9,) and he "could not stay" from letting the flame burst out of his mouth. Then what has God "put in," if it be neither his fear nor his word—neither the beginning of wisdom nor the sword of the Spirit?

We said, at the outset, that the book contained some rough, unpalatable truths, and dealt some hard knocks to a corrupt system. But after all, it is only knocking about the dead. We have long had a very poor opinion of the great bulk of the professing churches, but this book makes them out much worse than we ever thought them to be. In exposing the deacons it exposes the

churches, and we may almost say, the writer himself; for he must have been a witness, and probably a mute witness, of the very proceedings that he condemns. Who is this S. G. B.? Is he a minister who has trembled for his half loaf? or a deacon who has seen all and said nothing; or a disaffected member, who would have no objection to being made a deacon himself? An anonymous book is in itself suspicious. Under such a cover, an unscrupulous writer may make any statement that he pleases secure from personal detection. As it at present stands, he has made statements against deacons which not only affect their godliness, but their very moral character; and as no names are mentioned, the charges may be employed by disaffected members in different churches against innocent men. Let us know the names of the men, and of the church to which they belong, who "alter the rules, inserting their own, good or bad; spend the funds, and keep the accounts secret." These are definite charges. The church of which S. G. B. is a member, (for we presume his remarkable initials must form some clue to his name,) should have a meeting to examine the church book, and see whether the deacons have altered the church rules and inserted their own, which the church never passed or sanctioned. It should also examine the accounts, to see if the deacons have improperly "spent the funds." Not that we counsel churches where no suspicion rests to make a stir, but for the deacons' own sakes who are thus attacked, let the matter be cleared up.

Where there is no pastor, and the preaching is carried on by supplies, let it be remembered that the deacons occupy a most difficult, anxious, and responsible post. It is easy to say that "they set up one minister and thrust down another;" and there will always be disaffected members in every church and congregation, whom no minister could long satisfy. These do not know, and make no allowance for, the difficulties experienced by the deacons in procuring suitable supplies, for the most acceptable men have usually many calls and engagements, and have frequently churches and congregations of their own which they cannot leave. The pulpit must be filled, or the congregation is disappointed; and with all their attempts the deacons cannot always procure men whom they themselves can comfortably or profitably hear. But no allowance is made for them by the disaffected and the contentious. "Why don't you get So-and-So?" is the cry. So the deacons would, if they could, and have probably tried hard to get them, but they could not succeed, through previous engagements, or because their own people

objected to their leaving home. But the writer of this book has made no such distinctions, but thrown about his charges as "fire-brands, arrows, and death," to fall where they may. We do not, therefore, anticipate much good from the book, as the deacons shot at are proof against all such arrows; and no small evil, as disaffected members of churches will use it to make out that really good deacons are such characters as are here described. In this it resembles books written against priestcraft, which is as great an evil as deacon-craft; but all such general denunciations are abused to include the real servants of God, as if all priests were alike, and they as bad as the rest. Thus, we doubt not that members of churches who dislike the deacons, either because they were chosen instead of themselves, or because they are opposed to their party spirit, or for some of the thousand reasons which stir up the carnal mind to rebellion and disaffection against all authority, however scriptural, however well or wisely used, will rejoice in a book like this, as if all deacons were equally oppressive, equally tyrannical, and equally ungodly with the characters here described.

But the book is written, the shaft is shot; happy they whom it hits not, and whose record is on high.

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Baptism: Its Mode, Design, and Subjects. By A. J. Baxter, Minister of the Gospel, Nottingham.

There is scarcely a truth of divine revelation which has not been at some time disputed, and against which a whole army of arguments has not been from some quarter arrayed. Some of these disputants have denied the very existence of God himself; though one would think that they had but to cast their eyes upward, and look at the glorious array of heavenly orbs above, or to view the earth spread as a landscape at their feet beneath, to convince them that all they beheld, as well as the very power of vision by which they saw them, must have been created, and must still be maintained by a divine hand. Others have denied the necessity and truth of a divine revelation of the mind and will of God, and have framed a thousand arguments to disprove the necessity or deny the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, though it is self-evident that God being in heaven and we on earth, he must manifest himself in some way to our minds that we may see, know, and worship him acceptably.

Others have denied the Deity and eternal Sonship of the Lord of life and glory, and have found or forged the strongest levers that the subtlety of human reason could devise to uprear the very foundation of the faith, hope, and love of the church of God. To degrade the Son of God from his eternal birthright, and to spoil the members of his mystical body of all that they have and are by virtue of their union with him has been with some as much a labour of enmity as to exalt and magnify him is with others a labour of love. Others have fought almost with the malice of demons against those eternal transactions of covenant love whereby the elect were blessed with all spiritual blessings in their glorious Head, and have sought to snatch the reins of government out of the hands of the King of kings and the Lord of lords, that they might commit them to the blind, three headed idol, Luck, Chance, and Fortune, and thus reduce all events to that chaos of confusion, that wild and desolate region of uncertainties in which their own dark minds wander in endless mazes lost.

In all these daring attacks, these vigorous and unceasing onslaughts upon truth, one circumstance would be almost amusing, were it not a spectacle too sad to create a smile,—and that is the pleasing self-satisfaction which the various assailants enjoy in their own breasts of the triumphant nature of their attacks. Half a century ago, thousands of persons in France were taught to believe that the battle of Trafalgar was, on the part of the French navy, a glorious victory; and hundreds of thousands now believe that the invasion and conquest of England might be achieved in a single day and by a single battle. But England still sits as Queen of the Isles, in spite of foreign boastings, and will, we trust, with God's blessing, long so sit, in spite of foreign attacks. So truth is not to be beaten down by books and pamphlets. She may be invaded, assaulted, attacked, and self-applauding writers may persuade themselves that they have given her the finishing stroke; but she lives, and ever will live, for he who is himself "the Truth," as well as "the Way and the Life," maintains her by his own almighty power, and sustains her by his own invincible grace.

The ordinances of God's house we do not put on the same exalted level with those truths relating to the eternal Sonship of Jesus which we have been lately defending in our pages. The salvation of the church is not wrapped up in its ordinances, nor are they what the Church of England, adopting a Romish

name as well as a Romish doctrine, calls "sacraments generally necessary for salvation." Baptism and the Lord's Supper are not saving ordinances, and therefore do not stand in the same commanding position as the Person of the Son of God, his atoning blood, justifying obedience, and finished work. None interested in the atoning blood and finished work of the Lord the Lamb can perish; but a man may be baptized, as was Simon Magus, and perish in the "gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity;" or may not be baptized in water, like the dying thief, and yet be with Jesus in paradise. Nor do we put on the same level those who deny or dispute the nature or mode of baptism with those who deny or dispute the grand foundation truths of our most holy faith. Good men and great men too—men eminently taught of God and abundantly blessed to the church of Christ, such as Toplady, Romaine, and Hawker, in the Establishment,—and Huntington, Brooke, and Jenkins, out of it, did not see, much less practise, baptism as we see and hold it. But though we cannot follow them where we believe they did not follow the Lord, and think they were on this point erroneous or deficient, we do not the less esteem or love them for the grace of God manifested in them. Still we cannot and must not part with any portion of revealed truth because great and good men did not hold it; nor because we see with them eye to eye, and feel heart to heart upon nine-tenths of divine truth, must we sacrifice or relinquish the remaining tenth, because upon that point we are compelled to differ. It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful; and if baptism, as we see and practise it, has been manifested to our conscience as an ordinance of the Lord Jesus Christ, we should be unfaithful to him and unfaithful to our own conscience, if we did not, when necessary, defend as well as observe it.

A Mr. Baxter, of Nottingham, a name at present unknown to the churches, or if known, only so since the publication of his book, has recently published a work in which a bold and vigorous attempt is made utterly to overthrow Believers' Baptism. The book has been sent us for review, and we have hesitated for some time whether we should take any notice of it; and this for two reasons, 1. We did not wish unnecessarily to drag the baptismal controversy into our pages; and, 2. We felt that to answer the work required rather a book than a review. But as we understand that it has been considered by some an able if not triumphant attack, and has even shaken the faith of some not well established in the truth, we have felt determined to give it an examination, lest, on the one hand, our silence should be construed into an

inability to answer it; or, on the other, any weak-minded believers should be imposed upon by its sophistical arguments and show of proof.

We have, then, given it a reading, and we must say, at the very outset, that a more sophistical, disingenuous, and, we may add, shallow and presumptuous book has rarely fallen under our notice. It will not be possible in our limited space to expose its character as fully as it deserves, but as we do not make assertions without proofs, we shall select specimens from various parts of it to show the shallowness of its learning, the absurdity of its arguments, and the sophistry and disingenuousness that generally pervade it. And yet, till examined, there is much that is calculated to impose upon the mind by a show of fictitious strength. The mode in which he has arranged his arguments, the use of distinct sections, numbered paragraphs, Scripture references, and italics, with the aid of a clear, bold type and very black ink,—mere printer's aids, have given the book an outward appearance of clearness which at first sight presents a great show of proof. But when we have carefully surveyed his arguments, we most clearly see that he set out with a foregone conclusion, that his mind was made up before he eyes examined the subject; and that he did not sit at the feet of Jesus to learn of him, or got it by divine teaching. He evidently set out determined to overthrow, if possible, Believers' Baptism, and therefore seized hold of every argument, strong or weak, good or bad, that he could devise, or others had devised before him, (for it is at best but a very neat hash of other men's brains,) to carry his point. The whole character of the book shows this. It is not the calm weighing up of evidence for and against the point by an impartial judge, but the eager, unscrupulous attack of an advocate. One circumstance alone will show this to any one who has at all studied the baptismal controversy,—no weight whatever is allowed to those passages which are usually adduced as the strongholds of baptism. They are brought forward only to be attacked, perverted, explained away, and overthrown. This one marked feature of the book, were there no other, would be sufficient to condemn it, or render it justly suspicious; for it shows either an inability of mind to weigh evidence, or a want of uprightness of heart to allow truth its just claims. So strong are these passages that no commentator of any learning or any character has ventured to deny that the baptism practised in the New Testament was by immersion. Indeed, to deny so plain a fact would have utterly overthrown all their claims to either learning or impartiality. But Mr. Baxter, with his shallow knowledge and his borrowed

learning, has as heedlessly as unscrupulously dashed his head against these strong walls;—whether to beat them down, or to scatter against them his own brains, time will show. We do not for a moment compare him to the infidels of the German and French school, and yet he employs a similar mode of reasoning, which is to pick holes in the Bible statements, advance natural objections, point out apparent inconsistencies, and, by an array of real or pretended learning, to dispute or render dubious the English translation.

But we will now proceed to substantiate our assertions by extracting and examining part of a section (borrowed, by the way, from Mr. Thorn, of Winchester, for his learning is a loan, not his own property,) in which he attempts to show that there is no dependence to be placed upon the translation of several important Greek propositions; and that "in" may be translated "by," &c.; "into" may be rendered "unto," and "at;" and "out of" "from," not seeing how, as in our language, the context determines the exact meaning of the preposition. But as a specimen of learned reasoning for a man who undertakes to correct our English translation assumes thereby the character of a man of learning—let us just see the sophistical and, we may add, shallow way in which he tries to overthrow the passage, "And were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins;" (Matt. 3:6;) which must by all be confessed one of the strongest passages in the New Testament for baptism by immersion.

"11. First. It ought to be understood plainly by all, that when we read of people being baptized '*in* Jordan,' (Matt. 3:6; Mark 1:5.) it is the same Greek word (EN) that in the New Testament is translated in no less than thirty-two different ways; and is rendered 'at,' 'with,' 'on,' three hundred and thirteen times.

"12. If it had been rendered '*at* Jordan,' it would have been correct. Observe how some portions would read, if this word EN always meant 'in.' 'Swear not at all; neither *in* (by) heaven, nor *in* (by) thy head.' (Matt. 5:34, 36.) 'Almost all things are by the law purged *in* (with) blood.' (Heb. 9:22.) 'The high priest entereth into the holy place *in* (with) the blood.' (Heb. 9:25.) 'He came not *in* (by) water only, but *in* (by) water and blood.' (1 John 5:6.)

"13. And just as much authority is there for asserting that, according to the law of Moses, 'almost all things were purged' (or purified) by being put 'in'

blood; which never was the case, it being always 'sprinkled' upon them; (Heb. 9:18, 22;) and that the high priest entered the holy place 'in' blood, instead of 'with' blood, as that John baptized the people 'in' Jordan, for the same word is used."

Under a professed display of learned criticism, what real ignorance is here! "If it had been rendered '*at* Jordan' it would have been correct." That it would not, nor anything like it. And as a proof, we challenge Mr. Baxter to bring forward a single received translation where it is so rendered; in fact it could not be so translated without violating all the laws of translation. But let us examine this matter a little more closely. All scholars know that the primary meaning of the preposition EN is "in," which, in fact, is the very same word, and comes from the same original root. The word "baptizo" literally means to "dip," or "dip thoroughly;" and thus, as the word could only be translated "dip," and the river Jordan is expressly mentioned in conjunction with the preposition "in," no translator with any pretensions to learning or honesty could have rendered it otherwise than it is in our version. It is plain to us that Mr. Baxter not only does not understand the Greek language, but does not know the laws of language generally, or he could not confound, as he has done, the primary meaning of a word with its secondary. Let us explain this. Almost all leading words in a language, especially its prepositions, have a primary meaning, that is, an original, fundamental signification. This is, as it were, the root, of which all the secondary meanings are but branches; for language being limited, and thought almost infinite in variety, there is a necessity to extend the primary meaning into a vast number of secondary significations, or ideas could not be expressed. But we are not at liberty to use these secondary significations at pleasure, or interchange them with the primary meaning, because under certain circumstances they are so employed. Now the leading rule of all translation is to take the primary meaning of the word where the context admits or requires it, and never to adopt a secondary meaning unless absolutely necessary. Prepositions having many secondary significations are determined not only by the context but by the verb to which they are attached, as will be seen in a moment by any one who will take the trouble of looking at such words as "at," "in," and "to," in a good English dictionary. Thus the meaning of a Greek preposition is not, as this shallow writer would make out, a mere, higgledy-piggledy mass of confusion, but is determined by three rules, which a scholar applies as

instinctively as his eye catches the word: 1. The primary meaning of the preposition; 2. The meaning it usually bears as attached to a verb; 3. The general sense of the context. We are almost ashamed to take up time and patience by explaining such elementary matters; but it is evident to us they are three rules utterly unknown to Mr. Baxter. He puts us in mind of a school-boy who, looking out a word in his Latin dictionary, finds twenty or thirty different meanings given, any one of which, in his innocent simplicity, he thinks will do to use in his translation; and therefore takes the first that comes. So Mr. Baxter, finding that the lexicons give under the word EN thirty-two different meanings, thinks, school-boy like, that he may take any one of them. But what we may excuse in a learner we cannot allow in a professed scholar; and it seems to us perfectly ridiculous to see a man come forward as a solemn, learned critic on the Greek translation, when he evidently not only does not know that language, but not even the laws of language generally, which are as fixed as the sun in its orbit. Bearing these simple principles in mind, just see the absurd way in which he argues that because EN is translated "with" Heb. 9:25, it may be translated "with" Matt. 2:6. In Matt. 2:6 the verb and the sense require the preservation of the primary meaning of the preposition "in;" in Heb. 9:25 both the verb and the sense require the secondary meaning of the preposition "in;" that is, "with," because sense and reason both require (not to name Lev. 16:15) that the priest should enter *with* blood and not *in* blood. But what shallow, what sophistical reasoning to argue because a preposition necessarily bears a secondary meaning in one passage, it therefore may bear it in another where the sense determines the contrary. And if such an arguer do not see this difference, or seeing it abuses it, he must be either extremely ignorant or very sophistical, and is probably both.

Mr. Baxter has devoted a section of his book to the examination of the Greek word "baptize," in which, if possible, he has displayed greater ignorance than in his learned criticism of the Greek prepositions. To play with Greek, unless a man is a real Greek scholar, is to play with edged tools, for he is pretty sure in handling that wonderful language to cut his own fingers:

"28. The words 'bapto' and 'baptizo,' which in common reading are seen in the form of 'baptize,' ought to be clearly understood as to their proper powers of signification.

"'Baptizo' is derived from 'bapto,' and is designated by learned men the diminutive or lesser form of the same. Therefore, if 'bapto' is ever employed to signify the act of dipping, 'baptizo,' put in exactly the same place, will signify dipping less, or not quite so much. And if 'bapto' ever refers to pouring or sprinkling, 'baptizo,' under precisely the same circumstances, will signify pouring, or sprinkling less, or not quite so much. Now always in connexion with the ordinance of baptism, the word 'baptizo,' and not 'bapto,' is employed. As, however, many, nay, nearly all of the most eminent Baptist divines have been anxious to attribute the same power to both words, (though contrary to the usual power of Greek verbs,) I shall not cavil at this, but proceed to treat them as one and the same thing; and this will be giving an advantage, which after all will not affect what I have to advance.

"29. It has been constantly asserted that the word 'baptizo' denotes nothing less than dipping over head and ears; and hence immersion has become so popular, and has been submitted to by such multitudes of the misinformed.

"30. Now, while it would be glaringly false to affirm that the word 'baptizo,' as commonly used by Greek writers, never signifies dipping, plunging, or immersing, it is perfectly true and just to affirm that not one instance can be produced where it signifies the act of one person's dipping another, like as in modern immersion, or the twofold action of dipping into water and raising out. Whosoever, therefore, is baptized by dipping (which is not, however, the scriptural mode, as will be shown) ought to be left in the water, and not pulled out at all; for the pulling out has no more to do with the meaning of the word 'baptizo,' than, in plain English, our words 'put in' and 'pull out' are alike in their meaning. And hence the word signifies to drown, (not rescue,) and we have one instance given of certain Greeks baptizing a man named Aristobulus, namely, drowning him! Dipping and raising combined, in the act of baptism, is an empty theory, having no existence in reality or possibility; and is never intended in scriptural allusions, (Rom. 6, Col. 2,) which we shall hereafter examine."

We have some pretty strong assertions here, and a throwing about of Greek learning which challenges investigation. "Baptizo" is, no doubt, derived from "bapto," but we never had the pleasure of meeting with, or indeed hearing "of

the learned men who designate it the diminutive or lesser form of the same." Would he kindly inform us in what work these learned men have so designated it, and the grounds they have given for their assertion. The termination "izo" is exceedingly common in Greek verbs; and if it be any form at all, which it often is not, it is rather what is called the frequentative form, that is, if "bapto" means "to dip," "baptizo" means "to dip frequently." But we should like to know what learned men informed our author that "if 'bapto' is ever employed to signify the act of dipping, 'baptizo,' put exactly in the same place will signify dipping not quite so much;" whereas the truth is that being a frequentative and not a diminutive form, it is just the contrary, and, instead of signifying "dipping less or not quite so much," it means "dipping much or a great deal more." The real difference between the two words is this, that "bapto" means merely to dip, or dip partially, as the Lord dipped the sop, (John 13:26,) and the rich man in hell asked Abraham to send Lazarus that he might dip the tip of his finger in water; (Luke 16:24;) in both which places "bapto" is used; and the reason is, because in both cases the dipping was partial. In the first case, the Lord's fingers held the upper part of the sop, which was therefore not dipped thoroughly; and in the second, it was the tip of the finger only that was to be dipped and not the whole finger. But "baptize," being a stronger or frequentative form, means to dip thoroughly, over head and ears, and soak the whole person completely. Thus, if I dip my finger into a basin of cold water, that is "bapto;" but if I dip a person in a river, that is "baptizo." As the niceties of a language are not always preserved, Greek authors sometimes use "bapto" in the sense of "baptize," but never "baptize," instead of bapto." The primary meaning of "baptize," is to immerse in water, and all its secondary significations, in good Greek writers, as to be drowned in calamities, soaked with wine, overwhelmed with arguments, &c., bear a reference to the primary meaning of being so dipped in water as to be saturated by it. We are sorry to dwell so long on a point as plain as the light of day to a Greek scholar; but this shallow, borrowed learning deserves exposure.*

* He gives us in one place a list of Greek lexicons, implying, we presume, that he has consulted them all, and that they all favour his views. Amongst them he has named Stephens and Suidas, two expensive books, and only found in good libraries. We gave, many years ago, £18 18s. for a copy of Stephens's Thesaurus, but never possessed Suidas. But on referring the other day in a

public library to these works, we found that Stephens most decidedly declares that "baptizo" signifies to "dip or immerse," and that all the secondary meanings depend on that signification. Suidas does not say a single word about the meaning of "baptizo," and merely mentions that it governs an accusative case. So much for borrowed learning.

But our author adds, "And if 'bapto' ever refers to pouring or sprinkling, 'baptize,' under precisely the same circumstances, will signify pouring or sprinkling less, or not quite so much." Why so chary of the water? as if "Bapto," the great man, held a large waterpot, and "Baptize," the little man, held only a small one; and therefore lest too much water should fall from "Bapto," the little can was given to "Baptizo." But it happens to be just the contrary; for if "bapto" ever meant to pour, which we believe it never does, it only does it once, whereas "baptize," does it again and again, and drenches where the other sprinkles.

But though all our readers cannot see the difference between the two Greek words, or the unhappy use the writer has made of them, all can perceive the shallow, childish reasoning in paragraph 30. Because "baptizo," according to his learned and authoritative dictum, does not include the twofold meaning of immersing and raising,* "whoever is baptized by dipping ought to be left in the water, and not pulled out at all." Such an ignorant speech can only be paralleled by a similar one once made by a preacher of the same views, who said that "if baptism by immersion be a type of Christ lying in the grave, the baptized person should lie three days and nights in the water." What shifts must men be brought to use arguments so weak, and in the latter case so wicked. A person might as fairly argue that a man had not bathed in the Trent, because the word "bathe" does not include the idea of coming out of the water; or that our clothes had not been "washed" because washing does not also mean hanging out to dry. Boys and girls at a Christmas party may amuse or puzzle each other with such quibbles, but it is past bearing that a man should insult an ordinance of God, and to which the blessed Lord himself submitted, with such paltry pellets.

* Our critic is rather unfortunate here; for if he will refer to Stephens's Thesaurus he will find in it a passage from Plutarch, a well-known Greek writer, in which he uses the word "baptizo" of soldiers *drawing* up water by

dipping their drinking vessels into it. There they *raised* the cup as well as *immersed* it.

The chief drift and aim of the book is to unsettle everything, and to settle nothing. The author has evidently a determined prejudice against Believers' Baptism, and therefore casts about in every direction for arguments against it. He most plainly is not seeking to know the mind and will of God, or to submit himself to the truth. There is not, all through the book, the slightest evidence of a broken heart or a contrite spirit, or of any breathing of the soul after divine teaching. It is as if he had a personal quarrel with the ordinance of baptism as practised by those who desire simply to walk in the footsteps of the Lord and his apostles; and though we will do him the justice to say that he does not use the opprobrious terms that some employ to cast contempt on the ordinance of baptism, or work himself up into a rage against it, yet he seems ever on the look out to find some objection or argument to overthrow it. Either not having sufficient judgment to discern between weak arguments and strong, or seeking to impose upon the ignorant, he sometimes brings forward the most childish and ridiculous reasons that we ever remember to have met with. Take, by way of example, the following specimen of his profound reasoning:

"67. I will just add a few words about Naaman 'dipping himself' in 'Jordan,' (2 Kings 5:14,) for here the word TABAL occurs, and is translated 'baptize' in Greek. What has been said of the River Jordan holds good here. What has been said concerning the Greek word EN signifying 'at' as well as 'in,' is precisely true of the Hebrew particle BE. What has been said of the word TABAL and 'baptize' signifying 'cleanse' as well as 'dip' is also correct. And, therefore, all the evidence is in favour of Naaman 'cleansing at' the Jordan seven times. (2 Kings 5:14.) And thus it reads afterwards, 'He was clean.' Because it is easily ascertained from the Scripture account that this noble captain was only a partial leper, by his idea that the prophet Elisha would strike his hand 'over the place' to effect his recovery; and the only ceremonial mode appointed by God for a leper's healing was by 'sprinkling him seven times,' and pronouncing him clean. (Lev. 14:7.) Thus did Naaman, I doubt not, seven times at Jordan; and the nature of Jordan's banks, which have been described, well explain what is meant by his going 'down' to the river. (2 Kings 5:14.)

"68. Not that I would be considered to imply that it would be impossible for a man to bathe or swim in Jordan; but every one at all acquainted with the style of immersing practised in Baptist chapels must be aware that numerous places, suitable for bathing or swimming, would never do for performing the ceremony of immersion, as has been painfully witnessed in the casual loss of life in various rivers, where the current has proved too strong for the minister and his follower. If it could therefore be shown that Naaman dipped or bathed himself in Jordan, (which cannot be done from the original,) it would not in the least affect what has been adduced; for it remains a standard truth that whenever the word 'baptized' ought to be translated 'dip,' in reference to the human person, or part of the person, or anything else, being 'in' or 'under' the water, it never can be used, for a person or thing being dipped and raised, according to the present custom of immersing. This truth cannot be overthrown by any argument of learning."

We hardly know which is more amusing here, the argument or the self-satisfied way in which he pronounces that "it cannot be overthrown by any argument of learning"—a very Mantua or Verona, which no amount of hostile force, no rifled cannon or monster mortars can ever take. Look at the quiet—one might almost say, the daring way in which he denies or explains away the express testimony of the Holy Ghost, 2 Kings 5:10. Let us simply examine the passage as stands: "And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." Look at the words, "Go and wash in Jordan;" and to whom spoken? To a man who was a leper, and no doubt covered with that loathsome disease. How should he "wash in Jordan" but by stripping himself and going down right into the water. But see how awfully, or ignorantly, for it must be one or the other, he perverts Scripture by quoting Lev. 14:7, and arguing as if the priest sprinkled the leper with *water* for his healing, whereas he was healed *before* he was sprinkled, and was sprinkled with *blood* not with water. "Thus did Naaman, I doubt not," he adds, "seven times at Jordan." Did what? Did he sprinkle himself with blood or water? With blood he could not sprinkle himself, as he was not an Israelite nor a priest; and with water he would not, for had he done so he could not have *washed* himself in Jordan. Is sprinkling washing? We could say some severe things here, but we check our pen, against this worse than childish trifling with the word of truth, this perversion of the plainest language of the Holy

Ghost. For what can exceed the absurdity of paragraph 68, except the author's confidence in the force of his argument? But we will merely say this: Here is a man who comes forward to overthrow Believers' Baptism, and in so doing pronounces his deliberate opinion that when Naaman was commanded by a prophet of the Lord to wash in Jordan seven times, and the Holy Ghost declares that he *dipped* himself the seven times in the river, he merely stood on the bank and sprinkled a little water seven times upon a leprous part of the body in imitation of a Levitical ceremony. Now we would appeal to any reader, Baptist or Non-Baptist, and say, What think you of such an exposition, and of such an expositor? Must not a man be very ignorant or very dishonest so to explain away one of the simplest, plainest passages in the whole Bible? Can you depend upon his interpretation of difficult or doubtful passages, when he stumbles at noonday over the plainest and clearest? But after declaring his undoubted opinion that Naaman sprinkled himself seven times with a few drops of Jordan's water in imitation of the Levitical ceremonial, of which Naaman had never heard, and to which he had no right, as not being an Israelite, even if he had heard, and would therefore have been guilty of an act of great presumption—he is kind enough to allow that it would not be impossible for a man to bathe or swim in Jordan—a thing which we know is continually done at the present day, but "that it would never do for the practice of immersion on account of the loss of life in various rivers." Now, we should be very glad to know how many instances there have been of loss of life in rivers by baptizing, and how many ministers have been carried away by the current and their followers. As he has decided that it never would do to baptize in Jordan on account of the loss of life in various English rivers, the least he can do is to furnish a list of drowned ministers and candidates, and point out the dangerous rivers that have caused this sad loss of life. But this point might perhaps be better settled by a quiet summer evening walk. The Trent is a river with a rapid current; but are there no bends where there is scarcely any current at all, no shallow places close to the bank where persons can bathe who cannot swim? There must be depth to make a rapid current dangerous, and this is usually confined to the middle of the stream. Naaman could find in Jordan a place to dip himself seven times without being carried away; and we doubt not that in the Trent there are shallow places near the bank where the little Nottingham boys can bathe without losing life or even legs.

But now see the grave conclusion to which our author comes—"a truth which cannot be overthrown by any argument of learning," and which he lays down with all the authority of a Bentley or a Porson, that "it remains a standard truth that whenever the word baptize ought to be translated 'dip,' in reference to the human person being in or under water, it never can be used for a person or thing being dipped and raised according to the present custom of immersion." Then though the Septuagint Greek translator says of Naaman that he dipped himself (baptized himself) in Jordan, we must never translate the word "baptizo" "dip" when it occurs in the New Testament, because the Baptists *raise* the candidates out of the water after dipping them. He might as well argue that we must not translate John 13:5, "He began to wash the disciples' feet," because the blessed Lord "wiped them with the towel wherewith he was girded," and washing does not include wiping. How a man must impose on his own mind or seek to impose on ours who can bring forward so childish, so absurd an argument as "one that no amount of learning can overthrow." We have no great amount of learning, but enough, we think, to overthrow this; and if our learning were as scant as Mr. Baxter's, or as much borrowed,* we could do it without. Why, it wants no learning at all; it only needs a little common sense. Any Nottingham mechanic with a fair share of good sense would see in a moment the absurdity of such a mode of reasoning. If a word which literally means "dip" must not be translated "dip" because those who dip raise the person dipped, by parity of reasoning the word "pay" must not be rendered "pay" because it does not include taking a receipt for the money.

*** We may say, we believe, of Mr. Baxter's Greek as was said of the axe-head, "Alas! master; it was borrowed." (2 Kings 6:5.) Mr. Thorn, of Winchester, forged the axe-head, though we cannot say of it that the metal is very tough or the edge very sharp.**

We think we have said enough to expose the character of this book, so great in pretension, so little in performance. One thing is certain, that neither this book nor a thousand like it will ever overthrow Believers' Baptism. That stands on a rock; and though a work like this may mislead some unstable souls, and harden others in their prejudices, one believing view of that ordinance will drive away all such carnal reasoning like chaff before the wind, and it will then be at once gladly and affectionately embraced, in the simple

obedience of faith, as commanded by Christ's precept and sanctioned by Christ's example.

(Continued, September, 1859.)

The evidence that Baptism by immersion was the original and scriptural mode is so strong, we may add, so overwhelming, that many learned commentators and writers have admitted the fact whose own principles and practice, as members of national churches, very widely departed from it.* In making this admission, they showed not only that fairness and impartiality which became them as men of sound learning and judgment, but displayed also a good measure of worldly policy. They clearly saw that if they boldly denied so clear and palpable a fact, they were weakening the very cause which they were desirous to establish; for their opponents would immediately retort upon them, "If you are so blind as not to see, or so prejudiced as not to admit a point so plain, a fact so incontrovertible, what judgment must we necessarily form of your competency or of your honesty? Fair, impartial controversy must cease between us, if, in the heat of your unscrupulous advocacy, you deny the plainest facts and distort the clearest evidence." They therefore admitted the fact, but disputed the inference; in other words, they allowed that immersion was the ancient mode, but denied the conclusion that it is the only one. "We grant," say they, "that John baptized the people and the Lord himself by immersion in Jordan, but, surely the *quantity* of water cannot be of any consideration; if water be applied to the body, and the baptismal formula be strictly adhered to, it cannot be of any real moment whether it be by dipping, pouring, or sprinkling." By making this admission, they did not surrender the question, but rather showed themselves skilful generals, for they saw that by extending their flanks they only weakened the centre, and that it was wiser policy to abandon indefensible points and concentrate all their force upon the strong than to lose the whole battle by foolishly contesting a position from which they were sure to be driven.

*** Not to encumber our pages we have thrown into an appendix some of these testimonies.**

But poor Mr. Baxter has either not the sense to see this, or is so obstinate and

prejudiced as to fight against it with his eyes open, and thus has fatally damaged his own cause; for we should think there is scarcely one of our readers who does not see what a mess he has made of it already by denying that John baptized *in* Jordan, and that Naaman *dipped* himself seven times in that same river. It is true that being totally unknown to fame he has not the same credit at stake as authors of established reputation, and may therefore venture rash assertions—if he has no other motives to restrain him. An acknowledged Greek scholar has a reputation to lose, and if any of the really learned men to whom we have alluded had made much a terrible blunder as to assert that "en" (Matt. 3:6) should have been translated "*at* Jordan," and that "there is just as much authority for asserting that the high priest entered the holy place '*in*' blood instead of '*with*' blood as that John baptized the people '*in*' Jordan, for the same word is used," he must for ever have laid down his pen as a critic or a commentator; for a fifth form boy at a grammar school, who had just begun to construe his Greek Testament, would have been in danger of the birch had he so translated the passage. After such a display of his critical powers we should advise Mr. Baxter to lay aside his criticism of our excellent translation, and keep to the plain English Bible. A man who cannot ride is safest on foot; and though the high horse of critical learning may invite a mount, yet the result may be an ugly fall. Blunders in criticism are like offences in society. All are bad, but some are fatal. Society, in its leniency, forgives what it considers light slips; but there are offences, or rather crimes, which it never pardons. So there are mistakes in criticism which scholars forgive; but there are blunders which are *ipso facto* unpardonable.

We should not be so severe upon this point if this blunder were a solitary specimen of his ignorance, not only of Greek, but of the simplest elements of the laws of criticism and of language generally. We feel therefore compelled to bring forward still further evidence of the truth of our assertions, that none may accuse us of dogmatically riding down an opponent because he differs from us on a point where there has been so wide a diversity of opinion, even among good men. We do not object to fair controversy, for truth is often elicited thereby; but a shallow, disingenuous, sophistical book like this, where, under a show of learned argument, there is nothing but childish ignorance, deserves to be exposed and held up in its true colours. If, then, we dwell on this point a little closely and largely, let our readers bear in mind that here a

man voluntarily comes forward to overthrow the ordinance of Believers' Baptism by an appeal to the Greek original, and by instituting a long and laborious criticism on the power and meaning of a certain Greek word which is employed by the sacred writers. Now, how can we meet this mode of argument, one quite out of the reach of unlearned readers, unless we come into the field with similar weapons, to drive him out of it by convicting him of ignorance or sophistry? We will endeavour to make the matter as plain and as simple as we possibly can; but we cannot expect that upon such untrodden ground all our readers can accompany our steps.

As "baptize" is not a pure English word, but is merely an Anglicised form of the Greek term "baptizo," much of the baptismal controversy necessarily turns on the precise meaning of the original expression. But as this point can only be settled by a thorough examination of the word as used by Greek authors, the whole circle of Greek literature has been ransacked to find out its true meaning. Besides the help afforded by a number of independent, and therefore impartial, Greek Lexicons, (as Greek dictionaries are called,) and a whole string of commentators in all ages and of all persuasions, Dr. Gale and other learned Baptist writers have brought forward nearly every passage where the term is found, for it is not a word of very frequent occurrence, and thoroughly examined it. It may, therefore, be safely said that, what with the aid of enemies and what with the help of friends, scarcely any Greek term has been examined so fully and so carefully as the word "baptizo."

But unhappily a great element of confusion has been imported into the question by the introduction into the argument of another term, "bapto," which, though a kindred form, is really quite a distinct word. Dr. Gale and other learned Baptist authors, as it appears to us, have committed an error, and allowed their opponents an undue advantage by regarding the two words as synonymous. The laws of language were not so well understood fifty years ago, as they now are, and modern criticism* has decided that synonyms, that is, words of precisely the same meaning, except in mixed tongues like our own, are exceedingly rare, and that every word in pure languages, such as the Greek, has its own peculiar and distinct shade of meaning, so that no other word can be fully substituted for it. As a proof of the correctness of this decision we may observe that if "bapto" and "baptizo" were perfectly synonymous terms, they would be used indifferently for each other; whereas,

in the New Testament the word "bapto" is never once used to signify the administration of baptism, but always the word "baptizo." This fact, which no one can dispute, at once puts "bapto" out of court, and limits the question to the simple meaning of the word "baptizo," as used by the best Greek authors. Now, bearing this in mind, let us read the following piece of learned criticism:

*** See Dr. Trench's little works on the English language.**

"In the first place, observe that the most learned Greek lexicographers employ not fewer than twenty-three Latin words to explain different things intended by the Greek word 'baptize!' and three of these, namely, 'cleanse,' 'purge,' 'wash,' are all scriptural terms, having reference to the blood and Spirit of Christ, without the slightest allusion to the idea of dipping.

"33. The blood of Jesus is called 'the blood of sprinkling,' not dipping; (Heb. 12:24;) and is declared to 'cleanse,' (1 John 1:7,) to 'purge,' (Heb. 9:13, 14,) and to 'wash.' (Rev. 1:5.) The quantity never being a consideration, but the infinite value of the quality. (Heb. 9:25, 26; 10:11-14.)"

We should be highly pleased if Mr. Baxter would favour us with "the twenty-three Latin* words which the most learned Greek lexicographers employ to explain the different things intended by the Greek word 'baptize,' "for we have carefully examined the Lexicons† and cannot find them. But observe the assertion that "three of these, namely, to cleanse, purge, and wash, have reference to the blood and Spirit of Christ," without the slightest idea of dipping. Now we should think that the three terms "cleansing," "purging," (the old English word for purifying) and "washing," had all a reference to the idea of dipping, unless the Nottingham plan is to cleanse dirty hands, purify dirty floors, and wash dirty clothes, as landladies are said to wash sheets at inns, by sprinkling a little water upon them. But how absurd it is to argue because the blood of Christ is called in one place by a metaphor, "the blood of sprinkling," and in three others is declared to "cleanse," "purge," and "wash," that, therefore, the word translated baptize means to sprinkle. I might as well argue, because gold may be called by a metaphor, "thick clay," (Hab. 2:6.) that the literal meaning of a sovereign is a piece of dirt. It does not follow because the blood of Christ is called in one place "the blood of sprinkling," and in another is said "to wash," that sprinkling and washing are

the same things. They are two distinct metaphors borrowed from two distinct sources, and have no connection with each other. Christ says of himself, "I am the vine;" "I am the good shepherd." Is therefore a vine a shepherd? His blood is said to be sprinkled and to wash; and the same argument that would thence prove sprinkling to be washing would prove a vine to be a shepherd. If such reasoning be valid, we might argue, because we read that "the blood of sprinkling *speaketh* better things than the blood of Abel," and is also said to "cleansing from all sin," that to speak means to cleanse. Sprinkling, cleansing, purifying, washing, speaking, are so many distinct figurative terms applied to the blood of Jesus, and no argument can be founded on these figures as to the literal meaning of they Greek word "baptizo." We have called this a sophistical book, that is, one which brings forward false and fallacious arguments, and seeks to impose them upon us as true. Have we not given here the clearest proof of it?

*** We shrewdly suspect that Mr. B. counted up all the words in the Latin sentences which are used to explain the Greek terms and mistook them for so many different meanings.**

† It is rather amusing to see in so learned a critic such an ignorance of the present state of Greek lexicography, the fact being, that such old trumpery Greek and Latin Lexicons as Hedericus (whom he calls Hedricus), and Leigh, have been for many years superseded by Greek and English, as Donegan's, or Scott and Liddell's, or Greek and German, as Schneider's and Passow's. We venture to say there is not a single classical school in England where a Greek and Latin Lexicon is now used. The absurdity of teaching one dead language by another is now clearly seen, and has saved the poor schoolboy many a tear.

But this sophistry, be it ignorance or be it craft, and we are strongly inclined to think it is a mixture of both, will be more clear from our examination of the following extract:

"36. Moreover, the greatest Baptist divines, who have ransacked Greek poets, philosophers, and divines, admit finding that there are forty-two significations to the word 'baptize,' and that 'pour,' 'purify,' and 'sprinkle,' are among the actions intimated by it, as well as 'dip.'

"38. But, in reality, there are at least fifty different applications of the word 'baptize' by Greek writers!

"39. And it will be found that it denotes in numerous instances the 'giving' or 'applying' of a substance or kind of impression to a person or thing, and not by any means the 'dipping' of a person or thing into a substance, as may be seen in a few quotations; for the word 'baptize' is used in the ten examples following: 1st. 'Daubing' the face with paint. 2nd. 'Colouring' the cheeks by intoxication. 3rd. 'Ornamenting' clothes with a print, needle or brush. 4th. Beating a person till 'red' with his own blood. 5th. The natural 'tints' of a bird or flower. 6th. 'Poisoning' the heart with evil manners.

"40. 7th. 'Dyeing' the hair of the head and beard.

"41. 8th. 'Staining' a man's garment with blood, by piercing him with a sword.

"42. 9th. 'Overwhelming' ships with stones from above. 10th. 'Tinging' the waters of a lake with the blood of a frog.

"43. The priests of Cotys were called Baptists, from their 'staining' their bodies with certain colours."

Here comes the schoolboy again with his dictionary in his hand, but without the sense to use it. Let us be the schoolmaster, and teach him how.

But first let us look at your dictionary and see that you are using it honestly to begin with. "There are at least fifty different applications of the word baptize, by Greek writers." Who would not think from this bold assertion that the word "baptize" has fifty different meanings? A more unfounded assertion was never made. Mr. Baxter has, either from ignorance or disingenuousness, lumped together two distinct Greek words "bapto" and "baptize," for all the meanings that he has given except the ninth (42), are applications of the word "bapto," which we have already shown is a distinct word from "baptize."

But how disingenuous to try to persuade his English readers that the Greek word "baptize," is used where it never is, but a term which is never employed

by any writer to signify the administration of the ordinance of baptism! We have examined, we believe, nearly every passage in which the word "baptize" is used in the Greek authors, besides consulting the best Lexicons, in Latin, English, and German, and, as we shall presently show, we cannot find in any one of them that the Greek word "baptizo" ever means pouring, or sprinkling, or putting on. "Bapto" has most of the metaphorical meanings that Mr. B. has assigned to it; but as "bapto" is never once used to signify the ordinance of Christian baptism, not the slightest argument can be drawn from that circumstance.

Now what should we think of a counsellor in a court of justice, who, having taken a vehement dislike to a certain individual, but not being able to catch or convict him of any crime, got hold of a cousin, very much like him, and tried to persuade judge and jury that he was the true criminal? But this is what Mr. Baxter has done here. Not being able to seize and hang simple, innocent "baptizo," he has caught his looser cousin, "bapto," and has laid, first twenty-three, and then fifty different charges against him, trying to persuade an honest English jury that it is "baptizo," who all the time is in the dock. If you doubt this, read the following sentence, and judge for yourself what conclusion a simple English reader would draw from it. "But in reality there are at least fifty different applications of the word baptize by Greek writers." Would not the English reader conclude from this bold assertion that the very same word which is rendered baptize in the New Testament, is used by these Greek writers in these fifty different applications? Now we assert on the contrary, that the Greek word "baptizo," which is the only word translated "baptize" in the New Testament, is not once used in all the passages quoted except one. Is this ignorance or sophistry; incompetency or dishonesty? Let him take his choice. Our first charge then against Mr. Baxter is, that he has ignorantly or disingenuously confounded two distinct words. Our next charge is, that he has confounded two distinct meanings.

In our last Number we pointed out his remarkable ignorance of the distinction between the primary and secondary meaning of the Greek preposition; "en."* We have now to point out a similar specimen of ignorance of the difference between the proper and the metaphorical meaning of a verb. Here, then, we must give our schoolboy, hoping that he will prove a docile pupil, a little more elementary instruction about the meaning of words. Words, then, have usually

a primary, or what logicians call a "proper" meaning, that is, a strict literal signification. Take, for instance, the common English word "door." Its primary or proper meaning is an opening into a room, and thence the piece of wooden framework which opens or closes the entrance. But, beside this proper meaning, it has a metaphorical, or what logicians call an "improper" signification; for the mind, seizing the common resemblance of an opening, transfers the word to a variety of analogous uses in which that leading idea predominates. Thus we read in the Scriptures of "a door of hope;" (Hosea. 2:15;) of "a door of utterance;" (Col. 4:3;) of "the door of faith;" (Acts 14:27;) of "a great and effectual door;" (1 Cor. 16:9;) and the blessed Lord himself says, "I am the door." (John 10:7.) Now, all these are metaphorical meanings of the word door, the mind transferring, by what is called a metaphor, the primary signification of an opening into a room to other entrances or openings. But these transferred or metaphorical meanings are not vague and indeterminate, for the laws of language are most strictly fixed; but, like the branches of a tree, have all a union with the common stem and with each other, because they all grow out of the same root. Upon all the metaphorical meanings of the word "door," the leading idea of an opening is indelibly stamped, and no other; and thus the word grows, not as a wild forest of unconnected brambles, but as a single tree of many branches, yet having but one stem and one root. Language is the express gift of God to man, and is as much framed in, and evolved out of the human mind by certain fixed laws as the babe grows in the womb. This wondrous instrument of thought and vehicle of expression is not then a Babel of confusion, but a well planned harmonious building, constructed by the great Creator with as much wisdom as the body in which that wondrous mind dwells. If Mr. Baxter had but known the elementary laws of language, and no man should pretend to be a critic on the meaning of words who has not learnt the very groundwork of verbal criticism, he would never have imposed on his own mind, or sought to impose on ours, by hunting up from authors fifty different metaphorical applications of the word "bapto," to overthrow its proper meaning of "dip;" but would have seen that all these different metaphorical meanings were definitely allied to that primary signification. Thus, "bapto" means "to dye," because dyed things are dipped; "to colour the cheeks by intoxication," because a drunkard's red face looks as if it had been dipped in scarlet dye; "to poison the heart with evil manners," because such a heart is as if dipped or immersed in immorality. He might as well argue that the English word dip

does not mean to immerse but to sprinkle, if a person were to say to him, "I have just dipped into your work, and find it worthless," because dipping there does not mean plunging into his book over head and ears, and throwing its deep learning and overwhelming criticism over him, with all the delight of an elephant in the Ganges, but casting a few glances here and there—sprinkling a look or two over its pages. It is almost as if finding what a sturdy root and stem this "bapto" has, he had conceived a determined enmity to both, and therefore cut down fifty of its branches to use them as levers to tear up the noble tree, hoping that in its fall it would also bring down its twin brother "baptizo."

* We may explain this to an English reader by a similar preposition "in," in our own language. "He came to me in the hour of need. There "in" means "at." "He came to me at the hour of need;" and a Frenchman would translate it, "*a l'heure.*" Therefore, according to Mr. Baxter, if I had a very valuable horse *in* the Trent, a person might come and tell me my horse was *at* the Trent; so that while he meant that my horse was drowning in the stream, I might think he was quietly grazing on the bank. How does this differ from his saying that John sprinkled *at* Jordan, when the Scriptures declare that he dipped *in* Jordan?

Having instructed our pupil into the difference between the proper and metaphorical meaning of a word, we will now proceed to give him a further lesson in verbal criticism. Never take a metaphorical meaning farther than its analogy to the primary signification will allow; and above all, never mingle or confound two distinct metaphors in one and the same word, as if the metaphorical meaning could grow out of two different roots; for by doing this you are employing a metaphorical meaning to overthrow the proper one. This is downright parricide—making the son kill the father. But this you have done, Mr. Baxter; you have tried to hang poor "bapto" upon your critical tree by the parricidal hand of his fifty sons; you have put him on the rack to make him speak what he never meant, and put fifty cords into the hands of his children to wring out of his lips the words "pour" and "sprinkle," which he never did or could utter. You have raked together, or rather availed yourself of other men's rakings, a great number of metaphorical meanings of the word "bapto,"—passing him slyly off all the time as "baptizo," and then set all these meanings to destroy the primary and proper meaning of the word. Now,

we tell you for your information, and we hope you will treasure it up in your memory as long as you live, that the proper and primary meaning of the word "bapto" is "to dip," and besides this that it never means in any of its metaphorical significations "pour" or "sprinkle." If you will not believe our assertion, look into the Appendix to this article, where you will find the meaning of the word given by the best lexicons which have ever been published. And lay up in your mind also this rule of sound criticism, Never write on a subject that you do not fully understand, or aim at a character for learning unless you really possess it. Did space admit, we could take every one of your meanings and show that on each of them was stamped the primary idea of dipping, and not any idea of pouring or sprinkling. And we further tell you that one of the greatest fallacies which a writer can be guilty of in argument is to argue from the metaphorical meaning of a word, omitting or ignoring the primary signification, and drawing the metaphor from another source. Allow us to show you this fallacy by an extract from your learned work:

"44. As the word 'baptize' is used to denote dyeing, lest any person should think dyeing must be performed by dipping, one more extract from a Greek writer will be useful. Hippocrates says, 'When it (the dyeing liquid) "drops" upon the garments, they are "baptized." The primitive method of dyeing consisted in laying the colouring matter on the cloth by carved prints or brushes, to produce variegated apparel. Indeed, President Goguet says, that the origin of dyeing consisted in pressing the juices of various herbs and fruits on the cloth, or in staining it with certain earths of various colours."

The word "baptizo" never means "to dye" but the word "bapto" does; and the reason is, because, as all dyed things are dipped, by a metaphorical use of the word, dipped things are said to be dyed. But because it is possible to dye things which are not dipped, you must not try from that circumstance to overthrow the proper and primary meaning of the word "dip," and argue because a thing may be dyed without being dipped, therefore "to dip" means "to pour or sprinkle." Let us take a fallacy in fact to show this. You are in want of a pair of black worsted stockings, for winter wear, and you go into a hosier's shop to buy them. "Are they well dyed?" you ask. "Very well," is the answer. You take the stockings home, and put them on. The dye certainly does rather come off on the legs; but let that pass. They are sent to the wash. Why,

all the colour washes out, and they are black stockings no more. You go back to the shop and say, "How you have deceived me. You told me the stockings were well dyed." "So they are." "But were they dipped?" "O no; I never said they were. We follow a new plan, which we found mentioned in the book of a fellow-townsmen, and to satisfy you that dyed stockings need not be dipped, an extract from a Greek writer will be useful, which I will read to you from his learned work: 'Hippocrates says, when it, the dyeing liquid, drops upon the garments, they are baptized.' We have dropped the dyeing liquid upon your stockings, and that is just the same, according to Hippocrates, as if they were dipped. We have found it a most useful extract in every sense of the word. Besides which, we are positively informed that it is the primitive method of dyeing, and President Gouget says that the origin of dyeing consisted in pressing the juices of various herbs and fruits on the cloth. This is what we have done to your stockings, and we call it the primitive Greek dye."

Now, what is the difference between a fallacy in word and a fallacy in fact—between the juggle of a Nottingham preacher and the juggle of a Nottingham trader? "Bapto" means "to dye," because dyed things are dipped; and to try to persuade me that "bapto" means "to pour or sprinkle," just because a Greek writer uses the word in a metaphorical sense, or because in rude, primitive times juices were dropped or pressed on the cloth, is to juggle with my understanding—a fraud surely as great, if not so palpable, as to juggle with my pocket, unless an ordinance of God's house is of less value than a pair of black worsted stockings.

But as an illustration from our own language may more fully explain the difference between the proper and the metaphorical meaning of a word, and may thus show Mr. Baxter's fallacy more clearly, let us take the English word "bury," and treat it as he has treated "bapto." Its proper meaning is to put a dead body into the grave and cover it with earth. But it has many metaphorical meanings, as, "buried in silence," "buried in thought," "buried in tears," "buried in oblivion;" but all these metaphorical meanings are derived from the primary, and are connected with it by some real or fancied resemblance. Now, suppose £100,000 were to be gained 2,000 years hence, when the English had become a dead language, by a man who could prove that the English word "bury" did not mean putting a corpse into the ground and covering it up with mould, but signified pouring earth or sprinkling dust on its face. Now, how would he set to work to prove this? He, would rake

together a great many secondary or metaphorical meanings of the word "bury," and thus argue from them: "We read in an ancient English author, 'buried in thought.' Now, it is evident that when a man thinks, it is with his head only, not with his whole body, and therefore 'buried in thought' refers to the old English way of burying, which was not by putting the corpse into a grave, and covering it up with mould, but by pouring earth on the face, or sprinkling its head with dust. Besides, another celebrated English author uses the expression, 'buried in tears.' Now, we well know that it is impossible to bury a man in tears, for that would drown him; and the utmost amount of tears is but a succession of drops, which may be said to pour down or be sprinkled over the face. Therefore the old English word 'to bury,' from which some amongst us have drawn such ridiculous conclusions as to the ancient mode of sepulture, clearly meant pouring or sprinkling mould over the face. But we also read in old English books of being 'buried in sleep.' Now, sleep descends gently over a man; he is not put into it and covered up by it, but it is poured over him, or is gently sprinkled upon him. A very ancient English author, called Milton, has the two following lines about sleep, which will clearly show this:

'And sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly *fell* on me.'
'Till *dewy* sleep
Oppress'd them.'

From these lines it is most clear that as sleep falls on a person, and drops on them like dew, the expression, 'buried in sleep,' most satisfactorily proves that 'to bury' meant to pour or sprinkle earth over the face of a corpse. In another well-known English writer, whose works have been handed down to us, we meet with the expression, 'buried in oblivion.' But oblivion is not a sudden act, as a man is put at once into a grave, and there quite covered up, but it comes very gradually over men and things. It is, as it were, poured or sprinkled over them, for no one could say that any celebrated person or event was at once put into oblivion and covered up by it. It therefore most clearly proves that the ancient English word 'bury' did not mean interring in a grave, as the narrow-minded and contemptible sect of "burialists" still existing among us fanatically asserts, who still continue, in opposition to the established mode of interment, to put their dead into a grave, and cover them up with earth, but

signified pouring or sprinkling mould over the face, as has been practised among us these 1,500 years. As an additional proof that this last was the ancient English form of burial, large quantities of bones were lately found in the Crimea, near the ruins of a place called in ancient records, Sebastopol, where history relates the English soldiers were buried in large numbers after a dreadful battle; and it is evident from the bones being so near the surface that the ancient English never buried their dead in graves as some so foolishly assert, but laid them on the ground, and poured or sprinkled mould upon them."

This would or should pass for very learned argument; and if millions a year could be got by sprinkling dust on corpses, instead of water on babies, it would be considered the soundest possible reasoning—a thoroughly golden conclusion. At any rate, the reasoning would be just as good as Mr. Baxter's, for it is exactly the same,—only transferred from a Greek word which few understand to an English word which all understand.

We are almost weary of exposing this worthless book; and yet the more we look into it, the more we are struck with the depth of its ignorance and the boldness of its presumption. Take the following specimen of both:

"96. For in the New Testament the word 'baptism' specifies an ordinance, and 'baptize,' the administration of that ordinance, without indicating any particular mode, but leaving it entirely to comparison with the thing signified for the demonstration of the right manner of performance; the sole meaning of 'baptize' being 'to dedicate, confirm, or establish.'

"101. For if either of the Greek words, Buthizo, Duno, Dupto, Epikluzo, Pluno, Pontizo, had been employed to describe the ceremony, there would have been something like real foundation for dipping or plunging. And, on the other hand, had Cheo or Rhantizo been employed, for deciding in favour of pouring or sprinkling, by the mere words alone. But as it is the unsatisfactory Greek word Baptizo, Scripture must be its own expositor; and all its plain, unmistakeable terms are not dipping, plunging, or immersing, but pouring and sprinkling, the great signification of the ordinance being 'to confirm or establish.'"

Mr. B. here declares that "the sole meaning of 'baptize' is to *dedicate, confirm, or establish,*" meanings which it never had or could have. It is a gross mistake, or a mere sophistical pretence, to assume that the word "baptize" in the original has some mystical or peculiar meaning—that it is a kind of hieroglyphical abracadabra, or unintelligible term used in some ancient Assyrian inscription or dug-up tablet, the subtle signification of which has to be laboriously picked out by comparison of text with text. Sophists and erroneous men have always endeavoured thus to cast plain, simple words into obscurity, that they may juggle with them in the dark; for error, like the cuttle-fish, instinctively throws out a cloud of sophistical ink when it feels upon it the strong grasp of truth. The plain meaning of the word or text cuts their error to pieces, and therefore they pull the sword all awry because they cannot face its straight point and keen edge. The original word "baptizo" means "to dip or immerse;" and except metaphorically, in which sense it is very rarely used, and then always with reference to its primary meaning, it signifies nothing else. In fact, it is a plain, simple, Greek word, whose meaning is as well known and is as clearly determined as any in the language. What ignorance, then, or arrogance, it is to declare that "its sole meaning is to dedicate, confirm, or establish," not one of which significations it has, or indeed can have, either primarily or metaphorically.

But now for another specimen of learned ignorance: "If either (any) of the Greek words, Buthizo, Duno, Dupto, Epikluzo, Pluno, Pontizo, had been employed to describe the ceremony, there would have been something like a real foundation for deciding in favour of dipping or plunging." Does the man know the meaning of these Greek words, or of any one of them? If he do not, which we believe is the case, why does he quote them? If he do, what sophistry to assert that any one of them could be used in the sense of "dip" as used in baptism! "Buthizo" means to sink a ship in the depths of the sea; "duno," to sink, dive, or set, as the sun or a star; "dupto," to dive as a gull in a wave; "epikluzo," to overflow, flood, and thence swamp and destroy; "pluno," to wash linen—never used of the human body; "pontizo," to sink in the sea, and be drowned. To immerse a believer in water is not to sink the body, like a foundering ship, in the depths of the ocean; nor dive into the waves or set in the sea, like a star; nor duck like a gull; nor swamp with a flood; nor wash dirty clothes, nor be drowned in the sea. The long list of words, then, which he, or some shallow scholar before him, has stripped out of their good Greek

jackets, and arrayed against "baptizo," could not possibly have been used by the sacred writers. Nor is the Greek term "baptizo" "an *unsatisfactory* word"—except to those who are trying to pull it all to pieces and cannot succeed. It is a most satisfactory word as it stands in the Greek Testament. The chief pity is that our translators did not render it, as they ought to have done, "dip;" "and were dipped by him in Jordan, confessing their sins." It is gross ignorance or presumptuous arrogance to call it an "unsatisfactory" word. It well satisfied the Holy Ghost who inspired the Apostles to use it, and it well satisfies those who receive it into their faith and practice as he has revealed it.

Here then, we dismiss this unsatisfactory book—unsatisfactory in every sense but one, that it has thoroughly satisfied us of the ignorance, the presumption, and the sophistry of its author. His rash tampering with God's word, his denial or perversion of the plainest statements of Scripture, his stout opposition to everything which militates against his views, are worse features than his ignorance, or even his sophistry. We have only given a few specimens; but were it worth while, we could go through his book from beginning to end, and show the same features stamped upon the whole. Indeed, it must ever be so when a man opposes truth and seeks to bolster up error. The further he advances into that field, the more he must entangle himself in sophistry and betray the weakness of his arguments. There is good then even in such a book as this, for the more elaborate it is the weaker it is; and thus its confusion and entanglements only afford to truth a more easy victory.

APPENDIX.

"Their wonted manner of administering this sacrament was to plunge the persons baptized thrice into the water."—*Dion. Petavius*.

"The form of baptizing was by plunging into the water, as even the word 'baptizo' itself plainly enough shows."—*Casaubon*.

"That this rite was wont to be performed by immersion, and not by perfusion, appears both by the propriety of the word (baptizo) and the places chosen for its administration, John 3:23; Acts 8:38, and the many allusions of the Apostles which cannot be referred to sprinkling."—*Grotus*.

"He that was baptized, was plunged into the water."—*Jurieu*.

"The manner of baptizing at that time, by plunging into the water those whom they baptized, was an image of the burial of Jesus Christ."—*Le Clerc*.

"It being so expressly declared here, and Coloss. 2:12, that we are buried with Christ in baptism, by being buried under water; and the argument to oblige us to conformity to his death, by dying to sin being taken thence, and this immersion being religiously observed by all Christians for thirteen centuries, and approved by the church, and the change of it into sprinkling even without any allowance from the Author of its institution, or any license from any council of the church, being that which the Romanist still urgeth to justify his refusal of the cup to the laity; it were to be wished that this custom might be again of general use."—*Dr. Whitby*, on Romans. 6:4.

"And then naming it after them, if they shall certify him that the child may well endure it, he shall dip it in the water discreetly and warily. But if they certify that the child is weak, it shall suffice to pour water upon it."—*Church of England Rubric*.

"They were baptized, or dipped under, which is the peculiar meaning of the frequentative form 'baptizo,' from 'bapto, to dip in;' (John 13:6;) and so was the rite administered, according to Rom. 6:4. Baptism, as the cleansing of the body, was an emblem of the inward cleansing from sin."—*De Wette*, on Matt. 3:6.

BAPTO.—I. *Transit*. To dip, dip under. Latin, *immergere*; of the smith tempering the red-hot steel. 2. To dip in dye, to dye the hair, also of the glazing of earthen vessels. *Comic*, to steep one in crimson, to give one a bloody coxcomb. 3. To fill by dipping in, draw. II. *Intrans*. The ship dipped, sank."—*Scott and Liddell*.

BAPTIZO.—To dip repeatedly; of ships, to sink them; to bathe; soak in wine; over head and ears in debt; a boy drowned with questions. II. To draw water. III. To baptize. New Test."—*Scott and Liddell*.

"In Greek writers, from Plato onwards, 'baptizo' is everywhere to sink and immerse, to overwhelm either wholly or partially."—*Robinson*. Lexicon in New Test.

"BAPTIZO.—Often and repeatedly to dip; to dip under, and thence to wet, moisten, and drench."—*Passow*.

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The True Signification of the English Adjective, "Mortal," and the Awfully Erroneous Consequences of the Application of that Term to the Ever Immortal Body of Jesus Christ, briefly Considered. By Henry Cole.

In that wondrous prayer which the Lord Jesus Christ, as the great High Priest over the house of God, offered up to his heavenly Father on the eve of his sufferings and death, there is a declaration which demands of all who fear God the deepest and most attentive consideration. It is this: "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."* (John 17:3.) In the preceding verse the blessed Lord had told his heavenly Father that he had "given him power over all flesh," for this express purpose, "that he should give eternal life to as many as God had given him." But for the instruction of the church of God for all time, that she might clearly understand and know what this eternal life is which he has to bestow, and that on a matter so vital, so essential, no mistake might be made, he graciously adds the explanation to which we have already referred. By this plain and decisive declaration, he would for ever show that the eternal life which he has to give is no visionary, imaginary, dim, and dreamy heaven; no mere deliverance at death from illness, pain, and suffering; no narrow escape from hell, just at the last gasp; no reward of merit, or purchase of a death-bed repentance; no fruit of juggling ceremonies or absolving priests, got in the very article of dissolution, by a drop of oil or a little bread and wine; no entrance for unregenerate souls into a paradise of unknown bliss, of which on earth there had been no foretaste, and for which no previous meetness or spiritual preparedness had been inwardly wrought. All such carnal views of heaven, all such natural notions of a state of happiness after death of deceivers and deceived, the blessed Lord at once and for ever cast out by declaring with

his own lips of truth and grace that the eternal life which he had to bestow consisted in two things: 1. The knowledge of the only true God; and, 2. The knowledge of himself as the sent of the Father.

* These words are often incorrectly quoted, by which much of their force and meaning is lost, "And this is life eternal, to know thee," &c. But the Lord's words are, "that they might know thee." In the original the article stands before "life eternal," so that the meaning of the whole passage is, "And this is the life eternal which he has to give, that they whom thou hast given him may know thee," &c. He thus explains what this eternal life is, and that it is given to the objects of his Father's love and choice, that they, and they only, might have the inward and unfailing possession of it in time and for eternity.

The importance and significance of this declaration it is impossible to overstate. Its infinite weight is determined by eternal life being laid in the opposite scale; its immeasurable breadth by the commencement of heaven dating from a life on earth. For eternal life begins below, to be consummated above; is sown in grace, to be harvested in glory. Thus Enoch walked with God before he was translated; Abraham was the friend of God; and Moses saw the Lord face to face. These and all the Old Testament saints "desired a heavenly country" before they reached it. (Heb. 11:16.) But how could they desire a country of which they had no knowledge, foretaste, or enjoyment? Can we desire that of which we know nothing, feel nothing, taste nothing, enjoy nothing? "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee," is the experience of every soul that by the letting down of heaven upon earth finds earth itself the very portal of heaven. But how can it know there is a God in heaven, unless it has found that God on earth; or desire none beside him even here below, unless here below it has felt and known his love?

But it is not our purpose to open or enlarge upon this declaration of the blessed Lord in its general bearings, or as comprehending the whole of the important truth couched therein. The part which rests with weight upon our own mind at this present moment is that which places the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ on the same level with the knowledge of the only true God. How deep, then, how mysterious, and yet how blessed must that knowledge be to obtain, to possess, to enjoy which is to be put into possession, whilst here

below, of life everlasting. Science, learning, knowledge, general or special, mental ability, mechanical skill, political wisdom, intellectual refinement, and every attainment which, in a state of high civilization, elevates men above the slaves of drunkenness and debauchery, are well for time. Who can despise such a wonder of science and skill as the Great Eastern, though he that fears God and trembles at his word may call to mind the woes denounced against ancient Tyre for her riches and her pride, (Ezek. 26, 27, 28,) and may see with fear that what she was England is, and that the same sins may call down the same doom. But what are all the attainments of science, all the wonders of art, all the triumphs of engineering skill for eternity? Yes; were all the science, and art, all the skill, wealth, and power, now divided among thousands, concentrated in one individual, what would the whole collective array be compared with one grain of grace, one ray of divine teaching, one drop of atoning blood in the conscience, or one gleam of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost? If, then, this spiritual and saving knowledge of Jesus Christ whom God hath sent is a free gift, and yet is only bestowed upon those whom the Father has given to his dear Son, how precious the possession, but O how exclusive the boon! How as with a two-edged sword this word out of the mouth of the Son of God (Rev. 1:16) cuts both ways; how, as a key worn on his shoulder and wielded by his divine hand, it shuts as well as opens; how, whilst with one hand it raises millions to hope and heaven, with the other it sinks millions into despair and hell. As a healing word from the Lord's lips it brings rest and peace to prayerful hearts, wounded consciences, and contrite spirits; but, as a word of truth and righteousness, it for ever seals the doom of the ignorant and unbelieving, the self-confident and the self-righteous, the dead in sin and the dead in profession.

As all true Christians believe that the Lord Jesus Christ is God and man, this spiritual, saving knowledge of his Person and work, his love and grace, his blood and righteousness, divides itself into two branches: 1. A gracious acquaintance with his Deity as the eternal Son of God; 2. A gracious knowledge of his humanity as the Son of man.

In some of our late Numbers we ventured to lay before our spiritual readers some of those scriptural views of the eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord which we have seen and felt in our own soul as the solemn truth of God. And as we have reason to believe that what we were enabled to write upon that

subject has been received with a measure of acceptance by those who know and love the truth as it is in Jesus,* we have felt encouraged now to bring before them some reflections on the sacred humanity of the blessed Redeemer. To know him as God, to know him as man, to know him as God-man, and this by a divine revelation of his glorious Person, blood, and love, to our souls—this is indeed to have eternal life in our breasts. Nor can he be savingly known in any other way but by divine and special revelation, for "no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." (Matt. 11:27.) The Apostle, therefore, prays for the saints at Ephesus, that "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ would give unto them the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Christ, the eyes of their understanding being enlightened." (Eph. 1:17, 18.) He prayed for the same blessing for them as he had enjoyed for himself, as he speaks, "But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me." (Gal. 1:15, 16.) He knew, therefore, in himself, in his own blessed and happy experience, what it was to be "filled with the knowledge of God's will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding;" (Col. 1:9;) and to be blessed with "all riches of the full assurance of understanding to the acknowledgment (or knowledge) of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ; in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." (Col. 2:2, 3.) Thus he travailed in birth again for the Galatians until "Christ was formed in them;" (Gal. 4:19;) and prayed for the Ephesians, "that Christ might dwell in their hearts by faith." (Eph. 3:17.) He speaks also of their having "learned Christ," "heard of Christ," and "been taught of Christ," (Eph. 4:20, 21,) all which expressions point to a divine discovery of his Person and work to the heart. The blessed Lord also assured his sorrowing disciples that he would "come to them," and that they should "see" him, and "live" upon him; that they should "know that he was in them," and that he would "manifest himself to them and make his abode with them." (John 14:18-23.) Nor were these blessings and favours limited to the Lord's own immediate disciples. As "the precious ointment which was poured upon the head" of our great High Priest "went down to the skirts of his garments," (Ps. 133:2,) so there is "an anointing which teacheth" the lowest and least of the members of the mystical body of Christ "of all things, and is truth, and no lie." (1 John 2:27.) By this unction from above every one that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto Christ; (John 6:45;) and knoweth for "himself that

the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true." (1 John 5:20.) If, then, we are favoured with this teaching, and "a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven," (John 3:27,) we shall see, by the eyes of our enlightened understanding "the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh," and what we thus see we shall believe, love, and adore.

* We hinted our intention to publish those papers, if the Lord enabled, in a more complete form. This we still hope, with his blessing, to do; but continued absence from home, through ministerial engagements, has at present prevented us from carrying our purpose into execution. To write on so deep and important a subject, especially in the face of the opposition which those papers have called forth, demands much meditation, prayer, searching the Scriptures, and a seeking of wisdom and unction from above,—all which are best obtained and maintained in the quiet of one's own home, and in comparative rest from ministerial engagements in other places.

Should we not, then, with all holy awe and godly reverence, seek to approach this mystery of wisdom, power, and love? for all salvation and all happiness, as well as all grace and glory are wrapped up in it. Right views are indispensable to a right faith, and a right faith is indispensable to salvation. To stumble at the foundation, is, concerning faith, to make shipwreck altogether; for as Immanuel, God with us, is the grand Object of faith, to err in views of his eternal Deity, or to err in views of his sacred humanity, is alike destructive. There are points of truth which are not fundamental, though erroneous views on any one point must lead to God-dishonouring consequences in strict proportion to its importance and magnitude; but there are certain foundation truths to err concerning which is to insure for the erroneous and the unbelieving the blackness of darkness for ever. In opening up, therefore, according to our ability, this blessed subject, *the sacred humanity of the Lord Jesus*, we shall arrange our thoughts under four distinct heads.

I. The wisdom, love, and grace of God as revealed in the incarnation of his dear Son.

II. The nature of that sacred humanity which the blessed Lord assumed in the

execution of this wondrous plan.

III. The work accomplished in that sacred humanity whilst here on earth, in its state of humiliation and suffering.

IV. The exaltation of that sacred humanity to the right hand of the Father in heaven; and what it involves for the present and for the future.

On a subject so deep and so important, yet so full of grace and truth, it may well behove us to seek wisdom from above, and to take especial heed that our pen may drop no word that may be inconsistent with the oracles of God, or sully the purity of the doctrine which is according to godliness.

I. To glorify his dear Son has from all eternity been the purpose of the Father; and both in the plan and in the execution has he manifested the depths of his infinite wisdom, power, and love. That the eternal Son of God should take into intimate and indissoluble union with his divine Person the flesh and the blood of the children, that in that nature he might manifest the riches of the sovereign grace, the heights and depths of the everlasting love, and the fulness of the uncreated glory of a Triune Jehovah, has been from all eternity the determinate counsel and purpose of the great and glorious self-existent I AM; and all creation, all providence, and all events and circumstances of time and space were originally and definitely arranged to carry into execution this original plan. Creation, with all its wonders of power and wisdom, was not necessary either for the happiness or the glory of the self-existent Jehovah. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost had, from all eternity, that holy, intimate union and intercommunion with each other, that mutual love and ineffable fellowship of three distinct Persons and yet but one God, which creation could neither augment nor impair. Time, with all its incidents, is but a moment; space, with all its dimensions, is but a speck, compared with the existence of a God who inhabiteth eternity, and therefore filleth all time and all space. That a self-existent God should be amply sufficient for his own happiness and his own glory is a truth as self-evident to a believing heart as the very existence of God himself. But it pleased the sacred Triune Jehovah that there should be an external manifestation of his heavenly glory; and this was to be accomplished by the incarnation of the Son of God, the second Person of the holy Trinity. The Father, therefore, prepared him a body, which in due time he should

assume. Thus addressing his heavenly Father, he says, "A body hast thou prepared me." (Heb. 10:5.) That he should take this prepared body into union with his divine Person was the eternal will of God; so that when the appointed time arrived for the decree to be accomplished, the eternal Son could and did come forth from the bosom of the Father with these words upon his lips, "Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me, (the volume of God's eternal decrees) to do thy will, O God." (Heb. 10:7.)

Now, the word of truth declares that "God manifest in the flesh" is "the great mystery of godliness." (1 Tim. 3:16.) Therefore, without an experimental knowledge of this great mystery there can be no godliness in heart, lip, or life; and if no godliness no salvation, unless we mean to open the gates of bliss to the ungodly, who "shall not stand in the judgment;" (Ps. 1:5;) and to count for nothing that "ungodliness" against which "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven." (Rom. 1:18.) It is the truth, "the truth as it is in Jesus," which alone "maketh free;" and it is the truth, "the truth as it is in Jesus," which alone sanctifies as well as liberates: "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." (John 17:17.) How important, then, how all-essential to know the truth for ourselves, in our own hearts and consciences, by divine teaching and divine testimony, that, set free from bondage, darkness, ignorance, and error, liberated into the blessed enjoyment of the love and mercy of God, and sanctified by his Spirit and grace, we may walk before him in the light of his countenance. And as in the Person of the incarnate Son of God "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," how blessed is it to look up by faith to him at the right hand of the Father, and to receive out of his fulness those communications of wisdom and grace which not only enlighten us with the light of the living, but cause us to be partakers of his holiness, and thus make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

As thus taught and blessed, we desire to approach this solemn subject, and to look with the eyes of an enlightened understanding and of a believing heart at the mystery of an incarnate God. And if Moses at God's command put off his shoes from off his feet, when he looked at the burning bush, for the place whereon he stood was holy ground, (Exod. 3:5,) much more should we, when we look on the mystery of God made manifest in the flesh, of which the burning bush was but a type, put off the shoes of carnal reason from off our feet.

II. The sacred humanity of the blessed Lord consists of a perfect human body and a perfect human soul, taken alone and the same instant in the womb of the Virgin Mary, under the overshadowing operation and influence of the Holy Ghost. This is very evident from the language of the angel to the Virgin: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore, also, that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." (Luke 1:35.)

i. The first thing to be borne in mind is, that it was a *real* and *substantial* human nature, consisting of a real human body and a real human soul, both of which were assumed at one and the same instant in the womb of the Virgin. It was necessary that the same nature should be taken which had sinned, or there could have been no redemption or reconciliation of that nature, or of those that wore that nature. Thus the apostle argues, "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham;" (Heb. 2:16;) implying, that if fallen angels had to be redeemed and reconciled, the Son of God must have taken angelic nature; but as man had to be redeemed, he assumed human nature. It was not, then, a shadowy form which the Son of God assumed in the womb of the Virgin, as he had appeared in human shape before his incarnation to Abraham, Jacob, Gideon, Manoah and his wife, but a real human nature, as real and as substantial as our own.

Thus the Son of God "took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men;" (Phil. 2:7;) "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us;" (John 1:14;) "God sent his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh;" (Rom. 8:3;) "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same." (Heb. 2:14.) These Scripture testimonies abundantly show that the Son of God assumed a real human nature, but not a fallen, peccable, mortal nature. He was "*made flesh,*" therefore real flesh; "*in the likeness of sinful flesh,*" therefore not in the *reality* of sinful flesh. He took flesh of the Virgin, or he could not have the promised "seed of the woman," which was to bruise the serpent's head; (Gen. 3:15;) or of "the seed of Abraham," to which the promise was especially made, (Gal. 3:16,) and from whom the Virgin Mary was lineally descended. And this nature he so assumed, or to use a scriptural expression, so "took hold of," (Heb. 2:16, *marg.*) that it became his own nature as much as his divine

nature is his own. It was not assumed, as a garment, to be laid aside after redemption's work was done, but was taken into indissoluble union with his divine Person. Nor did his death on the cross dissolve this union, for though body and soul were parted, and his immortal, incorruptible body lay in the grave, his soul was in paradise, in indissoluble union with his Deity. Thus, as each of us is really and truly man, by human nature being so personally and individually appropriated by us as our own subsistence, that it is as much ours as if there were no other partaker of it on earth but ourselves; so the Son of God, by assuming that nature which is common to all men, (therefore called "the flesh and blood of the children,") made it his own as much as ours is our own nature. He is, therefore, really and truly "the *man* Christ Jesus." (1 Tim. 2:5.)

ii. The next thing to be believed in and held fast is, that this humanity was not a person, but a *nature*. This point may not seem at the first glance of deep and signal importance; but as all God's ways and works are stamped with infinite wisdom, it will be seen, on deeper reflection, that it involves matters of the greatest magnitude—of the richest grace and the highest glory. For look at the consequences which would necessarily follow, were the sacred humanity of our blessed Lord a person and not a nature. Were it a person, the Lord Jesus Christ would be two Persons, one Person as God, and another Person as man, and thus would be two distinct individuals. But being a nature, which had of itself no distinct individuality, but was assumed at the very instant of its conception into union with his divine Person, the Lord Jesus is still but one Person, though he possesses two distinct natures. The angel, therefore, called it "that holy *thing*;" *i.e.*, that holy nature, that holy flesh, that holy substance a "thing," because it had a real substance, "holy," because not begotten by natural generation, but sanctified in the moment of conception by the Holy Ghost, so as to be intrinsically holy, impeccable, immortal—capable of dying, but not tainted with the seeds of sickness or death. It was not a body like ours, "shapen in iniquity and conceived in sin," (Pa. 51:5;) but was begotten by a divine and supernatural operation of the Holy Ghost, and was therefore "holy," not relatively and partially, as we, but really, thoroughly, and intrinsically holy; "harmless," or as the word might be rendered "free from all ill;" "undefiled" with any taint of corruption in body or soul, original or actual, in any seed, inclination, desire, feeling, or movement of or toward it; "separate from sinners" in its conception and formation in every thought,

word, or deed, so that it was as separate from sin, and sin as separate from it, when on earth as it is now in the presence of God; "and made higher than the heavens," by the exaltation of that human nature to the throne of glory; higher than the visible heavens, for what is the glory of sun, moon, or stars to the glory of the sacred humanity of Christ in the courts of heaven? and higher too than the invisible heavens, for in his human nature as the God-man, he is exalted far above all principality, and power, and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come. (Heb. 7:26; Eph. 1:20-22.)

Among the heresies and errors which pestered the early church were the Nestorian heresy, which asserted that Christ's human nature was a Person, and thus made two persons in the Lord, and the Eutychian, which declared that there was but one nature, the humanity of Christ being absorbed into his divinity. Against both these errors, the Athanasian Creed, that sound and admirable compendium and bulwark of divine truth, draws its two-edged sword. "Who, although he be God and man, yet he is not two, but one Christ; one not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking the Manhood into God; one altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by Unity of Person; for as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ." The Nestorian heresy is cut to pieces by the declaration that "he is not two" (*i.e.*, persons,) but one Christ; and the Eutychian by the words, "one altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person."

But consider the blessings that are connected with and flow out of this heavenly truth. The glory and beauty of this mystery, it is true, can only be seen and known by faith; for faith, as "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," alone gives to these divine realities a substantial existence in the believer's heart. But looking by faith into this heavenly mystery, we may see in the two points we have thus far touched upon signal beauty and blessedness. The human nature which the blessed Lord assumed into union with his divine Person hungered, thirsted, was weary, wept, sighed, groaned, sweat drops of blood, agonised in the garden and on the cross, was tried, deserted, tempted, buffeted, spit upon, crucified, and, by a voluntary act, died. Had it not been a real human nature, the sufferings and sorrows of the holy soul, the pains and agonies of the sacred body, the obedience rendered, the blood shed, the sacrifice offered, the life laid down

would not have been real; at least not really endured and offered in that very nature which was to be redeemed and reconciled. This is beautifully unfolded by the apostle: "Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted." (Heb. 2:17, 18.)

But again; were the human nature of our blessed Lord a Person, its acts would have been personally distinct, and the virtue and validity of Deity would not have been stamped upon them. We may thus illustrate the distinction between a nature and a person. Man and wife are mystically by marriage one flesh, but they still remain two distinct persons. Their acts, therefore, as persons, are individually distinct, and each is morally and really responsible for his or her individual actions. But were they so incorporated, like a grafted tree, as to become two natures and only one person, then the acts of the weaker nature, assuming for the moment that the female is the weaker, being the acts of one and the same person, would be stamped with all the strength and power of the stronger. Thus it is with the two natures of our blessed Lord. The human nature, though essentially and intrinsically holy, impeccable, incorruptible, and immortal, being the weaker and inferior nature, yet becomes stamped with all the worth, virtue, and validity of the divine nature, because though there are two natures there is but one Person. Thus the grand, vital truth of the two natures yet but one Person of the glorious Immanuel is no mere dry or abstract doctrine, no speculative theory spun out of the brains of ancient fathers and learned theologians, but a blessed revelation of the wisdom and grace of God.

iii. But much beauty and heavenly glory are wrapped up *in the way in which that humanity was assumed*. In the forming of this holy humanity we see the three Persons of the blessed Trinity engaged. The Father prepared the body, the Son assumed it, the Holy Ghost formed it. By the preparation of the body, as the act of the Father, we understand, not its actual forming or framing in the womb of the Virgin, but its eternal designation, its preparation in the council, wisdom, and love of the Father. "A body hast thou prepared me;" (Heb. 10:5;) *margin*, "thou hast fitted me," literally, "put together joint by joint." To design, to contrive, to put together in his own eternal mind, not

merely the framework of the Lord's body and the constitution of his soul, but so to prepare it that, conceived in the womb of a sinful Virgin, it should not partake of her sin, of her fall, of her sickness, of her corruptibility,—this was a greater wonder to appear in heaven than what holy John saw in vision. (Rev. 12:1.) This body, thus prepared, the eternal Son of God assumed. By its assumption by the Son we understand not a creating act, as if the Son of God himself created the body to be assumed, but that ineffable act of condescension and grace whereby he took at one and the same instant of its formation, that sacred humanity, consisting of a perfect human body and a perfect human soul, into union with his divine Person. We say "at one and the same instant," for we reject with abhorrence that vain figment, that idle tale, that pestilential and dangerous error of the pre-existence of the human soul of the Lord Jesus. He was made in *all things* like unto his brethren, sin only excepted; (Heb. 2:17; 4:15;) and unless it can be proved that our soul was created before our body, and pre-existed ages before it, it cannot be shown that the human soul of the Lord Jesus had any such pre-existence. This human nature, prepared by God the Father, and assumed by God the Son, God the Holy Ghost formed. By the *forming* of that sacred humanity by the Holy Ghost we understand that act of miraculous power whereby he overshadowed the Virgin by his operations and influence, and created, of her flesh, a holy human nature, which he sanctified and filled with grace, in the very instant of its conception.

iv. But this leads us onward to a fourth point, not less full of truth and blessedness. And we may put it in the form of a solemn question. How was it possible that in a nature so prepared, so assumed, and created, there could be *any taint of sin, corruption, disease, or mortality?* The Father contemplated that human nature which he had prepared for his dear Son from all eternity with ineffable complacency and delight. Could he who made man in his original creation so pure and innocent, creating him in his own image, after his own likeness, have prepared for his own Son, his only-begotten, eternal Son, a body fallen, tainted, and corruptible, or even capable of corruption and decay? Could the Son, who is "the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his Person," assume into union with his eternal Godhead any other but a pure, holy, immortal, and incorruptible nature? It was not a body to decay with sickness and die of disease, and then be thrust away out of sight as the food of corruption, but taken into intimate union with Deity itself, as its

immortal and incorruptible companion. Could the Holy Ghost form anything but a holy nature for the Son of God to assume into a union so close, intimate, and indissoluble?

