JEHOVAH-JIREH—[THE LORD WILL SEE, OR PROVIDE].

(Gen. xxii. 14.)

Continued from page 102, March No.

In our previous comments upon this glorious subject, our thoughts have been confined principally to the *gift* of faith; we purpose now (as God shall enable) to view it as connected with its *test* or *trial*. And we may remark, that in nothing is the *reality* of faith more fully proved, as being that of God's elect, than in the fact of its being severely tried. It was this that led the apostle Peter to exclaim so emphatically (1 Pet. i. 6, 7), "Wherein ye *greatly rejoice*, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your *faith*, being much more precious than gold, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." And what but a knowledge of the same all-important truth led his fellow-disciple to say, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations. Knowing this, that the *trying* of your *faith* worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing" (James i. 2-4).

See you not, then, dearly beloved—you that are called to endure the *trial of faith*—how evidently you are in the footsteps of the flock? Moreover, do you not behold what a signal honour God is putting upon his own work, in that he is *testing* it? Be assured that, were it a dead faith, or a merely nominal faith, which you possessed, there would be no need of a *trial*; it could not endure it. It would be consumed as so much stubble as soon as the fire were applied, or be blown away as chaff, the moment a storm arose. Yet your faith, or rather the Lord's faith as exercised in you, still abides, though it has long had to encounter
both the fire and the storm. How sure an evidence, then, that it is of
the right kind, and that it must ultimately be “found unto praise and
honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.”

Observe also, that severely as it may be tried, not a grain of the
precious metal can be lost. On the contrary, all the testing which it
undergoes does but tend to its purification, or separation from alloy, and
to the proof of its intrinsic worth.

We have been lately admiring the figure that the Holy Ghost has em-
ployed by the prophet Malachi. We read (ii. 3) that the “Messenger of
the covenant” shall “sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall
purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they
may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.” A recent in-
spection of the mining operations in this neighbourhood proved, at least
to our mind, a sweet and comforting illustration of this Divine testimony.
Let us, beloved, for a moment trace the analogy.

Beneath the spot on which we write, or immediately contiguous, is
hid, in the bowels of the earth, much valuable metal, or copper ore. Shaf-
ts being dug to the depth of from 500 to 1000 feet, and slidings
formed, a certain vein or “lode” is traced, which being dislodged is
drawn up to the surface. By far the major part is rejected as refuse, and
hurled into the sea, but that which has a tinge, or copperous hue, is else-
where deposited, and immediately submitted to its first test. By means
of a heavy hammer the large stones are broken into fragments, and such
of these as still retain the tinge just alluded to are again removed. Here,
by a lighter hand, they are broken still smaller. A third and greater
test is now applied. By means of a huge water-wheel some ponderous
machinery is worked. In its every revolution it lifts a multitude of
“stamps,” or heavy pieces of iron, beneath which the stone or gravelly
substance is crushed into a powder, and then, by a stream of water,
is conveyed away into certain reservoirs. To the casual observer not
a grain of metal is preserved—all seems lost. A quantity of dark
dull dust appears as yet the miner’s only reward. Still it passes on
through a series of operations, until at length it reaches the “assay” or
“smelting” office. And here a far severer test is brought into operation.
The hammer and the water give place to fire. Again, the whole
would seem as wasted; but patience having had its perfect work, most
cheering is the sight of the pure, clear metal as it comes from the hand
of the assayer. Severely as the test has been applied, not a particle of
the precious metal has been lost, but, cleansed and purified, it shines in
brilliancy, and presents a substance quite in contrast with the shadowy
tint that first attracted notice to itself.

Reader, apply the figure to things spiritual and Divine. See the Lord
the Spirit, in the exercise of his sovereignty and irresistible grace and
power, choosing from among the wreck and ruins of the fall, stones for his
spiritual temple. As much does the inanimate material we have been
describing present itself to the miner’s eye, and help to dislodge itself
from its long and uninterrupted resting-place, as does a sinner in his
nature-state, dead in trespasses and sins, present himself to Jehovah for
the purposes of salvation, or, in the least wise, aid or assist him in that
salvation. We were about to say, that the one is as passive as the other;
but we the rather dare to affirm—and we have both Scripture testimony
and the experience of the Church in every age in confirmation—that the
adamantine heart of man presents a tenfold greater resistance to the operations of the Spirit, than do the base and rocky materials from which the miner extracts the precious metals. It is a humbling yet comforting truth, because, when seen in and by the light of the Spirit, a clear distinction will be drawn between nature and grace; so that, whilst all the deathliness, depravity, and degradation which are inseparable from nature, are set down to the flesh, all the life, light, and liberty which are equally inseparable from grace, will be as readily ascribed to the Spirit. This just judgment of things not only honours Jehovah, and magnifies the office and work of the Holy Ghost; but, when opened to the astonished eyes of the new-born soul, infuses a holy hope that the sighs and the struggles with which it is so conversant, are the fruits and effects of the power and operation of the Spirit; and thus will such soul be brought gradually to know the fulness and the preciousness of Paul's declaration (Rom. xi. 36), that it is “of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen.” Yes, beloved, it is unutterably blessed to be brought thus to lie as clay in the hands of the potter, to feel that we are “his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works,” according to eternal purpose and appointment (see Eph. ii. 10; Job x. 8; Jer. xviii. 1—6; Isa. lxiv. 8). But observe, that as the metal was preserved, notwithstanding the various and severe processes through which it passed; so, in an infinitely more certain degree, is the faith of God's elect preserved in the midst of the various floods and fires, by means of which Jehovah had eternally designed to test it. See its wondrous security from the very moment of the first visible operations. Taken out of the quarry of nature, like the rough material in the hands of the miner, it has to be broken asunder. The law is as a hammer in the Spirit's hand, with which he breaks the stony heart to pieces. And what are all his after-movements, but to crumble the soul into the dust of self-loathing, distrust, and nothingness? Through the whole of the painful ordeal—whether in the flood or in the flame, grace is kept alive; the pure white stone (Rev. ii. 17) is preserved; and again and again, in the believer's experience, are Job's words verified, “When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold” (Job xxiii. 10).

But we propose to inquire into the manner in which the Lord does try the faith of his children. We have a striking instance in the case which stands in connexion with our text. It was a bitter draught that the Lord put into Abraham's hand, when he called him to sacrifice his son Isaac. And, as we hinted in a previous Number, our readers need not be greatly dismayed, nor think some "strange thing" hath happened unto them, if a similar demand is made upon them. All the Lord's gifts are but loans at best; and, as such, he has an undoubted right to call for them at any moment, and in any way that may seem good in his sight. He is under no obligation to us; on the contrary, we, his poor puny creatures, are under inconceivably great obligations to him for every breath we draw, and for all those mercies of which we are momentarily the recipients. But for a false view of ourselves, and some latent notions of self-importance—encouraged as these views are by the continuous insinuations of the great adversary—we should be more disposed to live as tenants at will, and hold every mercy with a loose hand, ready to resign it at a moment's bidding. Instead of which, knowing in some measure the frailty of our hearts, and the dangerous ground upon which
our self-sufficiency causes us to stand, we grasp every mercy as it were
with an iron hand, resolving that nothing shall deprive us of our doubly-valued possessions.

Ah, reader, reader, do you not know something of this in your own
heart's experience? And have you not proved that against this your
seemingly so well-defended fortress, the Lord, in very mercy, hath made
his first attack, in order to test the faith of his own bestowing? Nay,
the very precautions you had taken prove the existence of fear—
yea, more, they betray your sense of self-will, and the struggles of
conscience against a fleshly resistance of the probable dispensations of a
wise and loving Father. It is clear that Job was thus exercised, for he
tells us in his 3rd chapter and 25th verse, "The thing which I greatly
feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me." The
experience of the Lord's family will serve as a key to admit them
to many of the secret workings of Job's heart, prior to the heavy cala-
mities which fell upon him. The dispensations opened with less sud-
denness and surprise than many persons may imagine. His own state of
soul had greatly prepared him for the changes he was about to encounter,
though of their nature or extent he could as yet have but little idea.
"I was not in safety," says he, "neither had I rest, neither was I quiet;
yet trouble came." Job was greatly wrapped up in himself; his duties
and his doings; his sons and his servants; he had a vast amount of a
fleshly untried religion. A good deal of chaff; very much hay, straw,
and stubble, that the first fire would consume. Job's eyes were in a
degree opened to a knowledge of this; and if he really were a son, he
knew his sonship must be tested. Trial would be necessary for this
 ordeal; hence he expected it; he was perpetually on the alert.—
presenting sacrifices and burnt-offerings to keep the trial away—to supersede the
necessity for it; for though he might know it was necessary, Job had no
more love for trouble, than his successors, nor would he, any more than
they, be asking it at the Lord's hands.

Brethren, do you know anything of Job's state of feeling in all this?
Have you not been here? But do take notice of the mercy—the Lord's
kindly intimation. Seldom (if ever) does he strike a blow at once. There
is almost invariably a preparation of mind, or a warning—something to
soften the suffering—to pave the way to the trouble. Observe it in our
Lord's conduct with Peter (Luke xxii. 31, 32), "Simon, Simon, behold
Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat, but I
have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted,
strengthen thy brethren." Mark the five-fold mercy. 1. The salutation,
"Simon, Simon;" such dear familiarity—so sweet a recognition—words
spoken doubtless in sweetest accents of sympathy and kindness. 2.
Satan's desire and merely a desire, but not to be granted. 3. The sifting.
The chaff shall be blown away, and the husks separated, but the precious
grain preserved. 4. The special supplication to the Father on his behalf,
"I have prayed for thee, Simon; have made special mention of thy ease
and circumstances, so that thou mayest be able to endure this very
necessary trial, and that thy faith [for it is a good, a genuine faith] fail
not. Lastly. His sure recovery. "When thou art converted [or restored]
strengthen thy brethren." Thou wilt have learnt some good lessons; be
better instructed in a knowledge of thy folly and my faithfulness; and
let thy brethren have the benefit.
Beloved, in your imagination withdraw for a moment this gracious intimation of Jesus, and let the after-events fall suddenly upon Peter; think you not that (grieved as he must have been at his heedlessness of the warning so kindly afforded), the trial of his faith would have been tenfold more severe? Great as was his fall—awful as had been his sin—yet well he knew from Jesus’s own words, that though he had denied his Lord, his Lord had not discarded him. Still he was a son, though a rebellious one—still a brother, though grievously unfaithful as a brother.

And does not the consciousness of this fact, reader, mix honey with the gall? Poor backsliding souls, what would you have given to realize relationship, after some of your base wanderings? To presume upon it? Oh, no, no. This is what Satan and slaves say; not children. You want to know that he is your Father still, that as a child you may put in a plea, though a sorrowful one; that as a child you may lay claim, though in your own apprehension a justly forfeited one; that as a child your sobs and sighs—your contrition and confession—may move a Father’s love—melt a Father’s heart—and cause his bowels to yearn in pity and compassion towards you. “I will arise and go to my Father,” said the prodigal [ah, dear claim, “my Father” still!] and I will say, “Father, [now he cleaves to the claim] I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son [mark again the relationship] make me as [not make me a servant; I may act in the capacity of one, but shall still be thy son, Father, dear—though justly offended—Father] make me as one of thy hired servants.” “Is Ephraim my dear son, is he a pleasant child, [or, as it may more properly be rendered, Is not Ephraim my dear son? is he not a pleasant child?] for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him. I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.”

But do observe, beloved, that however severe the test which the Lord may apply for the exercise of faith, and be the surrender what it may, still there shall be, not only a rich experience of all needful strength, but the blessedness of his dear name, as JEHOVAH-JIREH, fully proved. For the purpose of the trial of faith, he may call for a wife or a child, a father or a friend; but it shall only bring us the closer to his feet, there to realize our relationship to and with himself, and to enjoy in a richer and more glorious way all the blessings to which such a relationship entitles us. The removal by death of those we loved and valued, will only cause us to cleave more unreservedly to him who cannot die; the dissension or distrust of those we loved too well, and confided in too fully, will but drive us to Him to whom all hearts are open—who reads at a glance the whole circumstances of the case—and cannot possibly misconstrue the spring or motive of any action. Oh, how inconceivably blessed to be enabled to appeal to the Lord; to feel a holy freedom in betaking one's self at once to the throne, there to unbosom every grief and tell each rising fear; there to appeal, “Lord, is it I? Lord, did I mean this or that? Was this the object or that? Did such and such influence me? Here I am; search and try me—prove and know me; and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.” This is one mode of having “fellowship with Christ in his sufferings;” this to tread, though at a remote distance, in his Divine footsteps; and thus it is we are led and enabled to put creatures in their proper place, and make JEHOVAH-JIREH Lord of all!

Bonnahon, March 2, 1849.

The Editor.
CHAPTER III.

BY THE "GOSPEL COTTAGE LECTURER."

"All the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen, to the glory of God by us."—2 Cor. i. 20.

Another most blessed first evidence of our union to Christ, the true and living Vine; and therefore of our indisputable interest in all the "exceeding great and precious promises" treasured up in that "Mighty HIM," which, like so many cups of blessing, to nourish, heal, comfort, revive, and strengthen his weak, sin-smitten, Satan-distressed, fainting, feeble, and weary heritage, are ever being pressed out of his loving heart, by the tenderness of his compassion towards his afflicted members, and handed down to them by the Holy Comforter, with a soul-dissolving "Yes," or a heart-sustaining "Amen," and all in answer to the tear of true penitence—the prayer of the destitute—the "Lord-help" of the sinking one—the cry of the prisoner—the sigh of the beggar, or the last unutterable groan from the borders of despair. Ah, yes! another most blessed first evidence of our union to, and abiding in, that Vine of vines, is LOVE.

Here a "more feeble member" may be inclined to express a fear that he shall not be able to trace, in his experience, this great grace of the Spirit. Great indeed it is! compassion—tenderness! where thought is exhausted!

"Where length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
Are lost to our astonished sight."

Yet the tiny dew-drop which glitters on the lowly little lily of the vale, is as truly water as the flood that fills that river which never had a source.

Let us inquire then, a moment, into the nature and effects of this first evidence of eternal life—this spiritual love manifested in the tendril, as preceding the more full development of love in the cluster.

"And Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth cleave unto her." What sayest thou, poor, trembling, fearing, doubting one, to the tendril, as so sweetly set forth in our Moabitish sister? hast thou a little tendril that cleaveth to thy mother? hast thou a little love to Naomi, "the Church of the First-born, which are written in heaven?" whether she call herself Naomi "the beautiful," or Mara "in bitterness?" But let us look a little attentively at this precious tendril.

The blessed Author of our treasure-book has hidden many a gem in the remarkable names which he has given to its heroes and heroines; and perhaps none of the Hebrew names are more full of beautiful spiritual signification than those employed in this short, but most interesting love-story. What name can more faithfully set forth the Church—in her own estimation often a Mara—"bitterness;" but, in the eyes of those who knew her glorious standing, a Naomi—"beautiful, agreeable?" or what the sisters in profession—Orpah—"the neck, the skull," full of head-wisdom, but "an overturner of altars"—"one who goes back"—who, while the Church is a "Naomi," will live in her borders; but when she
sees "Mara" written on her walls, quietly retires with a Judas's kiss? Not so, however, dear heart-affected "Ruth"—she is "satisfied" to cast in her lot where she has tasted the sincere milk of the word; babe-like, she cleaves to her mother. Again, the place whither their footsteps tend—it is to Bethlehem (Ruth i. 19)—"The house of bread," where lives the "mighty man of wealth," "the kinsman" (Ruth ii. 1)—"Boaz," whose name most fitly signifies "strength."

The Lord help every timid Ruth to come with us to-night, and take refuge under the glorious skirt of him who has ever been "a strength to the poor—a strength to the needy in his distress—a refuge from the storm—a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall" (Is. xxv. 4).

"But Ruth clave unto her." Ruth had not yet seen her mother's "kinsman;" still, Naomi's entreaties that her daughter would turn back with her sister availed not; the tendril of love was twining about the "stem of Jesse." "With weeping and with supplication did she come"—"Entreat me not to leave thee." To the land of Judah would she go, exclaiming as she went, "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." But Naomi is in bitterness—"poor and afflicted." No matter, the tendril still holds fast—the "house of bread" is in expectation; and it may be the "mighty kinsman" hinted at it, now and then, as they travel onward together.

And is it not thus with the Lord's own children? When really brought, by the light of life, to see their true state of widowhood before the Lord, without a single ray of hope from the works of the law—their old kindred and former house dead to them—no home, no refuge left in the flesh, or in fleshly works—the labour of their hands bringing them no true bread, but a deep heart-hunger, and a flaming heart-thirst going out after true righteousness—ah, my poor craving brother or sister, happy, happy are ye! Read Matt. v. 6. In this condition, if they meet a manifestly-spiritual Israelite (and the Lord is sure to order it so that they shall meet such an one), and they hear a little about the "house of bread" and the "mighty kinsman," does not the dear tendril instantly catch hold, and most lovingly cling to such an one? Yea, even though, in outward circumstances, all may be a blank, yet the inward affection is instantly knit to the Israelite, and the poor, destitute, widowed soul thinks, that could it but obtain the pearl of great price which this one possesses, any temporal sacrifice would be a mere shadow, compared with so longed-for a substance. Cleave to her! ah, yes, through fire, and through water—they will travel on together; but, bless the Lord, the "wealthy place" shall make amends for all.

"Through fire and flood she goes—
A weakening more than strong;
Vents in his bosom all her woes,
And, leaning, moves along."

But let us have one "thus saith the Lord," to confirm us in our views respecting Ruth's tendril, by which it will appear fully evident she is united to and abiding in the vine; "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren" (1 John iii. 14). And here once more we must repeat, if truly alive from the dead, although that life be only discoverable by tendrils, although no clusters may yet
appear, every "precious promise" in Christ Jesus—great as the truth
may be—belongs to us, "because we belong to Christ;" but we must
arrive at "Bethlehem," and "take hold upon the skirt of him who is a
Jew" (Zech. viii. 23), before we shall fully enter into the enjoyment of our
privileges. However, by that time the grapes will appear, and "the new
wine shall be found in the clusters" (Isa. lxv. 8); and "out of them
shall proceed thanksgiving and the voice of them that make merry" (Jer.
xxx. 13).

But the spiritual tendril is not content to cleave to the mother; the
newly-excited affection of a heaven-born soul towards those from whom she
hears the good news of salvation full and free, cannot stop or be satisfied
with a creature support. No, but in their humble measure they will be
joining with Paul, although they would tremble to call their little tendril
a "hand of faith," yet they are ever "reaching forth unto those things
which are before, pressing towards the mark for the prize of the high
calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. iii. 13). Indeed, indeed, when a
poor sensible sinner looks at the immortal grandeur of the "high calling,"
need we wonder that dismay often fills the soul, and that the lips are
often heard to say in reply to a dear honey-drop of encouragement coming
from the mouth of the mighty Boaz, "Why have I found grace in thine
eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?"
Yet, astonishing thought, the heart of Boaz was as deeply affected at the
sight of his poor forlorn Ruth, as the heart of the Moabitess was when,
the mighty kinsman spoke so tenderly to her. "Oh, my dove, thou art
in the clefts of the rock"—in the very heart of a precious Lord Jesus—
in the secret place of the stairs; let me see thy countenance, let me
hear thy voice: for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely"
(Cant. ii. 14). Is the voice of a child sweeter when grown to "full age,
"than when an almost unconscious babe upon the breast? Again, what
says the experienced mother respecting the ardent love of the kinsman?
"Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall; for
the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day"
(Ruth iii. 18).

Tendril after tendril—yea, cluster upon cluster—might we glean from
this sweet gospel of Ruth; but our object is, as the Lord may bless, to
lead the minds of His fearful ones to the apprehension of the fact,
that whatever in their experience may be really traced to a spiritual source,
and which has a sole spiritual tendency, is and must be the effect of
union to Christ the living vine: and that if once a living branch in that
blessed vine, great, rich, unsearchably rich as the precious promises may
be, "All are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's" (1 Cor. iii.
23).