But it may not be unprofitable to examine these points of divine truth a little more closely.

1. And first, as to the intrinsic *holiness and purity* of the Lord's human nature. It was essentially a nature *impeccable*, that is, not only not tainted with sin, but absolutely *incapable* of being so tainted. As we read of its being "impossible for God to lie," (Heb. 6:18,) so we may say of the sacred humanity of the blessed Lord, it was impossible it could sin. The testimonies in the word of truth are most full and clear to the impeccability of the human nature of the blessed Lord. "He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin." (2 Cor. 5:21.) He knew no sin; that is, in his own Person, in its taint or defilement, or in any approach thereunto. "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." (John 14:30.) Satan, the prince of this world, came to tempt and to assail him; but he had nothing in him, as he has in us; that is, no internal material on which to work. If we may use such a figure, he had no ground within the walls on which to plant his infernal artillery. He might assault the blessed Lord from without, for "in all points he was tempted like as we are, yet without sin," which had neither birth nor being, root nor stem, nor the possibility of any, in the sacred humanity of the adorable Redeemer.

The late Dr. Cole, in the work before us, published many years ago, has exposed, in the most clear and forcible manner, the awful blasphemies of the once popular Edward Irving on this point. Well may we call them "awful blasphemies," for Dr. Cole declares that he heard with his own ears this poor, miserable, ranting orator, for he called his own sermons "Orations," term the holy humanity of the blessed Lord "that sinful substance." The sacred beauty, the ineffable blessedness of that holy humanity mainly consisted in the Lord's being "a lamb without blemish and without spot," (1 Pet. 1:19,) as was typified by the paschal lamb, (Ex. 12:5,) and indeed by every other ceremonial sacrifice. (Lev. 22:19-24; Deut. 15:21.) We must never lose sight of the peculiar nature of the blessed Lord's humanity. The nature of Adam was peccable, that is, capable of sinning, because, though created pure, it was not generated by any supernatural operation of the Holy Ghost. It was a pure

created nature, but not a holy begotten nature. The two things are essentially distinct. Besides which, the humanity of Adam was a person, and therefore could fall; but the humanity of Jesus is a nature taken into union with his divine Person, and therefore could no more sin or fall away from Godhead than his Godhead could sin or fall off from his manhood.

2. It was therefore, as Dr. Cole has well shown, *incorruptible*. The body of the blessed Redeemer lay three days and nights, according to the Jewish mode of calculation, in the sepulchre, but it knew no corruption. As the apostle expressly declares, "He whom God raised again saw no corruption." (Acts 13:37.) The sacred humanity of the Lord Jesus had no seeds in it of decay. Though a real body, like our own, though it ate and drank and slept as we do, not being under the original curse, nor involved in the Adam fall, it was not subject to sickness or corruption, as our body is. The voluntary death of the blessed Lord severed for a while body and soul; but the body was no more tainted with corruption in the sepulchre than the soul was tainted with sin in paradise.

3. This sacred humanity of the adorable Lord was therefore essentially *immortal*. Dr. Cole, in his letter on the subject, has admirably shown this. The body of the Lord was capable of death; indeed, as dying was the main part of every sacrifice, it was taken that it might die. It did not die from inherent necessity, as our bodies die, which are essentially mortal, because involved in Adam's transgression; but it died by a voluntary act. This is most plain from the Lord's own words, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I may 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. This commandment have I received of my Father." (John 10:17, 18.) It was not the pain of the cross, the nails driven through the hands and feet, the exhaustion of nature, or the agony of soul that killed, so to speak, the Lord Jesus. When he had finished the work which his Father gave him to do, so that he could say, "It is finished," "he bowed his head"—the head did not decline of itself, weighed down by death, but he himself, full of life and immortality, bowed it; and then, by a voluntary act, "gave up the ghost," or breathed out his life.

As in our next Number we hope, with God's help and blessing, to dwell more

fully on this part of the subject, in our remarks on the sacred humanity of our blessed Lord in its state of humiliation, we shall enlarge no further upon it at present, but conclude with an extract from Dr. Cole's book:

"The awful and inevitable consequences of applying this term 'mortal' to the body of Christ.

"1. If the body of Christ was 'mortal' in the unalterable meaning of that term, his death, as we have already hinted, was not *voluntary* but of *necessity*. He did not die of his own free will, but died, because, being a personal sinner, (tremble my soul at the thought!) he could not save himself from death! He had no power to 'lay down' his life, but was compelled to yield it up, because he had forfeited it by his own sins! He did not '*give his life a ransom for many;*' but the just judgments of God took it from him for his own transgressions: 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' (Ezek. 18:4.) But is this truth as it is in Jesus Christ? Is this the doctrine concerning the adorable Person of the Son of God that is revealed in the Word? Is this the instruction which the Holy and Blessed Spirit seals upon the heart of the redeemed? No, no! The scriptures declare, and those that have been brought to experience the benefits of the death of Christ know and believe that his death was not of *necessity*, but a *free and voluntary gift*. How plainly does he declare, and how expressively describe this himself: 'I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd *giveth* his life for the sheep. I *lay down* my life that I may 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 10:11, 18.) His sacrifice is everywhere called 'a sacrifice of himself, a voluntary gift.' 'He offered up himself;' (Heb. 7:27;) 'By the sacrifice of himself;' (Heb. 9:26;) 'Who gave himself a ransom.' (1 Tim. 2:6.) And so universally. But all these scriptures are flatly contradicted, all this cloud of testimonies is utterly nullified, if the body of Christ was 'mortal.'"

(Continued, November, 1859.)

In approaching the solemn subject of the sacred humanity of our blessed Lord, as engaged in the work of redemption when here below, we desire to do so under the special teaching and unction of the Holy Ghost, not only that

nothing erroneous, inconsistent, or unbecoming may escape our pen, and that what we write may be in the strictest harmony with the oracles of God and the experience of his saints, but that life, and power, and savour may attend our reflections to those believing hearts which may desire to walk with us in these fields of heavenly meditation. To guide into all truth, to take of the things of Christ, and to show them to his disciples, and thus glorify Jesus, is the especial work of the Holy Ghost. (John 16:13-15.) To have this divine teaching is to have "an unction from the Holy One whereby we know all things;" (1 John 2:20;) and is to be blessed with that anointing which "teacheth of all things, and is truth, and is no lie." (1 John 2:27.) Prayer and supplication, reverent thoughts and feelings toward the sacred Majesty of heaven, inward prostration of spirit before his throne, submission of mind to the word of truth, faith in living exercise upon the Person and work of the Son of God, hope anchoring within the veil, and love flowing forth to the adorable Redeemer, will all accompany this heavenly anointing. So unspeakably holy, so great, and so perfect is that true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man; one not made with hands, as the tabernacle in the wilderness, but prepared by God the Father, assumed by God the Son, and sanctified by God the holy Ghost, that we should as much dread to drop any word derogatory to, or inconsistent with its grace and glory as the high priest under the law would have trembled to carry swine's blood, or the broth of abominable things into the most holy place.

The sacred humanity of his dear Son, as the temple of his Godhead, and as irradiated with the beams of his eternal glory, the eyes of the Father ever contemplate with ineffable complacency and delight. Nor was this tabernacle less glorious in his holy eyes who sees things as they really are, not as they appear to man, even in Jesus's deepest humiliation and shame, when he was "a worm, and no man, a reproach of men, and despised of the people." When dogs compassed him, when the assembly of the wicked inclosed him, when they pierced his hands and feet, when he could tell all his bones as they hung stripped on the cross, when his enemies looked and stared upon him, parted his garments among them, and cast lots upon his venture, (Ps. 22:8, 16-18,) he was as much delighted in by the Father, and was as glorious in his eyes as he now is at the right hand of his throne. He ever was from the hour of his incarnation, he ever will be the same Jesus Christ,—the same yesterday, when he hung upon the cross, to-day as he sits at the right hand of God, and for ever

in the eternity of his kingdom, power, and glory. May we, then, who believe in his name, and cleave to him with purpose of heart, as beholding the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, feel such a sacred communion with him in his suffering humanity that we may be able to say, with holy John, in the flowing forth of faith and affection, "And truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John 1:3.)

The foundation of this sacred mystery was laid in the eternal purposes of God, and determined by a covenant ordered in all things and sure. The creation of this lower world, and indeed we may say, of the higher world of bright, angelic beings, was but a first step to the bringing to light of these hidden purposes of Jehovah. When he formed man in his own likeness, it was not merely after his moral image, (Eph. 4:24; Col. 3:10,) but after the likeness of that man who was set up in the mind of God from everlasting, or ever the earth was. (Prov. 8:23.) It was utterly impossible that a holy God could create a sinful man. He, therefore, made man upright, but able to fall. During the period of man's innocence the promises of the covenant of grace, so to speak, slept. They were in the bosom of the covenant, ready to appear, but were not yet needed. But immediately that man sinned and fell, as soon as Justice, which, as the revelation of the intrinsic holiness of Jehovah, had the first claim to speak, had pronounced sentence on the head of the guilty criminals, Mercy, as already laid up in the Covenant of grace, stepped in with the first promise which issued from the lips of a sin-pardoning God, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. Here was the first intimation of the manifestation of the Son of God to destroy the works of the devil. The bruiser of the serpent's head was to be of the seed of the woman; and the sufferings of the sacred humanity to be assumed of the woman were at the same moment foreshadowed in the declaration that the seed of the serpent should bruise his heel. As a further development of the sacred mystery of the slaughtered Lamb, the gracious Lord then instituted worship by sacrifice; for it is evident from Abel's offering "of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof," which he doubtless burned on the altar, in strict accordance with the Mosaic ritual afterwards appointed, (Num. 18:17) that the Lord then instituted the rite of sacrifice, and himself clothed our first parents with the skins of the sacrificed victims as emblematic of the righteousness of the slain Lamb of God, who was thus revealed to their faith. Let us not think that these solemn transactions in the garden of Eden were a sudden thought in the mind of

God—an expedient then and there for the first time devised to patch up the fall. The Covenant of grace between the three Persons of the sacred Trinity was entered into with a foreview of the fall; and therefore the blessed Lord is called "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." (Rev. 13:8.) It is, indeed, derogatory to the character of him who "declareth the end from the beginning," (Isa. 46:10) who "looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven," (Job 28:24,) to think that the Adam fall took him, so to speak, by surprise, was an unlooked for, unexpected event, of which there had been no foresight, and for which there had been made no provision. Far from our mind be such low, grovelling thoughts of the great and glorious self-existent I AM. Such views would root up the very foundations of our faith in his omniscience and omnipotence. If God did not foresee the fall, an event charged with the eternal destiny of millions, what minor circumstance can he foresee now? If God did not provide a remedy for the fall as foreseen, where is his wisdom as well as his prescience of the circumstances whereby we are at present surrounded? Such a blind God groping, as it were, for a remedy amidst the ruins of the fall, which he never foresaw, is worse than a heathen idol. At any rate it is not the God of the Bible—it is not the God whom living souls believe in, worship, and adore. They admire with holy reverence his eternal foresight, and bow with submission before his fixed decrees; they adore his sovereignty in the election of the vessels of mercy and the rejection of the vessels of wrath; and when, favoured with a sip of his love, bless his holy name for having loved them with an everlasting love from before the foundation of the world. If these foundations of our most holy faith be destroyed, what can the righteous do? (Ps. 11:3.) But blessed be God, his prescience and his providence, his wisdom and his grace, his mercy and his love, are all from everlasting to everlasting, secured by a covenant ordered in all things and sure, fixed by firm decree and ratified by his word and by his oath, two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie. (Heb. 6:18.) In this everlasting covenant it was appointed that the Son of God, the second Person in the glorious Godhead, should take our nature into union with his own divine Person, that he might offer it as a sacrifice for the sins of his elect people, and thus redeem them from all the consequences of the fall, and reconcile them unto God.

III. We have already shown that this sacred humanity of our adorable Lord was a real human body, and a real human soul, taken at one and the same

instant into union with the divine Person of the Son of God, and that it was essentially impeccable and immortal. We have, with God's blessing, in pursuance of our sacred theme, and as a further opening up of "the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh," to show the work accomplished in that sacred humanity whilst here on earth in its state of humiliation and suffering.

i. The first consideration is, *what he became* by this voluntary act of taking our nature into union with his divine Person. In opening up this part of our subject we shall tread closely in the footsteps of that portion of holy writ where the apostle Paul unfolds the sacred mystery of the humiliation of the blessed Lord. (Phil. 2:5-8.)

1. He *emptied* himself of all those outward adjuncts of his glorious Person wherewith he had for ever shone as the eternal Son of the Father in the courts of heaven. We use the word "emptied himself," as being the literal translation of the word rendered in our version, "made himself of no reputation;" but we do not mean thereby that he deprived himself of any one of the perfections of the divine nature. Not a single essential attribute of Deity was, or indeed could be, in the least degree diminished by his assumption of our nature, for he could no more cease to be all that God is than he could cease to be God. But he emptied himself of them before the eyes of men by laying aside their outward and visible manifestation. As an earthly king may lay aside for a while his regal state, and yet not cease to be a king, so the Son of God laid aside for a season those bright beams of his glory which would otherwise have shone forth too brightly and gloriously for human eyes to look upon; for no man can see God and live. (Exod. 33:20.) Besides which, there was a secret purpose in the mind of God, whose glory it is to conceal a thing as well as to reveal it, (Prov. 25:2) that the glorious Person of his dear Son should be veiled from all eyes but those of faith. As, then, the sun is sometimes veiled in a mist, or by passing clouds, through which his light shines and his orb appears, though dimmed and shorn of those rays which the human eye, cannot bear, so the Son of God veiled his divine glory by the tabernacle of the sacred humanity in which he dwelt. He is therefore said to have "tabernacled among us," as the word "dwelt" (John 1:14) literally means; for as the Shechinah, or divine presence, dwelt in a cloud of glory, upon the mercy-seat, in the tabernacle erected in the wilderness, (Levit. 16:2,) so that the most holy place needed not

the light of the golden candlestick which illuminated the outer sanctuary, and yet was veiled by the curtains of the tabernacle, (2 Sam. 7:2,) so the sacred humanity of the blessed Lord was as a tabernacle to his divine nature, veiling it from the eyes of men, and yet by its indwelling presence filled with grace and glory. Thus, to common eyes, he had no form nor comeliness, was as a root out of a dry ground, was despised and rejected of men, and when they saw him there was no beauty in him that they should desire him. (Isa. 53:2.) It is true that sparkles of his eternal Sonship and glorious Godhead shone through the veil of his humanity to believing eyes and hearts, for John says, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." (John 1:14.) And the Father not only outwardly, with a voice from heaven, twice declared that he was his beloved Son, (Matt. 3:17; 17:5,) but revealed him inwardly as such to the heart of his disciples, according to the Lord's own testimony in the case of Peter. (Matt. 16:16, 17.) As long as he was in the world he was the light of the world, (John 1:9; 8:12; 9:5,) as the sun, however veiled by clouds, is still the light of the earth. Though rejected and abhorred of men, he could, therefore, still look up to his heavenly Father, in the lowest depths of his humiliation, and speak in the language of filial love and confidence, "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength." (Isa. 49:5.)

2. The second act of humiliation of the eternal Son of God in assuming our nature was *to take upon him the form of a servant*. Some are born servants, as Abraham had three hundred and eighteen trained servants born in his house; (Gen. 14:14;) and some are made servants by others, either taken captive in war, (Deut. 21:10,) or bought with money. (Lev. 25:44-46.) But the blessed Son of God took upon him the form of a servant, as a voluntary act of grace; and not only the form, but the reality, for the word form respects not only his outward appearance whilst here below, but his inward subjection of soul to God. Therefore the Father said of him, in the language of prophecy, "Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth;" (Isa. 42:1;) and unto him, "Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified." (Isa. 49:3.) He was formed from the womb to be God's servant; (Isa. 49:5;) so that he became a servant at the very instant that he took our nature into union with his own divine Person in the womb of the Virgin. Thus the apostle, quoting the words of Ps. 40:6, "Mine ears hast thou opened,"

(marg. "digged,") that is, "Hast made me thy willing servant," in allusion to Ex. 21:6, renders them, "A body hast thou prepared me;" for by taking the prepared body he became the willing servant of the Father, according to his own words, "I delight to do thy will, O my God." (Ps. 40:8.)

3. By taking this prepared body, he was therefore, *made in the likeness of men*, and was *found in fashion as a man*, that is, though his sacred humanity was intrinsically different from ours, as being holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners, impeccable, and immortal, yet, in outward form and appearance, as in reality and truth, it perfectly resembled man's. It ate, it drank, it slept, was weary, sweat drops of blood, endured pain of body and travail of soul. The early church was much pestered with what is called the Gnostic heresy, which, under the plausible assumption that real flesh was too gross and material a substance for the Son of God to assume, asserted that he took a shadowy, aerial form, in which there was no real flesh or blood, but only the appearance. It is against this heresy that holy John draws his sword, when he declares that "the Word was made flesh," and gives this as a test of saving truth and damnable error: "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God. Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God, and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is that spirit of antichrist whereof ye have heard that it should come, and even now already is it in the world." (1 John 4:2, 3.) We must hold fast, then, to this vital truth, that it was real flesh and blood, though holy flesh and blood, that the Son of God assumed in the womb and offered on the tree.

4. Having, then, thus voluntarily assumed the form of a servant, the blessed Lord took that in which the very essence of servitude consists, viz., *obedience*, and that not only to the word, but to the will of his heavenly Father.

As this obedience forms our justifying righteousness and is a part of his finished work, it claims at our hands the most attentive, prayerful and meditative consideration. Not, however, to dwell too long on this part of our subject, we may briefly name these five particulars as most marked and blessed features of the obedience of Jesus, whilst here in this state of humiliation. It was voluntary—delighted in—perfect—vicarious—and meritorious.

1. It was *voluntary*. "Lo! I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God," (Heb. 10:7,) were, so to speak, the words in his heart and mouth when he came out of the bosom of the Father to take flesh in the womb of the Virgin. There was no compulsion to bring him down from heaven to earth but the compulsion of love. As the love of Christ is said to constrain us not to live unto ourselves, but unto him who died for us and rose again, (2 Cor. 5:14,) so, in a sense, we may say that the love of his people constrained him to live and die for them. They were his inheritance, the portion given him by his Father when he appointed him heir of all things, (Heb. 1:2,) that they might be his eternal possession. (Deut, 32:9; Ps. 2:8.) "Thine they were," he therefore meekly reminds his Father, "and thou gavest them me" adding, to show the unity of mind, will, purpose, and possession in the Father and the Son, "And all mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." (John 17:6, 10.) He, therefore, loved the church as his own bride, the spouse of his heart, whom he had betrothed unto himself as the gift of the Father before time was. (Jer. 31:3; Hos. 2:19, 20.) Yes; before the mountains were settled; while as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world, even then was he rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth—that part which his saints should inhabit, and his delights were with the sons of men. (Prov. 8:25, 26, 31.) When, then, in and by the fall, the church had become defiled and polluted beyond all thought and expression, when sunk beyond all other help and hope, the image of God in which she had been created marred and defaced, she an enemy and an alien by wicked works, the willing captive of sin and Satan, with hell opening its mouth to swallow her up in the same gulf of eternal woe where the fallen angels were already weltering,—then, even then, O miracle of grace! O wonder of unutterable love! the Son of God, by a purely voluntary act, yet in accordance with the will and counsel of the Father and the Holy Ghost, gave himself for her. This free, voluntary gift of himself, with all its blessed fruits and consequences, is beautifully unfolded by the apostle in that striking passage, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. 5:25-27.) The forlorn, abject, helpless, and hopeless state of the church by the fall, and the pitiful compassion of the blessed Lord as her covenant Head and Husband are beautifully set forth by the prophet

Ezekiel, where he compares her to a poor, deserted, abandoned infant, cast out in the open field to the loathing of its person in the day that it was born. No eyes pitied it, no hand was stretched forth to do it any necessary office, or give it food, warmth, or shelter. Abandoned to die, had not he who is "very pitiful and of tender mercy" pitied her, (James 5:11) had not he whose love passeth knowledge loved her, into what an unfathomable depth of everlasting woe must she not have sunk! But in this very hour of need he passed by, and the time was the time of love, for he spread his skirt over her, and sware unto her, entered into a covenant with her, and she became his. But before she could pass into his arms, he had himself to wash away all her filth in the fountain of his own blood, to anoint her with the oil of his grace, and the regenerating, sanctifying influences of the Blessed Spirit, and to clothe her with brodered work, even the righteousness that he wrought for her by his own active and suffering obedience,—the three blessings of which the apostle speaks as the present portion of the saints of God: "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." (Ezek. 16:5-10; 1 Cor. 6:11.)

2. It was an obedience that the blessed Lord *delighted in*. His own words, in the language of prophecy, as if in holy anticipation of his coming from heaven to earth, a thousand years before the incarnation, were "I delight to do thy will, O my God." (Ps. 40:8.) Thus he could say, when faint and weary at Samaria's well, his love and delight in doing the will of God absorbing all feeling of the natural wants of the body, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." (John 4:34.) In this spirit also he said, a year before his actual sufferings and death, "But I have a baptism to be baptized with,"—and O what a baptism of suffering and blood! of what agonies of body, and of what travail of soul! "and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" (Luke 12:50,)—as though his holy soul panted with intense desires for the overwhelming baptism of garden sorrows, and pressed forward to meet it, and the sufferings of the cross, as the fulfilment of his Father's will. So, on his last journey out of Galilee toward Judea, "he went before, as if he would exceed his usual pace, and outstrip his lagging disciples, "ascending up to Jerusalem," where the will of his Father was to be obeyed, and the atoning sacrifice to be offered. (Luke 13:33; 19:28.) Blessed Lord! would that we could follow thee in this holy example, and delight to do thy will as thou didst delight to do thy Father's will. And such surely would be our desire and

delight were we more conformed to thy suffering image, and more moulded after the pattern of thine obedience. (Rom. 12:1, 2.) Animated by the same holy delight, he said to his disciples, on the eve of his sufferings and death, "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." (Luke 22:15.) And when the solemn hour drew nigh when the waters came in unto his soul, when he sank in deep mire where there was no standing, when he came into deep waters where the floods overflowed him, (Ps. 69:1, 2,)* in the gloomy garden, when he had to drink of the cup of wrath put into his hand, what meek submission, what holy resignation he showed to his Father's will! Where can we look to see such sorrows? But where can we look to find such holy obedience, such meek submission, such patient endurance of them?

* It is in the Psalms, especially Ps. 22, 40, and 69, that the inward experience of the blessed Lord as a man of sorrows is set forth.

3. Again. It was a *perfect* obedience. Every thought, every word, and every act of that holy and sacred humanity were perfect, not only as proceeding from a nature intrinsically pure, but as filled with all the gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost, that glorious Person in the undivided Godhead, who not only begot, by a divine operation the sacred humanity of our blessed Lord in the womb of the Virgin, but filled it with all his gifts and graces, descending upon him more visibly at his baptism, and anointing him as Prophet, Priest, and King, (Isa. 61:1; Luke 3:22; 4:1; John 3:34; Acts 10:38; Heb. 1:9,) but abiding in him in all his fulness during the whole of his ministry, sufferings, and death. The law demanded a perfect obedience; it could, indeed, from its very nature, accept no other; and this obedience must be unwavering, flowing on in one uninterrupted stream from the heart, and that stream, like Jordan, all the time of harvest, overflowing all its banks with love to God and man. As the Lord promised that rivers of living water should flow out of the belly (or heart) of him that believed in his name, so the rivers of living obedience flowed from his own heart and lips, as he himself believed in God, and did his will from the heart.

4. The obedience of Jesus to the Father's will was *vicarious*, that is, rendered on behalf of his church, and imputed to her for righteousness. He stood in her place and stead as her Surety and Representative. She owed a debt which she could not pay, an obedience to the law which she could not render. The Father

accepted his Son's, and thus his obedience became hers. Thus, as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so, by the obedience of one, many are made righteous; (Rom. 5:19;) for God made the Lord Jesus to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. (2 Cor. 5:21.)

5. This obedience was *meritorious*. Here we see the beauty, grace, and glory of the incarnation of the Son of God. As God, he could not suffer; as man he could not merit; but as God-man he could suffer as man, and merit as God. And as though he has two natures he has but one Person, his doing and dying, his sufferings and obedience, his blood and righteousness are stamped with all the value and invested with all the validity of Godhead, because he who obeyed and suffered as man is truly and verily God.

Here, then, is "the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh." Here flow through this consecrated channel pardon and peace. Here God can be just and yet the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus. Here every attribute of God is harmonised, the law magnified, the gospel revealed, the sinner saved, and God glorified.

But here we must abruptly pause. The subject opens too wide a field for our present limits. The Lord enable us in the next number to dwell upon these and other points, in such a way as may edify his saints and glorify his own great and holy name.

(Concluded, December, 1859.)

Well might the apostle, as if in a burst of holy admiration, cry aloud, as with trumpet voice, that heaven and earth might hear, "Great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh." (1 Tim. 3:16.) A mystery indeed it is, a great, a deep, an unfathomable, mystery; for who can rightly understand how the divine Word, the eternal Son of God, was made flesh, and dwelt among us? "Who shall declare his generation?" (Isa. 53:8;) either that eternal generation whereby he is the only-begotten Son of God, or the generation of his sacred humanity in the womb of the Virgin, when the Holy Ghost came upon her, and the power of the Highest overshadowed her? These are the

things "which the angels desire to look into;" which they cannot understand, but reverently adore. And well may we imitate their adoring admiration, not attempting to understand, but believe, love, and revere; for well has it been said,

**"Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith believes, and love adores."**

Nor, if rightly taught and spiritually led, shall we find this a barren, dry, or unprofitable subject. It is "the great mystery of godliness;" therefore all godliness is contained in it, and flows out of it. There never was, there never will or can be a truly godly thought, feeling, or desire,—no, not one godly word or work, a godly heart or a godly life which does not arise out of, and is not sustained by, the great mystery of an incarnate God. There may be, indeed frequently is, a legal holiness, a fleshly piety, a tithing of mint, anise, and cummin, and a profusion of good works, so called, independent of the grace that dwells in the Lord the Lamb; but godliness, as consisting in a new and heavenly birth, with all its attendant fruits and graces, can only flow from the fulness of a covenant Head, communicating life to the members of his mystical body. And this covenant Head, we know, is the Son of God, once manifest in the flesh and now exalted to the right hand of the Father. How clear on this point, that all life is in him and out of him, are his own words of grace and truth: "Because I live, ye shall live also:" "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me;" "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you;" "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." If, then, our hearts, as touched with an unction from above, are bent after godliness, as a felt blessing; if, as made daily more and more sensible of our miserable emptiness and destitution, and the drying up of all creature springs of happiness and holiness, we long more and more to realize the inward possession of that promised well of water, springing up into everlasting life, we shall desire to look more and more into this heavenly mystery, and to have its transforming power and efficacy more feelingly and experimentally made known to our souls. "If any man thirst," said the blessed Lord, "let him come unto me and drink;" and to show that not only should he drink for his own soul's happiness, but for the benefit of others, he graciously added, "He that

believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly (or heart) shall flow rivers of living water." (John 7:38.) The whole of God's grace, mercy, and truth is laid up in, is revealed through, is manifested by, the Son of his love: for "it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell;" (Col.1:19;) and this as Immanuel, God with us. Thus his sacred humanity, in union with his Divine Person, is the channel of communication through which all the love and mercy of God flow down to poor, guilty, miserable sinners, who believe in the name of the only-begotten Son of God. If blessed then with faith in living exercise, we may draw near and behold the great mystery of godliness. To tread by faith upon this holy ground is to come "unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel;" (Heb. 12:22-24;) for every blessing of the new covenant, if we are but favoured with a living faith in an incarnate God, is then experimentally as well as eternally ours.

If, then, we dwell at a little further length on the heavenly mystery of the human nature of our blessed Lord, we trust we shall not be found wearisome to our spiritual readers. We freely confess that the more we look into it, the more the subject opens to our view. We feel it, therefore, impossible to limit ourselves to a few hurried thoughts and brief sentences. Our chief cause of lamentation is that we cannot adequately set it forth, nor even fully and clearly express what we have seen in it ourselves.

In our last paper we stopped abruptly short at the very threshold of the last acts of the suffering obedience of our adorable Redeemer as couched in the words of the apostle,

"And became obedient unto death, *even the death of the cross.*" (Phil. 2:8.) The death of Christ was the fulfilment of the purpose for which he came into the world, which was, "to give himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour." (Eph. 5:2.) "Now once in the end of the world hath he appeared, to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." (Heb. 9:26.) The sufferings, bloodshedding, and death of the Lord Jesus Christ were a sacrifice offered for sin, and are therefore spoken of as a propitiation (Rom.

3:25; 1 John 2:2; 4:10) and an atonement. (Rom. 5:11.) But in a sacrifice two things are absolutely necessary: 1. That *the blood of the victim should be shed*, for "without shedding of blood is no remission:" "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul;" (Lev. 17:11;) and 2. That *the victim should die*; for death being the penalty of disobedience, (Gen. 2:17; Ezek. 18:4,) the sacrifice offered as an atonement for sin cannot be complete without the death of the victim. In the sacrifice of himself, offering up his sacred humanity on the altar of his Deity, the blessed Lord accomplished these two essentials of a propitiatory offering. 1. His blood was shed upon the cross,—the actual living blood of his sacred humanity. It is therefore called "the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." (1 Pet. 1:19,) and "his own blood." (Acts 20:28; Heb. 9:12.) It was precious as flowing from his sacred humanity; precious, as stamped with all the validity and merit of Deity; precious in the sight of God as a sweet-smelling savour; and precious in the hearts of his people as cleansing them from all sin. Sin is an evil so dreadful, so hateful and abhorrent to his righteous character, so provoking to his justice and holiness, that God could not pardon it unless an atonement were made adequate to its fearful magnitude. Thousands of rams and ten thousands of rivers of oil could not atone for sin. Did all men consent to give their firstborn for their transgression, the fruit of their body for the sin of their soul, (Mic. 6:7,) all could not suffice, to outweigh the magnitude of sin. Lebanon is not sufficient for a burnt offering. Nothing short of the blood of the only-begotten Son of God could be an atonement of sufficient worth, of equivalent value. 2. But the death of the victim was also required. He who freely and voluntarily stood in the sinner's place must die in his room, or the substitution could not be effectual. Here, then, we see the mystery of the death of Jesus. There was no natural mortality* in that sacred humanity which the Lord assumed in the womb of the Virgin. And yet he took a nature which could die by a voluntary act. The whole of his obedience in his state of humiliation was voluntary. Therefore the last act of it was as voluntary as the first—the death on the cross as much as the assumption in the Virgin. The Lord's own words are decisive here: "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I may 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. This commandment have I received of my Father." (John 10:17, 18.) The very merit of his obedience unto death whereby it became capable of being imputed for righteousness to the church of God consisted mainly in two

things, 1. The dignity of the obedient Sufferer; 2. The voluntariness of the sacrifice as an act of obedience to the will of God. Had our blessed Lord not been God, and that as the eternal Son of God, there would have been no merit in his sufferings, bloodshedding, and death. As the brightness of God's glory and the express image of his Person, as his co-eternal Son, he thought it not robbery—no unhallowed, disallowable claim, to be equal with God; (Phil. 2:6;) and therefore the very infinity of Deity itself attached to his words and works, so as to stamp efficacious merit upon them. It was not because his humanity was perfect that it was meritorious. Had his humanity been as perfect as it was, if Deity were not in conjunction with it, no merit could have been attached to it any more than there was merit in the obedience of Adam, or in that of an angel. But being God as well as man, the merit of Deity was stamped upon all the acts of the obedient suffering humanity, so that, as we have sometimes said, Godhead was in every drop of his precious blood. Again, if the life of the blessed Lord had been violently taken away, contrary to his will, where would have been the obedience unto death? Had he been killed, so to speak, by the cross—had died because he could not help dying, had his life been violently torn from him, where would have been the laying down of his life as the last act of his voluntary obedience? What power could man have had over him? Had he so willed, he could have freed himself from the hands of his enemies. Therefore he said unto Pilate. "Thou couldest have no power at all against me except it were given thee from above." (John 19:11.) And again, "Thinkest thou that I cannot pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" (Matt. 26:53.) When, then, the band of men and officers from the chief priests came to take him with lanterns, and torches, and weapons, he freely "went forth" to yield himself up; but when he said, "I am he," or rather, as the words literally mean, "I AM," the glory of his eternal Deity so flashed forth, that "they went backward, and fell to the ground." (John 28:3-6.)

* Though we have in our preceding Numbers used the word "immortal" as applicable to the sacred humanity of the blessed Lord, we are well aware that it is a term not fully appropriate; for the word immortal strictly means not capable of death, and is in this sense applied to the soul of man as not only not dying with the body, but not capable of dying.

In this sense, the humanity of the blessed Lord was not immortal, for it could and did die. If such a word were admissible, "unmortal" or "nonmortal"

would be a preferable term—denying that it was mortal, and yet not asserting that it could not die. The main difficulty arises from the inherent defect of human language as applied to heavenly mysteries. The mind naturally contemplates only two states of existence, 1. What must necessarily die; and, 2. What cannot possibly die. The first it terms "mortal," the second it calls "immortal." A third idea, viz., that of a body which does not necessarily die, and yet is capable of dying, as being a conception lying out of its reach, it has invented no word properly to express.

Thus, truly was he "brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so opened he not his mouth." (Isa. 53:7.) What heart can conceive, what tongue express what his holy soul endured when "the Lord laid upon him the iniquities of us all?" In the garden of Gethsemane, what a load of guilt, what a weight of sin, what an intolerable burden of the wrath of God did that sacred humanity endure, until the pressure of sorrow and woe forced the drops of blood to fall as sweat from his brow. The human nature, in its weakness recoiled, as it were, from the cup of anguish put into his hand. His body could scarce bear the load that pressed him down; his soul, under the waves and billows of God's wrath, sank in deep mire where there was no standing, and came into deep waters where the floods overflowed him. (Ps. 69:1, 2.) And how could it be otherwise when that sacred humanity was enduring all the wrath of God, suffering the very pangs of hell, and wading in all the depths of guilt and terror? When the blessed Lord was made sin (or a sin-offering) for us, he endured in his holy soul all the pangs of distress, horror, alarm, misery, and guilt that the elect would have felt in hell for ever; and not only as any one of them would have felt, but as the collective whole would have experienced under the outpouring of the everlasting wrath of God. The anguish, the distress, the darkness, the condemnation, the shame, the guilt, the unutterable horror, that any or all of his quickened family have ever experienced under a sense of God's wrath, the curse of the law, and the terrors of hell, are only faint, feeble reflections of what the Lord felt in the garden and on the cross; for there were attendant circumstances in his case which are not, and indeed cannot be in theirs, and which made the distress and agony of his holy soul, both in nature and degree, such as none but he could feel or know. He as the eternal Son of God, who had lain in his bosom before all worlds, had known all the blessedness and happiness of the love and favour of the Father—his own Father, shining upon him, for he was "by him

as one brought up with him, and was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him." (Prov. 8:30.) When, then, instead of love he felt his displeasure, instead of the beams of his favour he experienced the frowns and terrors of his wrath, instead of the light of his countenance he tasted the darkness and gloom of desertion,—what heart can conceive, what tongue express the bitter anguish which must have wrung the soul of our suffering Surety under this agonising experience?* A few drops of the wrath of God let down into the conscience of a child of God have made many a living soul cry out, "While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted; thy fierce wrath goeth over me: thy terrors have cut me off." (Ps. 88:15, 16.) But what is all that Job, Heman, Jeremiah, or Jonah experienced, compared with the floods of anguish and terror which all but overwhelmed the soul of our blessed Lord? We therefore read of him in the garden, when the first pangs of his agony came on, that he "began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy;" and this made him say to his three disciples, who were to be eye-witnesses of his sufferings, (1 Pet. 5:1) "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." (Mark 14:33, 34.) So great was that load that his human nature must have sunk beneath the weight—his body and soul been rent asunder, but for four sustaining props: 1. The power of his Deity, for though that purposely did not display its strength, it remained in firm union with his sacred humanity; 2. The help and support of the Holy Ghost sustaining his human nature under the load laid upon it; 3. The joy set before him, which enabled him in the prospect to endure the cross, despising the shame; (Heb. 12:2;) and, 4. The strengthening of the ministering angel sent from heaven. (Luke 22:43.) Thus supported and sustained, our gracious Redeemer sank not in the deep waters, but, as our great High Priest, "offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared" (Heb. 5:7)—not as some have foolishly thought and said, fearing the miscarrying of his undertaking, or that he should sink into hell, but because he feared his heavenly Father with the reverence of a Son,† for filial fear, with every other grace, was in the heart of Jesus as his treasure. (Isa. 11:2, 3.) Let us ever bear in mind that the sufferings of the holy soul of Jesus were as real, that is, as really felt, as the sufferings of his sacred body, and a thousand times more intense and intolerable. Though beyond description painful and agonising, yet the sufferings of the body were light indeed compared with the sufferings of the soul. It is so with the saints of God themselves, when the Lord lays judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet in their conscience,

and lets down a sense of his anger and displeasure into their soul. What is all bodily suffering compared to a sense of God's displeasure and the arrows of his wrath sticking in the conscience? So it was with our great High Priest, when both as sacrificer and sacrificed, alike priest and victim, he was bound with the cords of love and obedience to the horns of the altar. (Ps. 118:27.) Surely never was there such a pang since the foundations of the earth were laid as that which rent and tore the soul of the Redeemer when the last drop of agony was poured into the already overflowing cup, and he cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Nature herself sympathised with his sorrow, and was moved at his cry, for the earth shook, the sun withdrew his light, and the graves yielded up their dead. Yet thus was redemption's work accomplished, sin atoned for and blotted out, the wrath of God appeased, everlasting righteousness brought in, and the church for ever reconciled and saved. When, then, the Lord had been fully baptized with his baptism of suffering and blood, when he had drunk the cup of sorrow and anguish to its last dregs, and had rendered all the obedience which the law demanded and the will of God required, he cried out with a loud voice that heaven and earth might hear, "It is finished!" and then, and not till then, he meekly bowed his head, laid down his life, as the last act of his voluntary, suffering obedience, and gave up the ghost.

* Those who deny the eternal Sonship of Jesus rob him of his grace as well as of his glory, by diminishing his sufferings, and thus really strip away the greatness, and consequently much of the merit of his sacrifice. It was because he was God's own true and proper Son he so deeply, so keenly felt his wrathful displeasure. A son by office, by mere name,—without any filial relationship but a bare title which might have been any other could not feel towards his adopted Father what the true, the proper, the only-begotten Son of God felt to his heavenly Father. One error always lets in another, and thus we see that the denial of the eternal Sonship of Christ lowers and disparages the greatness, and consequently the merit of the atonement. Let the deniers of the eternal Sonship look to this.

† The margin reads, "for his piety," but the truer and more literal meaning is, "on account of his reverential fear." "Had God in honor."—Luther.

We might now pass on to the consideration of that sacred humanity as taken

down from the cross and laid in the tomb, where it lay in all its innate purity, sanctity, and incorruptibility, perfuming the grave, and consecrating the tomb as the sleeping place of those who die in the Lord. Thence we might pass to the resurrection of that incorruptible body, whereby he was declared to be the Son of God with power; (Rom. 1:4;) thence to the continuance of the blessed Lord upon earth during the forty days of his tarrying here below; thence to his ascension on high when he led captivity captive; thence to his sitting at the right hand of God in our nature; and thence to his second coming at the great day. All these successive steps are full of blessedness to believing hearts, when they can meditate upon them, and through faith, hope, and love in them, rise up into sweet union and communion with their most gracious and glorious Lord as their once suffering but now risen and exalted Head. We purposed briefly to look at these gracious features of our Lord's sacred humanity; but they are subjects of such deep importance, and so full of grace and glory, that we feel we cannot thus lightly pass over them. We have, indeed, already much exceeded our intended limits when we sat down to meditate on this fruitful theme. We are, then, in a strait, whether abruptly to close this subject with the departing year, or embrace the opportunity of resuming it in a different form in the opening season; and we have decided, if spared to see a returning year, to devote a few pages to these divine realities; not, however, as the continuation of the Review, which we shall finish with this Number, but as a series of distinct, independent papers.

But as we are still at the cross of our suffering Lord, we cannot leave that sacred spot without dwelling for a few moments on several points most intimately connected with it. Three at this present moment offer themselves to our mind.

1. *The work accomplished* by the sufferings, blood shedding, obedience, and death of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the benefits and blessings which spring out of it. It was a *finished work*. Here is all our salvation and here is all our hope. When were such words ever uttered on this earth as those which his gracious lips spoke from the cross, "It is finished?" Well may we cry, in the language of our sweet Christian Psalmist,

"Holy Ghost, repeat the word,
There's salvation in it."

Standing, then, at the cross of our adorable Lord, and hearing these gracious words from the lips of him who cannot lie, if blessed with living faith, we may see the law thoroughly fulfilled, its curse fully endured, its penalties wholly removed, sin eternally put away, the justice of God amply satisfied, all his perfections gloriously harmonised, his holy will perfectly obeyed, reconciliation completely effected, redemption graciously accomplished, and the church everlastingly saved. Here we see sin in its blackest colours, and holiness in its fairest beauties. Here we see the love of God in its tenderest form, and the anger of God in its deepest expression. Here we see the sacred humanity of the blessed Redeemer lifted up, as it were between heaven and earth, to show to angels and to men the spectacle of redeeming love, and to declare at one and the same moment, and by one and the same act of the suffering obedience and bleeding sacrifice of the Son of God, the eternal and unalterable displeasure of the Almighty against sin, and the rigid demands of his inflexible justice, and yet the tender compassion and boundless love of his heart to the election of grace. Here, and here alone, are obtained pardon and peace; here, and here alone, penitential grief and godly sorrow flow from heart and eyes; here, and here alone, is sin subdued and mortified, holiness communicated, death vanquished, Satan put to flight, and happiness and heaven begun in the soul. O what heavenly blessings, what present grace, as well as what future glory flow through the sacred humanity of the Son of God! What a holy meeting-place for repenting sinners and a sin-pardoning God! What a healing-place for guilty, yet repenting and returning backsliders; what a door of hope in the valley of Achor for the self-condemned and self-aborred; what a safe spot for seeking souls; and what a blessed resorting-place for the whole family of God in this vale of grief and sorrow!

2. Another most blessed fruit of the sacred humanity of our adorable Redeemer is that in that nature he *learnt the experimental reality of temptation and suffering*, and thus became able to sympathise with his tempted and afflicted people. It was necessary under the law that the high priest "should have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way, for that he himself also was compassed with infirmity." (Heb. 5:2.) Our great High Priest was not compassed with infirmity, like the high priest under the law, and therefore had no need to offer sacrifice for his own sins (Heb. 5:3;) but that he might be "a merciful" as well as "faithful" high priest—faithful to God and merciful to man, "it behoved him in all things to be made like unto

his brethren, for in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he might be able to succour them that are tempted." (Heb. 2:17, 18.) "We have not, therefore, a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but one who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. 4:15.) Here we see the wisdom and grace of the Father in preparing, and the love and pity of the Son assuming a nature like our own, sin only except, that he might have a real experience of every form of suffering and of temptation. Those only can feel for others in trouble and sorrow who themselves have walked in the path of tribulation; nor can any one really sympathise with the tempted but those who have themselves been in the furnace of temptation. Thus our blessed Lord became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; hid not his face from shame and spitting; endured poverty, hunger, thirst, and nakedness; was betrayed by one disciple, denied by another, and forsaken by all; was oppressed and was afflicted, not only as a part of his meritorious, suffering obedience, but that by a personal experience in his holy humanity of sorrow and affliction he might sympathise with his mourning, afflicted people. And as with affliction, so with temptation; the gracious Redeemer endured every sort of temptation which Satan could present to his holy soul, for "in *all* points he was tempted like as we are, yet without sin," (Heb. 4:15,) that he might feel for and sympathise with the tempted.

But this was not all. The blessed Redeemer had not only to sympathise with the sorrows and temptations, but experimentally to learn the graces of his believing people. He had therefore to learn obedience in the same way that they learn it, for "he learnt obedience by the things which he suffered;" (Heb. 5:8;) was taught in the school of affliction the inward experience of submission to God's will, meekness under injury and oppression, and lowliness of heart as a heavenly grace. Therefore he could say, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart," (Matt. 11:29.) Let us not think that the blessed Lord had no inward experience in his holy soul of spiritual graces, or that his divine nature supplied to his human the grace of the Holy Ghost. On the contrary, the Holy Spirit that was given him without measure, (John 3:34.) who not only anointed him as Prophet, Priest, and King, but dwelt in him in all his fulness, bestowed upon him every spiritual grace, as faith, trust, hope, love, prayer and supplication, patience, long-suffering, zeal for the glory of God, and with all spiritual wisdom and understanding, all counsel and might, all heavenly

knowledge and the fear of the Lord. (Isa. 11:1, 2.) All these gifts and graces dwelt in his sacred humanity,* and were drawn into exercise by the Holy Ghost, so that the blessed Lord believed, hoped, and loved; prayed, sighed, and groaned; trusted in God and lived a life of faith in him, just in the same manner and by the same Spirit and power, though in an infinitely higher degree, and wholly unmixed with sin, as his believing people do now. So that just in the same way as his sacred body was fed and nourished by the same food as ours, so was his holy soul sustained by the same communications of grace and strength as maintain in life the souls of his people now. Thus he learnt experimentally not only their trials and temptations, their griefs and sorrows, both natural and spiritual, but their joys and deliverances, their manifestations, their waiting hope, their trusting confidence, their patient expectation, their obedient submission, and in a word the whole compass of their experience.† If any think it is derogatory to the Deity of our blessed Lord, to believe that he had a spiritual experience of the same graces that his people have, for being God, they might argue he could not need them, let them explain why his body needed human food, or why his soul had an experience of sorrow and temptation. Could not his divine nature, as in the wilderness, have supported the human without food? And is it not equally derogatory to say that the blessed Lord had an experience of affliction and temptation, as of joy and deliverance? As our great Exemplar, as our suffering Head, the blessed Lord was delivered as well as tempted, rejoiced in spirit as well as sighed and wept, was made glad with the light of his Father's countenance as well as felt the hidings of his face.‡

* If space admitted, we could easily show from those Psalms in which, beyond all controversy, Christ speaks that all the graces which we have here enumerated dwelt in him and were expressed by him. Let our spiritual readers examine Psalms 18, 22, 40, 69, all of which the most indubitable external and internal evidence assigns to Christ, with an eye to this particular point, and trace it for themselves.

† Thus in reading David's deliverances and blessings, though we know that they were really David's, and truly felt and acknowledged by him as such, yet we may often say, "A greater than David was here." Thus compare Ps. 18:16-19 with verses 43, 44.

‡ Our blessed Lord had no experience of regeneration or of repentance; for the one is the quickening of the soul out of death, and the other implies the existence of sin. These two things are to be carefully distinguished from his experience of faith, trust, &c.

3. The third point connected with the sacred humanity of Jesus as obedient unto death is the *example* he has left to his believing people that *they should walk in his steps*. It will little profit us to have the clearest views of the Lord's suffering humanity if it produce no impression on our hearts and lives. At the foot of the cross there stood those who mocked the sufferings and shame of the blessed Redeemer; there were those who looked on with callous indifference; and there were those who mourned and wept, believed and loved. So now there are those who mock the eternal Sonship and suffering humanity of the blessed Jesus; and there are those who look upon his suffering Majesty without faith and without feeling, without any sorrow for sin or any thirst after holiness. And there is a small remnant who look and believe, and as led into the fellowship of his sufferings, mourn and weep. These see and feel that there is a knowing him and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death; (Phil. 3:10;) a bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body; (2 Cor. 4:10;) a being crucified with Christ; (Gal. 2:20;) a determination to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified; (1 Cor. 2:2;) and a glorying in his cross as the only effectual means whereby the world is crucified unto us and we unto the world. (Gal. 6:14.) We need not wonder that in our day there is such a form of godliness and such a denial of the power. It must ever be so when men are ignorant—willingly ignorant of the suffering humanity of the blessed Lord, and know so little of the mystery of the cross.

One word more, and for the present we close the subject. All union and communion with God is only through the humanity of Jesus. God-man unites God and man. In union with God by his Deity, in union with man by his humanity, the Lord Jesus is the Daysman who lays his hand upon them both. (Job 9:33.) This made holy John say, "For the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us: That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us, and truly

our fellowship is with the Father; and with his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John 1:2, 3.) Happy are those who can say with him, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ;" but this those only can experimentally say who having been blessed with a manifestation of his Person and work can add: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son." (1 John 5:10.)

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Things most surely believed among us, as to the Person, Mission, and Work of Christ. A Sermon preached at the Opening of Mount Zion Chapel, Hitchin, on Wednesday Morning, March 7th, 1860, by William Crowther.—(*June, 1860.*)

Many of our readers are doubtless aware that for some time past a warm controversy has been going on in some of the churches of truth concerning the nature of the Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ. We, in common, we believe, with well-nigh all the saints and servants of God who have ever lived and died in the faith of God's elect, believe and hold that he is the eternal Son of God; in other words, that he was in his divine nature the Son of God and God the Son before he became manifested in the flesh. The author of the above sermon, who seems to have come forward as the main champion of the opposite side of the question, openly denies this doctrine, and boldly asserts that Jesus was not the only-begotten Son of God before his incarnation, but became so by being begotten of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin. Our readers well know that we have already written somewhat largely on the subject, and it may, therefore, seem scarcely necessary for us again to take it up by noticing the above sermon, the main object of which is distinctly to explain the views entertained by Mr. Crowther and his friends. But apart from the interest which we take—from our very position cannot but take—in the maintenance of truth and the refutation of error, we have another reason which has induced us to offer a few remarks upon the sermon preached at the opening of Mount Zion Chapel, Hitchin. The views of those who advocate the eternal Sonship of our blessed Redeemer are in some points much misunderstood, if not misrepresented by the adversaries of truth, and conclusions freely drawn from these mis-statements which we altogether disclaim and disavow. A great handle has in consequence been made thereby

to injure the cause of truth, to prejudice the mind of the weak, to wound and distress the heart of the tender and timid, and to harden and confirm the obstinate in their error. It has, therefore, for some time past, struck our mind that it would be highly desirable, if it lay in our power, to remove some of these stumbling blocks; and we have thought the appearing abroad of this sermon has afforded us a favourable opportunity to set forth one or two matters in a somewhat clearer light than we have hitherto done. Not that we mean to confine ourselves to this part of the subject, as we may find it necessary, in the course of our Review, to make some remarks on the sermon itself and the statements contained in it. But that none may accuse us of misrepresenting the views which Mr. Crowther holds, we will give an extract from his sermon:

"You may ask why I am thus particular in tracing the circumstances of the birth of Christ? Because there are two or three things made indisputably plain and certain thereby. I will just name them, and then pass on. The first is, that Jesus was *begotten* of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the virgin, and *thus became* the only-begotten Son of God; all other sons of God, such as angels and men, being made, but he alone being begotten; and every scripture that speaks of him as begotten refers obviously to this ONLY-begetting; besides which none other is known, except in the imagination or invention of men; (John 1:14, 18; Heb. 1:5, 6; John 3:16; 1 John 4:9;) and every other scripture that speaks of Christ as begotten speaks of him with evident reference to his birth *into the world*, and only need consulting by those who wish to 'know the certainty of the things wherein they have been instructed,' for this to be perceived; and also for it to be seen that there is not one particle of evidence, from Genesis to Revelation, that the *Deity* of Christ is a derived, a begotten, a generated, and thus an originated and not an original Deity."

This is plain language enough; and we are always glad when men will speak out boldly and clearly what they really do hold. Evasions and concealment of their real views are too much the practice of preachers and writers who have an inward consciousness that they hold sentiments contrary to the received faith of the churches of truth, and in this point they too nearly resemble the ancient Arians and the modern Arminians, who, under a form of sound words, cloak the most deadly errors. But though we commend Mr. Crowther's boldness and plainness, we cannot bestow the same encomiums upon his

modesty; and we certainly think that he might have had, if not a little less presumption, at any rate a little more good sense, and right feeling than to send out his sermon with such a title as he has prefixed to it. It is, to say the least of it, a thorough misnomer. It comes forth with this title stamped in large characters on its face, "Things most surely believed among us as to the Person, Mission, and Work of Christ." Who are the "us?" We are very certain that it is not the saints of God, nor the ministers of Christ, for they almost unanimously reject the error which this sermon attempts so laboriously to set up. Nor are they "things surely believed," even by those who hold his erroneous doctrine, for the faith of God's elect, and of such a faith only Luke speaks as a sure belief, (Luke 1:1,) never embraces error in any shape or form, and therefore certainly not the leading error which it is the main object of this sermon to establish. The Holy Ghost, whose work it is to glorify Christ, never revealed a doctrine, either in the word of truth or in the heart of a saint, which robs the Son of God of his highest claim and dearest title. Men may confidently hold and boldly maintain certain views which they believe they see in the scriptures; but, as Hart says on another subject, such persons

"Do not believe, but think."

It appears, therefore, to us a piece of presumption at the very outset for a man up to his neck in error to take as the title of his book the language of inspiration, as if he spoke in it with the authority of an apostle, and was the mouthpiece of all the ministers, and all the churches, and all the believers in the land. He must at any rate be conscious that the churches of truth and the ministers of Christ in this land do not surely believe his views, and that there is scarcely a writer of any weight or authority, either in times past or at the present moment, who has advocated them. Luke the evangelist could use such language, for he spoke by express inspiration; but Luke, the inspired penman, writing truth, and William Crowther, the uninspired minister, preaching error, cannot speak with the same authority to the church of God. We, then, if we may speak in the name of the ministers and the churches of experimental truth in this land, reject and reprobate the title. Whomsoever it includes, it does not include "us." This may seem strong language; but it is time to speak out. We were, we confess, at first, grieved and pained at seeing the strife that this controversy was causing—how it divided churches and separated chief

friends; but lately we have felt that there was a needs-be for this winnowing fan to sift the churches, and to separate the lovers of truth from the lovers of error, as the apostle speaks, "For there must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." (1 Cor. 11:19.) As lovers of truth, then, we have no wish to be included among the lovers of error, and therefore repudiate the title of the sermon as folding us in its embrace. But if by "us" he means the church and congregation to whom he was preaching, or a few ministers and people of similar sentiments with himself, we cannot decide for them whether they will accept or not this fraternal embrace; but as the denial of the true and proper Sonship of the blessed Lord includes not only them but all the Pre-existerians and Socinians of the land, we beg leave respectfully to decline any participation in so wide and so erroneous an association.

But leaving the title, let us come to the sermon; and first, let us examine the extract which we have given above, that we may see more plainly and clearly than we have yet done the real views advocated by the self-constituted leader and brother of the "us."

According to this extract, then, if Jesus "*became* the only begotten Son of God, by being begotten of the Holy Ghost" in the womb of the Virgin, he clearly was not the Son of God before he came into the world. This narrows the question into a small compass, and raises what lawyers call "an issue;" that is, a point on which both parties agree to try the respective merits of the case, and stake the event of the dispute in hand. So far, then, we willingly join issue with Mr. Crowther in arguing the case upon that point as the chief gist of the whole question.

We have already intimated that we have thought it well to take advantage of the present opportunity to remove some misunderstandings or misrepresentations of the views of those who do believe that Jesus is the Son of the Father, in truth and love; that he was and is the Son of God in his divine Person from all eternity, and therefore before he was manifested in the flesh. The extract which we have already given contains one of these misunderstandings or misrepresentations, and we therefore take the present opportunity to remove it, if possible, out of the way.

The adversaries of the eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord often throw into our teeth that we hold what they are pleased to call (for there is a sad want of holy reverence in their language,) "a begotten God." Thus the author of the above sermon says, "There is not one particle of evidence, from Genesis to Revelation, that the deity of Christ is a derived, a begotten, a generated, and thus an originated, and not an original Deity;" and again, (p. 9,) "However many assertions may be made about 'Eternal Sonship,' 'Eternal generation,' or 'begotten God,' those assertions, being totally at variance with both the letter and the spirit of the word, are not entitled to any weight." Mr. Crowther and others may have deduced such conclusion, but they must be sadly ignorant of divine truth not to know that in such sacred mysteries as the Trinity, and truths of a similar kind, it is not permissible to deduce logical conclusions from given premisses, as in mere natural reasoning. But where can they find such an expression as "a begotten God" used by any writer or preacher who advocates the eternal Sonship of the blessed Lord? It is an expression highly derogatory to the blessed Jesus, and intended only to cast contempt on the doctrine of his eternal Sonship. A few words, therefore, on this point may not be out of place. We draw a distinction, then, between the *essence* of God, and the subsistence of the three *Persons* of the Godhead in that essence. God "is." (Heb. 11:6.) His great and glorious name as the one Jehovah is, "I AM," or, "I AM that I AM." This is his *essence*, which is necessarily self-existent; and this self-existent essence is common to the three Persons in the Godhead. Were it not so, Jehovah, would not be one Lord. (Deut. 6:4.) But in this self-existent essence there, are three *Persons*; and the Lord Jesus Christ is the Son of the Father, not in his essence, which is self-existent, but in his Personality, or that by which he subsists as a Person in the Godhead. No writer to our mind has handled this point with greater clearness and ability than Dr. Gill; and as his words will justly and necessarily have more force and weight than any of our own, we will give an extract from his "Body of Divinity" on the subject. And first let us see what the Doctor says about the essence of God:

"There is a nature that belongs to every creature which is difficult to understand; and so to God the Creator, which is most difficult of all. That *Nature* may be predicated of God, is what the apostle suggests where he says, the Galatians before conversion served them, who, '*by nature, were no gods.*' (Gal. 4:8,) which implies that though the idols they had worshipped were not,

yet there was one that was, by nature, GOD; otherwise there would be no impropriety in denying it of them. ...*Essence*, which is the same thing with nature, is ascribed to God; he is said to be excellent, *in essence*, (Isa. 28:29,) for so the words may be rendered; that is, he has the most excellent essence or being. This is contained in his names, *Jehovah*, and *I am that I am*, which are expressive of his essence or being, as has been observed; and we are required to believe that '*he is*,' that he has a being or essence, and does exist; (Heb. 11:6;) and essence is that by which a person or thing is what it is, that is, its nature.

"This nature is common to the three Persons in God, but not communicated from one to another; they each of them partake of it, and possess it as one undivided nature; they all enjoy it; it is not a part of it that is enjoyed by one, and a part of it by another, but the whole by each; as 'all the fulness of the Godhead dwells in Christ,' so in the Holy Spirit; and of the Father there will be no doubt; these equally subsist in the unity of the divine essence, and that without any derivation or communication of it from one to another. I know it is represented by some who, otherwise, are sound in the doctrine of the Trinity, and the divine nature is communicated from the Father to the Son and Spirit, and that he is *fons Deitatis*, 'the fountain of Deity,' which I think are unsafe phrases, since they seem to imply a priority in the Father to the other two Persons; for he that communicates must, at least, in order of nature, and according to our conception of things, be prior to whom the communication is made; and that he has a super-abundant plenitude of Deity in him, previous to this communication. It is better to say that they are self-existent, and exist together in the same undivided essence; and jointly, equally, and as early one as the other, possess the same nature."—*Body of Divinity*, Book 1, Chap. 4.*

* There is an excellent summary of the Doctor's views on these points in the Memoir of Dr. Gill, prefixed to Mr. Doudney's edition of his Commentary on the Old Testament, page 26.

The essence of God, then, as thus ably and clearly explained, is that by which he exists; and as there can be but one God, and he is necessarily self-existent, his essence is clearly distinct from the modes of subsistence of the three Persons in the Godhead. The adversaries of the eternal Sonship of our blessed

Lord, we will not say designedly, but probably through misconception, would represent our views somewhat in the following light, which, however, we put forward with considerable reluctance, as on a subject so holy and sacred we dread to think, much more to speak in any way derogatory to the glory of a Triune Jehovah. They would represent us, then, as holding that first there existed the Father alone; that He begot another God, whom we call the Son; and that from the Father and the Son there proceeded another God, whom we call the Holy Ghost. But this perversion of truth is not our doctrine, nor can any such conclusion be legitimately deduced from our views. It may serve their purpose to seek to overthrow the scriptural doctrine of the eternal Sonship of the adorable Redeemer, by dressing up our views in a garb of their own manufacturing, or passing off their illegitimate progeny as our true-born offspring; but we refuse the dress which they would put upon our back, and disavow the children which they would lay at our door. It does not follow, because the Lord Jesus Christ is the only-begotten Son of God in his divine nature, that he is "a begotten God."

How, then, it may be asked, do we sustain our doctrine of eternal generation and at the same time obviate such a conclusion? We sustain it thus. We have already shown that there is a distinction between the *essence* of God, which is one and self-existent, and the *personality* of the Three Persons in the Godhead, which is threefold, and thus intercommunicative, and so far dependent. We have to lament the inadequacy of language, or, at least, of our own language, to set such sublime mysteries forth; but the doctrine of a Trinity in Unity can only be so defended. The Unity of God implies self-existence; the Trinity in Unity implies relationship. Thus as regards the Unity of Essence Christ is self-existent; but as regards the Trinity of Persons he is begotten. He is therefore not a begotten God, though he is a begotten Son. This explanation may be called mystical and obscure; but on such deep and incomprehensible subjects all thought fails and all language falters. Yet as we are sometimes called upon to state or defend our views of divine truth, it is desirable to have clear ideas of what we believe, and to express them as plainly as possible. We believe, then, that there are three Persons in the Godhead, and that these are distinguished from each other by certain personal relationships, and that these personal relationships are not covenant titles, names, or offices, but are distinctive and eternal modes of existence. We are thus preserved from Sabellianism on the one hand, which holds that there is but one God, with

three different names; and Tritheism, on the other, which makes three distinct Gods. But believing in a Trinity of Persons, in the Unity of the divine essence, we say that the Father is a Father as begetting; the Son is a Son as begotten; the Holy Ghost is a Spirit as proceeding. If, as imputed to us, we were to say that the Son is "a begotten God," we should deny him self-existence in his essence, as one with the Father and the Holy Ghost; as if we should say that he is a Son by office or by his incarnation we should deny, as Mr. Crowther does, his true, proper, and actual Sonship. To sum up the whole in a few words, it is in his *Person*, not in his *essence*, that he is the only-begotten Son of God. Dr. Gill has opened up this distinction with his usual clearness and ability, and as his words will doubtless carry with them much more authority than our own, we have thought it desirable to give them in the following extract from his "Body of Divinity."

"When I say it is by necessity of nature, I do not mean that the divine nature, in which the divine persons subsist, distinguishes them; for that nature is one, and common to them all. The nature of the Son is the same with that of the Father; and the nature of the Spirit the same with that of the Father and the Son; and this nature, which they in common partake of, is undivided; it is not parted between them, so that one has one part, and another a second, and another a third; nor that one has a greater and another a lesser part which might distinguish them, but the whole fulness of the Godhead is in each.

"To come to the point: it is the personal relations or distinctive relative properties which belong to each Person which distinguish them from one another; as paternity in the first Person, filiation in the second, and spiration in the third; or, more plainly, it is *begetting*, (Ps. 2:7,) which peculiarly belongs to the first, and is never ascribed to the second and third, which distinguishes him from them both, and gives him, with great propriety, the name of the Father; and it is being *begotten*, that is the personal relation, or relative property of the second Person, hence called 'the only begotten of the Father,' (John 1:14,) which distinguishes him from the first and third, and gives him the name of the Son; and the relative property, or personal relation, of the third Person is, that he is *breathed* by the first and second Persons, hence called the breath of the Almighty, the breath of the mouth of Jehovah the Father, and the breath of the mouth of Christ the Lord, and which is never said of the other two Persons, and so distinguishes him from them, and very

pertinently gives him the name of the Spirit, or breath." (Job. 33:4; Ps. 33:6; 2 Thess. 2:8.)—*Body of Divinity*, Book 1, Ch. 28.

Toplady, speaking of Dr. Gill, has recorded of him the following memorable comparison, "What was said of Edward the Black Prince, that he never fought a battle that he did not win; what has been remarked of the great Duke of Marlborough, that he never undertook a siege which he did not carry, may be justly accommodated to our great Philosopher and Divine, who, so far as the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel are concerned, never besieged an error which he did not drive from its strongholds, nor ever encountered an adversary whom he did not baffle and subdue."

This witness is true, and there was a time when Dr. Gill was held in much respect as an authority by his Baptist brethren; but that day seems to have gone by, for we are now informed by an aged Baptist minister, named J. A. Jones, who has done us the honour of writing and publishing a letter addressed to us, in which the vanity and garrulity of old age sadly appears, that all the London Baptist ministers agree with him in rejecting the eternal Sonship of the blessed Lord. J. A. Jones thus gives us his creed, as it originally appeared in the Gospel Magazine, May, 1811:

"An extract—'I avow my firm belief in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—in essence one, in Persons three, the Triune Jehovah, the Lord God Almighty. I not only maintain the essential Deity of the Father, but equally so of the Son, and Spirit. One in nature as in essence; not existing one from another, such as the Son being in the divine nature begotten of the Father, and then the Holy Ghost proceeding from (as God) both. No; I believe that the Son in his adorable divine nature is the self-existent Jehovah, and not a begotten God. That he is so, not by creation, derivation, generation, or indwelling; but, uncreate and underived; my Lord and my God.'"

"The Son of God, in his divine nature, is unbegotten, self-existent, independent, co-existent with the Father. The nature, essence, and perfections of the Triune Jehovah are infinitely above the apprehension of a finite mind. The term 'Son of God,' in the scriptures, uniformly and invariably has respect to our glorious Immanuel in his complex character as God-man; and in this

sense only is Christ the 'only-begotten of the Father.' I venture to assert, that there is not one text in the Bible that speaks of him under the character of the 'Son of God,' but it has respect to his office as Mediator, and not to his original, divine, and essential nature as Jehovah, and co-eval with the Father."

"The character of the Son of God (I repeat it) belongs to him only in the union of natures. If we consider him only in his divine essence, as God, the scriptures never give him the character of a Son, so considered. And, in the human nature only, he could not be the 'only-begotten of God.'"

This, he says, was his creed in 1811, and is so now in 1860; and that all the London Particular Baptist ministers agree with him:

"Such were my views nearly fifty years ago, and such they are now. I have seen no cause to alter even a solitary sentence. I commend the same to your most critical perusal. Remember one thing, I am not alone in my views. I believe all the ministers in London, of our denomination, who are reputed sound in the faith, are like-minded with me. I say to you, 'Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.' But, to whatever conclusion you may come, I beseech you don't consign over to eternal perdition an aged minister, just on the verge of Jordan; whose ministry, from first to last, has tended to the exaltation of Christ the Lord, his Saviour and his God; and whose labours have been owned and blest to the spiritual profit of hundreds of immortal souls. I pray you don't do this merely because he cannot see with your eyes, and refuses to make use of your spectacles."

We have never "consigned to eternal perdition" those who differ from us on this point. We are not their Judge. We consider that they are in a serious error on a very important point, but we wish to leave their state before God.

But to return to the sermon now before us. We are not Sabellians, Arians, or Tritheists, but Trinitarians; that is, we hold a Trinity of Persons in the Unity of the divine essence, not three distinct Gods,—one undivided and self-existent, and the other two derived and originated. They seem to forget that we hold firmly the Unity of the divine essence,—that there is but one God, and that this self-existent, underived essence, is common to the Three Persons in

the Godhead. This then effectually disposes of their invidious expression "a begotten God," which we reject as much as they can possibly do. Bold assertions, we know, pass off with many for infallible proofs; but we have rarely met with a sermon on a controverted point which so abounds in them as Mr. Crowther's. If a person were totally unacquainted with the nature of the controversy, and took up this sermon in that state of ignorance, he would naturally conclude from it that those who held the eternal Sonship of Christ were a few insignificant individuals who had recently sprung up, and had imbibed from one Athanasius, an obscure man, who, in ancient times, had composed an obscure creed, a very erroneous doctrine, which had not the slightest foundation in the scriptures, but which they obstinately held, from their absurd reverence for his name and authority.

Can anything exceed the dogmatism and bold unscrupulous statements of the following extract, except their erroneousess? Speaking of the names and titles of Christ, he thus explains how he is the Son of God:

"And, first, among his names we would refer to that dear name Emmanuel, or God with us. He was God, and he was man, God in our nature, retaining the omnipotence of the Deity, and yet amenable to all human laws and requirements. As to his veritable and eternal Godhead, the scripture is very plain, and ascribes to him the same self-existent Majesty as to the Father and the Holy Ghost; and it holds out no sanction to the notions of those who contend that the Sonship of Christ has reference to his divine nature as such. He is stated to be the 'Mighty God,' 'Eternal God,' 'God,' 'I Am,' 'God over all,' 'the Great God,' 'Lord of Lords,' and as such he condescended to take flesh in the womb of the virgin, and became the 'Son of God,' by his being begotten of the Holy Ghost. Can any thing be plainer to the man who takes his faith from his Bible? Human creeds, and especially that called Athanasian, would have us believe that Christ is 'God of God, begotten of the Father before all worlds;' but no man ever found such a theory in the scriptures, nor is there a text that even appears to favour such a notion, unless it be wrested from its connection, or distorted by human sophistry from its natural meaning. It is possible, by separating one part of a scripture from its connection with another, to make almost anything seem true; but those who do this, 'handle the word of God deceitfully' and do not the truth. If Christ had been produced by an eternal generation, his *highest* title would have been

'Son of God;' and instead of his name being 'God with us,' it would have been the 'Son of God with us;' and those scriptures just now referred to would have designated him 'Mighty Son of God,' 'Eternal Son of God,' 'Son of God,' 'Son of I Am,' 'Son of God over all,' 'the Great Son of God.' Had the scripture said this, or anything like it, there would have been good reason to receive it; but, as it is perfectly plain to every unbiassed searcher of the Word that the Godhead of Christ is fully asserted; and that no part of the scripture warrants the belief that the term Son applies to his *divine nature*, but to his *complex person*, I see no reason to consider either Athanasius or his abettors any authorities at all, and, therefore, reject them all, and take my stand on the scripture. I know it is often alleged that the scriptures abound with proofs that '*Jesus Christ is the Son of God*' as if this was what we dispute. What we assert is, that Jesus Christ, and not the Deity of Jesus Christ separately from his humanity, is the Son of God, and that the meaning of those scriptures that say so is not that God, or Christ in his divine nature, is the Son of God, but that Emmanuel, God with us, God manifest in the flesh, the God-man, is the Son of God."

Amidst bold assertions and apparently clear statements, what error and confusion lie buried here! Let us see whether we can dig the error up and strip it of the grave-clothes in which it is muffled up as a corpse, in a coffin. We have, we trust, plainly enough declared that we ascribe to the Son of God "the same self-existent Majesty as to the Father and to the Holy Ghost;" for we have already shown that the eternal Sonship of the blessed Lord is not a derived Deity, but a derived Sonship. Therefore all the shafts aimed at us at Hitchin or elsewhere, which we have reason to believe were not a few, as denying the self-existent Deity of Christ, and his co-equality with the Father and the Holy Ghost, fall to the ground. They would gladly fasten upon us the charge of Arianism, and that we hold that Christ is a begotten or created God, and not co-equal with the Father; but we are in heart and soul Trinitarians, and, with Dr. Gill, believe that the doctrine of the Trinity stands or falls with the eternal Sonship of Jesus:

"That Christ is the Son of God, (Acts 9:20; 2 Cor. 1:19,) is indeed the distinguishing criterion of the Christian religion, and what gives it the preference to all others, and upon which all the important doctrines of it depend, even upon the Sonship of Christ as a divine Person; and as by

generation, even eternal generation. Without this, the doctrine of the Trinity can never be supported; of this the adversaries of it are so sensible, as the Socinians, that they have always set themselves against it with all their might and main, well knowing that if they can demolish this, it is all over with the doctrine of the Trinity; for without this the distinction of Persons in the Trinity can never be maintained, and indeed without this there is none at all; take away this, and all distinction ceases."

But observe how lightly and contemptuously the preacher speaks of the "*notions*" of those who contend that the Sonship of Christ has reference to his divine nature as "such." How much he must have presumed upon the ignorance of his audience to call that divine truth which has been held in all ages as a precious reality by all the saints and servants of God "a notion." What would he think if any person, professing to be a servant of Jesus Christ, should call the Trinity "a notion," or the atoning blood of Christ "a notion," or the work of the Holy Ghost "a notion!" Those who have had a revelation of the Son of God to their souls, and have believed in, loved, adored, and worshipped him as the Son of God in his divine nature, and felt him, as such, unspeakably precious, are as much shocked and repelled when this is denied or lightly treated as a mere "notion," or an opinion, as if the Trinity in Unity, the atoning blood of Christ, and the work of the Holy Ghost on the heart were called "notions." It may seem but a trifle not worth noticing, or a mere cavilling at a word; but words are signs of things—expressions of thought, and as such they have a deeper significance than at first sight appears. Viewed in that light, the use of such an expression as applied to the true and proper Sonship of our blessed Lord implies to our mind a want of that holy reverence and godly fear which those possess who have been taught to tremble at God's word, and who therefore dread to err or stumble on the very foundation which God has laid in Zion.

But to look deeper and farther than an objectionable word, mark the expressions, he "became the Son of God by his being begotten of the Holy Ghost." If this be true, then things necessarily follow: 1. That the Holy Ghost was the Father of the Son of God; and, 2. That Christ is the Son of God only in his human nature, for that and that only was formed of the Holy Ghost. Is not the first conclusion absolutely revolting to every spiritual mind, and without a particle of scriptural evidence to sustain it? Is the Holy Ghost ever

spoken of as the Father of Christ, or did the blessed Lord ever address him as such? When, in that blessed chapter, (John 17,) he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, "Father, the hour is come," did he address the Holy Ghost as his Father, which he should and must have done if he was the Son of God as begotten by him? How revolting is such a conclusion to a spiritual mind, and how it at once stamps error upon a doctrine which necessarily leads to it! But it might be replied: "As the Holy Ghost is God, Christ became the Son of God, not as the Son of the Holy Ghost separate from the other Persons of the Trinity, but as the Son of the Father through him." But if so, each Person of the Trinity, as well as the Father, begat the human nature of Christ; and as the Lord Jesus is a Person in the Trinity, he according to this view, begat himself; and thus his divine nature begat his human.

Into what confusion do men get when once they leave the word of truth! But as we shall have occasion to point this out more fully, and our limits do not admit of our now doing so, we must defer our remarks upon this subject to a future Number.

(Concluded, July, 1860.)

It has been our lot at various times, for now about five-and-twenty years, to be engaged in controversy. From that circumstance some might naturally draw the conclusion that we are of a very pugnacious and quarrelsome spirit; love to fish in troubled waters; and, like the gull, are most at home in a storm. We do not profess to be favoured with any large amount of self-knowledge, but so far as we are acquainted with our own natural and spiritual inclinations, we can decidedly say that our disposition, both in nature and in grace, is the very opposite of this; that our inmost desire is not for war but peace, and that if we ever do take up the weapons of controversy, it is not for the pleasure of the strife or the love of contention, or even for the gratification of arguing difficult and abstruse points of doctrine—all of which have an attraction for some minds, but that, when we come into the field of battle, it is solely for the purpose of establishing or defending the truth of God which has been commended to our conscience, or made precious to our heart. If we loved fighting for fighting's sake, we have had attacks enough made upon us to provoke us to wield sharper weapons, and deal heavier blows, than have yet

fallen from our lips or pen. But, did the fear of God not restrain us from returning blow for blow, our own self-respect would preserve us from retorting upon others such language as they have used against us. If a street boy from behind a corner throw at us a piece of dirt, if no policeman be near, we pass by the affront. To pelt him again would but debase us to his vulgar level. So when anonymous writers in magazines pelt us with their scurrility and abuse, it would be but to degrade ourselves to their low level to adopt language which is suitable to them, but not suitable to us. As in the case of the street boy, dirt does not soil his fingers, but it would ours. It is sad enough to witness violence and abuse in matters of worldly strife, but to see it rife and rampant in the deepest mysteries of our most holy faith, where angels veil their faces in silent awe and worship with adoring love, seems more like the spirit of Satan than the Spirit of God.

And yet, without using such weapons, a good soldier of Jesus Christ may be sometimes called upon to defend truth, without pawing like the war horse in the valley to meet the armed men, or smelling the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. Should the Lord, as a scourge for our sins, ever permit an invading foe to land on our shores, a man might defend his house and home, protect his wife, or fight for his children, without being naturally devoured by a military spirit, or now burning to join a rifle corps for the mere pleasure of wearing a uniform, or of winning the prize to be given to the best marksman. So we may find ourselves sometimes called upon to defend truth, without necessarily possessing a warlike spirit, and may see and feel it belongs to our very position, both as a minister and an editor, to take up the arms of controversy, without loving the excitement of the fray.

But though desirous to claim exemption from a controversial spirit, we are free to confess that when controversy is carried on in the spirit of the gospel, we see much good often to arise from it. It has, as all must allow, its evils; but they rather spring out of human infirmity than are inevitably connected with controversy itself. Thus the Lord himself came not to send peace on earth, but a sword; (Matt. 10:34;) and the prophet, in answer to his complaint that his mother had borne him a man of strife, was bidden to take forth the precious from the vile, that he might be as God's mouth. (Jer. 15:19.) Nay, his original commission and special work were "to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down," as well as "to build and to plant." (Jer. 1:10.)

Nor was this confined to the prophets, who might seem designated as special instruments for this work, this strange work. Of his people generally, and of the weakest and feeblest portion of them, the "worm Jacob," God declares that he will make them "as a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth," and promises that they shall "thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff." (Is. 41:15.) Those who are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called, are bidden, as one man, to "earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints;" (Jude 3;) and the Lord himself commends the church at Ephesus, because it had "tried those which said they were apostles and were not, and had found them liars." (Rev. 2:2.) Thus there is nothing unscriptural, but the contrary, in controversy, if it be carried on in the meekness and spirit of the gospel. In fact, we owe to it the firm and full establishment of all the most precious truths of the gospel, for there is not one which has not been at one time or other furiously assailed by the foes, and we may add, as valiantly defended by the friends of the Lamb. The Trinity, the Deity of Christ, the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost, the real incarnation of the Son of God, the benefits and blessings of the blood and obedience of the Lord Jesus, salvation by grace, the doctrines of election, personal and particular redemption, final perseverance, and, in fact, all those truths which we hold and abide by as the grand distinctive features of our most holy faith, have all been established by long and arduous controversy. The walls of Jerusalem were built in troublous times, for "the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded." (Dan. 9:25; Nehem.4:18.) So have the walls of our spiritual Zion been built; and the truths which the church of Christ now holds as its most precious possession have been all won, as it were, at the sword's point by the Lord's warriors, in the days when our martyred fathers in the faith carried their lives in their hand. These are the treasures which, out of the spoils won in battles, the ancient warriors of the Lord dedicated to maintain the house of the Lord. (1 Chron. 26:27.) We are like those children of Israel who were born in the promised land, after their fathers had won it from the Canaanites. We peacefully enjoy what our godly forefathers won, almost with their heart's blood. But if the Canaanite be still in the land, if the same evils or the same errors again come forth which our godly fathers overcame by their sword and their bow, the Lord teaching their hands to war, and their fingers to fight; we, their successors and descendants, may lawfully fight the same battles with the same enemies. We touch no man's person, assail no man's reputation, judge

no man's state, for "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," to wound name or fame, feelings or character, "but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds"—the strongholds of evil and error.

Apply this train of thought to the case before us. A great error, which has at various times pestered the church, has again lifted up its head. Are the servants of Christ to be silent when such a foundation truth as the true and proper Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ is denied, and is infecting ministers and churches? Or to confine the argument to our own case. Should we, with our large circulation among the people of God, sit idly by and see the Son of God dishonoured, his crown stripped from his head, and his dearest title trampled in the dust, and hold our peace, would not the very stones cry out against our silence or our cowardice? We know the odium that we incur from those who have deeply drunk into the error; the spirit of hostility that we raise against us in ministers and churches; and are not insensible to the contempt and scorn hurled at us by those who have taken their seat in the scorner's chair; but the truth of God is dear to our heart, and we love it too much to sell it for such considerations. "Let them curse; but bless thou," has often been the feeling of our soul. And we know that we have on our side not only truth and a good conscience, but a whole host of witnesses, both of the departed servants and saints of the Lord, and of the most gracious and experimental ministers, as well as the best taught, most deeply led, most humble, savoury, and consistent Christians to be found in England now. We have offered this excuse, or rather explanation, why we still prolong the controversy. The sermon, indeed, which we are reviewing, as a sermon, does not deserve the attention which we have given it, but we have merely taken it as an exposition of an error; and the notice is due not to the sermon, which is sadly destitute of all features of a gracious experience, and is as cold and dead, as far as regards all power, unction, and savour, as the error it upholds; but to the controversy itself.

The point where we left off in our last Number was to expose the error of asserting that the Lord Jesus Christ *became* the Son of God by being begotten of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin. We there pointed out that this doctrine involves two great errors: 1. That the Holy Ghost was the Father of the Son of God, which we characterised as "a conclusion absolutely revolting to every spiritual mind, and without a particle of scriptural evidence to

sustain it;" and 2. That Christ, according to that doctrine, was the Son of God only in his human nature, for that, and that only, was formed* by the Holy Ghost.

* Good men, we know, generally object to the expression "begotten," as applied to the human nature of the Lord Jesus; and out of deference to that feeling, and to avoid putting any stumbling-block in the way, we have usually avoided the term; but if we look at the marginal reading of Matt. 1:20, we shall find that the word rendered in the text "conceived," is there translated "begotten." The Greek word used there has two meanings: 1. To bring forth as a mother, and is therefore translated "born," (Luke 1:35;) and 2. to beget as a father. To "conceive," is quite a different word in Greek, which is not found in the New Testament. But this begetting, even if we admit the expression as applicable to the miraculous formation of the human nature of Jesus, must be carefully guarded from having any reference to his being the "only-begotten Son of God," which he was before all worlds, as his eternal Son.

But Mr. Crowther may answer, "That is not my belief; for I have stated in my sermon, of which you have given an extract, (pp. 356, 357) that Jesus Christ, and not the Deity of Jesus Christ, separately from his humanity, is the Son of God; and that the meaning of those scriptures that say so is not that God, or Christ in his divine nature, is the Son of God, but that, Emmanuel, God with us, God manifest in the flesh, the God-man, is the Son of God." Then why, we may reply, do you speak so confusedly? You first tell us "that Jesus was *begotten* of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin, and thus *became* the *only-begotten* Son of God," which most evidently implies, if it do not absolutely assert, that he is the Son of God by virtue of the miraculous formation of his human nature; and then you say that he is the Son of God by virtue of his complex Person. Thus, first you declare that he is the Son of God in his human nature; and then, dropping that, you say that he is not the Son of God by virtue of either of his natures, but by virtue of both together.