"When sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

"Here, oh, my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine."

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MAGAZINE.
SERMON ON THE MOUNT,
MATTHEW, CHAP. 5.

How graciously is our Lord pleased at times to draw us away from the multitudes which surround us, and lead us from the confusion and busy anxieties of this time-state, to sit at his feet and hear his word, enabling us to feel that they are spirit and life, saying, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly; come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord;" and drawing out our souls in heavenly aspirations after his blessed self, with "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou, and thou only, hast the words of eternal life." It is said, "And (Jesus) seeing the multitudes went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came unto him." It is he must first lead and incline us to follow, and he says, "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me;" we need not fear that we shall err when Jesus leads; and we have found oftentimes that he in this way has led us into "green pastures and beside the still waters," insomuch, that like Peter when on the mount of transfiguration, we have been constrained to say, "Master, it is good for us to be here;" and he has led the way to everlasting glory and blessedness; not only opened up a way, but actually gone before, as the great leader of his people, and entered into the heavenly temple, as the first fruits of a glorious harvest; for "if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

And when He thus blessedly leads our souls in retirement and meditation, he will not disappoint our hopes, "for the desire of the righteous shall be granted;" nor shall our expectation be cut off. "He opened his mouth and taught them." It is written, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord," and he gives us "line upon line, precept upon precept;" and his words so "fitly spoken" are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." How forcible are right words! how they profit our souls when spoken in this way, and by this Glorious Teacher; truly it may be said, none teacheth like Him; we are prone to attempt to instruct ourselves, and we often think we have made great progress; but when he is pleased to give us one of His own sweet lessons, then we learn that He indeed teacheth to profit; and all our own teachings are profitless. Herein does he graciously fulfil his office character of Prophet, and, as well as being the great High Priest of our profession, and King in Zion, do we experience him to be the great Teacher sent from God.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit." And is this the way and manner of Jesus? to begin at the bottom, to come down so low, and first to address himself to those who have nothing to call their own but the most abject spiritual poverty? Oh, my soul! this was how he wrought with thee; he dealt with thee in thy poverty, when thou hadst nothing to pay, after thou hadst tried thy hardest to pay thine own debts, and reconcile thyself to thy great Creditor; after thou hadst long tried to wash the Ethiopian white, and change the leopard's spots, and by repentances and tears, resolutions and vows, sought to patch up a righteousness to stand before God in; yea, after having toiled many a night and day, and caught nothing; thy repen-
tance needing to be repented of, thy tears needing to be washed in the fountain opened for sin, thy resolutions and vows being made in thy own strength, broken! repeatedly broken! and experiencing the truth of Solomon's words, "Better not vow, than vow and not pay." And how came all this to pass? because Jesus was not present to direct thee to cast the net the right side of the ship; thou didst cast thy net, my soul, into the water of creature doings—the dirty water of thy own merit—no wonder then at thy bad success; for Jesus says, "Without me ye can do nothing." "Abide in me, and I in you; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me." But when the Spirit of truth came to convince thee of sin, because that all this time thou didst not believe on Jesus, then, oh then! did thy poverty commence; then didst thou begin to feel thy need, and by his own sweet power began to seek after the true riches; then wast thou poor indeed; thy strength all gone, thy hopes all blighted, the new pieces on thy old garment had made the rent worse, and the new wine put into the old bottles of Adam nature had burst, and the contents, like water, spilt upon the ground, not to be gathered up again; then came the smiting upon thy breast, and the exclamation, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." And can it be that the soul is blessed when in such low, destitute circumstances as this? yes, for Jesus has said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" and he graciously contrasts their present state of need with that to which they are assuredly heirs, though at the time they know it not, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Cheer up, then, ye weary, heavy laden souls—ye poverty-stricken ones—for there is hope in Israel concerning this thing; it is when ye have nothing—absolutely nothing—to pay, he frankly forgives all.

Portsmouth.

ELAM.

"I CAN OF MINE OWN SELF DO NOTHING."

JOHN v. 30.

These are the words of him, into whose hands all power and all judgment is committed, "because he is the Son of Man," as recorded in the context; but he being the Creator of all things, "for by him do all things consist" (Col. i. 17), it can be only in the former character, as the "one Mediator between God and man" (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6), that they are to be understood; and it is hence that we learn somewhat of the stupendous work that Christ undertook, when, for man's salvation, he "came down from heaven, not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him" (John vi. 38.) No less a power than the Triune Jehovah could complete man's redemption; for "this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day" (v. 39); and again, as testifying to the will of the Holy Spirit, "And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day" (v. 40). The will of the Father must
be accomplished in the work of the Son, as revealed by the operation of the Spirit; and hence did our Saviour say, “I can of mine own self do nothing”—not from an inability of operation, but from a capability of co-operation.

Oh, believer, “let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus” (Phil. ii. 5). Learn by this, that humility is not incompatible with true dignity; for as that blessed One said to his followers, in the days of his humiliation, “He that humbleth himself shall be exalted” (Matt. xxiii. 12). And by his obedience unto death, has not only sealed the instruction, but, in his exaltation, ever reigns to extend the sceptre of his love to the humble believer in his gospel, even to the very end of time; whilst each shall realize their gracious Redeemer’s declaration, “Without me ye can do nothing” (John xv. 5). Incomparable, indeed, is the blessing to be so humbled as to be living “a life of faith upon the Son of God” (Gal. ii. 20), emptied of self as to an iota of spiritual good, and deriving all from Christ, the Fountain of life. Under this view, Paul gloried in “having nothing, and yet possessing all things” in Jesus (2 Cor. vii. 10). Blessed is he in whom the fruits of the Spirit are displayed, in lifting up the standard against the enemy in his attacks upon the precious life, and who can exult in the victorious cry, “Nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me” (Gal. ii. 20). He can be well content to allow the worldling the boast of a freedom to will, and the power of volition for being “led of the Spirit, and not under the law” (Gal. v. 18, 22, and 25), he has been instructed that he has not even the power, or the freedom of will, to do that which is good, that his first parent had when he disobeyed the Divine command in the garden of Eden. There was a possession of will, prior to sin, which we, who are “born in sin,” can have but feeble conception of. It is, however, our greatest mercy to be so much “of one mind with God,” as, with a renewed will, to follow the footsteps of our blessed Redeemer, and attain to the knowledge that, of ourselves, we “can do nothing;” heavenly blessings being not merely negative, but positive. See Isaiah lxiv. 7, for the promise of the double blessing; and if brought to this humble standard of ourselves, the infallible result will be to find “Christ is all, and in all” (Col. iii. 11).

H. F. B.

London, January 27, 1849.

A CONSOLATORY LETTER OF THE REV. JOHN BERRIDGE, TO A FRIEND UNDER SORE TROUBLE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEARLY BELOVED EDITOR,

Seeing in your Magazine for this month a letter addressed to you on “Sleep—sweet Sleep” (page 76), from J. B. K., of Dover, on the death of his dearly beloved daughter; after reading it, the Lord, who orders all things for the best for his children, put it into my mind to copy out a letter written by the late Rev. John Berridge, to a Christian friend
under sore trouble. If you can find a spare corner for it I should feel greatly obliged. May the good Lord bless it to J. B. K. in his hours of affliction and trial; and may the Lord ever be with you, and continue to strengthen you in your labours as Editor.

I remain, dear Editor,

Yours in Him,

J. W., Jun.

Upchurch, Sittingbourne.

DEAR MADAM,

I have been lately much hurried, or, according to your desire, I should have written before; but, however, agreeable to my promise, I have endeavoured to send you a few lines, which I shall be thankful and rejoice if they are blessed of God to your support and comfort under your present troubles. I desire to be sensible of my own unworthiness and unfitness for anything of myself that is spiritually good, much more for so hard and difficult a task as the administering effectual consolation to a soul that groans under outward afflictions and outward troubles; that is tossed upon the waves of Satan's temptations and worldly disappointments. Indeed, this is the work of none other but the Divine Spirit. He is styled the Comforter by our blessed Lord himself (John xiv. 26); it is he alone that can command a calm into a tempestuous soul, and speak peace, rest, and satisfaction in the greatest multitude of perplexities.

However, I desire most tenderly to sympathize with you, remembering that I also am in the body, subject to the same adversities and trials, and would help you all I can to bear your burden with faith, patience, and resignation. I grant, then, that your circumstances are very intricate and exercising, but let me beg of you not to construe your afflictions as a token of God's displeasure, or a sign of your not belonging to him. This is an old temptation of Satan's, with which he often assaults the afflicted Christian; but take the shield of faith, that you may quench the fiery darts of Satan.

Alas! crosses and afflictions are the common lot of the people of God in this world. Our Lord has told us we shall meet with tribulation. Every saint has his own peculiarity, difficulty, temptation, and conflict to grapple with. No real Christian is without a cross of one kind or another, either outward or inward. Well, therefore, may the poet say,

"Shall Simon bear his cross alone,
And all the rest go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for thee."

We have need to be emptied from vessel to vessel. We are too apt to settle on our lees, too apt to be taken with the vanities of this passing world. If we are without afflictions, whereof all are partakers, then are we bastards and not sons.

How many have questioned the truth of their state and relation to God, for want of those exercises and trials. Where are cause and matter of your fears and despondency? Go, search the records of sacred Scripture, and see how it fared with saints in all ages; what Job, David, and
Paul, yea, our blessed Lord himself, endured and passed through in this world. Should that be an argument against your interest in God, which is the common portion of all believers here? We are now chastened that hereafter we may not be condemned.