But, adopting this latest statement as Mr. Crowther's real view, disentangled of the confusion pointed out, that Christ was not the Son of God from all eternity, but became so in time by virtue of his complex Person, we may well ask, What connection is there between Sonship and the manifestation of God

in the flesh? Manifestation does not change the nature of the object manifested; it merely discovers to open view what before was hidden or not revealed. Thus when it is said of the blessed Lord that "God was manifest [*margin*, manifested] in the flesh," (1 Tim. 3:16,) it does not mean that his Deity became what it was not before, or that he was made the Son of God thereby; but that he, the invisible God, by taking flesh, revealed and discovered Deity to the eyes of men. But for this manifestation of God in the flesh he could neither be seen, known, nor enjoyed. Were there no other cause, the fall has cut off all access unto all communion with God; for "no man can see him and live." "He dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen nor can see." (Exod. 33:50; 1 Tim. 6:16.) Deity is essentially invisible to mortal eye. John the Baptist therefore testified, "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him," (John 1:18,) clearly intimating that God is essentially invisible, but that the only-begotten Son, which is (not "was," but eternally "is") in the bosom of the Father, hath declared or revealed* him. He who, as the only-begotten Son of God, is essentially and eternally "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his Person," (Heb. 1:3,) has made God known, for "in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

*** The word means literally "led out," that is, into open view, or "made him known."**

Now, when we thus view him as the true and proper Son of the Father, and that before all worlds, there is a beautiful propriety in this manifestation of Deity in the flesh being committed to God the Son. It is consistent with the character of a Father to send, and of a Son to be sent; of a Father to propound terms of reconciliation to rebels, and of a Son to come as the Mediator and Messenger of those terms; of a Father to love the creatures of his hand, and that with a love so great as even to yield up his Son as a proof of that love, and of a Son to obey his Father's will in being willing to be yielded up. Thus viewed, the whole covenant of grace and the plan of salvation have a beautiful propriety and harmony. But if Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are three distinct personages, without any such mutual relationship as their very names imply, there seems to be no reason why the Father might not have come and become the Son of God by incarnation; or why the Holy Spirit might not have become the Son of God in a similar way; for if, previous to his coming, the Son was not

the Son, but became the Son by incarnation, and by virtue of his complex Person, there seems to be no reason why the Father or the Holy Spirit should not have become the Son of God in the same way. It shocks us to utter or even to conceive such a proposition, and we believe that every child of God who has had a revelation of Christ to his soul as the eternal Son of God feels the same. It is by such inward faith and feeling that many a poor simple child of God, who cannot argue or dispute the point as a point of doctrine, is kept firm in the truth which he has received from God. He cannot reason, but he can believe; he cannot argue, but he can feel. To believe in the Son of God to the saving of the soul is not, he well knows, a matter of reason, but of faith; not of argument, but of revelation. Here Mr. Crowther's sermon so woefully fails. It is all matter of mere assertion, or some attempt at argument; for real scriptural argument there is none. He can darken the word, but not give light upon it; pervert plain texts, but not open obscure ones; confuse and perplex the mind, but not instruct or edify the soul. There is nothing of the savour and power of the Holy Ghost in it; no dew, nor unction, nor life, nor feeling; no experience of his own or anybody else's. And, indeed, how can there be, unless we believe that the Holy Ghost, whose special work and office it is to reveal Christ, and take of the things which belong to Christ, should bless what robs Christ of his dearest title and highest glory; that he who leads into all truth should sanction error; and that he, who is one with the Father and the Son, should own what equally dishonours the Father and the Son? Nothing is said in the sermon of the necessity or nature of a revelation of Christ to the soul, such as was given to Peter (Matt. 1:17) and to Paul, (Gal. 1:16,) and which the Lord himself declares is indispensable to a knowledge of the Father, and, by consequence, of the Son. (Matt. 11:27.) Nor does he speak as if he ever himself had it. He attempts to bring forward some show of argument from the scriptures, but never tells us when, where, and how Christ was revealed to his soul by the power of God. But those who have had a revelation of him as the Son of God, know both what and in whom they believe; and by this inward light and divine teaching, having seen the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, (2 Cor. 4:4,) though they may not be able to argue, or even explain, what they know and believe, yet can they see into the very bowels of the error, and that it is as distinct from what has been revealed to their soul as light is from darkness. And here we should advise the simple-hearted child of God to rest, and not argue with erroneous men, if such fall in his way, who, having drunk deeply into the spirit of error, are sure to misunderstand or pervert all

he attempts to bring forward in defence of his faith. Or if he feel it necessary to bring forward something to silence the adversary, we should advise him to confine himself to this main point, in which indeed the chief core of the question lies. Was Christ the Son of God *before* he came into this world or not? If he were not, what is the meaning of such a text as this? "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.) It is here declared by the blessed Lord himself, that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son," &c. Then, says the simple-hearted believer, he must have had an only-begotten Son to give, and he must have been his Son before he was given. How, he may add, all the strength and tenderness of that love, and the very love itself, are all nullified by the view that Christ became the only-begotten Son of God by being given. The very strength of the love of God was manifested by this, that having an only-begotten Son, sooner than the whole human race should perish in their sins, he gave up this Son to sufferings and death, that those who believed in him might not perish but might have everlasting life. The feeblest child of grace can surely see this grand truth written as with a ray of light in the text. And so these two kindred texts: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins;" (1 John 4:10;) "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. 8:32.) The weakest believer who may find much difficulty in coping with the subtle arguments of the adversaries of truth, may, with God's help and blessing, rest his case on these plain and simple declarations without attempting higher and more difficult ground; for his simple, child-like faith may well reply to all their reasonings, "How could God send his Son to be the propitiation for our sins if he had no Son to send? And how could he be said 'not to spare his own Son' if he had no Son to spare, or to 'deliver him up' if he had no Son to deliver? Here the sucking child can play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child can put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

To show the little weight or importance that Mr. Crowther attaches to any manifestation of Christ to the soul, or to any experimental knowledge of him, we present to our readers the following extract, that they may judge for themselves whether we bear too hard upon him in the remarks we have made of the absence, in his sermon, of all personal experience, and even of any

intimation either of the nature or necessity of a revelation of the Son of God to the believer's heart, that he may know him for himself:

"Let us try to dispossess ourselves of all we have heard and known of Christ, and let us seek to approach a knowledge of him afresh, as he is introduced to us in the scriptures, and more especially by these evangelists; and if we are enabled to do so, we shall, doubtless, have a profitable meditation, and a further assurance of the verity of the one faith."

We are to discard, then, out of our heart, and "dispossess ourselves of all we have heard and known of Christ;" in other words, we are to abandon as useless and worthless all past manifestations of his glorious Person to our souls: "all we have heard" from his blessed mouth, all we have "known" of him in sweet fellowship and sacred communion; in a word, all that divine and heavenly acquaintance with him by which he has made himself near, dear, and precious to our hearts. See how we are called upon by a professed ambassador of Jesus Christ to part with all our former experience of love and mercy; to strip ourselves naked of everything we have heard and known of Jesus in times past, and thus actually and really to give up our very hope of eternal life; to abandon our only support in trouble and affliction, and cast all our faith to the winds,—the very thing which Satan is tempting us to do sometimes all the day long. And when, at Mr. Crowther's invitation, we have cast away all our hope of eternal life, then what are we to do, and what are we to have? We are "to seek to approach a knowledge of him afresh, as he is introduced to us in the scriptures;" in other words, we are to seek for a new Christ, a fresh Christ; a Christ whom we have never yet seen, nor known, nor heard of, nor tasted, nor handled, nor felt, nor believed in, nor loved, but to be found somewhere "in the scriptures, and more especially in these evangelists," that is, if we are willing to read them in the light of Mr. Crowther's interpretation. And what are we to have when, at his invitation, "we have dispossessed ourselves of all we have heard and known of Christ?" "We shall doubtless have a very profitable meditation." The truth of that little word "doubtless" we very much doubt; and we certainly have neither intention nor inclination to follow the invitation even with the word "doubtless" to encourage us to make the attempt. And as to "the profitable meditation" we shall have when we have dispossessed ourselves of all we have heard and known of Christ, it would be as profitable a meditation, and as comfortable a

season, as any poor soul could enjoy, who has cast aside all its past experience of the power and presence of Christ, been robbed and spoiled of all its faith and hope, and now sits down as hitherto a poor deceived deluded wretch, to begin to seek a fresh Christ under Mr. Crowther's direction. But we are also promised "a further assurance of the verity of the one faith." How can there be "a further assurance," when we have first to dispossess ourselves of all we have previously heard and known of Christ? We are invited to cast aside all previous knowledge of Christ, and with it, of course, all faith in him, for

"Faith is by knowledge fed,"

and to begin afresh, and then we are promised a further assurance of the verity of the one faith which we have just renounced; which is just the same good sense and sound argument as if a person were to say to us, "Hitherto you have been all wrong; you have imbibed certain opinions and doctrines which are quite erroneous. Renounce all these, and commence quite afresh, and then you will get a greater certainty than you ever had before." But of what? Of the old faith, or of the new? Not of the old, for that you have just discarded; not of the new, for you cannot have "a further assurance" of what you are just going to understand, and are presumed to be now learning for the first time, and of which, as a learner, you can have no assurance at all.

What confusion of thought and language is here! And yet this is the teacher and the teaching which we are invited to follow, and these confused, self-contradictory statements are entitled, "Things most surely believed amongst us as to the Person, Mission, and Work of Christ." We are very certain that such teachings and such teachers, were we to listen to their advice and follow their guidance, would drag us into error, confusion, and bondage, separate us from the saints and servants of God, rob and plunder us of all our experience of the grace and glory of Christ, and leave us at the last without help or hope.

But this is not the only confused statement. The sermon is full of such, and indeed must necessarily be so; for as all truth is harmonious and consistent, so all error is confused, inconsistent, and self-contradictory. With a show of truth in some leading points, such as the recognition of the Deity of Christ, and the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost, of the Trinity and the covenant of grace,—without which the sermon would not go down at all with

the doctrinal professors of the day,—there is not only the leading, the master error which crops out in every page, but confused if not erroneous statements throughout. Take the following as an instance:

"When men speak of the essential attributes of Deity, they often confound his covenant relationship to his people in Christ with the essential features of his character; and thus speak of love and mercy as though they were both essential characteristics of Deity. These, and every other feature of benignity exercised by Jehovah towards his people, have their origin in his sovereign, free, and unbiassed will, and their exercise only in and through Christ."

Love and mercy are here denied to be essential characteristics of Deity, and an attempt made to distinguish between the essential and covenant attributes of God. The covenant made no change in the mind of God, nor communicated attributes which did not before exist. "God is love." This is his essential attribute. As such he loved his only-begotten Son, and as such he loved his people, for the Lord himself says, "And hast loved them as thou hast loved me." (John 17:23.) The covenant of grace did not *make* God love his people. It was the *effect* of love, not the *cause*. As love preceded and was the cause of God's covenant with Israel of old, (Deut. 4:37) so love preceded and was the moving cause of the covenant of grace. Nor did the covenant make God merciful, or introduce mercy as an attribute which was not an essential one. All his attributes are essential, and indeed cannot be otherwise. He is what he is, and with him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. The covenant of grace is but the expression of what he is eternally and essentially in himself. To introduce love and mercy into the bosom of God, which before were not there, is like the attempt to put into his bosom a new Son who was not his Son till about 1860 years ago.

These are, it is true, isolated extracts, on which we may seem to lay too much stress; but to our mind there is a chilling air breathing through the whole discourse, as if the heart of the preacher had not been warmed, at least not at the time, by a beam of the Sun of righteousness, or his lips touched with a live coal from off the altar. It is true there is a show of reasoning and arguing from scripture, if perverting the meaning of texts can be so called; but that "demonstration of the Spirit and of power" which is necessary that "our faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God," seems to us

absolutely wanting. He speaks frequently as if searching the scriptures, reading them with an unprejudiced eye, and discarding what he calls "creeds," and "theories," and "preconceived notions"—in other words, the doctrine against which he is driving would certainly lead us to see as he does. Such expressions put us in mind of a conversation between Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, the learned Socinian writer, and good John Newton. "Sir," said the learned Doctor, "I have collated every word in the Hebrew scriptures seventeen times, and it is very strange if the doctrine of atonement you hold should not have been found by me." But what was Newton's answer? "I am not surprised at this. I once went to light my candle with the extinguisher upon it. Now, prejudices from education, learning, &c., form an extinguisher. It is not enough that you bring the candle, you must remove the extinguisher." So, as long as Mr. Crowther and those in the same error read the scriptures with the extinguisher on their mind, all their searching only confirms them more fully in their present views. We have heard of one in this error who sat down with his Bible, Concordance, and Johnson's Dictionary, to see whether he could find the words, "eternal generation" in the scriptures; and because he could not find them, and the Concordance and Dr. Johnson could not by their combined efforts enable him either to discover the words or understand their meaning, he declared that the doctrine was not in the word of God. But could he find the words "Trinity," "God-man," or "the Personality of the Holy Ghost" in the Bible, even with the help of Cruden on one side and Johnson on the other? And if not, would he say that not one of these doctrines was to be found in the scriptures at all? How little do such men seem to know of "the anointing which teacheth the saints of God all things, and is truth and is no lie." Had he gone upon his knees, with the Spirit of grace and supplications in his heart, and begged of the Lord to show him the truth, he might have received the same blessed deliverance from the error as a much-esteemed servant of God has just experienced, as recorded in our present Number. Men may read the Bible as the Jews did in our Lord's time, but with the same result as the apostle speaks of: "Even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart." (2 Cor. 3:15.) The veil must be taken away that they may "with open (or unveiled) face behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord"—the glory of the Lord Jesus, "as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth;" (2 Cor. 3:15-18; John 1:14;) and then, ravished with his glory, they will fall down before him with adoring faith and love, and say, "Thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel."

Contrast with these warm actings of living faith such cold, chilling expressions as these:

"The scripture doctrine of the prior and self-existent Deity of Jesus is so plain, that he who searches must find it, unless his mind is preoccupied with a different theory, that he prizes more than scripture testimony."

"As to the veritable and eternal Godhead, the scripture is very plain, and ascribes to him the same self-existent majesty as to the Father and the Holy Ghost; and it holds out no sanction to the notions of those who contend that the Sonship of Christ has reference to his divine nature as such."

"But as it is perfectly plain to every unbiassed searcher of the word, that the Godhead of Christ is fully asserted, and that no part of the scripture warrants the belief that the term Son applies to his divine nature, but to his complex Person, I see no reason to consider either Athanasius or his abettors any authorities at all, and, therefore, reject them all, and take my stand on the scriptures."

"I decline to believe any theory that detracts from the true and personal Godhead of either Christ or the Spirit; and I decline to believe that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father any otherwise than as Christ did, namely, in his mission to this world."

How faith here is made a mere matter of opinion, as if a man could believe or "decline to believe" just as and when he pleases! And mark how invidiously and insidiously he stamps the precious truths of Jesus being the true and proper Son of God, and the proceeding of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, as "theories that detract from the true and personal Godhead of Christ and the Spirit." Mr. Crowther must have known when he used these words that no persons assert so fully and positively the true and personal godhead both of Christ and the Spirit as those who hold the blessed doctrines which he declines to believe as mere theories; and that none are so jealous of anything that detracts from them. And this setting up of a natural and notional faith, and knocking down the most holy and sacred truths in so reckless a way, is called "experimental preaching" at the opening of a chapel for experimental truth. Mr. Hart held different language, both as regards

faith and the Sonship of Jesus, when, in accordance with scripture and experience, he wrote,

**"True faith's the gift of God;
Deep in the heart it lies;"**

and,

**"Glory to God the Father be,
Because he sent his Son to die.
Glory to God the Son that he
Did with such willingness comply."**

"But to the searcher of the scriptures it does not mean that in either case, but in both expresses to us the sovereign going forth of Christ and the Eternal Spirit for the salvation of the church. We see here the fallacy of those traditions of men, which would pretend to point out an essential difference in the mode of being of the glorious Trinity; a difference which the scripture does not authorise, and which rests only on the authority of man."

"Let every man look in his Bible which of these views are true, and if he have any spiritual discernment, the conclusion is inevitable."

"Grasp this idea, if you can, friends."

We do not know whether this sermon be a correct transcript of what was really preached at Hitchin, as it bears great marks of being altogether rewritten, still less do we know the feelings of the people that heard it. But we think we can tell pretty well what our feelings would have been under it. 1. Sadness of heart, if not indignation of spirit, at hearing the grand leading truth of the gospel trampled under foot as a "notion," a "theory," a "traditional creed," just as if the true and proper Sonship of our adorable Redeemer were a Popish tradition, like the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. 2. We should have been struck, if not shocked, at the presumption of the preacher, in treading on such holy ground with so bold and wanton a foot. 3. We should have wondered how people who professed to know and love experimental truth; who had heard the servants of God time

after time speak of the revelation of Christ to their soul, and had themselves been brought out of dead churches, and away from letter ministers, could sit and listen to, and as the sermon is printed for their benefit, we presume express their approbation of such a cold dry letter performance as this. Should they not have seen that they were called to leave the old paths for new and untried ones, and that by a minister of whom they knew nothing? Should they not have felt that on a point so vital, in "grasping an idea," they might clutch an error; and "in declining to believe" a theory, they might decline to believe in the Son of God to the saving of their soul?

How different from all this cold chilling language, as if preached under the lee of an iceberg, is the language of the saints of old: "We believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." (John 6:69.) "Of a truth, thou art the Son of God." (Matt. 14:33.) "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." (Acts. 8:37.) "The life that I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. (Gal. 2:20.) "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John 5:20.) "And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John 1:3.) These blessed saints and servants of God knew in whom they believed, for they had seen his glory, the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth; and they knew by a sweet revelation of him to their soul, that he was the Son of the Father in truth and love. One of the worst features of the present day, and truly grievous it is to every spiritual mind, is to see the instability of professors of truth, how little they know for themselves of the power of the gospel; how little rooted or grounded, by a divine operation upon their hearts, in the very foundation truths of our most holy faith. Thus, like "the silly women" spoken of, they "are ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth;" for not experimentally knowing its liberating, sanctifying power, they change their opinions as they change their clothes, with as little conscience or as little scruple. Were it not so, we should not see ministers professing Calvinistic truth, denying so cardinal, so fundamental a doctrine as the true and proper Sonship of our adorable Redeemer,—a truth which has been held by all the apostles, saints, and martyrs, and all the servants of God, from generation to generation, and which may well be called the grand distinguishing doctrine, and the glory of our most holy faith.

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A Memorial of the late William Peake, of Oakham, Rutland; Containing an Account of his Christian Experience, Last Illness, and Death; and also including Notes made by him on Family Bible Readings, and a Selection from his Correspondence with various Friends.

A desire not wholly in death to die, but after the mortal frame is returned to its native dust still to survive in the mind and memory of those whom we leave behind, is evidently a feeling deeply imbedded in the human breast. Nor is this desire confined to the individual heart which seems to covet for itself an enduring remembrance even when it shall cease to beat; it is equally shared in by surviving relatives and friends. From the lowliest gravestone in the country churchyard to the noble mausoleum in the nobleman's park, or the richly-sculptured monument in Westminster Abbey, the desire is equally made manifest, as an all-pervading feeling, that the departed should not be utterly forgotten on earth.

But of all enduring monuments, none abide the corroding tooth of time like those memorials which the deceased have reared to themselves by their own genius or their own abilities. Stone decays, brass rusts; and were it not so, names as names are soon forgotten; but the works on which genius has impressed its ineffaceable stamp live from generation to generation. This is true not merely in nature, but in grace, and applies not only to those works which are handed down by applauding hands, from age to age as a nation's literary treasures, but to those writings also of gracious men which instruct and edify successive generations of the family of God. Many eminent saints have lived of whose former existence no trace now remains; many deeply-taught, and highly-favoured ministers have preached whose very names are now utterly lost. But the same God of all grace, who wrought in their hearts to believe, prompted others of his saints and servants to leave on written record either their experience or their testimony to his truth; and thus, though dead, they yet speak, in their writings, to the church of Christ. Their souls have long entered into rest, and their bodies have long mouldered into dust; but they still live in their writings; and their words, which otherwise would have perished with them, are even now as goads and as nails fastened in our consciences by the great Master of assemblies. Men who have lived to

themselves all their lives, and never done any real service to God or man, as if they would grasp earth even when forced by death to leave it, seek to perpetuate their memory by monuments of stone and brass, for no living witnesses of their bounty or their benefits rise up to call them blessed; but the faded letters and mouldering stones soon testify that their memorial is perished with them. But where grace has sanctified genius or talent, and employed them in the service of the sanctuary, as labouring with the pen for the glory of God and the profit of his people, not only are the names of such writers embalmed in then memory of the righteous, but as long as their writings endure God is glorified and his church edified by their works. There might have lived in the seventeenth century preachers as powerful as Bunyan, and ministers as deeply led into the mysteries of truth as Owen; but they have left behind no "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Communion with God," to instruct and edify the church of Christ for succeeding generations. In the last century Hart was not the only reclaimed backslider; Newton not the only converted infidel; Berridge not the only pharisee brought to Jesus' feet; but these men of God still live in their writings, whilst their fellow-sinners, and yet fellow-saints, for want of such enduring memorials, are on earth remembered no more.

The author of the "Memorial," the title of which we have given above, was, we believe, mainly induced by a desire to profit the church of God after his death, when he left his widow directions to publish it in the form in which it has come abroad. This is well expressed in the Preface which she has furnished to the work:

"In bringing this little volume before the church of God, I am incited by the wish of a valuable Christian partner in life, of whom the Lord has seen fit to bereave me. I am thankful that he was permitted to express his wish, otherwise the desire might have lain unfulfilled in my own bosom.

"I am fully persuaded that his main object was the glory of God, which he evinced in his life and conversation to be his chief aim, according with the words of the apostle, 1 Cor. 10:31. But I will give his own words: 'I do not desire, as Absalom did, to rear a pillar to the memory of myself, (2 Sam. 18:18,) but to the memory of the Lord's great goodness in saving a wretch so vile. When this little work appears, I shall be beyond the censure or applause

of mortals. I trust the glory of God and not of my wretched self is my sincere aim.' He wished, (if the Lord should enable me to publish it,) that a copy should be given to each of those with whom he was united in church fellowship, saying, 'he highly esteemed them in the Lord; and so far as earthly memorial went, he only desired to live in the heart's affections and remembrances of the children of God.' He further said, 'he hoped that those of them who were his seniors, and were in Christ long before him, would be enabled to bear with what is amiss in it for Christ's sake; and that those who were of the same standing with himself would receive it as the voice of a departed brother, who, being dead, desired thus to speak to their consolation, edification, and comfort in Christ Jesus and for his sake.' He had a strong abiding sense, which deepened in his last illness, of the greatness and freeness of that grace which had 'made him to differ from a world lying in sin and wickedness,' and which had so wrought in his soul, and 'separated him, and revealed God's Son in him,' (Gal. 1:16,) and that under circumstances the most unpropitious externally, whilst he was unacquainted with any who knew and worshipped the Lord in sincerity and truth; thus fulfilling the prophet's words, 'All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children,' (Isa. 54:13,) so that it tended to set the sovereign, electing love of God in Christ toward his chosen people very high in his esteem."

As we walked not only in the bonds of church fellowship but of Christian union and affection with our departed friend and brother, whose experience and death this Memorial records, for about thirteen years, we feel a delicacy in reviewing his book, lest what we may say in its favour may seem more prompted by our affectionate recollections than by a due regard to impartiality and truth. But it should be remembered that whilst on the one hand our personal knowledge enables us to speak of him with greater clearness and certainty, and thus more decidedly to testify that the book is a copy of the man, our desire, on the other hand, to write in the fear of God, will, we trust, preserve our pen from flattery or exaggeration. Sincerity and truthfulness, we have long known and felt, are, as in every Christian man, so the first of all requisites in a Christian editor; for, were it otherwise, the same crooked bias which would lead him in one direction to flatter friends would draw him aside on the other to vilify enemies. Who, then, could trust a word that he says? A bankruptcy of confidence is the worst of all insolvencies.

Money debts may be honourably paid, and confidence may be restored to a name which has appeared in the "Gazette;" but who that loves and values truth will a second time trust a false prophet or a lying editor? We mean wilfully and deliberately such; for, through human infirmity, mistakes may be committed, slips of the pen made, hasty or erroneous judgments formed, none of which involve such a character as the prophet describes, "He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?" (Isa. 44:20.)

The author of this Memorial always viewed himself as a singular object of God's sovereign mercy and superabounding grace in being the only one of his family called to the knowledge of the truth. One reason, indeed, that much weighed with him to leave the present record was the hope that the Lord might be pleased to bless the reading of it to some of his brethren after the flesh; for though by grace effectually separated from them in spirit, he could say, with Paul, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for them is that they might be saved."

The most marked feature in his spiritual character was the eminent possession of that blessed and fruitful grace—the fear of God. This he truly found to be "a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death;" for though surrounded by them in his worldly calling, being for many years an attorney's clerk and manager of much official business, he was preserved from them, and adorned the gospel he professed by a godly, upright, and consistent life. He had not been favoured, when young, with much education, at least not as the word is now interpreted, but possessing good natural abilities and a great taste for reading, he educated his own mind as far as he could, often, to the injury of his health, employing for that purpose the few spare moments of which he could avail himself after the protracted labours of the office. Knowing this original defect of education, and the little time that he could devote to self-improvement, we have been surprised in reading his letters and other pieces in this Memorial, to see the variety of his ideas and the clear, correct way in which he has given them expression. His "Notes on Scripture Reading," so called because it was his habit, if anything struck his mind whilst reading the word of God in his family, to note it down afterwards, contain, perhaps, the greatest amount of original thought upon the things of God; but we prefer, ourselves, his letters, and especially those which he wrote before marriage to

his present widow. Their hearts were united, as rarely witnessed, by both natural and spiritual ties some years before they were permitted to come together, and the apparently almost insurmountable obstacles to their union rather increased than diminished their mutual affection. Knowing on what tender ground our poor fallen nature stands when earthly love seems to claim some expression of its warmth towards its object, we much admire the almost entire absence of what, we presume, most love letters abound in; and yet they are love letters, for they speak much of the best and warmest of all loves, the love of Christ, which passeth all knowledge. The following we give as a fair specimen of the way in which, before their union, he was wont to address the object of his affection:

"I bear you on my heart continually, and sympathise with you, and your letter now before me proves you do so by me. It is tender, sympathetic, yet honest in a good degree, and a true counterpart of the heart which indited it. I can heartily unite with you in desiring that we may more and more make each other's cases known.

"You say you think, as it regards general exercises of soul under the Lord's teaching, I am less tried than yourself with unbelief and hardness of heart. It may be so, but we must all be learners, even to our latest breath; and hidden depths of iniquity are not laid open (as you justly say) all at once, nor are they made known to all of the Lord's children in the same stage of experience; yet doubtless these things are revealed in their hidden workings as shall best glorify God, and as we are 'able to bear it.'

"The Lord, at times, favours me with access as to all that concerns us; at other times he 'answers me not a word,' and I am ready to say with Jacob, 'All these things are against me.' (Gen. 43:36.) But if our faith had no fluctuations, we might well doubt. There is thought, by some persons, to be more of sowing to the flesh than to the spirit in marriage; but it is manifestly the will of God that some of his people should marry, and I think that it is his will that we should; if so, we shall not be losers, but gainers thereby, spiritually. Time will prove.

"This day has not, I trust, been unprofitably spent in hearing. Many solemn things were delivered, of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. The petition which was most lively upon my heart was this, 'Build thou the

cities of Judah; restore the waste cities of Jerusalem;' and surely it must have been indited by the Holy Ghost from the feeling which accompanied it. I thought of you very much, and besought the Lord to seek out and save his poor tempted one, that there might be one fold under one Shepherd, manifestly. I do sincerely desire that you may be enabled to use the language of Psalm 23, and say, "the Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me into the green pastures, and beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul." I need not tell you that there is no water like the water of life—the river of God, which is full of water; no well like the well of Bethlehem; no cleansing fountain but that of Christ's blood; no wedding garment but that of his righteousness; no peace but in him who is our peace; no goodness but from the Lord; no security but on the Rock of Ages; and no joy but in the Holy One of Israel. 'Hear, O heavens, and shout, ye lower parts of the earth, for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel.' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'"

In the following extract he gives a very interesting account of the exercises of his mind about being called to the work of the ministry, a point, we believe, on which many young believers are tried; the natural promptings of their mind to so important and peculiar a work being often aided by the suggestions of weak, injudicious friends. As we have frequently seen the confusion which this desire to preach (what M'Kenzie used to call "the preaching fever") has caused in churches, and the subsequent failure and disappointment, in every sense of the word, of these youthful aspirants to the pulpit, we give with peculiar pleasure the following extract:

"I promised you, God willing, as opportunity offered, to relate the exercises of mind I have had (and especially a few years ago) as to whether God had appointed such a one as I to labour in word and doctrine in his vineyard; the result of which was I came to the conclusion that he had not. I could not, it is true, at once set aside what dear S. said to me a few days ago about it, but if I could convey to your mind the sense I have of my complete insufficiency for so great a work, you would not, I think, fear lest I run before I am sent; indeed your feelings upon the subject are much in accordance with my own. I thank God that he has given me a desire to walk tenderly before him in this thing, and a fear of being left to listen to the voice of short-sighted man, and so act presumptuously. He has also given me some little insight into the trials of the

ministry, and shown me how weak is my faith in him; convinced me of the necessity of wisdom in it, and of my foolishness; of discretion and my indiscretion; of ability to separate between the precious and the vile, and of my inability; of the necessity of a tender compassion for the souls of men, and how little I think of or desire their eternal salvation; and so I might proceed, filling my letter with 'contradictions:'

**'What contradictions meet
In ministers' employ;
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy;
No other post affords a place
For equal honour or disgrace.'**

And we may add, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Assuredly none but those who know that their sufficiency is of God. It has ever been true of the most highly honoured servants of God, and those most manifestly called of him, that they were most backward to go forth in his name; for they felt their insufficiency and the great responsibilities of such a position. I need not furnish instances; the Bible contains many, and we have living witnesses in proof.

"But now more particularly as to my exercises. When God, about five years ago, first laid my sins on my conscience, 'as a heavy burden, too heavy for me,' I used to wander alone by the hedge-sides of certain fields on the outskirts of the town, and mourn over my hard lot, that ever I was born into this world, to an acquaintance with sin and sorrow, and to ripen (as I thought) for damnation in the next. Many were the sighs, groans, and petitions which there escaped my burdened soul, where no eye but God's can see, nor any ear but his hear. In the Lamentations of Jeremiah you may find my true portraiture: 'He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath laid it upon him; he putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope.' On one of these occasions, a fine evening in the spring of the year, like to those we are sometimes favoured with, a ray of heavenly hope, a 'Who can tell?' seemed suddenly to spring up in my poor self-condemned soul. It was not the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness which arose upon me (these we must scarcely expect in this life), but such a glimpse of their splendour as made my

inmost soul exclaim, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' The answer was at hand; yea, from heaven it came, 'Arise, and go thy way, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.' (Acts 9:6.) Sweet peace, and a kiss of his lips whose love is 'better than wine,' accompanied the words; and I 'rejoiced in spirit,' assured that it was the Lord Jesus who had condescended, in mercy, to hear and to answer the prayer of a humble suppliant at his footstool. The remembrance of this visitation which so revived my spirit has often been sweet to me since; and, 'Hath God spoken, and shall he not do it? hath he said it, and shall he not bring it to pass?' 'A word spoken in due season, how good is it! It is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.' You will observe I was previously very low sunk in my feelings, brought even to the experience of the Psalmist, 'Thou hast poured me out like water, and all my bones are out of joint;' therefore aspiring thoughts were far off from me; yea, 'I forgot prosperity, and I said, My strength and my hope are perished from the Lord.' But truly is it said, 'Where the voice of a king is there is power.' The same power, in measure, which accompanied the words of the Lord, when he said to the poor widow's deceased son, rather unto the son's corpse, 'Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!' seemed to accompany it. And the sincere desire of my soul was to 'hear what God the Lord would speak.' 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth,' was the language of my heart; and my heart's desire before God was to love, honour, and obey him, whatever it might cost me, who had 'turned [for me] the shadow of death into the light of morning,' (Amos 5:8,) who had 'loosed my bonds,' 'set the captive prisoner free,' 'placed my feet upon a rock, established my goings, and put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.' The inquiry, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' was not, then, prompted by any self-righteous or vain-glorious motive. And when my heart, then and afterwards, questioned the reality of the experience, the Lord, in condescension to my weakness, further assured me, 'Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you. But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high.' (Acts 1:8.) The manifestations certainly seemed, at the time, to lead me to think it was the will of God I should be employed in the ministry of the word; but (as I was not then admitted a member of the church here, nor perhaps had much thought of being so admitted) when, from persons naming the ministry to me, or from other circumstances, I am led to ponder 'these things in my heart,' I am unwilling to think otherwise than that they have their fulfilment in my standing in the position I do in the church; at least I derive most peace from

that construction of the subject; the thought of engaging in the arduous and responsible work of the ministry being, at times, terrible to me, especially at those seasons at which my mind is dark spiritually (alas, how frequent such seasons are!) O then the having to offer up a short prayer before a few friends occasions exercises which I cannot describe. Perhaps the words of Habakkuk (2:3) have a voice to me, 'The vision is yet for an appointed time; at the end it will speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry.' The preaching of the cross of Christ has ever been foolishness to the men of this world, and what they cannot understand they can never appreciate, nor the propagators of it; therefore shame and reproach are the only reward of faithful ministers in this life; yet I should be unwilling to admit that the consideration of this greatly influences me, for I trust I seek the honour which cometh from God only, and feel more my own insufficiency than I fear the reproach of men, or am afraid of their revilings. I am fully persuaded that, if there be but the willing mind, there are many ways besides the ministry of the word in which God may be glorified—even in the heart, lip, life, and conversation. And indeed the weakness of my body and of my voice, arising chiefly from my sedentary mode of life, added to my want of that gift of utterance, and spiritual discernment, which are so essentially necessary, lead me to conclude that I shall never enter a pulpit in the Lord's name. My inclination is more to solitude, privacy, and retirement, than the more active, laborious work of the ministry. Give me my books and a mind disposed to heavenly meditation, and I envy not princes, much less the Lord's ambassadors (though it is an honourable office) in this crooked generation. At such seasons I aspire to nothing but an assimilation to the blessed Jesus, and to be

'Of heart sincere, and temper mild,
In spirit like a little child.'

We believe that our late departed friend came to a right conclusion—one much more to his own comfort, the peace of the church, and the glory of God, than if, like too many who run unsent, he had broken through the hedge of all the considerations which he so deeply felt, and has so well expressed, and been determined to push his way into a pulpit, whether God had clearly opened the door into it or not.

At the risk of a digression from our present point we feel induced, by the weight and importance of this subject, to pursue it a little further, though we hardly expect that our views upon this matter, the result of long observation, will fall with acceptance upon many ears or hearts, and least of all upon those whom they condemn. We have often said that it is much easier to build up a chapel than to build up a church, and, we may add, to make a pulpit than to put a man of God into it. "None but he who made the world," said John Newton, "can make a Christian;" and none but he, say we, who makes a Christian can make a minister. It is not possessing what is called a gift in prayer, or even having some light on the word, and some power of expressing ideas with force and clearness; or being endued with zeal and earnestness, and a desire for the glory of God and the good of souls, that constitute we will not say a call to, but even a fitness for, the ministerial office. A man may have good natural abilities, a competent knowledge of the scriptures, a clear, sound, doctrinal creed, and some good measure of gracious experience, and a gift with his pen or tongue to set forth what he has known and felt, and yet not be fit for the work of the ministry. Mr. Huntington had sitting under him men such as John Rusk, Keyt, C. Goulding, and others, well taught and gifted with the pen and tongue, far beyond many of our present ministers in light and life, who never attempted to preach, nor would he have sanctioned the attempt if they had made it. In order to feed the church of God, which he has purchased with his own blood, there must be a special ministerial gift, and that continually kept up and fed by supplies from the only Fountain of light and life. Everything else wears out, and sooner or later comes to an end. Good men, whom God never made nor intended to make ministers, may have spiritual gifts, as the apostle speaks, 1 Cor. 12:4, and as possessed of such may be very useful and acceptable as private Christians, as members of churches, in reading, and prayer, and conversation, in holding office as deacons, or even in a small way as occasional helps in little country places, or in visiting the sick, and by speaking a word in season to the tried and tempted. These gifts and graces of the Blessed Spirit they may in some measure possess, and yet not have that continued supply of heavenly wisdom and utterance, or that power, authority, and unction which are required for the work of the ministry, so as to be made a real and permanent blessing to the church of God. For the Lord's sent servants have to go on as well as begin, to plough from morning to night, and acre after acre, and that from year to year, as well as put the share into the first furrow. How then can they go on in a work so

important and so peculiar unless continually enriched from above with fresh accessions or renewed supplies of spiritual knowledge, holy wisdom, heavenly instruction, divine life and power in their own souls, and above all with the special blessing of God resting on their word and their testimony? Without this new, fresh, and continued supply from above, renewing their youth like the eagle's, and reviving their soul as well as their ministry, sooner or later all they once seemed to possess comes to an end. Gifts wear out; zeal declines; the old expressions, from constant repetition, lose the charm of novelty, and are found irksome; the oft-told anecdote becomes stale and wearisome; the past experience has been related till none care to hear it; the congregation drops off in number; the church declines; and all without and within become as stagnant as the green-mantled pool. But what can the poor man do? He has given up his trade or business; has a large and increasing family; other churches and congregations care little to have or hear him, for a minister unacceptable at home is not usually acceptable abroad. Yet he must go on hammering away at the old irons, going through the same round of prayer and preaching, till he and all around him sink into a state where all life and power seem lost and gone. Now we know that this is a true picture, though not a very favourable or flattering one, of many churches and congregations; but this, in some instances, is not the worst feature of the case; for this is a state of things which especially paves the way for the introduction of error.

Thus far, then, we have assumed the case of a good man, but one not called to the ministry. But now view another case—that of a gifted man without humbling grace, and see with us how this wearing away of gifts places him in a perilous position, as regards the floating errors of the day. The decline of the church and congregation being generally and tangibly felt in more ways than one, for thinning pews mean a diminishing salary, it becomes plainly seen that in order to stand at all some change is needful, something new and fresh to stir and rouse the minister and people from their present state of declension. This needed novelty, this longed-for change is found at once in one or more of the various errors of the day. There is something in these errors peculiarly fascinating to the natural mind. It suits the reasoning faculties, especially if a man be naturally fond of argument and contention, intoxicates the mind with pride, makes it drunk with the spirit of delusion, and, as we have often thought, acts on the mental faculties, as Milton so well describes eating the forbidden fruit affected our first parents:

**"As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to scorn the earth."**

Now, when a minister of good natural abilities has drunk down an error, say, the denial of the eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord, or the doctrine of non-backsliding, or that of non-chastisement for sin, or that of the pre-existence of the human soul of the Lord Jesus Christ, his whole mind becomes infected with the poison, and, like intoxicating drink, it seems to put new life and spirit into him. It gives him quite a new field to walk in, rouses his mind to unwonted energy, imparts a freshness to his views and a new train of thought and expression, all which pass off for a blessed revival from the Lord, and these intoxicating feelings, which are merely a spirit of delusion, or the influence of Satan on the mind as an angel of light, are unhesitatingly set down as the work of the Blessed Spirit upon the heart. There is such a thing as the light of error, what the scripture calls "the sparks of our own kindling," as well as the light of truth; and as the children of light see light in God's light, and read truth in the light of truth, so the children of darkness read truth in the light of error. It appears to their deluded minds as if a perfectly new light were cast upon the scriptures. This is "walking in the light of their fire, and in the sparks that they have kindled;" (Isa. 50:11;) and as this fire gives warmth as well as light, they warm themselves at it, and say, "Aha! I am warm; I have seen the fire." The error, as thus preached with zeal and energy, and, as it appears, with new and unwonted life and liberty, begins to spread. Some of his leading men, perhaps his rich, influential deacons, have either long secretly held or now drink down the error from his lips, and become drunk with the same spirit of delusion. From all this working together arises a temporary flush of prosperity; a new connection is entered into with ministers of the same views; there is an exchange of pulpits; gifted but erroneous men get admission; and in a short time, with the exception of a few of the real children of God, who from their poverty have no weight or influence, the whole church and congregation are drawn into the whirlpool of error, and concerning faith often make utter shipwreck.

We have sadly digressed from our subject; but seeing and feeling at this

present time more than we ever did the wide prevalence of error, and how it is affecting both ministers and churches, we have fallen into a train of thought suggested to our mind by the wise conclusion to which our friend and brother was led in resisting the temptation to undertake the work of the ministry without the especial call of God, and without the needful qualifications. He was not, indeed, a man likely to be led into error, for he loved the truth of God from an experience of its liberating, sanctifying influence on his own soul, and was well established in it; and to him, therefore, our observations do not in the least apply.

We must, however, give one more extract from his letters to his bereaved and deeply-mourning widow, after the Lord had removed the obstacles to their union, and their hands were joined as their hearts before had been.

"I am thankful, my dearest A., that the Lord still gives you wrestling desires that he would make us help-meets to each other in the things which are enduring.' These desires are equally my own; and indeed, this ought to be our first object, though when we each feel what poor creatures we are in ourselves we fear we shall come short, but the Lord's strength is 'perfected in weakness.' All things must sink into the shade compared with our union with each other in the Lord, as you well express. This union we already enjoy; may the Lord increase it; and as he has condescended, in numerous instances recorded in his word, to show forth by the institution of marriage the sacred and intimate union between himself and the church, (though all types necessarily fail in some points,) and he has often, since the appearance on earth of the great Antitype himself, the Lord Jesus, sanctified the consideration thereof to the souls of his people, may he in mercy so deal with us, and then our union by marriage can bring with it no cross from friends or relations or otherwise which we shall not be enabled to bear. Indeed, I do hope, that in our case we shall only be more separated from the world thereby; and if such be the case, we shall have cause to bless God, not only for our mutual love and affection, but for bringing us together in that most sacred tie, and over-ruling all things connected with it to his own glory and our souls' good. And I do beseech him that I may ever manifest toward you the utmost tenderness, forbearing care, and unbroken faithfulness; having his blessed example towards his church, and towards myself as an unworthy member thereof, ever before my eyes, influencing my every thought, word, and action.

The best, the only real pledge which I can give you is, that I not only love you for your own sake, and for what I see in you to love, but for his sake, who, we trust, hath loved us, and given himself for us, and 'has left us an example that we should follow his steps,' and a precept by his apostle, 'Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it,' &c. O what a precept! But I trust the promises are ours, as well as the precepts, and it is to them we must look—that is, to their fulfilment—for every real blessing."

We believe that our spiritual readers, and especially Christian husbands and wives, will admire with us the sweet spirit that breathes through the above extract, the warm, sober, chastened affection which it displays, and the holy basis on which he desires their union to rest.

Several features of his Christian character have come out more visibly and prominently since his decease, as during his life his quiet, retired deportment tended much to conceal them. Among them was his great sympathy with the afflicted family of God. To one believer in a neighbouring town, who had been for many years and still is confined to her room with a most painful complaint, he was particularly attached, frequently visited her, as far as the distance and his occupation allowed, and bore her much upon his heart. It is in reference to her that he addressed a letter to her sisters from which we give the following extract:

"My mind has many times recurred to my conversation with your beloved sister on Lord's Day last, with great comfort and satisfaction. I say comfort, for though she is so far before me in the experience of divine and heavenly things, yet she can 'condescend to those of low estate,' and my comfort was and is in this, that God gave me, and, I thank him, still continues to give me, comfort in the humble hope that I am a partaker with her of the same grace of life. Believe me, the savour of her conversation yet abides with me, and my friends here are almost tempted to envy me the pleasure I enjoyed, and still do, in a measure enjoy. After getting home at night, I wept for joy that the Lord should give me such feelings of sympathy towards his poor suffering child in her affliction; nor did I close my eyes all night from thinking of her case and the gracious words which dropped from her lips. Natural feelings will often go far in sympathising with the afflicted, but I trust mine were spiritual. O that God may continue his loving-kindness to her who knows him,

making all her bed in her sickness, and causing her to glory in tribulations also; assuredly believing that in his own good time he will deliver her out of all her afflictions, by 'coming again and receiving her to himself.' I would with her 'praise him who remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever.' And he who hath said, 'I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day,' will never 'suffer his faithfulness to fail;' for 'Judah hath never been forsaken of the Lord, nor Israel of his God.'"

He was also a man much exercised in his own soul, and a strong presentiment which he seemed to carry in his bosom, that his days on earth would be comparatively but few, was, in the Lord's hand, made a means of causing him to hold all earthly things with a loose hand. We see this in the following extract:

"I am daily learning more and more what a wilderness world this is; that it is not our rest, it is polluted; affording no rest for the sole of our foot—doomed to destruction—and worthy of it! that 'Christ is all in all;' that he is our rest; yea, our righteousness, wisdom, sanctification, and complete redemption, and worthy of eternal praise. O for grace, with the apostle, to 'lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us; and to run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus,' &c. (Heb. 12:1, 2.)"

And again:

"I arose this morning with considerable pain all round my head, but it has gradually subsided during the day. These visitations seem necessary to keep us in continual remembrance of our mortality. How much to be envied are they who, having fought the good fight, finished their course, and kept the faith, have received the crown of glory laid up for all those who love the Lord's appearing. Still, if it were the Lord's will, I would desire of him, for your sake, that my removal from this vale of tears, be it near or distant, might not be by sudden but with gentle stroke, my evidences bright, and heaven in view, while yet on Jordan's banks I linger, longing to be gone, and to be for ever with the Lord. If the Lord should take me first, I know the consolation my dear wife will need, and therefore it is for her sake, as well as for my own, that I desire all these things; otherwise, sudden death must, to the righteous,

be sudden glory; and with them, in every state, it shall be well."

Here, then, we close this notice; and if our Review has been rather wandering and discursive, it has been so, from the feeling that as mere details of a private and little-known individual, however much esteemed in his own circle, can but interest a few, we have to write for the many. As a principle, therefore, we usually, in our Reviews, seek to rise from the mere barren ground of a book which perhaps scarcely one out of a hundred of our readers would ever see, into that wide and more enlarged field of thought which brings the subject within the grasp of the great bulk of our spiritual readers. Our Reviews are, therefore, purposely not so much a review of particular books as of principles and subjects—the book being, for the most part, used as a convenient medium of expressing our own views and feelings upon points of interest or edification to the church of God. Influenced by this principle, and guided by this feeling, we have reviewed this Memorial of a departed friend and brother; and in this spirit we desire to commend both the work itself and our notice of it to the tender care and heavenly blessing of the God of all grace, laying it at his feet that he may do with it as may seem good in his sight.

As our notice of the above work may possibly cause some inquiry for it, we think it desirable to mention that but a small number of copies (250) was printed, and they purposely published at a price (2s. 6d.) so much under prime cost as to put the book within the reach of the poor, but at the same time insuring a considerable loss to the widow. We regret that a larger number was not printed, and we recommend our spiritual readers to apply at once for the copies on hand, either to Mrs. Peake, Oakham, or to the publisher of the "Gospel Standard."

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A Literary Curiosity. A Sermon in Words of One Syllable Only. By a Manchester Layman.—(February, 1861.)

The author of the above Sermon has entitled it, "A Literary Curiosity;" but it is something far better than this, for there are many curiosities, both literary and non-literary, which, however suitable for a museum or a glass-case, are very unfit to show their faces in the church of God. The curiosity of this sermon is, that it consists wholly of words of one syllable; but it has a claim

upon our attention beyond this peculiar feature, as being something far better than a child's horn book; for it contains much gospel matter, and sets forth some blessed truths. It is for this reason that we have thought it worthy of a passing notice; for error as well as truth might have adopted the infant school dress. Truth and error do not differ in the number of syllables any more than medicine and poison differ in the size of their doses. "No" is a monosyllable as well as "Yes;" and "Curse" is as short a word as "Bless." But viewing it as it stands, and drawing from it some obvious conclusions, it strikes us as affording a strong and remarkable testimony to several points worthy of notice. It, is 1. First, a strong testimony to the *simplicity* of truth itself; 2. Secondly, to *the form* in which it has pleased the Holy Ghost to reveal the mind and will of God in the Scriptures; 3. Thirdly, to the *wisdom and grace* given to our translators in using such simple language in our noble English version; 4. Fourthly, to the *example* thus afforded of the benefit and blessing of setting forth the truth by mouth and pen in the plainest, simplest form.

But before we touch upon these points, a few words may be necessary, lest we should lead our less educated readers into any misapprehension. It does not, then, necessarily follow that language is simple in proportion to the fewness of its syllables. It happens to be so in English, but it is by no means a general or universal rule in other tongues; for the number of syllables chiefly depends on the nature and structure of the language, which is quite a distinct thing from its simplicity or its general intelligibility. Our language differs from most others in its combining two distinct qualities, ease and difficulty; for whilst it has an abundance of terms that a ploughboy can understand, it possesses a range of words which it requires almost a lifetime of reading fully to master; and in no one point, perhaps, does a man of education differ from one of little or none than in the command which he possesses of the English vocabulary, that is, the words of which, as a spoken and written language, it is composed. It is calculated that our language possesses about 60,000 or 70,000 words, independent of a whole host of technical and scientific terms, amounting to perhaps 10,000 more; but that of this vast number not more than 500 or 600 are in common everyday use among the great bulk of the population, and therefore thoroughly understood by uneducated persons. Now of these 500 or 600 words, which, from the very circumstance that they are daily used by many millions, are the most important in the English language, many are of one syllable. Look around you, for instance, and see how many natural objects

are monosyllables. Sun, moon, stars, earth, hedge, field, ditch, wall, house, street, road, horse, cow, dog, plough, hoe, spade, and scores more are all of one syllable. Many also of our common verbs, adjectives, adverbs, prepositions, are monosyllabic, as anybody may ascertain who is curious on the point. Now, few are aware how much this simple circumstance has contributed to form our national character, and fuse us together as all one people; for it is not our 70,000 or 80,000 words which bind us as a nation together, and not only unite us here, in our little England, but in our colonies all over the world, and also to our trans-Atlantic brethren in the United States, so much as the 500 or 600 terms which the Queen speaks in her palace as well as the shepherd boy whistling over the lea. Words are like tools. The commonest are the most useful. The joiner may have hanging round his workshop hundreds of moulding tools which he may not want once a week or even once a year; but his chisels, his mallet, and his hammer are in his hands many times in the hour. So the 600 words in common use are the grand working tools of the English language, wherewith men buy and sell, talk and act, and carry on the general business of life. By them, too, the children of God converse with the Lord and with each other; by them men of truth pray and preach; and by them souls are sanctified, taught of God, and trained up for heaven. Very many of these ordinary words are of one syllable; for it is in this point that our language pre-eminently shines; and we believe it is almost the only language of ancient or modern tongues that have become vehicles of wide and extended national thought, and been cultivated to any high degree, in which there is such simplicity of form. This has much arisen from its peculiar structure, as for the most part admitting but few inflections of case and tense. Most languages are what is termed "inflected," that is, the necessary changes by which person, number, and case are indicated are effected by a variation of terminations, which are usually additions to the simple root, as "ox, oxen;" "kill, killed." This, therefore, prevents inflected languages from being monosyllabic. Thus Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, the three great classical languages, are inflected tongues; so that in these languages a monosyllabic sermon would be not so much a curiosity as an impossibility. Our tongue has also another peculiarity in being not a simple but a mixed language. Languages in this sense may be compared to rivers. Some, like the Nile, flow on direct from their source without receiving any other streams into their bosom. These, like the Greek and the German, are pure tongues, for no foreign language has intermingled itself, at least to any

extent, with them. Other languages resemble rivers, such as the Rhine and the Rhone in Europe, or the Mississippi in America, which at different points receive other streams, so that there is a continual intermingling of waters. Thus our language is made up of many streams; but two mighty rivers have chiefly intermingled to make up its present full and noble current. These are, 1, the Anglo-Saxon, which is a branch of the great Teutonic or German stock; and, 2, French, through which it has a close affinity with the Latin. Now, there is this peculiarity in our language, arising from this very mixture, that words of one syllable are almost all of Anglo-Saxon origin, and the long syllable words of French. And as the Anglo-Saxon, or native English, continued to be the language of the country generally, and especially of the lower classes of the population, after the Norman Conquest, when the French river poured itself into the pure English stream, it has thence arisen that almost every object of common life, and the greater part of our familiar phrases and peculiar idioms are Anglo-Saxon, and may be expressed very often in words of one syllable.

Will our readers forgive us this long and we fear not very profitable lecture upon language? We do not often get upon such subjects, nor should we have done so now except for the purpose of promoting truth, to which we consider everything else subordinate.

We briefly named several things to which we said a sermon such as that now before us bore a striking testimony.

1. The first was, the *simplicity* of truth itself. It is in the very nature of truth to be simple. Error needs covering and adorning to hide its natural deformity; but truth can stand in all its native dignity and beauty without any need of adventitious ornament. Look at the words of our blessed Lord which he spoke in the days of his flesh. What dignified simplicity is stamped upon all! Take, for instance, John 6, or those blessed chapters John 14, 15, 16, which he addressed as his dying legacy to his sorrowing disciples. It is true that as long as the veil is upon the heart those heavenly discourses, with all their divine simplicity, are neither understood, felt, nor believed. But where does the fault lie? In the darkness, ignorance, and unbelief of man, or in the obscurity of Scripture? Surely in the mind of man, not in the revelation given by God in the word of truth. Blessed be God that his truth is so simple to an understanding heart, so plain and clear when applied with power to the

believing soul. Salvation by grace, and by grace alone; pardon and peace through the atoning blood of the Son of God; justification by his imputed righteousness; and a mansion of eternal glory for those who believe in his name—what truths can be more simple, and yet what more glorious and blessed?

2. But we remarked also the simplicity of *form* under which the Holy Ghost has been pleased to reveal the truth. The Bible was not written for students and philosophers, but for the poor and needy family of God. The spirit of revelation is much contained in, and expressed by those remarkable words of our blessed Lord, "At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight." (Matt. 11:25, 26.) It is this union of the simplicity of truth with the simplicity yet utmost clearness and strength of expression that makes the Bible so wonderful a book. Read with an enlightened eye and a believing heart, what treasures of mercy, truth, and grace are therein seen! Faith is more and more kindled as we thus read it; for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God;" and in the train of faith follow hope and love, with every other grace and fruit of the Spirit, such as prayer and praise, meekness and humility, contrition and self-abasement, and that sweet spirituality of mind which is life and peace. The more a man's heart is alive unto God, the more will he read his Bible; nor can there be a surer sign of a sickly state of soul than distaste to the word of God.

3. But we made a remark also on the grace and wisdom bestowed upon our translators to give us such a faithful and noble, clear and beautiful, yet simple and plain version. The blessing which has rested upon our English Bible in the thousands of souls who, by it have been quickened and fed, liberated, sanctified, and saved, eternity alone can unfold. But much of this, under the blessing of God, has been due to the plain, simple, yet strong and expressive language which our translators were led to adopt. They were deeply penetrated with a reverence for the word of God, and, therefore, they felt themselves bound by a holy constraint to discharge their trust in the most faithful possible way. Under this divine constraint they were led to give us a translation unequalled for faithfulness to the original, and yet at the same time clothed in the purest and simplest English. How suitable is all this to the

simplest understanding, and how in this way the most precious truths of God are brought down to the plainest and most uncultivated mind. No one can read, with an enlightened eye, the discourses of our blessed Lord without seeing what a divine simplicity ran through all his words; and our translators were favoured with heavenly wisdom to translate these words of the Lord into language as simple as that in which they first fell from his lips. What can exceed the simplicity and yet the beauty and blessedness of such declarations as these?—"I am the bread of life;" "I am the door;" "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" "I lay down my life for the sheep;" "I am the vine," "God is love;" "By grace ye are saved." Even where the words are not strictly monosyllabic they are of the simplest kind, and as such are adapted to the capacity of every child of God, in whatever rank of life he may be. The blessedness of having not only such a Bible, but possessing such a translation of it can never be sufficiently valued. If the Scriptures had been written in a style of language which required a learned education and a cultivated mind to understand, how would they have been adapted to the poor of the flock? Or had our translators wrapped up the simple language of the original in high flown expressions, how it would have set the word of truth beyond the grasp of the poor of the flock! But now as soon as the Blessed Spirit is pleased to communicate light and life to the soul, the Bible is open to the poorest man to read and to understand; and as the Lord the Spirit is pleased to raise up faith in his heart to believe the testimony, he can not only understand what he thus reads without the necessity of a worldly education, but, under the unction of his grace, can also feel its power and blessedness in his own soul.

But apart from the blessing which it has been thus made to the family of God, our English Bible has been a national treasure. It has much interwoven itself with our national character, has set up a pure standard of religion and morality, and is daily influencing thousands of hearts to actions of kindness and benevolence, as well as exercising a widely spread power in upholding good and condemning evil. This moral effect of the Bible, as distinct from its spiritual effect, is sometimes too much overlooked or undervalued, but is not less real and substantial. It is something akin to the effect produced on a congregation where truth is preached, or in a family where its heads are partakers of the grace of God. In a congregation, many are influenced by the truth who are not regenerated by it; in a family, the children are often affected by the parent's example and admonitions who are not reached by

their grace. So, apart from its sanctifying influence on the vessels of mercy, the Bible has exercised an amazing amount of good on society at large; and in this sense has been made a great national blessing. But it is because the language of our Bible is such pure, simple, unaffected, idiomatic, intelligible English that it has become so thoroughly English a book, and has interwoven itself with our very laws and language, and stamped upon us so high a character among the nations of the earth.

4. The last point to which this simple sermon seems to bear testimony is—the proof it gives that truth can be conveyed in the *simplest possible form*. As "a literary curiosity," the author restricted himself to words of one syllable; but had he somewhat extended the idea by taking in words of two syllables, though it would have been fatal to the curiosity, it would not necessarily have impaired its simplicity. "I am the good shepherd" is as plain as "I am the true vine;" and "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," is quite as simple as "I will give you rest." The fact is that the simplicity of our version is due, not to its containing so many words of one syllable, but that its whole construction and vocabulary are as much as possible pure English, that is Anglo-Saxon. In this pure English, Bunyan wrote his immortal "Pilgrim," and those numerous other works which have been made such a blessing to the Church of God. It would be very desirable if ministers and writers whose aim is to set forth the truth of God in its purity and power would copy his example; for it was not from absolute necessity that he wrote in such plain and simple language, for he says in his preface to "Grace Abounding:" "I could also have stepped into a style much higher than this in which I have here discoursed; and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do; but I dare not." And then he adds a reason that it would be well were it laid more to heart by those who stand up in the name of the Lord. "God did not play in tempting of me; neither did I play when I sank as into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell caught hold upon me. Wherefore I may not play in relating of them, but the plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was." Were our eye more single to the glory of God; did we seek his honour more and our own less; did we feel more the weight, and solemn importance of the things which we preach and write; were the real profit of God's family more sought by us; and were we more abased in our own eyes and less than nothing and vanity in our own sight; did we trust less to our own ability, and rely more upon the power of God; did our sermons come with

more warmth and feeling out of our heart, and were our souls more richly anointed with the unction which is from above, we should preach the gospel less with the wisdom of man, and more with the power of God. Thus we may learn a profitable lesson, if we are willing to be taught, from the very simplicity of this sermon, in which there is not a single word of more than one syllable. As we have spoken thus far well of it, we think we cannot do better than give in conclusion the following specimen:

"Why do the saints bless God? None but saints can do this. All God's works can praise God, but none but saints can bless him. Those who are not saints do not bless God: they hate his reign, and will have none of him. But the saints bless him, and why?"

"First,—They bless God for they feel that all their sins were laid on Christ the Son of God; and the thought of this, as it sinks in the heart, is so sweet, that they break out in a new song of love to the lamb of God who sits on the throne. The thought of this keeps them from sin. Faith works by love; and when they think that all their sins are laid on him who knew no sin of his own; love to Christ, who bore their sins on the cross, keeps them from that which cost the Son of God so much; they bless God for these thoughts, and pray that their hearts may be full of them.

"The saints bless God for his Word, which they take as 'a light to their feet, and a lamp to their path;' in which they read his will; in which they find that which warns them from sin; keeps them in the way which leads to God's right hand, and shows them the path in which they should go. In this Book of books they find that which is a safe guide in *all* things. This is the chart by which they steer their course in this life, and which leads to the life of joy and peace that is to come.

"The saints bless God for a good hope through grace, that when they have done their work on this earth they shall dwell with him in that world which has no end; where no pain, nor want, nor sin, nor death can come; and where all is peace, and love, and praise. This helps them through this world of sin and pain. This cheers their heart in the midst of grief; and though at times they may cry out, 'How long, O Lord,' when God speaks to them in a still small voice, they can say with truth, 'Thy will be done.'

"The saints bless God that they can feel sure that sin, their first and worst foe, shall not tread out the life of God in their souls. Their past life, spent in sin, they look on with grief; but they feel sure that though sin is still with them, it will not so rise as to crush their new hopes; but that in all times of need God will come to their aid, and keep them in that way which leads *from* death and *to* life. They bless God for all the means of grace; for the day of rest; for the courts of his praise, where he is wont to be found; and, in the last place,

"The saints bless God that his love in Christ will not fail in *one* case; but that he will at length bring *all*, for whom Christ shed his blood, from all climes, out of all lands, of all names, of all sects, and through all doubts and fears, to that rest which is the lot of all those on whom he has set his love. Thus they feel safe and sure, for their hope is in God, and their feet are on the Rock—Christ. This calms their fears, clears their doubts, and makes them both praise and bless God. They feel, too, that all that God has done, and all that he will do for them, springs from free grace on his part. They feel that they have no hand in this good work of grace, and that it is God that 'works in them to will and to do.' Thus, they do not flag in the work their hands find to do; for those who *best* feel that it is God who works in them will *work the best*."

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Eternal Generation Derogatory to all the Persons in the Holy Trinity, but especially to the Persons of the Son and Holy Ghost. By W. Palmer.

Since we have occupied our present position as Editor of the "Gospel Standard," many a hostile pamphlet has been hurled at our head. We have never taken the trouble to count them, though we believe that by this time they must amount to not less than thirty in number; and to do so now, would be but lost labour, for most of them have long since quietly passed away into the land of forgetfulness, whence there is rarely any return. It might have been at the time a passing "vexation to hear the report;" but, like the Park guns, their noise was greater than their execution, for after nearly twenty years' firing they have not carried off our head, nor shot away our sword arm, nor even grazed the skin with the wadding. Through God's help and blessing we are still maintained at our post, undaunted by the attacks of our enemies,

and enabled at times to realize the experience and adopt the language of the apostle: "By the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." (2 Cor. 6:7-10.)

The present warm and widely-spread controversy respecting the true and proper nature of the Sonship of our blessed Lord has, however, called forth a fresh shower of angry missiles, to which, when the present excitement has passed away, is reserved, we believe, the same fate which has befallen their predecessors—a gradual sinking into the gulf of oblivion. Nor should we have stretched out a hand to rescue any of them from their impending doom, had not the following circumstance compelled us to take public notice of one of them.

Our readers will doubtless remember that we inserted on the wrapper of our Jan. No. a resolution passed by the church assembling itself for the worship of God at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, London, respecting the Sonship of our gracious Lord. The publicity thus given to the proceedings at Zoar has drawn from Mr. Palmer, of Homerton, a short pamphlet, in which he not only strongly animadverts upon the resolution and the resolutionists, but has put forward, in the shape of an insinuation, what we must take the liberty of calling a personal slander upon ourselves. This we feel, therefore, called upon to repel, not only for our own sake, but for the sake of the church at Zoar, and, we may add, for the truth's sake generally as advocated in the pages of the "Gospel Standard," which must suffer if the Editor seemed to admit, by his silence, the truth of the charge indirectly brought against him by the author of the pamphlet. Mr. Palmer's tract thus opens:

"The following resolution was passed at a special church-meeting, held in Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, London, on Tuesday, December 11th, 1860:

"That this church hold the faith which they believe to be the faith of God's elect, and revealed to their souls by the power of the Holy Ghost, and in the written word of God, that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is, and ever was,

the eternal Son of God in his Divine nature and Person from all eternity, that had he never taken our nature upon him, had no worlds been formed, angels created, or church chosen, God the eternal Father, God the eternal Son, and God the eternal Spirit would have existed in co-equal and co-eternal union, essence, nature, Persons, and relationships, in one all-glorious God; and that the same glorious Person who now sitteth at his Father's right hand, glorified with the glory he had with him before the world was, and clothed in a body like our own, in his twofold nature and complex Person, is the co-eternal Son of God, the immortal Son of man.'"

"This is a curious resolution; more remarkable for its ambiguity than its brevity; and more likely to perplex the understanding than to help the faith of true believers. Singularly enough, it is styled, 'the faith of God's elect,' and said to have been revealed to the souls of the resolutionists 'by the power of the Holy Ghost.' A thing very unlikely to be true; yet which, if true, not only settles the question, but compels the promoters of the resolution to treat their protesting brethren as unbelieving heretics, who, 'after a first and second admonition,' must be expelled from their communion. (Titus 3:10.) It is true they affirm this faith to be revealed in the Holy Scriptures, as well as in their own souls; but it is equally true they have not said where in the Scripture it is revealed, having relied, it may be presumed, on their own experience, which they regard as certainly infallible."

Mr. Palmer calls this "a curious" resolution, meaning, we presume, that it is either singular in sentiment or extraordinary in expression. In this judgment we by no means concur. The doctrine is good, though it certainly might have been expressed with more clearness and accuracy. But Mr. Palmer should consider that few of the Lord's people are gifted with his general clearness of thought and accuracy of expression; and that it is a part of that charity which "believeth all things," and "thinketh no evil," not to make men offenders for a word, but to look with a kind, and yet impartial eye at their intention rather than their execution. To carp at incidental and venial faults in expression, when, as in their case, no claim is laid to skill in literary composition, is an index of a little mind or of a hostile disposition. But he adds that it is "more remarkable for its ambiguity than its brevity." There, in a measure, we agree with him. It would have been better if the resolution had been less ambiguous and more concise. But, judging from daily facts, prolixity and its general

result, ambiguity, seem almost unavoidably incidental to public and private instruments. Look at Acts of Parliament, wills, leases, agreements, contracts of every kind, even when drawn up by lawyers, men whose lives are devoted to the study, and who are in possession of the most accurate forms that legal ingenuity has devised. What prolixity, what ambiguity usually characterise them! and as a consequence, what a vast amount of amended Acts, disputed wills, broken leases, evaded agreements, and cancelled contracts! Our Zoar friends may well, therefore, be pardoned if, not being skilful lawyers, thorough grammarians, or acute logicians, they have rather failed in expressing their views in that clear, concise, unexceptionable form which, though it might not have disarmed hostile criticism as directed against their doctrine, might have foiled its shafts as aimed at its expression. If they have failed as grammarians, they have succeeded as champions for the truth, and deserve the thanks of every church of experimental truth in the land for the firm and most necessary stand that they have made against error in this dark day, and by doing which they have sought to secure their pulpit from contradiction, if not their church from confusion. We much admire the firm yet calm and Christian conduct which has been shown by the two leading churches of experimental truth in the metropolis, Gower Street and Zoar, in this difficult and painful crisis; and if our public testimony be of any value to them, we here give it, not in the narrow spirit of party, but "with the warm cordiality of sincere affection as loving them for the truth's sake, and as sympathising with them in their present trials and difficulties. Without the aid and support of a settled pastor, deprived of which a church must be always weak, and in the face of much internal difficulty and opposition, each has stood forward in this day of error to contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints; and they have thus vindicated the position which, with partial eclipses, they have sustained so many years before the eyes of the churches both in London and in the country, holding forth the word of life in its purity and power.

But to return to the Zoar resolution. We regret its ambiguity, not because it is any stumbling block to us, as we believe that we fully understand the meaning of the brethren, but because it has afforded Mr. Palmer such an opportunity for attack. Let us, then, direct our attention to these three points: 1, the ambiguous expression itself; 2, the meaning put upon it by Mr. Palmer; and 3, its fair and legitimate interpretation in the sense intended by the Brethren.

1. The ambiguous expression is, "and revealed to their souls by the power of the Holy Ghost." The ambiguity lies in the little pronoun "their," which, as connected with the word "souls," may refer either to the souls of "this church," or to the souls of God's elect, its immediate antecedent.

2. We, in harmony, we believe, with the intention of the resolutionists, and with the strict grammatical concord, refer the pronoun "their" to the "elect;" while Mr. Palmer, possibly mistaking the meaning of the resolution, or, as we shrewdly suspect, for good reasons of his own, makes it refer to the souls of the resolutionists; and, assuming this as its signification, grounds upon it a series of sarcastical arguments, by which he labours hard, not only to overthrow, but to cover with contempt both resolution and resolutionists. "Singularly enough," he writes, "it is styled the 'faith of God's elect,' and is said to have been revealed to the souls of the resolutionists 'by the power of the Holy Ghost.'" Upon this, as we believe, false interpretation of the meaning of the ambiguous expression, he builds his unwarrantable attack, of which we have already given a specimen.

3. Now, we believe that such was not the meaning of the resolutionists, nor can it be fairly gathered from their language. They evidently intended to declare by a public act what faith (that, is, what, doctrine as an object of faith) the church at Zoar held; and of faith they declare three things: 1. that it is "the faith of God's elect;" 2, that it is "revealed to their souls," that is, the souls of the elect, (not to the souls of the resolutionists,) "by the power of the Holy Ghost;" and 3, that this doctrine, which is the faith of God's elect, is revealed also "in the written word of God." These are their three propositions, in the truth of which we most fully and heartily concur. It certainly would have been both better grammar and better sense if the resolution had run thus: "That this church holds the faith which it believes to be," &c. Then the pronoun "their," as being one that always refers to the plural number, must necessarily have been related to the plural antecedent, "God's elect," and all this ambiguity would have been avoided. But, alas! all the Lord's people are not such sound grammarians or such acute logicians as Mr. Palmer. And yet one would think that the faculty called common sense, which sometimes serves us of the common crowd, who can neither write grammatically nor argue logically, in the place of those higher sciences, might have shown Mr. Palmer

that the resolutionists could not have intended the resolution to bear the meaning which he imputes to it. Their object was to define the faith of the church, that is, the doctrine which it held as a church upon one particular point, not to state the experience of that doctrine in the hearts of all the members. There being no settled pastor at Zoar, and the pulpit being supplied by different ministers, of whom some asserted and others denied the eternal Sonship of Jesus, it was fast becoming a matter of uncertainty what the faith of the church, as the guardian of the pulpit, was upon that important point. To determine, therefore, this question, the church passes a resolution that it holds upon this point of doctrine the faith of God's elect, which it then proceeds to define as being "that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is and ever was the eternal Son of God," &c. As this article of their faith had become obscured, the object of the resolution was to bring it out into the clear light of day. There is nothing "curious" or "singular" in this. Precise and definite articles of faith are or should be held by every church of truth, and as such they usually stand recorded in the church book, and are embodied in its deeds. If any one of these articles of faith should become obscured or disputed, the church has full power to explain and define it by a formal resolution. But no church, in declaring its articles of faith, or in more clearly defining any one of them, asserts that these articles have been revealed by the Holy Ghost to the soul of every member. A church cannot, consistently with common sense, declare any such thing. It may assert a certain point of doctrine, and may declare its belief that not only is the doctrine itself revealed in the Scripture, but is made known by the blessed Spirit to the hearts of the saints of God, as the Church of England, in her 17th Article, after defining the doctrine of election, adds that "it is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons, and such as feel in themselves the working of the Spirit of Christ," &c. This, then, a church may do, but it cannot vouch for the experience of all its members. To show this still more clearly, take the following supposition. Say that a church was first formed at Zoar in 1761. That church would profess certain articles of faith which it might propound under the form of a series of resolutions. One of these resolutions might run in the same form as that now before us, and might assert that the eternal Sonship of Christ was a part of the faith of God's elect, and as such was not only revealed outwardly in the written word, but was also from time to time revealed inwardly to the souls of the saints. This would be a resolution quite in accordance with the faith of a church holding experimental truth, because it

would thus not only lay down the doctrine as revealed in the word of God, which a letter-church might do, but would go forward into the blessed region of experience, by declaring that it was experimentally revealed to the elect. But it could not look forward to the members of the same church in 1861, and declare that it would be revealed to all of them.

But Mr. Palmer, by the interpretation which he has put upon the words of the resolution, has not only misunderstood but misrepresented the meaning of those who passed it. The resolution runs, "That *this church* hold;" it does not say, "That we, the *resolutionists*, hold." These are widely different propositions. The object of the resolution is to declare and define the faith of the church as being invested with the solemn trust of being a witness for God here below: ("Ye are my witnesses;") not to assert the personal faith and experience of the resolutionists, except by implication as supporting the resolution.

We thus see that in making his angry onslaught on the church at Zoar, Mr. Palmer has most woefully tripped; and as the star-gazing astronomer unhappily fell into the well at his feet from using his eyes too much above and too little below, so our acute critic, from employing too much his logic and too little his common sense, has fallen into a terrible slough.

But perhaps he mends as he proceeds. Because a man falls through mistake into a slough, it does not follow that he should go further into the bog. Pliable extricated himself from the Slough of Despond. Why should not Mr. Palmer get again upon firm ground? Let us see. He shall speak for himself, and at some length too:

"But is it so? Has the Holy Ghost revealed to them what is contained in the resolution? This is very improbable. And it is so for the following reasons:

"1. What is here called 'the faith of God's elect' is *no faith at all*, but a human scheme, founded upon philosophical and metaphysical distinctions, with the view of explaining the doctrine of the Trinity and the Sonship of Christ. The testimony of Scripture in regard to the sacred Trinity is: 'There are Three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these Three are One.' (1 John 5:7.) The divine testimony in regard to the Son

of God is: 'That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' (Rom. 10:9.) This is 'the faith of God's elect;' 'the faith once delivered to the saints.'

"2. It appears that nearly half the church rejected the claim to a divine illumination set up by the co-resolutionists, and have set forth, in a printed form, another faith, called also, 'the faith of God's elect.' Now, as these brethren meet with the pro-resolutionists, worship with them, converse with them, know something of their manner of life, and of their experience, their opinion has *considerable weight*. What do *they* say? They say the brethren are not thus illuminated.

"3. The Holy Ghost is '*not the author of confusion;*' and had he revealed this faith to them he would have revealed it clearly, and for an occasion of so much importance, enabled them to have expressed it clearly, which they have not done.

"4. This faith is *expressly contradicted by the Holy Ghost*. The resolution says that Christ sitteth at the Father's right hand—'clothed in a body like our own;' whereas the Holy Ghost saith that 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;' that 'there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body;' and that the Lord Jesus Christ shall change those that are alive at his coming, and the vile body shall be 'fashioned like unto his glorious body.' (1 Cor. 15; Phil. 3:21.)

"5. It is very unlikely that the Holy Ghost should reveal to these brethren the clothing of Christ's essential Deity, which is here represented as not consisting of his humanity, but as *independent* of it! According to the resolution, Christ has a clothing of some kind *besides* 'body like our own;' and in that clothing he is *in* this immortal body, which is said to be like our bodies which are not immortal! A further revelation to these brethren seems needful, to instruct them in the *how* of this vain philosophy."

Mr. Palmer here adduces five reasons to show the great improbability that the Holy Ghost had revealed to the resolutionists what is contained in the resolution. Here, then, we find him still in the slough into which he has so

uncomfortably fallen; nay, getting more and more deeply into it; for his five arguments are chiefly based upon the false interpretation which he has put upon the first part of the resolution. In this he shows rather the skill of the advocate than the strength of the logician. One or two of his arguments—such as they are, for they are not chosen with his usual ability—will, however, certainly apply to the resolution independently of his misinterpretation.

1. Argument the first is one of these; but it is at best a very weak one, for it is an assertion rather than a proof; and no one knows better than so able a reasoner as Mr. Palmer that assertions are not arguments. He meets an assertion by a counter-assertion. The resolutionists assert that "the faith of God's elect is that the Lord Jesus Christ is the eternal Son of God," &c. "No," says Mr. Palmer, "it is not; it is no faith at all; but a human scheme," &c. But this is merely a counter-assertion. The asserting that it is a human scheme does not prove that it is so. But to bring forward something like proof, he adduces two passages of Scripture, which, so far from overthrowing the doctrine of the eternal Sonship of Christ, are in full harmony with it. Do any of those who hold the eternal Sonship of Christ deny the Trinity and the resurrection of Jesus Christ? Or are these sacred and blessed truths incompatible with our blessed Lord's being the Son of God in his divine nature? What weak arguments for so able a reasoner! And observe how this acute logician, this nice weigher of words, who, in another pamphlet, lately published, denies to the Editor of the "Standard" any acquaintance with the art of reasoning, confounds the two senses of faith—that is, faith as an inward act of the soul, (Rom. 10:9,) and faith as an outward revelation of truth, (Jude 3,) for his first text refers to a doctrine, but his second to faith in Christ's resurrection; and yet he says of both, "This is the faith of God's elect; the faith once delivered to the saints." To do Mr. Palmer justice, he does not often reason so weakly and argue so sophistically. But if a reviewer may be lawfully reviewed, surely a critic may be legitimately criticised.

2. The second argument is so wholly based upon the misinterpretation upon which we have so fully dwelt that it need not long detain us. And yet, apart from its reasoning, which is positively childish, it is worthy of attention as a sad exposure of the spiritual ignorance of the writer. Take the argument as it stands. Assume that the resolutionists did really declare what we hope is true of many of them, that the Son of God had been revealed to their souls as the

eternal Son of the Father. Now, if twenty of the church could say this and ten could not, are the ten who cannot to be judges of the twenty who can? So far from being of "considerable weight," is their opinion of any weight at all? But assume another case—one, we fear, much too frequent. Suppose that of these ten five were dead in a profession, and knew absolutely nothing of divine teaching for themselves. Are these capable of judging what is and what is not a divine revelation of the Son of God to the soul? As much as a blind man is a judge of a painting by Raphael, or a deaf man of an overture by Mozart. It is not being called a brother, meeting at the same chapel, conversing together, and knowing something of their manner of life and of their experience, that can constitute professors judges of possessors. This is making the natural man a judge of the spiritual man, whereas the apostle declares that "the spiritual man judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man." (1 Cor. 2:15.) A natural man is no more a judge of the experience of a spiritual man than Judas was a judge of the revelation made to Peter, or Elymas the sorcerer of the joys of Paul in the third heaven. Observe that we are making no allusions to, or casting reflections on, the minority at Zoar. We are not calling them dead professors, for we do not even personally know them; but we merely put the case in a strong light and upon general grounds to show the fallacy of the argument, and to expose the ignorance of its author as a writer upon the things of the Spirit.

3. The third argument is founded equally with the foregoing upon a misinterpretation of the meaning of the resolution, and would be equally weak and fallacious even were the interpretation true. It is true that the Holy Ghost is "not the author of confusion," but the confusion meant by the apostle, as Mr. Palmer ought to have known, is not a confusion of thought or expression, but a disturbance of order in a congregation, and signifies, as expressed in the margin, (1 Cor. 14:33,) "tumult or unquietness." A man may write as clearly and express himself as forcibly as Mr. Palmer, and yet not have a grain of grace; and a poor child of God may be confused in thought and stammering in expression, and yet have a blessed experience of the truth of God in his soul. To test the teaching of the Holy Spirit by clearness of thought and distinctness of expression is to overthrow every spiritual evidence of the work of grace upon the heart.

4. Here, again, we, have assertion against assertion. The resolution, borrowing

a line from Dr. Watts's well-known hymn, speaks of Christ as "clothed in a body like our own." All that is meant by this expression is that the Lord Jesus Christ wears in heaven the same humanity which he had upon earth, which we believe to be a blessed gospel truth. The addition of the words, "the immortal Son of man," clearly shows the sense intended by the resolution; and its meaning is that though Immanuel wears a body like our own, that is, a real humanity, it is an immortal, glorified body.

5. The last argument is no argument at all, and nothing but a mere cavilling misrepresentation of the meaning of the resolution. That resolution, besides asserting the eternal Sonship of our blessed Lord, states the four following propositions: 1, That the Lord Jesus Christ is the co-eternal Son of God and the immortal Son of man in one glorious Person; 2, That he sitteth at God's right hand as this glorious Person; 3, That he is there glorified with the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, that is, in all the manifested glory of his divine nature; and 4, That he has an actual humanity, which may be called "a body like our own," inasmuch as it is real and substantial human nature. This is the meaning of the latter part of the resolution, if not quite so clearly and definitely expressed. These divine truths Mr. Palmer calls "vain philosophy;" and then, having denied both the truth itself and the revelation of it, tells us that a "further revelation seems needful to instruct the brethren in the *how* of this vain philosophy." Sound divine! admirable logician! How can they have a *further* revelation, if they have had none at all? and how can a further revelation from God instruct them in the *how* of a vain philosophy? Does the Holy Ghost first teach men vain philosophy and then instruct them in the *how* of it? How true are the words, "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness;" (1 Cor. 3:19;) and, "He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made." (Ps. 7:15)

But we now come to something worse than bad divinity and limping logic:

"It appears far more likely that the 'Standard' is the source of light to these brethren, and that the hand of Joab was in the whole matter. One might ask, Was there no cloven foot in this business? No Esau versus Jacob? No Haman plotting against Mordecai? No foreign agencies operating this result? No personal vanity, resentment, or vindictiveness, working itself out in this unhappy manner? If the 'Standard' has been the means of creating so

sorrowful a state of things as to array brother against brother, to divide the church into fanatics and heretics—for so each party must regard the other—and if other churches than this, both in the metropolis and the provinces, are in a similar state through the 'Standard,' it becomes a question well worth the study of the church at Great Alie-street, and of the churches elsewhere, if it would not be wise to cast out the 'Standard' and take in the Bible? There will never be much abiding peace till they do—probably."

The Editor of the "Gospel Standard" is here compared to a Joab, an Esau, and a Haman, and the proceedings at Zoar in proposing and passing the resolution are ascribed to his agency; his motives for operating this result being "personal vanity, resentment, and vindictiveness." Such comparisons are easily instituted, and such charges readily made; but the question still remains to be decided: Are the comparisons just? are the charges true? The comparisons we shall leave. A man cannot have stood before the eyes of the churches as a minister and as an editor for more than twenty years without their being able to form some judgment of his character and conduct, and whether he is worthy to be compared to such reprobates as Mr. Palmer has declared him to resemble. The charges we shall answer; and in so doing, we must separate the public from the private acts ascribed to the Editor.

That our papers in the "Standard" upon the Sonship of our blessed Lord may have exercised some influence upon the churches, and may indirectly have produced divisions, we do not doubt. This influence we believe to be the power of truth as commended to the conscience, of which the indirect effect has been a bringing to light of much error which had been covered up, and in consequence a separation between those who hold truth and those who hold error. But for these indirect effects we are no more, in a guilty sense, responsible than any minister of truth is, who, by wielding the sword of the Spirit, cuts down error, and takes forth the precious from the vile. The proclamation of truth, whether by tongue or pen, has always caused divisions; but these divisions are not to be imputed as sins to those who, by the ministration of the truth, are the indirect causes of them.

But Mr. Palmer has ascribed to us, not only the divisions which have arisen from our bringing forward, in a prominent manner, the real Sonship of our blessed Lord, but has imputed to us the vilest motives which could well

influence the mind of a writer upon such sacred subjects. "Personal vanity, resentment, and vindictiveness" are ascribed as our motives for bringing before the churches a truth which is not only dear to our own soul, but is, at this present moment, precious to the hearts of thousands. We must leave to the great Searcher of hearts what our motives were, whether they were love for the truth, zeal for the glory of God, and a desire to profit and edify his people, or such as Mr. Palmer ascribes to us.

But we now come to something beyond our public acts as Editor of the "Standard." Mr. Palmer, in the quotation which we have given, insinuates that there was upon our part some secret, underhand dealing in the matter of the resolution passed by the church at Zoar, and that we plotted in secret with its proposers, as Joab plotted with the woman of Tekoa to bring back Absalom, as Esau plotted to slay Jacob, and as Haman plotted to destroy Mordecai. Now, we can most solemnly declare that we knew nothing of the intention to propose the resolution, had no correspondence or communication, direct or indirect, with its proposers, and never saw the resolution till it had been passed, when it was sent to us, as it was also to all the other ministers who had ever occupied the Zoar pulpit. That this is the case, the following extract from a letter lying before us will abundantly prove:

"As the mover of the resolution, I would just say that it was drawn up by myself without the knowledge, advice, or assistance of any human being; that the deacons of the church knew nothing of its contents until read before them at the church meeting; and the general body of the members was ignorant of anything of the kind coming before them. I think I may venture to assert that never since a Christian church has assembled within the walls of Zoar has a resolution ever been submitted to them more free and independent of any person or party, or passed more honourably, the members of the church having had ample opportunity of knowing and understanding the nature of the error contended against, both from the pulpit and the press. On the night of the meeting, Dec. 11th, 1860, the resolution was submitted to the church, and read over to them slowly and distinctly three times, allowing in the intervals ample time for discussion, and was then passed by the church, with only two dissentients. At the following church meeting, which was our ordinary one, held on Jan. 16th, 1861, a resolution was submitted to the church to rescind the resolution of the special church meeting, and make that

meeting null and void. It was thrown out, and the resolution was confirmed, and, I believe, would have been so by a much larger majority if all had voted. D. P. G."

Is not this sufficient? Need we add a word of our own to repel Mr. P.'s slander? But what shall we think and say of the man who has thus put it forward? Is he worth any further notice on our part? We, shall leave him to the judgment of our readers, and to the same judgment we shall leave the decision of the question which he proposes as well worth the study of the church at Great Alie Street, if it would not be wise to cast out the "Standard" and take in the Bible. Readers! If the "Standard" be against the Bible, cast it out of your houses—never read a page therein more. You know best whether it advocates truth or error. That truth is separating; that this question of the true and proper Sonship of Christ has brought to light error long covered up, and has thus necessarily produced divisions in the churches we cannot deny. This is painful to witness, and we have felt it much; but we remember Christ's words: "Think ye that I am come to send peace upon earth? I came not to send peace, but a sword."

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Life and Letters of the Late James Bourne.—(*August, 1861.*)

Complaints have been made in every age by the real saints and servants of God of the low state of religion in their day. Not to mention such names as Augustine and Bernard, even in those days which are usually and justly considered signal epochs of vital godliness, such as the time of the Reformation and that of the English Commonwealth, Luther and Knox, Owen and Bunyan loudly lamented the prevailing errors, the general lukewarmness, the abounding evils, and the reigning pride and worldliness of the great bulk of professors in their day as presenting a striking contrast with the precepts of the New Testament and with those fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God. That in every wheat field there should be tares, on every barn-floor chaff, in every mine useless ore as well as precious metal, need not astonish us, as such is the character of the present dispensation. A Saul among the prophets, a Judas among the disciples, a Simon Magus among the baptized, need not then surprise us; but when there

are more Sauls than Samuels, more Judases than Johns, and more Simon Maguses than Stephens, then may we well cry out, "The good man is perished out of the earth, and there is none upright among men." Persons ignorant of the power of God in their own bosoms, knowing little or nothing of vital godliness for themselves, and, with all their loud and long profession, still wrapped up in the face of the covering cast over all people and the veil spread over all nations—the veil of ignorance and unbelief over the heart, (2 Cor. 3:15,) naturally consider all such complaints as captious, and to spring rather from the dark and gloomy views of the complainers than to have any solid foundation in truth. If I have never seen a diamond, is it wonderful that I cannot distinguish between a gem from the mines of Golconda and a Bristol stone or Birmingham paste? If I have never seen light in God's light, never felt life in God's life, never tasted and handled the word of his grace, never known the beauty and blessedness, the grace and glory of the Lord Jesus Christ, need it be a matter of surprise that I should call evil good and good evil, put darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter? Now this is just what they do who, like the idols of old, "have mouths but they speak not," that, is, words of truth and righteousness; "eyes, but they see not light in God's light; ears, but they hear not" the pure sound of gospel grace nor the voice of the heavenly Shepherd; "noses, but they smell not" the savour of his good ointments; "hands, but they handle not" the word of life; "feet, but they walk not" in the strait and narrow way; "neither speak they through their throat" what they have felt with divine power in the heart. No wonder, then, that they resist any such unwelcome truth as that they are labouring in the fire for very vanity. "Look," they say, "at the rapid increase of churches and chapels all over the land; see the hundreds of thousands of pounds raised by the different religious societies, and view the efforts made in every direction to advance the interests of true religion by Sunday and ragged schools and by the wide diffusion of Bibles and tracts in every land and almost in every language under heaven. Will you tacitly ignore or wilfully shut your eyes against such decided marks of a widely-spread interest in true religion, or what is worse, will you deny all such efforts to be good because not in precise harmony with your own narrow views?" We freely admit that much has been done and much is still doing to elevate the rude masses into something like religion and morality; and as the Bible cannot be spread or read without some effect on men's consciences, much of this outside work may assume the shape of such a system of truth, doctrinal and practical, as is revealed in the inspired

page. This is what the word of truth calls "the form," or outside shape, "of godliness." But this is just what the Jew had from the Scriptures of the Old Testament, which the Apostle calls "the form of knowledge and of the truth in the law." (Rom. 2:20.) But this very Jew, when boasting of the law, through breaking it was dishonouring God. (Rom. 2:23.) So under the New Testament, wherein there is a clearer revelation, men may have a form of godliness whilst they deny the power thereof. To quicken the dead, to deliver the blind from the power of darkness, and to translate the vassals of sin and Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son, is so purely and peculiarly the work of sovereign grace that we must not confound these miracles of mercy and love with the weak and puny efforts of an arm of flesh. So far as they humanize, civilize, and improve the rude and rough masses towards which they are directed, let such efforts be recognized as truly praiseworthy. But let them not usurp the throne of sovereign grace, as if they wielded the sceptre of the Prince of peace, or burn incense with strange fire as if they were offering spiritual sacrifices. Reformation is not regeneration; and men may be civilized and humanized, receive a large measure of divine truth into their minds, live to a good extent under its influence, and, as far as outward appearance goes, be made truly religious without ever being washed, sanctified, or justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of God.

But let us now dig down into a deeper stratum than the mere superficial soil, which everywhere meets our eye—that thick evangelical crust under which so much self-delusion lies hid. Look at those churches, for instance, which profess a purer faith and a sounder creed than that motley mixture of semi-Calvinism or decided Arminianism which marks the general profession of the day. Take a glance at the letter churches and the letter ministers who, like Paul's Jew, "make their boast of God" as if they were in full and firm possession of his truth; and view their features as reflected in those sermons, pamphlets, or periodicals which may well be supposed not only adequately to represent them, but to set them off in the most glowing colours and the most favourable light. Stripped of all that false glare of vain confidence and boasting assurance, how naked and bare they stand before a discerning eye! Weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, how light is all their religion; and in what a striking contrast does their poverty stand with their pretensions! Judged by their own standards, or by the glowing panegyrics bestowed upon them in their periodicals, or upon each other at their anniversary meetings,

their tea-parties, and their speechifyings, the ministers are burning and shining lights, almost rivalling Paul in grace and gifts, and Apollos in knowledge and eloquence; and their churches are lengthening their cords and strengthening their stakes as if, like the primitive churches, walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, they were daily multiplied. Whether all this flattery, (let it arise from the fumes of incense burnt by their own hands or by others for them,) springs from ignorance of the nature and power of vital godliness, from blindness to the real state of things, or from a wretched carnal desire to please, so that what is given in paper of praise may be returned in bullion of profit, matters little. Deception is deception, whether the deceit is known or unknown to the deceived. Consumptive patients flatter themselves with returning health, and relatives adopt the same pleasing delusion when the hollow cough tells a different tale to the physician's ear, and the hectic flush presents a different aspect to his penetrating eye. In such a case it really matters little as regards the present state and the final issue, whether the patient deceives himself, or quacks, with their balsams, eager for pelf, avail themselves of his self-flattery to pour into his ear a congratulatory strain, and into his stomach a heating if not a healing drug. Disease advances in spite of all such deception, and the pale corpse soon betrays the falsehood of deceiver and deceived. There are consumptive churches as well as consumptive patients, and quacks in the pulpit as well as in the advertising columns of a newspaper; but the more sure the end the worse the flattery, the more subtle the deception the more awful the issue. A tree is to be known by its fruit; and if this test be applied to the letter churches and the letter ministers, we shall not form any very high idea of their being trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified. The late controversy, if it has done nothing else, has brought to light an amazing amount of error hitherto covered up both by ministers and members; and were these churches laid bare to the eyes of men as they stand before him whose eyes are as a flame of fire, we firmly believe that evil would be found as predominant as error. A decent veil of morality may indeed cover them, for that the world demands too stringently for its voice to be wholly unheeded. But pride, worldliness, and covetousness may reign rampant where grosser sins are not committed or kept close from observation.

When wearied and sickened with the general aspect of what is called the religious world, and with men who either are drunk with the spirit of error or

hold the truth in unrighteousness, how refreshing it is to meet with a true-hearted, well taught, simple, and savoury child of God. As we converse with such, and mark their godly fear, their tenderness of conscience, their humility, their brokenness and contrition of spirit, their spirituality of mind, their faith strong yet not presumptuous, their hope clear but not self-confident, their love sincere yet not vain-glorious,—what reality seems stamped upon their religion, and what a marked contrast is thus afforded between such and that numerous class to whom we have already alluded, and to too many of whom, it is to be feared, the words apply, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." The contrast which we have thus drawn between professor and possessor is never more striking than when we meet with books written under the influence of the dissimilar spirits which characterise the one and the other. Disguise it how they may, wrap it up how they will, the ill-savour of a carnal spirit manifests itself to a spiritual nose, as no amount of pastiles or aromatic vinegar can conquer the sickening odour of the chamber of death. But "spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices," naturally, necessarily give out a sweet odour at once recognised as peculiar and genuine. As with men, so with books, there is the ointment of the apothecary full of dead flies, and there is the ointment of the right hand which betrayeth itself.

It is some time since we met with a book of greater weight and power than the volume the title of which we have given at the head of the present article. The singularly happy death of Mr. Bourne, it will perhaps be remembered, on a previous occasion, found a place in our pages; and as was his death, such, for the most part, was his life. Though the Lord does sometimes almost work miracles on a death-bed, as, for instance, when he fills with all joy and peace in believing some poor desponding child of his long held in doubt and fear, yet, as a general rule, it is true as regards sinner and saint, that as men live so they die. Those who are blessed with much godly fear, and walk in the light of God's countenance, usually die in sweet peace; and if there be no remarkable triumph, no being carried to heaven as in a chariot of fire, they find the everlasting arms underneath to support them as they pass through the valley of the shadow of death. And those who have through much tribulation entered here below the kingdom of grace usually enter with corresponding consolation into the kingdom of glory. Mr. Bourne was singularly favoured during a long

life to walk much in the fear of God, and to enjoy much of the light of his countenance and the manifestation of his love. We have the advantage, in his case, of an account drawn up by himself of the early dealings of God with him in providence and in grace, from which we shall make some extracts, as showing, far better than we can do, the way in which he was led of the Lord both in providence and grace. His autobiography thus commences:

"It is my desire in much humility to give some account of the teaching of the Spirit of God upon my heart.

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

"My father's second marriage turned his affections from me until his death, which was very wounding to me. He died when I was fifteen, leaving the paternal estate to his eldest son, and a small legacy to the rest of his children by his first wife, of whom I was the youngest. The surviving son by the second wife inherited his mother's property. Thus were two of the family rendered independent, and placed in a very different situation from the rest.

"At school it was easily seen that I was neglected at home, and therefore the same liberty was taken by the master. I was continually punished, disgraced, and disheartened, and never allowed to rise in the school. I must acknowledge that my natural disposition was volatile, and that I was a boy that had no mind for study; nor did the master attempt to correct this deficiency, but was always jeering and setting me at nought; so that at last I entreated my friends to go to another school in the same town. Here I made more progress in one year than in all the time before, greatly to the surprise of my new master, and regained my lost character, and was fitted by this short attention to my education to enter upon anything that might be eligible for me to pursue in life.

"In the same town I had a brother articulated to a solicitor, who during my absence in the holidays had joined himself to the Methodists. On my return he said much on the new profession of religion he had engaged in, and I was not long listening before I went with him to hear, and soon became his constant companion. I remember the first text I heard was 2 Kings 4:26: 'Is it well with thyself? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?' The last sentence lighted upon me. I replied in my heart, It is not well with the child—meaning myself. This I could not easily shake off; and from the impression it made on me, together with my brother's conversation, I became a professor of religion. Being a school-boy at a public school, I was presently noticed by all parties; flattered and admired by the poor professors, laughed at by others, and scorned by my schoolfellows, who used to set themselves in such places and positions in the chapel as to make me if possible ashamed of myself and of the despicable cause I had espoused. In a few weeks I was solicited to join the society, the nature of which I neither understood nor laid to heart. Being made tender through fear I only thought I must do as I was bid. So on the next public meeting my brother and myself appeared in full congregation to give some account of the work of God upon our souls, of which, as yet, I had no comprehension; yet, after a few broken accents, we were admitted.

"All this time I had to endure much reproach in the boarding-house from those around me, but this text continually followed me: 'Whoso is ashamed of me and of my words, of him will the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.' (Luke 9:26.) This kept me patient and willing to bear, though I had no spiritual view or knowledge of Christ as my Saviour.

"I was told to pray to obtain the justification of my soul, as they called it; and after some weeks I found a great flow of comfort that I understood not, which they told me was the first blessing, and it produced something that looked like fruit. I remember that in consequence of the unkind treatment I received from the mistress of the boarding-house, I had imbibed a great secret hatred to her; but after this change I told my brother that now I could love her dearly; he said that was right, and was a proof that the work was genuine."

The impressions thus made in his mind were instrumental in keeping him from much evil, if they did not lead him forward into the knowledge of the

truth; yet there was a strange inconsistency, as is often the case at first, between his convictions and his practice:

"After various unsuccessful attempts to engage in some line of business, I at last settled in Manchester. Here I addicted myself to visiting and public amusements, and by this means soon lost sight of my profession of religion, endeavouring to drive all care and despondency from my mind. Yet the Lord did not give me over to a reprobate mind. I could not quite forget the little understanding I had of divine things, and there were many vices I dared not enter into as others did. Thus the Lord kept still alive in my conscience that spark which he had put there, though balls, card-parties, and the like occupied nearly the whole of my time, till my little patrimony began to sink, and conscience began to awaken at the same time, and to bring on terrible fears.

"I remember one Sunday being invited by six or seven persons to take a ride. This I shall not forget while I live. My friends were altogether of the world, but I had not totally forgotten the restraint I formerly felt, yet I ventured. The heavens seemed to me covered with sackcloth. I felt as if hell were already begun. We at length arrived at the river Mersey, which we must ford. Here I faltered, not daring at first to cross, but said nothing. I let four or five pass and then spurred on my horse, but exceedingly feared I should perish in the river. I could not for one moment raise my drooping spirits, but my heart kept saying, 'Is this the way to spend your Sundays? Will this bring a blessing?' I could not answer, I felt so ashamed, only that if I should be spared to get safe home I would never do the like again. The company was vain and thoughtless; but as for me, though I knew not the Lord, his terrors made me greatly afraid. I shall never forget the black cloud that was upon my heart, as an evident mark of the wrath of God for my sin."

Though sprung from a good and opulent family, yet, as being a younger son, his patrimony was but small; and at this period his mind became much exercised about his future provision in life. He thus narrates a remarkable answer to prayer, whereby the Lord opened for him a way not only for present but future maintenance:

"After I left Manchester I had the offer of a commission in the army, which I

accepted, because anything seemed better than an idle life. I also entered at St. John's College, Cambridge; but everything combined with my unsettled state of mind to stop all purposes but that to which the Lord soon led me. I wandered about not knowing what next to do, nor how I should be eventually provided for; and what was worse, full of sorrow and guilt, I knew not how to call upon the Lord. For about two years I was thus tossed, being unsettled in my mind and unprovided for; and finding my finances very small I often feared I should come to utter disgrace and ruin.

"One day I was so cast and so ill-treated by some with whom I had resided a few weeks that I felt myself filled with the utmost despondency, and completely overwhelmed with grief. I went to my bed-room and fastened the door, and then fell on my knees, and with all my heart and soul cried to the Lord as nearly as I can remember in these words: 'O Lord, what shall I do to maintain myself? I cannot endure this miserable way of living!' No sooner were these words out of my mouth than it was impressed on my mind, 'You must draw.' I was quite surprised; and though as yet I knew not the Lord, yet I considered this a plain direction from him, and I at once gave up all other plans and began to occupy myself in the art of drawing, which has afforded me a liberal supply for many years, and enabled me to bring up a large family respectably.

"I immediately went to a kind and wealthy relation, who gave me time and opportunity to practise drawing, until, by a singular circumstance, I had the opportunity of a journey to London, and with my little store of knowledge in the arts I called on an old school-fellow and told him very frankly my history. He was immediately interested for me, and said if I would settle in London he would introduce me to the Countess of Sutherland and Lord Spencer, who was then Lord of the Admiralty. My heart throbbed, knowing my deficiency, yet it seemed an opening I dared not set aside; but how I should stand my ground I knew not, neither did I know the Lord.

"I had five guineas left, with which I took lodgings, and found immediate employment in those families. I had many anxieties and fears, and laboured hard to make myself equal to my engagements."

But we now come to a more clear and decided work of grace on his soul,

which he narrates in his simple, truthful, yet striking and most interesting way:

"One night as I returned to my lodgings my landlord said to me, 'As you are so fond of hearing preachers, I wonder you do not go and hear Mr. Huntington.' I replied, 'I never thought of him. I go chiefly to church and have not heard much about him; but I will go in a few days to hear him.' I remember the first time I heard him, I thought him the most agreeable preacher I had ever heard, and was not in the least tired [*tried?*]. I continued for two years to frequent his chapel together with the Established Church. I now grew very anxious and much in earnest respecting the salvation of my soul, but had no understanding what spiritual life meant, or what secret communion with God was. I used to pray, as I thought, but never waited for any answer; I supposed that I should get that in heaven, not now; and though I found nothing in my heart to forbid the spirit of the world, or anything that was not openly flagitious, yet I believed without doubt that all was right within.

"About this time I met with Mr. Huntington's book, 'The Barber,' which I was told was very scurrilous; but I ventured to read it alone, and the Lord was pleased by this book to discover the nature of my profession, that it was altogether vain, and would by no means stand when the rain began to beat and the winds to blow, but would certainly fall, because founded on the sand. This, by the power of God, swept away every refuge of lies I had been hid under, and left me without a hope, and yet not without a cry. This led me to hear more attentively the author of the book. It made religion of importance to me, and I could no longer be a trifling professor, for I was in earnest to seek salvation, but found I had lost my way. It was by very slow degrees that I could at all understand the word, though so faithfully preached; yet now and then I had a little hope that the Lord would not utterly cast me off, especially once from these words: 'The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry.' (Hab. 2:3.) This made me patiently wait and look out for a further and clearer token than I had ever yet found of my interest in Christ. I could give very little account all this time of the gospel, only I felt I was a lost sinner, and the minister told me how such were to be saved; and the Lord made me very much in earnest to seek in the way I was directed by the

word.

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

"My custom was to spend my summers in the country with families of rank, in the way of business. And as the time drew near for my leaving town I began to feel many fears, for I had laboured long in darkness, and had not as yet attained to a comfortable knowledge of God's favour toward me in Christ Jesus; and I felt afraid lest, being deprived of the public worship, and also debarred from spiritual intercourse with the people of God, I should defer that which my heart was now set upon—for I understood in some measure by the ministry that I must come to a knowledge of Christ by the remission of sins. Under these apprehensions I was engaged to go into the country with a young gentleman of the Temple, and thinking all hopes of finding the happiness I sought were about to be far removed, I laid it greatly to heart. After performing our journey we parted, and I went to the house of a friend, where I found the family were absent from home, but had requested me to stay as long as I liked. I went to bed fatigued and full of fears; but when I awoke in the morning I felt something that I did not quite understand. I was particularly cheerful; all the darkness in which I had so long been involved was gone. Something seemed to say, You had better get up. So I arose; and the happiness increased. I found the burden of all my sins, which had so sore oppressed me, was gone, and I could do nothing but bless and praise God's holy name. I had never heard any one speak of this happiness, but I felt it was what the minister had set forth by the word as the revelation of Jesus Christ to the soul; and I knew now that I was a sinner saved by grace, and that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, One eternal God, was my Friend. I could now only tell of my joy, as before I could only tell of my misery. I knew the voice, according to that scripture: 'Therefore my people shall know my name; therefore they shall know in that day that I am he that doth speak; behold it is I.' (Isa. 52:6.) I was now as sure of eternal life as of my existence, nor had I the

shadow of a fear about it. The Sun of righteousness had risen with healing in his wings, and my soul could do nothing but rejoice. These things confirmed the many seasons in which I had found a distant hope, and though after this I had many changes, yet did it effectually show me that the Lord had given me spiritual life."

Hitherto Mr. Bourne knew little of the plague of the heart, or of the furnace of affliction; but he was to learn that it is through much tribulation that the saints enter the kingdom. As is often the case, his trouble arose from a most unexpected and proportionally painful quarter:

"I had two friends about my own age, with whom I had often taken sweet counsel, and whom I had often freely reproved for what I saw inconsistent in their conduct. One night, in the middle of private prayer in my own room, and not thinking of my friends, I was stopped with these words, which seemed spoken in my heart: 'Suppose you were called upon to give up your friends?' alluding to the above two. I was greatly surprised, and replied, I could not do that; but I felt seriously disposed to recall my words, and said, 'O Lord, if thou enable me, I can give them up.' Upon which these words followed: 'You will be called to give them up for ever.' This startled me, and I was filled with fear, but could not tell what it meant. All this passed from my mind until on the following Sunday we met as usual, but to my great surprise they told me they could no longer associate with me, and therefore begged me to leave them. I was much cast down, and went home very sad and solitary, for the cause of their behaviour at this time never once entered my mind; (I was afterwards informed that it was my absolutely setting my face against the intended marriage of one of them with a worldly woman, I believing that he was a child of God;) but I concluded, as David did when Shimei cursed him, that the Lord had bidden them; so I feared they had discovered I was a hypocrite, and that I was unworthy of the notice of any of God's people. I sank in spirit, 'like lead in the mighty waters.' I think I never cried to the Lord in such agony of spirit before. I seemed on the brink of despair, and could think of nothing but a person I had heard of who had died in despair. The people of God, as I believed, having judged me altogether wrong, I thought it was needless for me to eat or to drink for nothing but hell. Yet, under all these feelings, I never gave up crying to God. My two friends went to Mr. Huntington, and gave such an account of me as to cause him to direct his

utmost severity against me from the pulpit, which made all who knew me by sight to avoid me. My health became impaired; I could not properly attend to business, and mine appeared altogether a lost case. One morning I was brought to such an extremity of despair as to fear I should die in it and be forever lost. I said in secret, 'If nothing appears in my behalf before 7 o'clock this evening I am gone for ever.' I well remember the evening. While I was in bitter cries before the Lord, lying on the floor in a state of utter hopelessness as to my own feelings, these words were gently whispered in my heart, 'Thou shalt return in the power of the Spirit.' I said, 'Lord, what does this mean?' and it was repeated again and again seven times, and at last broke my heart to pieces and set my soul free from the misery and bondage under which I had laboured so long. Now I knew by the power of the word that the Lord Jesus Christ was my Saviour, and my comfort was great and inexpressibly sweet, so that I could not describe it. The Lord was now with me, though my friends had forsaken me. I went to public worship, and the minister preached from these words: 'Show me a token for good, that they which hate me may see it and be ashamed; because thou, Lord, hast holpen me and comforted me.' (Ps. 86:17.) The whole discourse was so sweetly applied to my heart, and so suitable to my case, that though I believed it was intended to favour them that had taken part against me, yet I do not know that I ever before had heard with such sweetness and power."

* * * * *

"Every now and then something would occur to open the deep wound which this dispensation had made in my soul; and as often did the Lord pour in the oil and the wine. Those who took part against me drew over many to their side, and I became of small estimation. I used to be pointed out as the apostate; and many would cross the street rather than meet me.

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

abject sinner, feeling the utmost need of a Saviour; and I cannot describe how precious his love was to me.

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

But there was much mercy mingled with this most painful trial. The Lord had a special purpose to accomplish in Mr. Bourne's case, and to teach him with a high hand the deep mysteries of the kingdom, and thus separate him more fully and effectually from all false profession. With all our love and esteem for Mr. Huntington, we fear that it is true that in his latter days many got about him with flatteries, and were received if not into his heart yet into his notice, who had but little claim to his friendship on the ground of spirituality. He had been so long despised by professor and profane, so long a servant of servants, that his friends in the early period of his ministry had no drawing to him but that of the power felt under his word. But as time rolled on, his gifts, his knowledge and remarkable memory of the Scriptures, his apt and witty sayings, his liberality, the influence which he wielded as a writer and preacher, and his personal qualities and generous hospitality drew round him hearers who would have scorned the Coalheaver at Thames Ditton; and as some of them were opulent as well as liberal, and were unbounded admirers of his preaching, it is not to be wondered at, that they became personal acquaintances or friends. It was from some of these last that Mr. Bourne suffered, and all the more so in that they succeeded in prejudicing Mr. Huntington against him. It is good for us to have every false prop removed, that we may lean wholly on the arm of the Lord; and however painful it may be to be wounded in the house of our friends, and receive the heaviest blows from those whom we must needs esteem and love, yet it is a path which the Lord often leads his people into. Mr. Burrell, Mr. Huntington's son-in-law, and under whose ministry Mr. Bourne afterwards sat, fully entered into his case, and wrote to him the following letter, with which we shall, for the present, close our article:

"Dear Friend in the Lord,—'Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word. Your brethren that hated you, and cast you out for my name's sake,

said, Let the Lord be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed.' (Isa. 66:5.) This has been fulfilled in your heart's experience. The more I dive into this matter, the more I am convinced that the hand of God is in it; and instead of being ashamed of your acquaintance I think myself highly honoured of the Lord to be made an instrument of some good towards you. I perceive that the Lord has given me a right view of your state and case; and I have no doubt but he will bring you out with a high hand.

"I am glad to find that you cleave close to your best Friend, and that he also cleaves close to you. Continue still daily to make your calling and election more sure; and every fresh manifestation of our ever-blessed Friend to your soul will surely effect this, for the joy of the Lord is our strength. He will bring us to hope in his mercy; and to believe his love toward us, and to lay fast hold of his strength by faith, though the minister, with all the deacons and elders, and all the saints, should set themselves against us. I know that reproach will break the heart, but our good Father will heal it. 'No weapon formed against thee shall prosper.' When heaven and earth set themselves against Hezekiah, the good Spirit secretly made him turn towards the wall and pray, and he obtained a glorious victory. Your case is somewhat similar to Heman's, for God has put your acquaintance into darkness, and they stand aloof from your sore, because they do not understand your case. But woe be to them that are at ease in Zion, and to them also that are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph. I hope the Lord will still continue to wean you from man. Remember that the most upright among them is like a thorn; (Mic. 7:4;) but our good and gracious God has said he will never leave us nor forsake us, and that he will put his fear into our hearts, and we shall never depart from him.

"God is doing a great work in your soul, and is about leading you in a plain way, where there is no stumbling. Your being able in the strength of the Lord to stand against friends as well as foes, will greatly redound to the glory of God's grace, and you will perceive that the faith of God's elect, the rich gift of God, is not to be daunted by either men or devils. It is, as Hart beautifully describes it,

'A principle active and young,
That lives under pressure and load.'

**"I am, yours in the Lord,
" Joseph Francis Burrell."**

(Concluded, October, 1861.)

When the outward and visible church of Christ has become deeply sunk into a carnal, lifeless profession, the Lord has generally been pleased to raise up a testimony against a state of things so evil in his eyes, so contrary to his revealed will and word. Is she not a city set on a hill? Shall she then sink into a valley amidst mist and fog? or if she retain her seat of eminence, shall she become so beclouded with smoke that she is no longer seen from afar, and the Lord not testify against her? But as he invariably works by instruments, and "surely will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets," he qualifies and commissions his own ministering messengers, into whose heart and mouth he puts his word, to sound an alarm in his holy mountain, that his own people may be aroused out of their sleep, and that those who will not hear may be left without excuse. There cannot be a more striking instance of this general truth than the case of the prophet Jeremiah. It is scarcely possible to read his prophecies with an enlightened eye without seeing into what a state of dead, and we may add, wicked profession the people of God in external covenant were sunk in Judah and Jerusalem, just previous to the Babylonish captivity. Sin ran down the streets of Jerusalem like water, for "as a fountain casteth forth her waters, so she cast out her wickedness." (Jer. 6:7.) So rife was falsehood that, "from the prophet even unto the priest, every one dealt falsely;" so rank was open sin that they "assembled themselves by troops in the harlots' houses;" and so prevalent was idolatry, even in the midst of the holy city, that "the children gathered the wood, and the fathers kindled the fire, and the women kneaded the dough to make cakes to the queen of heaven." (Jer. 5:7; 7:18; 8:10.) And yet in the midst and in the very face of all their crying sins and aggravated iniquities there was an amount of profession and a height of confidence springing out of it which seem to strike us with amazement at their blindness and obstinacy. Because, as the descendants of Abraham, they were the people of God by external covenant; because their fathers had seen his miracles and eaten manna in the wilderness; because there were priests and prophets among them; and because the temple reared its stately front in their midst, they

viewed themselves as a holy nation and thus privileged to commit sin with impunity. How sharply does the Lord reprove this awful state of profession where he says, "Will ye steal, murder, and commit adultery, and swear falsely, and burn incense unto Baal, and walk after other gods whom ye know not; and come and stand before me in this house, which is called by my name, and say, We are delivered to do all these abominations?" (Jer. 7:9, 10.) But, so confident were they of the favour of the Lord that even when, by the mouth of his true prophets, he denounced his judgments against them, they would not believe his words, but said, "It is not he; neither shall evil come upon us; neither shall we see sword nor famine." (Jer. 5:12.)

But who encouraged them in this deceptive confidence? The very persons who, as professed servants of God, should have testified against it,—the prophets and the priests. What a state of things is opened up in the following verses: "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?" (Jer. 5:30, 31.) To whom should the people look for instruction but to the prophets who professed to speak in the name of the Lord as inspired by his Spirit, and to the priests whose lips should keep knowledge, and at whose mouth they should seek the law? for they were the messengers of the Lord of hosts. (Mal. 2:7.) Was it not, then, "a wonderful and horrible thing" that these very prophets should prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and that the people, instead of detecting their hypocrisy and hating their deceit, should love to have it so, that they might be more comfortably deceived and enjoy their sins with greater quietude of conscience? To testify, then, against this deceitful profession, to warn the elect remnant against being entangled in it, and to leave the rebellious and the unbelieving without excuse, the Lord raised up the prophet Jeremiah, put his words in his mouth, and set him over the nations and over the kingdoms, "to root out, to pull down, to destroy, and to throw down" all dead profession, as well as "to build and to plant" the truth of God in contrite spirits and believing hearts.

It is not however our present intention to dwell upon the character of Jeremiah and the circumstances under which he prophesied in the name of the Lord in those evil times in which his lot was cast, our object being rather to name him as an instance of one raised up by the Lord as a witness against

the dead, wicked profession of his day than to draw out the distinguishing features of his personal experience or prophetic ministry.*

*** If any one had sufficient depth of experience and discernment of character, as well as a fair historical knowledge of the times, and a spiritual gift to set the whole forth in a truly experimental way, a most instructive work, we believe, might be written upon the prophet Jeremiah. There are ample materials, were the necessary grace and ability communicated from above.**

But the question may naturally arise in the mind of our readers, "What connection have these remarks with the Life and Letters of Mr. Bourne, which you are professedly reviewing?" The connection in our mind, though not at present apparent to our readers, is this. Mr. Bourne, among his other gifts and graces, was especially led to see and testify against the dead profession of the day. It is true that his voice did not reach far, for not being in any prominent position he was but little known to the church of God, but his testimony was not less clear and pointed wherever it came; and as the dead which Samson slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life, so may it be with Mr. Bourne, and may his letters, as now made public, do more execution than when they first dropped from his pen. He had a very clear and penetrating view of the professing church. Nor was this insight into her real state a matter with him of cold, dry speculation, a mere sagacious, intuitive view of her sickly condition, as a skilful physician, himself untouched by disease, reads in his patient's countenance the nature and degree of his malady. We continually see what a deep insight many sharp-witted men have into the motives of human conduct, and how keenly and cuttingly by word or pen they can lay bare the thoughts and actions of their fellow men. How truthfully and yet how ruthlessly will they tear off the cloaks and wrappers under which poor human nature vainly seeks to hide its deformity, and with what eager delight will they expose to public view its hideous wens and sores. But these very men, whilst in the language of most withering scorn they are expressing their detestation of the shams of this hollow world, are its veriest slaves. So a man may see and denounce the state of the professing church from a mere natural keenness of perception and a moral honesty of purpose, and yet himself be a slave to sin or under the dominion of pride and self-righteousness. But it was not so with Mr. Bourne. His was a spiritual not a natural discernment, and intimately connected with his own experience of the

weight and power of eternal realities. To a degree far beyond most whose experience has come before us was his mind deeply and continually exercised about his own state before God; for not only in his earliest but in his latest days he trembled at the deceitfulness of his own heart and feared the soundness of his own profession. Seeing, then, and feeling that it was only by "terrible things in righteousness" that he himself was first broken asunder and shaken to pieces, (Job 16:12,) and afterwards kept alive unto God, (Isa. 38:16,) it gave him a deep spiritual insight into the dead profession of the day; and as the Letters before us were the outpouring of his heart to his correspondents, as he believed so he spoke, and could not but warn and admonish them of what had been laid so powerfully on his own conscience lest they should be entangled in this snare of the fowler. Issuing therefore, out of these deep exercises of mind, there is in most of his letters some direct or indirect testimony borne against the form of godliness without the power; and as he himself, like the weeping prophet, could, amidst all his sorrows, often say, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart," he became in his sphere a Jeremiah who "took forth the precious from the vile," and so far as his utterance reached was thereby to his various correspondents "as God's mouth." (Jer. 15:19.) It is evident from various passages in these Letters that a remarkable power attended his testimony, and as he much intermingled admonitions and warnings against deceptive profession with encouraging declarations where he saw the fear of God at work, there runs through the whole of his correspondence a vein of the deepest solemnity and yet of the soundest gospel truth. Testimony, we know, may be direct or indirect; and sometimes the latter is much stronger than the former in the same way and for the same reason that silence is often more expressive than speech, and a godly life a louder witness against the inconsistent conduct of loose professors than scolding reproofs. Thus even when he does not positively testify against a graceless profession in so many direct words, yet there runs through the whole of his correspondence a tenderness of spirit, a holy circumspectness, a godly awe and trembling reverence of the word of truth, a desire to know the will of the Lord and do it, a bending of his ear and heart to the voice of reproof, and a walking before God in the light of his countenance, all of which speak as plainly against the light, easy, loose, slipshod profession of the day as if he testified against it in the most thrilling words of burning denunciation.

In resuming, then, the subject of his Life and Letters, we shall take the opportunity of bringing before our readers what we consider their leading points and distinguishing features, those we mean which give value and weight to the book; and to confirm our words by the most convincing testimony we shall furnish some rather copious extracts from the Letters, which we believe will not only prove the truth of our assertions, but speak for themselves in language far stronger than our own.

1. The first feature which we shall name as especially prominent is that to which we have already adverted—his *keen insight into the profession of the day*, and his earnest testimony against it. He thus writes:

"My dear Friend,—Of all states of men in this life there is none like that of a professor of religion who is destitute of the vital power. The prophet Ezekiel gives a fearful account of such, written in a book full of 'lamentations, mourning, and woe.' He calls them 'impudent children and stiff-hearted,' and 'a rebellious house.' (Ezek. 2:3, 10.) These are they who are ever learning, and never attaining; who tithe mint, and anise, and cummin, but omit the weightier matters of the law.

"How often have I had a dread upon my spirit lest this should be my case! Darkness, dryness, and barrenness have come upon me, and my backsliding heart has driven me further and further into the wilderness, and seemingly nothing is left but a little glimmering light in some measure to discover the condition to which my sin has brought me. How this has fretted me and made my temper sour, adding sin to sin, until a fearful apprehension springs up that surely this is not the spot of God's children, but a mark of the 'perverse and crooked generation.' (Deut. 32:5.) I bring every one into bondage, therefore cannot belong to the true church. Such as these become the secret meditations of my heart night and day, until the misery grows too great for me to bear with, and some affliction or cross is laid upon me, to rouse me from this wretched state. Here I feel my sin, that it is exceeding sinful in the sight of God; nor do I ever find comfort until I am made to repent in dust and ashes, and to loathe myself before the Lord with my mouth in the dust. Here the Lord shows me the difference between real love and dissembled love, feigned faith and living faith, a good hope and the hope of the hypocrite; and here the 'gates of righteousness' are opened, and I go into them and praise the Lord.

(Ps. 118:19.) Here, too, I have had a sweet view of God's love in Christ Jesus, manifested to us in the way of communion with him. 'Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way?' And though this talking may be, and sometimes is, in finding many faults and giving some correction and much admonition and counsel, yet if we have the witness of the Spirit that he is teaching us by all these means, we cannot but cry, 'Thou art my God, and I will praise thee.'"

How clearly we see from the above extract, the foundation of his deep insight into the state of the professing church. Like the "living creatures" spoken of in Revelation (4:8) he was "full of eyes within;"* and as these inward eyes viewed with fear and trembling the "darkness, dryness, and deadness" which had come over the secret chambers, they were thereby as if anointed with fresh eye-salve to see the state of the church without as a counterpart of what was thus discerned within.

*** These "living creatures," as the word "beasts" should have been rendered, in harmony with Ezek. 1:5, are doubtless emblems of the ministers of the gospel, who are (or should be) bold as lions, laborious as oxen, feeling as men, and soaring above earth as eagles.**

In a letter to an intimate friend he thus writes on the same subject:

"My dear Friend,—In your letter you hint at what I scarcely dare to write—the almost universal departing from the hidden power of the truth, and instead of that professing to rest upon the written word. I am grieved when I hear professors ignorantly going out against what they call 'frames and feelings,' a cant phrase to mock at communion with the Lord. These hate what you and I value, and what we feel to be the wisdom of God and the power of God brought into the heart of a poor cast-down sinner. I am sure we must be unfit company for unbroken hearts; they consider us narrow-minded.

"In Habakkuk it is said that 'God measured the earth, and drove asunder the nations.' He makes a clear distinction between the old man and the new; Christ and Belial are two nations, and they will never agree; but these professors in our days are never made to tremble in themselves, that they 'might rest in the day of trouble.' You and I, by the grace of God, know that

Christ is the only rest; all other rest is too short; but they who find the true rest are said to be 'joint heirs with Christ, *if so be that we suffer with him*, that we may be also glorified together.' This suffering comes in various shapes, as it pleases God to dispense it; but always to humble us in the dust before him, and to make him more precious to us in all things.

"When I was lately cast down, and lost all hope of recovery, I yet cried, sinking as I felt myself to be. Then it was the Lord came and told me, 'Thou art greatly beloved;' (Dan. 9:23;) and he bears testimony to the truth of this while I write it. But in a day or two it became beclouded, and last week I sank in spirit greatly, and grieved sorely for the loss. I said, 'Lord, I was once, some years ago, in a heavy and deep trouble, and all forsook me; but thou didst say, 'Thou shalt return in the power of the Spirit.' While thus bemoaning my loss, the Lord gently whispered, 'And thou shalt return in the power of the Spirit again.' This quite removed all my fears, and fully satisfied me of the Lord's returning to me."

2. This last extract brings to light another marked feature of Mr. Bourne's spiritual character, to which we have also previously alluded, that his testimony against the empty profession of the day *arose out of deep exercises of soul*. His view of the state of the professing church, and his witness against it, did not spring from a soured mind or a bitter and bigoted spirit, nor was it the overflowing of a proud, self-righteous heart, but arose from his own soul being deeply and continually exercised about the reality of his own profession. His religion was one of sighs and tears, prayers and supplications, of deep humblings of soul before God and of penitent confession of sin. It having cost him so much soul travail and deep and protracted labour of heart to make his own calling and election sure, his eyes could not but be opened to see the shallowness of most persons' religion, on what insufficient evidences they rested the weight of their souls for eternity, what hardened assurance and vain confidence possessed their minds, and, to use his own expression, how many "come up to the strait gate who never enter in by it." Now this is a point which few can see, and indeed none see it but those whose minds are well exercised in the things of God. Men cannot, or will not see the ground of the testimony which gracious men bear against the state of the professing church. They ascribe it continually to a sour temper, a narrow mind, a bad spirit, a proud, bigoted, bitter disposition. What invectives, for instance, do such

continually pour forth upon our devoted head, because we cannot but bear a faithful testimony against the errors and evils of the present day. How they ascribe all that we write upon this subject to a bad spirit, and will not give us the slightest credit for any spiritual motive or even honesty of purpose; but whilst they can administer and receive, with ill-disguised satisfaction, large doses of the grossest flattery; they resent the least suspicion of their religion as if it were a personal and unpardonable insult.

Though he had known the Lord for nearly 50 years, yet these exercises of mind never ceased down to his death-bed, when he received such abundant consolation as to make his departure one of triumphant joy. He thus writes within less than a year of his death:

"Dear H. P.,—I wonder how you are. I am greatly troubled and cast down, because I cannot find, as I often have found, the face of the Lord Jesus Christ. My soul is most grievously borne down, and there seems no way out. It is now Wednesday, and in this condition I must appear. O that I could find the Lord! I know and hear what others say, but I am shut out. This produces much alarm at the brink of eternity. I see nothing but shortcomings in all things, and I cannot at this time feel, 'In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.' These are gloomy days, and there are but very few to whom I can even hint at them. I grieve for those who can sit down short of clear work. What can they do when the trial comes on, which is to try every man's work? I call to mind many peculiar seasons of wonderful mercy, but I am made to know, 'Thou hidest thy face and I am troubled.' My present circumstances open my eyes to the cases of many here, and I feel in a measure the meaning of the Saviour's words, 'The rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.' I trust I am founded upon that Rock; but I am made to feel myself greatly ashamed in everything. Your very affectionate Friend,

"Sutton Coldfield, July 6th, 1853. J. B."

3. Mr. Bourne's *deep reverence for the word of truth* is another marked feature of his spiritual character. When sunk into deep distress the Lord had, at different times, spoken with power to his heart in various portions of his holy word. This setting home of the word upon his heart with power not only afforded him present deliverance and comfort, but raised up in his soul a holy

reverence and tender regard to the Scripture, whereby it became "a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path." It was for many years, his daily study and continual meditation, and from it, as from a rich treasure-house, he from time to time drew, under the teaching and testimony of the blessed Spirit, not only instruction and consolation, but counsel in his most trying difficulties, cautions amidst innumerable snares and temptations laid for his feet, and frequently severe rebukes and reproofs when in any way he had become entangled in a worldly or carnal spirit. The power of the word upon his heart is very sweetly and experimentally expressed by him in the following extract:

"My dear Friend,—I have been very anxious to have some especial token of the Lord's approbation and blessing on my journey and employment here. In reading Psalm 36, I was surprised to find my spirit soften, and the Lord draw near, and when I came to these words, 'He abhorreth not evil,' I paused, and presently a great sweetness came into my heart, my soul was filled with self-abasement, and I felt the witness of the Spirit that God had made me to abhor evil, and that that was the cause of my present manifold fears. This power continued, and the following words suited my feelings: 'Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds; thy righteousness is like the great mountains, thy judgments are a great deep; O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.' I cannot express my feelings, and how I desired to acknowledge with all my heart the goodness and faithfulness of God to me. This left a very great awe upon my spirit, which led me to consider what the Saviour says, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,' which we are sure to fall into if we are led into temptation.

"Afterwards I opened the Bible upon these words in Deut. 7: 'Thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God.' O what an awe attended the reading and what fear lest I should grieve the Spirit of God, and yet with it a beautiful sense of the mercy and favour of God in Christ Jesus. I felt a sweet acquiescence in what the Lord there shows us, namely, that he did not set his love upon anything in us, for we are but the essence of sin, and when I came to these words, 'But because the Lord loved you,' they filled me with unutterable astonishment and praise. O what holy awe and fear I felt all this time, and grief at myself for what I am, have been, and shall be! I was led to be very earnest in prayer that the Lord would preserve my spirit and keep alive his fear in my heart, and continue to give me that holy light and sweet unction in

reading his word, for there it is he reveals himself in justice and righteousness, and judgment and mercy. Then it continues, 'because he would keep the oath which he had sworn...hath the Lord brought you out with a mighty hand and redeemed you from the house of bondmen,' that is, from the bondage of sin unto the glorious liberty of the gospel. I felt a sweet caution upon my spirit, attended with much savour as I continued reading, 'If ye hearken to these judgments, and keep them, and do them, the Lord thy God...will love thee, and bless thee, and multiply thee;' and so on to the end of that chapter. All this has been an inexpressible comfort to me, yet leaves a very great awe upon my spirit, and causes many prayers that I may not lose the sweet power I find in reading the word."

There is deep truth in the following extract:

"My dear Friend,—I have, by the blessing of God, of late years, considered much the causes of spiritual decay and the continual darkness that overtakes us; and I cannot but believe that it is for want of a true reverence for the word of God. We seem to receive the doctrines therein contained, and to pay some regard to the promises the Lord makes to his afflicted people; and perhaps you will say, 'What more need we?' Carefully read the epistles, and you will find the apostles always follow up their doctrine with counsel, and show the necessity of the fruits and effects of the divine work upon the heart being openly manifested. Where this is not regarded, there will be much darkness and distance from God. If I pay not reverence to such a word as this, 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good,' (Rom. 12:21) I shall fall into bondage, and find my prayer shut out. It will prove a hindrance to my approaches to God, for 'if I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.' (Ps. 66:18.)

"I was much struck this morning in reading 1 Thess. 5: 'Ye are all the children of light and the children of the day; we are not of the night nor of darkness; therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but watch and be sober.' The Apostle gives this reason, 'God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ;' and then adds, 'We beseech you, brethren;' and again, 'We exhort you, quench not the Spirit;' as though he said, 'If you attend not to the word of exhortation, you will find no end of misery and the sensible lack of the Lord's presence; you will have no

communion with the Lord Jesus Christ, no communion with his people, no blessing of God upon the work of your hands."

4. Another striking feature in Mr. Bourne's spiritual character was the *deep searchings* of his heart under the light, life, and power of the blessed Spirit. The Lord had made his heart honest, his conscience tender, and his spirit contrite; and as he was led through much tribulation into the kingdom of heaven, he was ever pondering the path of his feet, and examining the dealings of God with his soul, whether to chastise and bring down or to comfort and raise up. His whole heart and soul were in the things of God; and though, like others, he had his seasons of coldness and darkness, yet, for the most part, he was kept in a remarkable manner alive unto God, and was enabled to walk much in holy fellowship and communion with him. But as he knew and deeply felt that this walking with God could not be maintained if idols were allowed in the bosom, he was made jealous over himself with godly jealousy, and was ever bringing his heart to the light that it might be searched and tried as in the sight of God. The last two verses of Ps. 139 beautifully express his experience: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." We feel the chief difficulty to be what to extract from his weighty and powerful letters, as open them where we may, we find still the choicest matter in them. But take the following as a single specimen of the way in which the Lord made and kept his heart honest by dealing powerfully with his conscience:

"My dear Friend,—I scarcely know how to write to you, I find so many fears and difficulties in the way. I am made very anxious to look for such clear and bright evidences as shall comfort my heart in a dying hour. My sin has spoiled every resting-place in this world; and I desire to 'bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him.' When that daily cross which the Lord speaks of lies heavy and sharp upon the shoulders, it is apt to drink up the spirits; but if it be sanctified, the soul borne down by it will cry; and so I find it. This is one of God's mercies bestowed upon me; and as lately as yesterday I went sorely burdened to chapel, and there told the Lord my troubles and poured out my heart before him; and though I felt no hope, and was far enough from expectation of help, the Lord broke in upon my spirit, and comforted me with many sweet assurances of his favour; and a part of

one of Hart's hymns confirmed it:

'Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires and bids you still seek.
His Spirit will cherish the life he first gave;
You never shall perish if Jesus can save.'

"My heart was drawn out to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I found a full confidence in his almighty power. The sweetness in my heart satisfied me that he had manifested that power, assuring me of my eternal salvation in him. This mighty encouragement enabled me to spread all my family afflictions before him, and I was greatly relieved in committing my cares and fears to him as a most kind and faithful Friend.

"I shall never be able to tell how my profession is tried. I am sure if it were not of God I must have sunk into despair long since. What awe this brings upon my mind, and how cautious it makes me in the family, when no eye is upon me but the Lord's! How I fear the entanglements of this life in all directions, even in my own house. All improper movements here are apt to eat up our spiritual increase; and to damp our secret approaches to the Lord; and then our emptiness brings us to the place where Adam was when God found him hidden and naked, and sets us sewing a foolish fig-leaf righteousness, either empty words, or pious looks, or feigned humility, all which are an abomination to the Lord; and we are sent empty away, with hearts full of rebellion because nobody will receive our religion. All this is gained, together with mighty confusion and guilt, by departing from the simplicity of the truth. O may the Lord deliver us from these dreadful places, and cause us never to rest until we find such visits from him as are mentioned in this letter.

"London, Nov., 1843. Yours, &c. J. B."

5. It would be supposed by some of our ever-confident professors that Mr. Bourne was held in much darkness and bondage of mind, and that he knew little of the true liberty of the gospel. On the contrary, however, he knew and enjoyed much of *that holy freedom* wherewith the truth makes the soul blessedly free. (John 8:32.) But his liberty was not like theirs—a vain confidence built on the bare letter of truth, without any personal application

of the truth to their heart. This he justly viewed and deeply dreaded as a delusion of Satan, and warns his correspondents again and again that they might not be entangled in it. He had seen and felt the effects of it in his own spirit in bringing darkness and death with it. In an exposition of Jer. 12:8, 9 he thus testifies against it:

"Then verse 8—'Mine heritage is to me as a lion in the forest, it crieth out against me; therefore have I hated it.' They have lost a tender conscience, and presumptuous claims upon God are made, and unpurged guilt is passed by and forgotten, humility is laid aside and some word or other taken out of scripture to vindicate a declining cause, or perhaps such a saying as this in a fleshly manner applied, 'Once in Christ, always in Christ.' This is the bold lion that God hates, because there is no brokenness of spirit. Such will roar out, 'I cannot help my sins; faith is the gift of God, I cannot quicken myself.' Thus they cry out against God; and though the Lord says that he hates them, yet they, as bold as a lion will, call themselves the beloved of God."

We should be glad if our limits allowed us to point out other striking features of the work before us; but we have already exceeded our wonted space. Indeed, we have been as if insensibly drawn on to do so, as it is a long time since we met with a book so full of deep and rich experience and at the same time so sound in doctrine and so replete with all holy precept and godly practice. It is, indeed, a mirror of the Lord's gracious dealings with one of his most favoured sons and servants, and as such not only very instructive on many peculiar parts of Christian experience, but peculiarly edifying and profitable as bringing us into those blessed paths of prayer, meditation, and searchings of heart wherein and whereby fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ is obtained and maintained. The only objection is its size and price (9s.)—not indeed the one too large or the other too high for its weighty contents, but rendering it almost inaccessible to the poor of the flock. We think we cannot better close our Review than by giving the two following letters, which throw a great light on some of those peculiar dealings of God with his people which are alike by many who call themselves masters in Israel both misunderstood and misrepresented:

"Dear W. B.,—I have been greatly exercised and much cast down of late. God only knows why you are continually, with some others, on my mind and in my

prayers. I do not know when I have felt such floods of sorrow and fear. Under these feelings the Lord led me to these words for my morning's reading yesterday, 'He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, but the rich he hath sent empty away.' This greatly encouraged me, and in my meditation these words came with sweetness, 'I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause,...for he disappointeth the devices of the crafty, but he saveth the poor from the sword, from their mouth, and from the hand of the mighty. So the poor hath hope, and iniquity stoppeth her mouth.' (Job 5:8-16.) Ps. 107 was also very encouraging to me; these words, 'He setteth the poor on high from affliction; the righteous shall see it and rejoice,' came with such unspeakable and personal application as to comfort me exceedingly with a sweet sense of the Lord's love, tenderness, and care; and the last verse crowned the whole, and showed me the unspeakable love of Christ to his afflicted people, and to me as one of them. While pondering over this heavenly gale of Christ's everlasting love, which brought me so clean out of my sorrows, these words were gently whispered in my heart, 'Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?' In them I heard the voice of my Beloved to quell my grief and to make me lay to heart that my sin had caused his sorrow; and that I had need to abase myself, and look only at his sovereign mercy which had visited me in such a low condition. It wrought contrition and godly sorrow, with an inexpressible tenderness toward him, while I was led, like Job, to abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. I know not when I had so sweet a token; but my changes are very many. Things arose from all quarters, which caused the clouds to gather and threaten another storm; but when evening came I was led, I think by the Lord, to these words for this morning's reading, 'The hand of the Lord was with him.' (Luke 1:66.) I first saw Samuel, when young; how the hand of the Lord was with him, and brought him through all his difficulties. I then thought of David, when first presented to Saul; how the hand of the Lord was with him, and brought him through all his difficulties. The history of Joseph also shows the overruling power of God; and Jacob, though turned out of doors, yet protected and preserved, returns home greatly increased after twenty years' absence. Naomi said she must no more be so called, but Mara, because the Lord had dealt bitterly with her; but read to the end, and you will see how the hand of the Lord is toward his people.

"I found Ps. 89 a sweet key to my text, 'Thou hast a mighty arm; strong is thy

hand and high is thy right hand. Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne; mercy and truth shall go before thy face.' The hand of the Lord is seen in giving knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. We can scarcely feel it possible that this happy day should ever arrive; but the hand of the Lord brings it about, and shows us that it is not by our might or power, but by the Spirit, that this work is wrought in the heart, and that this precious gift is only bestowed upon them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; that such poor creatures as you and I may have peace.

"Whatever you may think, I am sure I felt this day that there is no sinner so great as myself; and by the deep self-abasement I found at the sight, I believe it was the Spirit of God that showed me this. When I had finished my reading, I went to my friend Mr. Maddy, and told him of my cast-down condition and the sorrow under which I laboured; he endeavoured to cheer me, and said, 'This sorrow is for something good.' I was obliged to go out on business, and when I entered Portman Square, I said, very mournfully, 'Lord, is it true what my friend said? Is this thy work that I feel? Art thou humbling me?' All this was very sorrowfully spoken, and I added, 'Are all the good things thou hast promised me to go for nothing?' I felt as if it could scarcely be so, though fears were ready to admit the thought; but just then these words were whispered, 'He will exalt thee in due time,' and with them I found the sweetest return of Christ's loving-kindness that I can express. It melted me into tears of contrition and gratitude, and made me feel more abject in myself and more safe in the eternal love of Father, Son, and Spirit than it is possible to describe. My thoughts of praise and adoration went as quick as lightning to acknowledge the infinite condescension of the Lord in regarding the low estate of his servant, and showing me that in the world I shall have tribulation, but in him shall always find a Friend.

"This is the Friend I want strongly to recommend to you. I know your fears, and I am sure they will be multiplied, and that you will have some bitter throes of conscience when hell and death approach. I find them overwhelming; but the hand of the Lord will be with you to sustain you and make known to you that 'he hath raised up a horn of salvation for us,' by which he will push aside all his enemies and ours; and will make manifest that, however secret or small the beginning may be, yet by this power and this hand he will bring forth the top stone with shouting. You will naturally say,

'Why do you tell all this to me?' Because I have been so continually mindful of you in my prayers, and think I have found such tokens of good as will accompany your salvation. Your affectionate Friend,

"London, Feb. 14th, 1842. J. B."

"My dear Friend,—How often have I thought, and written too, of that terrible teaching which I find in my sleepless hours at night. Dreadful as it is, I find it, through the mercy of the Lord, the safeguard of my soul. Then it is the Holy Spirit discovers my unholiness, and there seems not a word or thought that has passed in the day but the Lord lays it open before me. I know of nothing more horrid and more fallacious than to call this heavenly teaching a temptation, which I have often heard people do till their hearts have grown hard and as dark as midnight. What a mercy it is to have power to fall under the light which makes these discoveries, and to judge ourselves and not extenuate our guilt! O how soberly have I been led to watch a tender regard to these secret admonitions; what peace has been the consequence of due attention, and what dangers and difficulties have I escaped!

"I can well remember the time when I used to think these convictions were so many tokens of false religion, showing that I was never changed in heart; but, by the mercy of God, I now perceive that they are among the many means by which the Lord shows his tender care and watchfulness over his own, teaching them, as 'dear children,' not to fashion themselves after the world or worldly professors. It has been through these severe seasons I have been taught most earnestly to pray that I may not be led into temptation, but be delivered from evil; for these secret alarming discoveries have made me consider the rise and progress of sin and bondage, that the beginning is often very small, but the end immensely great. Not fearing the small beginning, we get sorely entangled before we are aware. It is our mercy to consider that, as the Lord says, he 'declareth unto man what is his thought,' (Amos 4:13,) he will sorely make us know the thoughts and intents of our hearts, that they are very evil, even the mainspring of all evil.

"I must acknowledge that the heavy hand of God has struck terror into my heart, but somehow it is mingled with such mercy that I feel no desire for it to be removed. It makes me startle at every approach of evil, and fills my soul with such awe as I cannot express; it makes me seek what I cannot find, and

that is, to put my mouth in the dust lower than I can describe. But what shall I say? In this place, which nobody in the world envies, I have found a heaven upon earth, and have blessed and praised the Lord a thousand times for his righteous wisdom in leading me through the valley of humiliation with such safety and comfort. Jesus Christ is a tried Friend 'that sticketh closer than a brother,' and may well be said to love 'at all times,' yea, even in the time of adversity, when all men forsake us. Therefore I can well recommend him under all the difficulties and perplexities that may overtake you. Only be honest to your convictions, and do not extenuate your guilt, nor stand out in defending yourself, which is a most dangerous thing, because there is no promise but to such as are mourning under the weight of their guilt.

"How is the contrary seen in Pharaoh, when he said, 'Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?' I answer, Look who he is when Pharaoh's chariots stick fast in the middle of the sea. We do well to stop in time. How the Lord in mercy has led my soul in secret to pray, 'O Lord, show me how to humble myself under thy mighty hand;' and how often the Lord has softened my spirit like wax in this prayer, and all contention has ceased, and his sweet power has carried me through all my trouble.

"I have always felt that sanctified troubles are never what worldly professors think them to be. O no; an afflicted soul, as Hart says of a sinner, is a sacred thing; 'the Holy Ghost has made him so;' and the Saviour tells us that in all our afflictions he is afflicted, and is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, in order that we may come with holy boldness to a throne of grace, and find help in all times of extremity, as I have done. Yours, &c., J. B."

"Pulverbach, May 18th, 1844.

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Sermons of the late Mr. John Vinall, for Forty-five Years Minister of Jireh Chapel, Lewes, and of Providence Chapel, Brighton.—(*March, 1862.*)

Among the many striking features which distinguished the life and labours of Mr. Huntington, this was not the least conspicuous, that by the graces and gifts which the Lord bestowed so abundantly upon him he attached to himself

so large a number of personal friends, some of whom became eminent ministers of the gospel. As a proof of this assertion we need only mention the names of Jenkins, Brook, Lock, Beeman, Chamberlain, Turner, Parsons, and, though last, not least, the late Mr. Vinall. The names of others may occur to our readers which have for the moment escaped our memory, or are unknown to us, but we have mentioned, we believe, the most conspicuous. Mr. Huntington, it is true, shone among them and above them all as the moon among the planets, or as David amidst his mighty men of valour. In grace, in gifts, in experience, in light, life, and power, in originality and variety, in the knowledge and ready use of Scripture, in acquaintance with the human heart, in wielding the weapons of warfare on the right hand and on the left to defend truth and beat down error, none of his friends and followers approached him, if we may use the expression, within speaking distance. There was, therefore, no rivalry between them. Before they were drawn within his circle, the Lord had set him on high as a burning and a shining light. They had, therefore, nothing to give, or teach him, though he had much to give and teach them. Thus naturally, necessarily, he took his position, and they theirs; and his friends no more thought of rivalling him than the friends of a prince strive to be greater than he. This was not on their part servility, or on his undue assumption. The bond which knit them together was a spiritual, not a natural tie. A poor despised coalheaver as he had been, though now, by the providence and grace of God, raised up to an eminent position in the church of Christ, had no places of honour or of emolument at his disposal. If he were in their eyes the King's prime minister, he had no preferment to bestow but that of hatred from the world and scorn from the professing church. When Rowland Hill, the great evangelical light of his day, bade his servant take up a work of Huntington's* with the tongs and put it on the fireback, it was but the expression of the general abhorrence of him as felt by the religious party of the day. Those, therefore, who boldly stood forth as his followers and friends had to bear their share of obloquy and shame. Competition being precluded, there was little room for envy and jealousy, for these subsist chiefly among equals. Mr. Huntington was raised above rivalry, for none so fully admitted his superiority as his immediate friends. He fully repaid their respect and kindness. He gave them wise counsel in their difficulties, sympathised with them in their troubles, and was always ready to help them with his purse in their necessities. We are not setting up Mr. Huntington, for, like other great men, he had great infirmities; but merely describing what is plain to all who

have read his correspondence with his friends, or have ever heard them speak of him since his decease. To have known him, to have had the privilege of his friendship, was to the latest period of their lives regarded by them as one of their choice mercies. As flesh mixes with everything, we do not deny that on his side there might have been the gratification of pride in being so looked up to and almost revered, and on theirs the pleasure of being received by him as saints and servants of God. We think that we have seen traces of both these feelings in their intercourse; and as unchecked authority is apt to degenerate into tyranny, and unresisting obedience into submissiveness, so in some cases Mr. Huntington might have condemned too severely, and his friends acquiesced in his authority too implicitly. Let us also bear in mind that, like other great men, Mr. Huntington had his flatterers who often spread their net for his feet, and many admirers who walked in the light of his knowledge and gifts without any share of his grace. It could not be expected, therefore, that he would never be entangled by fair speeches, or always see through the mask of profession. But with all these deductions, which a sense of duty compels us to make, we must still bear in mind that, amidst the storm of obloquy and contempt which assailed him from every quarter, it must have been a solace to Mr. Huntington that he had for his personal friends some of the excellent of the earth, and for them that they had the fullest persuasion in their own consciences that he was an eminently favoured servant of God. A few still remain of his attached hearers, though every year is now thinning their ranks; but Mr. Vinall, we think, was about the last survivor of the preachers of the gospel who called him their father in Christ.

* If we mistake not, it was the "Bank of Faith."

Mr. Vinall was so well known, and so highly and so deservedly esteemed, not only by his own church and congregation, but by the numerous occasional hearers who, visiting Brighton for the sake of health or a necessary relaxation from business, embraced the opportunity of listening to the truth from his lips, that some memento of his ministry seems peculiarly desirable. The labours of a faithful man of God are by no means restricted to his own congregation or his own life. Mr. Huntington, as occupying a central position in the great metropolis, drew to him, either as occasional hearers or permanent members, very many who could not have heard him had his ministry been confined to some small town; but even he paid his annual visits

to the Isle of Ely, Grantham, Newark, and other places where his presence was hailed with delight by numerous friends and followers who had read his writings and been blessed under his ministry. Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Warburton were probably as much if not more blessed from home than at home, the former in the north and the latter in the south of England, besides their annual visits to London. Churches and congregations who have to endure the burden of the support of the ministry have, of course, the largest claim upon his services; yet we have thought sometimes if they could a little more divest themselves of selfish feelings, and bear in mind the blessing that their minister may be made to many other members of the same mystical body of Christ besides themselves, they would be more willing to hold him with a slacker rein. In Mr. Vinall's case this relaxation of home rule was not so required, as he laboured constantly, not only at Lewes but at Brighton, and during the former part of his ministry had a very extensive sphere of labour in both the east and west of Sussex, besides visiting London every month for three or four evenings for the space of nine years.

But it will be, perhaps, more satisfactory to our readers if, instead of obtruding upon them our own reflections, we give a little account of his call by grace and subsequent experience, as contained in a brief but very interesting memoir of him published by his son, Mr. Ebenezer Vinall.

His call by grace is thus given:

"Being of a lively disposition, and a good singer, his company was much sought after, and he became a ringleader of his companions. At seasons, much of his time was spent in bell ringing, singing, and what he then felt to be pleasure-taking. The Christmas holidays previous to his call by grace, he was for five weeks with his ungodly companions night and day; and, on his eldest sister remonstrating with him on the sinful course he was pursuing, he replied, 'I shall surely go to hell, and then I shall know the worst of it!' Thus was he hardened indeed through the love of sin, and led captive by the devil at his will; when (O the richness and freeness of God's grace!) as he was returning home about midnight, during the early part of February, 1802, being then in his twentieth year, he was stopped, as he often expressed it, at the forty-fifth milestone on the road to London, between Mockbridge and Henfield, which he described in the following manner: 'After I had been

striving secretly against sin and temptation, and under some legal convictions, for many months, it pleased the Lord, of his infinite mercy, to meet with me in a sovereign way, unthought of and unsought for, and to infuse his blessed Spirit into my heart; so that I cried out from the overpowering feeling, "My dear Redeemer!" The moment the Lord met with him, he said, he had such a sight and sense of himself as a sinner, and of the kindness and goodness of God, that his heart was melted into the deepest contrition, compunction, humility, and godly sorrow. Here he saw, indeed, that the Lord would be most just if he cut him off and sent him to everlasting destruction; but, instead of that, his goodness melted his heart, and produced that godly sorrow that worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of. From this time he was enabled to separate himself from an ungodly world; as it is written: 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.' The fear of God being implanted in his heart, he departed from iniquity; and from that time was led to seek the Lord by humble prayer and supplication, and began to work out his salvation with much fear and trembling, God the Holy Ghost working in him both to will and also to do of his good pleasure."

Shortly after this, he was removed in the providence of God to Lewes (May 19th, 1802), where he first heard a Mr. Dale, but afterwards attended the ministry of Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Huntington's well-known friend, and called by him "the Welsh Ambassador." The little memoir thus speaks of the effect of Mr. Jenkins's ministry on his conscience, and of his happy deliverance under Mr. Huntington:

"Mr. J.'s ministry was very searching and close. Frequently, after sermon, my father rambled on the Downs, or retired to his room, and begged of the Lord that he might pass through the most acute exercise and severe discipline rather than be deceived. He continued for the most part in this state of mind until the year 1805, when Mr. Huntington came to Lewes, at the opening of Jireh Chapel, which place of worship was erected for the use of Mr. Jenkins and a portion of his old congregation, on their separating from Lady Huntingdon's Connection. Mr. Huntington's first text was 1 Kings 8:11: 'So that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord.' The next evening he preached

from these words: 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.' (Matt. 5:8.) In the course of his sermon, Mr. Huntington made this remark: 'If you will hear me attentively, I will tell you in so many particulars wherein you may know whether or not you have a pure heart.' This was the point on which my father was longing for satisfaction. Under this discourse, the Lord was pleased to speak pardon and peace to his soul, and to set him at sweet and happy liberty. After this he heard Mr. Huntington preach at Bolney, under the apple tree in the garden of Mr. Blaker, from these words: 'In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee;' which subject was much blessed to him, and he returned home filled with joy and peace in believing."

For some years after this he was exercised about being called to the ministry, and an opportunity being given he expounded the word at Lewes, then destitute of a minister. He was favoured "with such liberty and boldness as carried with it a manifestation of the presence of God." This was in September, 1811.

This will introduce us to our next extract:

"When Mr. Huntington visited Lewes the last time, he sent for my father to meet him at Stoneham at 5 o'clock in the morning. He received him kindly and affectionately, and gave him some very wholesome counsel. In the evening of the same day Mr. H. spoke from these words: 'But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.' (Dan. 12:13.) In this discourse he showed the necessary qualifications of a faithful minister of the gospel; leaving it to my father's and the people's consciences to judge whether he answered to the description given.

"Mr. Brook dying, Sept. 21st, 1811, the cause at Brighton was without a minister; and in the following year my father was invited to preach there, which he did, at first once a fortnight, and after a time regularly every Sabbath evening, and also on a week evening. Soon it pleased the Lord to call him to more extended labours. He preached at Alfriston, Eastbourne, the Dicker, Five-Ash Down, Maresfield, and Ticehurst, in the east of Sussex; and in the west part of the county, at Petworth, Midburst, Chichester, and other places; and for the period of nine years, three or four evenings every month in London. His ministry was much blessed to many. Hundreds, I might say

thousands, were through his instrumentality brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. I believe very few ministers of Christ have been more honoured of the Lord, and made more extensively useful."

Our space does not admit of dwelling on several very interesting and edifying circumstances connected with the rupture of a blood-vessel, with which he was afflicted in the spring of 1829. But, on December 22, 1831, he was visited by a more enduring affliction in being seized with paralysis, from which he never recovered, losing permanently the use of his left side. During this time of affliction, when he so fully anticipated his dismissal that he chose two texts for his funeral sermons (Isa. 57:1, first clause, and 2 Tim. 1:12, last clause), he was much favoured with the presence and blessing of the Lord. The time was not however come, as he lived more than 20 years after this and was enabled to resume his ministry at Lewes and Brighton, with an occasional interval from bodily afflictions and other circumstances into which we need not enter. That he had infirmities of temper, owing no doubt much to the nature of his bodily afflictions, is well known; but these are best buried with his poor shattered tabernacle. They will no more rise with it in the day of the Lord's appearing than his paralysed side. But there was one point on which he had a peculiar and, as the event showed, an erroneous impression, on which his son has touched both very tenderly and wisely. We shall, therefore, simply give the following extract on the subject:

"He had about this time adopted the impression that it was the Lord's purpose eventually to restore him from his paralytic affliction; and this idea coloured in a considerable measure the remainder of his ministrations. I do not feel it necessary to enter into this subject very fully, as the event showed that he was mistaken; suffice it to say, that I believe he grounded much of his confidence on the interpretation he put upon Ps. 92:15, 16: 'He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him; with long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation,' which was truly fulfilled in his experience, although not in the way which he expected. A short time prior to his death he spoke to me on this subject, and alluded to the persuasion a Mr. Baker had (before my father sank into the despairing state as before narrated), in reference to the restoration of his body, grounded upon the same passage; and I went through the text with him, pointing out to him the way in which it had been already fulfilled in his

experience. First, In his being enabled to call upon God, as I had often heard him say that God was not out of his thoughts ten minutes together for years, except when sleeping. Secondly, The many answers to prayer he had received. Thirdly, The special way God had been with him in his trouble. Fourthly, How mercifully he had delivered him and honoured him in his ministry. And Fifthly, According to his frequently-expressed desires to depart, that he was perfectly satisfied with the length of his days, not wishing to live one day longer. 'Ah!' he said; 'but there is the last.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I believe that you will shortly realise this, when the dear Lord comes to receive you to himself; then it will be fulfilled in the highest degree and fullest extent.'"

It is satisfactory to find that he himself toward the last felt that he had been deceived in the impression of his bodily restoration:

"After this he was much tried respecting the views he had held, and what he had advanced, respecting the restoration of his body; and said that he had been deceived in the impression, and wished that he had never spoken of it. He told those about him that they were to give up all expectation of its fulfilment. Although tried on this point, his confidence in the God of his salvation abode strong and firm. He had often said that if ever he was convinced he was wrong in the impression, he would gladly acknowledge it; observing, 'If I am deceived in this, I am deceived; but it is no part of my salvation.' He was well aware that I did not agree with him on the subject of his restoration, and therefore seldom spoke of it to me."

He had his changes during his last illness, but for the most part was kept in sweet peace. We have only room for the closing scene:

"On Saturday, a great change was evident to us all. The poor tabernacle was being rapidly taken down. In the early part of the morning he said, 'Quiet rest;' and a little time after, 'Whom once he loves he never leaves.' Then he said, 'Happy, happy, happy!' and waved his hand. He was next heard to say, 'Joy!' and being asked by his son Joseph if he was happy, replied, 'Yes.' Joseph rejoined, 'You are almost at home, father.' His reply was, 'I wish I was *quite*.' These were the last words he was heard to utter; and from that time he sank into a deep sleep, until his eyes were finally closed in death, at a quarter past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, March 3rd, 1860."

The sermons at the head of this article were taken down as notes by Mr. Spence, a gentleman residing at Hertford, during occasional visits to Brighton. We hope in our next No. to give one at full length, which will speak for itself as a memento of Mr. Vinall's ministry; though nothing can convey the peculiar savour, sweetness, and power which rested upon the word from his lips when the Lord was with him. We, of course, speak more from the testimony of others on whom we can depend than our own, though on one occasion, in the year 1838, we heard him, with great sweetness and savour. On certain points of experience he was peculiarly clear and discriminating, such as the first work of grace on the soul, the fear of the Lord, faith in all its trials and exercises, the nature and power of prayer, the presence of the Lord, with its effects in the heart; and as he had a wonderful knowledge of Scripture and the greatest aptitude in its application, and did not, as many ministers do, just touch upon the point and then leave it, but went deeply into it and clearly described its workings, it gave to his ministry a peculiar power and interest. He excelled where so many ministers fail. They speak of godly fear, faith, repentance, &c., but do not describe the sensations they produce, the sinkings and risings, the ins and outs, the ups and downs, and the whole train of godly movements which follow upon the secret operations of the Holy Spirit upon the heart. But Mr. Vinall was singularly gifted to work out and describe the various and conflicting sensations of the quickened and believing soul, and thus to cast a blessed light upon the most precious and valuable parts of a believer's experience—that fear of the Lord which is "his treasure;" (Isa. 33:6;) that faith, or rather that trial of faith, which is "much more precious than of gold that perisheth;" (1 Pet. 1:7;) that good hope through grace which maketh not ashamed; that love of God which is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. (Rom. 5:5.) The chief work and value of an experimental ministry is not merely to say that such and such desires and workings are the feelings of a quickened soul, or the actings of living faith in a believer's heart, and to quote a string of texts to prove it; but to describe the minutiae of these spiritual sensations, and to work them out in their various and often hidden and intricate movements Godward. The kingdom of God in a believer's soul is like a deep mine of heavenly treasure. "Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold, where they fine it." "The stones of it are the place of sapphires, and it hath dust of gold." But in this mine "there is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." (Job 18:1, 6, 7.) The

minister, then, must be the miner to dig into this mine, to turn up this vein, to bring to light these sapphires, and gather out this dust of gold. But to do this, he must see by the purged and enlightened eye of faith a path which no unclean vulture (preacher or professor) ever saw, and turn up an intricate vein which no "fierce lion," roaring against experimental truth, ever "passed by," or his "whelps," yelping by his notes, ever trod. To dig into this mine, and tread this path was Mr. Vinall's happy privilege; and for the silver, the gold, and the sapphires which, as he thus dug, he turned up to fill their treasures, his people and his gracious occasional hearers loved the man, prized his ministry, and bore with his infirmities.

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Historical Sketches of Romanism; being the Substance of a Course of Lectures delivered in Ireland in the Winter of 1854-55. By a Clergyman, lately a Curate in Ireland.—(June, 1862.)

Though we cannot say that we have that extreme dread of the revival and reign of Popery amongst us which many good men have long felt and expressed, yet we would be second to none in our abhorrence of it. Every effort is now being made to commend the poisoned cup of Popery to the lips, for the Romish harlot, though much battered and worn, especially in her own land and on her own throne, still carries in her hand the golden cup which is full of abominations and filthiness. The piety of her holy virgins in the nunneries of this land, amongst whom are some of England's noblest daughters; the devotedness of her monks toiling, as in the Charnwood forest, to make the wilderness blossom like the rose; the zeal and earnestness of her priests, serving night and day at her altars; the large amount of almsgiving daily distributed; her ancient and splendid ritual, set off and adorned with all the bewitching accompaniments of music and incense, at once to charm and take captive the three senses of sight, hearing, and smell—these are some ingredients of the drugged wine-cup, which she has for ages presented to the nations, and is now holding to the lips of our wealthy isle. Many have been seduced to drink of this cup, not knowing that to drink was death. It is well, therefore, to tear off from time to time, the veil with which she hides her features and to hold her up in her real colours.

This has been well done by the author of the book at the head of the present article, who is now a clergyman in Malta, and was formerly for some time a curate in Ireland, where he originally delivered these sketches under the form of Lectures. In a simple, easy, and legible style, he has sketched out the following subjects—The Rise and Growth of the Papal Power; The Crusades; The Three Orders of Knighthood; Monasticism and its Results; The Inquisition of Modern Jesuitism; adding some concluding observations. He has put together simply and concisely many interesting and memorable facts, and has given the best sketch which we ever read of the three celebrated knightly orders. Of these doughty knights—a strange mixture of half monk, half soldier, the two most celebrated were the Knights Templar—so called from a house given to the first knights at Jerusalem, near the site of the Temple of Solomon, and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards called Knights of Rhodes, and subsequently Knights of Malta. Of both these knightly orders the little work before us gives most interesting details, but which are too long for our pages, and at the same time scarcely admitting brief extracts. Most interesting also is his account of the Inquisition, that diabolical origin of cruelty. As a specimen of the work, we will give his account of the detection and destruction of the Inquisition of Madrid, at the time when Marshal Soult commanded the French armies in Spain. It is rather long, but will be read with thrilling interest:

"In the year 1809 Colonel Lehmanowsky was stationed at Madrid with a body of French troops; and whilst in that city the Colonel used to express his opinions with soldier-like frankness on the dark deeds of the Holy Office. A decree had already been passed by Napoleon for the suppression of this tribunal, and of monasteries; but, owing to some delay on the part of the officials entrusted with its execution, it had not been put in force. Months had slipped away; the inquisitors had nearly begun to indulge hopes that the odious decree would remain a dead letter, and were acquiring fresh confidence every day. The Colonel was a marked man, and it was resolved to get rid of him immediately. One night, as he was walking along one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley. The Colonel stood and drew his sword; then, putting himself in a posture of defence, and seeing lights at some distance, shouted for help. Instantly the French Patrol rode up, and the Colonel's assailants took to their heels; not, however, before the lanterns of the French soldiers had enabled them to see

that they were the servants of the inquisition. Lehmanowsky immediately waited on Marshal Soult, who was governor of Madrid, informed him of what had taken place, and reminded him of the imperial decree to suppress the inquisition. Soult replied that he might go and destroy it if he chose. Not a moment was to be lost. The assistance of two regiments besides Lehmanowsky's was immediately procured, and they marched against the inquisitorial head-quarters, situated at the distance of five miles from the city. A strong wall surrounded the building, and the gates being of course closed, some difficulty was experienced in effecting an entrance. The Colonel had determined to examine minutely into the state of affairs within the walls; and, placing the priests and their servants under a strong guard, he walked through the stately edifice. The apartments were richly and handsomely furnished. Altars, crucifixes, and wax candles were to be seen in abundance, and splendid paintings hung against the walls. There was an extensive library. Beauty and splendour appeared in all the arrangements. The architecture was faultless, the decorations in admirable proportion. There was every thing to gratify a cultivated taste, and to please an enthusiastic lover of the fine arts. Was this the far-famed Spanish inquisition? Has the Colonel got into the right building, or has he in his impetuosity by mistake entered the palace of some wealthy noble? No! there was no mistake. There were the priests in their sacerdotal robes, the inmates of this magnificent convent. But where are the dungeons?—where the instruments of torture?—where the remains of the hundreds of slaughtered victims?—where? 'Only in the imagination of our base accusers,' indignantly exclaim the holy fathers. 'Monstrous impiety! to ascribe such diabolical deeds to the venerable fathers of the church—to think that we whose lives are passed in prayer and holy meditation should even desire to imbrue our hands in the blood of our innocent fellow-creatures! Rest assured, gallant Colonel, that you have been grossly deceived and we grossly libelled. You have seen all. Withdraw your sacrilegious troops, and receive our holy benediction, so shall you avert the vengeance of Heaven, which is always ready to light on those who treat irreverently the ministers of the sanctuary.'

''Strange and incredible!' muttered the Colonel. 'could scarcely have been deceived. And yet——' 'Will you have the goodness to step this way, Sir?' exclaimed a soldier, interrupting the Colonel's meditations. A seam in one of the marble slabs of which the floor of the hall was composed had attracted the

soldier's attention. The colonel and his men soon collected round the spot, and endeavoured to remove the slab, but in vain. At last, one of them, with what his comrades regarded as an unpardonable contempt for the fine arts, resolved to break the mysterious slab; and, striking it for that purpose with the butt end of his musket, up flew the slab with some violence, pushed upwards by a secret spring. Good God! The secret was explained. Beneath the slab was a staircase which led to the inquisitorial dungeons.

"Accustomed as these brave French soldiers had been to scenes of rapine and bloodshed, they witnessed in these subterranean prisons what struck them all with undisguised horror. The cells contained sufferers of all ages and of both sexes, from the maiden of fourteen to the patriarch of four score. Most of them were chained to the floor of the dungeon, and bore on their bodies visible marks of torture. Some had pined there for years; others had but recently been imprisoned. Some had been unable to bear their torments; exhausted nature had given way under the rod of physical suffering and mental grief; their souls had quitted their tenements of clay, and had returned unto God who gave them; their unburied bodies lay mouldering on the prison floor. Some had been dead a long time, and nothing remained to testify of their previous existence but their blanched bones. Those in whom the breath of life still lingered were instantly released, and treated kindly by the humane French soldiers.

"The suffering victims having been removed from their dungeons, the soldiers proceeded to examine the other parts of the building. 'They found,' says the recorder of these events, 'instruments of torture of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could devise. The first instrument noticed was a machine by which the victim was confined; and then, beginning with the fingers, all the joints in the hands, arms, and body were broken and drawn one after another, until the sufferer died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the victim were so closely confined by a screw that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel from which one drop of water fell upon the head of the victim every second, each successive drop falling upon precisely the same place; by which, in a few minutes, the circulation was suspended, and the sufferer had to endure the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound; the machine then being placed between two beams in which were

scores of knives so fixed that by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was all torn from his limbs into small pieces. The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a large doll, richly dressed, and having the appearance of a beautiful woman with her arms extended ready to embrace her victim. A semicircle was drawn round her, and the person who passed over this fatal mark touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms immediately clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces.

"The fire of indignation burned in the bosoms of the French soldiers at the sight of these horrid instruments of cruelty. Their fury knew no bounds; they insisted that every inquisitor and every soldier of the inquisition should immediately be put to the torture. It was in vain to oppose them. The colonel himself might have been sacrificed to their ungovernable rage if he had attempted to arrest them in their work of vengeance. They began with the holy fathers. The first was put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture by water was then tried, and the miserable wretch on whom the punishment was inflicted cried out in agony to be removed from the fatal machine; but his cries were unheeded. Next came the inquisitor-general, who was brought before the image of the virgin and somewhat roughly ordered to embrace her. He begged hard to be excused, but the soldiers were inexorable. Interlocking their bayonets so as to form large forks, they pushed him within the fatal circle, and in an instant the image had cut him into innumerable pieces. The French colonel stood by and witnessed the torture of four of these guilty wretches. His soul sickened at the scene, and he withdrew, leaving the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the rest of the guilty inmates.