Ah, happy afflictions! that wean us from this wretched, dying world; are a means to mortify our corruptions, teach us to live constantly by faith on Jesus Christ; and to fix all our hopes and expectations on another and better world; and for that end you should be earnest in your wrestling with God in prayer, that your trials may be all sanctified unto you: that however at present they are not joyous but grievous, yet hereafter they may yield you the peaceable fruits of righteousness according to God's gracious promise (Heb. xii. 11). Sanctified afflictions are a thousand times rather to be chosen than unsanctified prosperity; these may consist with, yea, are often the effects of God's special love. It is the declaration of God himself: "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten" (Rev. iii. 19; Heb. xii. 6-8). He sees we want them, and he knows that they will work for our good. Do then, Lord, what thou pleasest with me, so I may but die to this world, overcome my corruptions, live more upon Christ, bring more glory to his name, and have more comfortable tastes and pledges of his love, and be often saying, "The will of the Lord be done." He is infinitely wise, and knows what is best for me; he is infinitely gracious, and will be tender of the weakest of his children; he is infinitely sovereign, and may do what he pleases with his own; the heaviest afflictions on this side hell are less far less, than mine iniquities have deserved. The awakened sinner catechizes all he meets with, short of hell, mercy.

Oh, boundless grace! the chastening love of a reconciled Father, might have been the flaming sword of an avenging Judge. I might now have been weeping and wailing with devils and damned spirits in hell. I will bear the indignation of the Lord because I have sinned against him. It is of his mercy alone that I am not consumed; and, oh my soul! it is but a little while, and there will be an eternal end of all thy sorrows, fears, trials and disappointments; yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry; that heavenly bridegroom who has, by his spirit, betrothed thee to himself, will ere long invite thee into his eternal kingdom, where thou wilt forget the storms and tempests, clouds and darkness, in thy passage through this wilderness world; and all shall be joy and peace, and love and praise.

No doubts and fears shall ever assault thee in that happy state; but thou shalt dwell eternally under the immediate Shinings of Divine love, and shalt sing with the strongest believers, yea the highest and most glorious archangels in heaven, the wondrous mystery of redeeming grace; and the comforts and blessedness of that state of rest will be more brightened, illustrated, and endeared, by all thy tears and sighings here below (the more obstinate the contest, the more glorious the victory; the more dangerous the voyage, the more welcome the port; the heavier the cross, the brighter the crown). The remembrance of the gall and wormwood of affliction will tend to sweeten the taste of heavenly enjoyments.

I pray that God may be with you, support and comfort you with the divine consolations of his Holy Spirit, and establish you in his own due time. He is a faithful God (Deut. vii. 9); a God keeping covenant, and,
therefore, will not lay upon you more than he will enable you to bear (1 Cor. x. 13). If you have less of this world, may you have more of his comfortable presence. Oh, blessed exchange! and if he seems to be hiding his reconciled countenance, and suffering Satan to buffet you, may you be supported with his everlasting arms, and have him to sustain and uphold you in every time of need.

Should you want his comfortable presence, if it be ever thus with you, remember it was so with your once dying, but now exalted Redeemer (Mark x. 34), and is the servant greater than his Lord? Shall we not joyfully tread in his steps, that we may at last be where he is? (Hebrews x. 34) can or ought we to repine, if God deals with us as he did with his own well-beloved Son? The Lord help thee willingly to submit to him; and doubt not, but at the appointed time, when he sees that it will be for your good and his own glory, your heavenly Father will find you out a way to escape; he is never at a loss to bring about his gracious designs, when once his set time is come; and you should rejoice to think that he is carrying on the great work of your eternal salvation, amidst all your troubles and disappointments, and under all your outward and difficult pressures.

Oh, say then with Job, though he slay me, yet I will, trust in him (Job xiii. 15), though I am weak, yet will I adore him for the smallest hope; though I am surrounded with terrors, I will bless him that I am out of hell; he that has begun a good work in my soul will see it perfected, Lord, I desire unto thy will; do what thou wilt with me, so that I may but bring honour to thy name, and promote my own everlasting welfare.

"Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes." Watts.

May you find more of this faith and patience, hope and resignation, growing and increasing in you every day; and when once you are brought to this humble submission and resigned temper; to this hoping, believing, waiting, and contented frame, you may be assured deliverance is at hand, even at the very door.

And now, oh, that you may be embraced in the arms of everlasting love, and enjoy the comforts of your pardoned state! The Lord increase your faith (Luke xvii. 5), take from your burdens, or add to your strength; and let me beg of you once more, dear sister, not to suffer the disappointments and crosses of this world, however sore and trying in themselves, to drive from your mind the frequent and joyful forethought of what free, rich, distinguishing grace, has designed for you in a bright and better world; and is fitting and preparing you for, every day you live. Let not the hardships of your journey make you forget, but rather long for your home. Oh, think on that heaven, which neither sin, nor death, nor hell, shall be able to deprive you of; in which you and I, through sovereign grace, I trust, shall spend the endless ages of a blessed eternity.

I remain, dear madam,

Yours in Him,

John Berridge.
NATURAL CONVICTIONS, versus GRACE IN CHILDHOOD.

“But his mother kept all these sayings in her heart” (Luke ii. 51).

A CORRESPONDENT has addressed us upon the subject of natural convictions, and, in allusion to certain observations in the opening paper for February, expresses a wish that we had been more explicit. Probably there was a want of clearness in the article referred to, but, as we there intimated, the subject is so fraught with difficulty, that it is almost impossible to define between what is merely natural, and that which is really spiritual, or, in other words, between those convictions which are produced by means of education or early training operating upon the conscience, and those heartfelt and saving impressions, which are the genuine fruits and effects of the life-giving power of the Holy Ghost.

As expressed in the paper alluded to, we cannot (as some of the Lord’s children do) discard or throw overboard everything that does not bear upon the very face of it, the evident and undoubted impress of the Spirit’s hand. Blessed as it is to arrive at an instantaneous conclusion upon a subject so important, there are a multitude of cases in which faith and patience must be called into exercise. Time must decide the matter. We have seen numberless instances in which the “smoking flax” has been gradually fanned into a “flame,” and the “desire” rested in nothing short of realization. So clear has been the spiritual career of such—so evident the heart-work—that there has been no room to doubt its Divine Author.

We can quite understand the why and the wherefore of the scruples before referred to. With such the Spirit has wrought so suddenly and with such self-evidence, that neither they nor others could doubt the reality of the work any more than they could that of Paul or Zaccheus; but those who have experienced the gradual leading—the gentle yet effectual training of the Holy Ghost, whose minds, in the midst of much secret sorrow and untold anguish, have here and there been arrested with a whisper of mercy, and the sweet, soothing, fear-subduing hint, that “there were thoughts of peace, and not of evil,” treasured up in his loving heart towards such, to be unbosomed when “the time—yea, the set time to favour Zion” shall have fully arrived;—such, we say, are neither prepared nor disposed to reject everything that does not at once reach this or that particular standard. The love-hint dropped so timely—the mercy in reserve pointed to so particularly—the honey-drop in the cup of bitterness, are all mercies too special to be rejected by those who, instrumentally, have been supported and cheered by them, when Satan, sin, and self appeared to be making the most destructive head-way against them.

We speak feelingly upon this subject, because we have suffered much in connexion with it. When no creature knew it, the heart was ready to burst with distress. When charge after charge of disobedience, and the consequent danger of perishing, were brought by others, the deep-felt consciousness of exposure to God’s wrath was daily felt and feared by one’s self. How precious was a love-token then—it was one, and only one—but oh how dear to the heart! Yes, and how timely; instrumentally it
sustained one for years, and this not under the vain supposition that pardon had been bestowed, but in the hope that it was in reserve, and to be granted in some free and sovereign way yet to be made known.

And we doubt not there are multitudes of the Lord's children in this state of feeling, at this present moment. Convicted and condemned, as far as they themselves are concerned. Cut off from every hope of creature-merit or creature-aid. Feeling that if they die in their present state they shall be damned, and deeply sensible that only the sovereign act of an Almighty Deliverer can effect a rescue. Shall we presume, then, to say that this is not of God, because there is not a more manifest bursting forth, as it were, and because there are sundry legal efforts and numberless inconsistencies mixed up with such a state of mind? God forbid. Rather would we wait the issue, in the secret confidence that the Lord, who hath so graciously wrought thus far, will, sooner or later, bring them forth to the light, causing them by his grace and in his power to shake off all shackles, and, in the rich experience of the mercy, to sing of

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

We were greatly pleased with the following, which came to hand immediately after the appearance of the article in question. To our own mind it was sweetly confirmatory of the view we had taken. "I have attained," says the writer, "the age of threescore years and fifteen, and can remember, when not above six years of age, my aged grandmother praying with me on going to bed. She put up this petition, 'that as I grew in years I might grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.' I felt my whole soul joining in the request. Surely (adds this aged writer) this was the Spirit Jehovah putting forth his own almighty power; and he has answered it by quickening my dead soul into spiritual life and light. He has led me to behold the everlasting love of the Three in Jehovah in covenant transactions, manifested in the several acts of each Person—the Father in the election of the Church in and with Christ as the Head; the Son, as her Redeemer and Surety, as taking all her sins, iniquities, and transgressions, and putting them away by his death—his obedience, as my everlasting righteousness and justification before the Lord for ever; and the Holy Ghost, in his regenerating power, and the continual testifying of these truths as the Remembrancer of Christ, to the heart and conscience."

What a blessed testimony! It warmed the heart and touched a chord of gratitude in remembrance of similar mercies—longed for through a succession of early years, and afterwards so sovereignly and undeservingly bestowed to the praise of the glory of his grace! To such poor sin-burdened souls, who are thus waiting and anxiously watching for manifested mercy, there seems, to our mind at least, a sweet word in 1 Thess. v. 9, "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."