"In the meantime, the news had reached Madrid that the prisons of the inquisition had been thrown open and the captives set at liberty. Multitudes hastened to the spot. O! what pen can describe the meeting of friends and relations on that eventful day! It was like a resurrection from the dead. There were fathers who found their long-lost sons and daughters; wives were restored to their mourning husbands; sisters to their much loved brothers; and parents to their weeping children. There were a few among the rescued captives who had no friend to greet them, who could not recognise a familiar face in the midst of that immense throng. There were many who returned with countenances expressive of deep disappointment; those whom they

expected to see emerging from their dungeons had fallen victims to Papal tyranny, and had quitted this earthly scene. They were where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Great and indescribable were the emotions of that vast multitude; but not a tear was shed for the fate of those merciless men who had with such determination executed the imperative orders of Rome. As soon as the people began to retire, Colonel Lehmanowsky removed the books from the library, the paintings, the furniture, and every article of value from within the walls of the building, and sent to Madrid for a waggon-load of gunpowder, which he deposited in the vaults beneath. A slow match was placed in connection with the powder. The troops retired to a distance. In a short time a tremendous explosion was heard: the walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically into the air, enveloped in clouds of dense smoke, and then fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The inquisition was no more. God be thanked! was uttered from many an aching and yet grateful heart on that eventful day."

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Immanuel; or the Mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God. Unfolded by James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh. Reprinted from the Editions of 1649 and 1677.—(July, 1862.)

Times have been when godliness and learning went hand in hand; nor was that the most barren or unfruitful age of the church of Christ when learned men were godly and godly men were learned. When the long dark night of the middle ages, during which feudal barons ruled in their castles who could not write their own names, and to be able to read saved a man's neck from the halter,*—when this long and dreary night of superstition, ignorance, and violence was broken up by the invention of printing and the diffusion of ancient literature, there arose a wide-spread desire after learning beyond the conception of the present age. Rome's policy was to keep men's minds in ignorance. The human mind was to be a dark cell, with every crevice stopped up through which the light of day might penetrate; and its sole and whole illumination was to be a solitary taper, manufactured at Rome, and lighted at St. Peter's lamp. When, then, learning began to revive, it was like the awakening of a prisoner in his dark cell, and an earnest calling out for the

light of day. Learning thus became another word for liberty, the uprising of the mind against the bondage of ignorance, backed by superstition, and an armed host in the distance to enforce submission. This will explain why all the Reformers were men of deep learning. With them learning was liberty—liberty to think for themselves, liberty to read and understand the Scriptures, liberty to preach and pray and open the mind of the Spirit, liberty to proclaim salvation as revealed in the word of God, without Rome's leave or Rome's interpretation. The printing press loosed the Bible from the chains of manuscript. A thousand Bibles could be produced at the cost of one manuscript, with the additional advantages of much greater legibility and portability. But until these precious deposits of inspired truth could be unlocked by translation into modern tongues, the printing press could only issue them in Hebrew, Greek, or Latin—dead languages to the unlearned. Hence learning and godliness united to open the sealed fountains of truth to the thirsty multitude; and soon Tyndale, in this country, and Luther in Germany, set themselves to the mighty task of translating into their native languages the book of God. We need not further pursue the subject of translation, though there is not a reader of these lines, who is not indebted every day of his life to those learned men who toiled for him to put into his hands that English Bible which, if he be a partaker of God's grace, "is a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path."

*** This was called "benefit of clergy," as it was presumed if a criminal sentenced to be hanged could read, he was one of the clerical order, and therefore safe from punishment at the hands of the laity.**

But soon another necessity arose for the union of learning with godliness. The grand truths of the Bible, which had been overlaid by Romish doctrines, had to be published as with the sound of a trumpet, and to be defended and vindicated from all opposition. Rome woke up. Her craft was in danger. Reformation in her eyes meant the overthrow of her power and the drying up of the river of gold which had flowed so abundantly into her lap. She too must now have her learned defenders, as Dr. Eck, Cardinal Bellarmine, Baronius, and a host of men whose once well-known names would be to our readers like the catalogue of signatures, Neh. 10: "Bunni, Azgad, Bebai," &c. But these men, now shadows of a shade, as dead as their dust, were then intellectual giants; and giants, not dwarfs, must encounter them in the tented field, where

pens meet pens, instead of swords clashing with swords; and ink runs in streams instead of blood. Luther's works fill eight thick folio volumes; Calvin's make up ten or twelve similar volumes, thinner in bulk, yet larger in size. These were indeed writing and reading days—when a good thick folio volume, almost as much as a man can carry in his arms, was laid on his breakfast table by the side of his loaf.

Then came another age—the age of Owen and Goodwin, when learning and godliness still were mated, and well mated too. We speak deliberately when we express our doubt whether in all England there now be a man of such deep theological learning as Dr. Owen, and more than a doubt when we say there is not one in the compass of these isles who combines his learning with his godliness. In fact a divorce has taken place between this once well-matched pair. Learned men are not now godly; godly men are not now learned. Learning now attacks the Bible, instead of defending it; and godliness reads the Bible without digging into Hebrew roots, or plunging into the mysteries of Greek Lexicons and the whole apparatus of learned criticism. And which is the loser in this divorce? Surely learning. Godliness does not need learning's lamp to guide her steps to heaven. But learning without godliness can only stumble into hell. Nor is there any hope or probability that the divorced pair will ever meet again. The academies, it is true, are trying to publish the banns; but their learning is as defective as their godliness; and from such an ill-conditioned pair there is little hope of a healthy offspring.

Archbishop Usher was one of the most learned—if not in some points the most learned man of his day. If we mistake not, he arranged the chronology, that is, the dates affixed to the margin of our Bibles. These simple figures, which perhaps, some of our readers never even noticed, demanded an amount of learning and research of which they can form no conception. Every date given in the Bible itself, the closest examination of all the ancient historians, the calculation of all the recorded eclipses, and all these elements to be compared and harmonised! Reader, hast thou the slightest idea what labour and learning were necessary to fix the exact date when Christ came into the world? It is sufficient for thee to know he came to save thy soul. Here rest. But Usher could not rest here. He must toil and calculate to find this and a thousand other dates, and so to furnish history with one of her eyes.*

*** It is a common saying that history has two eyes—chronology and geography; the one to show her time, the other to show her place.**

But Usher was more than a learned man, or his name would not have appeared in our pages. He was a great divine and a mighty champion for the truth.

The book before us is a reprint by a private individual, who, in a neat preface, signs himself "T. H.," of a discourse contained in Usher's works. And a most excellent discourse it is—unfolding, in clear, consistent, and scriptural language, the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh. Two or three extracts from it will show how far it justifies the opinion that we have thus expressed of it; and this we do the more willingly, as we have in this very No. touched upon some of the same points in our Answer to an Inquiry:

"And we must consider that the divine nature did not assume a human person, but the divine Person did assume a human nature; and that of the three divine Persons it was neither the first nor the third that did assume this nature; but it was the middle Person, who was to be the middle one that must undertake this mediation betwixt God and us, which was otherwise also most requisite, as well for the better preservation of the integrity of the blessed Trinity in the Godhead, as for the higher advancement of mankind by means of that relation which the second Person, the Mediator, did bear unto his Father. For if the fulness of the Godhead should have thus dwelt in any human person, there should then a fourth person necessarily have been added unto the Godhead; and if any of the three Persons, beside the second, had been born of a woman, there should have been two Sons in the Trinity. Whereas now the Son of God and the Son of the blessed Virgin, being but one Person, is consequently but one Son, and so no alteration at all made in the relation of the Persons of the Trinity."

"We are further here also to observe in this our Melchizedec, that as he had no mother in regard of one of his natures, so he was to have no father in regard of the other, but must be born of a pure, immaculate Virgin, without the help of any man.

"And this also was most requisite, as for other respects, so for the exemption

of the assumed nature from the imputation and pollution of Adam's sin. For sin having by that one man entered into the world, every father becometh an Adam unto his child, and conveyeth the corruption of his nature unto all those whom he doth beget. Therefore our Saviour, assuming the substance of our nature, but not by the ordinary way of natural generation, is thereby freed from all the touch and taint of the corruption of our flesh, which by that means only is propagated from the first man unto his posterity. Whereupon, he being made *of* man, but not *by* man, and so becoming the immediate fruit of the womb, and not of the loins, must of necessity be acknowledged to be that 'holy thing' which so was born of so blessed a mother, who, although she were but the passive and material principle of which that precious flesh was made, and the Holy Ghost the agent and efficient, yet can not the man Christ Jesus thereby be made the Son of his own Spirit; because fathers do beget their children out of their own substance; the Holy Ghost did not so, but framed the flesh of him, from whom himself proceeded, out of the creature of them both, the handmaid of the Lord, whom from thence all generations shall call blessed.

"That blessed womb of hers was the bride-chamber, wherein the Holy Ghost did knit that indissoluble knot betwixt our human nature and his deity, the Son of God assuming into the unity of his Person that which before he was not, and yet without change, (for so must God still be,) remaining that which he was; whereby, it came to pass that this holy thing which was born of her was in deed and in truth to be called the Son of God. Which wonderful connexion of two so infinitely-differing natures in the Unity of one Person, how it was there effected, is an inquisition fitter for angelic intelligence than for our shallow capacity to look after; to which purpose we may also observe, that in the fabric of the ark of the covenant, the posture of the faces of the cherubims toward the mercy-seat (the type of our Saviour) was such as would point unto us that these are the things which 'the angels desire to stoop and look into.'"

With what force and clearness of language does this old divine speak! With what fitness does every word seem chosen, and how harmonising with the Scriptures of truth and the experience of the saints! Take the following extract as a proof:

"When Moses beheld the bush burning with fire, and yet no whit consumed, he wondered at the sight, and said, 'I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.' But when God thereupon called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, 'Draw not nigh hither,' and told him who he was, Moses trembled, hid his face, and durst not behold God. Yet, although being thus warned, we dare not draw so nigh, what doth hinder but we may stand aloof off, and wonder at this great sight? 'Our God is a consuming fire,' said the apostle; and a question we find propounded by the prophet, 'Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with the everlasting burnings?' Moses was not like other prophets, but God spake unto him 'face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend;' and yet, for all that, when he besought the Lord that he would show him his glory, he received this answer, 'Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live.' Abraham, before him, though a special friend of God, and the father of the faithful, the children of God, yet held it a great matter that he should take upon him so much as to speak unto God, being but dust and ashes. Yea, the very angels themselves, which are greater in power and might, are fain to cover their faces when they stand before him, as not being able to behold the brightness of his glory.

"With what astonishment, then, may we behold our dust and ashes assumed into the undivided unity of God's own Person, and admitted to dwell there as an inmate under the same roof, and yet in the midst of those everlasting burnings, the bush to remain unconsumed, and to continue fresh and green for evermore! Yea, how should not we, with Abraham, rejoice to see this day, wherein not only our nature, with the Person of our Lord Jesus, is found to dwell for ever in those everlasting burnings, but in and by him our own persons also are brought so nigh thereunto that God doth set his sanctuary and tabernacle among us, and dwell with us, and (which is much more) maketh us ourselves to be the house and habitation wherein he is pleased to dwell by his Spirit, according to that of the apostle: 'Ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people;' and to that most admirable prayer, which our Saviour himself made unto his Father in our behalf: 'I pray not for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. 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.'"

This learned and godly archbishop—where shall we find such bishop or archbishop now, even for learning, much more for godliness?—has some beautiful and original remarks on the union of Christ and his church, viewed as his body:

*** Two of the most learned bishops in the church, Dr. Ollivant, Bishop of Llandaff, and Dr. Lee, Bishop of Manchester, were old schoolfellows of ours, and we can testify, therefore, to their great abilities, especially of the former, who, for classical attainments, towered over the rest of us, at least in boyish estimation, like an Alp over the level plains. At Cambridge he fully realised all that was anticipated of him, having carried off the highest honours. Yet even he, though a most accomplished classical and Hebrew scholar, is not an Usher for depth of learning. That he knows anything of vital godliness we have at present no evidence.**

"We are yet further to take it into our consideration, that by thus enlivening and fashioning us according to his own image, Christ's purpose was not to raise a seed unto himself dispersedly and distractedly, but to 'gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad;' yea, and to 'bring all unto one head by himself, both them which are in heaven and them which are on the earth;' that as in the tabernacle the vail divided between the holy place and the most holy, but the curtains which covered them both were so coupled together with the taches that it might still be one tabernacle, so the church militant and triumphant, typified thereby, though distant as far the one from the other as heaven is from earth, yet is made but one tabernacle in Jesus Christ, 'in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord.' and 'in whom all of us are builded for a habitation of God through the Spirit.'

"The bond of this mystical union betwixt Christ and us (as elsewhere hath more fully been declared) is, on his part, that quickening Spirit, which being in him as the Head, is from thence diffused to the spiritual animation of all his members; and on our part faith, which is the prime act of life wrought in

those who are capable of understanding by that same Spirit; both whereof must be acknowledged to be of so high a nature that none could possibly by such ligatures knit up so admirable a body but he that is God Almighty. And therefore, although we did suppose such a man might be found who should perform the law for us, suffer the death that was due to our offence, and overcome it; yea, and whose obedience and sufferings should be of such value that it were sufficient for the redemption of the whole world, yet could it not be efficient to make us live by faith, unless that man had been able to send God's Spirit to apply the same unto us."

"Upon this ground it is that the apostle telleth us that we 'have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us, through the vail, that is to say, his flesh.' That as in the tabernacle there was no passing from the holy to the most holy place, but by the vail, so now there is no passage to be looked for from the church militant to the church triumphant, but by the flesh of him who hath said of himself, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' Jacob in his dream beheld 'a ladder set upon the earth, the top whereof reached to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending on it, the Lord himself standing above it.' Of which vision none can give a better interpretation than he who was prefigured therein gave unto Nathaniel: 'Hereafter you shall see heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man;' whence we may well collect, that the only means whereby God standing above and his Israel lying here below are conjoined together, and the only ladder whereby heaven may be scaled by us is the Son of man; the type of whose flesh, the vail, was therefore commanded to be made with cherubims, to show that we come to an innumerable company of angels, when we come to Jesus the Mediator of the new testament, who, as the head of the church, hath power to 'send forth all those ministering spirits, to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.'

Our extracts will speak for themselves. The clearness, force, and consistency of their statements of divine truth need no commendation from us. It is true that we do not agree with every word and expression; nor does it enter into the minutiae of Christian experience. But as a scriptural, masterly exposition of the great mystery of godliness in the compass of one discourse, we have never seen its equal.

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Hart's Hymns. Collingridge.—(*August, 1862.*)

We knew a good and gracious man who used to say that he never felt comfortable unless Hart's hymns lay within arm's reach. We need not say, after such an expression, what a precious treasure of comfort he had found in them. But it is not our object or intention to review Hart's hymns, for our praise would be like praising fine gold, and our criticism of them like searching for specks in a sheet of plate glass. The choicest of the saints of God have now for more than a hundred years testified, as with one voice, to the blessing which these hymns have been made to the church of Christ. In giving to his church two such men as Joseph Hart and William Huntington, what a feast of fat things, of wine on the lees well refined, has the Lord of the house spread in his banqueting house over which floats the banner of eternal love. What a proof, too, is this that Jesus still lives, and lives to bless. The chief thing, then, which now deserves notice and claims from us a few moments' attention is not so much to recommend such a priceless gift as Hart's hymns as to bring it more within the compass of the poor among the family of God, and to circulate such a treasure as widely as possible. Here the publisher whose name stands at the head of our present Article deserves a word of commendation from us. He has done much to give us cheap editions of this blessed hymn book; and his editions are not cheap and——; we will not use the obnoxious word, but really nice, we might almost say beautiful publications; printed on a thin but firm, good paper, in clear, fresh, sharp type, and very free from those errata which so deface many cheap religious works.*

*** Amongst these carelessly-printed books we may name Mr. Doudney's edition of Rutherford's Letters. We attempted, in our copy, to correct the errata; but it proved a hopeless and endless task and the few corrected pages looked like an office revise. Rutherford's Letters were in the first instance printed from the MS. copies which had been well-nigh worn out with frequent perusal. The Scotch press was in those days singularly bad and incorrect, and thus these invaluable letters were published with all their faults on their heads, and the errors of the press besides. When, then, this edition is**

recommended as a republication from the old original edition, it is misleading those who are not acquainted with these circumstances. What we want is not a cheap republication of an edition full of faults and errors, but one revised with the utmost care, preserving all the old pithy language of the writer, but purified from its gross mistakes both of transcription and the press. But whilst we are on this subject, let us give Mr. Collingridge a piece of advice. Should he republish the slip he has printed from John Newton's Bible, we would recommend him to submit it to the revision of some good Latin scholar, as we defy any one, in its present form, to construe it: at least it has quite baffled all our attempts to do so, or we should have been pleased to insert it in our pages. If quotations are given from the learned languages, let them be printed correctly. We were, therefore, somewhat surprised to see all its errors faithfully transcribed in the "Gospel Magazine." Would the editor kindly favour us with the correction and translation of the quotation, and inform us also whence Newton took it? As a little clue to the discovery, we would suggest Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms, a favourite book of John Newton's.

Among the advantages of the edition before us is the giving of a table of the first lines of each verse, except the first line of the first verse, found in the usual index. As a profitable Railway Companion Mr. Collingridge has put up some copies of this edition in what is called in the trade Roan Tuck, that is, a nice little pocket book form, so that our good old friend, who always kept Hart's hymns within arm's reach, might now have carried a copy in his waistcoat pocket.

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Nichol's Series of Standard Divines, Puritan Period. The Works of Thomas Goodwin, D.D.—(*February, 1863.*)

The name of "Puritan" is such a household word in the history of England, both civil and religious, that it is almost as familiar as their own to all who have any knowledge of, or take any interest in, the past records of our beloved country. And even amongst those whose circumstances in life, or whose disinclination to all such secular studies may have precluded them from much knowledge of the past history of England, there are few who have not read or heard of the writings which these ancient worthies have left behind them as an

enduring heritage to the Church of Christ. Who has not read the "Pilgrim's Progress?" Who has not heard of Owen, and Goodwin, and Flavel, and Sibbes, and other mighty men of valour who fought the good fight and won the day, and have left their swords and shields to us as enduring trophies of their victory? But though their name is so familiar to the ears of most, few, comparatively speaking, are aware of the immense debt which is their just due on other than religious grounds. That our Puritan ancestors were men mighty in the things of God; that they were heartily and conscientiously opposed to the errors of the Prayer Book and to the corruptions of the National Establishment; that they suffered cruel persecution by fine, mutilation,* imprisonment, and exile from the ruling powers in Church and State; that they were, for the most part, sound in doctrine, rich in experience, and godly in life; that through their hands the sacred lamp of truth was kept burning with pure and holy light, and handed down to us; and that by their writings, either still preserved in their original form, or from time to time reprinted, these godly men, though dead, yet speak—all these are facts known to most who have any knowledge of the religious history of our native land.

* As a specimen of these horrible cruelties let it suffice to name the case of Dr. Leighton, who, for publishing a Book called "Zion's Plea against Prelacy," was sentenced to pay a fine of £10,000, to be publicly whipped, and pilloried for two hours at Westminster; to have one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, and be branded in the face with a hot iron with the letters S.S. (Sower of Sedition); then after seven days to be whipped and pilloried again in Cheapside, have the other side of his nose slit, and the other ear cut off, and then be imprisoned for life. When this atrocious sentence, which was executed to the very letter, was pronounced upon him, Bishop Laud, who was present, pulled off his cap and gave God thanks. In reading such fearful persecutions of men whose only crime was contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints, one hardly knows whether the recital most stirs the blood with indignation against their persecutors, or touches the heart with compassion for the persecuted.

But on other grounds—grounds not strictly religious, and yet much connected with our present religious privileges, the deepest debt of gratitude is due to our Puritan ancestors from the country at large. The history of the great struggle for civil and religious liberty which filled England with confusion and

often bloodshed for more than a century (A.D. 1558-1688) has been sadly miswritten. Church historians, of whom Lord Clarendon is the prime offender, have done all in their power to blacken the character and misrepresent the motives of that gallant band of men who resisted even unto death the conspiracy against the laws and liberties of England, into which had entered sovereigns lusting after arbitrary power over the purse, and bishops over the consciences of the English people. Against this conspiracy of kings, men like Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell struggled in the Parliament, and against this conspiracy of bishops men like Dr. Preston, Reynolds, Ames, (names now alas! forgotten) struggled with their pen. We who are sitting under our own vine and our own fig tree, none making us afraid, are little aware of the debt of gratitude which we owe to these defenders of civil and religious liberty. That trial by jury and not by Star Chambers and High Courts of Commission* is the law of the land; that the press is free, and noses not now slit or ears cut off for condemning balls and theatres; that Parliament still sits at Westminster; that we are not taxed but by our own consent, nor governed but by laws which we help to make; that life and liberty are respected, and that a grinding despotism is not crushing us into the very dust; and above all that we can quietly and peaceably assemble ourselves together, and worship God after the dictates of our consciences—all these glorious privileges which have made England what it is—the land of the free, we owe, under the blessing of God, to that noble band of men—the calumniated Puritans.

* These were Law Courts consisting of Commissioners appointed by the sovereign, and invested with arbitrary power to fine and imprison all who were guilty or supposed to be guilty of heresy, schism, sedition, &c. It was this court which passed the horrible sentence on Dr. Leighton.

We will give a specimen of one of these High Commissioners to whom power was given to fine and imprison without appeal all whom they pronounced guilty of sedition, &c. The Earl of Dorset made the following speech at the trial of Prynne: "I declare you to be a schism-maker in the church, a sedition sower in the commonwealth, a wolf in sheep's clothing, in a word, *omnium malorum nequissimus*. (The very worst of all villains.) I shall fine him ten thousand pounds, which is more than he is worth, yet less than he deserves. I will not set him at liberty no more than a plagued man or a mad dog, who,

though he can't bite, will foam. He is so far from being a social soul that he is not a rational soul. He is fit to live in dens with such beasts of prey as wolves and tigers, like himself; therefore I condemn him to perpetual imprisonment; and for corporal punishment I would have him branded in the forehead, slit in the nose, and have his ears chopt off." This was not merely a threat. The sentence was passed and executed, except that a fine of £5,000 was substituted for £10,000. And for what dreadful crime was this horrible sentence passed and executed? For writing against plays, masques, and dances, of which the Queen, as a young and lively Frenchwoman, was immoderately fond. This was to stir up sedition, to infringe the sacred rights of kings, and to bring the throne into contempt—and for this dreadful crime punishment was to be inflicted more worthy of cannibals and wild Indians than an English Court of Justice.

But as in a former Review* we have traced out these points at some length, and wish to introduce into our pages as little as we can of what is not strictly religious, we shall now direct the attention of our readers to the Puritans under their spiritual aspect. Their writings are the brightest mirror of their character, as well as the most enduring evidence of their worth; for in them, as in a glass, we see reflected the features of the men, and, we may add, of that wondrous era when religion in this country was not a shadow but a substance, not a form but a power, not a name but a living reality, pervading all classes and ranks to a degree never before, and never since known. The history of the Puritans, as a religious body the salt of England, reaches from the accession of Queen Elizabeth, (A.D. 1558,) to the Revolution (1688.) But their writings, at least most of those preserved to the present day, have not so wide a range. The early Puritans were chiefly engaged in controversy against the corruptions of the Establishment, the spread of Popery and Arminianism, and the arbitrary power of the bishops. Their writings, therefore, were not of the same experimental character as the later productions of the same school. The press also being heavily fettered, and no publications permitted but those which were licensed by the Authorities in Church and State, truth was gagged, and its voice choked in the very utterance. When before the writer stood the pillory with the Westminster mob, at its foot the executioner with the hot branding iron in one hand and the shears in the other, and behind it a cell in Newgate for life, it required some boldness of heart to put pen to paper, and paper to press. In Laud's breast there was no more pity for a Puritan than now rests in the bosom of a London magistrate for a garotter; and as to

punishment, there is not the least comparison, for no criminal out of Russia would now be treated as was Dr. Leighton. But when what is usually called the Great Rebellion, but what should rather be termed the uprising of the English people against the most determined conspiracy of Church and King to overthrow all their ancient laws and liberties, broke out, and in its progress and results liberated, to a large extent, the public press, then appeared a long and successive series of writers upon every religious subject, doctrinal, practical, and experimental, who filled the land with their works. The religious activity of that age it is almost impossible for us to conceive, and the contrast which it forms with the present is something absolutely marvellous. The change is as great as that of a man one day in full vigour of mental and bodily health, and the next lying on his bed with a paralytic stroke; or that of a fire blazing high, and casting heat and flame in all directions, and then sunk down into a heap of black ashes, under which it feebly and faintly smoulders. When, too, we consider other points of comparison, the contrast will appear more marvellous still. England at that period, say from A.D. 1640 to 1660, may well be contrasted with England of the last twenty years. It was then very thinly inhabited, its whole population probably not exceeding four or five millions. There were no great towns; manufactures were but scanty, the woollen being the only one of any importance; the roads most miserable, and to wheel-carriages almost impassable. And yet, with all these disadvantages, there was an energy in writing, reading, and spreading religious works all over the length and breadth of the land as much beyond the present apathy as the serious earnestness, the ardent zeal, the Christian devotedness, the godly life, and the unwearied labours of the Puritan ministers outshine the words and works of their degenerate descendants. In those days men breathed religion, ate religion, drank religion. In the House of Commons, Oliver Cromwell would speak more in one half hour of the grace of God, the work of the Spirit, and the blessedness of knowing and serving the Lord, than most ministers in our day in a whole hour's sermon; and the very soldiers in his army over their watch-fires would read more in their little black bibles by the lurid light, and talk to each other more of the precious things of God in one evening, than many of our great divines would do of either in a week. We by no means intend to express an opinion that all this was real religion, vital godliness. There is no fire without smoke; but, again, there is no smoke without fire. Shadow is not substance; but there is no shadow without it; and the larger the substance the greater the shadow. There is, indeed, the form

without the power; but form presumes the existence of power, as much as the image of David, which Michal made in the bed with a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster, (1 Sam. 19:16,) presumed the existence of David. In those days there was, you will perhaps say, much false fire, hypocrisy, delusion, enthusiasm, and wild fanaticism. No doubt there was. But false fire implies true fire, or why should it be false? If, as has been well said, hypocrisy be the tribute paid to godliness, there must be the tribute receiver as well as the tribute payer. So with delusion, enthusiasm, and fanaticism. Where would be the place for these imitations of the light, life, and power of the Spirit, except in a day when his operations were specially manifest? But Satan is often transformed, you will say, into an angel of light. True; but there must be angels of light to induce the arch deceiver to attempt the transformation. Thus, after making all the deductions that a friend, not an enemy, to vital godliness may assume, we must believe that in that day there was a blessed amount of real, experimental religion. How men could find time to write, money to buy, leisure to read, and strength to digest the ponderous folios which issued from the pens of Owen, Goodwin, Charnock, Manton, Howe, &c., seems at the present day an almost inexplicable mystery, of which we know but one solution—that in those days there was a large number of persons in different classes of society who took the deepest and most lively interest in the things which concerned their everlasting peace. One thing is certain, that there must have been a remarkable hunger for food in the land; or why such ample provision? When we see the piles of food heaped up in the London markets, we know that there must be a proportionate number of consumers. So when we look at even the fragments of those ample provisions which have come down to our times—the twelve baskets which remain when the 5,000 men, besides women and children, have eaten and been filled, we must acknowledge that there was in those days a hungry multitude for whom so large a table was thus spread in the wilderness. For it must be borne in mind that the provision furnished by the Puritan preachers and writers was of the most solid, substantial description. There were no Gorilla lectures in those days, illustrated with dissolving views, and well seasoned with jokes to keep up the interest of the audience; and instructions how "to make the best of both worlds" was a piece of religious jugglery not yet introduced into the Non-conformist body. What Dr. Owen would have thought, and in his quiet, yet strong language, have said of such exhibitions and of such perversion of truth, and what place John Bunyan would have given them in his immortal Allegory,

let those judge who have been baptized into any measure of the same Spirit which rested so abundantly on these men of God.

* See our vol. for 1853 pp. 58, 63, 88-98, in which we reviewed Dr. Merle D'Aubigne's "Protector, or Vindication of Cromwell."

The appetite and digestion of persons may, in some measure be judged of from the food which they most relish and healthfully eat. Tried by this test, our Puritan fathers must have had strong appetites and vigorous digestions: for their food was of a most solid, substantial kind. Do our readers know Dr. Owen's "Commentary on the Hebrews," or what we consider his greatest work, that on the "Person of Christ?" Have they ever read his "Communion with God," or his work on "the Spirit," or even that blessed production of his latest pen, finished but a few days before he died, his "Meditations on the glory of Christ?" What a solidity; what a depth; what a holy wisdom; what digging deep into the Scriptures; what a variety of gracious experience; what a fund of practical instruction and godly admonition; and the whole brought before us, not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, with an earnestness of language, and sobriety of expression, yet pervaded and, as it were, permeated with such a manifest unction from the Holy One, whereby, and whereby alone, we know all things. Owen is, in our judgment, the greatest of all the Puritan divines for depth and solidity of heavenly wisdom. Goodwin on some of the higher points of our most holy faith, such as the eternal union of the church with Christ, and the blessings of the everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure, had, we, think, deeper and clearer views than Owen; but we confess, as a matter of personal experience, that we have not felt the same power and unction in his writings. But take these two men as specimens of the preachers and writers of the Puritan era. Would our age hear them as that age did? And though we have still amongst us those who read and love their works, are they not few in number and separate from the general profession of the day? We are very sure from our own experience that to read Owen continuously and with soul profit requires a spiritual mind, a real love for experimental truth, a willingness to be well probed and searched, a longing for that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, a separation of spirit from the world and things worldly, and heavenly affections fixed on things above. When this inward spirit and one of Owen's experimental works come together there is a

quiet sinking of his words into the heart, and they are felt to be full of instruction and edification, leaving a sweet savour of heavenly realities on the soul. Now, such writers must have had readers of a similar spirit with themselves—solid, serious, spiritually-minded men, with a heavenly sobriety of spirit, well-ripened judgment, and clear discernment in the things of God. There is no fairer or better test of an age than its approved authors, for they represent and embody its spirit; and just as surely as the licentious dramatists of the era of Charles II. reflected the features of that dissolute court, so did the Puritan writers reflect the age of England's noble-minded, yet grossly calumniated Protector.

But now contrast that age as a religious epoch with the present as exhibited in the sermons and writings of the popular ministers of the present day; and take as a test of the general appetite, the same rule which we have already adduced—the nature of the provision bought and sold in the religious market. Where are the solid joints of our Puritan divines? Nobody would buy them, for they could not be digested. Like a sickly invalid who cannot digest solid beef and mutton, and therefore lazily picks the wing of a boiled chicken, or contents himself with a little weak broth and a plain pudding, so in our day the bulk of religious professors have lost all appetite for solid, substantial food. The sermons most in vogue are very little better than moral essays; or, if a little religion be insisted on, it is something within the reach of all, the discriminating doctrines of grace being carefully excluded. And, as regards the readers, instead of the massive tomes, or the spirit-stirring, heart-searching smaller works in which our Puritan ancestors found matter of instruction, reproof, and deep examination, a missionary tract or a half religious, half political article in some party periodical; or a romantic tale of some beautiful girl disappointed in love, converted by a pious servant on her deathbed; or some wonderful history of an African slave, after the model of Uncle Tom, who, in his negro gibberish, exemplifies all the holiness of a saint and all the patience of a martyr; or a childish, infantile story of what Johnny said to Willie, and how Willie's dying words about going to heaven converted his father and mother and all the family—such is the staple of modern religious reading, the weakest of all broth, and as repulsive to a healthy appetite and a sound digestion as so much lukewarm water. Forgive us, spiritual reader, for naming such dishes. They cannot be more disgusting to you than they are to us. But, as the prophet had to testify against "every form

of creeping thing and all the idols of the house of Israel poured upon the wall round about," (Ezek. 8:10,) so, in a similar spirit, would we hold up to view as a warning and a reproof the idols of our professing generation.

But it may be said, "Do not the modern Non-conformists admire and venerate the memory of their Puritan ancestors? Had they not last year a Bicentenary Commemoration of the ejection of the 2,000 ministers in 1662 for conscience sake? Does not this show how deeply they venerate the men and their principles? "Yes; but veneration is not imitation. Did not the Scribes and Pharisees, in our Lord's time, venerate the ancient prophets? Did they not "build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous?" And yet, with the same hands, they crucified the Lord of glory. But it may be said, "If the ministers preached the same doctrines, brought forth the same experience, and enforced the same practice as the Puritans, their people would not hear them; their churches would be broken up and their chapels deserted." Most probably; for, unless the Lord were to revive his work and pour out his Holy Spirit on the ministers, a mere imitation of the Puritan preaching would be but a counterfeit; and as in preaching Puritan doctrine they would be almost sure to mangle it, in handling Puritan experience woefully to mistake it, and in enforcing Puritan practice lamentably in the pulpit to legalise it and out of it to contradict it, the hypocrisy would be all the more flagrant and all the more disgusting. A man must have it in his heart before he has it in his lips. Nadab and Abihu, as priests of the Lord, took either of them his censer and put incense thereon. But whence got they the fire? Not from the altar, whither it had fallen from God, but from the sparks of their own kindling. They, therefore, and their offering perished together.

But though we despair of any such revival, at least in our day, we are very glad to see our Puritan divines once more showing their godly faces before this professing generation. Mr. Nichol, the enterprising Edinburgh publisher, we are happy to state, is publishing them in a most convenient and acceptable form. But the work before us is of too important a nature to be hastily glanced at at the end of an article; and we therefore hope in our next No. to enter more fully into the intention and execution of his admirable enterprise.

(Concluded, March, 1863.)

One of the choicest spiritual blessings which the Lord can bestow upon any of his people is a believing, prayerful, meditative spirit, which finds its element and home in those divine realities which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man," but which God reveals by his Spirit unto those that love him. Before such a believing, praying, meditating heart the word of truth spreads itself in all directions as a goodly land, "a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." (Deut. 8:7-9.) But, if the word of truth contain, spread on its surface, or locked up in its bosom, food so ample and treasure so rich, why, it may well be asked, do the saints of God in our day, for the most part, feed so scantily on the one, and lay up for themselves so little of the other? Is it not much for want of that spirit of faith, prayer, and meditation of which we have just spoken as so choice a spiritual gift? If the word of truth be a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates, these fruits of the soil must be gathered by faith, fed upon by prayer, and digested by meditation, or they will not nourish the soul; and if its hills store up iron and brass, these metals must be dug out by believing hands, and forged and welded by praying, meditative hearts, before they can be used as serviceable weapons of spiritual warfare. "O generation, see ye the word of the Lord. Have I been a wilderness unto Israel?" asks the Lord. (Jer. 2:31.) So if the word of God be to any who profess to fear his name a wilderness, without corn, wine, or oil, where shall we lay the blame? On the word of God, or on the unbelieving heart of man? If, then, we cannot drink, it is not that there is no water in the well, but that we have nothing to draw with. If we are not enriched with heavenly treasure, it is not that the mine is exhausted, for "the stones of it are still the place of sapphires, and it yet hath dust of gold;" but we want "the vulture's eye" to pierce into the depth of the vein, and the gold-digger's skill and strength to make the bright nuggets all our own. Spiritual life as much requires to be fed and nurtured as natural life; and just as our bodies, when first born, need to be cherished, built up, and maintained in health and vigour by suitable natural food, so do our souls, when new born, need to be nurtured, built up, and maintained in health and strength by suitable spiritual food. The babe needs and thrives on milk; the

grown-up man requires and is nourished by meat. The distinction holds good in grace: "As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby;" (1 Pet. 2:2;) "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able." (1 Cor. 3:2.) Child's food is not man's food, nor man's food child's food. To live on milk would starve a man; to feed on meat would kill a child. These may seem to be truisms; but they really imply important facts, and have a very wide bearing on Christian experience. This bearing we shall now endeavour to show.

The Scripture speaks much of a blessing which in our day is either sadly overlooked or grossly misunderstood—the gift of an understanding heart. We can scarcely open, for instance, the book of Proverbs without lighting on some passage which sets forth the blessedness of this heavenly gift. But take the following passages as a full description of its nature and blessedness: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her." (Prov. 3:13-18.) And again: "Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee; love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee." (Prov. 4: 5-9.) Once more: "Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children; for blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord." (Prov. 8:32, 35.) Now, whatever the Holy Ghost intends by this "wisdom," or "understanding," it is evident that he speaks of it as a most choice blessing, and one which is the special gift of God. It is indeed of his own most gracious communication, and was first given by him to the Head before bestowed upon the members. Thus we read that the Spirit of the Lord was to rest upon the pure humanity of Jesus, as "the rod

out of the stem of Jesse," as "the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." (Isa. 11:2.) As, then, the same Spirit which rested on the Head rests on the members, he is to them also a "spirit of wisdom and understanding, a spirit of counsel and might, a spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;" for "the precious ointment poured upon the head of our great High Priest went down to the skirts of his garments." (Ps. 133:2.) The apostle, therefore, prays for the Ephesian saints that "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him; the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints;" (Eph. 1:17-18;) and for the saints at Colosse that they "might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord, unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God;" (Col. 1:9-10;) and further desires ardently for them "that their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ; in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." (Col. 2:2, 3.) Thus we see that there is "a spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Christ," in connection with an "enlightening of the eyes of the understanding;" a "being filled with the knowledge of God's will in all wisdom and understanding;" and a comforting of believers' hearts when "knit together in love unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding;" and we further observe that these are prayed for and earnestly desired as choice spiritual blessings, and as most gracious means of building up the saints of God on their most holy faith.

Now surely it must be a sad misunderstanding not only of the word of truth, but of the very blessing itself, to confound this gracious knowledge of the things of God with what is generally termed "head knowledge;" as if there were no difference between the barren, speculative knowledge of a mere professor, and the gracious, enlightened understanding of a child of God. And yet this distinction is continually lost sight of, and all gracious knowledge of the truth is either confounded with mere speculative knowledge, or a mere doctrinal acquaintance with the letter of truth is put on the same level, if not identified with that teaching which is unto profit, which reveals the Son of

God to the heart, and makes him experimentally known and dearly loved.

But as this is rather an important point, let us, at the risk of a little repetition, endeavour to unfold our meaning a little more clearly. There are, then, two distinct misapprehensions upon this point, though of two widely different parties in the professing church. "What is the use" say some, for instance, "of ever prying into the doctrines, and puzzling and perplexing one's poor mind about such difficult and obscure points as the Trinity, the Person of Christ, whether he is or not the eternal Son of God, and cutting off and condemning those who do not see exactly as we do? For my part I am sick and tired of so much doctrine, and never want it mentioned or brought forward more. All I want is to have my feelings described, and my experience traced out, and everything beyond that is only head knowledge, and no good to anybody." What then? Are we to give up all mention of such glorious truths as the Trinity, the Person and work of Christ, &c., and count them as matters of so little moment, because you cannot see the difference between a gracious experimental knowledge of the truth wrought by the power of the Spirit in the heart and a few speculative notions merely floating in the head? Your very experience, if it be genuine, is so connected with a knowledge of the Person and work of Christ, that if they could fail, your experience would fail with them. Is your knowledge of Christ, of the pardon of your sins, of the love of God shed abroad in the heart, "head knowledge?" "No," you reply, "I hope not." But do you not see that without a knowledge of the Person and work of Christ there is no knowledge of the pardon of sin; and without a spiritual view of the Father there can be no shedding abroad of his love? So you see that all the choicest parts of your experience flow out of those very doctrines which you seem to set so lightly by. In a similar way you may be condemning that as "head knowledge" in others, which may really be as good as your own, though a little deeper and clearer than you have yet attained unto. But it is hardly worth while to expose so simple and yet not uncommon an error. The distinction that we are drawing between a gracious knowledge of the truth and a mere notional knowledge is plain enough to every discerning child of God. He carries daily in his own bosom a test which discovers to him the difference between the knowledge which puffeth up and the knowledge of the only true God and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, which is eternal life. He deeply feels that "the anointing which teacheth of all things and is truth, and is no lie," widely differs from a few speculative notions; and that the heavenly

wisdom which is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy," as far exceeds a natural, notional knowledge of the truth as the reality exceeds the counterfeit, and precious metal worthless dross and clay. The one, he sees and feels, is grace, the other nature; one is spirit, the other flesh; one is power, the other form; one is light, life, liberty, and love; the other darkness, death, bondage, and enmity; by the one Jesus is revealed and made experimentally known, the kingdom of God set up in the heart, and Christ formed within, the hope of glory; by the other, pride and self are set up, the flesh pleased and gratified, and a name to live substituted for the work of faith with power. By the one, sin is repented of and forsaken; the world put under the feet; and every fruit and grace of the Spirit brought forth into living and active exercise. By the other, the heart is deceived; the conscience hardened; sin indulged; the strong man armed kept in possession of his palace; the flesh gratified; and the world loved and eagerly pursued. By the one, the saints of God are highly esteemed and dearly loved: their company sought after, their trials and afflictions sympathised with, their infirmities borne with, and they esteemed the excellent of the earth, with whom we wish to live and die. By the other, the real people of God are despised and hated, their company avoided, their experience misunderstood or misrepresented, and the heady, high-minded, dead, and lifeless professors preferred before them. Need we say more? Who that has eyes to see the state of the professing church, or is favoured with any spiritual discernment to distinguish between the living family of God and those who have a name to live but are dead, will not say that these things are true?

But, the question may naturally arise, To what point do these observations tend? or what connection have they with the subject of your Review—the series of Standard Puritan Divines now in course of publication by Mr. Nichol, of Edinburgh? The connection is this; the point at which we have been aiming is to show the blessedness of that spirit of wisdom and knowledge which the Lord bestows on his people and to distinguish it from that mere speculative, natural, and notional acquaintance with the truth, which is commonly called head knowledge. Now, this heavenly principle, this gracious, enlightened apprehension of the spiritual understanding, needs to be fed and nurtured that it may not gradually pine away for want of suitable nourishment, but rather thrive and grow. Various, indeed, are the ways which

the Lord employs to strengthen and sustain this heavenly principle, such as temptation, trials, afflictions, a daily cross, and a continual conflict. But his chief means, and that to which all others are but subordinate, is the word of truth. The promises applied with a divine power to the heart; the invitations and exhortations scattered up and down the sacred page; the grand and glorious truths of the everlasting gospel, shining like so many brilliant constellations in the firmament of the inspired record; the testimony everywhere given in the Scriptures to the Person and work of the Son of God, from the first promise in Eden to the closing prayer, "Even so come Lord Jesus;" (Rev. 22:20;) the opening up of the word of truth by the light, life, and power of the Holy Ghost; and the sealing evidence afforded thereby that these are the true sayings of God—such is the food of that heavenly understanding which the Lord bestows on his people.

But helps are needed to break up, as it were, the food and set it before the understanding heart. Thus, when the Lord Jesus would feed the hungry multitude, he first blessed the bread, and brake it, and then gave it to his disciples to set before the people. (Mark 8:6.) So now the Lord gives, and blesses, and breaks the bread, but often uses the instrumentality of his disciples to give it to the people. Is not preaching one such means? As the servant of the Lord brings forth the word of truth as his divine Master blesses and breaks it up to him, are not the people of God fed and nourished? How clearly is this set forth in that striking passage Eph. 4:11-16, on which, as we dwelt upon it at some length in our opening Address, (Jan. No., p. 8,) we shall not now enlarge, merely directing to it the attention of our readers as a clear and blessed description of the work of the ministry. But, besides the living ministry of the servants of God now on the battlements of Zion, the Lord graciously blesses the labours of those his eminent servants, who though dead yet speak in their writings, as blessed instruments of feeding the souls of his people. Take, for instance, the writings of Bunyan, Owen, Huntington, and other eminent servants of God. What a blessing have their writings been made to the church of Christ. So with other less known writers, less known chiefly from the scarcity and dearness of their works, such as Dr. Goodwin, Sibbes, Manton, Howe, Flavel, &c. It is for this reason that we hail the publication of the present series of Puritan Divines by Mr. Nichol as a boon to the church. His intention is, for the annual subscription of a guinea, paid in advance, to bring out six volumes yearly of the complete works of Goodwin, Sibbes,

Charnock, Bishop Reynolds, T. Brooks, and the practical works of T. Adams, and D. Clarkson, forming, when complete, about 60 volumes. Of this series have already appeared five volumes of Goodwin, three of Sibbes, and three of Adams; all handsome books, strongly and elegantly bound in cloth, gilt and lettered, in a bold clear type, and edited with great care. Our attention, for the present, has been directed chiefly to the works of Goodwin and Sibbes, and we must say that we have found them most instructive and profitable reading.

We should like much to make a few remarks on the writings of Sibbes, of which three volumes have already appeared in the present series, and which we consider very profitable and experimental, but our limited space warns us to confine our attention chiefly to the works of Goodwin, with which the publishers have done well to commence.

There are two points in which Dr. Goodwin pre-eminently shines. 1, as an expositor of the word; 2, as gifted with a clear and penetrating insight into the deep mysteries and fundamental doctrines of our most holy faith. Both of these distinguishing features appear in their full lustre in the volumes now before us, being at present, five out of the fifteen in contemplation to complete his works. The first three volumes are chiefly expository; and to show the fulness of his comment on the word of truth we may remark that the first two volumes are chiefly occupied by an exposition of the Epistle to the Ephesians from chap. 1 to 2:11. Think of nearly 1,000 closely printed octavo pages as an exposition of 34 verses of God's word! Should you not naturally wonder how an expositor would spin out his thread to such an inordinate length? And yet, if you were favoured to read this long commentary with a believing, prayerful, meditative spirit, you would find very little sameness, prolixity, or repetition in it. He is such a thorough master of his subject, digs so deeply into the Scripture mine, and turns up such rich treasure that it is exceedingly profitable and instructive to follow him step by step. He opens up so scripturally and enforces with such amplitude of sound, clear argument every minute point of that sacred divinity with which the Holy Ghost has filled the early chapters of that grand and glorious epistle, that the truth seems to shine forth with a new and holy light. Such expressions, for instance, as "in Christ Jesus;" "all spiritual blessings," "heavenly places;" "the good pleasure of his will:" "the praise of the glory of his grace;" "accepted in the Beloved," &c., in Goodwin's hands, are opened up to their very depths, so that one such phrase

becomes a sermon, and yet is treated in such a scriptural and experimental way that it is neither prolix nor tedious. We can speak here from experience, as the more we read his writings, the fuller do they seem to be of heavenly truth, and the more profit and instruction do we derive from them; for he is not only most sound, deep, and clear in opening up the mysteries of election, sovereign grace, salvation by the blood and righteousness of the Son of God, &c., but, being a man of choice experience, he so blends with it the work of the Spirit, in all its various branches, as to enrich his exposition with a heavenly savour and unction which carries with it great force, and commends itself in a very sensible and profitable manner to the conscience. To follow him, indeed, through all the turnings and windings of his argument, and walk step by step with him as he keeps on unfolding the various points and holding up in different lights the deep mysteries of the gospel, needs some patient, uninerrupted attention; for he is a close, acute, logical reasoner. But the whole argument is so scriptural, and so enforced by a whole array of passages from the word, brought forward with the greatest suitability, that it is eminently instructive and edifying, and will amply repay all the pains bestowed in endeavouring to follow him. But, as we have before said, a spiritual mind is the chief requisite—a heart which really loves and feels the power of divine truth, and seeks its food and consolation in the precious things of God.

Goodwin is an author eminently adapted for ministers who have time, leisure, and, above all, inclination to devote themselves to reading, prayer, meditation, and to follow the advice given by Paul to his beloved Timothy: "Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all. Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee." (1 Tim. 4:13-16.) A minister who would profit the family of God needs to have his own heart well established by grace, and to find his happiness and home in the precious truths which he brings before the people. But he needs food for himself as well as for the people; and what he brings before them must have been first tasted, handled, and enjoyed in his own heart, or it will not profit and edify them. Besides which, unless there be more or less of continual exercise of mind upon the things of God, his ministry will get cold and vapid; there will be no fulness or variety in it, no point, pith, or power. But many of the servants of God cannot read the works of good men; some for fear of stealing other men's

thoughts and words; some from an inability of mind to read and digest anything but the Bible; some for want of means to possess their works; and some from sheer laziness and a want of that deep interest in and love to the truth which is necessary for profitable reading and meditation. But you will say, "Do you wish me then to hash up dead men's brains and bring before the people what I have pilfered from authors?" By no means. This is what no honest man would or could do, for his own conscience would fly in his face and accuse him of theft and dishonesty. "But what is the difference," you will urge, "between reading good men's writings and getting instruction from them and bringing that before the people, and stealing their words downright at once?" A good deal of difference. We remember well an observation made to us in private conversation by our dear and esteemed friend, the late Mr. Warburton, for it so exactly agreed with our own experience that we have never forgotten it. "I often read," said he, "Mr. Huntington's works, for my own soul's profit, but I never can make the least use of them in the pulpit. There," he added, "I must have it all my own, and just as the Lord is pleased to give me." This is the very distinction we are drawing. A minister's own soul needs feeding and instructing. The Scriptures, we well know, must be the grand source of all his instruction. This is the pure undefiled well of heavenly truth at which thousands have drunk, and yet it flows still as full, as divine as ever. But there are many points on which ministers, as well as others, need instruction that they may have clear, sound views of the truth, and be well and firmly established in it, able to contend for it, and to defend it against all gainsayings. Now, we firmly believe that, if instead of yawning and lounging their time away in sloth and idleness, or gossiping from house to house, they would apply their minds to reading, prayer, and meditation, live more alone, commune more with their own heart, be more separate from everything worldly and carnal, and give themselves more to the work, when out of it as well as in it, in the chamber as well as in the pulpit, they would find the benefit of it, not only in their own souls, but in the exercise of their ministry. A cold, lifeless, indifferent heart—though at various times, every servant of God has to mourn over his coldness and deadness—but a heart habitually cold, lifeless, and indifferent, and rarely otherwise, cannot be expected to warm up and cheer the drooping desponding, hearts of the family of God.

But whilst we have sufficiently, we think, indicated our high opinion of the value of these good old Puritan divines, we would carefully guard ourselves

against the conclusion which some might thence draw that we fully agree with all their views and sentiments. This is very far from being the case; for in some points we most widely differ from them, as, for instance, in offers of grace, progressive sanctification, the law being a rule of life, calls to the dead, & upon these points, mainly through Mr. Huntington's writings, the church of God has more light than in the days of the Puritans; and as we are to call no man master on earth, and are bound to walk according to the light which is vouchsafed us, it does not make us inconsistent to revere and admire the Puritan writers, and yet not tread servilely in their footsteps. We follow them as far as they follow the word; but when they depart from that, we depart from them. This is our Christian liberty; and as long as we use it not as a cloak of licentiousness, but as enabling us to serve the Lord in newness of the spirit and not in the oldness of the letter, none can justly condemn us for inconsistency.

Our limits preclude for the present any extracts from Goodwin's and Sibbes's works, but it is in our mind to give some as detached pieces in a future No.

We cannot, however, conclude our Review, without expressing our opinion that it was a great mistake to include the works of Adams, in the present series, as, though full of quaint, practical remarks, yet, in point of clearness of doctrine, and spirituality of experience they are far inferior to Goodwin and Sibbes.

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Select Sermons of Ralph Erskine, Minister of the Gospel, Dunfermline, Scotland. Edited by the Editor of the "Little Gleaner."—(*June, 1863.*)

The two Erskines, Ebenezer and Ralph, brothers in the flesh and brothers in the Spirit, ministers alike in the Secession Kirk of Scotland,* have left behind them a name which still retains its savour in the church of Christ. It is true that several notes which they blew in sounding the great trumpet by no means fully harmonise with the purer, clearer, and more thoroughly gospel sound given forth in these latter days, since the immortal Coalheaver expounded the way of God more perfectly. But as this defect in their ministry arose rather from want of light than of life, and did not affect the grand fundamental

doctrines of the gospel, or the experience of the saints, it has not vitiated their writings so much as we might have expected. Most, too, of their, as we consider them, erroneous views were rather faulty in expression than in intention, and were retained by them more from the force of tradition and religious education than as deductions which they themselves drew from the word of truth, or as the result of their own experience. Thus when the Erskines held the law as *a rule of life*, they did not actually set before their own eyes or the eyes of the people the killing letter as a living guide, but held it rather as a doctrine which they had been taught in their church creed, and to deny which would have been deemed by them as an error fraught with all imaginable licentiousness, and the vilest Antinomianism in principle and practice. But though thus doctrinally unsound, in their own experience they looked to the gospel and to the precepts of the gospel as their guiding rule and all-sufficient directory, and inculcated the same on their hearers. Similarly when they made their *offers of grace* to the people, it was not that they really believed there was any power in man to embrace them; and when they addressed the sinner, almost, if not altogether, calling upon him to perform living acts, it was not with the idea that he could turn to God and live, but as believing they could not otherwise clear the justice of God, or consistently hold the responsibility of man. It is, therefore, with their writings as with those of their Puritan predecessors, in whose footsteps they closely walked.† We view their errors rather as spots and blemishes than foul deformities; and thus we do not read writings with the same critical judgment or the same unpleasant feelings as we peruse the works of the present day which profess to hold the same views and advocate the same principles. In reading the one, it is like looking through a pane of clear glass, with a few dirty spots on it here and there; in the other it is like trying to see through the lower windows of a lawyer's office—all covered with paint or lime-wash. The one is like a piece of cloth of which warp and woof are good sound wool; though in places a little spotted and fluffy; the other seems made all of *shoddy*‡—glossy and smooth, but as rotten as tinder. No man who really knows and loves the truth can sanction error, or even consider it a matter of indifference; but where these errors are rather of the head than the heart, and do not involve vital truth, he can pass them by as he does blemishes and failings in the life and conduct of the children of God. A man possessed of the fear of God and a tender conscience will not, cannot justify the least inconsistency of conduct in himself or others; and yet he will bear with many infirmities in the living family.

Similarly he will bear with those errors in the writings of good men, which arise rather from deficiency of knowledge or defect in judgment than from deliberate, determined opposition to truth. Dr. Owen held "progressive sanctification," and speaks of the old man as "the remainders of sin." But when we read his work on "Temptation," or "Indwelling Sin," we feel ourselves in the presence of a man who knew experimentally that sanctification had not made much progress in taming, subduing, or changing the old man, and that his "remainders," put all together, made up an undiminished whole of the original body. We can, then, only wonder that with an experience so true, men of God, like Owen and Goodwin, should have held a doctrine so false, and one so contrary to their own daily and hourly experience. But, as in taking an observation of the sun at noon, to obtain his latitude and the consequent position of the ship in the wide, trackless ocean, the navigator allows so many minutes for the error of refraction, as knowing that the sun's apparent is not his real place, so, in reading the works of men like Owen or the Erskines, we can make an allowance for the variation from truth which the beams of the Sun of righteousness have sustained by passing through the thick atmosphere of tradition or education, and how thereby they have become bent out of their true course. But this error of refraction is a very different thing from there being no sun at all shining in the sky, or from the observer being ignorant how to take a right observation, or purposely misreading the sextant, as we fear is the case with our modern divines who call themselves the successors of the ancient Puritans. One thing to our mind is certain, let them call themselves what they may, that a broad line of distinction separates the fathers from the children, be they legitimate or illegitimate; for their doctrines, their experience, their practice, their principles are poles asunder. A claim is nothing. It may be one of ignorance or presumption. Facts, stern facts must decide its truth. Do our modern evangelical divines, in church or chapel, preach the same doctrines, possess the same experience, live the same godly life as the Puritans of old? If not, their boasting is vain, and will turn as much to their condemnation as that of those who claimed to be the children of the prophets and yet, crucified the Lord of glory.

* The ground of their secession from the established Kirk was not on any point of doctrine, but chiefly on what is called "the right of patronage," that is, in whom rested the presentation of vacant livings—the presbytery or the

people. The Erskines held with the latter; and were, in consequence, expelled from the Kirk by the General Assembly.

† Ebenezer Erskine was born A.D. 1680, and died 1756; Ralph was born 1685, and died 1752.

‡ "Shoddy," in the north, means old clothes torn to threads in a machine called a "willy," and then woven into cloth with a little fresh wool to give it a face.

Admitting, then, the errors which they held in common with the Puritan preachers, we claim the Erskines as men of God. Upon the grand, fundamental points of the Trinity, the incarnation of the Son of God, redemption by his precious blood, justification by his righteousness, election, and final perseverance, none could be sounder than they; and no less clear were they on the leading features of a gracious experience. Nor could any preaching be more heart-searching than theirs, or more closely discriminating between natural and spiritual convictions, true and false faith, sound and unsound repentance, genuine and fallacious hope, real and pretended love. Indeed, on these points sometimes they drew such nice distinctions that they seem scarcely to have borne in mind how confused the judgment of a child of God usually is in examining his own case, and how that nothing can touch the seared conscience of a hypocrite,* or undeceive a deluded professor. The tendency also of this nice and sometimes over-refined discrimination would be to lead a child of God to build his faith and hope on certain internal evidences instead of on the blood and obedience of the Lord Jesus, and to obtain rest and peace, not from a revelation of Christ to his soul, but from what he could discern of the Spirit's work on his heart. The consequence would be that sometimes he would be examining his faith, and find little else but unbelief; sometimes his hope, and see little else but ground for despondency; sometimes his love, and feel his heart as cold as a stone. On the other hand, could he find in himself all the marks of grace pointed out, he would be tempted to be resting rather on them than on the manifestations of Christ's blood and love to his soul.

* An anecdote is told of one of the Erskines visiting the deathbed of a poor, tried child of God, who said to him, "I wish I had as much faith as you make

out a hypocrite might have." As the man died well, it is said that his observation led the minister to reconsider his nice distinctions.

We have freely and also as we, trust, impartially named what we consider to be both sides of the question, the strong and weak points of the ministry of the Erskines. But we need hardly do so, as we have on several occasions inserted whole sermons by one or other of them. As compositions, they are almost models of what a sermon should be; not that they possess any beauty as literary compositions, for of the gold and silver of human eloquence they had little or none. But for working a text thoroughly out—sometimes, indeed, almost threadbare, or to the very stumps; for clearness of arrangement, fulness of exposition, abundance of ideas, warmth of expression, nice discrimination of character, boldness of statement, and earnestness, combined with affectionate faithfulness in application, they shone unrivalled as preachers. But though we thus speak, and desire to overlook, as far as we can, the errors which we have named, yet we must confess that they do sadly grate upon our minds, and we could wish them altered or expunged, for the flies left in the ointment cannot but cause it to send forth anything but an acceptable savour. Take, for instance, the following objection and answer:

"Object. 'But, oh! how can I mount, when he not only denies his grace, but hides his face from me? The eagle mounts towards the body of the sun, but my Sun is covered with a cloud, and I go mourning without the Sun. A day-bird cannot fly in the night; and alas! how should I mount in the dark night of desertion?'

"Answer. It may be, you have hid your face from God, and that makes him hide his face from you. You have sinned away his presence by turning away from his presence; or perhaps, God doth this for the trial of your faith, love, and patience. However it be, *you must exercise your wings of faith and love, and mount up notwithstanding that you be in the dark*: 'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, and obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God.' (Isa. 50:10.) The spouse was busy even when Christ was gone: 'Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?'"

Ralph Erskine was the author of "Gospel Sonnets," a work much prized by

many of the family of God who value truth more than poetry, and to whom his rude, quaint lines, from their very originality, are attractive, rather than repulsive. It is a selection from his sermons that Mr. Sears is proposing to reprint, and we wish him success in his undertaking.* As a specimen, we give two extracts from the first sermon which he has here republished. It is from the text, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." (Isa. 40:31.)

* Mr. Sears, wisely we think, omits or alters objectionable expressions. Would it not be as well to amend at the same time some of his Scotticisms, so offensive to English ears? Take, as an instance, the following, which quite alters the sense, according to the proper use of "will" and "shall:" "Alas! but I think the Lord will kill me with his arrows, and *will* I fly to heaven if he kill me?" (p. 27.) But most of the Scotch writers, even the best, as Alison and Chalmers, make as strange a hash of their "wills" and "shalls" as the poor Frenchman who, when he fell into the river, cried out, "I *will* be drowned; nobody *shall* help me." Mr. Sears will also do well to attend carefully to typographical errata, as most books printed at that period in Scotland, as most of the editions of Rutherford's Letters clearly show, were full of them. Thus, in p. 26, third line, "thought" should be "though;" p. 27, "*oportes*" should be "*oportet*;" "engaged" should be "engage."

"We come now to give a positive account of these things wherein the believer mounts up. Believers mount up with wings as eagles, in these following things, or the like:

"1. They mount up in spiritual-mindedness, contemplation, and holy meditation. Hence says David, 'My meditation of him shall be sweet.' (Ps. 104:34.) Having got the Spirit, they mind the things of the Spirit: '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. That which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' (Rom. 8:5; John 3:6.) Their heart is set and bent to mind the great mystery of godliness, 'God made manifest in the flesh;' (1 Tim. 3:16;) 'And to know the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of the love of Christ.' They do not suffer their thoughts to wander on the mountains of vanity.

"2. They mount up in high designs and intentions. Their ultimate design is the glory of God, and the enjoyment of him, which, you know, is man's chief end.

This is the winged Christian's end. He mounts up in this high and holy end, and that in all his actions, in his civil actions, as in his buying, selling, travelling, labouring; and in his sacred actions, as his praying, reading, hearing, communicating; or, in his relative actions, what he doth as a father, master, servant, or child; and in his natural actions, whether he eat or drink, or what ever he doth, he doth all to the glory of God. (1 Cor. 10:31.) At least, his short-coming herein is matter of sorrow and shame to him.

"3. They mount up in holy desires, saying with Job, 'O that I knew where I might find him; that I might come even to his seat!' And their desires are not like the faint, languishing wish of the wicked, such as Balaam had. No, no; their desires are spiritual and sincere, such as these spoken of. 'With my soul have I desired thee in the night; and with my spirit within me, will I seek thee early.' (Isa. 26:9.) Their desires are strong and fervent; none but Christ will satisfy them: 'What wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless?' said Abraham. (Gen. 15:2.) So says the soul, mounting up towards God, 'O what wilt thou give me, seeing I go Christless?' It pants after God, the living God. Their desires are restricted to God and Christ alone: 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord, all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.' (Ps. 73:25.) Their desires are dilated on a whole God, and a whole Christ: 'O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord.' (Ps. 16:2.) They will have a whole God in all his essential perfections, and in all the relations he stands in to his people. They will have this God for their God for ever and ever, and for their guide even unto death. And they will have a whole Christ; Christ for sanctification, as well as for salvation; yea, Christ for their all in all.

"4. They mount up in holy inclinations. They have an aversion to sin, to the sinful pleasures of this life; yea, they abhor them with Ephraim: 'What have I any more to do with idols?' That is the language of the eagle-like believer. He hath a great inclination, a strong bent of spirit after God in Christ, as the top of his perfection, as the very spring of all his pleasure, and as the magazine of all his treasure, as the rest of his soul. If the devil and his evil heart have set him at any distance from God, his mind is restless till he return to him again: 'Return to thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'

(Ps. 116:7.) The top swarm, as it were, of his inclination, mounts up this way.

"5. He mounts up in heavenly affections. Hence is that injunction, 'Set your affection on things above, and not on things on the earth.' (Col. 3:2.) He endeavours, through grace, to have his affection some way corresponding with God's affection, so as to love what God loves, and hate what God hates; yea, to love as God loves, and to hate as God hates. God loves holiness with a strong and great love; so doth the believer. God hates sin with a perfect hatred; and so doth the believer: 'I hate every false way.' See also Ps. 139:21, 22.

"6. They mount up in a gospel conversation. So saith the apostle: 'Our conversation is in heaven, from whence we look for our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.' (Phil. 3:20.)

"7. The winged saint mounts up in a heavenly walk. As Enoch and Noah walked with God, so doth the winged soul, whose strength is renewed; he runs without wearying, and walks without fainting, on the Lord's way. His heavenly walk discovers itself, 1. In his heavenly words; they are seasoned with salt, and edifying. And, 2. In his actions, wherein he studies sobriety, righteousness, and godliness, in all the duties of religion, prayer, and praise. And, 3. In his company; for he can say with David, 'I am a companion of all them that fear thee.' (Ps. 119:63.)"

"The next thing is, To show the reasons why the believer, who hath his strength renewed, mounts up on wings like an eagle.

"1. Because he hath an eagle's nature. I said before, that the believer mounts up naturally. Why? Because he hath an eagle's nature. It is the natural disposition of the eagle to fly upwards. So the believer hath a disposition to mount up to God, he being a new creature: 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.' (2 Cor. 5:17.) This new nature ascends to heaven, from whence it descended. The old nature goes always downward, but the new nature mounts upwards. If you want the new nature, you want the mounting disposition.

"2. He mounts up on wings like an eagle, because he hath an eagle's eye. So the believer; he can see that invisible Sun, which no natural eye can attain to:

'The poor in spirit and pure in heart shall see God.' (Matt. 5:3, 8.) **'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him;'** (1 Cor. 2:14;) but the believer, knowing the mind of Christ, sees farther than the world; he sees the king in his beauty, and the land afar off. When he sees these things, he cannot but mount up to them: **'He endures, as seeing him who is invisible.'** (Heb. 11:27.) He is far-sighted: **'Abraham rejoiced to see Christ's day afar off, and he saw it, and was glad.'** This is that blessed object which every believing soul doth see, even when he is in this world.

"3. He mounts up on wings like an eagle, because he hath his nest on high, like an eagle. No wonder, then, he flies up, for his nest, I mean his seat, his food, his treasure, his heart, his head, his all is above. His seat is above. The believing eagle cannot find himself safe while here below; therefore he flies to the Rock of Ages, and there he sits. His food is above; Christ is his food: 'My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.' Now, his food being above, 'Where the carcase is, thither will the eagles be gathered together.' His treasure is above. He hath an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, that is reserved in heaven for him; and up he must to visit his inheritance. His heart is above, where his treasure is; yea, Christ hath gotten his heart a-keeping; and he must be where his heart is. And, in a word, his head is above; and must not the members be where the head is? And must not the stones of the building be where the foundation is? Christ is the Head Corner-Stone. His all is above. Christ is all in all to him, and, therefore, mount he must; for this eagle hath a rich nest above.

"4. He mounts up with wings as an eagle, because his strength is renewed like the eagle's: 'Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.' (Ps. 103:5.) Therefore, having renewed his strength, he mounts up on wings, like the eagle. Some say the eagle is renewed when it casts its old feathers and gets new ones; so the believer gets the old feathers of corruption removed, [subdued,] and puts on the new man. Others say the eagle's youth is renewed when, its stomach being thirsty, it drinks the blood of the prey; and so the believer gets his strength renewed by drinking the blood of Christ by faith. (Eph. 4:13.) It is in the unity of the faith that he comes to the perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. If you have got a drink of the blood of Christ this day, to be sure your strength will

be renewed; and if your strength be renewed, you cannot but be mounting upon wings as an eagle. Here we might show the influence between the renewing of the believer's strength and his mounting up; but this is easily perceived, especially by those that know it experimentally."

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Rationalism Unphilosophical, and Faith the Gift of God. Being two Letters to the "Record." By a late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.—(*August, 1868.*)

The Authenticity and Inspiration of the Scriptures lie at the foundation of all our hopes of eternal life. If, then, these foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do? The faith through which by grace the elect of God are saved rests wholly on the sure word of the Lord, as revealed in the Scriptures. But if these Scriptures be not really and truly the inspired word of the living God, the faith of the saints must be as tottering as the foundation on which it rests; for we know that in no building can the superstructure be stronger than the foundation. A strong foundation may bear up a weak superstructure, but a weak foundation cannot support a strong superstructure; for its very superior size and weight must necessarily the sooner bring it down with a more certain and terrible crash. Whatever faith, then, God's people may have in the word of truth, this their faith can never be stronger than the foundation itself. It is with them as with their father Abraham, when "he believed in the Lord, and he counted it to him for righteousness." (Gen. 15:6; Rom. 4:3, 22.) As Abraham believed the promise, "So shall thy seed be," so do his children believe those promises which are all yea and Amen in Christ Jesus. (2 Cor. 1:20.) Now the promise thus made to him was the foundation of all Abraham's faith. His might be weak, as when, at Sarah's carnal advice, he took Hagar to wife; or strong, as when he gave glory to God; (Rom. 4:20;) but the *foundation* of his faith—the oath and promise of God, was always the same, for it was the impossibility of God to lie. (Heb. 6:13-18.) But assume the opposite case, that Abraham's faith was strong, but the foundation weak—in other words, that the promise, "So shall thy seed be," was not spoken by the mouth of God, but was an old legend, a myth,* a flattering hope of the aged couple; and then the stronger his faith, the greater the delusion, and the more terrible the disappointment. So was it with the faith of Ahab in the son of Chenaanah and

the lying spirit; (1 Kings 22:10-12;) with Jezebel in her trusting to the prophets of Baal; and with Zedekiah in believing the promises of Hananiah. (Jer. 28.) The stronger their faith in these lying predictions, the greater the delusion, and the more terrible their ruin. Such, but inconceivably more awful, must be our eternal ruin, if the promises contained in the Scriptures are not the sure word of God.

*** The word "myth," one now of frequent occurrence, means literally a tale or fable, but is usually applied to signify an ancient legend or popular tradition.**

But assume another case, that the foundation is partly strong and partly weak—half rock and half sand. Is the building at all the safer? Must not the part which rests on the sand necessarily sink, and by sinking bring down in the same crash the whole of the building? Thus it is perfectly absurd to say that the Bible is the word of God, if the whole is not the word of God; for if a part be, and a part be not written by divine inspiration, how are we to distinguish which is which? The toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image were "part of iron and part of clay," so that part was strong and part was brittle. When, then, "the stone cut out of the mountain with hands" fell on the feet of the image, it broke them to pieces. (Dan. 2:34, 42, 45.) The brittle clay could not stand the stroke; the whole image was, therefore, shattered by the blow, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors. So must our faith be, if its foundation be part iron and part clay. As in a chain, the most brittle link determines the strength of the whole, so in a foundation the weakest point is the measure of all the rest. Thus, if a part of God's word be inspired and a part be not, the uninspired part will be clay and the inspired iron; and we might thus be resting all the weight of our immortal soul on the fallible word of man instead of the infallible word of the ever-living God.

But look at the subject from another point of view. Take the case of a will; and suppose that a part is authentic, that is, the actual expression of the will of the testator, and a part not authentic, but foisted in by some designing person, yet reading apparently just the same as the rest. Who could in this case know the exact will of the testator? "Is this legacy right? Is that property mine, or my brother's? Was the provision made for my sisters my father's intention, or was it put in by the lawyer, after his death, bribed by their husbands? What part of the will is my father's? If this part be wrong, the other may be wrong,

and the will itself a forgery." So with the word of God, the Old and New Testament, or Will of the heavenly Testator. If part be authentic and part not; in other words, if part be the word of God and part not, who is to decide the doubtful case? In human wills the law has provided against interlineations and erasures and alterations, and swept them all away, unless signed, at the very time, by the initials of the testator and witnesses. But whither shall we go for help to find out the interlineations, alterations, and additions in the Will of God? To Natal and the Zulus? To Colenso's arithmetic and algebra? If a man cannot apprehend the majesty and power of God's word, and has never felt its inspiration as a two-edged sword, to pierce "even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow," (Heb. 4:12,) he is no more a judge of the Scriptures, and no more fit to lay his hand upon them than a man born deaf and dumb to criticise Handel's Messiah.

But examine with us from another point of view this important subject, for we wish to set it in a clear light. Take a lease, or any written contract whatever that is to regulate transactions between man and man, and apply to it the same line of argument. Here it is before your eyes, not blurred or blotted, without any apparent erasure, alteration, or interlineation; a fair, well-written document, penned by the same hand throughout, and running evenly through from beginning to end, in one uniform current of thought and expression. But, whilst you are reading your lease or contract, and putting the fullest credit in it as an authentic document from beginning to end, up steps a little pettifogging lawyer, or an Old Bailey counsel, in solemn wig and gown, and whispers in your ear, "A part, perhaps a large part, of this lease or contract is not authentic; it is not properly drawn up. Some clauses are not law at all; some designing person has got hold of it and foisted into it words or conditions never intended to be there; some part may be pretty good, and the whole may be a tolerably fair rendering of the original intention of the contracting party; but you cannot fully depend on every part of it." "But can you point, out," you would reply, "which is authentic and which is not? It all reads alike, as one connected whole, and there is nothing in the face of it that has the least appearance of alteration or disagreement. It is all written in the same hand—a hand which cannot be imitated; and all the parts refer to each other and hang together. If one part contradicted another, or one clause vitiated another, then I could see some reason in what you say; but to me it reads throughout as one thoroughly consistent, harmonious whole." Apply this illustration to the Bible,

and you will at once see how it bears upon the question of the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures.

We have in this slight sketch and under these simple figures alluded to the great controversy which is now shaking the Church of England to its very foundations, and, what is far worse, shaking the faith of hundreds out of the Church as well as in it. The Church of England may well tremble, when one of her own bishops—those exalted officers who, according to the belief of her most ardent devotees, are the heaven-appointed instruments of transmitting the Spirit to her ministers—well may she tremble, when one of these consecrated trustees of ministerial grace digs up, not only her foundations, but the foundations on which all revealed religion rests—the authenticity and inspiration of the sacred Scriptures. The Church of England has seen many strange things, has held Arians and Socinians in her bosom by scores, and has fostered many a mounted Nimrod and sporting Esau; but this is indeed a novel spectacle for those within as well as without her pale, that a bishop should write a book against the Scriptures, which sells by thousands and lies on every railway book-stall! It is true that he is only a colonial bishop, is not a peer of Parliament, and does not administer an English diocese; but though this may to courtly eyes, which worship external circumstances and exalted appearances, mitigate the offence, it really does not at all effect the gravity of the crime; for though bishop only of a South African diocese, he is a bishop still, and has been as much consecrated to his high and episcopal office, and holds it by as authorised and legitimate a tenure as his grace of Canterbury or his lordship of London or Oxford. This traitor—for he is a traitor both to God and man—is the now well-known Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal in South Africa. This colonial bishop, then, instead of administering his African diocese and converting the Zulus, as the natives of that part of Cape Colony are there called, has been in England for many months, bringing out a work, or a series of works, in which he labours hard to overthrow the authenticity and inspiration of the Pentateuch and the historical books of the Old Testament. As these hard and learned words may not be intelligible to all our readers, let us briefly explain what this bishop has been trying to do. By the "authenticity" of a book is meant that it was really written by the person who professed to write it; in other words, that it is not a forgery, but a genuine production. Suppose, for instance, that some charter of an English borough, as Stamford or Devizes, should be found in an old chest, and that this

antiquated, shrivelled, yellow parchment should profess to bear the date of King Henry II. All the antiquarians in England would at once be on the search, like the detectives after a jewel robbery, to ascertain, by various marks and tests, whether this old parchment scroll were *authentic*, that is, if it were a real document, written and sealed at that period, or a forgery got up by some of those practised hands, which can counterfeit anything, from a marble statue of Phidias to a Queen Anne's farthing. As a case in point, a bundle of autograph letters, by Oliver Cromwell, was some years ago found in an old chest at Ely; and a cunning old Greek, named Simonides, has lately brought before the learned world some ancient Greek manuscripts, as he terms them, which he said he found at Mount Athos. Thus the authenticity of a work is not confined to the Scriptures, but extends to anything and everything which may be forged and passed off as genuine. Now, what do you think, ye simple, unlearned readers of the word of God, of a bishop of the English Church writing a most laborious work to prove that these blessed books, such as the Pentateuch,* (that is, the first five books of Moses,) Joshua, Judges, Samuel, &c., are not authentic; in other words, that they were not written at the time by Moses, nor by the authors they profess to be, but were put together by some unknown writer or writers at a much later period, and were founded upon ancient legends or traditions, and, as it were, worked up into a consistent narrative, to gratify the pride of the Jewish people. Is it not awful to see the blessed books of Genesis, Exodus, &c., with all the dealings of God in the wilderness with the children of Israel, reduced to a kind of historical novel, like one of Walter Scott's? and all this done, not by a professed infidel, but a bishop, in all the odour and dignity of lawn sleeves; and, what is far more dangerous, with all the acumen of a most accomplished mathematician! It is not our present purpose to argue the point; but we may merely point out one argument which can never be overthrown by all the arithmetic or mathematics of Cambridge or Colenso:—Could half a million or a million of people be deceived in being delivered out of Egypt, in passing through the Red Sea, and being sustained 40 years by a daily miracle in the wilderness?

* Pentateuch means literally "a roll of five," that is, five books.

With the authenticity of these ancient records, of course, falls their inspiration, for the devil himself might blush to say that God inspired a

forgery. Is it not awful to think that a man of learning and accomplishments should be so blinded and hardened by Satan that, calling himself a Christian bishop, and still retaining his episcopal office, (for he will not listen to any call to resign it,) he should deliberately pronounce these sacred books to be a tissue of lies? Of course, he has his arguments, and very specious ones, or his book would not have made such a sensation; and being a most distinguished arithmetician as well as superior mathematician, he has brought his arithmetic and algebra to bear upon the books of Moses. He has examined, for instance, the size of the ark; calculated, according to the most approved tables, the increase of population in Egypt; reckoned how many sheep and lambs would be required for the sacrifices in the wilderness; and when he has tabulated and calculated, divided and multiplied, added and subtracted, gauged and analysed his long rows of figures, he has brought out, as the sum total—that Moses was an impostor, and his books a forgery. Of course, he has been compelled to admit that there is a ground (what is sometimes called a substratum) of truth at the basis of the whole, and that the transactions recorded in the books of Moses were, to a certain extent, real. The very existence of the Jewish people to this day, and the observance of the feasts of the passover, pentecost, and tabernacles by them from time immemorial abundantly prove this. But the divine element which pervades them throughout, such as the miracles in Egypt and the wilderness, the personal revelations of God to Moses, and the whole of that heavenly inspiration which breathes to a Christian heart through these sacred records, and in which all their real value consists, he denies altogether. And yet, with all this, he admits that the Bible is substantially the word of God; though how that can be the word of Him who cannot lie which is both false and uninspired, is a contradiction which not all the rules of arithmetic or equations of algebra can solve. God must either speak to men or not; and if he do speak, he must afford some evidence that it is his voice. We must, therefore, come to this point—the Bible is the word of God throughout, or a forgery throughout. There can be no half way. Either God spake to Moses on Mount Sinai, or he did not. If he did not, and Moses invented the whole as a means of deceiving and juggling the people, he was the greatest liar and impostor that the world ever saw; for he must have deceived, not only that generation, but hundreds and thousands since. But, if Moses be the man of God, and if the Lord spake to Moses, woe, woe to Bishop Colenso. Had he felt in his conscience any spark of that fiery law which was revealed from Sinai's blazing top, it would have burned up his

arithmetic and scorched up his algebra, and, like Zechariah's flying roll, would have consumed his mathematical house, with the timber thereof and the stones thereof. (Zech.5:4.)

But see the consequences which this daring attack on the books of Moses involves. Did not our blessed Lord give his testimony to Moses and to the truth and inspiration of his writings? Did he not say expressly, "Do not think that I will accuse you to the Father; there is one that accuseth you, even Moses, in whom ye trust. For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?" (John 5:45-47.) And again, "Did not Moses give you the law, and yet none of you keepeth the law? Why go ye about to kill me?" (John 7:19.) To attack, therefore, and impugn the testimony of Moses is to attack and impugn the testimony of Jesus Christ. Did not our blessed Lord also give his testimony to the flood and the ark, (Matt. 24:37-39,) to the manna in the wilderness, (John 6:49) and did he not himself attend the feasts of the passover and the tabernacles? (John 6:4; 7:2, 14; Matt. 27:17-20;) all which circumstances Bishop Colenso denies or regards as mere legends or traditions which might have an element of truth in them, but were worked up at a later age* into a kind of consistent narrative.† We see, then, the awful results of this arithmetical nibbling. It is something like boring a little hole in the bottom of the Great Eastern. The little hole lets in a sea of water and sinks the ship. So this colonial bishop goes about with his arithmetical auger, boring his little holes here and there in the Pentateuch, and is so busy with his "two and two make four" that perhaps he himself does not see that he is doing his utmost to sink in the deep waters not only his own church, but the mighty ship of Christianity itself.

* The Book of Deuteronomy, for instance, he considers was written not before the age of Solomon, and probably as late as the time of Jeremiah.

† How do you think that Bishop Colenso gets over this argument—so conclusive to a Christian mind? That the blessed Lord *spoke as a Jew*; which really comes to this, that the blessed Son of God, by whom came grace and truth, sinfully humoured the opinions of the Jewish people, knowing all the while that he was winking at lies which had been imposed on them. It must necessarily follow, from this awful supposition, that the blessed Lord was

either deceived himself, or wilfully deceived others. Let him take which alternative he likes, the result must be the same—*blasphemy!*

We have been much pleased with the second of two letters written by a clergyman, now Incumbent of Wymeswold, Leicestershire, on this subject to the editor of the "Record." They have been republished in a cheap form and widely circulated. The first in this republication, though second in date, entitled "Rationalism Unphilosophical," is more adapted to learned readers than the second, which is headed "Faith the Gift of God;" and had no other letter but the first appeared from his pen, we should have taken no notice of it. It is from this last, therefore, that we shall make our extracts, as we have read it with much pleasure and interest, and know something ourselves experimentally and feelingly of its meaning and drift. The writer narrates in it his own experience both of the snare in which Bishop Colenso is fast held, and of his merciful deliverance from it, which is more confirming to a child of God than a thousand learned arguments. He leaves to other writers, of whom there has been a host, the task of meeting Bishop Colenso in Saul's suit of armour. He is satisfied with David's sling and stone; and we must say that he has well wielded his weapons. Having taken just the same degree* as Bishop Colenso, though 11 years afterwards, he is therefore a match for him in mathematical and arithmetical learning. His testimony is thus all the more valuable, as it more completely shows the triumph of grace over nature. But we will not detain our readers further from his letter, from which, though short, we shall give a considerable extract:

* Colenso was second wrangler in 1836, Walker (the writer of the above letters) second wrangler in 1847. The senior wranglership is the highest mathematical honour Cambridge can give. The second wrangler comes next. In Colenso's year, the senior wrangler (Archibald Smith) was a most distinguished mathematician, but Colenso came very near him.

"I remember when I first began to read the Bible (and I thought I was sincerely seeking the truth) I was miserable because I could not believe it; I dared not reject any statement I found there, but I could not fully believe it was true. The Bishop of Natal just expresses what I felt, and the fact that we took exactly the same university honours (in different years of course) makes me sympathise with him peculiarly. My own history was just this:—I had read

and studied deeply in mathematics, had mastered every fresh subject I had entered upon with ease and delight; had become accustomed (as every exact mathematician must do) to investigate and discover fundamental differences between things which seem to the uninitiated one and the same; had seen my way into physical astronomy and the higher parts of Newton's immortal 'Principia,' and had been frequently lost in admiration of his genius till St. Mary's clock warned me that midnight was past three hours ago."

"It would have spared me many an hour of misery in after days had I really felt what I so often said, viz., that the deeper a man went in science, the humbler he ought to be, and the more cautious in pronouncing an independent opinion on a subject he had not investigated, or could not thoroughly sift. But, though all this was true, I had yet to learn that this humility in spiritual things is never found in a natural man.

"I took orders, and began to preach, and then, like the bishop among the Zulus, I found out the grand deficit in my theology. I had not the Spirit's teaching myself, and how could I without it speak in demonstration of the Spirit and of power?"

"In vain did I read Chalmers, Paley, Butler, Gaussen, &c., and determine that, as I had mastered all the other subjects I had grappled with, so I would the Bible, and that I would make myself a believer. I found a poor, ignorant old woman in my parish more than a match for me in divine things. I was distressed to find that she was often happy in the evident mercy of the Lord to her, and that she found prayer answered, and that all this was proved sincere by her blameless and harmless walk amongst her neighbours; whilst I, with all my science and investigation, was barren, and unprofitable, and miserable—an unbeliever in heart, and yet not daring to avow it, partly from the fear of man, but more from a certain inward conviction that all my sceptical difficulties would be crushed and leaped over by the experience of the most illiterate Christian.

"I was perfectly ashamed to feel in my mind like Voltaire, Volney, or Tom Paine. I could claim no originality for my views; and I found they were no comfort, but a constant source of misery to me.

"May we not compare this kind of state to that which God speaks of in Jer. 49: 'Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart?' And observe what follows: 'Hear the counsel of the Lord...Surely the least of the flock shall draw them out.'

"It may now be asked how I came ever to view divine truth differently. I desire to ascribe all praise to Him to whom power belongeth; I desire to put my own mouth in the dust, and be ashamed, and never open my mouth any more, because of my former unbelief. I cannot describe all I passed through, but I desire with humility and gratitude to say, I was made willing in a day of Christ's power. He sweetly melted down my proud heart with his love; he shut my mouth for ever from cavilling at any difficulties in the written word; and one of the first things in which the great change appeared was, that whereas beforetime preaching had been misery, now it became my delight to be able to say, without a host of sceptical or infidel doubts rushing into my mind, 'Thus saith the Lord.' Oh, I am quite certain no natural man can see the things of God; and I am equally certain he cannot make himself do so. 'It was the Lord that exalted Moses and Aaron,' said Samuel; and 'By the grace of God I am what I am,' said St. Paul; and so, in a modified and humble sense, I can truly say.

"It used to be a terrible stumbling-block to me to find so many learned men, so many acute men, so many scientific men, infidels. It is not so now; I see that God has said, 'Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble;' I see, as plainly as it is possible for me to see anything, that no natural man can receive the things of the Spirit of God. Hence I expect to find men of this stamp of intellect coming out boldly with their avowals of unbelief in the written word of God. The only answer I can give to them is, 'God has in mercy taught me better;' and never do I sing those beautiful words in the well-known hymn, but I feel my eyes filling with tears of gratitude to the God of all compassion:

**'Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God.'**

"So it was with me; so it must be with any one of them, if ever they are to know the truth in its power, or to receive the love of the truth that they may

be saved."

The way related here is the only way whereby truth can be received in the power and love of it. It then carries with it its own evidence and shines forth in the light of its own testimony. Before the majesty and power of the word the heart falls prostrate; God speaks and the soul reverently listens; and then a few apparent inconsistencies are seen no more to affect the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures than motes sully a sunbeam, or a few specks a pane of plate glass. But the thought has powerfully struck our mind, what a man sows that he will also reap. If, then, the Church of England will have learned mathematicians for bishops, and despises or rejects vital godliness, she need not be surprised if these men of science turn their weapons against her breast, and use their arithmetical and mathematical learning for her eventual overthrow. Those who deny the Bible are not likely to spare the Prayer-book, and if the foundation of revelation is undermined, the inquiry will soon arise, "What is the use of a State Church?" and why maintain by landed estates, tithes, and offerings a body of bishops and priests to promulgate and defend a religion and offer a service which, according to the showing of one of their own episcopal order, is but a legalized imposture?

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Rejoicing Novices and Groaning Veterans. An Address to the Upper, Middle, and Lower Classes. By William Parks, B.A., Rector of Openshaw, Manchester. In which are clearly shown the Folly and Absurdity of the "Always Rejoicing" Theory, lately become so fashionable amongst certain Religious Professors.—(April, 1864.)

Mr. Parks is a very bold and faithful writer; and there is a pungency in his style, and every now and then a downright, straightforward, homeliness of expression, which give peculiar force to his language, and stamp it as altogether original. He usually sees very clearly into his subject; and as he is much delivered from the fear of man which bringeth a snare, he faithfully and unshrinkingly expresses by his pen what he has firmly grasped by his mind. He is one of those few men who say what they mean and mean what they say; and this is no small advantage in a writer who brings his thoughts before the church of God on such weighty and important matters as usually exercise his

pen. Such men, even though in some points they may be defective in knowledge or experience, and in others rash in judgment or hasty in expression, are yet much to be valued for their sterling worth, and almost so in proportion to their rarity. This is a day of compromise. The sharp, salient edges of truth are mostly pared away with the nicest care, and rounded off with the greatest assiduity, for fear, we suppose, lest any babe in grace should inadvertently run against them and get a sad hurt. Should such a distressing accident happen to any of the little ones who are just beginning to run alone, how the tender nurses catch him up at once in their arms to soothe his sorrows; and how they call out against that great, ugly table, or that naughty chair, which has so hurt the little dear. "It is this ever preaching election which does so much mischief; this telling the people that Christ died only for just a particular few, and not throwing wide open the arms of mercy; this always talking about a work of grace upon the heart; and how we must feel the curse of the law and convictions of sin before we can know the comforts of the gospel. This kind of preaching distresses the little ones, and puts a stumbling-block in the way of those who are being drawn by love. *Our* way is to preach Christ at once, and offer him, without exception, to all who will accept him, and that immediately, without all this unnecessary bondage and distress. No wonder there are so few rejoicing Christians. No wonder there is so much moping, so much groaning and sighing, and hanging the head down like a bulrush. What we like to see is, happy Christians; and the religion which we think the best of is, cheerful piety, taking God at his word, believing the promises, and living above doubts and fears." Now is not this just the language of the day the in staple of scores of books and tracts, and the cry of hundreds of popular pulpits? Need we, then, be surprised that our amiable writers and our soft, mild, gentle preachers, with such views as these, are so afraid of giving pain to their susceptible readers and their tender-hearted hearers that, instead of blowing the trumpet in Zion, and sounding an alarm in the holy mountain, they rather sing a perpetual lullaby. Nothing, they think, is worse, or more alarming to the people, than brandishing before their eyes a drawn sword; and the very idea of plunging it deep into the conscience of any of their decidedly pious and most consistent and respectable hearers fills them with the same feminine tenderness of blood and suffering as we may suppose a recruit feels when he first screws on the bayonet, and advances to the charge. Such writers and preachers are as tremblingly sensitive to the tears of suffering on Christian faces as any mother whose darling boy has

fallen down and hurt himself. Deep distress of conscience, agonising fears of the wrath to come, powerful convictions of sin, putting away of all hope or comfort which does not come direct from the Lord, doubts, fears, and slavish bondage under the curse of the law and the apprehended wrath of the Almighty—such and similar experience is now almost universally set aside as unnecessary to the new birth; and an easier path is held forth as equally safe and far more comfortable. But, however plausible it may appear in theory, and however pleasing it may be to the flesh, especially when dressed up with eloquent language and enforced with strong appeals to the natural feelings, what is all this soft and gentle preaching and writing but doing the very thing which God has so denounced in his holy word? How he testifies against those prophets who prophesy smooth things; who prophesy deceits; who know not the way of the Lord, nor have walked in his counsel, but "prophesy a false vision and divination, and a thing of nought and the deceit of their heart." (Jer. 14:14.) How, too, the prophet Ezekiel denounces the false prophets of his day, of whom one built up a wall, and others daubed it with untempered mortar. How he testifies against those foolish women that sew pillows to all armholes; and how he declares what the effect of all such smooth preaching is: "With lies ye have made the heart of the righteous sad, whom I have not made sad; and strengthened the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life." (Ezek. 13:10, 18, 22.)

There is no greater mark of false ministers given in the word of truth than healing the hurt of the daughter of God's people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace. (Jer. 8:11.) If we carefully read the book of Jeremiah, we shall see that the great sin and the chief deception of all the false prophets who sprang up in scores during the period of his ministry was to build up the people in a false hope; to assure them that they had no reason to fear the judgments of God, for that the Lord would not execute against them what he threatened. They therefore hardened the people in sin and disobedience, took them off all repentance and forsaking of their sins, led them to trifle with and despise the judgments of God, and built them up in a false confidence that, because they were the people of God by external profession, they were his also by regenerating grace. Thus they took the very doctrine of God's having a peculiar people, whom he loved and would never forsake, and abused it to the building up of an ungodly professing people upon the foundation of God's love and faithfulness to his own elect. If our eyes were fully open to see the effect of

the false teaching of our day, we should see it equally dishonouring to God, and pregnant with equally awful consequences. We should see hundreds of dead professors built up without a foundation ever having been laid in their consciences of repentance toward God. We should see sin made a little matter of, the awful anger of the Almighty against it, and his terrible indignation against transgressors passed by as a thing of little moment. We should see the strait and narrow path widened out in all directions; the promises and invitations torn away from their connexion; the distinguishing truths of the gospel beaten down into, and amalgamated with, the grossest errors; the precepts of the word dislocated and distorted; and the clear revelation of God's mind and will given in the New Testament softened and accommodated to the reasoning mind, and the proud self-righteousness of man. And it needs must be so; for the word of grace is such a consistent and harmonious whole that, unless it is held by the teaching of the Spirit in the hand of a living faith, all attempts to interpret it must issue in confusion.

But to show more clearly the emptiness and inconsistency of the current ministry of the day, let us take one familiar instance. There is, then, as it appears to us, no greater or more widely-spread delusive teaching both in town and country than the constant cry both from pulpit and press, addressed to all, without explanation or exception, "Come to Jesus." We shall therefore, attempt briefly to show the real nature and tendency of this ever-recurring invitation.

That which is the peculiar, the sole privilege of the sheep of Christ; that which our Lord expressly tells us no man can do except he be specially taught and drawn of the Father; that which is the particular act of a living faith, such as is given to none but the elect; that which is intended for, and addressed to the hungry, the thirsty, the weary and heavy-laden, the outcast and ready to perish, is now made to be the duty of all men, an easy and simple act which everybody is bound to do, and which anybody can do if he likes. "Come to Jesus" is spread abroad in tracts by thousands; is printed in all types, sets, and sizes; is thrown down area steps, spread about broad-cast at fairs, horse-races, and executions; and is the standing stock-in-trade of every beardless youth who, on a Sunday afternoon, can get round him a knot of idlers to preach to in the parks. We may seem to be severe on this point; but to show the fallacy and deceptiveness of this universal call to come to Jesus, at first

sight so scriptural and evangelical, let us assume that it is listened to and acted upon. Step into that crowded chapel where, amidst the blaze of gas and warmed with his subject, the fervid preacher is calling on his hearers to come to Jesus, and to come at once. Assume that, wrought upon by his ardent eloquence and his urgent appeals, the whole congregation, as if moved by an uncontrollable impulse, at once started upon their feet, and cried aloud, as with a universal shout, "Sir, we will do what you bid us, and we will do it now. We will and do all of us come to Christ this very moment." Now would this determination of theirs, or this act of coming, following upon their determination, bring them one step nearer to heaven? If all of them, men, women, and children, were to come to Christ in the feelings of their mind, as well as the expression of their lips, without any divine breathing upon their soul, without any teaching or drawing of God, without any descent of the Holy Ghost upon their heart, as at the day of Pentecost, what would all this coming to Christ be but an act of the natural mind, an emotion of and in the flesh, and therefore neither pleasing to God, (Rom. 8:8,) nor of any profit to them? (John 6:63.) Where, in all this mere mental, natural, carnal coming to Christ, would be the new birth, without which there is neither seeing nor entering into the kingdom of God? Where repentance unto life? Where any translation from the power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son? Where any divine light, life, or power? Where any teaching or testimony, work or witness of the Holy Ghost? Where any one of his heavenly graces or spiritual fruits? It is, in fact, man's substitute for the work of God, an insidious way of throwing over the new birth, and of trampling down the strait gate and the narrow way. It is putting the special prerogative of Christ, ("The Son quickeneth whom he will,") into the hands of every man to do for himself, and thus, in fact, make man his own saviour. All such preaching and all such coming begin and end in the flesh. It is at best, therefore, but a kindling a fire and walking in the sparks of it, of which the end at God's hand, if grace prevent not, will be to lie down in sorrow.

But we have wandered from our subject, and from Mr. Parks's little tract; and yet not altogether from some connexion with both, for the view which he so manfully attacks, "the always rejoicing theory," as he terms it, is closely allied to the popular cry of coming to Jesus. They both have a show of agreement with the letter of Scripture; just sufficient to give them currency in the religious world,—just enough water to float them out on the great stream

of profession. It is with popular errors as with popular slanders. There must be a certain amount of truth in them to give them vitality. None would take a brass sovereign, however well coined; gild it nicely, and it may pass. So most errors are gilt over with truth; or, to change the figure, many are letter truths held in the dead hand of notion; but torn from their right place in the analogy of faith and in the inward kingdom of heaven. That believers may and do rejoice in tribulation; that as their sufferings abound, so does their consolation; that though in heaviness, through manifold temptations, they may still, as believing in Jesus, rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, is most true in Scripture and in experience. But the experience of some is not the duty nor even the privilege of all. If the Lord bless the soul with manifestations of his presence and the sheddings abroad of his love, and if under these gracious inshinings it is enabled to rejoice in the midst of persecution, or pain, or privilege, or precept, or exhortation, is a proof of the grossest ignorance of what this rejoicing is. It is setting up a doctrine, a theory, a notion, a mere sentiment or religious view in the place of the special blessing of God, and of those peculiar manifestations of his love which are so rarely given to, and yet so highly prized by his own people. It is bidding us catch ourselves up into the third heaven, because Paul was caught up there, and to speak to ourselves unspeakable words, because such he heard in Paradise. It is, in fact, taking the letter of Scripture to destroy the experience of Scripture. It is emboldening and hardening "novices," as Mr. Parks justly calls them, to assume to themselves the choicest favours of God as common things to which they have a right. It therefore fosters the most daring presumption, leading men unhumiliated and unbroken to trifle with God by rejoicing in him as their Father, without his giving them the spirit of adoption, and claiming Christ as their Saviour, without any manifestation of his Person or love. What must be the end of such novices, if grace prevent not? Either a hardened confidence or miserable despair.

But it is time to give some account of, and some extracts from, Mr. Parks's tract. Like most of his other writings, it is bold, faithful, and unflinching, and contains a good amount of sound argument. The following extract will give a good idea of the general staple of the work.

"Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees; and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the

way; but let it rather be healed.'—Heb. 12:12, 13.

"The very fact of the apostles continually warning, exhorting, counselling, and comforting those to whom they wrote is a clear proof that Christians in the primitive times did not find the path Zionward an easy one. Language like the above is wholly incompatible with the modern theory of 'always rejoicing,' and the only thing to be wondered at is the hardihood and want of common sense in those who maintain the opposite side of the question. Indeed, as we meditate upon the apostles' oft-repeated counsels, upon the facts brought to light by the Epistles, upon the melancholy prognostications about the future of true Christians in this life, and, above all, upon our own sober and solemn experience compared with that of many others whom we believe to be manifested children of God, we are forced to the conclusion that they who always rejoice must either be novices, or hypocrites, or extraordinarily favoured persons!

"The life of a Christian is a struggle, a fight, a conflict, a warfare, in which the most desperate efforts are made by the arch enemy of souls to overthrow them; and how any real actor, soldier, or combatant in such a strife can always rejoice is as utterly incomprehensible to me as the skipping and singing of a regiment in the midst of the din and roar of battle. After a victory, (even a temporary one,) I could understand the regiment's delight; but as long as there was danger about, or the smart of wounds felt, or the terrible slaughter by the enemy witnessed, I should unhesitatingly pronounce the men composing it to be insane!

"I know that Paul's own expressions are brought to bear against my views upon this question. The antithetical phrase, '*Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing,*' is pointed to as an unanswerable proof that if this be not the ordinary Christian's experience, he doesn't know the Lord. But what fallacious folly is this! What schoolboy superficiality is here! What outrageous recklessness does such dealing with the word of God exhibit!

"Am I Paul? Have I Paul's graces, Paul's privileges, Paul's power? Nay, for though I have 'like-precious faith' with him, it is not of the same measure or quantity, and in comparison with him I am but a weakling and a babe!"

But though we fully agree with much of the tract, and admire the bold, uncompromising way in which Mr. Parks has exposed the delusive confidence of those who profess to be always rejoicing, yet we feel that we cannot comfortably close our Review without naming two things which struck our mind after carefully perusing his little work.

1. We seem first to desire in it a greater subduedness of tone, a more mellow, chastened, savoury, and unctuous spirit pervading and animating it, and bedewing it with that peculiar authority and power which carry not only conviction to the understanding, but an indescribable persuasion to the heart. "The weapons of our warfare," says the apostle, "are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong-holds." (2 Cor.10:4.) By the laying aside of carnal and the taking up of spiritual weapons, not an atom of faithfulness need be sacrificed, and yet the whole work be more effectually done. We wish, however, to speak tenderly upon this point, our aim being, not to discourage faithful men from boldly assailing error, but to point out where they often err and where we have erred, and still do err ourselves, and perhaps in this very Review. "Though we walk in the flesh, we should not war after the flesh," nor beat down error by the mere force of strong words, in which, perhaps, there is more of our own spirit than the power of God. When Mr. Parks gets older, and has been more in the furnace of affliction, he will see this more clearly, and that there is a way of beating down error, as Owen and Bunyan used to beat it down, with the greatest faithfulness, and yet, the sweetest savour of the Spirit of Christ and the power of God.*

*** We may instance Mr. Bourne's Letters as a remarkable example of this combination of faithful testimony against error with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. No man was more opposed to this always rejoicing in the letter of the word than Mr. B., or has spoken more strongly against it; but with what weighty words—because so scriptural and experimental, and out of the fulness of his own heart!**

2. The second thing which struck our mind is, that Mr. Parks, with all his general clearness of view and ability in argument, has rather failed in hitting the exact point of the controversy. His *forte* is rather to pull down than to build up, and his arm seems stronger to pluck up an error than to plant a truth—at least in this instance, where much skill and experience are needed to put it in its right place in the garden of the Lord. In consequence of this, some

texts he seems to us to have rather explained away than to have explained; for instance, the passage "sorrowful yet always rejoicing."* This, we think, the following extract will show.

* We also object to his explanation (in a note) of Phil. 3:1, and 4:4, and 1 Thess. 5:16, as "meaning nothing more than an affectionate greeting at parting." It is quite true that the Greek word translated "rejoice" may be rendered "farewell," as 2 Cor. 13:11, but never so in the middle of an epistle, and especially when joined with "always." It is simply absurd to say "always farewell." We must say that such an explanation is neither sound criticism nor good divinity, and weakens instead of strengthens his argument.

"But I will go farther, and question whether Paul *did* always rejoice. I will not lay undue weight upon the terrible soul conflict he has recorded in Rom. 9, where he has said, 'I could wish that I myself were a curse (thing accursed) from Christ on behalf of my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh;' Rom. 9:3; for the meaning of the apostle is obscure; but if it were what competent scholars have taken it to mean, there could have been no rejoicing in Paul's soul *then*; but I would point to one or two circumstances in his life, wherein it was a moral impossibility he could have rejoiced, viz:—

"1. He was sadly grieved by the conduct of the Corinthians and of the Galatians, (2 Cor. 7:6; 12:20; 1 Cor. 4:21; Gal. 4:11,) and was filled with fears concerning them. Now it is not at all likely that he could have rejoiced under such circumstances. True, he says, 'I am exceedingly joyful in all our tribulation;' (2 Cor. 7:4;) but we must remember that this joyfulness was *after* the coming of Titus to tell him of the repentance and godly sorrow of the Corinthians, *not* whilst he was in suspense and fear.

"2. Paul was terribly afflicted with a thorn in the flesh which so harassed him that he besought the Lord three several times to remove it; but the Lord would not grant his petition. (2 Cor. 12:7, 8.) Now it is wholly incredible that Paul rejoiced whilst he was struggling in prayer for the removal of this annoyance—this 'messenger of Satan' that so buffeted him. True, again he says, 'Therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities. I will glory in my infirmities;' (2 Cor. 12:9, 10;) but we must remember that this was *after* the Lord had soothed and consoled him concerning this matter, and *not* whilst he was in the

midst of his conflict.

"In short, it is evident that Paul had had practical experience of what he wrote to the Hebrew Christians, namely, 'No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, *afterward* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.' (Heb. 12:11.) Whilst the chastening is going on, an apostle himself cannot regard it as joyous, but grievous; but when the result is blessed, *then* his soul is filled with joy.

"Brethren in the Lord Jesus, it is exactly so with you and me. *Always* rejoicing is an absurdity in theory, and an impossibility in fact; and we may safely come to the conclusion that they who are strangers to this truth, or pretend to be strangers to it, have either never been in the Christian conflict, or have very bad memories."

This seems to us rather like setting Paul against Paul. Martyrs have rejoiced in their dungeons. God may pour in his greatest consolations under the greatest afflictions. We must not then say it was "a moral impossibility" that Paul could rejoice under such and such distressing circumstances, unless we can measure the amount of consolations poured into his heart. Similarly, there is great truth and force in the following extract, and yet we see in it a missing of the exact point.

"When the Christian can realize the Saviour's presence, when he has had prayer answered, when he has escaped the net of the fowler, when he has received a sweet promise into his very soul, he rejoices indeed; but as these things are not always happening, it is clear the Christian is not always rejoicing.

"I have met with individuals who were reckless enough to say, that in the very midst of their trials they could always rejoice yea, that the deeper the trial the greater their joy! How to deal with such persons I hardly know; but I would venture to ask them a few questions. Now suppose the case of a Christian man with a godless wife, or a Christian woman with a godless husband; or suppose Christian parents with godless children; can these rejoice always? What! When persecuted, and taunted, and worried, to the very verge of blasphemy? (Acts 26:11.)

"Or suppose the Christian tradesman, toiling with hands and head from morning till night for a thankless and disobedient family and suppose that after all this man's diligence in business, and fervour of spirit, he utterly fails, and is brought to ruin; can he always rejoice?"

"Or suppose even a more trying case, namely, that of the graceless son or daughter of Christian parents, after neglecting parental warnings, and living without hope and without God in the world; suppose this child to be summoned before the judgment-bar of God, without a moment's time for a cry for mercy; can those parents rejoice? Can they lift up their hearts with joy under such terrible affliction as that?"

"Surely not! Deprive these Christians of their nature, stop up the fountain of their affection, quench their human sympathies, make brutes or angels of them, and then they may rejoice; but most certainly *not* under ordinary circumstances!"

All this is most true, and very forcibly and clearly put, and is indeed a complete answer to those who say we ought always to rejoice, as our Christian privilege. And yet there is a truth and an experience deeper than all this. Under ordinary circumstances, none, no, not even the most experienced Christian can rejoice amidst such heart-rending trials. And yet God might enable him so to do. Who under ordinary circumstances can rejoice in a sick bed? And yet hundreds have rejoiced in it. Who under ordinary circumstances can rejoice in persecution, poverty, contempt, and shame? And yet hundreds have rejoiced in them. Who under ordinary circumstances can rejoice in a cancer in the breast, in a consumption in the lungs, or a stone in the bladder? And yet many have rejoiced in them all.

Where Mr. Parks errs, is in denying the possibility of rejoicing under circumstances of peculiar distress. But what is impossible with man is possible with God. In ordinary cases, the joy comes after the trouble; but there are extraordinary cases where joy comes in the very midst of the trouble. See Hab. 3:17, 18; Rom. 5:3; 2 Cor. 1:3, 4, 5; 1 Thess. 1:6.

With these deductions, which we felt we could not fairly withhold, we consider

Mr. Parks's little tract a faithful testimony against a delusive error.
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**Letters Addressed at various times to Members of his Church and
Congregation. By the late G. S. B. Isbell.—(*August, 1864.*)**

When one whom we have loved and esteemed in life passes away from this mortal scene, and leaves behind him that fragrant recollection which grace alone diffuses over those who manifestly live and die in the Lord, a desire, partly perhaps natural, but partly also spiritual, springs up in the breast that some enduring monument should be reared as a tribute of affection and respect to his memory. To this feeling we may, perhaps, ascribe many, if not most, of those Obituaries which some of our readers consider the most profitable and interesting part of our pages; for though we would willingly attribute to those who send them the higher motives of seeking thereby the glory of God and the good of his people, yet no doubt, in very many cases, there intermingle with these holier and loftier aims promptings of natural love and affection to raise some abiding memorial to the departed. But when the deceased object of this esteem and affection has occupied a public position; when to the claims of private and personal love and esteem there are added those peculiar ties which bind a minister to a people in particular, or, if his labours have been more widely diffused to the church of Christ in general, then there seems to be a more widely-spread desire that some means should be adopted to preserve his name in enduring remembrance.

Now there is no such enduring memorial of a servant of God as his works, whether we understand by that term those living souls that were begotten under his word to life eternal, or, if a writer, the living productions of his pen. Other memorials soon pass away, for the seeds of mortality are naturally in them; nay, time gradually removes from earth the living witnesses of the most powerful ministry. How few, for instance, now remain of Mr. Huntington's attached friends and hearers; and his sons in the faith, Beeman, Turner, Vinall, and Chamberlain have followed their father to the mansions above. If affection raise a tomb over the spot where the remains of the deceased repose till the resurrection morn, stone gradually moulders and decays; and the deepest-cut inscription sooner or later fades and becomes indistinct under the corroding effects of wintry storm and summer sun. Besides which, the richest

tomb which affection can rear over the grave of the departed is but local, bounded by the walls of a cemetery; and the carefully penned inscription is often only read by the idle eyes of a few summer strollers, or listlessly spelt out, letter by letter, by wandering nursemaids to their little troop. Even the very chapel where the well-known voice once sounded forth the gospel of the grace of God can give no guarantee of permanency to the tablet which records the memory of the departed servant of Christ. What has become, for instance, of that rich marble tablet which the respect and affection of a bereaved church and congregation raised to the memory of the immortal Coalheaver, in Providence Chapel, Gray's Inn Road, bearing that renowned inscription which he dictated just before his decease? In a few years it was torn down, as desecrating the place which a bishop had consecrated for another church, another service, another congregation, and another gospel. But Mr. Huntington's writings had already reared a memorial to his name which will last when St. Bartholomew's, as we believe it is now called, shall have been swept away by the all innovating rail, or become re-consecrated and re-christened for the celebration of high mass and the gorgeous ceremonial of Popish worship. If there were no other memorial of Mr. Huntington than the few aged members of his church and congregation who are waiting their dismissal, or his monument at Lewes, now that his London tablet is gone, his name would soon live only by tradition. But, with a better intent and with a holier purpose, he had, like Absalom, in his lifetime reared up for himself a pillar in the king's dale, (2 Sam. 18:18) in those productions of his pen which will last, if not as long as the English language, at least as long as truth, in its experience and power, shall be prized by English saints.

It is hard, if not wrong, to put asunder what God has joined together, but we have often felt that separate from the grace and wisdom, truth and power which shine so eminently forth in "The Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer," and the "Contemplations of the God of Israel," merely viewed as literary productions, they claim, from their eloquence, their vigour and variety of expression, their originality, and their constant flow of thought, a high place amongst our English classics. The wonder to us is, where the poor coalheaver, amidst all the poverty and rags of childhood, youth, and manhood, picked up his vocabulary—the tools of his tool chest, with which, in after years, he constructed his immortal works.* But his was a master mind, and when released from manual toil he cultivated it by deep and assiduous study, his

powerful and tenacious memory storing up for ready use every word that met his eye or ear. We do not expect to carry with us the assent of all our readers when we express our decided opinion that whatever writings are given to the public, either by an author himself during his lifetime, or by his friends and relatives after his decease, something more than grace is needed to give them permanent endurance. To make them the hand-book of successive generations, genius must be combined with grace—the mastermind and the vigorous pen with the anointing which is from above. For proof take two well-known books, which will live till the angel which shall stand upon the sea and the earth shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear, "There shall be time no longer,"—we mean, Bunyan's "Pilgrim" and Hart's Hymns. Do not think, gracious reader, that the only difference between you and these men of God is that they had more grace and experience than you. Do you suppose that if you had Bunyan's experience, you could sit down and write a "Pilgrim's Progress;" or if you had had such a view of the sufferings of Christ as Hart was favoured with, you could compose a Gethsemane hymn? It was not grace only, or the depth and variety of his experience, which drew the immortal pictures that have made the "Pilgrim" a household word. Without grace, there would have been no "Slough of Despond," or "Castle of Giant Despair;" no "roll in the bosom," or view from "the Delectable Mountains." But genius was needed for the graphic descriptions, the life-like touches, the sharp-cut characters, the varied dialogue, the constant succession of picturesque incidents which delight all ages and all readers. So with Hart's Hymns. It is not merely the richness and savour, depth and variety of experience, nor even the wondrous dew and savour so copiously shed upon them by the Holy Ghost, that we have sometimes felt and said that they were written under his special inspiration, which have given his hymns such a place in the church of God. Mr. Hart was a great poet, as well as a great Christian; not, indeed, in the same sense that Milton is a great poet, as full of beautiful imagery and sublime expression. Hart rarely allows himself the use of poetic language; but he was gifted with a style unrivalled for power and what is called terseness of expression; that is, the packing of the greatest amount of ideas into the smallest amount of words, which critics consider one of the rarest and most valuable features of authorship. You and we, dear readers, in our talk, in our letters, in our prayers, and in our preachings, and you will add, "Yes, and you in your Reviews," are like cotton-spinners; one pound of raw cotton goes a long way in thread. But there is no thread-spinning in Hart's hymns. Every

word tells. Treasures are in a line; and like the Bank of England ingots, they are all so closely packed that you can scarcely find in them a useless or superfluous word. This is what we call genius. You will, perhaps, prefer to call it "gift." We shall not differ here, for it was a special gift. But you who think that you, too, possess a special gift for writing poetry, and especially hymns, just try whether you can put your experience into Hart's rhymes, or condense it into Hart's lines. Why, you can no more do it than you can give yourself Hart's revelation of Christ, or Hart's view of Christ's sufferings in the garden of Gethsemane.

* By the word "vocabulary" is meant here the number of words which a speaker or writer uses. Now it has been ascertained, by a curious calculation, that a country labourer, such not as he was, does not know the meaning of, or at least does not use, above 300 words of the English language. As a contrast to this limited vocabulary, an educated, literary man would know the meaning of at least 20,000. Milton used about 7,000 for his poems, and Shakespeare 15,000 for his productions.

But we have wandered from our subject, which was to pen a few lines on a more simple and, doubtless, less enduring memorial than the immortal works of the three great English worthies fit to rank among the three mighty men who stood first and foremost of David's thirty captains—Bunyan, Hart, and Huntington. The little work before us does not assume such a position, or take so high a flight. It is simply intended as a slight memorial raised by the hands of a widow, at the solicitation of many friends, who wished some tribute of affection to be rendered to their esteemed and beloved minister. When we add that this widow is a sister in nature as well as a sister in grace, it will be sufficiently obvious that we feel some difficulty and delicacy in reviewing the book. And yet it is but due to her and due to ourselves to declare, that we had no hand whatever in suggesting its publication, in collecting or revising the letters in MS. or for the press, and that no wish has been expressed for us to take any public notice of it. On these grounds, therefore, we feel as free to express our opinion of these letters as if their writer were not a brother-in-law in nature as well as a friend and brother in grace. And yet our personal knowledge of the writer puts us in a position to make a few friendly remarks upon him, as a little introduction to the letters now given to the public.

Mr. Isbell, both as a man and as a minister, was much beloved by his friends and those to whom his ministry had been blessed. He was naturally of a highly sensitive disposition; and if this made him acutely feel neglect and unkindness, it was compensated by a proportionate warmth of affection when it met with a suitable return from friends. It was this kindness, this amiability, this willingness to oblige which endeared him to his friends more than falls to the lot of many ministers. And yet this sensitive, affectionate disposition, which we cannot but admire, had, in his case, as in others similarly gifted, attendant inconveniences. A minister should not to be too sensitive. If he is to feel every slight, and be deeply wounded by every arrow, directly or indirectly aimed at him, he is on the continual fret. His friends dare hardly speak lest they should hurt his mind, and his enemies are glad that he has a mind which they can so easily hurt; and thus friendships are cooled or lost, and enmities made irreconcilable. We have often thought that if we were as sensitive as our departed friend Isbell was, and felt as acutely as he did the scourge of the tongue and pen, we must have sunk long ago under the missiles thrown at us from every side. Whether our skin be naturally more tough, or has become hardened by war, we will not say; but this we know, that if our mind were as tender as our body, and we felt the cold blasts from the mouth of man as we feel the cold blasts from the mouth of the wintry east wind, we should not be fit to hold the helm, or even stand on the deck of the ship which we are now steering through the eddying waves. It was not that he was deficient in faithfulness, for he was a remarkably bold speaker, and never truckled to any man, in public or in private. Nor did he show his feelings by warmth of temper; but an unkind word from a friend, which some would no more regard than a passing breath of wind, wounded him to the quick. We may often admire what we do not envy. Warm, sensitive, acute feelings are very beautiful, but not very desirable. A word, a look, some unintentional neglect, an unanswered letter, a hasty remark, a tart reply, so wounds your sensitive friend, as he so broods over it, that, perhaps, it costs you his friendship for life. And as this sensitiveness often costs him his friends, so it lays him open to the attack of enemies. We speak thus, not to disparage the dead, but as a word of counsel to the living. Brother ministers, we have all much to bear with from friends and foes. Our blessed Lord had to endure the contradiction of sinners against himself, and was forsaken by his disciples and friends. But he has left us an example how to act that we should walk in his steps. If, then, one who has had to bear much from friend and foe may give you counsel, he would say,

"Be not too sensitive. Be firm, be faithful; but bear with your friends, and bear from your enemies. We have found the benefit of both." But if our friend and brother Isbell was too sensitive, it was well balanced in his case by affection; and there was this advantage, that whilst he chiefly suffered from the one, his friends benefited by the other. He had also a very forgiving spirit, and was thus, if soon offended, easily conciliated; nor could he do enough for his friends, and especially those of them to whom his ministry had been blessed, and who for the most part were as much attached to him as he to them. Our dispositions are often well balanced and mutually corrected. Sensitiveness without affection makes a man a selfish wretch; balanced and corrected by affection, it gives warmth to friendship, though it will sometimes turn it into partiality. On every side are extremes, snares, and dangers. Sensitiveness without taking offence, affection without partiality, boldness without bitterness, gentleness without giving way, cautiousness without cowardice, faithfulness without fury, and contention for the faith without compromise of the spirit of the gospel—how desirable, yet how rare are such qualifications for a servant of Christ.

But, as we are sketching his character, we may add that, together with this naturally sensitive yet affectionate disposition, Mr. Isbell possessed considerable natural abilities. His was not indeed a deep, but a singularly active, ready mind, and one which he had much cultivated by patient and assiduous study. He had also a peculiar aptness of eye and hand, and a turn for scientific pursuits, which, as we do not wish to disguise his failings, proved, we think, in the end rather a snare, and not only injured body and mind, but weakened the force of his ministry. We all have our snares—none more than the writer of this Review; but he knows, from painful experience, that it is as sad to be caught in them as hard to avoid them. That their profiting may appear to all, ministers must give themselves wholly to their work. (1 Tim. 4:15.) Every pursuit, therefore, however useful for other men as a part of their business or profession, which is not of the things of God, hinders the real and visible profit of a servant of Christ.

He perhaps, for we wish to speak tenderly as well as truthfully, from constitutional irritability of nerve, needed more recreation and relaxation of body and mind than harder, stronger natures, and sought to find it, not in fresh air and exercise, which we have always found to be the best remedy for a

wearied brain and nerves unstrung, but in almost continual reading and study. But a good long walk or a dig in the garden would, we think, have been a better remedy for his languid nerves; for the cure eventually proved worse than the disease, and taxed his brain instead of relieving it.

Thus worn out by a sensitive mind, an overtaxed brain, ministerial labour, and mental anxiety, joined to a constitutionally weak bodily frame, he fell asleep at the early age of 45, as his mourning widow has recorded in the interesting little memoir prefixed to the Letters which she has published.

And now a few words about the Letters themselves which are thus given to the public. Though, from our personal knowledge of the writer, we were prepared to give them a favourable reception, yet we must say that they have exceeded our expectation. Knowing his abilities, and that he was a very good letter-writer as well as one who well knew and loved the truth, we quite expected that they would outshine the general run of religious correspondence; but we did not look for so much of the writer's own experience. Not that we doubted his possession of it or his ability to express it; but we knew that from his peculiar sensitiveness, and we might almost say shyness of mind, for they usually go together, he was wont to keep back both in public and private much of his own personal feelings. But, these letters appear to have broken the seal that was often on his lips. In this point, therefore, they have exceeded our expectation; and yet we need not wonder at it as an unusual feature. Letters, especially when written to beloved friends in the Lord, as nearly all these were, draw forth much of the inmost experience of the writer's heart. The very freeness of correspondence unlocks those bosom secrets which are often almost necessarily held back from a public congregation. You know that your friend will not abuse your confidence, betray your secrets, or make you an offender for a word. As you write, your friend comes before your mental eye, affection softens your heart towards him, the springs of inward feeling gradually rise, and they flow forth, according to the gift bestowed, in streams upon your paper. It is this freedom of communication and this writing out of the fulness of the heart which give letters by the saints and servants of God such a peculiar sweetness and power. Not being intended for the public eye, they are specially adapted for private reading. We can take the book up or lay it down, read a long letter or a short one, without straining the mind or distracting the attention. If it suit us, we go reading on, letter after letter, as we have often done with Mr. Huntington's Letters. If it do not suit heart, time,

or place, we can but lay the book down. It is a patient visitor, not jealous of a rival or sensitive of neglect, but bearing any amount of rebuff, coldness, or silence, and ready to speak again only when asked to do so.

The letters before us are written in a pleasing, easy, agreeable style, full of kindness and affection, for such was the man, and unfold much of his own exercised mind. Judgment, we think, has been shown in the selection of the Letters; and we are glad to see the early ones given as well as the later, as, in our opinion, there is in them more vigour and force, more freshness and originality, boldness and decision. It is the case mostly with us all. With advancing years we get, perhaps, a sounder, riper judgment in the things of God, more maturity of views, and greater firmness and solidity of experience; but the life and warmth, the fire and force of what Job calls "the days of our youth" (29:4) are usually much diminished; and of few of us, beyond middle age, can it be said, either naturally or spiritually, as of Moses, that "our eye is not dim, nor our natural force abated." When a writer at a certain period of life (we speak here from experience) looks over his early productions, he sees in them many hasty expressions which he would not now make use of, and which he may sigh over, as scarcely becoming the meekness and spirit of the gospel. But if he has a sigh for undue expressions, he has a still heavier, more deep and long-drawn sigh for the loss of that zeal, warmth, and animation which then glowed in his breast and fired his voice and pen, but which he can no more recall than he can give himself back the strong arm and elastic step of early manhood. But every age has its place in the church of God. Babes, children, young men, and fathers, all are necessary to the being and riper knowledge of him that is from the beginning, the young men are more strong, and the word of God abideth in them, and they more stoutly fight, and more manifestly overcome the wicked one. O that we had more of these young men; that as the fathers are taken home or laid aside by sickness and infirmity, we could see rising up men of might and men of war, fit for the battle, that can handle shield and buckler, whose faces should be like the faces of lions, (against error and evil,) and as swift as the roes upon the mountains, to run upon the Lord's errands. (1 Chron. 12:8.)

But as our readers will desire to form their own judgment upon the Letters before us, we will give them two, as specimens of their general character. The first and longer one unfolds much of the writer's exercises and experience; the

second bears his faithful and decided testimony against a well-known error:

"My dear Friends,—Accept my thanks for your affectionate letter. I quite agree with you, that there may be a resisting the call of a church of God to the oversight of them; but I do not consider this to be at all applicable to me, as I am simply waiting the Lord's time, and am willing to go or stay, just as he shall make known his will. If I could find one or two supplies for the people here during my absence, I should have my path made considerably plainer; and, I can assure you, that there is no church to which my poor services would more freely be given than to that at Leicester; for I cannot doubt that the Lord of the harvest has condescended to work by me when with you, and has not let the word return to him void. I confess, however, that the sense of my insufficiency is no small mountain in my way, and that I am exercised with fears on this account, which greatly impede me. The Lord alone can make our mountains become a plain, and exactly level the rough and crooked path by an assurance that 'as our day our strength shall be, while our shoes shall be iron and brass,' to enable us to pass through the thorns and briars, and to tread upon thorns and scorpions unharmed. I feel that I could go anywhere, if God's presence would go with me. This is all and in all to a weak and ignorant stumbler such as I am. He knoweth my frame, and remembereth that I am dust. Poor and helpless, needy and sinful, I have none but Jesus to look to, and can see none that can strengthen my weak hands, confirm my feeble knees, direct my tottering feet, and bless my fainting heart but he. 'To whom shall we go?' said Peter. 'Thou hast the words of eternal life.' And to whom do we desire to go but to him, when feeling that all our springs are in him? O that I could love and serve him better, and not to be such a base and wandering wretch, as I am constrained to confess to him that I am. He has, before now, filled my heart, and I have seen myself 'complete in him.' Unexpectedly, suddenly, has my soul beheld his beauty and glory, and I have felt solemnly and sweetly satisfied that he is my portion for ever, a portion inexhaustible and precious. But, alas! how little do I appear to profit by this, when I wander from him and grow cold and vain. Truly, my dear friends, I know, that unless he display his charms in our hearts, by the blessed Spirit, and draw our affections after him, we cannot praise him in sincerity, cleave to him with love, fear to offend him, and wait upon him to teach us to profit, and to lead us in the way we should go. To be made conscious of our utter emptiness, poverty, and corruption, as I am, is painful and trying; for sometimes I can see no

'good thing towards the Lord God of Israel' in my soul, but so many bad things against him, that I am obliged to say, 'Behold, I am vile!' and to put my mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope. He may well be called 'wonderful' who bears with such a base thing, and such base workings as are in me; and he must be felt to be 'wonderful,' whose mercy, notwithstanding, endureth for ever. It is a sad proof of our fallen state, and of the depravity of our nature, that we are so little affected by his goodness, and so ready to depart from him, 'forsaking the fountain of living waters, and hewing out for ourselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.' Who would be so happy as we, if we could be always drinking deep into his love and grace, and having our hearts melted at the fire of his dying love, with sin subdued, and Satan bruised under our feet? But, 'in the world,' Jesus declares, 'ye *shall* have tribulation,' and from this we cannot escape, if we are truly his disciples. Nor do we desire to escape 'and be at ease in the flesh when our minds are enlightened from above, for then we see the *need* of tribulation and trials.

'I must expect a daily cross;
Lord, sanctify my pain;
Bid every furnace purge my dross,
And yield some real gain.'

I have far more trial to endure than many suppose, not only within, but from without. 'The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.' Sometimes my burdens have been so many, and my heart so unbelieving and faint, that I have been bewildered, and 'ready to halt,' and have been cast down indeed; and yet I hope I may say, without any presumption, 'Lord, thou hast been my help,' thou hast made a way for me to escape, thou hast not given me over to the will of my enemies, nor hast 'broken the bruised reed, nor quenched the smoking flax.' In my troubles I have found little disposition to make them known to man, but have kept them secret in my own bosom, and have carried them where I know help only to be laid up for the poor and needy. Here I have, I trust, found a Friend; here I have been able to lay hold of better strength than that of man; and never, when I have been permitted to roll my way simply, sincerely, and confidingly upon the Lord, have I been forsaken or failed of help. I can look back to seasons when I felt sure the Lord had heard and answered my petitions, and it has been marvellous in my eyes. But I shall appear egotistical, if I write so

much about myself. My friends must forgive me if I weary them. I am often a 'burden to myself;' but I would not burden my indulgent correspondents. I hope you are helped still to seek the Lord on my behalf, to give me life, light, wisdom, grace, humility, and clear direction in my way. Both will and power do I need to do anything that is good.

"Stoke, August, 1847. "G. S. B. I."

**"My dear Friend,—I hasten to reply to your questions respecting what occurred at Bath. I preached there very strongly against Pre-existerianism, and maintained the doctrine of the Eternal Sonship of Christ in opposition to those who believe the term, 'Son of God,' to refer only to his incarnation. At the close of the service, the person you refer to came into the vestry, and said he did not believe in what I had stated respecting the Lord's eternal Sonship, but regarded him as the Son of God by his assumption of his human nature, because he thought the doctrine of the eternal Sonship implied that the Father existed before him. I disputed with him for some time before the deacons, and plainly told him that he held a fatal error, against which the church of God had ever protested, and that the inferences he drew were false and contrary to the express statement of Scripture. However, he still persisted in denying the Lord's Sonship as having any reference to his divine personality, and as I found it useless to argue with him, I left him. In my view, the eternal Sonship of Christ is a fundamental and essential truth. He that believeth in the Son of God hath life, and he that believeth not the Son of God hath not life. Arians, Sabellians, and Pre-existerians cannot bear this doctrine, and consequently I always expect opposition from all who are tainted with their errors. The deacons heard all I said on this subject, and know well, as they would state, how firmly I withstood Mr. —, and how strongly I warned him. They will, if referred to, confirm what I have said, and declare how constantly I have opposed the Pre-existerians, and maintained the true, eternal Sonship of Christ. I have not heard of the division you speak of, but it is better to separate than to be united with erroneous men. The truth of God is too precious to be tampered with. I think Mr. W. did quite right in refusing his pulpit to Mr. —. He has received the truth in the power of the Holy Ghost, and, therefore, cannot endure error, or countenance those who hold it.—
Yours, &c., "G. S. B. I."**

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The Sovereignty of God in Redemption, Etc. By an Old Sailor.—(February, 1865.)

When God bade Moses set up the tabernacle in the wilderness, as a standing type of the sacred humanity of his own dear Son, (Heb. 8:2; 9:11; John 2:21) he thus spake unto him: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering; of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering. And this is the offering which ye shall take of them; gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and rams skins dyed red, and badgers' skins, and shittim wood, oil for the light, spices for anointing oil, and for sweet incense, onyx stones, and stones to be set in the ephod, and in the breastplate. And let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them." (Exod. 25:2-8.) Thus all the children of Israel might freely bring an offering, each according to his substance, and each according to his willing mind. Being all redeemed by blood and power—the blood of the paschal lamb, and the overthrow of their enemies in the Red Sea; being all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea; all eating the same spiritual meat—the manna from heaven; and all drinking the same spiritual drink—the water out of the smitten Rock that followed them, which Rock was Christ, (1 Cor. 10:2-4,) they were all viewed as a holy people, (Exod. 19:6; Lev. 21:44, 45; Jer. 2:3) standing typically and representatively as God's elect family. (Deut. 7:6.) Thus Balaam could say of them in the visions of prophecy: "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel; the Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them." (Num. 23:21.) Now this was the reason why the Lord asked for and accepted their offerings for the building and service of the tabernacle. As an elect, a redeemed, and a holy people, their offerings were as if sanctified by their standing and position in the covenant made with them and their fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. To be allowed, then, to contribute their gifts to the tabernacle in which God was himself to dwell was a high privilege conferred upon them. If our readers will turn to Exod. 34 they will find a beautiful account of the offerings brought and of the willingness of the people in bringing them, accounting it so high a privilege, that God would accept their gifts for his own sanctuary and service that they had to be restrained by public proclamation from giving more than was

needed for that purpose. (Exod. 36:5-7.)

Now, one main beauty in the offerings thus made, and in the willingness of the people to make them, was that these gifts were measured not by their actual intrinsic value, but by the ability and willingness of each individual giver. Thus some brought onyx stones, others precious jewels; some offered gold and silver, others brass; some gave blue, and purple, and scarlet, others rams' skins dyed red or badgers' skins; some fine linen, and others goats' hair. If a man had a precious onyx stone, or a costly diamond, or a beautiful sapphire, or a choice amethyst, what an honour, what a privilege, that instead of being kept in a bag in his tent, or shining in a ring on his wife's finger, the onyx should be worn on the ephod, and the diamond or sapphire on the breastplate of judgment when the high priest went to consult the mind of the Lord in his sanctuary. (Exod. 38:9-12; 15-21.) To what a noble use, too, was the gold put, when instead of, like Achan's wedge, being hidden in the earth, it was made into the mercy-seat or the golden candlestick, or overlaid upon the altar of incense, and the table of shewbread (Exod. 25:17, 18, 23-25, 31.) The very goats' hair spun by the women had an honour put upon it as wrought into one of the curtains within which the ark of the Lord dwelt. (Exod. 26:7; 35:26; 2 Sam. 7:2.) When, then, the tabernacle was completed, and consecrated by the holy anointing oil put upon every part, (Exod. 30:22-29,) and especially when it had been filled with the glory of the Lord, so that Moses himself could not enter into it, (Exod. 40:34, 35,) every portion of the sanctuary and the vessels of service used therein were equally sanctified, from the precious diamond to the spun goats' hair, from the polished onyx to the rough badgers' skin. All were equally valuable, equally acceptable, equally set apart from common uses, and dedicated permanently and unalterably to the service of the Lord.

Now for the application of our subject, for of course we have not written all this for writing's sake, without any definite train of thought or special purpose. View the matter spiritually. Every one who has been redeemed by blood and power—the blood of the cross, and the work of the Holy Ghost in delivering him from the power of darkness, and translating him into the kingdom of God's dear Son; (Col. 1:13;) every one who has been spiritually baptized into Christ, and thus put on Christ; (Gal. 3:27;) every one who has fed and is feeding on the hidden manna, (Rev. 2:17,) and drinking out of Christ's fulness the water of life; (John 7:37; Rev. 22:17:) every one who has

been made willing in the day of Christ's power, (Ps. 110:3,) is called upon and may freely offer what he has and is to the Lord's service. In fact, he is no longer his own, but is bought with a price. Therefore his body and spirit are both God's. (1 Cor. 6:19, 20.) And if so, then his time, his money, his gifts, his abilities, whether natural or spiritual, his very life, and death itself are not his own, but the Lord's, and are to be freely given and used in his service. Not that any one of us does these things, at least as they should be done, for we are all poor, sluggish, selfish, do-nothing wretches, at our very best unprofitable servants, (Luke 17:10) and few even see or feel that they may or should do them; but it is our privilege and happiness that we are allowed to do them when there is a willing mind and an obedient spirit; and what is more blessed still is that the Lord accepts them. (Rom. 12:1; Phil. 4:18; 1 Pet. 2:5.) Nay, more, as in the case of the widow's two mites, it is not the costliness of the gift which measures its value, but the ability and willingness of the giver. (2 Cor. 8:12.) It is in this way that the lock of goats' hair may be as acceptable as the diamond, and the smallest service done with a single eye to the glory of God and the good of his people—even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, (Matt. 10:42,) may outvalue the most princely gift.

The Author of the Poem before us has brought his offering to the sanctuary, in setting forth in poetic lines, according to the ability given him, "the Sovereignty of God in Redemption." Who he is we know not, and therefore can speak of his little work without prejudice or partiality. He calls himself "An Old Sailor;" and we therefore presume he has been one of those who literally "go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;" and if spiritually, as sailing on the sea of Christian experience, he has seen also "the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep;" if he has cried unto the Lord in his trouble, and been brought out of his distresses, (Ps. 107:23-28,) he is well qualified to speak of the sovereignty of God in choosing the Old Sailor to be a vessel of mercy, and of redemption in redeeming him from a worse death than is to be found in the depths of the ocean. He is no poet in the higher sense of the term; that is, there is no beautiful imagery; no "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" no glancing with a poet's eye from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; no such a sweeping of the lyre with a master's hand as thrills or melts the soul with indescribable feeling, and leaves a permanent impression on the mind for good or evil. Such gifts, especially for the service of the sanctuary, are as rare as "the topaz of Ethiopia," "the precious onyx or

the sapphire" (Job 28) would have been amongst the children of Israel in the wilderness. And yet there may be "dust of gold" where there is no "place of sapphires;" and a poet, as a Christian poet, may have something more to bring for the sanctuary than a ram's skin dyed red, or a hank of spun goat's hair. This poem, we would say, then, has "dust of gold," even as a composition; and if the "price of wisdom is above rubies," so that in comparison with it "no mention shall be made of coral or of pearls," (Job. 28:18,) this little contribution to the truth of God, weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, will outshine to a Christian mind the rubies of a Byron, or the coral and pearls of a Tennyson.

What has struck us most in this little poem is the remarkable mastery which the "Old Sailor" possesses of a very difficult metre. His command of the metre, the facility and general excellence of his rhymes, the nervous reasoning and sound scriptural argument which he condenses in his terse lines, without confusion of thought or words, are remarkable, and show great power of mind and of expression. We cannot say that his metre, of which we shall presently give a specimen, is a favourite of ours. It is too short and jingling, but is admirably adapted, as Butler and Dean Swift have shown, for forcible, pungent expression and close reasoning. It takes, as it were, an adversary by the neck, and holds him fast by a torrent of words, so clashing and jingling with rhyme, that he is fairly beaten down by it. Its main fault is that it wants solemnity and pathos, and thus seems little adapted to sacred themes which require a certain weight of verse unattainable by a short, rapid, jingling metre.

But these, after all, are mere critical objections, which are of little weight in estimating the real character and value of the poem before us. The author, no doubt, knew what he could do and what he could not do, and wisely chose a metre of which he has such a thorough mastery as that which was best adapted to his own powers and the subject of his pen. His forte is close, nervous reasoning, and this led him to expose error and unfold truth in his own peculiar way. We could, indeed, have wished for a little more savour, a little more of the dew and unction of the blessed Spirit to have rested on his verses; a little more of that indescribable power which melts and softens the heart, and makes truth so sweet and yet so forcible. But each man has his gift; and the badger's skin which kept the tabernacle dry, as the outer curtain, was

as useful in its place as the "oil for the light," and as much a part of the sanctuary. Doctrine in its place is as useful as experience, and truth in its purity as indispensable as truth in its power. Happy union where both go together—the one to inform the understanding, the other to water the soul.

But our readers will be anxious to have some specimens of the poem, that they may judge for themselves. Take, then, as a sample, the following close, pungent reasoning against what are called offers of grace:

"Whatever it may be about,
An offer always deals in doubt,
Can have no independent choice,
Or speak with full, emphatic voice;
Another will it must consult,
And on that will rest the result;
For, as regards eternal things,
As all things else it only brings
A something for acceptance meant,
Which, though all-gracious the intent,
Is all an offer can effect
For man to take, or to reject,
With whom the issue then abides,
And his decision all decides.
Thus, not God's will, but man's be done
Is the sad length these offers run;
Nor is this length at all too long,
If offers are not wholly wrong,
But from the truth removed as far
As east from west these offers are;
Besides, it would be bad enough
Poor sinners with self-strength to puff;
And, proposing and appealing,
Furnish food to feed this feeling.
As withered hands cannot outstretch,
Or fettered feet go forth to fetch,
Offers cannot the cases meet
Of withered hands and fettered feet;

While with no power to reach or rise,
To tender is to tantalize;
And in things earthly acting thus,
What would such conduct seem to us?"

* * * * *

"Preachers the tied and bound beseech
Blessing to take beyond their reach,
And lead poor sinners to suppose
That they can with their offers close;
Press sinning ones from sin to turn,
And not continue Christ to spurn;
No more the pleading Spirit grieve,
But there and then bow down, believe;
Accept, enjoy a Father's love,
And give the angels joy above;—
As if the dead could make a shift
Out of the grave themselves to lift,
And such, so much, resistance show
As God to make his will forgo.
How sad and shocking so to err
As truth to force thus to infer,
Cause indignation to arise
Such sentiments to stigmatise,
And the best feelings in the breast
Against the teaching to protest.
That God a *saving offer* sends
Where he no *saving act* intends
Is such an awful thing to think
As gracious souls in grief to sink—
Such a calumny to conceive
As minds to move, and hearts to grieve;
And that such statements many make,
As can no other meaning take,
Is sad to say, and sad, alas!
That truth opposed for truth should pass."

Let us now see how he handles the subject of prayer:

**"When God is pleased some good to grant
He makes His people feel the want,
Stirs in their souls a strong desire
The special object to acquire,
For which the Spirit prompts to pray,
And then a meet response have they,
Which is the cause in every case
Of access to a throne of grace,
That any find acceptance there
As they pour out their hearts in prayer,
And echo back what Christ had done
In pleading for each pleading one,
The only secret of success,
And all the power their prayers possess.
No stream, however much it spread,
Can flow above its fountain-head,
And prayer can take no upward course
Where God Himself is not the source;
Only what we from God obtain
Can we return to God again,
And in the heart He puts the cry
That fetches down a fit reply;
As springing from a sense of need,
Which from the Spirit must proceed,
An upward place, a sigh, a groan,
Rise with acceptance to the throne,
Where Christ the Intercessor lives,
And God a gracious answer gives;
And sanctified and saved are all
Who on the Lord believing call;
But lacking faith, though words abound
The call is but an empty sound;
Words may from fluent tongues flow forth,
But nature's words are nothing worth
In which there is no drawing near**

**To God the Father's open ear,
No soaring in the sinner's cry
Unless the Lord the wings supply;
And is not faith entwined with love,
The wings that bear our wants above?"**

One more extract must suffice, and with it we shall close our Review:

**"The Shepherd watches o'er the sheep,
From hurt and harm the flock to keep;
As objects of His special care
His eye is on them everywhere;
Guides them through the desert dreary,
Gently leads the weak and weary,
And well supplies the wants of each
Until their rest above they reach.
Not drawn of God, no son of man
To Jesus comes, or ever can;
The taught of God, and none beside,
In Christ the Son of God confide,
And none who *do* need have a doubt
That they will ever be cast out.**

**In every land, and on the deep,
Now scattered are the ransomed sheep,
Gathered, and to be gathered in,
Out of a world immersed in sin,
Where follow some their Father's will,
And some in Satan's service still;
But all preserved in God the Son,
Who purchased each, and parts with none;
And what is bought, and not a loan,
Must be, of right, the buyer's own;
Nor ever will the Lord deny
Those whom He did so dearly buy."**

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Memoir of the late Mr. John Grace, written by his afflicted Widow. With Funeral Service and Three Sermons by George Abrahams.—(May, 1865.)

Our chief object in noticing this little work is the opportunity which it gives us of recording the last moments of a personal and dear friend and brother in the Lord, and of paying a slight tribute of affection to his memory. It is rather more than 10 years since we so far knew the late Mr. Grace as to become personally and, indeed, we may say, intimately acquainted with him. We were supplying at Eden Street Chapel, London, in the summer of 1854, when one morning he quite unexpectedly, and without any mutual friend's or other introduction, walked into our lodgings to make our personal acquaintance; for, though well known to each other by name, we had never met but once before, in the year 1838, and that only for so short a time as to afford no opportunity for anything beyond a little conversation. One very marked feature of his character was that he was "a lover of good men;" and believing, we suppose, that the unworthy writer of these lines was one of these "good men," he felt desirous to form his acquaintance. He therefore came and introduced himself. We at once fell into spiritual conversation, and a mutual union was, as we have reason to believe, found and felt, which not only subsisted without break, but, we may say, increased rather than diminished up to the time of his removal from this scene of sin and sorrow.

All who had the privilege of his friendship will long remember his open, cheerful, affectionate manner and address; his peaceable, tender spirit; and that where he had once formed a spiritual friendship, how firmly and uninterruptedly he maintained it by correspondence or conversation. He would often come out of his way on his journeys to the north, just to spend a few hours with us, and generally entered the room with such words as, "Let brotherly love continue." Divine things were uppermost with him in heart and tongue; and so at once we usually got, not into carnal, worldly conversation, or a long rigmarole of outside work, but into some sweet living and daily experience, into which we could see eye to eye and feel heart to heart. The life of God was much kept up in his soul, and therefore freely flowed out of his mouth. (John 7:38; Matt. 12:35.) He was not resting upon dry doctrine, nor even a past experience which, for want of continual renewings, had become stale and mouldy. A daily life of faith in the Son of God, daily exercises from a body of sin and death, daily communications of grace and strength out of the

fulness of a risen Mediator, and all kept up by a spirit of prayer and supplications was both his experience and his theme. A dead, carnal, lifeless profession was his abhorrence. Life in the soul, feeling in the heart, communion with the Lord—in a word, a daily, living, feeling, spiritual, and supernatural religion was what he knew for himself and what he looked for in others; and where he found not this, whatever were the pretensions, however correct the creed, plausible the tongue, or consistent the conduct, there, as he had no satisfaction, so he had no union or communion. But with all this there was no cant, no sanctimonious long face, or drawling, whining phrases; no putting on of a kind of mock spirituality, whereby so many try to deceive themselves and others. We never knew a more spiritually-minded man, and yet nothing of this mock spirituality or feigned humility was visible in him. Spirituality, indeed, of mind and of conversation he had; but with all this delight in spiritual things, there was a most pleasing frankness and openness. He would ask about the wife and family, have a cheerful word for the little ones—now with us no longer little ones, the olive branches round the table, little and big, for he had not only a friendly but a fatherly heart. Thus he was a welcome guest wherever he went; for, without any worldliness or unbecoming lightness on the one hand, or pharisaic austerity on the other, he could so blend spiritual things in his conversation with passing occurrences that there was nothing repulsive in his discourse on heavenly things, even to those who could not experimentally enter into their meaning or their fulness. But what made his conversation to be seasoned with salt was, that he had a good experience both of law and gospel; and sometimes at the breakfast or dinner table he would relate with much feeling some very marked and blessed things which he had tested, felt, and handled in his own soul. The last time that he was with us at our present abode he gave us, after dinner, an account of the sweet deliverance which he received under Mr. Vinall when he rode so many miles to hear him on a week evening, and the deep exercises of his soul previously, with the fears and faintings of his deferred hope. In a similar way he would often refer to his early days, when he sat under Mr. Vinall's ministry, and whom he loved and valued as his spiritual father, though by no means insensible to his peculiar infirmities. The present low state of vital godliness in the churches, the want of dew, unction, and power in the ministry, compared with the days of Mr. Huntington and his immediate followers, as Mr. Vinall, &c., the carnality of professors generally, and the levity both in conversation and conduct which so stamps the generation in which our days

are cast, were things which he deeply lamented and deplored. His own soul being kept alive and fruitful, he saw all the more clearly and felt the more deeply the want of life and fruitfulness in others. And yet with all this, he was not censorious or bitter. We never knew him guilty of that common yet detestable practice of picking holes in other men's or ministers' coats, and, under a show of a wonderful concern for holiness of speech and life, slandering and backbiting friends; nor did we ever find him spurring and flogging old nature, as if the creature, by a little extra exertion, could be made to perform spiritual acts. He did not thus belie either his knowledge or his profession. By grace alone he knew he was what he was; and without this grace in others he equally well knew that as there could be no beginning, so there could be no advance in the divine life.

But besides these there were other noticeable features also in his Christian character which much commended both his profession and his ministry to those who knew and loved the grace of God in him. Amongst them was his great amiability of disposition and readiness to do good. He had naturally an active and, indeed, we may say a business mind; and as this was united to much natural amiability of disposition, and was guided and directed by the love and spirit of the gospel, he was always ready for every good word and work. He was favoured also with a large congregation and a liberal people to help him forward; and, thus aided and seconded, he was always ready to do good in relieving the poor and needy, and taking up any destitute case which was commended to his conscience. In this way, by the liberality of his congregation during the Lancashire distress, he was able to afford timely help to many places in the North, and took a journey thither to see for himself the real state of things, and to have the pleasure of personally distributing it. Coupled with this amiable and affectionate disposition, we must add that he was possessed of a very liberal spirit, hating everything stingy and mean, and was ever ready to show kindness and liberality to his friends even when not needed* by them.

* Dropping the editorial "we," I cannot help mentioning that when he came to see me on his journeys northward, he would generally bring with him a basket of fish caught that morning, or some book which he thought I might like to possess. These things may seem trifles; but trifles, as they are called, often show men's real spirit more than larger matters; for the former are the free,

spontaneous flowings forth of the disposition, whilst the latter are often forced upon men by circumstances. But, besides these presents, thinking that I wanted some better table than I possessed for my letters and papers, he named it amongst his friends, and, to my surprise, on reaching home one day two or three years ago, I found in my room a very handsome library table, sent free to my door, accompanied by a kind letter, that it was given to me by himself and friends as a testimony to my long labours in the cause of truth. I love to mention these things as a little memento of my esteem and affection for him.—J. C. P.

Of his ministry we do not feel in the same position to speak as freely and clearly as we have spoken of his personal character, from this simple circumstance, that we never, to our recollection, heard him preach above three or four times. But, as far as we could thus judge, he seemed possessed of considerable gifts, and to have not only a good knowledge of the word, but a great readiness in bringing forward passages and especially scriptural characters and personages in connection with his subject. This aptness of bringing forward scriptural proofs and illustrations not only gave a liveliness to his preaching and a force to his words, but much made up for his want of order; for it must be confessed that he did not usually carry into his discourses that orderly arrangement which so distinguished him in other things. He had also a nice and forcible way of quoting hymns, and especially those of his prime favourite, Hart, which backed his words with sweetness as well as authority. But what made his ministry so useful and acceptable was the living spring of experience by which it was fed. Gifts, the greatest and most splendid, soon dry up, or pall and wear, unless they are continually fed by grace. But he had the living water, of which the Lord spake, springing up into everlasting life. (John 4:14.) He was also at a point about his religion and experience, that it was from God. He knew his standing, and could, therefore, speak with decision and power. He dwelt a good deal when we heard him, as we believe was usually the case, on his own experience, which, being unmistakably the work of God, gave point and edge to his words. Thus, without being so separating as some are in word, he was more separating in deed; for nothing in our judgment is so separating as a good and sound experience, as it appeals so directly to the conscience; and, if there be any feeling, is so calculated to raise up the personal inquiry, "What know I of these things?" The Lord, as we have every reason to believe, much honoured

his ministry. Again and again by letter, for we frequently corresponded, or in conversation, when we met, would he relate most marked instances of the blessing of God on his ministry. At Brighton he had many hearers from London, and indeed all parts of the kingdom, who had come there for health and change of air. Thus he could cast a wider net than most of his ministerial brethren, and many good fish were caught in it who had before swum carelessly in the sea.*

* Many persons of rank and wealth as is well known, resort during the season to Brighton. These have, of course, a retinue of servants. To many of these servants Mr. Grace's ministry was singularly owned and blessed. We have often thought of the sovereign grace of God in this. The master or the mistress is passed by. They must go to church; the servant creeps into the chapel, where grace lays hold of his heart.

His was not a long, though in its first attack a somewhat sudden and unexpected illness, and he was mercifully dealt with, and most friendly and graciously supported in and under it. He had not what people call his peace to make, or a God to find on his deathbed. His loins were already girt and his light burning; and, reclining on the everlasting arms laid beneath him, he gently passed away into the presence of the Lord whom he so dearly loved and had so long and faithfully served.

But we shall leave his bereaved widow to relate his last days here below in the following extract from the Memoir at the head of the present article, which also contains some account of his funeral, and three sermons preached by Mr. Abrahams on the Lord's Day, and the Tuesday evening afterwards.

"About three weeks before the death of my dear departed husband, he said to himself, 'Justified, sanctified, glorified. O! Who could do that but Thou? O that I could feel my soul drawn out in holy longings after a precious Jesus!' He paused awhile, then went on, 'Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with him there is mercy, and with him plenteous redemption.' In a moment afterwards, he said, 'The Lord has returned to Jerusalem with mercies. These are some of the former days.' He then continued to bless and praise God for his goodness and mercies to him, and talking to the Lord for a long time, and communing with him as a man would talk to his friend, and preached quite a sermon, dividing

it into heads.

"This happy frame of mind lasted some days. Prior to that, he had been brought very low, both in body and mind, and quite thought one night he should die, but said, when apparently on the borders of an eternal world, *he had no fear, no dread*, and said he was not 'afraid with any amazement.'

"From that time, he appeared to be kept in perfect peace, and, as he said,

'To lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.'

And often said, 'When I am restored, if it be the Lord's will, how much I shall have to tell the dear people of what I have known and felt during this affliction. O the false, empty profession of the day! What I see of it I can never fully describe. How mercifully I am dealt with! No great castings down, no great joy; but perfect peace. I have had many afflictions, but this I shall always call my SWEET affliction. I could compare it to nothing but as if the Holy Spirit had been hovering over my spirit, and keeping the enemy from buffeting me or distressing me, and granting me that peace which none but those taught of God can know.'

"Some time afterwards he said, 'Throughout this affliction I have not had *one murmuring thought*. I have been enabled to lie passive in the Lord's hands; and the words that were so sweet to me in my last affliction have been equally sweet in this: "Whether I live, I live unto the Lord; and whether I die, I die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." I have had no trouble, and Satan has never been permitted to harass me, but *no great joy*. The Lord has *graciously dealt* with me, in supporting my mind, well knowing I could not bear *much trouble* or *much joy* in my state of extreme weakness. Sometimes cast down, but then lifted up with the light of God's countenance. I do not feel that the passiveness and quietness arise from a state of *carnal security*, for these words are often sweet to me, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." "Their strength is to sit still." This has been attended with the drawing of the affections heavenward, and sweet fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ.'

"At another time he said, 'The Lord has been *my tender Nurse*, and his

everlasting arms I have felt underneath me, to succour and sustain me. What a mercy that I have not had my religion to seek in my weak state! Sometimes I have no power to think or pray; the dear Lord *does all for me, and in me.* What a worthless worm I am to have the prayers of so many of the godly in the land!

"Another time he said, 'I think *I shall be restored;* and I should wish, before I leave home for a little change, to go into the pulpit before the minister begins, and tell the people what the Lord has done for me in my affliction. I shall tell them things I never knew before. The Lord has shown me *much* in my affliction.'

"On Thursday he had a good day, felt better, and was most peaceful and happy. He said many nice things respecting the Lord's great mercy to him, in keeping his mind so perfectly calm; and said again, 'This I shall always call my *sweet affliction,—not one murmuring thought* have I had during my illness, although no overflowing of joy. I should like to tell the people all about it, when able; but there will be nothing like the savour *afterwards that I feel now.* I believe I shall be raised up again, and tell them things I never have done before. I think perhaps my long travellings are nearly over. I shall not go out very much,—probably only to Grantham and Littleport, and if it be the Lord's will, once more into Yorkshire, to take my leave of the dear friends there; but I shall principally confine myself to *my own people* at home.'

"The doctor came in the evening, and expressed himself pleased and surprised at the visible improvement,—everything was going on better than could have been anticipated.

"He retired to rest; but at half-past eleven o'clock he awoke me by complaining that his supper (a little arrowroot and brandy) *made him feel uncomfortable.* Brandy and water (both hot and cold) were given to him. Afterwards hot flannels were applied, but *nothing relieved* him, although he said he had *no pain,* but flatulency made him feel ill.

"Various remedies were resorted to, but without success. About seven o'clock in the morning (Friday), he had a little essence of beef; and as soon as he had taken it, his breath seemed very short, and the difficulty of breathing

increased. The doctors were sent for, but before they arrived his happy spirit *had fled*, his soul had returned to the God who gave it,—without a sigh, groan, or struggle!

"The immediate cause of his decease was flatulence pressing on the heart, which was *so feeble* that it was incapable of performing its office.

"One thing more I had forgotten. Not having written anything at the time, I must trust, as I said before, entirely to memory. A few days before his sudden removal, I saw him looking unusually sorrowful, when he said, 'I have been weeping, and telling the dear Lord I thought he was about to take me home, ever to be with him. "*Ever with the Lord!*" O! transporting thought!—and to be free from a body of sin and sorrow, and be for ever basking in the sunshine of his presence! He has been so precious to me, and his love has been so shed abroad in my heart. But now I think I shall be raised up again for awhile; but we know not for how long!'

"How merciful of the dear Lord to take him home without his even knowing he was dying, as how often he said, both publicly and privately, 'How I shrink *at the article of death!* (though *not at the consequences*). I am such a coward at suffering.'

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The Faith of Rahab the Harlot. A Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, June 18th, by Mr. James Wells, at the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough Road.—
(*November 1865.*)*

* We think it right to mention that as our Review, though sent to the office, could not be inserted in the September No., we have rewritten nearly the whole, especially the first part.

Moving on in our own quiet track, and simply seeking, so far as the Lord gives us grace and wisdom, the spiritual edification of our readers, we rarely take any public notice of the various events and movements which are passing in what is called the religious world. Several reasons combine to induce us to observe this course, and to close our pages against the introduction into them of religious news. First, we have long seen the evil of that spirit of gossip and

news-mongering everywhere so prevalent, and are therefore determined, with God's help, not to do anything to foster it. Secondly, we are well convinced that if we once opened our pages to these subjects, as we could not always secure truthful and faithful accounts, being necessarily dependent for them upon the communications of correspondents, we should soon be overwhelmed with a flood of replies, explanations, contradictions, &c., which we could not well reject without unfairness, or insert without these weeds stifling our crop. But, thirdly, we have found in our experience that in all this "news of the churches," as it is called, there is little else, spiritually viewed, but barrenness and death. It may, indeed, for the moment amuse our carnal mind, and gratify that love of news which is so deeply imbedded in us all, to read what is going on in the churches; and could we believe the truth of the glowing accounts thus presented to our view, and that the Spirit of God was really at work in the various chapel-openings, anniversaries, tea-meetings, &c., recorded, it would be matter of rejoicing to our inmost soul. But when we know, not only by our own observation, but the general confession of all possessed of spiritual discernment, at what a low ebb vital godliness everywhere is, and see how shallow and superficial, to say the least, the religion contended for in these "newsy" periodicals is, what barrenness and death then appear stamped upon the whole! We do not impute wilful deception to the writers and collectors of this religious news, nor doubt the truth of their statements, as recording certain events and facts. But, what we doubt is whether the power, the presence, and the manifest blessing of the Spirit of God rest upon these chapel-openings, &c., as they represent and would make us believe. Truth is all of a piece, consistent with itself and with the word of God. It is the simple who believeth every word. (Prov. 14:15.) We are bidden to prove all things, and hold fast only that which is good; (1 Thess. 5:21;) not to believe every spirit, but to try the spirits whether they are of God. (1 John 4:1.) We are bound, therefore, to try and examine the accounts thus presented to us, and hold them up to the searching light of truth. When, then, we read the lavish flatteries bestowed upon minister after minister,—a point that we shall have presently to speak more upon, the glowing colouring, to say the least, thrown over almost every recorded event, the suppression of everything unfavourable,* and the strong party spirit pervading the whole, we may well ask the question, Is this scriptural? Does the word of truth sanction this giving flattering titles to men? (Job 32:22.) Paul could say, "Neither at any time used we flattering words, as ye know, nor a cloak of covetousness;† God is witness;

nor of men sought we glory, neither of you, nor yet of others." (1 Thess. 2:5, 6.) Can these time-serving publications, for so we must call them, filled as they are with the grossest flattery, say the same? Are the Acts of the ancient Apostles written on the same plan as the acts of the modern apostles? Does the Holy Ghost ever lavish praises upon the gigantic abilities of Paul, the pathetic eloquence of Peter, the sweet consolation which distilled from the lips of Barnabas? We know that these men of God were thus endowed, for they made it manifest in every place by the sweet savour they carried with them of the knowledge of Christ. But our modern apostles—what should we know of their gifts or their graces, their gigantic abilities, their pathetic eloquence, their sermons so full of consolation, and the blessings which fall in such copious showers with every sermon unless we were told so in the pages of some religious periodical?

*** As a striking instance of this, a religious weekly periodical, called the "Gospel Guide," to which we shall soon more fully refer, has suppressed the speeches and proceedings at Mr. Foreman's Jubilee Meeting, simply because they were unfavourable to Mr. Wells. How much more honest is the public press, which gives both sides of every question with admirable impartiality.**

† What a light do the flatteries, on which we shall presently more fully enter, throw upon this expression! We never saw its meaning so clearly before, or understood the connection between "flattering words" and "a cloak of covetousness."

We shall, doubtless, be considered by many very severe thus to speak of these religious newspapers, for they are really nothing else; and very bigoted and narrow-minded, because we cannot receive with implicit faith the glad tidings which they bring of the power and presence of the Lord being in their midst. To justify, therefore, ourselves in thus speaking of the religious intelligence presented for our acceptance, we will give some extracts from a periodical calling itself the "Gospel Guide;" and let us see into what paths of truth and blessedness it would lead us were we to follow its guidance.

Mr. Wells has lately removed, with his church and congregation, to a new chapel, and great doings, according to our "Gospel Guide," occurred in connection with this event. The glory, indeed, of these great doings was sadly

marred by the withdrawal of two leading ministers in the connection, who had undertaken to preach at the opening of the "New Surrey Tabernacle," in consequence of the sermon at the head of the present article; but, there was present a considerable array of ministers both from town and country; and amongst them sat one named S. Cozens,* who thus records in the "Gospel Guide" his impression and opinion of Mr. Wells:

* This Mr. Cozens published some years ago, a work called "The Teacher's Thought Book," in which he strongly advocates the eternal Sonship of Christ; but, during the late controversy, wrote a most violent pamphlet, in which he as strongly denies it. What are we to think of such a man's testimony either for or against a doctrine, or a minister?

"Mr. Editor,—As I sat in the New Surrey Tabernacle on Wednesday afternoon, I thought of David. I thought there had been great men in every age of the world, but the ages have rarely, if any age has ever, produced so great a man as David. And I could not help putting David and Mr. Wells together in my thoughts. David was a great shepherd, who, in defence of his father's flock, slew a lion and a bear. And is not Mr. Wells a great shepherd of his Father's sheep? Does he not ministerially slay the lion and the bear, and rescue the lambs of Christ's fold? He was a great soldier; he was brave in battle. And is not Mr. Wells a good soldier? Many giant sinners have been laid low in the dust of death by the pebble of conviction from the sling of truth. He was a great saint; his devotion to his God was without a parallel in the history of the church. And is not Mr. Wells a great saint? If in the bowels of mercy, he suspends the moral government of God to cover the *supposed* fault of another, is he thereby the minister of sin? God forbid. Mr. Wells's life does not suspend the moral law. Where is there a more consistent man in the world? I said his charity covered a supposed fault, and I use the word 'supposed' because there was no more *sin* in the *act* of her faith than there was in the *act* of Abraham's faith. If God loves mercy rather than sacrifice, then he loved the mercy of *Rahab*, rather than the sacrifice of the *spies*. David was a great *philosopher*, who, like the Psalmist, made all the works of God to praise him? And is not Mr. Wells rapidly increasing in the knowledge of the philosophy of nature? Probably he can sing the 8th Psalm with as much astronomical pathos as did the sweet singer of Israel. He was a great *preacher*, he preached the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow as few men enter into those solemn

and sublime subjects. And surely Mr. Wells preaches the atonement and its glorious results in a way that few, if any, can equal."

This comparison of David and Mr. Wells is pretty strong, and the absurd remarks upon Mr. Wells's "great philosophy," and his "astronomical pathos"* are supremely ridiculous. But now read, ye who fear God, and desire to walk in all honesty and faithfulness before man, the following extract, as a specimen of the way in which one minister can flatter another; and then ask yourselves, Is this gospel guidance? Does the Spirit of truth, who guides into all truth, ever guide tongue or pen into the use of such fulsome flattery of any man, whatever be his grace, whatever be his gifts?

* What ridiculous, bombastic language! How lowering to David and to the holy inspiration under which he wrote Psalm 8, to call it "his astronomical pathos!" and how irreverent to compare Mr. Wells's flimsy smattering of astronomy with the deep views which David had of the humiliation and exaltation of the Son of God in Psalm 8, as interpreted by the apostle, Heb. 2. A few more words upon this.

We cannot measure the extent of Mr. Wells's "astronomical *pathos*," but we can gauge pretty well from the following extracts from his sermon preached at the opening of his new chapel his astronomical *bathos* (depth). He thus dazzles with his astronomical learning the eyes of his admiring audience:

"'And the posterity of Abraham shall shine forth,' saith the Saviour, yea, even 'as the sun in the kingdom of their father,' 'So shall thy seed be as the stars.' Now don't say one word against high-doctrine people; after all, would not you like to be one of these stars? How you would laugh at the man that threatens to pull one down; how you would laugh at the man that throws stones at the stars; how you would laugh at the man that would attempt to stop a star in its course! So these heavenly stars, they all move in their destined orbits; but to use a few astronomical terms, they are sometimes in their detriment, and sometimes in their fall very low; sometimes in their peregrinations very wandering, sometimes stationary, can go neither backwards nor forwards; sometimes in fortification, and sometimes in exaltation; sometimes in combustion—burnt with fiery trials, [*trails?*] and at other times rushing forward in their glorious orbits, shining with all the splendours of eternity;

when mortality by-and-by shall be stripped from the soul, then shall they shine forth as the stars for ever and ever; rise at the last great day, when mortality shall put on immortality, corruption put on incorruption, weakness put on strength, the natural put on the spiritual, then shall they rise to shine and to set no more."

Let us examine all this display of astronomical knowledge; this, as Mr. Cozens calls it, "vast and classical intelligence."

How full it is of wild confusion, not to say the grossest ignorance when fairly examined. The stars which God bade Abraham tell were the fixed stars as seen in the midnight sky, and it was the innumerable multitude of these which he was to look at and measure his seed by. But Mr. Wells destroys all the simplicity and beauty of this interpretation by his absurd comment. The heavenly stars which Abraham was bidden to count have no "destined orbits;" and that is the reason why they are called "fixed," in opposition to the planets which have elliptical orbits, that is, move round the sun in a peculiar circle, called an ellipse, and to the comets, whose orbits are "eccentric," that is, ellipses exceedingly prolonged. How absurd, then, to talk of the "destined orbits of the heavenly stars." But his astronomical terms are still more ridiculous, and are either misprints or the most curious mistakes that a man could well make, indeed could not make had he read with the least attention the simplest work on the subject. They are "sometimes in their detriment." There is no such word used in astronomy, nor have we the least idea what he means by it. There is "declination," but that does not suit the sense, and the word "decrement," or decrease, is not an astronomical but a mathematical term. The word "peregrinations" is not an astronomical word, but may be used of the motions of the planets. "Stationary" they never really are, though they appear to us sometimes to be so. What in the world is meant by their being "in fortification" we cannot tell, nor do we believe the preacher himself knows, or what he means by their "exaltation," as opposed to it. What, too, is their "combustion," unless he means the tail of a comet, which we have no reason to believe arises from the comet being, as it were, on fire, blazing away like a burning haystack; nor how "they rush forward in their glorious orbits, shining with all the splendours of eternity," when the eccentric orbit of a comet takes it every night more and more out of sight.

We think he must have dipped into some old astrological book—a companion, perhaps, to Moore's Almanac, and its curious hieroglyphics, and jumbled it up with a little smattering of astronomy; enough, however, to astonish the people,—and draw from the Editor of the "Gospel Guide" the expression "How spiritually grand!"