Immediately after the receipt of the letter from which we have just quoted, the following was communicated. "As we know the parties in question, we can vouch for its correctness. At the time of the riots in this neighbourhood, during the last autumn, a house at which a minister and his family were lodging, was besieged by the rebels. The woman of the house was aroused before daybreak by a loud knocking at the door. It proved to be the rebel party. She immediately fled to the minister,
and asked what was to be done. "It is of no use to resist," said he; "open the door, and give them what they want." She opened the door, and there was a band of 800 strong, armed with pikes. Several immediately entered and begun to search the house; they took an old gun, and all the bread the poor woman could find. Three men were then making their way up the passage towards the minister's bed-room, when a little boy, between four and five years of age, hearing the noise, exclaimed, "Mamma, what shall we do?" "We must pray to God, my dear," was her reply. The dear little fellow instantly kneeled up in his bed, and, putting his hands together, said, "O God, send the rebels away, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." At that very moment the men were heard to turn back; they never touched the minister's door, but immediately walked away, without further annoyance or molestation.*

To this we may add another testimony which, a day or two since, came to our knowledge. A small farmer (a godly man) in Devonshire, being thrown into great trouble by the failure of his trade, on one occasion went out into one of his barns, there to give vent to his feelings. He sat himself down upon some straw, and, covering his face with his hands, poured out his soul in sighs and tears to God. His little girl, a child scarcely seven years of age, remarkable for her pensive demeanour—happening to be amusing herself in the barn at the time, observed her father's manner, and, running towards him, looked up in his face, put her little finger into a tear that was rolling down his cheek, and, as though she had a full knowledge of his sorrows, said, "Father, don't cry. Don't you sing—"

\[ "'Tis enough that Thou shouldst care, Why should I the burden bear?" \]

Then, returning to her play, she began, in a sweet, plaintive tone, to sing the hymn she was accustomed to hear her father repeat, and from which these lines were taken. The father declared the application to have been most timely. It not only brought relief to his then troubled mind, but with it the sweetest assurance that his little messenger of mercy was, in the Lord's time, to be manifested a lamb in the fold of the good Shepherd.

We will leave the subject with this one comment,—Is there not reason to hope, that, in these and similar cases, the Lord the Spirit is giving some special intimation of his good-will towards the objects whose minds have been thus wrought upon, which good-will is to be developed in after days?

**The Editor.**

Bonmahon, March 6, 1849.

* Since the foregoing was penned, we attended the Court-house in Waterford, to witness certain trials, and there casually met the clergyman before referred to. Turning to the dock, he whispered, "There stands the leader!" Yes, and though most serious were the charges brought against him, there he stood with perfect coolness, courage, and contempt of consequences. But how precious was the silent contemplation of that mighty Power, which, in answer to the plaintive plea of a little child, was pleased to change the rebel's purpose, and lead them—they knew not why—another way!—God preserve us, dear reader, from despising such mercies.—Ed.
A BISHOP'S ROD FOR NAUGHTY VICARS.

Fabulous history makes mention of "Vulcan," the semi-god of the smiths, forging thunderbolts for his father Jupiter, the production of which could create no more alarm than the harmless pellets from those little urchins' pop-guns which so often attack the windows of my stall, ending only in the dislodging of my spectacles in my hurry to ascertain who it is that puts me in fear; but things are changed with us, and the stubborn fact is before our eyes, that lords temporal can form weapons of war for lords spiritual, as they are called, when a truth-telling vicar becomes obnoxious, from making a stand against an innovation made upon a Briton's birthright—Protestation; and a Christian's heir-loom, God's unadulterated truth. The time has far gone by when a graceless graduate in one of our universities dared to impugn those forms of sound words set forth in the gospel, and was brought by the heads of houses upon his knees to answer for his offence, now "he that sacrificeth a lamb (or can silence a faithful watchman), is as if he cut off a dog's neck."

Seven cities once contended about the birth-place of Homer, which in itself was a mere matter of moonshine, and sinks to nothing in comparison with the now-a-day contention with the Bishops, which of them shall go the farthest in using the "Ecclesiastical Extinguisher," in putting out the true light. Henry of Exeter has rode rampant through his diocese, and spared no pains in depositing his surpliced minions and their velvet bags in every hole and corner; and more especially in that once-favoured locality where that luminary of the west, the immortal Hawker, shone so resplendent for so long a period; and never did Herbert Marsh, the once favoured bishop of Peterborough, forget or forgive the castigation he received at his hands, in reply to his dogma questions, to be answered by candidates for holy orders; and in which of our present bishops' libraries shall we find a copy of his inimitable work entitled, "The Portrait of an English Bishop of the Sixteenth Century?" It is a book of sterling worth, setting forth what godly Bishops are and should be, yea, what they once were, when England could boast as being the glory of all lands; nor is the time far distant when the sayings and doings of no small number in the diocese of Oxford will ring the length and breadth of all Christendom. And what is to be done? To divide the bench of bishops will not do. Thus the truly amiable John Bird Sumner, though metropolitan of all England, avoids interfering in what is evidently the "gangrene" of the church, by a mere assertion, "The time has not yet come." Alas! what can be more demonstrative of the fall of truth than when one bishop refuses induction to an individual who had honesty of conscience sufficient to tell the said bishop he did not believe the popish salvo, "baptismal regeneration?" Nor are the doctrines of grace, as confirmed and established at the synod of Dort, commonly called the "five points," at all palatable in one of our midland dioceses. The day is far gone by when, in a public oration,
Dr. John Prideux, then vice-chancellor of Oxford, could and did say before King James, "Within the last nine years Oxford hath sent forth seventy-three Doctors in Divinity, and more than one hundred and eighty Bachelors in the same sacred science. I, as your Majesty's Divinity Professor, had the honour to be concerned in the conferring of those degrees, and I can confidently say, that all those two hundred and fifty-three divines, and more, are warm detesters of Popery, remote from the favouring Arminianism." Then might it be truly said, "Her Nazarites were purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sapphire." Now, "Their visage is blacker than a coal, they are not known in the streets."

But it has devolved upon Dr. Longley, the first bishop of Ripon, to give the darkest blot to the prelatic escutcheon, in the aid and assistance given to the crusade which for years has been carried on against the now venerable and aged vicar of Harewood, better known to those of us who have borne the heat and burden of the day, as "Elah" of the "Gospel Magazine." Yes, to those who in future days shall search the "archives" of Ripon, it shall appear that an aged vicar was silenced for six months, because the truths advocated by him were opposed to the semi-Popery of Puseyism, the pope's Benjamin of the nineteenth century, which is cast as a stumbling-stone in the way of Protestantism. Who can look over what, in the last few years, has taken place in this diocese, in the rapid strides made towards Rome, but must regret the act of Dr. Longley in causing an eclipse to pass over the almost solitary instance of true light therein? What could the fooleries practised at laying the foundation-stone, and after consecration of the church in Leeds, called St. Saviour's, and still carried on in many of the churches of the diocese, be tolerated, winked at, and no reproof given; while an almost Barzillai, who has no pleasure in chanting priests, or sycophantic "automatons," is to have his last days embittered, his property sacrificed, and his only companion, an honest curate, discharged under the bishop's mandate? How very different the conduct of that bishop who, in the matter of good "Master William Romaine," compelled the lordlings of St. Dunstan's to throw open the church doors to the waiting multitude.

Crispin is not merely moved with sympathy for his aged brother, for we shall soon be called to un buckle the armour and enter into rest, but it is the drawing near of those days in which the holy place shall be made desolate; the days wherein men valiant for the worship of the God of British Israel, shall be so few that a child may write them. Already the darkened horizon betokens it, and the curfew's hollow sound vibrates through the vale. Israel's destruction was near when the true prophets were silenced, and the false ones exalted; and the once-beloved Jerusalem soon crumbled away when she had satiated herself with the blood of the college of the despised Nazarene; nor will the Lord tarry in avenging that nation among whom are "found wicked men," who lay wait "as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men."

Expostulation with bishops is beyond the province of one so little known as old Crispin, but to put a patch or an underlay, as occasion might require, though it be a bishop, will he not refrain from, so long as he retains his seat in the stall. And it would be well for the bishop of Ripon to consult the apostle Paul in justification of his recent act of
suspension. Had the venerable vicar been a member of the local hunt, a visitor at the famed Doncaster, or had the "Swedish Nightingale" been his guest at the vicarage, no suspension for these things; but when, by the besom of truth, he sweeps away the whole citadel of Jesuitism, and with it a "bishop's cobweb," the act is unpardonable. Yet their power is limited; the ecclesiastical law, like that of the ancient Medes and Persians, altereth not, "once a priest, always so;" but he shall be a suspended one, forsooth!

From my Stall.

HYMN TO CHRIST.

O, CRIMSON tide!--O, purple stream!--
O, mystic fount of Sovereign blood!—
More fair my sins than lilies seem,
When bathed in that atoning flood.

While saints redeemed, with harps of gold,
O'er seas of glass diffuse thy fame,
And chant the heights and depths untold,
Of thy vast love, Almighty Lamb.

O, Holy Christ!—O, mighty Man!—
O, wond'rous Sufferer—Priest Divine!
Whose love the wrath of God outran,
To make a ruined people thrive.

O FATHER! frame some language new—
Some Heavenly tongue of sweetest power—
Some Speech of God: loud, clear, and true,
Wherewith thy Sons may Christ adore.

O HOLY GHOST! thy children teach;
Our souls with breath Divine inspire;
Be Thou our thought, word, language, speech;
Bestow again Thy tongues of fire!

O JESU, Brother, King, and God,
Soon shall we rise to dwell with thee;
We tread the path thyself once trod,
Forerunner in eternity.

There shall we praise—we know not how—
While ceaseless joys their circles run,
And, throned in glory, humbly bow
To FATHER, HOLY GHOST, and Son.

M.
REPOSING IN JESUS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

Having met with the following distinguishing evidence of the all-sufficiency of sovereign grace, and feeling somewhat encouraged thereby not to refrain from "speaking a word in season" of "the things which make for our eternal peace," I send it to you, in the hope that a place may be found in your pages, and trusting that others may also be reminded that the Word of God, as revealed by the Holy Spirit, is the only effectual means to any sinner's conversion.