There are plenty of cheap and excellent treatises on astronomy. If Mr. Wells thinks he may profitably study such subjects, let him buy one of these, and read it carefully, before he dazzles his audience again with his scientific attainments. Sham knowledge is as contemptible naturally as sham religion is spiritually. If we speak strongly, or even severely, on these points, it is because we are thoroughly disgusted with the late flatteries so profusely heaped upon him, and feel called upon to show their deceptiveness and falsehood; for if we do hate anything, it is "shams."

"In conclusion, I would say, for one, I am proud of Mr. Wells, for in him we see the patriarch's abstraction from the world, the priest's devotion to the altar of divine service, the prophet's communings with the spirit-world, the apostle's self-abnegation in seeking the good of others; indeed, in him is concentrated the zeal of Wyclif, the daring of Luther, the sagacity of Calvin, the imagery of Bunyan, the discrimination of Toplady, and the spirit of the Master."

If, your stomach can bear it, do, good reader, read this extract again.—"In him we see"—Who are the "we"? Was there ever a man or a minister, who lived and breathed the breath of life, that combined in himself the patriarch's abstraction from the world, the priest's devotion, the prophet's communings with the spirit-world,* and the apostle's self-denial? Wherever was there one man in whom were concentrated the best qualities of Wicklif, Luther, Calvin, Bunyan, Toplady, and all crowned with the spirit of Christ? Does Mr. Cozens really believe what he writes? Is it his calm, deliberate judgment that Mr. James Wells is that unheard-of paragon of all natural and spiritual excellence, that phoenix who combines in himself the greatest gifts and graces of the greatest saints and divines who ever lived? If he believe this, if this be his serious and deliberate opinion, what amazing ignorance of everything naturally or spiritually great, to think that any one man, and, above all, Mr. James Wells, can combine in himself such a constellation of heavenly gifts—

gifts and graces not to be reckoned up by simple addition, but to be calculated by the multiplication-table, for if the shining qualities of ten men meet together in one man, he is not only ten times as great as any one of them, but a hundred times, from the strength and force of their combination and concentration. If he do not believe it, and writes all this bombast merely to please Mr. Wells—who, by-the-bye, if he have but the common feelings of an honest man, would, we should think, kick such a flattering article out of his house with both feet—what servile adulation, what fulsome flattery, what mean, wretched *toadying* of a great man in the connection by one of the humbler satellites! Have our readers had enough of it, or shall we trespass too much on their patience, by furnishing another extract from the same pen on the same occasion?

* If we did not know better, we should almost think that Mr. Cozens was tainted with that abomination of our day called "spiritualism;" for the expression, "communing with the spirit-world," is the very language of those modern impostors or necromancers who pretend to converse with the spirits of the dead. What does he mean by the prophets "communing with the spirit-world?" They communed with God; the Spirit of Christ was in them. (1 Pet.1:11.) But what communing had they with the spirits of the departed? Is this doctrine gospel truth, or gospel guidance?

"I heartily wish every man of God in London had as beautiful a chapel, as large a church, and as liberal a congregation, as our highly-favoured brother, Mr. J. Wells. That man must indeed be a narrow-souled, lean-hearted, and ill-conditioned being who refuses to join with the Surrey Tabernacle worshippers in singing the 'Hallelujah Chorus.'

"The preacher is almost as fresh and as unctuous as the dewy morn; his physical powers seem unimpaired; his mind is as richly stored with divine treasures as the coffers of *Croesus* were with gold; his thoughts flow like the rapids of a river; his utterances dance about the green pasture like young roes upon the mountain; his eyes flash with intellectual fire, and his arms appear to wield the sword of his mouth with marvellous effect. Dr. Hugh Allen said to me after the evening service, 'His enunciation is extraordinary.' Indeed, it is, doctor. His declarations are bold and manly; his attestations are clear and convincing; his intelligence is vast and classical; his information is wide and

scholastic. He is a prodigy of indomitable perseverance, and of great acquirements. Our young ministers would do well to emulate his assiduousness.

"The deacons are like a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot. The Aminadab in the pulpit holds the reins, and the horses without kicking or prancing move on stately and grandly carrying in the chariot of ordinances a great number of precious souls from the things that are seen to the things that are not seen. God bless them for the active part they have taken in building the temple.

"The church is like a flock of sheep on the high mountains of Israel. That they live and feed in a fat pasture is patent to all spiritual observers. Pharaoh's lean kine could not live among the fatted sheep of the Surrey Tabernacle. Brother Wells's 'bill of fare' is a 'feast of fat things and of wines well refined,' and therefore it is that his people are fat and flourishing in the courts of our God."

What wretched daubing is this? We do not like to make promises or protestations; but we think we can say, in all honesty, that, sooner than daub any man or men with such untempered mortar, we would never touch pen again. Besides which, what in the world can Mr. Cozens know of the deacons and church of Mr. Wells to warrant such fulsome praise? And when we consider all the circumstances under which such lavish flattery is bestowed upon minister and people, when it was matter of public notoriety that Mr. Wells has advanced and still maintains views of sinless falsehood which have shaken the confidence in him of many of his warmest friends, it makes such conduct more suspicious and more censurable.

Are we wrong, then, in saying that in all such religious news, that is, when dressed out according to the specimen just given—and this is but a sample of the usual spirit given us to drink, though it must be acknowledged that the articles supplied by Mr. Cozens are rather "above proof" in every sense of the term, there is nothing but barrenness and death? What fruitfulness to God or man can there be in flattery? What life in deception? It is well known that Mr. Wells has lately published a sermon which, as we shall by and by show, strikes at the very foundations of truth and honesty, if not common morality. Just at

this very juncture, when he stands in such a perilous spot, when he has drawn upon himself the animadversions of the public press, when his most intimate and long-tried friend, Mr. Foreman,* felt himself compelled to decline his engagement to open his new chapel—just at this very crisis, this turning-point, it may be, of Mr. Wells's ministerial career, instead of remonstrating with him on his errors, and thus, perhaps, instrumentally turning him from them, ministers and editors who call themselves men of truth come forward to back him up, and thus confirm and harden him in his views.

*** Mr. Foreman has been condemned, and, what is worse, accused of jealousy as a reason that he would not fulfil his engagement. But we may be sure that, after so long and intimate a friendship of 35 years, he must have been exceedingly pained so publicly to withdraw himself from Mr. Wells; and in our opinion he has acted most properly and creditably to himself in bearing this open, unmistakable testimony against Mr. Wells's grievous errors.**

But in our desire to show the evils of the present system of religious intelligence, and the reasons why we so set our face against it, we have rather overrun our mark, which was to review Mr. Wells's sermon on the faith of Rahab. It is indeed no pleasurable task for us to enter upon what will probably prove a very sea of strife; but silence on our part, when the very foundations of truth are assailed, if not absolutely criminal, would at least be interpreted into timidity or acquiescence; either that we were afraid of attacking Mr. Wells, and with him that strong party of ministers and others who stand by him, or that we secretly approved of his views and sentiments. We feel, then, bound to declare our opinion without fear and without flattery. To come, then, without further preface to this now celebrated sermon.

On Lord's Day morning, June 18, 1865, Mr. Wells preached a sermon at the Surrey Tabernacle, which was duly published in the "Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit," and therefore, doubtless, not only had his sanction, but passed under his eye for revision for the press. We may fairly, therefore, accept this sermon as a public statement of his deliberate views, and as such it is open to us, as to every other reader, to examine these sentiments by the light of scripture; and, as editors of a religious periodical, to lay before our readers our opinion upon them, if, as becomes our profession, we do so with fairness and impartiality.

The subject of the sermon, as will be seen from the title, is "the Faith of Rahab, the Harlot." The introduction to the sermon contains sound truth well and vigorously expressed. Take, for instance, the following extract:

"But perhaps this does not come exactly to the point; it is God's way of saving the soul that man objects to. God loving a man simply because he would love him, and choosing him simply because he would, and imputing the man's sins to Christ simply because he would, and imputing the work of Christ to him savingly because he would, and preserving that man while in a state of nature simply because he would, and calling him at the appointed moment simply because he would, and dealing with him after he hath called him just as seemeth good in his sight, not as seemeth good in the man's sight, not as seemeth good in the sight of others, but as seemeth good in his own sight, and keeping him to the end with infallible certainty, and presenting him ultimately on the vantage-ground of victory before the throne; this is that which the spirit of the world hath always hated and still hates. This is the salvation that the world and Pharisees grudge a poor sinner."

Mr. Wells then ably shows how different the case is when God really takes the soul in hand by his grace:

"But let God take a Saul of Tarsus or any other man in hand, and let the Lord break up the foundations of the great deep within that man's heart; let that man's soul be tried with the ten thousand infidelities and unnameable abominations of his heart; let him see and feel himself spiritually as the word of God declares, full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores, no part sound; let a sinner be thus convinced, he will feel that he has not a stone to throw at any one. He will look at what he is, and say, 'What have I to do with other people's sins? I have nothing but sin to call my own.' 'This is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' I am the greatest wonder here. I am aware it has been declared that Saul of Tarsus alone can adopt that language, 'I am the chief of sinners;' but it is the language that every real Christian adopts, because every real Christian sees more sin in himself than he can see in all others put together. And where there is this spirit, then it is that spirit the apostle exhorts to when he says, 'Esteeming each other better than himself.' And the Christian, when he comes to his right mind, is glad to see the grace of God anywhere, let it be wherever

it may. He is glad to see the grace of God in Manasseh, in Magdalene, the thief, or anywhere. Yea, so far from the Christian, that knows his own heart and his own state, grudging another his salvation, he rather blesseth God for those wondrous instances given in his word of his grace reaching down to the lowest, taking up the most depraved, the most monstrous, and turning them into kings and priests to God, consecrating them to himself for ever."

Had Mr. Wells confined himself to this simple strain of divine truth, and not launched into views and speculations which he must have known were dubious, not to say dangerous, how much better would it have been for himself and his congregation. But then that would not be Mr. Wells. Unless he can bring forward something new, striking, startling, and, to use a modern term, sensational, it would seem to be poor, tame work to himself and the people. It is also but doing Mr. Wells common justice to give another extract in which he disclaims a doctrine as horrid and loathsome, which we fear we shall have occasion to fasten, upon him. But let us thus far give him the benefit of his own disclaimer:

"I shall not this morning occupy your time in dwelling (for I shall leave you entirely to your own reflections, lest I should be misunderstood) upon some points that I could have entered into. I will leave you to your own reflections upon the wonderful counsel of God pertaining to this woman, his deep counsel in suffering her so to degrade herself, his deep counsel in placing her in a house that should be just convenient for the spies to come to, his deep counsel in overruling the worst of things to the best purposes. I will leave you to your own reflections upon this, lest any should go away with an impression that I hold the horrid and loathsome doctrine of doing evil that good may come. I hold no such doctrine, and no child of God ever did, or ever will, or ever can sin from such a motive. I shall, therefore, pass by all the circumstances of original character, and shall simply notice what our text presents, namely, her faith. 'By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not.'

"I shall notice first, *what she believed*; secondly, *her integrity*; thirdly, *her prayer*; fourthly, *her manifold success*."

The first head we shall pass by. Mr. Covens would probably see in it all the gifts and graces of all the patriarchs, the priests, the prophets, and the

apostles, and Wicklif, Luther, Calvin, Bunyan, and Toplady all concentrated in one. But our dim sight sees nothing extraordinary in it; nothing that, either as regards ideas or language, is much above the general average of the leading preachers in his connection. Nay, if we were disposed to be critical, we should seriously object to such a crude, naked statement as the following, which in our judgment does not display the ripe, matured wisdom of the patriarch, the devotion of the priest, the sublime communing of the prophet, and the grace of the apostles, let alone Calvin's sagacity, and Toplady's discrimination:

"Why, if I were the greatest sinner practically that ever walked God Almighty's earth, and if I had been carrying on sin with gigantic force for a thousand years, or even ten thousand years, if I am blessed with a grain of faith in Immanuel, my sins are swallowed up, the devil defeated, my soul saved, grace prevailing, the truth made good, the Saviour triumphant, God glorified, and that for ever."

Now, we do not say that a man who has been "carrying on sin with gigantic force for a thousand years" would be saved by a grain of faith in Immanuel. His precious blood; God's name be for ever praised, "cleanseth from all sin." But what is there said in this extract about repentance, confession, and forsaking of sin? What of broken bones and a guilty conscience, of the floods that such a saved sinner must have to wade through before salvation was sealed on his breast? As it now stands, the impression left by it would be simply this, that a man might live in all manner of sin all his life, and then a grain of faith would be all he would want to save him at the last without repentance, confession, or a broken heart.

We do not say that Mr. Wells holds any such doctrine; nay, we fully believe that he does not; but this we must say, that Calvin, Luther, Bunyan, and Toplady never advanced such naked, unguarded doctrine, or thus left out all mention of repentance; nor was it Paul's preaching, (Acts 20:20, 21) or Peter's either. (Acts 2:38; 3:19; 5:31.)

But we will now furnish an extract from that part of the sermon which has caused so much excitement; and, though rather long, we give it in full, 1, that our readers may judge of the whole matter for themselves; and, 2, that we may not be suspected or accused of garbling his statements:

"Second, I notice her *integrity*. Now where there is this faith that I have noticed, good works will follow. First, integrity,—she took care of the spies. Ah! say you, she told two untruths. She did, and jeopardized her life in so doing. The king sent and said, 'There are men come unto thee, bring them forth.' 'Well,' she said, 'men came, but I do not know whence they came.' That was not true. No, it was not. 'And about the time it got dark, and the gate was about to be shut, they went out, but I do not know where they have gone to; you had better pursue after them.' Now here are two falsehoods. Now, then, some of you hypocrites, get your piety ready, for I am going to shock it a little. Was Rahab justified in those falsehoods? Certainly she was. Say you, would you have told them? Yes, sir, I would tell ten thousand if I were placed in the same circumstances, and had the same divine authority for it that she had. She must either utter those falsehoods or else betray the spies, and their lives would have been lost. Then she could not have saved Jericho; it would have been destroyed all the same, and she would have been destroyed, and her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, would have been destroyed, and all would have been destroyed. Some say, Well, I have sometimes thought that she told those falsehoods by virtue of the law of hospitality; that in the East, when they receive a person as their guest, they feel bound to venture any and every thing for him. Well, oriental customs are all very well in their place, but we must not lay too much stress upon that; I choose to keep close to the blessed God. Well, but say you, there are the falsehoods, and so how do you get over them? I will ask you a question or two. First, the shewbread was lawful for none but the priests; David did not even belong to the priestly tribe, yet ate the shewbread. Then how do you get over it? Oh, say you, won't you tell us? I don't think I ought. What saith the law? 'Thou shalt do no manner of work on the Sabbath day.' 'The priests profane the Sabbath,' mark that, 'and are blameless.' The Pharisees were confounded at that. Did not the Saviour say so, that they profaned the Sabbath, and were blameless? Rahab from two principles uttered these falsehoods. First, she was placed apparently between two evils; she must either inflict injury upon the cause of God, by destroying—which she would have done by admitting the spies were there—the lives of these two godly men; she must either do that, or else speak as she did; therefore, between the two evils she chose the least. But were not the untruths she told sinful? No, I believe not; I'll have a word upon that presently. But, mind, we must be placed in analogous circumstances to tell an

untruth with divine sanction. I will not here give you a lecture upon the vice of lying, which is a dreadful vice, as you all know. But it is the peculiarity of the circumstances in times past; and even now I could easily show you we may be placed in circumstances where such untruths, which untruths would do no one harm, would be commanded. Did she injure any one? If by exposing the spies she could have saved her country, there might have been some plausibility about it; but it would not; Jericho would have been destroyed all the same, and she too, and, as I have said, her house as well. Now then, to be careful here for a moment, I will tell you a doctrine I hold, and I may as well bring it to light; a little open air will do it no harm. I hold this doctrine; that in the physical, in the moral, and in the spiritual world the great God can suspend for a time any law he chooses. When the sun stood still, some physical laws we do not understand were suspended; when the sea was divided, physical laws we do not understand were suspended; so when Jordan was divided. In all the Saviour's miracles there were physical laws suspended, and other laws put into their place we cannot understand. The literal law of things was for the loaves and fishes to remain as they were; but to suspend that law, and by some other law we do not understand multiplied those loaves and fishes into what you read of. And just so in the moral world; God here suspended the law of falsehood, and by suspending that law did hereby take away the criminality of Rahab's falsehoods; that though she told two falsehoods, there was no sin in them, no crime in them; necessity demanded it; God suspended the usual law of truth, and made that morally true which was literally false; that is, Rahab did not *choose* to know whence the spies came, or whither they went, and in the exercise of this right she was justified; hereby suspended one law to make way for another. What cannot the great God do? 'Do to others as you would they should do to you' is a law existing among creatures of equality; but God has not his equal; he has no other to do to him as he is done to. Why, say some, you seem to rejoice in it. Of course I do. I would rather lose the last drop of my blood any day than give up one iota of Jehovah's right—absolute, original, and moral right—as the great original, inconceivable God, to do just what he pleases. There are some laws he will not suspend; the law of his love—never alter that; the law of salvation; not because he cannot—be careful how you attribute *cannots* to the great God. God cannot lie because he will not."

This is plain enough. There is no obscurity of thought or language here. Mr. Wells does certainly possess the faculty of clearly and forcibly expressing his

meaning, and in this much of his ability as a preacher consists. As before we have done with him, we shall have to give him some hard blows, let us do him justice as far as we can. But let us now examine the sentiments and views thus plainly expressed. Mr. Wells here allows that Rahab told two falsehoods, but sets himself vigorously to justify them, and we must say on such grounds that, if they could be carried out and fully established, would overturn every distinction between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, good and evil.

He has a suspicion, indeed, that his views, so novel and so startling, will meet with disapproval. But, mark the way in which he encounters the anticipated opposition, as if he would beat it down beforehand, and stamp upon it if it should dare to raise its head against him: "Now, then, some of you hypocrites, get your piety ready, for I am going to shock it a little." Is it not daring in the extreme, language most repulsive to every right feeling, thus to brand all as pious hypocrites who will not and cannot receive his doctrine, and feel shocked at such God-dishonouring sentiments? What an attempt to beat down the timid and tender-hearted, and hold them up to his congregation as hypocrites, if they would not at once, and without examination, receive the doctrine which he was about to advance. And what an invitation, what an encouragement to the daring part of his congregation, to all who would shun as a plague the imputation of pious hypocrisy, to receive at once, whatever he might propound, lest the very suspicion of mock-holiness should be cast upon them. For what is the doctrine thus introduced with a kind of popish anathema against all who would not at once receive it, or immediate subjection to all the pains and penalties due to hypocrites here and hereafter if they would not without consideration or examination, fall down and worship the image—we cannot call it golden—which Mr. James Wells has set up? It is this, that under certain circumstances a lie is not a lie; that occasions of great urgency may arise when they are perfectly justifiable, and that he himself would tell ten thousand if he were placed in the same position, and had the same divine authority for it. Now, we admit that Rahab was placed in very trying circumstances, and that the lives of the spies, humanly speaking, depended on her lips. But no circumstances whatever can make a lie not to be a lie, and no power in heaven or in earth can alter the nature of falsehood and cause it not to be a sin; nor did God give her authority to tell a lie to save the spies. It is, we must say, awful* tampering with God's word, and a profanation of his holy name, to declare that he has ever commanded any man

or woman, under any circumstances, to tell lies, and given falsehood his sanction. It is awful doctrine, hold it who may, be he Calvinist, or Arminian, Baptist, Independent, or Churchman. We assert that Rahab sinned in telling falsehoods to save the lives of the spies, and that it is nothing but sophistry, vile sophistry, to say that they were not sinful; in fact, it is a worse doctrine than that which Mr. Wells denounces, as we have seen in this very sermon, as "horrid and loathsome," viz., of doing evil that good may come; for to say that evil is not evil, and may, under certain circumstances, be good, is worse than doing evil as evil that good may come, for it more breaks up the distinction between good and evil. A man who says, "I am doing what is evil, but I do it that good may come from it," acknowledges that he is doing evil; but a man who says, "The lie I have told in this particular case and under this peculiar circumstance is not evil but good, and has the sanction and approbation of the Almighty," actually denies that evil is evil, and pronounces evil to be good. This is the very language which Milton put into the mouth of Satan, us the ultimatum of all wickedness:

"Evil, be thou my good."

But Mr. Wells urges, "You should bring the prophets and apostles, and show what they say." Why has he not done this himself to prove, or at least support, his doctrine? He attempts, indeed, to bring in the authority of James, and actually says that he makes Rahab's lies to be the best part of her conduct. But as we shall have occasion to enter on this point, we shall for the present pass it by. Let, then, Mr. Wells show us where and when God bade Rahab tell lies to save the lives of the spies, or even declared that her falsehoods were not sinful. Mr. Wells argues as if Rahab's lies were so indispensable to the safety of the spies that in no other way could they have been preserved from immediate destruction. But is not this denying the power of God? Could not he have struck their pursuers with blindness, as the angels smote the men of Sodom, (Gen. 19:11,) or consumed them with fire from heaven, as he burnt up the two captains and their companies that came to take Elijah? (2 Kings 1:9-12.) It almost seems as if Mr. Wells would so doubt the power of God to have the lives of the spies in any other way than by Rahab's lies,† that he actually sacrificed to that overwhelming necessity his own truth and holiness, or, to use Mr. Wells's expression, suspended his moral law. But it seems to us little better than sheer infidelity to think that the Almighty Lord of heaven and

earth was so at a loss for means to save the lives of two men except by sin, that for that special occasion he turned sin into holiness, evil into good, and truth into falsehood. For do look at the words:

* It is painful to see how Mr. Wells meets this expression "awful," which he must have heard frequently used in reference to his views upon the nature of truth and falsehood, and God's suspending his moral law. In his morning sermon, preached at the opening of the New Surrey Tabernacle, we find him thus speaking:

"Now-a-days, if a minister say something that others cannot understand, they lift up their hands and say, 'How awful!' But that does not convince any one that he is wrong. You should bring the prophets and apostles, and show what they say, and not let your words be, 'How awful!' not lift up your hands and eyes and say, 'How awful!' Any old woman could say that. A minister ought to say what any one could not say. They should bring in the testimonies of the prophets and apostles, and bring them in quietly, and see them side by side with what they think to be wrong, and thus they would cleanse the visual ray, and on what they suppose to be the sightless eyeball they would pour the day. But instead of this they put themselves and others too into a storm, and make the fog thicker still."

† There are some very good remarks on this point by Keil, a German commentator on Joshua, as will be seen by the following extract:

"Though Rahab's subsequent conversation with the spies (5:9) proves that she was both convinced of the omnipotence of Jehovah, and of the reality of the miracles he had performed for his people, and also that she firmly believed that this God was about to give them the land of Canaan, and that therefore all opposition to Israel would be futile, being, in fact, resistance to the Almighty God himself; yet this is no justification of her falsehood, which still remains nothing but a sinful expedient, by which she thought it necessary to contribute her part towards the accomplishment of the decrees of God and the safety of herself and family. The lie which Rahab told is a sin, notwithstanding that the feelings which dictated it had their root in faith in the true God; (Heb. 11:31;) and the help she rendered from these motives to the spies, and therefore to the cause of the Lord, was accounted to her for righteousness, (James 2:25,) and her sin was forgiven her as a sin of weakness."

This is sounder doctrine than Mr. Wells's.

"But were not the untruths she told sinful? No, I believe not. But mind, we must be placed in analogous circumstances to tell an untruth with divine sanction." What can be plainer than this declaration of Mr. Wells's faith that the untruths which Rahab told were not sinful, nay had the divine sanction? Mark those last words. Is not that an awful expression, "to tell an untruth with divine sanction," as if the God of truth, the Holy One of Israel, the God who cannot lie, may and does sometimes sanction a lie? And observe, also, the practical inference drawn from the doctrine that Rahab's lies were not sinful. That we may be placed in circumstances analogous to hers when we may tell lies which shall not be sinful, and even have the divine sanction, as, for instance, screening a fellow member of a church from disgrace by telling falsehoods, as Rahab screened the spies from death. As, however, we shall by and by more fully enter upon this point, we shall just now waive it. But suppose further that Rahab had confirmed her words by an oath. According to Mr. Wells's view, that would not have been perjury, for an oath is merely a stronger asseveration than a word; and if a lie under certain circumstances be no lie, then, under the same similar circumstances, perjury would be no perjury. One of the vilest doctrines of the Jesuits was, that under certain circumstances lying was not a sin, and that for the good of the church, or even under other circumstances, theft, perjury, and murder ceased to be crimes, and indeed became virtues.* How does that doctrine differ from Mr. Wells's, that we may be placed under circumstances where untruths would be commanded; in other words, where God would bid us tell a lie. It will be observed that Mr. Wells brings forward some show of argument to support his views, and as he bids those who say, "How awful!" and we are among them, to bring in the testimony of the prophets and apostles, and to bring them in quietly, we shall attempt to do so, and quietly begin with showing the fallacy of his arguments to defend the falsehoods of Rahab. We have called it a show, for it is nothing more than a show, and has in it neither truth nor substance. He brings forward the Lord's argument about David's eating the shewbread, and the priests in the temple profaning the Sabbath, and yet being blameless. But what a vast difference there is between an institution such as the Sabbath, or a mere ceremonial prohibition such as that none but the priests and their families might eat the shewbread, and the grand, immutable distinction between truth and falsehood, good and evil. The cases are not

parallel, and have nothing in common with each other; and that being the case, all comparison between them is worthless, and every inference drawn from such a comparison is fallacious. The Sabbath was made for man,—not man for the Sabbath. Had no Sabbath ever been instituted, had no distinction been made by God between the six days of labour and the seventh day of rest, there would have been no violation of the eternal laws of truth and holiness. Whether man rests or labours, it does not touch the eternal, unalterable distinction between truth and falsehood, right and wrong. God might or might not institute the Sabbath, or he might, if he so pleased, abrogate it when instituted, without its in the least affecting his righteous attributes; but he cannot, with all the might of omnipotence, make wrong to be right, evil to be good, or falsehood to be truth. As a perpetual memorial of his own resting from the six days' work, for the good of man and beast, and for the preservation of his worship upon earth, God instituted the Sabbath day. This was again repeated as the fourth commandment of the decalogue, and was thus made binding on the children of Israel by positive law. But the ceremonial law, which came from the same Lawgiver, commanded that two lambs of the first year, without spot, should be offered on the Sabbath day, (Num. 28:9,) which, of course, involved the necessity of killing and flaying them, cutting them into pieces, putting fire on the altar, and laying the wood in order, (Lev. 1:6-9,) all which, unless so commanded, and done for holy uses and the worship of God, might be called "servile work," and a profanation of the Sabbath. But it is mere trifling with the question to adduce as an argument that God can occasionally sanction lies, make them to be truths, and suspend his moral law, because the priests in the temple offered sacrifices on the Sabbath. Mr. Wells speaks of "clearing the visual ray;" but where was his visual ray when he could see no distinction between the immutable laws of truth and holiness and a mere institution? His must have been a "sightless eye-ball" not to perceive so plain a distinction, and we almost fear, if we are to judge by the way in which he defends his views in his late sermons and addresses, even now so sightless that we shall not be able "to pour the day upon it!" But who, with purged eyesight, does not see that Sabbaths are for earth, for a time state, and cease with earth? There are no seventh-day Sabbaths in heaven, as there are no six days' work, but one eternal Sabbath of rest and peace. (Heb. 4:9, *margin*.) But though there are no seventh-day Sabbaths in heaven, the throne of God is in heaven, (Ps. 11:4,) and as justice and judgment are its habitation and establishment, (Ps. 89:14, *margin*,) so to

all eternity will truth be truth, and holiness be holiness, and God must cease to be before he can cease to be the Holy One of Israel. The other argument about David's eating the shewbread, and drawing from that circumstance the inference that God sometimes sanctions falsehood, and suspends his moral law against it, is equally weak and fallacious. It was but a ceremonial institution that none but the priest and his family might eat the loaves of shewbread which were removed weekly from the table. It was, therefore, analogous to the prohibition of eating unclean meats, fat, or blood, and was but a breach of the ceremonial law. David's eating the shewbread was not a sin as telling a lie is a sin. The one was the infringement of a ceremonial institution, the other is a breach of the moral law. There was no curse attached to a man of the tribe of Judah eating, in a case of necessity, the shewbread, but there is a curse attached to the breach of the moral law. It is, therefore, mere childish, not to say sophistical, trifling with the question to compare the two things together. A higher law might overrule a ceremonial law when there would be no positive sin involved in it, as Elijah offered sacrifice on Mount Carmel, which none but a priest could do, under the penalty of death; (Num. 18:7;) and yet this act God himself openly sanctioned by sending fire down from heaven to consume the offering. Similarly, the Lord ordered Gideon, who was of the tribe of Manasseh to offer a burnt sacrifice, which, but for the Lord's special command, would have been in Gideon a capital crime. (Judges 6:15, 25, 26.) But, who that possesses any degree of spiritual sight does not see the difference between God's sanctioning, nay, ordering a breach of the ceremonial law and his ordering or sanctioning a breach of the moral law? The one touches a mere national, typical, and now abrogated ceremonial, and the other the eternal, immutable foundations of right and wrong, holiness and sin, good and evil, truth and falsehood. But as we are not "an old woman," though we believe many a gracious old woman might lift up her eyes and say, "How awful!" through the inward shrinking of her righteous soul from a God-dishonouring doctrine, who might not be able to argue the question with Mr. Wells—but as we are not an old woman, and yet may say with a good conscience, "How awful!" we shall answer his challenge to bring in the testimonies of the prophets and apostles, and quietly set them side by side with his views on God's sanctioning lies.

*** Bellarmine, the greatest champion of Popery, has these words: "If the Pope should err in commending vice or forbidding virtue, the Church is bound to**

believe vice to be good and virtue to be bad."—*Bellarmino de Pontifice, Book 4. chap. 5.* Extremes, they say, meet, and it would almost seem as if the minister of the new Surrey Tabernacle and the priests of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral might, after the example of Dr. Hugh Allen, meet and shake hands at the Elephant and Castle.

We will begin with Moses when "the Lord descended in the cloud and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." (Exod. 34:5-6.) "And will by no means clear the guilty." The Lord can and does "forgive iniquity and transgression and sin," and thus he graciously forgave Rahab her lies; as he forgave her all the past acts of her base life. But he will by no means clear the guilty, nor turn guilt into good, sin into holiness, or falsehood into truth. To forgive sin is one thing, to sanction it is another. Thus God pardons sin, but never sanctions it; mercifully forgives it through the blood of his dear Son, but never approves of it, never alters its nature, never changes its character, never does, never can do, anything but hate it with perfect hatred.

Our next testimony shall be Samuel's: "And also the Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent: for he is not a man that he should repent." (1 Sam. 15:29.) If God "will not lie," he cannot approve of lies; if he do not "repent," that is, change his mind, he cannot one day condemn lies and another day sanction them.

Our next witness shall be that of Isaiah, when he saw the glory of the Lord in the Temple. Here he heard the voice of the seraphim: "And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." (Isa. 6:3.) If the Lord of hosts is holy, holy, holy, how can he sanction unholiness and approve of falsehood? He must deny himself, abnegate his glorious perfections, cease to be the Holy One of Israel, if he can under any circumstances approve of what is inherently, intrinsically, unalterably sinful.

Our next testimony shall be that of Habakkuk: "Thou art of purer eyes than

to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity." (Hab. 1:13.) But, according to Mr. Wells, circumstances may arise when God ceases to be of purer eyes than to behold evil, that is, as evil, and can look on iniquity not as the prophet means, with abhorrence, but, even with approbation in the eyes of infinite purity evil must always be evil, and sin always sin. What dim views must any man have of the infinite and spotless holiness of the great and glorious I AM to think he can ever approve of what is so abhorrent to his own eternal perfections.

The last authority we shall quote is that of James: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." (James 1:17.) If he is the Father of lights he cannot sanction darkness; and what is falsehood in any shape or under any circumstances but one of the works of darkness with which we are to have no fellowship, but rather reprove (not approve) them? (Eph. 5:11.) And if with him there is "no variableness, neither shadow of turning," how can he so vary from his infinite perfections of truth and holiness as to sanction sin, or turn from his eternal and immutable hatred of evil to countenance and approve of it?

Our limits do not allow us to work out at any length the testimonies we have brought forward of prophets and apostles, and set side by side with Mr. Wells's views and sentiments. We shall leave them, therefore, to the consideration of our readers, and must defer to our following number the further examination of views so novel, so startling, so unscriptural, and so pernicious.

(Concluded, December, 1865.)

When a preacher or writer openly advances and firmly maintains doctrines which, by confounding good and evil, truth and falsehood, may be said to strike at the very foundations of morality, every man of common integrity is bound to protest, as occasion serves, against tenets not only so destructive of the ties which bind society itself together, but which shock the natural conscience of all honest and honourable men; for he not only thereby relieves his own mind, but lends his aid to check the progress of views so immoral and

so pernicious. On such broad grounds, had we no other, we might well take our stand in publicly protesting against the doctrine lately broached by Mr. Wells, that to tell lies under certain circumstances is not only justifiable, but has divine authority and sanction; in other words, has the positive approbation of God. But we have other grounds of a more peculiar and, if possible, stronger character on which to rest our public protest, and, therefore, we trust, amply sufficient to relieve us from any charge of personal hostility, unworthy motives, or unnecessary interference. Mr. Wells holds the doctrines of grace. So do we. Mr. Wells maintains and practises the ordinance of believers' baptism. So do we. Mr. Wells occupies a foremost place as a leader of a religious party. As far as a periodical can occupy a similar position, so do we. Are we not then not only individually, but as representing a large body of Christian men and women, and as speaking also in the name of many ministers and churches of similar views with ourselves, loudly called upon to protest against sentiments which have cast a reproach and a dishonour upon the whole body of the Particular Baptist churches throughout the land? Does the world generally, does the religious world in particular, know any difference or distinction between the Particular Baptist churches? Does it not class them all together as forming one religious sect or party? And do not the enemies of truth set them all down in a lump as maintaining exaggerated Calvinistic, if not positively Antinomian, sentiments? Are we not bound, therefore, to purge ourselves and the ministers and churches who cannot well speak for themselves, but may be considered to speak through us, of the dishonour and reproach cast upon the whole body by the views and sentiments advanced by Mr. Wells? For let it be specially observed, that it is not now a mere matter of private speculation on his part, or a hasty, unguarded expression dropped in the heat of the moment, but on due consideration, seen to be an error, repented of, acknowledged, and forsaken. Mr. Wells still firmly maintains it; his church and congregation may be said to maintain it too, for they have made no public protest against it; and several, if not many ministers in the same connection have also given in their open adhesion to his views.

In resuming, then, the subject, to keep our pen within due bounds, for it is so wide a field, we shall aim chiefly at three points: First, to state as plainly and fairly as we can, Mr. Wells's views; secondly, to review, and as far as we are favoured with divine wisdom and grace, to refute them; thirdly, to show their

practical fruit and tendency.

Following out this plan, let us first state, in Mr. Wells's own words, his views concerning the falsehoods told by Rahab. We will, to save our readers the trouble of reference to our last Number, once more give his own words:

"Now here are two falsehoods. Now, then, some of you hypocrites, get your piety ready, for I am going to shock it a little. Was Rahab justified in those falsehoods? Certainly she was. Say you, would you have told them? Yes, Sir, I would tell ten thousand if I were placed in the same circumstances, and had the same divine authority for it that she had. She must either utter those falsehoods or else betray the spies, and their lives would have been lost."

Observe in this extract four leading points: 1. The admission that Rahab told two falsehoods. 2. That she was justified in telling them. 3. That he himself would tell ten thousand if he were placed in the same circumstances. And 4. That she had divine authority for telling them.

Of course no preacher or writer would venture upon making such extraordinary assertions unless he had some show of proof to substantiate them. Mr. Wells, therefore, felt himself compelled to bring forward some arguments to prove his points. As far as we can understand them, for they are rather confused, he rests his defence of Rahab on three main grounds: 1. The necessity of the case, "She must either utter those falsehoods or else betray the spies, and their lives would have been lost." 2. On the permitted violation of the ceremonial law by David in eating the shewbread and by the priests in profaning the Sabbath in the temple. 3. On the power of God to suspend his moral law in particular cases, and thus "make that morally true which was literally false."

As we have already examined the first two of these arguments, and shown that the first is really founded on a disbelief of the power of God, and makes him, so to speak, obliged to give way to necessity; and that the second confounds together things so distinct as the transitory law of ceremony and the eternal law of truth and falsehood, we need not go over that ground again. We shall, therefore, address ourselves to the third point—the almighty power of God, and his consequent ability to suspend any law whether in the physical, moral,

or spiritual world. This is the only argument which has a show of validity, and therefore we shall give it some lengthened consideration. Let us give the extract again:

"Now then, to be careful here for a moment, I will tell you a doctrine I hold, and I may as well bring it to light; a little open air will do it no harm. I hold this doctrine; that in the physical, in the moral, and in the spiritual world the great God can suspend for a time any law he chooses. When the sun stood still, some physical laws we do not understand were suspended; when the sea was divided, physical laws we do not understand were suspended; so when Jordan was divided. In all the Saviour's miracles there were physical laws suspended, and other laws put into their place we cannot understand. The literal law of things was for the loaves and fishes to remain as they were; but to suspend that law, and by some other law we do not understand multiplied those loaves and fishes into what you read of. And just so in the moral world; God here suspended the law of falsehood, and by suspending that law did hereby take away the criminality of Rahab's falsehoods; that though she told two falsehoods, there was no sin in them, no crime in them; necessity demanded it; God suspended the usual law of truth, and made that morally true which was literally false; that is, Rahab did not choose to know whence the spies came, or whither they went, and in the exercise of this right she was justified; hereby suspended one law to make way for another. What cannot the great God do? 'Do to others as you would they should do to you' is a law existing among creatures of equality; but God has not his equal; he has no other to do to him as he is done to. Why, say some, you seem to rejoice in it. Of course I do. I would rather lose the last drop of my blood any day than give up one iota of Jehovah's right—absolute, original, and moral right—as the great, original, inconceivable God, to do just what he pleases. There are some laws he will not suspend; the law of his love—never alter that; the law of salvation; not because he cannot—be careful how you attribute *cannots* to the great God. God cannot lie because he will not."

There is something very deliberate here. It is no hasty, unconsidered sentiment, which dropped from him in a moment of excitement. Look at the words:

"Now then, to be careful here for a moment, I will tell you a doctrine I hold,

and I may as well bring it to light; a little open air will do it no harm."

He, has, then, it appears, long held the doctrine, only covered up, hidden in the dark room, without light or air. "But it shall be hidden," says he "no longer. It will be stifled there. Let me bring it out and give it a little air." But who can tell what other similar views and sentiments may also be hidden in the same dark room, and when the fitting season comes may be brought out into the air? No very encouraging prospect, one would think, for his hearers to wait every Lord's Day with anxious expectation what new doctrine, what fresh error, is about to come forth to be aired for the first time in the new chapel.

But let us examine this argument drawn from the omnipotence of God. The doctrine is this, that as the power of God is infinite, if you deny that he can suspend the moral law, or change the character of truth and falsehood, you are setting bounds to his omnipotence. Observe the language: "What cannot the great God do?" "Be careful how you attribute *cannots* to the great God. God cannot lie because he will not." This argument has a show of strength, as we both naturally and spiritually shrink from setting bounds to the almighty power of God. And yet the omnipotence of God is a point on which mistakes are easily made,* from not taking into consideration other circumstances; and we shall therefore show that there is a limit even to omnipotence. The Scripture plainly and positively declares that "it was impossible for God to lie," (Heb. 6:18,) and that he cannot lie, (Tit. 1:2,) and thus set bounds to the omnipotence of God. What are these bounds?

*** Charnock justly observes: "The want of understanding the doctrine of the divine power hath caused many to run into mighty absurdities."**

1. Some things are possible from their *very nature*, as, for instance, that a fact which has taken place should not have taken place. Peter, for instance, denied his Master; this is a fact which once took place. Now, all the omnipotence of God cannot make that act not to have been done which was done. God mercifully pardoned it, overruled it for good, and brought a blessing out of it. But it having once occurred, omnipotence itself cannot make it not to have occurred.

2. Some things are impossible to the *nature and being of God*. Thus God cannot die, nor can he grow old or decay; he cannot change, lose, or part with any of his perfections or, being a Spirit, perform bodily actions. These things are weakness, not power; whereas the perfection of his power is to abide for ever unchanged and unchangeable in his own eternal being. He cannot but be what he eternally is. Could he be otherwise, it would not be omnipotence, but impotence; not the perfection of power, but the presence of weakness.

3. Some things—and here we come to our present point—are impossible to the *glorious perfections of God*. All the perfections of God harmonize with each other. It is true that he can do whatsoever he can will; but he cannot will anything unrighteous. The power of God is not something distinct from his will, as if God by virtue of his omnipotence might act contrary to his will, for his will is infinitely pure; and thus it is impossible for God to lie, because it is impossible for him to will evil. He cannot do anything unbecoming his holiness, or contrary to the perfections of his nature. And all these perfections are not only infinite, but what is termed co-ordinate, that is, each maintains its equal place with the rest. As, then, all the perfections of God are infinite and co-ordinate, the infinity of one perfection cannot clash with, or be overpowered by the infinity of another. Mr. Wells says that "God cannot lie because he will not." That is to a certain extent true, because his will is as perfect as his power. But as Mr. Wells puts it, it almost sounds as if his idea was that God could lie if he would. Now the Scripture expressly declares that "it is impossible for him to lie;" therefore he not only will not, but he cannot. As he cannot die, because he is the life itself; as he cannot err, because he is wisdom itself, so he cannot deceive, because he is goodness itself, so he cannot lie, because he is truth itself. As God is infinitely powerful, so he is infinitely holy. Holiness is the essential glory of his nature, as necessary as his very being, as his omniscience, as his omnipresence. God is omnipotent because he cannot do evil, and would not be omnipotent if he could; for evil is weakness, not strength—a deficiency of righteousness, and therefore of power as well as goodness. It is, therefore, an utter misconception of the omnipotence of God to view it as distinct from his other glorious and infinite perfections, and to think that because all things are said to be possible with God, therefore it is possible for him to lie or do any evil.

And as his infinite purity and holiness make it impossible for God himself to

lie, so they make it impossible for him to sanction or approve of lies in others. As essentially, infinitely holy, he cannot but look upon sin with intense abhorrence. He hates the very sight of it (Zech. 8:17;) the first conception of it in the imagination; it is the abominable thing which he hates, and all the workers of it he hates too. (Ps. 5:5.) He therefore cannot possibly approve of, authorize, or sanction it in any point, in any degree, in any person. To approve of sin in others is to partake of it, nay, as the Apostle argues, is in some respects worse than doing it ourselves, as showing that reprobate mind which loves evil for its own sake. (Rom. 1:32.) If God authorized or sanctioned Rahab's lies, he approved of them; and if he approved of them, he (how dreadful the thought!) would have been a partaker of Rahab's sin. It is, then, no common error that Mr. Wells has advanced, but a most awful insult to the majesty and holiness of the Lord God of heaven and earth. And all who hold him up in it, all the ministers who have wilfully and knowingly approved of it, have made themselves partakers of his sin. His friends are crying out as if it were some personal matter, as if there were some conspiracy to injure him. Such friends are, like his flatterers, his worst enemies; for they stand in the way of his seeing and acknowledging his fault. He might have seen the false step which he has made, and the dangerous path into which it was leading him, and returned; but, by siding with him and making it a party matter, his friends have almost blocked his return; for to acknowledge his error would involve them all in one common mortification.

But having, we hope, cleared up thus far the omnipotence of God, and shown that it is and ever must be in perfect harmony with all his other glorious perfections, let us examine Mr. Wells's views about God's suspending, in particular cases, his laws in what he calls "the physical, the moral, and the spiritual world." We have no wish to enter upon any scientific discussion, but as Mr. Wells has based his argument of God's suspending his moral law upon his suspending occasionally his physical or natural laws, and as he seems to misconceive the nature of a miracle, we will venture a few remarks upon the point.

Now, we have no reason to believe that God ever suspends any law in the physical, and certainly not in the moral and spiritual world. A miracle is not, as Mr. Wells seems to think, the suspension of a physical law, but the putting forth of a power which acts differently from it, or in defiance of it. When

Peter walked upon the water, the Saviour did not suspend for him the law of gravity, but put forth a power which held him up in spite of gravity. Gravity was in full continuance all the time; for directly the Saviour ceased to hold him up, he began to sink. It was not, therefore, suspended, but overpowered. When the Lord multiplied the loaves and fishes, it was no suspension of the ordinary way in which bread and fish are made, but a making of them in a supernatural way. Mr. Wells does not seem fully to understand the meaning of the word "law," or rather confounds its two meanings. The word law, in the expression "physical law," has two distinct meanings: 1. The rule of a positive agency; 2. The rule of a negative result. Thus, that a stone should fall to the ground is a law of positive agency, but that a stone should continue a stone is a mere negative result. The suspension of the law of gravitation would prevent the stone from falling, the suspension of the law that it should continue a stone would effect nothing, unless there came in another law, a positive law, that it should become, say, a bird, or some other living organism. Thus, the law which causes flour and water, when baked, to become bread is a positive law, but that bread should continue bread is not a law at all, but a result. If there be a law, it is that the bread should become mouldy and perish. The multiplication, therefore, of the loaves was not from a suspension of any physical law, but from a special miraculous power. When Lazarus was raised from the dead, it was not a suspension of the law that a dead body should continue a dead body, for that is not a law, strictly speaking, but a mere negative result, but a putting forth of a supernatural power in the communication of life to the dead. So with healing disease. When the Lord healed the sick, it was not by suspending a physical law, as for instance, that a paralysed man should always continue paralysed, but a putting forth of a miraculous power to heal the paralysis. When the Lord turned water into wine, what physical law was suspended? It is a physical law that oxygen and hydrogen, chemically combined in certain proportions, should form water. Was this law suspended? If so, could the suspension of that law have turned water into wine? Or say that the law was suspended that water at a certain temperature should continue to be water. Could the suspension of that law have changed the water into wine? Thus we see that a miracle is not, as, Mr. Wells supposes, a suspension of a physical law, but an act of divine power which operates in spite of it. We are sorry to have to dwell upon this point, but as the assumed suspension of a physical law is made the groundwork of a similar suspension of a moral law, it seemed needful to show the fallacy of the

analogy.

Assuming, then, as we consider erroneously, that God does sometimes suspend a physical or natural law, Mr. Wells argues from that analogy that he sometimes also suspends his moral law. This is a much more important point than the preceding, for the one merely touches a matter of science, but the other the very grounds of truth and morality. Let us once more look at his own words, that we may clearly gather up his meaning:

"And just so in the moral world; God here suspended the law of falsehood, and by suspending that law did hereby take away the criminality of Rahab's falsehoods; that though she told two falsehoods, there was no sin in them, no crime in them; necessity demanded it; God suspended the usual law of truth, and made that morally true which was literally false; that is, Rahab did not *choose* to know whence the spies came, or whither they went, and in the exercise of this right she was justified; hereby suspended one law to make way for another."

By suspending "the law of falsehood" he means, we suppose, the law against falsehood. But what is meant by suspending a moral law? Does it mean disannulling it for the time, or altogether changing its character? For the two things are distinct. For instance, sometimes in seasons of great political commotion the *Habeas Corpus* Act is suspended. This law provides that a man put into prison may demand that the cause of his commitment should be examined and determined by the Court of Queen's Bench. Its suspension, therefore, leaves the man in prison without any legal remedy. But this suspension does not change the character of the law, and turn it into an enactment to feed him, and clothe him, and take good care of him. So when the law says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," when interpreted and enlarged as the Lord interpreted the law against adultery and murder, it is a prohibition of all falsehood. Now, if this law be said, under certain circumstances, to be suspended, does it mean that it is disannulled for those circumstances, so that we may, as placed under them, bear false witness and tell lies without sin? Or does it mean that it turns falsehood into truth? Mr. Wells seems to include both meanings, for he says that though Rahab told two falsehoods "there was no sin in them;" in other words, that God disannulled for the time his holy, strict, and righteous law, necessity

demanding it; and not only so, but changed its very character, turning thereby truth into falsehood and "made that morally true which was literally false." Now is there any one scripture which warrants this daring assertion? The very express nature of the law is to be "holy, just, and good." (Rom. 7:12.) As such it bears upon it the impress of the holiness and justice of God. It can, therefore, no more be suspended, disannulled, or changed than the holiness and justice of God can be suspended, disannulled, or changed. Its character and nature are as unalterable and unchangeable as the character and nature of God himself. It is as strict as his essential justice, as holy as his eternal holiness, and as inflexible as his unchangeable perfections. It was given on Mount Sinai with every accompaniment of terrible Majesty, and went forth from God's hand as a fiery law. (Exod. 19:16-25; Heb. 12:18-21; Deut. 33:2.) How then can it be suspended or altered? They Lord himself declares: "For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." (Matt. 5:18.) "And it is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the law to fail." (Luke 16:17.) Now if "one jot or tittle," that is, the smallest part,* can in no wise pass from the law, how is it possible that any one moral law can be suspended, that is, as we have shown, be for the time disannulled and its whole character changed? How unchangeable must that law be, which must stand in all its original firmness and smallest minutiae, even were earth and heaven to pass away and be no more!

* The word "jot" is the Hebrew vowel i, which is the smallest of all the characters, and the word "tittle," or little horn, signifies a small turn of the character which, if removed, would change the letter n into g, and the letter th into hh, &c.

But there is still another view of the matter which is of the deepest importance. If God can suspend, that is, for the time remove out of the way and disannul one law, why should he not all? If he can suspend for a time, he can disannul for ever; for the omnipotent power whereby he can do one can as easily do the other. It is so in earthly matters. Parliament, for instance, which can suspend the *Habeas Corpus* Act could disannul it, and make that permanent, which has been, as yet, but temporary. What need was there, then, that the Son of God should come to fulfil the law when by a simple act of almighty power God could have disannulled it in the case of all the elect,* and

not only so, but have turned their disobedience of it into obedience, and given them heaven as their reward? Does not Mr. Wells say that, "God made in Rahab's case that morally true which was literally false," in other words, turned her lies into truths? Now the same power which could turn a literal falsehood into a moral truth can turn an act of literal disobedience into an act of moral obedience, and convert sin into holiness, evil into good, and that which God hates into that which God loves. Where then was the need of Christ's active and passive obedience, of his dolorous sufferings in the garden and on the cross, of the agonies of his holy soul when he bare the curse of the law and all the wrath of God due to the election of grace, if the law could be suspended? The suspension of the law would suspend the curse of the law; and if necessity demanded in the case of Rahab that the law should be suspended in her favour, how much more would necessity demand that it should be suspended in favour of the Son of God? For bear in mind these two things, that the same power which could suspend a part could suspend the whole; and that the same power which could suspend could abrogate and disannul. Observe, further, that suspending a law and disannulling it merely differ in point of time; for as a temporary suspension is for the time a disannulling, so a permanent suspension is a virtual abrogation. If Parliament were to suspend the Income Tax for a year, it would for that time be disannulled; if the suspension were made permanent, it would be virtually abrogated. Why then need Christ have fulfilled the law, or borne its curse? So bitter was the cup that the blessed Lord cried out, O Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. (Matt. 26:42.) But it was not possible. The law could not be suspended, disannulled, or changed. He came not to destroy the law but to fulfil it, and to fulfil it so completely that not one jot or tittle should pass away before he fulfilled every one. He was made under the law to redeem them that were under the law, (Gal. 4:4, 5,) and he redeemed us from the curse of the law by being made a curse for us. (Gal. 3:13.) We see, therefore, that it is a thorough misconception of the nature of the law to think that it can be suspended, changed, or altered; and that such a doctrine, if it do not altogether set aside the atonement, virtually renders it useless and needless. We read that "God spared not his own Son;" (Rom. 8:32:) but he might have spared him all his sufferings if the law could have been disannulled by a simple act of divine omnipotence. Why need he then, have come to fulfil the law by his active obedience, and endure its penalty by his sufferings, bloodshedding, and death, if by an act of simple volition, or of omnipotent

power, all the sins of God's people in transgressing the law could have been passed by, or, according to Mr. Wells's view of Rahab's lies, been the best part of their conduct? "What?" our readers will ask, "does Mr. Wells say that? He is of age ask him; let him speak for himself.

*** One of Mr. Wells's followers has publicly declared his opinion that God suspends the moral law for all the elect.**

"I am going further yet. The apostle James makes that part of her conduct the best part of her conduct. I told you to get your piety ready, you hypocrites, for I was going to shock it. The apostle James makes that the best part of her conduct. I look back with pleasure upon some of the favours I have done some of the people of God, and would again, and will to-morrow, too, if I am so placed. James says, 'Was not Rahab justified by works, when she had received the messengers, and had sent them out another way?' How did she do that? Why, by saying they were not there, and by saying they were gone. The apostle makes that the best part of her conduct. Here, then, were two falsehoods, with no sin in them, as I have said; they did no one any harm. To tell a truth that would injure the people of God is infinitely worse than telling a lie that would not injure them; no question about that."

Is not this daring language? Some think that we have been hard upon Mr. Wells and his flatterers; but does he not deserve it, and they too, for holding him up when he is so manifestly wrong?* Read again the words, "I told you to get your piety ready, you hypocrites, for I was going to shock it." We would appeal to any right-minded man, whether he see with us in other points or not, if it is not taking a most unbounded pulpit licence thus before a large congregation to stamp upon every rising opposition to his views, and try to crush it as it arose, as an act of hypocrisy, almost as a man would crush a snail in his garden.

*** To show the influence of example, one of the ministers at the public meeting on Wednesday evening, September 20th, at the New Surrey Tabernacle, actually said, "Now we do feel that we would take all the world and all the devils in hell to heaven, if God would save them by his victorious grace." What are we to think about grace, reaching and saving devils?**

But let us examine whether James does make Rahab's lies "the best part of her conduct," as that is really worse than the sentence we have quoted, for to tamper with the word of God is much worse than to tamper with the feelings of man. James Wells and James the Apostle may bear the same names, but they are very different persons. James Wells speaks his own words, and by them will have to stand or fall; James the Apostle speaks the words of God. His words are: "Likewise was not Rahab justified by works when she had received the messengers, and sent them out another way." James speaks of two good works of Rahab: 1. She received the spies. There was no lie there; 2. She sent them out another way. There was no lie there. We deny that she sent them out of the way by telling two lies, by saying they were not there, and by saying they were gone. The Holy Ghost by James does not once touch upon her conversation with the king's messengers. All the intermediate part between her receiving the spies and her sending them away is not alluded to by the inspired Apostle. If Joshua 2 be carefully read, it will be seen that the sending away of the spies was quite a distinct action from the lies which she told about them: "And as he said, according unto your words, so be it. And she sent them away, and they departed; and she bound the scarlet line in the window." (Joshua 2:21.) The series of events narrated is this: 1. The spies come to her house. 2. She receives and lodges them; 3. The king sends the messengers; 4. Rahab hides the spies; 5. She deceives by falsehood the king's messengers; 6. Before the men were laid down she comes to them, and the conversation takes place, recorded verses 9-20; 7. She sends the spies away.

Now James mentions merely the first act and the last: 1. That "she received the spies;" 2. "sent them out another way." Her sending them away was quite distinct from her lies about them. We deny, therefore, that she sent away the spies by saying they were not there, and by saying they were gone, for she sent them away *after* she had deceived the king's messengers; nor does it appear that she even told the spies how she had preserved their lives by her deception. We thus see that there is not the least shadow of a foundation for the awful assertion—for it is an awful assertion, that "James makes Rahab's lies the best part of her conduct." James does no such thing. James Wells may do so, but not James the Apostle. Read for yourselves, if you have any doubt on the point, Joshua 2, in connection with James 2:25, and then judge whether our interpretation be correct or not.

Having thus shown on what a baseless foundation Mr. Wells rests his views of sinless lies, let us now see what *practical* conclusions flow from his doctrine; for this, after all, is the grand test; for "if any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness, he is proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings; perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness; from such withdraw thyself." (1 Tim. 6:3-5.) If a doctrine, then, is not "according to godliness," it is not of God, but is to be rejected as a "perverse disputing."

What fruit, then, grows upon Mr. Wells's new tree? Is it good or evil? He lays down this broad principle: "To tell a truth that would injure the people of God is infinitely worse than telling a lie that would not injure them; no question about that." We are not so sure that there is no question about that; for it seems to us a very questionable doctrine, whether it regards religion or morality. But let us assume a case to exemplify the fruit of this doctrine. One of Mr. Wells's members, or say, a deacon, is seen some evening coming out of a low pot-house intoxicated, or is picked up in the streets by the police drunk and incapable.* Such things have occurred even to ministers, and may occur again. A fellow-member passing by sees the whole transaction. The matter gets wind, is brought before the church, and it becomes known that this fellow-member can bear decisive evidence one way or the other. He is placed in a trying position; but the doctrine of his pastor comes strongly to his mind. "To tell a truth that would injure the people of God is infinitely worse than telling a lie that would not injure them," rings in his ear, and decides the question. If he tell the truth, he will injure a child of God, as he believes his fellow-member, in spite of his fall, to be, and the church as well as him. He therefore tells a lie, and declares that the man was perfectly sober, or that it is a case of mistaken identity, and that he was not the person picked up by the police, or that he and the accused member were spending a quiet evening together at his own house, or any other falsehood which will best screen the accused. But you will cry out, "This is monstrous! Why, no man could or would tell such barefaced lies." If he did, he would have Mr. Wells's authority for it. Does he not expressly say that "he would tell ten thousand" if he were placed in the same circumstances as Rahab? And is not a lie a lie, whether a little one or a big one? Must we have a kind of sliding scale of lies, as we once

had for the importation of corn? or a tariff of circumstances when, as analogous, lies are admissible, and when, as not analogous, they are contraband? Mr. Wells, indeed, clearly denounces *common* lying as "a dreadful vice." It is only *uncommon* lying that he approves of,—lying as Rahab lied; that is, lies in which there is "no sin, no crime;" lies which are "morally true, though literally false." We must mind, then, that if we do tell lies it must be only when we are placed in analogous circumstances with Rahab. But who is to be the judge of these analogous circumstances? You cry out, and that justly, against the instance that we have given of sinless lies as "monstrous;" but are not the circumstances analogous to Rahab's? The man might argue thus: "Rahab, by two falsehoods, saved the life of the spies. I shall, by my falsehoods, save the character of the deacon and the credit of the church. He is a good man, though he was this time overtaken with drink. If I tell the truth, I shall ruin him for life; if I tell a lie, I shall save him. I will tell the lie. My pastor preaches that there is no sin in lies of this kind, and that "to tell a truth that would injure a child of God is infinitely worse than telling a lie that would not injure him, there being on that point no question." But my lie, so far from not injuring him, will benefit him; and as Mr. Wells is my pastor and teacher, whose lips keep knowledge, and at whose mouth I should seek the law, (Mal. 2:7), I will act according to his doctrine." But you will say: "Where is common honesty, decent morality, gone if this be the principle and practice advocated in the pulpit and acted on in the pew?" Gone! To the winds; there is no question of that.

* This is, of course, a mere supposition; for we do not know one of his deacons even by name, nor have we the slightest intention to make more than assumption of a possible case.

It is this consideration which has so startled all but those who, blinded by the spirit of party, uphold Mr. Wells, even where he is so manifestly wrong. Were not Mr. Foreman and Mr. Collins fully justified in refusing to open the new chapel after such doctrine as this, when we consider its fruits and consequences?

But look at the question in another point of view. Mr. Wells must have in his congregation men of business, commercial travellers, drapers' assistants, and others of a similar class, who every day are tempted to tell lies.* Now how

careful should a minister be not to break down in any way what we may call the sacredness of truth. Truthfulness in man is like modesty in woman. In neither is the least breach permissible; for as the least deviation from modesty is in a woman the first step to disgrace and ruin and the casting away of her best, her surest safeguard, so the least deviation from truth robs a man both of his honour and of his shield. Many a woman has preferred death to dishonour; many a man, many a martyr, has died rather than save life by a lie. As, then, it is criminally base to sap the foundations of modesty, so it is morally culpable to sap the foundations of truthfulness. These men of business, these young men, surrounded by every temptation and the example of their fellows to tell falsehoods behind the counter or the desk, hear that, under certain circumstances, lies are allowable and sinless. Will they attend to Mr. Wells's caution about being placed in analogous circumstances with Rahab? or will they not rather stretch the licence far beyond his meaning and intention? If they may lie to benefit others, why may they not lie to benefit themselves? If lies are permissible in religion, why should they not be permissible in business? Mr. Wells would doubtless shrink from such conclusions, and lift up his voice loudly against them. But letting out a false doctrine is like letting out of water. Where will it stop? What course will it take? How much will burst out when once the dam is broken down? For the human heart, like the Holmfirth or Sheffield reservoir, can, if a breach be made, pour forth a flood that shall sweep away all before it. Our children, too! should we not, do we not, impress upon them the sacredness of truth? They have to go into a wicked, lying world and if we cannot give them much of this world's goods, we can at least, with our prayers for them, give them the earnest admonition and the beneficial example of undeviating truthfulness. But how can we do this, except by insisting upon the necessity of truth at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances?

* A good man, a draper, used to say that, with all his attempts to restrain them, he could not keep his assistants from telling lies to the customers.

The fact is simply this. Mr. Wells has made a sad mistake, and advanced a doctrine radically unsound. He has two courses before him, either to acknowledge his error, which would at once put an end to the whole dispute, or persevere in maintaining a doctrine which is so opposed to Scripture, to the experience of all the family of God, and to the feeling of every right-minded

man, that nothing can await him but failure in his attempt to defend it. But whatever course he may take, may grace be given to us and to our readers ever to stand by the sacred cause of undeviating truthfulness both in word and work, doctrine, experience, and practice. And as the Lord "has given a banner to them that fear him, that it may be displayed because of the truth," may our STANDARD ever be from the beginning of the year to the end of the year, "LET GOD BE TRUE, BUT EVERY MAN A LIAR."

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Spiritualism and other Signs. By E. S.—(*February, 1866.*)

Moving in our own comparatively narrow circle, and separated as much by principle as by precept and practice from the seething mass which, like a troubled sea, boils all around us, how little do most of us know of that outer world of scheming policy and energetic action which is ever tossing its restless waves against the strong barriers of divine revelation. Dull sounds, feeble echoes, passing whispers, and stray rumours ever and anon reach our ears about Popery, Infidelity, Socialism, &c.; and the pulpit sometimes blows a faint alarm against the awful progress which these destructive agents of Satan are making in every direction; but how few of us possess any clear, distinct, or definite knowledge either of the nature or the advance of these deadly enemies of the truth of God. In some respects this ignorance of ours is a mercy; for, as with our maiden daughters, there are subjects on which ignorance is a blessing and knowledge a blot, and there is deep truth in the well-known lines,

**"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."**

If your situation in life, if your natural habits and circumstances, if your quiet seclusion and little retired cot admit it, or if your sensitive mind and tender conscience shrink from any knowledge of any contact with the outer world, happy in your ignorance, do not desire to lift the veil. It may be your safeguard from many sore exercises and grievous temptations which sadly assail those who are less happily circumstanced than you. Could, indeed, this happy ignorance be depended upon as a safeguard for all, as it is for you, the mercy couched in it would at once be doubled; but, unhappily, in this

wretched world of ours, ignorance is no more a protection for those who have to battle with it than the simplicity of a country clown protects him in London streets from the devices of sharpers. Since the fall a knowledge of good and evil has been man's inheritance; and even in divine things the matured Christian is he who has his senses exercised to discern both good and evil. (Heb. 5:14.) Whilst, then, we would sternly contend against the principle and practice of dabbling in evil to learn its natures and would firmly abide by the precept, "Keep thyself pure," yet there is in many cases a disadvantage in being altogether ignorant of what is passing around us, and with which we may unexpectedly be brought into contact, or have to grapple with as if for life or death. In this world we cannot always live either with ourselves, or to and for ourselves, as if dear self were the sole object of our thought, cares and affection. We have wives or husbands, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, and perhaps servants and dependants; or if free from such ties, we are bound up in church fellowship, or the strong bonds of affection with the people of God. In all or some of these we may feel the deepest interest, and most earnestly and affectionately desire their present and eternal welfare. For their sake, therefore, more than for our own, we cannot always preserve our happy ignorance. The most careful and watchful guardian of her daughters is not the mother who is ignorant of human nature and the snares laid for unsuspecting innocence, but she who has the keenest eye to discern the snake's nest in the grass, and crush each egg before it breaks out into a viper. We may have to guard and warn our children against a dangerous companion, or may see a subtle snare of Satan approaching, if not already entangling, a friend or fellow member, and may be enabled to speak a word which may be owned and blessed to his deliverance from the temptation. Satan is so wily; his agents from earth or hell so surround us; their designs are so masked, their language so plausible, their manners so insinuating, and appearance often so imposing, their arguments so subtle, their activity so unwearied, their insight into character so keen, their enmity against Christ and his gospel so implacable, and their want of all principle and all honesty so thorough and complete, that the net may be drawing round us, or some one near and dear to us, before we have the slightest suspicion of these infernal plots being directed against our own homes. And as we in our ignorant simplicity are unaware of the nature, so are we as little acquainted with the amazing extent of the operations thus going on around us. You read or hear, for instance, good reader, sometimes about nuns and nunneries, and form to yourself, perhaps, some dreamy idea

of what a sad thing it must be for a young female to be shut up for life in one of these gloomy abodes, hopelessly subject in body and soul to the will of the superior of the house, if not exposed to the worse dominion of priests and father confessors. But have you any idea of the number of these poor creatures thus immured? What do you think of 10,000 nuns at this present moment in our good old Protestant England? Yes; in that England whose very life blood is freedom from Popish thraldom there are 10,000 English women tied hand and foot by vows, and under the irresponsible dominion, government, tyranny—call it what you will, of mother superiors, priests, and confessors. You have also heard, perhaps, of what is called, by an awful profanation of terms, "Spiritualism;" that is, the diabolical system of calling up, by some infernal jugglery, the spirits of the dead, and conversing with them. And how many figures do you think would represent the number of believers in this doctrine of devils? "Well," you answer, "perhaps, to take a large figure, one or two thousand." What do you think of five millions? Well, then, gentle reader, it seems that you and we have been living in a considerable, and, perhaps, comfortable, state of ignorance of what is going on with such activity all around us. You may be happily secure against such awful delusions by your knowledge and love of the truth, and may tartly say, "What is all this noise about? Why do you want to bother me with all this stuff and nonsense about nuns and devil worshippers? *I* am not going to be caught in these traps of the devil." No; but that pleasing, amiable daughter of yours, whom you have this evening let go to a little party of friends; what security have you that there may not be amongst those young people some one who has been initiated into the mysteries of table turning and spirit rapping, and lend her some little book about "mediums and spiritual agencies," which, after your long family prayers are over, she is devouring in her bedroom, with all the zest of a new sensational novel? And her younger sister, that dear little girl, so full of smiles and affection, whom you are so fond of, and as she goes tripping off to school so merrily and innocently, and looks back to give you a nod, your very heart cries, "Bless the little darling!" how do you know whether her governess, or some school teacher, or an elder pupil, who is drawing her by kindness to her bosom, is not tainted to the very core with Puseyistic or Popish views, and is secretly instilling them into her mind? Where do you think all these 10,000 nuns came from? Say that half were born Roman Catholics. Now there have been 5,000 entangled in such meshes as we have named, and perverted from their Protestant faith. And just consider the

probable amount of misery which many if not most of these misguided girls caused to their own families before they took so decided and fatal a step as entering a nunnery. Think of a daughter of yours, perhaps the most dutiful and affectionate of them all, (for those are soonest entangled,) turned Papist, withdrawing herself from all your Lord's Day and family worship, viewing you and her mother as heretics, half the day at her beads and devotions upstairs, and running off at every opportunity to confess her sins and all your family secrets and affairs to some young priest. Scores, if not hundreds, of families in this country are thus being racked and torn to pieces by wives or daughters entangled in the nets laid for them by Popery under its various guises. And it is spreading in all directions, entangling the poor as well as the rich, the young as well as the old. The high church party are now drawing off our little village and Sunday schools into some large central school, under a certificated teacher, tainted, perhaps, to the very core with views which are really Popish though nominally Protestant, and thus carrying off the rising generation. We cannot enlarge on this subject, but these hints may show that the danger may be nearer at hand, even to you, than you dream.

But assume that, through the Lord's goodness and mercy, neither you nor yours are exposed to such snares and dangers, and that his truth is not only your shield and buckler, but that his grace or providence is stretched over those near and dear to you by earthly ties. Still there may be many of our readers less favoured than yourself, to whom a word of instruction or warning may be seasonable. And even on the supposition that none of those under whose notice our words come need a warning sound, yet they may feel an interest in looking from their peaceful harbour on the storm-tossed sea, where many a ship is struggling and heaving amid the waves, and many a wreck may be seen through the white surf that is beating and curling over the rocks and shoals in the hazy distance.

There are three fearful shapes which Satan now seems to have chiefly assumed to deceive the nations, and though they all unite in denial and disbelief of the truth; yet they each present their distinct aspects, and adapt themselves to the peculiar constitutions of men. These three desperate foes of God and man are Infidelity, Popery, and now this Spiritualism, or rather Devilism. And just observe how they meet and adapt themselves to the various dispositions of the human heart. Some men naturally possess reasoning,

arguing minds, which cannot be satisfied without penetrating into the causes of things, and revolt from everything supernatural, miraculous, and that does not lie quite level with the grasp of our mental faculties. Now these are the men who chiefly fall under the power of infidelity. They do not see what our deepest thinkers are now fully agreed upon, that there are subjects which lie beyond the reach of pure mental reasoning, and which, therefore, can only be received, if received at all, by faith as distinct from logical argument. Rejecting, therefore, everything which they cannot reconcile to their reasoning mind, they fall an easy prey to infidelity; and as this at once sweeps away all those moral restraints connected with a future state which hold others in check, they can, if sensually disposed, indulge in their passions and drink down sin like water. Hundreds, if not thousands of the working classes, and indeed of all classes, and none more so than some amongst the most educated and refined, are open or secret infidels.

But there is a peculiar class of mind which shrinks from infidelity as something horrible, as indeed it is, and repugnant to our natural conscience. If we may coin a word for the occasion, there is in some people a natural religiosity, that is, a disposition to be religious. If they had been born in Turkey, they would have been devout Mahometans; if in Italy, they would have become priests, monks, or nuns, and as ready to burn a heretic as their fathers; if born and bred in England, they would be devout churchmen, pious dissenters, sisters of mercy, &c., just as the various circumstances of birth and education, habits and associations, might dispose or determine. Now to these naturally religious minds, when fully ripened and blended with a stern spirit of self-denial, which usually accompanies and grows up with it, no system so thoroughly adapts itself as that of Popery; for it just meets and gives full play to that habit of mind which yields, like clay, to every object of superstitious veneration. Memory recalls to us two striking instances of the two natural dispositions which we have mentioned. We once well knew two brothers. We hardly like to mention their names, though none are better known through the breadth and length of the land. They were both men of most powerful intellect, refined and cultivated to the highest point by the most indefatigable study, and were distinguished ornaments of the famous University to which they belonged. Where and what are they now? One, the elder brother, whom we knew less intimately, is the most distinguished pervert from the Church of England that Rome has received; the other, once an intimate friend, an

eminent professor of classical learning, is now an avowed infidel. But whence came, humanly speaking, this strange difference, this wide divergence between two brothers of almost, if not altogether, equal abilities and similar education, habits, and associations, so that after acute mental struggles of years the one should finally settle at one pole of the most grovelling superstition, believing in all the pretended miracles of the Romish saints, and the other at the opposite pole, denouncing Christianity itself as an imposture? May we not account for it from the constitutional difference of their minds—that the one is naturally credulous and superstitious, disposed to bow to authority, venerating names and ancient traditions, and the other is confident in its own reasoning powers, and determined to accept nothing but what can be logically proved? But there is a third class of mind quite distinct from the two above-mentioned, though in many points allied to the first, which is naturally visionary, imaginative, ever living in a little world of its own, little disposed to bow to authority or venerate names or places, and still less unwilling and often unable to reason and argue, but very awake and alive to dreams, omens, supernatural appearances, and some breakings in of an unseen world as distinct from that hard, stern, common-place, every-day world where men toil and sweat for their bread all their lives, and then die, and are thrust out of sight. What the soul is, what is a future state, what evidences there are, reliable and trustworthy, that there is one at all, what is become of departed friends, do they know anything about us, is their spirit ever near us?—many a mind that you little think of is exercised with these thoughts and inquiries. But you will say, "Why don't they believe the Bible? That would at once satisfy their minds, answer their inquiries, and clear up their anxieties." Yes, but that is the very thing they neither will nor can do. *You* can do it, because grace has touched your heart and you have felt the power of the word in your soul. But we are not speaking here of the believing, but of the unbelieving, not of the favoured few who have received the love of the truth, but of the masses of society generally, the thousands who wander on without light or life, guide, guard, or God. Your talking about their reading and believing the Bible is almost like what the little daughter of Louis XVI. said to her governess, when she told her that the people in Paris were starving for want of bread: "Why don't they eat buns?" You have bread and buns too; and with your well-spread table, your dinner and dessert, your finest of the wheat, and wine on the lees well refined, you can hardly conceive the case of poor creatures starving for bread "who cut up mallows by the bushes, and

juniper roots for their meat;" (Job 30:4;) who madly feed upon ashes, with a deceived heart, and a lie in their right hand. (Isa. 44:20.) It is of such we are speaking, for our present object is to show why it is that such damnable errors, as you justly see them to be, find so wide an acceptance, and number their converts and devotees by thousands and hundreds of thousands. We are endeavouring to explain how it is that Satan has such rule and dominion, and why some are held fast in the chains of Popery, others bound hand and foot in the prison of Infidelity, and others are bewildered and intoxicated with this last gust of smoke from the bottomless pit, this commerce with spirits, or rather with demons and devils, awfully miscalled Spiritualism.

But it is high time to come to our Review of the work at the head of our present article. We may freely, then, say that we have read a good part of it with much interest; and we confess that we had no idea of the vast prevalence of this new delusion, "Spiritualism," until we found it stated in it on seemingly such undeniable authority. Though the title of the work is "Spiritualism," &c., yet the title hardly gives a fair representation of its contents, for by far the greater part of it is devoted to show the craft, subtlety, and abominations of Popery. This subject was, of course, not altogether a new one to us, as we have read many works on Romanism and yet the authoress,—for the work is the production of a lady, has sketched it in striking colours; and if she has not brought forward anything very new, yet she has put together many striking facts, and confirmed her assertions by proofs and evidence drawn from the writings and speeches both of the friends and foes of the Papal system. As far as we can judge, she sincerely loves the great truths of the gospel, and sees clearly and feels deeply the nature and prevalence of those fearful delusions of Satan which she aims to expose, with the hope that she may be made an instrument either of rescuing some of their miserable victims, or of warning others, lest they fall into the same trap.

The chief value of the book, we think, consists in the copious extracts which she has given from various sources of the present practical working of Puseyism and Popery; for what is mainly wanted is not loud and sweeping declamation against this and that evil, but facts—solid, well substantiated facts, from which we can draw our own conclusions. Before we can form any right opinion, or come to a clear decision upon any case presented to our mind, we must have substantial evidence, plain facts, solid proofs, or our

judgment is but a blind prejudice, a mere crediting reports and rumours, and adopting other people's views without knowing whether they are true or false. But when we get facts, proofs, undeniable evidence, then we move on solid ground, and our judgment has a firm basis to rest upon. These facts our authoress supplies; and thus enables us to see the very inside of some of those schemes of Satan whereby he is deceiving thousands to their perdition. We who live outside the circle have little idea of what is going on within it. We hear or read perhaps of this or that high churchman, and what is now doing in the very parish church in the town or village where we live; and some friend or neighbour, or the children, may tell us of the late grand Christmas decorations, and the beautiful new altar-cloth, and the lighted candles, and the large flower vases, and the little chorister boys chanting and singing so prettily, and we may carelessly reply, "O poor creatures, with their dead forms!" But it were well if these ceremonies were but dead forms. Dead indeed they are, dead enough according to our view of spiritual life and death; but in another sense they are filled with a life of their own, most active and energetic, and absorbing the mind and feelings of their devotees to an extent you perhaps little dream of. The old type of churchman has much passed away, and a new generation has sprung up which has almost ousted the quiet, regular orthodox rectors and vicars of our youth or of our fathers, who droned away to their scanty congregations half asleep under the shelter of the high-backed pews. A new spirit is abroad which is not only repairing and restoring churches, but, by resuscitating dead forms, seeks to animate them with a life hostile to the truth of God, hostile to our reformed principles, and is in secret league with Rome against our most prized religious and civil liberties. A new life—not spiritual, for it is the very opposite; but a life of energy, zeal, and most bigoted, almost furious devotion to views and principles which are the very life blood of Popery is now at work under these very forms and ceremonies which seem to you so dead and unmeaning. They are so, and that justly to you; but there are thousands to whom they are signs and symbols of a religion to which they cling with the most fervid enthusiasm. In this consist both their delusiveness to their adherents and their danger to us. Look at that poor Irish reaper going on a Sunday morning to mass at the Romish chapel. "O," you say, "what a poor foolish fellow he must be to worship a piece of bread." But under that blind devotion you do not see the smouldering flame which makes him hate you as a heretic, with deadly hatred, and which, if urged on by a Fenian rebellion, would slake itself in your

blood. So with these high-church forms, these raised altars, wax candles, intonings, and all the frippery and man-millinery of priestly vestments, which in the days of our fathers the whole parish would have hooted down as rank Popery. They appear at present to be only forms; but mark the spirit which breathes beneath them, as it sometimes breaks out in the pulpit, and see whether it be not the same as lighted up the Smithfield bonfires in the days of bloody Mary.

Here, then, is the chief value of a book like this. It enlightens our happy ignorance by bringing forward facts which cast a broad light on the doings and dealings of Satan and his agents. We shall now, therefore, having introduced our authoress, leave her with our best apologies for having kept her so long in the waiting room.

Let us hear first what she has to say about Spiritualism: and upon this point we think it best to confine her testimony to the number of its adherents, as the short extracts which we might give about its nature would probably only puzzle and perplex our readers, without benefitting them:

"There are now in the United States, Mr. Clarke tells us (in his "Plain Guide to Spiritualism,") 500 public mediums, who receive visitors; more than 50,000 more private ones; 500 books and pamphlets have been published on the subject, and many of them immensely circulated. There are 500 public speakers and lecturers on it, and more than 1,000 occasional ones. There are nearly 2,000 places for public circles, conferences, or lectures, and in many places flourishing Sunday-schools. The believers, the decisive believers, number about 2,000,000; while the nominal ones are nearly 5,000,000. In the eastern continent the number may be reckoned at 1,000,000. The whole number now on the globe supposed to recognize the fact of spiritual intercourse cannot fall short of 20,000,000."

A Mr. Barkas, in a lecture delivered at Newcastle, quite confirms this extraordinary statement:

"I need scarcely inform a Newcastle audience, who for years have had the subject of Spiritualism prominently brought before them, that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism had their origin in America, in 1846, in the

neighbourhood of New York; that they spread with unexampled rapidity throughout the length and breadth of the American Union; that tens of thousands became mediums, and that about five millions became believers; that about thirty newspapers devoted to the question were published weekly or monthly; that upwards of one hundred works, some of them of a very extensive character, were issued from the press; that among the retinue of believers were the judges, ministers, senators, doctors, and literary men, many of them the most learned in America; that Abraham Lincoln was a Spiritualist, and consulted mediums; and that the philosophy—if philosophy it may be called—has penetrated into every nook and corner of American society."

"The wave has rolled across the Atlantic, and believers in Spiritualism may be counted by hundreds of thousands in all the kingdoms of Europe. There are probably half-a-million of believers, to a greater or lesser extent, in England; there are fully that number in France and Spain; it has overrun Italy and Germany; works are published weekly and monthly, and many large volumes on Spiritualism have now an extensive circulation in all continental cities. Kardac, an enthusiastic hierophant of the new faith, is revolutionising France; the Emperor Napoleon himself is a consulter of familiar spirits."

All we can say is, "Keep off yourselves, and keep all over whom you have any power or influence from approaching this devil's own ground; and sternly forbid your children to have anything to do with mesmerism, table-turnings, &c., or even to associate with those who do, as the very atmosphere of such doings and dealings is full of infection and danger."

But now we will give a few extracts from that part of her work where the authoress unfolds the workings of the Popish system as now developing itself in our midst, whether under the disguise of what are called High Church principles, or the more open form of Romanism. Our first two extracts will show the number of Romish priests, chapels, monasteries, and nunneries in this land:

"It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that in the year 1829 there were in Great Britain 477 Popish priests, 449 Popish chapels, and scarcely a monastery or nunnery. In the present year of 1864 there are 1,445 Popish

priests, 1,098 Popish chapels, 56 monasteries, and 186 nunneries."

In the following extract the convents are stated at 200, which takes in 14 in Scotland, besides the 186 just mentioned:

"In a recent lecture, given by Dr. Cumming, he observed, referring to convents, that they were held sacred by the Pope, to be maintained by the state, and the magistrates were to have the power of punishing those who escaped from these institutions. Now in England there were about 200 convents, where 10,000 ladies were shut up. Was it not reasonable to assume that many of these would gladly escape? Entered, perhaps, at the early age of sixteen or seventeen, after serving a brief apprenticeship at a tractarian place of worship, which were merely training schools for the future inmates of convents. It was not to be denied that some entered after mature reflection, though no doubt many who entered young would, after serving four or five years, be glad to be free. But while the Queen's representatives had charge of minors, and could inspect at pleasure lunatic asylums or hospitals, these convents defied the inspectors' powers. Was it desirable there should be such secluded spots in this country? What were their principles? From the highest Romish authority nuns were taught to despise the married state. They were told to obey their confessor, for so doing they obeyed God. Their property might be taken by the superior; they must submit to be beaten, though not in the presence of a layman, and to murmur was a great sin. After reading various rules by which nuns were governed, the lecturer asked 'if it was wonderful that the Pope protested against the inspection of such institutions, or was it surprising that the priests in this country should cry out against any attempt to pass a law for the inspection of convents?' Nor was it, seeing such places existed in this land, surprising to hear Protestants were petitioning that these sacred abodes, which held these 10,000 ladies, should be thrown open to the inspector's gaze."

The following extracts will show how gradually what are called High Church principles are preparing the public mind for Popery. For what is the mode of operation, and how do these things work? Thus: They gradually prepare the eyes of a congregation to witness a more exciting and gorgeous ceremonial than the usual one offered in the parish churches, and accustom the ear to listen to doctrines which are really Popish, but just at present veiled under a

thin cover of what they term Church views. All this acts on the mind of the people, and by degrees paves the way for a fuller development both of ceremonial and doctrine, till whole congregations become imbued with the principles and practices of Popery, almost before they are aware of their nature and tendency. We thus see that should anything favour the reintroduction of Popery as a State measure, there would be scores, if not hundreds, of ministers and congregations already prepared to embrace it. This is the most alarming feature of the High Church movement. Ridiculous in themselves, they only pave the way for what is really formidable, and would be destructive to our most prized liberties, civil and religious:

"There is a penitentiary in Holywell Street, Oxford, of which the Bishop of Oxford is patron. A Christian lady became a visitor there, believing, as the institution bore the name 'Protestant,' the teaching and treatment of the inmates would necessarily be conducted on Protestant principles. The lady was not long in seeing that everything so resembled what she had seen in such places in a Roman Catholic country that she commenced an inquiry, and found that the confessional was regularly organized and steadily carried on by a young clergyman from one of the colleges, who attended periodically for the purpose. In a room upstairs he and one young woman after another, alone, knelt together before a large cross (previous to which he put on his surplice). The lady visitor can testify that the character of this confession partook exactly of the ordinary confession of the Church of Rome! Small blame to the lady for informing herself fully, and then writing to the patron! She did so, and gave him a true and complete report of the facts. The bishop did not reply to it himself, but sent the letter to the 'Lady Superior' of the institution, and in *her* reply to the bishop (which he forwarded to the lady) she writes:

"My dear Lord,—I have read Mrs.——'s letter, which you enclose. The Sister Superior made her the true and direct answer. We in no way go beyond the line laid down in the Prayer Book, and which leaves those who are burdened with sin free to open their griefs, and receive the benefit of counsel and absolution...We are very careful that none are admitted to confession but those who really do feel the burden of sin; and who dare deny to sin-laden souls, such as we seek to save, the comfort and help which the Church of England provides for them? &c., &c.