The subject of my remarks was a young man, in a most respectable sphere in life, of more than usual intellectual attainments and talent, evidencing the fact, that "a man can receive nothing, except it be given him from above;" for, unsanctified, they had been exercised upon the various chimeras of Infidelity; but, upon my first visiting him, there had evidently been a surrender of such fallacies, by the remark, that "Infidelity is nothing—it leads to nothing." As the fact was then apparent to his sensitive mind, "that this mortal must soon put on immortality," there was an inquiry at the door of Scripture, with the belief of there being no other way to life; an earnestness to know the things which make for peace, with a conviction that it was possible to know, and assent to, the truth of the Scriptures, and yet be devoid of saving faith. But, when the question was put, Is there a desire for personal interest? the ready affirmation gave me an assurance, that "He who had begun the good work in him would perfect it in the day of the Lord Jesus;" and there is reason to conclude, that the simple remark, "Can a dead body feel?" (there must be life if there be feeling—for the least feeling of desire to be saved, in God's appointed way, is the most conclusive evidence of the new birth, which Nicodemus could not understand,) was blessed to him.

In the merciful providence of God, the consumption, which was to be the instrument in his removal, left him with much time for reading and reflection; and having but few religious friends, the Lord was carrying on his own work, which was apparent, on my occasional visits to him, by the agonizing, wrestling doubt—not, indeed, without hope—which continued to the period of his dissolution; and as the sands of life ran out, the coruscations on the vessel causing intense bodily suffering, did not create a murmur; but the agonizing thought, "Could I but believe?"—"May I ventured?" was the preponderating feeling. The truth of the poet's words were, however, soon to be verified:

"Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me."

Yes; that mercy came to him, soon to be consummated in glory.

"If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be?"

was soon to be realized. It was on the Saturday evening, when relatives
were assembled around the death-bed, and watching, with anxious solicitude, the efforts to breathe, and his patient resignation, that a prayer burst from his lips with such fervour and vehemence as to startle all surrounding him. It appeared as if, "being in an agony, he prayed the more earnestly"—pleading for acceptance with God the Father, through the merit of Christ the Saviour. "Yet not my will, but thine, be done," fell most impressively from his lips; and though there can be no earthly record of the language through which his feelings were expressed, there is a record in the hearts of all who heard him, not soon to be erased. "The Lord heard, and answered." A heavenly peace flowed into the heart; the soul was assured, and the clay tenement felt the calm up to the period when the "desire to depart," on the Sabbath, was mercifully answered; for on the following noon, the peaceful spirit entered, undis­turbedly, into rest. The medical attendant intimating that the end was near, produced no uneasiness; and in reply to the attention of friends, "I want to be quiet; I have much to think of," evidenced the foretaste of the bliss of being "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

I feel that to remark farther upon these few simple facts would avail nothing. It is but a few weeks since they occurred, and if the narration of them meets with the publicity I seek, that the sovereignty of grace may be displayed, is the desire of yours in Jesus,

H. F. B.


To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR EDITOR,

I venture to send you the enclosed account of a beloved cousin's dying experience, for your insertion in the "Gospel Magazine," if you think fit. I found my soul much refreshed by reading it this morning; and although twelve years have elapsed since his departure from this time-state, all the circumstances came fresh to my mind, and I found the truth of the word, "that the memory of the just is blessed." He and I were bosom companions in our early days, spending, as we did, several of our childish years at our grandfather's; and afterwards, when called into business life, there seemed to be something about him very different to the generality of youths; "more steadiness, sobriety, and thoughtfulness than usual, appeared in him, which served to cement us more closely together; and I well remember on the Sunday morning alluded to, what a fervent wrestling I felt with God on his behalf, on my way to chapel; and, bless his dear name, he was graciously pleased to hear and answer, for never shall I forget the calm and holy joy that beamed on his countenance. I know the effect it had on me, was gratitude to God that he had heard and answered my poor petitions; and I blessed and praised him from my heart for his goodness to my beloved friend. He was a poor afflicted creature for some time previous to his decease, having an abscess on the stomach; but, throughout his long affliction, I never heard a murmuring word from his lips.

He was taken from the evil to come, and I left to grapple with this cruel world; but, bless the good Lord, he hath hitherto made his
blessed promise good in my experience, "As thy days thy strength shall be;" for although trials, temptations, and afflictions have abounded, I can, to the praise of his goodness, say, that helps, supports, and consolations have abounded also.

I was much pleased to find in your February Number some Crumbs from Elmley again, and I trust our friend Pym will yet favour us with more of such letters, manifesting, as they do, his intimate acquaintance with the depravity of the heart, on the one hand, and, on the other, the super-abounding riches of sovereign grace and mercy, in choosing, preserving, and upholding such (of themselves) helpless creatures as we feel ourselves to be.

May the good Lord bless you in your labours, and continue to stand by you, granting you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries may not be able to gainsay or resist, is the sincere desire of

Yours in the faith and hope of the gospel,

A Constant Reader.

Leicester, Feb. 26, 1849.

B. M. B.

DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 16TH OF FEBRUARY, 1837, IN THE EIGHTEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

"The child shall die an hundred years old."

January 24, 1837.—This evening, while his father was sitting with him, he burst into a flood of tears. His father inquired the cause, telling him not to fear, for he would stick to him to the last. "Ah, father," said he; "but there's beyond the last; yes, there's beyond the grave; and how it will be with me then, I know not." "Well," said his father, "do you ever feel a gleam of hope that all will be well? do you ever seriously think of these things?" Said he, "I cannot, and I dare not, deny but I do. But sometimes I am exceedingly depressed with these words, 'In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments;' and I fear that will be my lot at last." His father observed, that the passage ran thus, "Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivest thy good things, and Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." "Ah, father," said he, "I have received good things all my life long; but how will my end be?—that's the point." His father then asked him if he would like to see Mr. C.,* our dear pastor. "Why," said he, "if he was to come I could not say one word." "Oh," said his father, "you don't know. Remember he has conversed with you from the pulpit." "Yes," he replied, "he has; and, to my shame, I confess, that when I

* We presume this must refer to Mr. Chamberlain, one of the late William Huntington's curates. In a letter received a few days since, from a neighbouring clergyman, we were pleased to meet with the following:—"I went the Sunday afterwards to hear old Mr. Chamberlain—a very sweet discourse—deeply experimental. He seems very near the end of his race. He has been a blessed witness in Leicester for a long, long time."—Ed.
have left the chapel I could not think of one single word; but, as my poor mother used to say, 'my mind has been like the fool's eye,' wandering to all the ends of the earth; and perhaps, when I get into bed this night, I shall think no more about it; but, thank God, it is not always so."

On Friday night he wished to retire, about seven, to his bedroom. His father went with him, and in about a quarter of an hour after family service was over, he observed there was a hymn of Mr. Hart's, he wished he could say it feelingly:

"Pity a helpless sinner, Lord,  
Who would believe thy gracious word,  
But own my heart, with shame and grief,  
A sink of sin and unbelief."

"Oh," said he, "it is the application I want. If I try to pray to God, my thoughts wander after all manner of foolish things, so that I feel ashamed; if I attempt to read a chapter, or Psalm, I fall asleep; if I get up, and rouse myself, I am either sick, in pain, or my thoughts diverted from it; if I hear anything suitable at Salem Chapel, it's all gone before I come out, or when I have got into the street, so that I could not remember a word; yet I believe firmly, that the religion taught there is the only real religion in the world, and will do to die by; and if I entreat the Almighty to stay my mind on the discourse, yet every word is soon gone. I want to feel a desire after God, like I have often heard my uncle, A. B., in prayer, express it—an internal hanging of the mind upon him—a committing of the soul unto him. I wonder if my cousins, R. A. B. and J. B., ever feel these things; I should like to know how they get on." He then broke out into a flood of tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, father—thank God for giving me such a father! I hope, if he spares me, and I should recover my health and strength, I may be enabled to repay you in gratitude and affection, and serve you to the utmost of my power; you have been an affectionate father to me."

At another time he said, "Oh dear! I am so very doubtful how I shall end; yet I know the Almighty knows where I am, what I am, and how I am."

"I'm weary of what belongs to man;  
I long to be as I began—  
Infantly meek and mild;"

and repeated the whole of the 134th hymn in the Appendix, page 170.

"I feel a little easier, and more free from pain; my medicine suits me better, but it is all of no use unless the Lord is pleased to bless it. Oh dear, I hope the Almighty will not suffer me to be deceived, nor to deceive myself, to think that he will look upon me in mercy, and then not. Oh that I could once sing that song, 'Salvation to God and the Lamb;' once over would do; I should be better off than all the men in the world. My strength, my strength is almost gone. Lord Jesus, do in mercy look upon me, give me one satisfaction, and then take me. Oh suffer me not to be deceived, nor to deceive myself. Just on the brink of eternity, and no satisfaction. O Lord, oh, thou knowest, O Lord, thou hast promised not to break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. I wish, if it was the will of God, my uncle A. B. was here, he would condole with me. Just ready to die, and nothing to say."' After a long
pause he said, “Has Jesus thoughts of peace towards me? Oh, it is no
wonder I am so afflicted, I have been so base, and now coming to die. O
Lord, be pleased not to take me away till thou in mercy hast satisfied
me that all will be well at last. Make me feel more and more satisfied,
for I am sure my time here must be short. Lord Jesus, do in mercy be
pleased to accomplish thy own will, and grant that it may be to the joy
of my heart. Is his ear heavy that it cannot hear, or is his hand short-
ened that it cannot save? Oh give me that satisfaction thou gavest my
poor mother. Oh do, Lord, the same feelings, the same Christ, and the
same end will do for me, if it be thy blessed will and pleasure. Oh
what a thing it would be if I should be shut out. My dear mother used
to say, ‘Suffer not the summer to be over, the harvest ended, and me not
saved.’ What a thing it must be to live daily and hourly satisfied that
the Almighty has a regard for you. But, oh me; I do not feel that real
love to the Saviour I ought to do, by a very great deal. I want a clearer
view of his sufferings and death; to have that love to him I ought to
have. Oh, if I could but feel satisfied, deeply satisfied, that he had in
mercy looked upon me. I think no one was ever left to doubt and fear
as I do. I dread the night, I shall feel such pain. I feel a little more
reconciled, but that little is not enough. Sometimes I feel an internal
cry to the Almighty—then I can offer up a prayer; but at other times I
cannot. I want a power given me to fling all my burden, and hang on
his ever-blessed self—if I could but do that, if the Almighty would be
pleased to give me grace to do it. He has declared he will avenge his
own elect that cry day and night unto him; but I do not, I wish I could.”

One evening, when his abscess was discharging blood, and when in
great pain, he exclaimed, “None of these things move me, neither
count I my life dear unto me, so that I might finish my course with joy.
I hope the Almighty will feel pleased to grant that this night may bring
a release to my poor body, for I am sure there is nothing here worth
living a moment for. I hope,” said he, “the following words will soon
be made true by me,—

“A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan’s coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.”

Be pleased, Almighty God, to look on my distress, and take me away;
my burden is almost unbearable. I only want one relief; that is, to be
relieved from this body of sin and death. Almighty God, thou knowest
how I am, and where I am; be pleased to look upon me, and clothe me
with that robe of righteousness which will cover me from head to foot.
Oh, it is so long coming, and I am so impatient. Dear Lord Jesus, do
let me entreat of thee in this trying hour, to descend like the dew, and
shine in my heart as my everlasting light, and then carry me hence
into Abraham’s bosom, and that will make amends for all. Almighty,
gracious God, do let me importune thee to take me out of this miserable
world; not for anything I have ever done, but for thy dear Son’s sake,
who has promised to be a Mediator betwixt us and thee. I am sure I
will tell, if I have strength, to sinners round, what a dear Saviour I have
found.” He then said,—

“No fearing, no doubting, with Christ on our side,
I hope to die shouting—The Lord will provide.”
Feb. 7th.—This morning, about three o'clock, he said he had a very peculiar sight. He saw two bodies, one he was sure was his own polluted body, and in that afflicted state in which he then lay; afterwards he saw a perfect white, clean body, and he was confident that was his also, but so clean, and such a pure white, that he felt animated with the sight, when the following words were twice powerfully impressed on his mind—

"Pull his polluted garments off."

He then turned to his father, who was in the room, and asked him what were the next words—

"Here, soul, here's raiment rich enough."

He said what pleasure and comfort he had received; and more especially when the whole of the hymn was read over to him. "Oh," said he, "I should be thankful to be made willing to wait his time, but I long to be gone. I believe the change would be a good one, something worth changing for; and may the Almighty make this a blessed day to me, and may I be where the saints are that are gone before. 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, thou knowest I long to be gone. I am anxiously waiting and quietly hoping for thy salvation. O Lord Jesus, come quickly—"

"When life fast spends her feeble flame,
And all the help of man proves vain,"

They then had recourse to God." He then had the rest of the hymn read to him, on page 185, Hart's 40th hymn.

A day or two after, Mr. W., one of the deacons, called to see him, and in the course of conversation inquired of him what his hope arose from. "On what," said he, "is it grounded?" He answered, "I hope in the mercy of God that sent his dear Son to die for poor wretched sinners; and as he is almighty, long-suffering, and merciful, that he would be pleased to grant that I should have an interest in his dying love, and that he would stand as a Mediator betwixt God and me." "Then," said Mr. W., "your hope is not grounded on what you can do for yourself?" "Oh dear no," said he, "If anything had been left for me to do, it would never have been done; for I never could think so much as one good thought." Mr. W. went to prayer with him, and when he had left, he said, "Mr. W.'s prayer and my heart went together. I could not have thought he had been such a man. Oh dear, so that I do not deceive myself, I do not care; but I trust to the Almighty's goodness for that. I feel more willing to wait his time."

Feb. 9.—"I humbly hope the Almighty will be pleased not to suffer me to deceive myself, nor be deceived. O Lord, be pleased to send thy blessed Son, the Mediator, for me. The Almighty has promised to send his Saviour to all that feel their need of him, and I humbly hope he will to me. I cannot think the Almighty would ever reveal himself to any soul as he has to me, and then not take them to his rest at last. Oh what a mercy it will be if I do but stand on his right hand! What a long day this has been! Oh that it would please the good Lord to give more patience to wait his time; but I long to be gone. I think the Saviour and I shall agree, for he says he will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax; but where he has begun the good work, he will certainly carry it on, and never leave them to themselves or the
enemy: and I trust he will never leave me in the trying hour. I know he is a kind propitious Lord God Almighty, and I hope his Son will be a Mediator between him and me. To go would be far better—I long to go—

"When this languid life is spent,
Supplies it with its own."

Why tarry his chariot wheels? Lord, look upon thy poor corrupted servant. Come, Lord Jesus."

Feb. 10.—This morning he seemed very dark, and said, "Oh dear, father, I stand more and more in need of salvation than ever; I am full of fear and doubt. Do you think the description I gave Mr. W. is sufficient to carry me through? I feel I want all those things, or I must be lost; those things mentioned in Mr. W.'s prayer—all of them—or I must be lost. Oh what a mercy it is to hear such a man; I was afraid my faith was not sound enough. Do not take me away, Almighty God, till thou hast made me sensible; be pleased to incline my heart aright. May the Lord be pleased to create in my heart a cry and feeling for those things for myself. Oh suffer me not to deceive, nor be deceived, nor trust to a broken staff. I feel thankful he has been pleased to look upon me. My time here will not be long now; but I do not mind that, so that I could feel a satisfaction that all would be right. Dispel all doubts and fears. Much cast down, I want more internal satisfaction."

Feb. 11.—"Now he has bid the refreshing dew to drop. Meditation has caused me to consider what he has done, and what he can do; and I feel a little more composed. Oh shout him welcome! I long to be amongst the number; for all things he will be inquired of by the house of Israel, that he may do it for them. O Lord, be pleased to give me a greater inquiring spirit. Do with me just as it seemeth thee good; but I am so impatient. Afflictions abound, but consolations abound also. I long to be with Jesus; and I hope through the mediation of God's dear Son to see him face to face. Oh, should it please the Almighty to show himself this night, and condescend to show me my interest in him; and that he would be pleased to make me fully satisfied that all will be right between his blessed self and me. And that he would in his kind mercy and goodness, be pleased to give me strength and faith to walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil; but with sweet satisfaction that he was overlooking me with his eye. Grant me to feel great consolation, that I should see that all is well between him and me, and that I may be washed agreeable to his promise, "From all your filthiness will I cleanse you"—then let me verge into eternity. Then what a blessed change it would be to be with saints that are gone before. Lord, thou knowest I long to be gone; I hope thou wilt in thy own time. I hope thou wilt take me to thy ever-blessed self; and grant, O Lord, that that time may be drawing near."

Feb. 12, Sunday, his cousin, R. A. B., called this morning on his way to chapel, and on inquiring the state of his mind, he said, "Not as I could wish." He afterwards became much composed, and about eleven o'clock he thought he was going, and desired his sister to send for his father from chapel; when he came into his room, he asked him how he felt. He, without a moment's hesitation, said, "Ready—come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; come, Lord Jesus, quickly come." In about half an hour his uncle, A. B., called on his way from chapel, and said, "Well, my dear
lad, how are you now?" "Ready and willing, uncle; I am satisfied his time is the best." "May the Lord be with you." About three in the afternoon Mr. Thomas W., of E. S., another deacon, called upon him, and asked him what made him so happy under so heavy an affliction. Said he, "It's the presence of the Almighty that makes me so happy." His uncle, aunt, and cousin, remained with him the greater part of that day, and many of the friends called: but it was considered most prudent to say but little to him, as his breath was far spent, and it was very difficult for him to speak or give an answer. In the night, however, he again revived a little, and burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed greatly. His father inquired the cause, when he said, "I am fearful the Almighty should feel pleased to restore me to health, and I long to be gone, and not remain in this sinful world. Oh that he would be pleased to take me."

Feb. 13.—He again relapsed into his apparently dying state, had great difficulty to speak, had many catchings at his breath; but said his mind was comfortable. "Oh," said he, "I feel thankful that the good Lord has enabled me to repose on his ever-blessed self. Oh how I long to be gone. I would not wish to be restored even if the Almighty would make me emperor of the whole world."

Feb. 14.—He revived more and more. His father inquired how he felt in his mind. "Happy," said he; "but sometimes more fears. Yet I hope he will prove himself a kind and gracious God, although I am fearing to the last. This morning," said he, "I felt so satisfied all would be well at last; and when my breath began to get short, then I began to doubt and fear a little; now I hope again."

Feb. 15.—He seemed much better, and consented for his father to go to Birmingham; and he reluctantly left him, still however hoping they should see each other again. Upon his father's arrival in Birmingham, he found our dear grandmother had left this vale of tears that same morning, leaving a faithful testimony behind her of the faithfulness and goodness of God to her.

Feb. 16.—His uncle, A. B., called on him this morning about one o'clock; and on entering his room, poor B. M. B. was so rejoiced to see him. "Oh, uncle," said he, "I am so glad you are come; I so wanted to see you." His uncle observed that he had received a letter from Birmingham, to inform him that his poor dear grandmother was gone. "She has got the start of you, my lad," said he. "Ah, uncle," he replied, "I shall soon be gone after her." (Observe, this was after one o'clock, and no appearance of death.) His uncle observed, "She found the presence of the Almighty with her to the last, and has mentioned many of the same things that you have, my lad. I will read the letter to you." After reading the letter, his uncle observed a change taking place; and by a quarter before two he had exchanged this mortal life for an immortal! Well may it be said, oh that my last end may be like his.
REPLY TO "E. S." UPON THE SUBJECT OF SIN.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

My dear Sir,

Whom having not seen I love in the truth. I have for several years been a regular subscriber to the "Gospel Magazine," and have only once before troubled you with any of my remarks (see page 350, for 1848), and then it was with reluctance that I ventured to make some observations in reference to the statements of E. S. on the origin of "Sin," for I would much rather read the valuable and edifying compositions of others, than indulge the desire to display anything of my own. I was in hopes that, after what had been said by you and correspondents on the subject, and the admission of E. S., that he had uttered that which he understood not (see page 470, for 1848), we should not again have had occasion to complain of the publication of anything further on the subject; but I am disappointed herein, for the piece headed "Explanation" in the present month's (March) Magazine, page 130, turns out to be some additional remarks on "Sin," by E. S., and many of them equally unsatisfactory and inconsistent, in my opinion, with those previously made by him. It appears he has quite a mania for this subject; but might not his time and talent be much better employed than in repeatedly writing upon a subject so mysterious and inscrutable as the origin of sin, and be satisfied with what the Lord has thought proper to reveal in his sacred word concerning the same, where we are informed, "that by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin?" But then E. S. says, it is for the glory of God to investigate into the matter. Why, for my part, I cannot see how the glory of God is connected with the knowledge of the origin of sin. But sin, being a great and universal evil—that as the fallen angels, and all mankind by nature are entirely under its mighty power and influence, and unable to deliver themselves from it, and that as God alone can control and subdue it—I can see and believe that the glory of God is intimately connected with, and sovereignty displayed in, saving his people from sin, and saying to it, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further;" and that as sin has abounded in the world, so grace has super-abounded; and that in consequence of the existence of sin, the revenue of glory, and the ascription of praise to God by the redeemed of the Lord, will vastly exceed all that we can conceive of, if there had been no sin.