"June 13, 1862."

"Christ Church, Clapham.

"Lady-day was observed at this church with great solemnity. The violet hangings of the sanctuary were undisturbed, but in front of them were ranged hundreds of candles, and on the super-altar stood six enameled brazen vases filled with the choicest camellias, the two next the cross being all white flowers. Tall lilies and azaleas were placed on the floor right and left of the altar, which was vested in the very beautiful white silk frontal. Even-song commenced on the eve at 8 o'clock, when the procession entered, singing a joyous hymn. The cross was borne on high, and before the priests came two acolytes in scarlet cassocks, with lawn collars, one swinging a silver censer, and the other bearing the incense boat. The altar was first incensed, and even-song proceeded. Before and after the 'Magnificat,' the proper antiphon was sung by the full choir, and as the jubilant strain arose the candles were lighted, the effect being indescribably magnificent. While the choir chanted the song of Our Lady, the altar was incensed, and the choir and people by an attending acolyte. At the close of even-song, the Rev. C. Soames preached an excellent sermon on the Incarnation; and the altar having been again incensed, and the benediction given by the Rev. B. Abbot, the choir re-formed the procession, going round the church to the vestry, singing,

'Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him.'

At the early celebration on Lady-day, the Rev. B. Abbot was celebrant; and at the high celebration, which took place after 11 o'clock matins, the Rev. C. Soames officiated, wearing the splendid silk chasuble; the Rev. B. Abbot, as deacon, being vested in the white dalmatic. The altar being incensed, the divine office proceeded chorally to the Gospel, when, as well as at the offertory and the canon, incense was again offered. There was no sermon, and a goodly number communicated, many candles being lighted at and before the celebration. Even-song was plain, as it was considered that the eve of the Sunday in Lent superseded the second vespers of the festival, which nowhere was observed in a more Catholic manner than in this now flourishing little church."

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The Defence, delivered on Lord's Day Morning, November 12th, 1865. By Mr. James Wells, at the New Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey Street, Walworth Road.—(February, 1866.)

We have felt, and still feel, a difficulty in dealing any further with the now celebrated Rahab controversy. Whatever motives be imputed to us, one thing was clear, that we were called upon by our position to take some notice of a subject which has caused so much excitement in the churches, and to express our opinion of views so destructive of even moral truth. Having thus far discharged our duty and our conscience, we wished to let the matter rest. But Mr. Wells has preached and published his Defence, in which he has explained some of his expressions and partly retracted others; though he still adheres to his former views, that Rahab was fully justified in deceiving the king's messengers, and that her lies were not, properly speaking, falsehoods, but "lawful evasions." Whether he has much mended the matter by this last explanation we must leave to the discernment of spiritual minds, which may not see much real difference between a lie and an evasion. But our difficulty is this: Wholly to pass by his defence would seem to be unfair, as the commonest principles of law and justice demand that every person accused of an offence should be allowed to defend himself from what may be a false charge. But on the other hand, for us to go through a long sermon, point by point, as we should have to do were we to take the subject fully up, would not only occupy more room than we could give, and necessarily keep out much more profitable matter, but would be a wearisome, and, what is worse, a useless task both for our readers and ourselves. We shall, therefore, make this compromise. We shall do Mr. Wells the simple act of justice of allowing him to give his explanation, by furnishing an extract from the sermon, and, after making a few remarks upon it, shall close the controversy:

"Well, now, in the first place, before I enter upon these parts I may just observe that my opponents seem to hold this idea; and the Lord is witness I will not if I know it misrepresent one; I am independent. I stand upon the Lord's mercy to me, I have no other standing, justice at their hands I do not expect, only there may be some exceptions among them; mercy I do not need; my conscience I will not give up for any man. And I am sure you, as Englishmen and as Christians, deem your liberty of conscience one of the sweetest privileges of your existence. Why, bind the conscience! you bind the

soul, you bind the man, and the man ceases to be a man as soon as ever he lays his conscience at the feet of any man or class of men. They charge me with representing God as suspending his holiness, and his justice, and his moral perfections; why, I must be an idiot, a madman, and a fool, all combined in one, to suppose the great God could suspend his holiness, or his justice, or his integrity, or any of his moral perfections. He is immutable, unchangeable, unalterable. I never dreamt of such a foolish notion as that. My opponents have looked pretty sharply after me, and they have found out six faults in my sermon, and I have found out one more—that's seven—so that you see how kind I have been to them; they strangely overlooked one, which I saw. I will now name the faults, and give my answer to them.

"First, that I hold that a good lie is better than a bad truth. Now I did not explain in that sermon what I meant; I meant that under certain circumstances, lawful evasions—for that is the term I shall apply this morning—I will observe that there are evasions which may be lawfully used; and that I would rather use lawful evasions to save a friend than I would ignorantly, like the fool, utter all my mind and betray my friend. But unhappily I put this, my meaning, into unguarded language. I there said that telling a truth that would injure the people of God would be worse than telling a lie that would not injure them. If I had said what I should have said—and I suppose you will allow me to repent, you will allow me the privilege of repenting—I repent that I used unguarded language. I did not know we should be so looked after; and I did not know that I was of so much importance; I did not know that half-a-dozen sentences from an unpretending individual like myself would open the mouth of a volcano, whose elements had been for some time restlessly seeking an outlet. I did not know that a few sparks from my tongue, would set so many *hypers* on fire; I was not aware they were such dry trees as to be so easily set on fire; some of them are dry enough in all conscience, but they now turn out to be more dry than I thought they were; and therefore, in future, I will be careful how I play with fire, lest I set them on fire again, and burn them to death. Now it was held a maxim in the heathen world that 'a good lie is better than a bad truth;' but I do in the sight of the great God this morning declare to you that I stand infinitely removed from any such sentiment. I do not believe in a good lie. A lie means that which is a wicked contrivance, something that hath in it all the elements of wickedness, that makes it criminal; and therefore a good lie, a sinless lie, is

an utter impossibility in the very nature of it. So then I do not hold that a good lie is better than a bad truth; God forbid I should; that is, not in the sense that many impute it to me; and in future I shall not use that language to express that part of my meaning. Let this suffice then.

"Second, if I were placed in analogous circumstances to Rahab, and had the same divine authority, I would tell ten thousand such falsehoods as she told. Mind, I at the same time maintain that those falsehoods were literally untrue, but morally true. But I will use another word. My object this morning is for you to get at my meaning. Now put it in this form. Well now, some of you that do not see with me, put yourselves into my place just for a minute. I believe that Rahab's words were lawful evasions. Now mind that, keep that in view, that is what I meant then. I regret I did not express it more clearly that her words were lawful evasions, that God sanctioned those evasions, and I shall presently give you my reasons for believing that he inspired those evasions. With that impression, mind, with that impression, that those evasions were right, that those evasions were sinless, that those evasions had divine sanction—mind that, with that impression—I said that if I were placed in analogous circumstances, and had the same divine authority, I would use, for the sake of saving the lives of the spies, (and I shall presently show what good she did to the king's messengers by those evasions, as well as the spies that were placed in that position), I would, rather than betray my trust, use ten thousand such evasions. Now that is my meaning."*

*** The printer of the "Gospel Standard" begs to say he is not responsible for either the grammar or punctuation of the above extract, his compositor having "followed the printed copy" of the sermon literally.**

We cannot say that we much like the spirit manifested in the above extract. If a public man advance sentiments which shock even our moral feelings, he should not attribute the opposition shown to them to such unworthy motives as jealousy. Mr. Wells is evidently deeply stung by the fact that many of his own party have denounced his views of the lies told by Rahab. But why should he claim to himself so strongly the right of private judgment, and deny it to them? It makes the whole matter a mere question of party, not of truth, if a minister may advance any opinions that he pleases, and if they are opposed, then to call out that there is no better ground of opposition to his views than

paltry jealousy. Such language resolves all dispute and discussion into this: "Who is on my side, right or wrong? If any oppose my views, it is because they are jealous of my gifts, or of my popularity, or my influence." But, surely a man may oppose Mr. Wells's views without being jealous of Mr. Wells's position. As long as controversy is carried on in a spirit of fairness, and without wrath and bitterness, it is often absolutely necessary to the defence of truth and to the exposing of error; and it is unworthy of a man who has a cause to maintain, be it good or bad, to impute base motives to those who conscientiously differ from him, and can give their reasons for doing so.

But now a few words upon the point to which Mr. Wells has reduced the whole controversy. It is this, that Rahab's lies were not lies in the ordinary sense of the word, that is positive criminal falsehoods, but "lawful evasions inspired of God, and having his sanction and authority."

Now we have always understood, both on moral and religious grounds, that an evasion, if not an actual downright lie, so partakes of the nature of one that none but a Jesuit or a father confessor can distinguish between them. Of this there cannot be a better proof than the testimony of one's own conscience. Most of us probably have been guilty, some time or other, of an evasion, or of something very like one. Now, did not conscience give us a sharp twinge for this, and inwardly testify that we had been guilty of some deception, of something which, if not a lie, was so like it that no excuse that we might try to make could justify it even to ourselves? For what is an evasion? It is not merely, as the word literally means, an escaping or a slipping out of a difficulty, but doing so by a positive act of deception—making the person to whom the evasive answer is given believe what we know is not the truth. But if we examine Rahab's answers to the king's messengers, we shall find that they were not evasions, that is, evasive answers to their inquiries, but plain, positive, direct falsehoods. Her words to the messengers were: "There came men unto me, but I wist not (that, is, I knew not) whence they were." Now she knew perfectly well whence the men were, and that they had just come from their camp of Israel. But this was not the only lie that she told: "And it came to pass about the time of shutting of the gate, when it was dark, that the men went out. Whither the men went, I wot (or knew) not. Pursue after them quickly, for ye shall overtake them." There was no evasion here; but a positive, direct lie, and to make it appear more true, she mentioned

circumstances, such as the time of their departure, and urged the messengers to pursue them quickly. Now, how can these positive lies be called "evasions," that is, in the sense of evasive answers? Let us not juggle with words. An evasion is an indirect answer, a shifting of the ground, a dash of truth with a large amount of falsehood, so as to give the whole matter a false colouring, and thus deceive the inquiring party. Johnson, therefore, defines it: "Excuse; subterfuge; sophistry; artifice:" and Webster adds, "Equivocation; artifice to elude; shift." But Rahab did not give evasive answers. She told positive lies. How much better, then, and simpler it would be to admit at once that they were lies, but that God mercifully pardoned them, and overruled them for good. Whatever we do, let us not tamper with so sacred a thing as truth: and rather acknowledge that we are wrong a thousand times over, knowing how the wisest of men may err, than involve the holiness of God.

We speak thus because we feel constrained to add that, in our judgment, Mr. Wells has used some very reprehensible language in saying that God inspired them—that they had not only his sanction and authority, but his positive inspiration. Now this seems to us really worse than the first error. To ascribe to God, so pure, so holy, the inspiration of a lie, in other words, that he breathed a lie into Rahab's soul, and by his Holy Spirit suggested to her direct and positive falsehood, is to our mind something very shocking. Take Mr. Wells even on his own ground. He surely will not deny that an evasion, if not a lie, must partake of the nature of one—that it is more or less a deviation from strict truth. Now, that God should inspire into a man's soul the least deviation from truth is, to say the least, a most dangerous position, and without the shadow of authority from the Scriptures. If he had said that God permitted Rahab to deceive the messengers, brought good out of it, and mercifully forgave it, it would have satisfied all the exigencies of the case. None doubt Rahab's salvation; none doubt that her receiving the spies and sending them away were acts of faith. Why, then, attempt to justify her where she was wrong, especially on such dangerous grounds as to ascribe her sin to the express inspiration of God?

Mr. Wells, then, need not be surprised if his defence should not allay the waters of strife. He had a fair opportunity to recall views against which there was such a general outcry: for he should have seen that the concurrence of so many voices was not a conspiracy against his popularity, but the result of

Christian feeling in a number of persons who, however they may differ in other points, feel warmly where moral or spiritual truth is at stake. He has, however, taken a firm stand, and in a sermon preached Nov. 5th proclaimed "war to the knife,"—they are his own words,—against all opponents. We should truly rejoice to see him throw away both his errors and the knife, for neither of them will prosper in his hand; and we sincerely hope he may repent with godly sorrow that ever the warmth of his mind should have led him to use such language as that with which we close our present article. But he may live to prove, and may it be in mercy, not in judgment, which is stronger, James Wells and the knife or the word of God and the sword of truth.

"Now if I am spared till next Sunday morning I have to give what I think I may call my defence, but it will not be such a one as some of you might think. I have been in a conciliatory mood, desiring so to explain things as to conciliate my opponents, and bring matters to a peaceful issue. But that day is gone, sir; these last twenty-four hours have brought about an irreversible revolution in my mind. I will hear no terms of peace; I will accede to nothing that shall in any way bring my conscience into bondage. I am got beyond all remonstrance, all reasoning. Much as I love our deacons, and happy as I am with them, not a soul shall I listen to contrary to the position I have taken to defend myself sternly and decisively against my opponents upon the faith of Rahab. Much as I love you, the members of the church, and care for you, yet not a sentence shall move me; much as I love the congregation at large, and friends about the country, yet I have passed the Rubicon, the matter is done, my sword is drawn, my shield is anointed, my credentials clear, my watchword given, 'Conquer or die.' 'War to the knife,' sir, shall be my motto now as long as I breathe. I will be tyrannized over by none."

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God the Guardian of the Poor, and The Bank of Faith. By the late William Huntington, S.S.—(*March, 1867.*)

There are books which will never die; and the reason is because they contain in themselves, we will not say the elements of immortality, for nothing is immortal below the skies, but what we may term the seeds of an ever self-renewing life. In the literary as in the vegetable world, there is a wonderful

and almost infinite quantity and diversity of growth. Thus there are annuals and perennials, shrubs and trees, books, though few in number, which have the knotty strength of the oak, and books, but much fewer still, which have the enduring life of the cedar. There are also plants fair to the eye, but, like the nightshade, bearing deadly fruit to the taste; and there is a fungus growth, the product of a corrupt press, spreading itself far and wide to taint the blood of the rising generation with principles of infidelity and sin. There never, perhaps, was an age in which there was so large an amount or so great a variety of works on every subject which can exercise or instruct or delight the human mind; and as with men, so with books, every year adds its thousands to the already existing population. Yet out of this countless progeny of books, how few survive even their birth, dropping, as if stillborn, from the press; how few attain to youth or manhood; how more rarely still do any reach a vigorous old age, or, as if they had drunk at the fount of life, renew their youth like the eagle. One in a thousand may outlive a century, but all the rest, at different stages of their life, sink into the tomb of perpetual night.

But amidst this general decay, this mortality and death among the books, almost as certain and as sweeping as mortality and death amongst men, a few works never die, and for the reason which we have already given, that they contain in themselves the seeds of an ever self-renewing life. It does not lie within our province to notice those productions of human genius, either in dead or living tongues, which are handed down from age to age to instruct or delight generation after generation; but the same principle which we have laid down will apply to all books, whether worldly or religious, which have won to themselves an enduring inheritance. There is in them all that appeal to the common principles of our nature, that meeting of the wants, the sorrows, the desires, the aspirations, the hopes, the fears, the feelings and passions of the human breast, which, vivified by the power of genius in works worldly and secular, and lighted by fire from heaven in books spiritual and religious, renders them independent of all the mutations of thought and time, and makes them virtually imperishable. This is what we mean when we speak of them as containing in themselves a self-renewing life.

But though the death among the books would, if duly recorded, be the largest and most wearisome of all obituaries, yet, after all, strange though it may appear to say so, their mortality is more apparent than real, and a greater

benefit than an injury to general society. Books, like men, naturally and necessarily grow old; and how would the busy, labouring, active, and thriving world, commercial and manufacturing in London and Lancashire, fare if all its manifold and intricate business were carried on by old men instead of the middle aged and young? So with books. New books are wanted, as young men are wanted, to carry on the business of life; and as the father survives in the son, who is better adapted for fresh modes of business, so the old book survives in the new work which is better suited to the habits and feelings of modern thought. Old geographies, old histories, old cyclopaedias, like old almanacs and old directories, become necessarily obsolete and practically worthless; and so similarly thousands of books die a natural death, and perish of sheer decay. And who would wish them to live, or stretch forth his hand to save them from a deserved death? In this world, corrupt as it is, few things really die but what ought to die. Who would wish to snatch from death and oblivion what is alike corrupt and corrupting? Hosts of so-called religious books are no more worthy of preservation than the tales and novels which fill the shelves of a railway bookstall; and therefore justly perish as being as much founded on false principles in religion as novels are on false principles of human conduct and life. Now contrast with these abortive productions of the modern religious press such a work as the one now before us; or to take a much higher instance, our old, our grand, our noble, our blessed Bible. How many works have been written against it in every age to overthrow its claims to inspiration as the word of the living God; and how every argument which learning could suggest, or research discover, or malice aim, or ingenuity invent, or wit point, has been hurled against the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. But where are they all? Dead, buried, and forgotten. We may apply to them the words of the prophet: "They are dead, they shall not live; they are deceased, they shall not rise; therefore hast thou visited and destroyed them, and made all their memory to perish." (Isa. 26:14.) Who now reads the works, or even knows the names of Hobbes, Collins, or Tindal, men who in their day were like Strauss, Renan, and Colenso in ours, deadly opponents of the inspiration of Scripture, Goliaths of Gath, in their own and their admirers' opinion? But God has made their memory to perish, whilst the grand old Bible stands, like him of whom it testifies, the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. Such, also, will be the fate of those infidel books and their infidel writers that are making their little stir in our day, and with their great swelling words do but foam out their own shame. God will do unto

them as unto the Midianites; as to Sisera, as to Jabin, at the brook of Kishon, which perished at Endor; they became as dung for the earth.

But, as distinct from such books as these and their native kindred, which in a more subtle form spread abroad the same principles, and therefore perish, justly perish as under the blight of an eternal frown, we seem to have some reason to mourn over the death and dissolution of many works of a past age which seemed worthy to live. How many books, for instance, of the old Puritan writers are now dead and forgotten; and yet, as we read the writings, so edifying and so instructive, of Owen, Sibbes, Goodwin, &c., we almost wonder that the church of Christ could ever let them die. But either from want of spirituality in the church itself, or from their style not being suited to the present age, or their not being ready at hand, how rarely are these masterpieces of sanctified intellect read either by our ministers, or our people. Thus there seems to be a term of life even to the best of books. Slowly but surely they sink into the grave, and if some struggle on a little longer than their brethren, it is only to be borne in the end to one common cemetery. Whence, then, comes it to pass that any resist the common doom? It will be found that if any survive the general dissolution, and we know there are those which have outlived centuries, it is only those which, as we have said before, contain in themselves the elements of a self-renewing, and, therefore, indestructible life.

Amongst these earthly immortals, we may safely predict an enduring life to the work at the head of our present Article. It must be now about 80 years since the first part of the "Bank of Faith" was published, and here we have before our eyes an edition of the whole work sent abroad at a price so marvellously cheap that nothing could have warranted the publisher to make the attempt but the expectation of a most wide and extended circulation. As we shall recur, before we close the present Article, to this noticeable feature of the present edition, we shall not now dwell further upon it, but shall address ourselves more immediately to the consideration of the work itself.

What is called autobiography, that is, the life of a man written by himself, has always in it a peculiar charm, especially if the incidents recorded are striking, and the writer has the faculty, given to few, of presenting them in a clear, graphic, and vivid form. A heavy, dull, confused style may make the most

remarkable incidents in action wearisome in narration; and as we often see in our private intercourse with Christian people, the best experiences may be spoiled by the badness of telling them. No author has ever survived his own day who has not been gifted with a vivid, original, and life-like style, for what is wearisome to read is soon not read at all. Here Mr. Huntington peculiarly shines. He is never dull, never prosy, never commonplace, never confused, never unintelligible. The buoyancy of his style is remarkable, and bears his books and letters up so that they never become wearisome. Seasoned with heavenly salt, and enlivened with the most sprightly and original sallies of wit and humour, they possess a peculiar freshness, so that they become neither dry nor mouldy.

But there is another reason why autobiography to most men has a peculiar charm. As God has fashioned our hearts alike, and as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man, every reader seems to read more or less of his own history in the narrative of another. If we have not been in precisely the same, we have been in similar circumstances, and, what he felt in such or such particular crises of his life, we have felt, if not with the same intensity, at like periods of our own history. There are few readers also in whose real life, or in whose waking dreams, if their actual history has been but commonplace, there has not been a tinge more or less marked of what, for want of a better word, we may call romance. There has been some blighted youthful love, or early bereavement of an almost adored object, or some deep-seated, unrequited affection, or some cruel desertion, or some violated trust. As the grey-headed and the middle-aged appear to our young folk, it never strikes their mind that these grave old fogies were once young, and that under their cold, as they think, breast the fires of their youth still sleep under the ashes. It is these sleeping fires which autobiography stirs, and thus interests as deeply the old as the young. Have you, aged reader, no secrets under that grave exterior which you carry? Had you no struggling childhood, or oppressed youth; no incidents never to be forgotten, in which you were a great sinner or a great sufferer? Now these passages in your past life, as they at the time stirred up the secret depths of your heart, have they not left behind indelible impressions which again and again recur, sometimes in your dreams when the buried past becomes a risen present, and sometimes in the thoughtful meditations of your waking mind, when, in a melancholy mood, you brood over the days that are for ever gone! How many things have we in times past

said or done which we have kept buried in the silence of our own bosom! There are secrets which husband never tells to wife, nor wife to husband, daughter to mother, or sister to sister, brother to brother, or friend to friend. And as in many cases it would not be right or expedient to confess them, so would it be little else than treason against friendship and confidence to seek to extract them. And yet our inward consciousness that we have a history of our own makes the self-narrated history of another so interesting as often meeting us in those very points in which, concerning ourselves, we preserve a prudent silence.

If then, autobiography is interesting to all, how much more is the pleasure and interest of it increased to that heart where grace has set up its throne; and if our life history has been especially marked by providential interposition, how strengthening to faith it is to read of the providential dealings of God in a still more marked manner with others of his living family. The lines, too, of providence and grace are usually so blended together, or rather so closely interwoven, that, like a compact web, they mutually strengthen each other. The same God, who is a God of providence, is also a God of grace, and usually appears most conspicuously in the former as he deals more clearly in the latter. When faith is low, or when trials and afflictions do not abound, his providential hand is little seen; but as afflictions are sent, and faith is given with them, then once more the out-stretched hand of the Lord is seen and recognised. Nor let any one either misunderstand or quarrel with our expression "romantic," even as applicable to religious biography. Look at the history of Jacob, or the history of Joseph, or the history of David. The love of Jacob for Rachel, the meeting of Joseph and his brethren in Egypt, the parting of David and Jonathan, when "they kissed one another and wept one with another until David exceeded,"—could must be the heart which does not respond even naturally to the life-like touches of these—do not be offended, Christian reader—romantic incidents. By romantic we do not mean anything connected with novels and romances, but those incidents of life which are distinct from mere commonplace events and stir up the deep feelings of the human heart. In this sense much of the "Bank of Faith" is truly romantic, and owes to it much of its beauty as well as its popularity and charm. Something peculiar was stamped upon its author from the very first. His very birth—offspring, as he was of a double adultery, his starving childhood, his early yet, in its consequences, miserable and disgraceful love, his wanderings when he

fled from the strong arm of justice in hunger and almost nakedness, his call by grace and his call to the ministry, with his persecutions and sufferings at the coal barge and the cobbler's stall—have not all these incidents, told by himself in his own inimitable style, thrown around him a peculiar halo which, if we call it romantic, we merely mean striking and removed from commonplace? The bearing of these things in mind may prepare us for the consideration of the book which we are now reviewing.

Few books have been more blessed and, we believe, few more reviled and ridiculed than the "Bank of Faith." Let us look at the reasons for both. Before Mr. Huntington's "Bank of Faith" appeared, few religious writers had either recorded God's providential dealings with themselves, or even written upon the subject at all. John Newton, in his interesting account of his conversion, names several most marked incidents of providential interposition, but does not particularly dwell upon them, though a most firm believer in the doctrine of a particular providence;* and there are few published experiences of good men which do not contain many striking events that show the outstretched hand of God in providence as well as in grace. But this is more particularly the case when the path in which they have been appointed to walk is one of heavy temporal trial, when they are as if cast more specially on the providence of God from the want of those means of support with which others seem favoured, and therefore have to look more immediately to the Lord for every crumb of their daily bread and every drop of their daily water. These see the hand of God in the minutest events, such as the gift of a shilling, or the accidental (so termed) finding of a sixpence. The rich and well to do to whom half-crowns and shillings are but stray coppers, are disposed to smile at the value put upon a shilling by a poor widow on parish allowance of a loaf of bread and half-a-crown a week; but let them measure its value to her by taking it as representing to them the standard of their own weekly income, and they will see that what is but a cab fare to them to save them a mile's walk is worth many pounds to her. When on one occasion Huntington had but tenpence-halfpenny to provide for himself, his wife, and child for a whole week in a strange place where he had just come, and had neither credit nor friends, and was fed with his family for the whole of that week from the table of his landlord's daughter and son-in-law who, as he says, at that time knew nothing of him or his God, need we wonder that he saw in it the hand of the Almighty, especially as it was in answer to prayer, through the direct

application of a scripture to his heart? Soon after he began to preach; not being able to go on with his daily employment, he was so reduced as to want even the common necessities of life, and had no clothes fit to be seen in. Those who have plenty of bread and meat in the pantry and whole suits of clothes in the wardrobe, not to say a good balance besides in the bank, are but poor judges of what the gift of even a few shillings, or of a new suit of clothes, was to him at this period of his life; and is he to be ridiculed and reviled by the professors of the day, who, with all their religion have neither eyes to see nor hearts to believe in an ever-present God, because he saw in this apparently trivial circumstance the immediate hand of a Father and a Friend? In fact, we are all to a man desperate infidels in heart; and these minute providences, when they are related as matters of faith, touch us just in that rotten spot. Though all through the word of God we see his providence shine forth in the minutest events, though the Lord himself tells us that the very hairs of our head are all numbered, and that two sparrows cannot fall to the ground without God's providence or permission, yet to believe that he is everywhere so present, and that he everywhere so directly lives, moves, and acts as to regulate and control, where he does not immediately produce, the minutest circumstances of daily life—all this so surpasses all our natural credence that nothing can enable us to believe it but the faith of God's own giving and maintaining, and having had ourselves some personal experience of it, so as to set our own seal to its reality and truth.

* Mr. Cecil thus records his watching the hand of God in providence: "Nothing was more remarkable than his constant habit of regarding the hand of God in every event, however trivial it might appear to others. On every occasion—in the concerns of every hour—in matters public and private, like Enoch, he 'walked with God.' Take a single instance of his state of mind in this respect. In walking to his church he would say, "'The way of man is not in himself," nor can he conceive what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I turn down Lothbury or go through the Old Jewry; but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequences. A man cut down my hammock in sport, but had he cut it down half an hour later, I had not been here, as the exchange of crew was then making. A man made a smoke on the sea-shore at the time a ship passed, which was thereby brought to, and afterwards brought me to England."

But now, to confirm and strengthen our faith, let us look at this point a little more closely and examine it in the only true light—the light of the word of God. And to do this more simply and clearly, let us take one or two scripture histories or incidents in which the providence of God seems especially to shine. Look, then, first at the history of Joseph, and see how every event is so linked on to the next from beginning to end that the whole forms one compact, unbroken chain. His being his father's favourite child, as the son of his beloved Rachel; his dreams, and their effect on his brethren's envious hearts; his being sent to Shechem, and thence guided by a stranger to go on to Dothan—mark how accidentally, so to speak, the man had heard them say where they were going! his brethren's determination to kill him at once, and his deliverance from immediate death by Reuben; (here comes in Reuben's wish to regain his father's justly forfeited favour;) the casting of Joseph into the pit, or as it means a reservoir, or large underground tank, generally full of water, and its then happening, an unusual circumstance, to be dry; the passing by just at that critical moment of the Midianites, and Judah's proposition to sell him as a slave; the acceptance and fulfilling of the plan, issuing in the going down of Joseph into Egypt—how minute were all these circumstances, as to name only one, the passing by of the Midianites,—a caravan of travelling merchants, just at that peculiar juncture; and yet how all were so linked together that had one been wanting the whole chain would have been broken. We need not point out the still closer links which follow, that he should have been sold to Potiphar; that his master's wife should have been what she was, and acted as she did; that Joseph should have been so kept by the power of God, and yet by his very godly fear been cast into the prison, where by his interpreting the dreams of the chief baker and butler he came out to stand before Pharaoh, and become next to him in the land of Egypt. If we do but look at these circumstances, with all that followed from and flowed out of them, what a chain of events from which not one link could be severed without destroying the whole. And yet what issues depended on such a simple thing, so minute a circumstance as that two of the king's servants should be committed to the same prison with Joseph! the finding of a secure place where the descendants of Abraham could grow into a mighty nation, which they never could have done as living in tents in the country of Hebron. Those who deny a particular providence ought to be able to explain how all these different minute circumstances fitted in so closely and accurately as to bring

about the execution of a special scheme. We have thought sometimes of a simple natural illustration of the way in which the minutest events in providence concur to form a general plan. Most of our readers must have noticed the wings of the peacock-butterfly, and observed the uniformity and beauty of the pattern. Now to produce that beautiful uniformity of pattern, hundreds of thousands, if not millions of little feathers must combine; and were we to have to calculate the exact shape, situation, and tint of marking which every single plume of this countless feather-dust must have to prevent the whole being a confused blotch, it would exceed all the powers of human mathematics, not to say all the faculties of the human mind. But we might as well believe that an army of men and boys, by throwing together stone after stone for a number of years, could build a St. Paul's Cathedral or a Westminster Palace as than all these minute feathers were put together by chance. Now if in creation, and this is but one instance out of a million, we are obliged to recognize a divine hand in so minute a circumstance as the marking of a butterfly's wing, why should we not see the same hand in the minutest events of providence also? The grand difficulty is to see God at all, anywhere or in anything. If once by faith we see him who is invisible, and feel the presence of a God at hand and not afar off, all other difficulties vanish.

But, as a scriptural example is better understood, and more confirming to faith than any natural illustration, let us now direct the attention of our readers to another example of minute providences which we have long considered one of the most remarkable recorded in the word of truth. It is the first interview of Saul with Samuel. The Lord had told Samuel in his ear (that, is, privately) a day before Saul came, that to-morrow about the same time he would send him a man out of the land of Benjamin, whom he was to anoint to be captain over Israel. (1 Sam. 9:15, 16.) Now, see the minute circumstances which brought it all about. The asses of Kish, Saul's father, are lost, having probably strayed away in the night. Saul and one of the servants are sent in search of them, and they wander from place to place till they come to the very city where Samuel was. Now must not all this, even the very straying of the asses, have been under the express guidance of God? Looking at the results, we dare not say otherwise. But Saul, hearing from his servant that there was a man of God there, wishes to ask of him the particulars, but just observe how minutely all was arranged and timed, for the chief place was vacant, and the special joint of honour, the shoulder, reserved for the expected comer. But

now look at the signs which Samuel gave Saul, to assure him that God had chosen him to be king. (1 Sam. 10.) He would find two men at Rachel's sepulchre, who would tell him the asses were found; then he would meet three men, one carrying three kids, another three loaves of bread, and another a bottle of wine, who would salute him, &c.; then he would come to the hill of God, where a company of prophets would meet him, with their psaltery, tabret, and other instruments, when the Spirit of the Lord would come upon him, and he would prophesy with them, and "be turned into another man." Now we read that "all those signs came to pass that day;" (1 Sam. 10:9;) in other words, that every minute circumstance which had been foretold him by Samuel exactly happened to Saul. But was there no special, no particular providence here? or, rather, was there not a succession of special providences? And were not all under the direct and immediate guiding hand, as they were under the all-foreseeing eye of God?* No man, therefore, who reads and believes his Bible can deny a special providence, without giving the lie to both his Bible and his profession. But enough of this. We may give the testimony of God, but we cannot give faith to believe it. Be it our happy portion to be ever watching the hand of God in providence and grace, and surely we shall watch for neither in vain; for we are assured that "who is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

* Without entering on the point, we have often thought that the genealogy of our Lord, as given in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, is a remarkable instance of particular providences. The whole hangs upon marriage after marriage of two persons, and birth after birth of sons from these marriages. Then what a variety of special providences must there have been to bring each couple together; and how all these must have been arranged beforehand to make an unbroken chain between Adam and Christ after the flesh.

And now a few words for the edition before us. We must, indeed, say that it is a marvel of cheapness. What do you think of 190 pages of clear, readable type and very fair paper for 2d. paper, and 4d. cloth flush? Books in Mr. Huntington's day were dear; and it was quite right that he should have had a fair remuneration for his works; but, in Bensley's edition, the "Bank of Faith" was published, First Part at 3s. 6d., and Second Part at 2s. 6d. But here we have both Parts, which then cost 6s., published at 2d. and 4d. What a change

have time and circumstances wrought! Here, then, for a fourpenny piece, within the compass of a mechanic or labourer, at a cost almost less than of his pipe and cup of beer, is a little book which he can carry in his pocket, and read at odd whiles. It would also be the very thing to take with you who are often on the rail. It is often very desirable to avoid conversation or to detach one's mind from earthly things, to have a spiritual companion in the shape of a book; and, for a lady, often quite a protection, for none but a thorough brute would address himself familiarly to a modest female, quietly reading a book in the corner of a carriage. And a religious book is a thorough damper, if seen or suspected to be such, to any of those "fast" young men who would take the least advantage of an opening to intrude their conversation upon an unprotected female. Now here, young ladies, if you are called to travel, as you sometimes may be, by yourselves, is a protection for you. Slip the "Bank of Faith" into your reticule, and you will have a profitable companion and a protector in a little book which you may get for 4d. But we must not turn "touter" for Mr. A. Gadsby, nor should we have ventured to speak so favourably or so much of this edition unless we could cordially recommend it; and we sincerely hope it may command such success as may encourage him to publish, in the same form and at the same price, other works of the immortal Coalheaver.

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The Autobiography of Frances Wernham, &c.—(*October, 1867.*)

We notice this little work for several reasons; 1, For its intrinsic value; 2, because it is the experience of an Aged Pilgrim who died at the Asylum, Camberwell; and 3, because the proceeds of the sale are, at her special request, to go to the Benevolent Fund in connection with the Asylum of which she had been an inmate sixteen years.

Though dying at so advanced an age as 92, she appears to have preserved her mental faculties to the last, for the Editor of her life tells us in the preface:

"I saw her two or three days before she died, and asked if she had any fears of death. She replied, 'None. I am only waiting with anxious expectation to hear the joyful summons, 'Child, come up higher.' I believe, too, he will come

himself to fetch me; and if angels rejoice over a returning sinner, I'm sure they will rejoice to see such a poor, weak, failing creature brought safely home.' Then she said, 'What should I do if the Lord required anything at my hands? But, bless his dear name, he does not.'"

She thus commences the account of her life:

"I was born in the parish of St. Martin's, London, in the year 1774, of parents poor in every sense of the word; for, I may say, God was not in all their thoughts. They lived very unhappily, my mother being of a very lively, gay disposition, and my father of a very jealous temper, and that not without cause. They were often parted, at which times I was put out to nurse by my father. My mother experienced a deal of poverty and distress. After a while, when forsaken by others, she would return home to my father, and all would be made up again, and I was brought home, which would rejoice my heart to see them live happy. My mother was a wife at 17 years of age, and bore an excellent character for some years after marriage, till, getting acquainted with a set of idle, gossiping women that lived in the neighbourhood, who enticed her to drink, (and as evil communications always corrupt good manners,) she went on from bad to worse, till the 36th year of her age, when she departed this life in the greatest horror of mind, looking back on past follies with cutting reflection. She bare several children, who died young, except two girls, I being the youngest. She was not without alarms of conscience. I well remember her telling a very awful dream about the judgment day which made a deep impression on her mind, and on mine, too, for a while; but sin having dominion, she returned to her old ways, and left home for the last time. I think it was about two years after, she was taken very ill, in which she suffered much pain, poverty, and distress, when she sent many times to my father, who would neither see her nor relieve her; but getting somewhat better she went out, and was struck with death in the street. She was taken up and carried to St. Giles's workhouse. While there she sent to my father many times, with tears and entreaties; but he going to his master for advice, who was a hardened wretch, he persuaded him not to go near her, telling him the parish would make him pay all expenses. In order to obey his master he was obliged to go to the alehouse every morning, as soon as he was out of bed, to get drunk, that he might perform this piece of cruelty. I have been informed that his master was one that had formerly drawn her affections from my

father."

Her father was as bad as her mother, for she says of him:

"My father was a shocking blasphemer; he rarely ever spoke without an oath, and, I believe, was not less guilty of other evils than my mother; in short, our whole family appeared formed for destruction."

In this school of sin and iniquity was she cradled and brought up. She tells us:

"Being brought up in such a low way, and having such scenes of wickedness continually before my eyes, my youthful mind was corrupted betimes. I was no dull scholar in iniquity; and as for my poor father and mother, they were seldom long together before they would fight in such a dreadful manner that murder has been expected.

"I have frequently been waked out of my sleep with dreadful oaths which they have uttered, and have jumped out of my bed and run in between them. How have I stood trembling to hear and see them! expecting, according to my childish views, the devil would come and fly away with us altogether."

We need not run through the various scenes of sin and vanity, mixed at times with cutting convictions which she enumerates. Her call was very remarkable, and though we are not very fond of anything apparently visionary, yet we cannot but believe from its effects there was a divine reality in it:

"Now the old fox was gone in the country for a few days on business, and while I was in this place alone the Almighty was pleased to visit me in a very wonderful and singular manner. I think it was three months from the time I had the dream, when I went to bed one night as usual, and was waked in the morning by these words being applied by an invisible power to my heart: 'Have I not sent you warning after warning, affliction upon affliction, and will nothing do for you but I must come myself?' I started up to look who had spoken, and about two yards from my bed stood a vision. I saw no similitude, but a body of pure light, as if it were some person covered with a bright cloud which came down to the feet, broad like a loose garment; the exceeding brightness of the light cast a reflection on the floor where it stood. The time the heavenly messenger stayed I cannot exactly say; but it was sufficient to

leave a stiff, uneasy feeling in my eyes, which was occasioned by the brightness of the light.

"During the time the vision stayed, whether in the body or out of it I cannot say,—but this I can say, that all things past, the world, sin, and self, were no more to me than if I had that moment become a living soul. Gazing at the heavenly messenger, void of all fear, a perfect, peaceful calm possessed my soul while thus wrapt in contemplation; but when he made to the door, as though he would depart, my recollection returned, and I remembered the words that waked me from sleep, and began to fear and confusedly to try to rise and touch the hem of his garment—for I secretly suspected it to be the Son of God, but found I could not move. I endeavoured to speak, to say, 'Lord, what must I do to be saved?' but found I was speechless. Very quick and confused were my thoughts, for I wist not what to say or do. Like Peter, when on the mount of transfiguration, I felt a strong desire to detain the heavenly messenger, that I might receive instruction, looking wistfully after him as far as sight could reach. When the vision was departed, my speech and the use of my limbs returned as usual, and I found myself sitting at the foot of the bed. How I came there I know not, as I only remember starting up from sleep and sitting up at the head of the bed."

This remarkable appearance to her soul was followed by a long series of convictions, trials, and temptations, which she has described with much simplicity and feeling. But we have only room for her deliverance, of which she gives the following striking account:

"The next week I heard there was a very wonderful man preaching in Monkwell Street, Mr. Huntington, whom I went to hear, and to my great satisfaction I heard him explain my case by part of his own experience, at which I felt glad to find one, if only one besides myself, that had been the same way. I thought he spoke of the love of God like one that was under the sacred influence, to which I listened till my soul was provoked to a holy emulation. I sat and looked him in the face till I fancied his face shone like an angel of God. He exhorted much to prayer, which advice I was enabled to follow. I ceased not to cry day and night unto God that he would reveal his Son in me; my soul felt like one kept at a distance from holy communion and fellowship, which broke my heart. What grief and anguish did my spirit labour under from

these painful apprehensions! I used to weep nearly all day and night, and I believe if the whole volume of revelation had been applied to inform my judgment that God was reconciled to me, it would not have satisfied my soul without a feeling sense of pardoning mercy being brought home to my heart.

"One evening, when wrestling hard with God in prayer, my spirit was silenced by these words being applied with power to my soul: 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.' I was instantly led by the blessed Spirit in the exercise of faith to look on him whom my sins had pierced, and exclaimed, 'This is my beloved Saviour, I want no more; this is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone; my friend and my brother, my Lord and my God.' But what a sin-killing, self-abasing sight! Every high thought and towering imagination fell down flat before him like Dagon before the ark. When I saw, by the eye of faith, his pierced hands and feet, and that he shed his blood for me, so interesting did the sight appear that I was lost to every other thought, as if I were the only sinner in the world that had been the procuring cause of his sufferings. Now I could say, 'Lord, I have heard of thee many times by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; therefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.' Then did the Lord bind up my wounded spirit by pouring in oil and wine as fast as I could receive it, one passage of Scripture after another being applied to my soul so fraught with comfort and divine consolation. Come, says the Lord, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as wool; and red like crimson, they shall be as snow. For a small moment I hid my face from thee, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee. I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean. From all your idols and from all your filthiness will I cleanse you. Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial; as many as I love I rebuke and chasten, and scourge every son whom I receive. Without me ye can do nothing. I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

It will be seen from the extracts which we have given that this is no common book, and that it is a remarkable record of the Lord's dealings, both in providence and in grace, with one of his dear children. It was her anxious desire that this testimony of the Lord's mercy and grace should be published for the glory of his great name and the good of his dear family. She thus mentions her reasons for making the dealings of God with her public:

"Some months had passed on, when the Lord was pleased to take my aged friend from me by death, which made way for my removal to the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum, where I hope to spend my few remaining days in peace. In this quiet habitation I have had time to collect these few last remaining fragments together, to add to my other writings which were written in the younger part of my experience. I say few, for who is able to tell of all the gracious acts of lovingkindness and tender mercies of the Lord?"

"I have had my mind much exercised about publishing these dealings of the Lord with me. If I could have given the bright side and concealed the dark, I would; but how then could I expect the divine blessing if I kept back part of the truth? and how unlike the Scriptures, which show human depravity in its true colours, as well as the free, unmerited grace of God bestowed on the vilest sinners! It is not my intention for these writings to be seen till after my death; therefore I can have no motive in publishing them but the glory of God, and the comfort and encouragement of some poor Magdalene or Manasseh.

"It has long been my ardent desire to cast my mite into the Lord's treasury, and not liking to offer the Lord that which cost me nothing, some years ago I saved a few pounds towards the printing. From that time I called the money not my own, but when necessity has obliged me to use it, I borrowed it and paid it back again. This has been done over and over again. The Lord knows I have nothing to offer him but what he has first graciously given me; and if, indeed, he will condescend to accept it at my hands, and add his blessing in making it useful to any of his dear blood-bought family, my desire will be granted, my wishes acceded to, my prayers answered; and to his dear name be all the glory now and for ever. Amen."

It will, we believe, be cheering and gratifying to those of our readers who support the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society to see that the last days of so gracious and aged a pilgrim were made comfortable by the pension and the Asylum of that excellent Society; and her desire that the proceeds of her little work should be applied to the help of the Asylum shows that she had a grateful sense of the quiet and peaceable home which sheltered her last days.

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Songs in the Wilderness. By the late William Brown, Minister of the Gospel, &c.—(July, 1868.)

How continually it happens that good men and approved ministers of God's word pass away and leave no memorial behind them beyond that affectionate remembrance which still remains in the hearts of those by whom they were personally known, or to whom their ministry was owned and blessed. It is pleasing, then, when we can possess some memorial of them of a more fixed and permanent character than those reminiscences which grow weaker and weaker every day.

We are glad, therefore, to welcome this little memorial of so worthy and excellent a man, and of so acceptable a minister to those who knew and loved the truth as our dear and esteemed friend, the late Mr. Brown. In this little book we have a twofold memorial of him, each in its way singularly expressive; for we have in it not only a photograph of his face and person, strikingly like him, as the frontispiece, but we have a photograph also, as clear and as striking, of his mind. Thus there meets us, at the opening of this nicely gotten-up book, the representation of his outward man, strongly recalling to our remembrance his manly, intelligent, and yet subdued features, and in his poems as clear and vivid representation of the features of his inward man.

Besides the clear and sweet line of experience which runs in a very marked manner through these "Songs in the Wilderness," there is more of a poetic vein in them than we often find in the compositions of good men, who would almost seem to think that such minor considerations as poetical language and correct rhymes need scarcely to be attended to in comparison with clear statements of doctrinal truth, and a bringing forward of living, sound, and gracious experience. Were, indeed, the choice to lie between poetry and experience, between what Mr. Hart calls "tinkling sound" and "rich savoury meat," we could not for a moment hesitate which to prefer. But why should we not have both, or at least why should real poetry be thought by some out of place in the setting forth of God's truth? In ancient days, when the Holy Ghost inspired godly men to sound forth God's praise, he did not disdain to clothe divine thoughts in a poetic dress. Indeed, so striking is the poetry of the Old Testament that worldly critics to whom the theme is distasteful have been

compelled in every age to acknowledge the beauty of the form. Nay, even in later days, when such inspiration has ceased as moved the men of God whose compositions are recorded in the inspired word, we yet often find gracious thoughts and feelings, to use Milton's expression, "wedded to immortal verse." It is worthy also of observation, that almost all our most approved hymn-writers, and almost all whose compositions have found a permanent place in the books and hearts of those who know and love the truth, possessed considerable poetical gifts. There is a charm in true poetry quite independent of mere poetical language, though, of course, that has considerable effect. This sublimity of thought, aptness of comparison, beauty of figure, vividness of illustration, are all distinct from the mere poetical form of rhyme or metre, and of a much higher character, for they remain when these are lost. We have a striking illustration of this in the Scriptures, those parts of them we mean which are strictly poetical. None of them have the forms of our modern poetry, such as rhyme, and metre, but how full they are of all the highest and truest characteristics of true poetry. Take, for instance, the song of Moses at the Red Sea. What poetic fire animates it! with what strength and vividness of expression, what striking contrasts, and what surprising force and beauty are the thoughts and ideas expressed! Observe the following verse: "And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as a heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea." (Exod. 15:8.) We seem to see the waters gathering together at the blast of God's nostrils; we seem to behold the floods standing upright as a heap, and the depths congealing themselves in the heart of the sea. But the enemy appears in sight; we see the chariots and the horsemen, and we hear their language, anticipating a speedy and thorough triumph: "The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them." (Exod. 15:9.) "I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil." What a determination! "My lust shall be satisfied upon them." I will take full vengeance, and bathe my sword in their blood. We seem to see them pressing on and drawing their swords, as they rushed through the heaped up floods and the congealed depths. Now observe the contrast: "Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters." (Exod. 15:10.) How we seem to hear the roaring of the wind and see the sea loosening itself on each side! See how it covers them; see how they sink as lead in the mighty waters. Then hear the loud burst of holy triumph: "Who is like unto thee, O Lord,

among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearless [*fearful?*] in praises, doing wonders?" Is not this true poetry, the best and highest form of it? Will our readers kindly excuse this digression into which we have been drawn by our desire to show that the highest Scripture truth may be clothed with the greatest poetic beauty, and that the soul of poetry may exist where we have not the body?

It is in vain, of course, to compare human compositions with the inspired word of God; but let none think that true poetry is out of place in a hymn book. One hymn alone of Cowper's would be sufficient to prove the co-existence of true poetry and living experience. We mean the hymn beginning,

"God moves in a mysterious way."

But we have sadly wandered from good Mr. Brown's "Songs in the Wilderness," and yet not altogether without purpose, as wishing to convey thereby our opinion that even in poetic features these "Songs" are superior to many similar productions. The flowing rhythm of the metre, the correctness of the rhymes, and what is termed the unity of composition, that is, to speak more simply, keeping close to the subject, have struck us as peculiar features of Mr. Brown's poetry, and they are three points which all critics consider necessary to constitute poetic excellence. He often takes a passage of Scripture as his theme, and twines round it not only a poetic garland, but makes it the vehicle of setting forth his own experience in a sweet and simple way. This, indeed, is the chief value of the little work, and without it, it would not have been a memorial of so good a man and acceptable servant of God. Poetic form is to poetry what the shape and impress is to a coin or medal. It is the gold, not the form and impress which makes a sovereign valuable. Few may understand the beauty of the impress; all understand the value of the metal. So in religious poetry, the children of God cannot always recognise a true poet, but they can always recognise a true Christian, and they would sooner have a sweet savoury hymn in rugged verse than the highest poetic beauty and the life and power of truth absent. Our feeling is with them. Though we are glad to find the union of both; yet, if we can have but one, give us the power in preference to the form.

But as the best illustration of our thoughts and views upon the chief features

of this little book, we will present our readers with the following extract, in which a somewhat unusual and difficult metre is handled with remarkable ease, skill, and success:

ALL IS VANITY.

"Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

**Vanity and trouble,
Such is carnal mirth;
Bursting like a bubble,
Almost at its birth;
An airy nothing—prized by children of the earth.**

**Wisdom counts it madness
Thus to play the fool;
Calls to grief and sadness,
In the Saviour's school;
A sense of sin and guilt,—its first essential rule.**

**Contrite hearts and broken,
Tremblers at the word,
What the Lord has spoken
Have ye never heard?
The proud shall be abased, the humble be preferr'd.**

**Infinitely better
All forlorn to dwell,
Like a captive debtor,
Brooding in his cell,
Than, with the thoughtless crowd, go dancing down to hell.**

**Said I not of laughter,
With the gay and glad,
Heedless of hereafter,
Surely it is mad?
My soul, be thou content, if with the righteous sad.**

**Blest are Zion's mourners,
Favourites of the King,
Gather'd from all corners,
Incense sweet they bring;
And oft their choicest notes in saddest hours they sing.**

**When the heart is broken,
And the spirit bow'd,
Sweet is Noah's token—
Peace it speaks aloud;
While yet the big drops fall, God's bow is in the cloud.**

**One there is acquainted
With the mourner's lot;
Else their soul had fainted,
Desolate, forgot;
He shows his hands and side, and bids them sorrow not.**

**Marvel not, ye tempted,
Harassed by the foe;
None may be exempted,
Zion's records show;
Hell's fiery darts are hurl'd at every saint below.**

**Trials are appointed,
Losses, crosses, cares;
These the Lord's Anointed
With his people shares;
In all the griefs they feel a part the Saviour bears.**

**View your warfare ended,
With your Captain one;
One with Christ ascended,
Seated on his throne;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, the victory he has won.**

Earth is all disorder,
Empty, waste, and void;
But in Canaan's border
Peace shall be enjoy'd;
The curse, sin's bitter fruit, eternally destroy'd.

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Ritualism: Doctrine, not Dress. Notes of Lectures on Ritualism. By Thomas O. Beeman.—(May, 1868.)

This is a very interesting, and to those who want sound and authentic information on the subject which it handles at considerable length, will, we believe, be found a very useful book. Mr. Beeman has put together a great variety of authentic matter from the best sources of information to show the real character of that movement in the Church of England, now assuming such an important shape, which is commonly called Ritualism. The object of the work is to show that the point at issue is "not dress, but doctrine;" in other words, that all we read or hear about the vestments and changeable suits of apparel, and all those kneelings, crossings, and bowings which have been well and wittily characterised as "a mixture of posture and imposture, with a strong dash of man-millinery," in which the Ritualists seem to delight, have a meaning and significance far beyond that which meets the eye. This, indeed, is the case with all symbols of a party, whether civil or religious, and is equally true of all external and distinctive badges. What, for instance, is the English flag? To the eye a mere piece of bunting, marked with different crosses and colours. But is that all it is when this flag waves over the house of a foreign Consulate, or when it is carried at the mast of a man-of-war? Is it then only a piece of bunting floating in the wind? No, it speaks; and that with a loud voice—a voice that has made many a stout heart tremble—"England is here. I represent England with all its power and authority. Where I wave, under my floating folds, every Englishman is safe, so long as he is not a criminal or an evil-doer." Men have fought for colours and ribbons, scarves, flags, even unto death, some for orange, others for green. What are orange and green more than blue and yellow? Nothing, as mere colours. But, orange, in our Sister Island, symbolises triumphant Protestantism, and green symbolises aspiring Romanism. So these Ritualistic vestments, called by the

now almost unknown names of Albs, Copes, Chasubles, Maniples, Stoles, Dalmatics, &c., are in themselves nothing, whether red, violet, white, blue, green, black, yellow, and gold, for these, it must be known, are all approved colours amongst the Ritualists; but it is what they symbolise and represent. Mr. Bennett's evidence before the Ritual Commission, on July 4th, 1867, as quoted by Mr. Beeman, will elucidate this:

"In contending for what are called Ritual Observances, I am not really contending for any external thing, but for the *doctrines which lie hidden under them.*" "The *Vestments* are used with a *specific respect to the Divine Person of the Son of God; to advance His Glory; to set forth His Real Presence; and to Vivify His Sacrifice upon the Cross.*"

"The object is to convey religious impressions, and to guard religious doctrine."

"The doctrine is accurately expressed in these words, *The Real Objective Presence of our Blessed Lord, the Sacrifice offered by the Priest, and the Adoration due to the Presence of our Lord.*"

"The ancient vestments present to crowds of worshippers the fact that here, *before God's Altar*, is something far higher, far more awful, more mysterious than aught that man can speak of, *namely, the presence of the Son of God in human flesh subsisting.*

"At Holy Communion we use the *Vestments*; the Chasuble, Dalmatic, and Tunicle. I should use the Cope if I were wealthy enough to have one." "I consider the *Doctrine of Sacrifice* is involved in *wearing the Chasuble*: that it signifies the office of a Priest performing a Sacrifice. I consider myself *a Sacrificing Priest*. I think I do offer a Propitiatory Sacrifice."

In a similar manner, every part of the present mode, or code, as we may almost call it, of Ritualistic worship is significant of some doctrine symbolised by it, and without which it would be even to the worshippers a mere piece of stage mummery.

The object of Mr. Beeman in this work is to trace out the commencement and

the gradual development of Ritualism in the Church of England till it has assumed its present form. He has gone back as far as 1826 to show when the leaven was first put into the meal. Now we happen to be in a position to be able to verify from personal knowledge much of what he has here advanced, as having been in the very centre of the original movement, and personally knowing some of its leading originators. Ritualism, then, commenced at Oxford, where the first visible shape it assumed was under what is known as Tractarianism; that is, the doctrines put forth in a series of tracts written by Mr. Palmer, Dr. Newman (then known as John Newman), Dr. Pusey, &c., and called "Tracts for the Times." Of this Tractarian movement, Mr. Beeman has given a full and most interesting account. This was about 1832 or 1833; but the foundation had been laid some years before this. Mr. Oakeley, then a fellow of Balliol College, and a personal friend of our own, now known as an active Roman Catholic priest, in his "Historical Notes on the Tractarian Movement," traces its beginning to the teaching of Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford, and Regius Professor of Divinity in that University. Dr. Lloyd, a learned and able man, had a private class of pupils, comprising nearly all the rising men of the University,* over whom, from his ability, learning, strong mind, blended with a most amiable temper and disposition, he exercised a remarkable influence. With this private class he read and discussed the history of the Council of Trent, and that of the Anglican Prayer-Book† and in such a way, to use Mr. Oakeley's language, as to present to his pupils, and in fact imbue them with a respect and regard for Roman Catholics and Roman Catholic doctrine, which to them was an entirely new notion. Looking back on that period, and tracing out the various influences which all concurred to help forward that Tractarian movement, of which we now see the wide and melancholy consequences, it is well worth while to observe the subtle, yet powerful agencies put into motion. One, then, of these subtle, yet powerful influences, and one of the things which, according to Mr. Oakeley, heralded in the Tractarian movement and helped towards its real success, was the publication of John Keble's "Christian Year." To show the effect of this remarkable book, which from the beauty of its poetry and other causes, has gone cast over the land as to be found in almost every churchman's through more than seventy editions, and been sown so wide-house, we quote the testimony again of Mr. Oakeley:

*** This private class we joined at Dr. Lloyd's special request, which otherwise**

certainly we should not have done, as not much admiring the Bishop's teaching.

† This class we did not attend, our attendance being chiefly confined to reading with the Bishop the epistles of the Greek Testament.

"Not only was it free to an extent at that time remarkable from anti- [Roman] Catholic phraseology, but it dared to plead in terms than which even a [Roman] Catholic could use no stronger for the love of which our Blessed Lady should be the object."

He quotes the following lines in proof:

"Ave Maria, thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim."

Dr. Newman says of the "Christian Year" that, "One main intellectual truth it brought home to him was what might be called in a large sense of the word, the '*Sacramental System*.'" Now, this is the very marrow of Ritualism, for a celebrated Ritualist, explaining what Ritualism is, uses this language: "Religion is a Sacramental theory—a *sacramental system*. Rites, forms, ceremonies, acts, words, worship—these are its outward visible parts." Dr. Pusey, speaking of the "Christian Year," says that "it was the unknown dawn and harbinger of the reawakening of deeper truth." But, besides the poetry of Keble's "Christian Year," which, though it was neither very elevated, nor impassioned, nor sublime, yet had a certain calm repose, which, being in harmony with its subject, gave it to a certain class of mind a peculiar charm, there breathed through it in places what might almost be called an evangelical feeling and spirit, which gave it currency amongst a large body of religionists who would have at once rejected it had they believed that there was in it so much Popery in disguise. Take, for instance, the following verse, in which the poet addresses the Lord Jesus:

"Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die."

How subtle was this attempt, under the cover of such language as seems to breathe the very spirit of the Gospel and the experience of the saints, secretly to infuse into thousands that poison which has now come forth in the open shape of Ritualism.

Our space will not admit of entering upon the once celebrated, though now almost forgotten, "Tracts for the Times," though we cannot altogether pass by the notorious No. 90, which was a laboured attempt, by John Newman, to show that the 39 Articles do not, when rightly interpreted, condemn the doctrine of Transubstantiation, or the Invocation of Saints, or the Adoration of Relics, or Purgatory, or Indulgences, as sanctioned by the Council of Trent. This sophistical, disingenuous interpretation he called "non-natural," that is, such as would not naturally occur to the mind as a legitimate meaning. But it may be quoted as a striking yet melancholy instance of the corrupting influence of Roman Catholic doctrine on a powerful and subtle mind when not seasoned and taught by grace. Dr. Whateley, the late Archbishop of Dublin, an old and most intimate college friend of Dr. Newman's, but a man of thoroughly honest, upright, independent mind, thus characterised this audacious attempt to interpret the Articles of the Church of England, so as to make them harmonise with Roman Catholic doctrine:

"Indeed, he set such an example of hair-splitting and wire-drawing—of shuffling equivocation and dishonest garbling of quotations—as made the English people thoroughly ashamed that any man calling himself an Englishman, a gentleman, and a clergyman, should insult their understandings and consciences with such mean sophistry."

Well-spoken, rough, old honest Whateley. It does our heart good, amidst all the shuffling and time-serving of the modern bench of bishops, to find there was one who dared speak out boldly and honestly the sentiments of a thoroughly independent mind, even though it was to denounce the sophistry of one with whom he had for years walked as a friend and brother.

But our readers meanwhile may be desirous to know what "Ritualism" really is. They will find then in this book a very full and excellent description of what it is and what it teaches. It is indeed somewhat loosely put together, and

rather lacks that orderly arrangement which so intricate and copious a subject requires for its full and clear elucidation; but it contains a large amount of excellent information, substantiated by quotations from authentic sources.

The following extracts will give a very good idea of the character of the work. Our readers should understand that the chief feature of Ritualism is what is called the Sacramental System—in other words, that grace is only communicated through the medium of the Sacraments, viz., Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Thus Mr. Shipley says:

"The Catholic Faith is a religion of Sacraments"—*"Not a single step can be taken in the Supernatural Life without the co-operation of Sacraments; not an advance can be made; not an end can be gained." "No Sacramental Grace can be applied to individual souls without the intervention of a personal agency;"* that is, the agency of a priest.—Rev. O. Shipley. *Sermons on Sin.*

A main feature, therefore, of Ritualism is the exaltation of the priest. What do our readers think of the following extract?

"In a Tract, called 'The Commission of the Christian Priest,' the people are exhorted to 'remember that when the Clergyman comes to them, he does not come alone; the Lord Jesus comes with him.' 'Remember,' says the Author, 'that when you receive your Clergyman, you receive your Saviour;' and 'and that whatever he does as your Minister—such as administering the Holy Sacraments, marrying, blessing, visiting, burying—it is not he who does it, it is God Almighty. He therefore that despiseth despiseth not man but God.'"

The Bishop of Salisbury thus states fully his views of this point:

"In another part of his Charge, the Bishop states this Sacramental and Sacerdotal Doctrine more fully, in the following words:

"(1) That *certain men have had entrusted to them by God, 'as fellow workers with Him, some Supernatural Powers and Prerogatives.'*"

"(2) That, for example, *God has been pleased to give to them, as His Ministers,*

the power of so blessing oblations of bread and wine as to make them the channels of conveying to the soul, for its strengthening and refreshing, the Body and Blood of Christ.

"(3) That as Christ, our ascended Lord, is now ever pleading His one sacrifice, so these Ministers of Christ, as His representatives, plead on earth *that* which He pleads in heaven.

"(4) That God, who alone can forgive sins, has *delegated* to these same His Ministers the *power and authority of ministering*, to those fitted to receive it, *the pardon of their sins.*"

Now observe the consequences of the grand leading doctrine of Ritualism. Mr. Prynne thus explains the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper:

"The Sacrifice which Christ offered after His last supper,' 'He willed that His duly Ordained Ministers should continually offer even unto the end of the world.

"None but Priests can offer a Sacrifice, therefore Christ ordained His Apostles to be Priests, to offer His Body and His Blood to God the Father, under the Sacramental veils of bread and wine, as the one True Sacrifice, which alone can take away the sins of the world.' The Apostles ordained other Priests with power to offer this great memorial Sacrifice.

"This Sacrifice *is the same in substance* as that which Christ offered at His last Supper, and *finished upon the Cross.*' It differs only in the manner in which it is offered. 'It is not a *bloody Sacrifice,*' 'but *unbloody,* in which, by a way which Christ Himself set up, *we make His Sacrifice always present, and offer and plead it as the ONLY procuring cause of our Salvation.*'

"Those Christians who are never present *when the Holy Eucharist is offered up NEVER plead for their pardon and forgiveness IN THAT ONE WAY WHICH CHRIST ORDAINED that they should plead for it.*'

"They never celebrate, in Christ's appointed way, the ceremonial remembrance of the Sacrifice of the death of Christ."

This doctrine cuts off at one stroke from eternal life every person who does not receive the Communion of the Lord's Supper from the hands of an ordained priest, either Roman or Anglican:

"The Holy Eucharist is a Heavenly Feast as well as a Sacrifice.' 'The Holy Communion is the way ordained by Christ, whereby His Members may eat His Flesh and drink His Blood, and so dwell in Christ and Christ in them.'

"Unless men obey Christ's express command, and feed upon his Body and Blood in the Holy Communion, they cannot remain united to Christ, and if not united to Christ, they cannot come to Eternal Life."

But let us now show, from the same authentic sources, the consequences which flow from the doctrine of the Real Presence. The following statement is made with respect to the reception:

"Every rightly informed, rightly believing Christian can have no doubt whatever that the reception of the Blessed Sacrament is by far the most important action which he can perform upon this earth. It is more important than dying; yes, far more important, though the lingering horrors and desperate struggle of the last hour may seem to worldly eyes a more awful sight than the quiet Altar and humble appearance of bread and Wine, YET TO GO TO GOD IS SURELY NOT SO IMPORTANT AS TO RECEIVE GOD INTO OURSELVES."

Now observe the directions given to the intending communicant:

"The intending Communicant is instructed how 'to go to bed' the preceding night. 'Go,' the compiler says, 'with a kind of holy and impatient joy, to think that *Jesus will come to you in the morning*, that you will—you can hardly believe so great a thing for very gladness—THAT YOU WILL RECEIVE HIS BODY INTO YOUR BODY** the next day; *that for SOME HOURS He and you may be so utterly one that, as a Saint says, 'The prayers you pray for a while after Communion are not so much your prayers as His, who is praying in you.'*"**

Is not this awful doctrine to inculcate, that on receiving the sacrament "The

body of Jesus is so received into the body of the communicant that for some hours, that is while the bread is *digesting*, he and the communicant are one." How abject must the state of that man's mind be, whether priest or communicant, who can really believe, what we almost tremble to write, that the glorious Son of God can so come into his stomach under the shape of a piece of bread that, whilst it is being digested, he is one with the Lord of life. Is this the religion which, amidst banners and crosses, copes and chasubles, and muttering priests, is to rule and reign in this land of Bibles? Is every chapel to be closed, that every church may open its thronged doors to such miserable idolaters of a piece of bread? One can hardly think that men even of common sense can take such gross views of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. But when once an error so great and awful is introduced into and gets full possession of the mind, who can tell to what lengths it will not carry those who are so given up to believe a lie? Were it not so solemn a subject, it would become almost ridiculous. As an instance of this, one Ritualistic writer much complains of those who wear long moustaches: for he says that sometimes they get dipped in the wine, and thence drop upon the pavement, compelling the poor priest, after the service is over, to search for it. Think of the following language:

"You may see men leave the altar with their moustaches bedewed with the Precious Blood, and the poor clergy have to go down on their knees to search for that which has been suffered to drop."

Fancy an Oxford man, once the pride and ornament of his College and University, but now a Ritualist priest, grovelling on his hands and knees, and searching and examining, as if with microscopic eye, the pavement of the chancel to find out, carefully gather up, and, we presume, devoutly swallow, a drop of the precious wine which has fallen from the long moustaches of an officer in the Guards—perhaps his own brother or cousin, who has, under his influence, just communicated. It has been said, "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step;" but a step like this, from the solemn to the ridiculous, is a far worse step, for it is awful trifling with the souls of men, a mockery of sacred things, and not far removed from blasphemy against the truth of God. If this mean and grovelling superstition, this combination of the grossest idolatry with the most inordinate pretensions to the pure and almost exclusive worship of God, is once more to prevail in our Protestant land, and thus carry

us back from the pure light of the word of God to the darkness of the middle ages, when the Bible was an unknown book, it will indeed be a melancholy instance of what God, in righteous indignation, shall allow to come upon a nation for abused privileges and despised truth.

We feel that we have given but an imperfect idea of the work before us; but we trust we have said sufficient to recommend it to the perusal of those who take an interest in so important a subject as the gradual advance of Popery under the shape of Ritualistic doctrine and Ritualistic practices.

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Recollections of the late William Huntington, together with Selections from his Writings, Anecdotes, Remarkable Incidents, &c. By William Stevens, one of his Hearers.—(February, 1869.)

Few men have had to encounter such a storm of contempt, slander, enmity, and opposition as that eminent servant of God of whom these Recollections are given to the public by one who was well acquainted with him, and who, like most of those who sat and had profited under his ministry, entertains undiminished for him the warmest affection and deepest respect. The only doubt amongst those who despised and hated him was whether he were a fanatic or an impostor; and some very quietly and curtly settled the doubt to their own full satisfaction by pronouncing him both. This seems to have been the opinion of the late Lord Macaulay, who, in his "Essay upon Lord Clive," speaking of the mysterious horror with which the peasantry of Surrey looked on the stately house which he was building at Claremont, brings in, in a very malicious way, what he must have read in Mr. Huntington's "Kingdom of Heaven Taken by Prayer." These are the exact words of the brilliant, though not always truthful, essayist:

"Among the gaping crowd who drank into this frightful story (viz. that the reason why the walls were made so thick was to keep out the devil) was a worthless, ugly lad of the name of Hunter, since widely known as William Huntington, S.S., and the superstition which was strangely mingled with the knavery of that remarkable impostor seems to have derived no small nutriment from the tales which he heard of the life and character of Clive."

Now, it is not necessary to point out the misrepresentations contained in this passage. "Ugly" he might have been, for he himself tells us that "pride itself could never persuade him to think that any such thing as beauty had ever fallen to his share, and that his being destitute of this vanishing shadow had been matter of grief to him in the days of his vanity." Yet, it seems a strange idea to condemn a man for his face, which he did not make himself, and which is at best but a mere outside shell that may encase a beautiful kernel. But "worthless" he was not, at least at the time when he heard the story about Lord Clive, for he was then suffering persecution from his fellow-workmen, and loss of employment from his master because he would not work on the Lord's Day; nor was he "a lad," for he was a married man with two children; nor was he at any time after he made "a profession of godliness a knave," for no man lived more honestly or paid his debts more honourably, almost starving himself in the days of his poverty that he might owe no man anything; nor was he "an impostor," for he knew in whom he believed, and had both a testimony in his own conscience and the consciences of those who knew and loved the truth that he was an upright, highly favoured servant of the Lord.

This, however, is only a vain and feeble specimen of the reproach and calumny which were heaped upon him from all quarters, reaching him even after his death, and spread all over the world, through the wide diffusion and universal admiration of Lord Macaulay's writings. But in his case there was this peculiar feature, that his greatest opponents and most violent calumniators were the preachers and professors of his day. There were, no doubt, peculiar reasons which drew forth an enmity against him and a storm of contempt and scorn by which few have been assailed as he was. His views of the Law, at that time novel, his bold declaration that it was not a rule of life to believers, his strong and stern denunciation of the legal preachers of his day, the keen way in which he ripped up their arguments in his controversial writings, and the uncompromising language in which he laid bare their erroneous views, unmasking at the same time their profession and showing how ignorant they were not only of the truth of God but of any saving light in their own souls, provoked their wrath, and goaded them almost to madness. Knowing nothing for themselves of the sweet liberty of the Gospel, of a revelation of Christ, of a living faith in his Person and work, or of any union

or communion with him, and resting all their hopes, if not professedly, yet really on a broken Law, or at the utmost on the bare letter of the word, they were naturally stung to the quick to see all their religion brushed away by him as a spider's web. He took away their gods, and what had they more? He broke up their idol, and with it fell both their countenance and their hope.

What course was then left to them? If they wrote against him, he was as a controversialist so unrivalled in his knowledge of Scripture and the use of it, so acute to discern the whole state of the argument, so keen in his dissection of their legal views, so fearless in his attack, and so thoroughly persuaded that God was with him and would stand by him, that none of his opponents could stand before him. We are free to admit that he did sometimes mingle his own spirit in his controversial writings with that Spirit of grace and truth by which he was undoubtedly led; but he himself, who knew best his own spirit, would not allow this, and we shall, therefore, leave the point.

He tells us that "God gave him so uncommon a spirit of meekness, at his first setting off to preach that he found himself rather too tender to declare the whole counsel of God." "I was more fit," he says, "for the character of a nurse than for that of a soldier. But when these Arians came to tear up the very foundation of my hope, that spirit of meekness gave way to a fiery zeal. When I came in private before God, my soul was overwhelmed with contrition; but when I got into my pulpit, I was clad with zeal as with a cloak."

As, then, his opponents could not overthrow his testimony on grounds of Scripture and truth, and as they had nothing to say against his life and conduct, for that was most circumspect and exemplary, they turned all the current of their reproach against his views upon the Law, as if by them he had removed the very foundations of morality. Not knowing in and for themselves the constraining love of Christ, the sweet and sacred influences of the Holy Spirit, the springing up of godly fear as a fountain of life, or anything of that sacred power whereby the child of God is led into all holy obedience to God's will and word, and kept from evil that it may not grieve him, they set up an image as a mark for their arrows, which was nothing but the imagination of their own mind. Every young sprig of divinity, as he speaks, had a word against the Antinomian, against his horrid doctrine, his dreadful views, his

licentious sentiments, and what a wide door his preaching and writing opened for all ungodliness. It was impossible to convince these men of their mistake. They were honest, many of them, as far as they went, but in levelling their arrows against his doctrines it was not so much the doctrines themselves as the consequences which they in their ignorance drew from them that they attacked. They did not see that the Law for which they so zealously contended was a ministration unto death and not unto life, of condemnation not unto justification, of bondage not unto liberty, and that its fruits and effects were not to produce obedience unto holiness, but to provoke and irritate the carnal mind and thus stir up and put power into sin, so as to deceive and slay the soul under it. Now, Mr. Huntington, on the contrary, held that the Gospel, in its truths, promises, and precepts, was the rule of life in the hands of the Spirit; and that from it and not from the Law flowed not only pardon and peace but holiness in heart, in lip, in life.

We are great admirers of Mr. Huntington's writings. From his works and those of Dr. Owen we have derived more instruction, edification, encouragement, consolation, and we may add conviction, counsel, reproof, and rebuke, than from any other source, except the word of God; and indeed it is because the writings of these two eminent men are so in harmony with the Scriptures, so breathe the same spirit, and are so impregnated with the same heavenly wisdom, that they are so profitable to those who know and love the truth. The Spirit of God speaks in and through them, because what they wrote they wrote under his special influences, and out of the treasure of a good heart brought forth those good things which make them so weighty and so valuable. Mr. Huntington's greatest work is probably his "Contemplations on the God of Israel;" but for our own private reading we prefer his "Posthumous Letters" to any of his other writings. In them we see the man just as he was in his private moments before God; in them he pours forth to his various correspondents the treasures of wisdom and grace with which he was so largely endowed and blessed. There we see him not as a warm controversialist, nor a keen disputant provoked and irritated, as he sometimes unduly was, by the slanders of his enemies, or the errors of the day, against which he contended with such earnest zeal; but we see in them the breathings of a tender, kind, and affectionate spirit, mingled with such openings of the Scripture and the various branches of living experience as made them full of instruction and edification. As a letter writer he strikes us as unrivalled. Even

apart from the subject of his letters, the ease, flexibility, originality, strength, and variety of his language is something marvellous. You never find in them anything dry, dull, and prosy; you are never wearied with long, obscure phrases and periods from which it is hard to extract sense or meaning; but his language flows from his pen with all the freshness and clearness of a summer brook, so transparent that you can see at once to the bottom, and as free from mud and mire as when it first gushed out of the hill side. As his correspondents were very numerous, and as they were in different stages of the divine life, his Letters, taken as a whole, touch upon and unfold every branch of living experience, from its first movements in conviction to its fullest joys in deliverance and consolation. Some of his correspondents were very young, both in age and experience. Some, like Mr. Charles Martin, for instance, had only just begun to set their faces Zionward; some had been long and deeply exercised with trials and afflictions; some were contending with sharp and powerful temptations; and some, like himself, after having been much favoured and blessed, were engaged in a perpetual conflict with a body of sin and death, had to labour under the weight of a daily cross, and to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Now, as he had travelled all these paths, and knew for himself more deeply than they did the various exercises, desires, sensations, feelings, sorrows, and joys of a believing heart, and was favoured with a most wonderful gift in unfolding from the Scriptures and his own experience every feature of the divine life, he could suit his letters so as to meet the case and state of every correspondent. There is, therefore, we believe, scarcely a feeling, a sensation, or a movement of divine life in the heart which he has not touched upon or described as no other but he could do, and this with a life and power, a clearness, decision, certainty, and authority which carry with them an indescribable influence that seems to penetrate into the inmost soul. We read them again and again, and ever find something in them to instruct and edify the soul, strengthen faith, confirm hope, or draw forth love. He seems to have been singularly fond of writing to his friends, and would sometimes spend nearly a whole day in his little cabin in this use of his pen. Where he felt union, it was strong. There were few, perhaps, comparatively speaking, who had crept into his heart; but if once there, they were there for ever. Those who spoke of him as harsh, austere, and stern, only knew him as opposed to errors and evil doings. They knew nothing of the man as spending hours and days in prayer and meditation, on his bended knees, before his dear Lord and Master, with flowing eyes and a broken heart. They

knew nothing of his confessions in secret, his earnest wrestlings, or of the sweet union and communion with which, in answer to them, he was blessed and favoured.

And there was much in his peculiar position as a public character which misled their judgment of him. He lived at a time when our country was in the greatest peril that it ever was since the Revolution of 1688. France was, or had lately been, in the throes of her first Revolution of 1789, in which, with the overthrow of ages of corruption, and the sweeping away of that feudal system which had filled the land with oppression on the one hand, and misery and beggary on the other, there was hidden under the pleasing words "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," a spirit which afterwards broke out in the destruction of everything sacred, and the eventual crushing of liberty itself. This spirit of the French Revolution passed over into England, mainly through the writings of Tom Paine; and as there was still a great deal of the old feudal system in this country, with its evils and corruptions, it spread itself like wildfire among all ranks. So subtle was this spirit, it so allied itself with what were called "The rights of man," and put forth liberty with such great swelling words as its main object, that very few saw the deceit, and hailed it as the dawn of a glorious day in which all tyranny and oppression would cease, and the voice of freedom alone be heard like the turtle in the land, or the angelic salutation to the shepherds be realised. Burke was the only statesman of the great Liberal, then called the Whig party, who had a clear insight into the true meaning and real spirit of that Jacobin doctrine which in France, ripened into the Reign of Terror, and all the terrors of the guillotine. Mr. Huntington as a preacher, like Burke as a statesman, was gifted to see into and denounce from the pulpit and from the press, this Jacobin spirit which had spread itself widely through the whole dissenting body, and had infected very many of his own church and congregation. It would require a volume (and a most interesting volume it would be, if a writer should ever arise sufficiently gifted to unfold the state of England at this critical period) fully to explain all this. Suffice it to say, that never at any period of our history since the Revolution has England been in greater peril from intestine strife, weak ministries, corruption in every department of the State, and a gigantic enemy on the opposite side of the Channel ready to invade our shores with an overwhelming force.

But enough of this. The only reason why we have touched upon these points is to show that those who would understand the position which Mr. Huntington occupied as a public character, standing in the very front of the battle, and with fearless boldness denouncing the Jacobin spirit, and insisting upon obedience to constituted authority, can only do so by some acquaintance with the history of the period. If ever his life should be written, of which we see little prospect, it must be by one who can not only enter into his views and experience, character and position as a man of God, but is well acquainted also with the history of a period the recollection of which has much passed away, but which has left deep and permanent traces behind it on the present generation. Much of the bitter feeling which was manifested against him flowed from this source, for it was a point on which he was very determined both in word and action, especially after the fire had broken out in his own congregation through the preaching of a minister in his pulpit who had come up from Devonport, then called Dock, and of whose views as well as character and conduct he was at the time ignorant.*

*** We have heard that a near relation of this minister, who was at Devonport during the time that Mr. Huntington was preaching there, and who knew his character, was so troubled in mind about it that he was obliged to get up in the middle of the night and knock at his bedroom door, which, after some delay, Mr. H. opened; and when he had heard what he had to say and witnessed the trouble of his mind, he sent him off to order a postchaise and four to be ready at 4 o'clock next morning, into which he put himself, and travelled up at the same speed all the way to London. Whether this anecdote be true or not, and we believe it to be, true, it is well known that he left Dock abruptly, and came to London, when he found it too certain that the Jacobin spirit had spread like a fire through his congregation. In the book before us, Mr. Stevens alludes to this, and says that he heard it from the lips of one of his members whom he knew well that the person to whom we have alluded was the preacher's own son. Mr. Stevens adds, "I believe this was the greatest ministerial trial he ever had, for the person to whom I have referred as my informant knew that he would sit in his vestry, called 'The Cabin,' and weep for hours on account of it."**

But if he were despised and hated by his enemies, who in truth were the enemies of God, he was proportionately loved and esteemed by his hearers

and friends. Indeed, the feeling entertained toward him by many of his hearers was almost idolatry. We remember hearing a good woman say, to whom he had been much blessed, that when she looked at his house, she almost worshipped the smoke that came from the chimney of his study. This she confessed was but idolatry, yet it showed the strength of her feeling. And, indeed, there was much in the man, independent of the grace that rested upon him and his wonderful gifts in the ministry, to make him the centre and object of the greatest esteem and affection. He was gifted with a noble, liberal mind, abhorring covetousness, and giving away his money with a most profuse liberality. Though born and bred in so low a state, yet he was one of nature's gentlemen; and we have heard from those who intimately knew him that there was a dignity in his person, manners, and appearance which commanded respect. He was also naturally of a warm, affectionate spirit, and in his conversation there was a playfulness, though no levity, and a humour without jesting, which made his company very pleasant. That he was most hospitable in his own house, we can see from his letters, in the invitations which he gives to his friends to come and make themselves at home with him; and when he saw and felt the grace of God in them, and he would have no other company or other companions, he would converse upon the things of God with such wisdom, tenderness, contrition, knowledge of the Scriptures, and so open up every point from his own experience, that it was most blessed to hear him converse. Not but that he had his angry, peevish fits; not but that his natural temper was not one of the sweetest and most equable; but at these seasons he kept much to himself, and fought the battle alone with his own spirit, with many prayers and tears before God.

We have had the pleasure and privilege of knowing at various times some of his friends and hearers, and what we have thus written about him has not been at a mere uncertainty, but been gathered both from what we have read in his writings and from what we have heard from those who knew him. And we are free to confess that we have generally found in his hearers and friends a savour, a life, a feeling after, where not full enjoyment of those divine realities, in which the power of vital godliness so much consists, that we have not found in others.

One of these attached hearers and friends is the author of the little work before us, which he has published, chiefly for the purpose of vindicating his

name and memory by referring to his writings. He also furnishes much interesting information on various points, to understand which requires a little explanation of the names of persons referred to in his books. It will, therefore, be read with interest by those who esteem and love the memory of Mr. Huntington; and if it serve the purpose of leading to a wider and fuller extension of his writings, and the removal of any prejudice against them, it will, we believe, quite fulfil the intention of the writer, who in his preface thus speaks the desire of his soul:

"Should what is now collected be the means of producing a desire in the heart of any to know more of Mr. Huntington's writings, the labour will not have been done in vain. Yet my chief object has been to encourage the hope and strengthen the faith of the children of God. To him that doeth truth with God and his own conscience, and earnestly prays that his heart may be right in God's sight, the various and deep experience of divine teaching which these extracts contain may, by God's blessing, be profitable and consoling. In them is set forth the private religion of one who lived and walked with God in peace and equity. I have often said and I now declare it again, that no one can know what Mr. Huntington was as a man or as a Christian minister unless they are well acquainted with his writings, more particularly his correspondence. In the 'Posthumous Letters,' in the 'Contemplation on the God of Israel,' and other epistles to the late Mr. J. Jenkins, he freely lays open his consolations and the trials of his faith, both as a private believer and what befell him in his public ministrations."

THE END