E. S. further says, "It is not easy to conceive of a period when sin had not a latent existence." Now I would candidly ask, does not such language imply that sin has existed from all eternity, that it is coeval with God, but that it did not openly or actively appear until the Almighty fiat went forth, "Show thyself?" But then in the same paragraph he says, "Sin cannot be regarded as coeval with God, for the term is not applicable to these powers in a latent state, but only in an active one." I do not know how schoolmen and logicians can reconcile such statements, but to me they appear palpable contradictions; for I cannot imagine how a thing can even latently exist, and at the same time be a
nonentity. It is much to be desired that writers and preachers would study plainness of speech, and words whereby one might edify another, instead of mystifying the subject treated of, and thereby perplexing those who are seeking edification, and the simple truths of the gospel of Christ.

March 9, 1849.

[In the main we agree with our correspondent in the foregoing remarks; and, though with considerable personal reluctance we admitted what E. S. termed an "Explanation," it seemed to us but a confirmation of our pre-conceived impression, that "Explanations" are very commonly "Mystifications." We threw out the thought before—and we see no reason now to alter our opinion—that, much as we may value many of E. S.'s papers, in those upon the subject of sin, she has gone out of her depth; and, prying into mysteries, has plunged herself into difficulties. We have said heretofore, that we believe Satan to be the author of sin. We attempt not to explain how, nor is it necessary. It is enough for us to know that it does exist; that by nature we are under its dominion, and, without the intervention of atoning blood and justifying righteousness, shall finally be found under its condemnation. With this plain matter of fact, then, and not with the theory of how or whence it arose, we have to do.

And may God keep us thus occupied, to the exclusion of all vain and fruitless speculations, which are but as so many baits, which Satan holds out to captivate the mind—screen himself—and alienate the thoughts and affections of even God's children, from those great and glorious things which can alone make for their present peace and everlasting joy. Having admitted E. S.'s letter, and, according to her wish, elicited a reply, we must now dismiss any further comment, upon so unprofitable a subject, from our pages.—Ed.]

Protestant Beacon.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

If my dear brother in the Lord thinks the enclosed lines worthy of a place in his Magazine, he will much oblige one who feels the alarm ought to be sounded through the length and breadth of the land.

May the Lord reward the Redeemed Atheist for the Fragments (on Temptation) in your last Number, page 67.

I would every child of God who knows what sore temptations mean would read it; I found it a balm for many a wound.

I am, my dear brother,

Yours, in gospel bonds,

A Constant Reader.

SOUND THE ALARM.

England, awake! lift up thy slumbering head,
Behold thy danger, how thou art misled;
Delusive dreams engage thy nightly rest,
The monster, Sin, sits rampant on thy breast;
Direct from hell, where he his sceptre sways,
He, in his temple, wondrous acts displays,
Enchanting millions with half-rotten bones,
Or chips of wood, or bits of broken stones.
Shall England boast of what she has attain'd,
And yet by Antichrist be bound and chain'd—
Nay, force herself beneath the grievous load,
To make our island flow with streams of blood?
Shall ruthless ruffians seize upon the child,
On whom the fondest mother sweetly smil'd?
Shall youths be slaughtered in their fathers' view,
In savage pleasure, by a Popish crew?
Shall husbands leave their widow'd wives to plead,
While they are on a scaffold doom'd to bleed?
Shall honour'd heads, with hoary waving locks,
Be bath'd in crimson gore on slaughtering blocks?
Shall Smithfield fires with human bodies burn?
Have we this sad experience yet to learn?
Shall Britain's sons be forced to pay a tax,
To purchase dungeons, or those dreaded racks?
Shall we be drained to support Maynooth,
To nurture error 'gainst the God of truth?
Shall plague and famine rage on England's shore,
And England wander after Bab'lon's whore?
Shall trade and commerce feel a pallid blight,
And all the causes be kept out of sight?
No, by the help of God, I'll sound alarm,
And look for succour from a higher arm.
The advocates of idols are the cause,
Exciting and creating Romish laws.
Just as the reptile burrows under ground,
Beneath the surface of the earth 'tis found;
So do the Jesuits pursue their task,
And work their way beneath a modest mask.
Bestir thyself, dear England, ere it be too late,
May God acquaint thee with thy awful state;
The thunders roaring in the Papal bulls,
The cannons butt'ring 'gainst thy truth-built walls,
Rome's eagle eyes still view thee as her prey,
She seeks thy homage, lurking night and day.
Volcanoes rumbling shake the British throne,
Ambitious pride would share her Monarch's crown;
Repeal her laws, and change them at her will,
And yet her sons in lethargy are still.
England, awake! Oh! that a mighty arm,
Shaking thy sons, would spoil the deadly charm,
And make thee valiant for the truth of God;
England, awake! or feel thy Maker's rod.

F. P. S.

THE EDITOR, IN REFERENCE TO HIS NOTE, IN PAGE 21,
JANUARY NUMBER.

We have said elsewhere that explanations are very commonly mystifications. Hence it is with some degree of hesitation we recur to the above subject. But our attention having been again called to it, and finding we have been completely misunderstood in the matter, we feel that a few remarks, in explanation, are necessary.
We have turned to the Note in question, and frankly and freely acknowledge that there is an obscurity about it. It is capable of a two-fold construction—most contradictory to each other. In some cases a conclusion has been formed therefrom diametrically opposed to the sentiments we have freely and unreservedly propagated in this Magazine for the lengthened period of now nearly nine years.

1. God is our witness, that we had not so much as the shadow of a thought of superseding in the least iota the entire of that salvation which is the fruit and effect of the full, finished, all-sufficient, and all-glorious work of the Lord Jesus Christ, by the uniting with it any worth or worthiness of the creature. Our objection as to the expression, "If picking up a straw would save me, I would not do it," was as it stood in itself; and not in the least as to its connexion with, or relative bearing upon, our correspondent's next remark. This remark was explanatory; it clearly showed the speaker's meaning. This we expressed in our second note. But it certainly did not do away with the liability of the observation in itself being subjected to gross misrepresentation—such as we have, more or less, every day to cope with; and which, as far as in us lies, should be avoided: for what would the remark in itself [and it is to its detached form we must again appeal] lead to, but the supposition of our entire indifference as to the matter of salvation? Would not this be the plain and obvious meaning of the words in themselves considered? It was to this, then, and this only, we objected.

2. It may be asked, "What did you mean by that certain sort of reserve to which you alluded in the said note?" We answer, just that state of mind which a child of God—one here and there, perhaps once, twice, or thrice, in the whole course of his pilgrimage, realizes, when (like Peter, Luke v. 8) so vivid his view of sin as contrasted with the purity of Jehovah, and so deep the discovery of his own personal deceitfulness, depravity, and degradation, that, in very disgust with himself, he begs the Lord to damn him outright—to have no more to do with such a wretch—but to cut him off and send him to hell, as his own just retribution and reward. It was to this state of feeling we referred—a state, as we before intimated, realized perhaps but once or twice—and that comparatively but for a moment—in the whole course of his Christian career. Therefore to enjoin this, or any such deep soul-humbling views, as absolutely needful to salvation we say is unnecessary, and as we said, public, as few are plunged even so low as we have been today. "Desire to be damned," he would say; "why it is the sum and substance of all my strivings to be delivered from it. What, then, can I think of my state, if you say you have pleaded for ven-

* In illustration that a certain reserve with regard to the deepest of the deep leadings is justifiable, on one occasion William Huntington, after having described some of the depths of experience into which he had been led, exclaimed, "If any poor soul present thinks he is lower down than the point to which I am now come, let him come into the vestry to me after chapel; and, let him be where he may. I will show him that my God has brought me up from a point below him. But I have said enough publicly, as few are plunged even so low as I have been today." This, and this only, is the sort of reserve we meant—the Lord is our witness.—Ed.
geance to be dealt out upon you?" Would not such a soul be plunged into a labyrinth indeed? We have cited but one state of feeling of this kind; we might mention more. We could quote that of the apostle, Rom. ix. 3. And where, we ask, is the love of souls so great as that sympathy and fellow-feeling with the apostle should be realized but on very, very rare occasions, and on these but by isolated individuals? We are aware that other constructions may be put upon the passage beyond that of its plain and present bearing; but we prefer taking it as it stands, as being the very feeling of the apostle, under a certain outpouring of desire for the spiritual well-being of his kindred. But what would be the effect of the statement that such a theory were absolutely necessary for the purposes of salvation? It was, therefore, to these positions—and these only—we alluded when we said, "Hast thou faith (in some of these the deeper mysteries touching the things of the kingdom), have it to thyself before God." (Rom. xiv. 28).

And now, having said thus much by way of explanation, let us in love and affection make a few further observations. Considering the fallibility of writers as well as readers—the great liability to a misrepresentation of this or that isolated expression—and the mind-disturbing circumstances in which some men, as public men, are placed; it behoves us, in the judgment of charity, to take the general bearing of a man's labours, and not, as aforesaid, mere isolated remarks, which, to say the least, savours greatly of "making a man an offender for a word." (Isa. xxxix. 21). Indeed, so grave have been the charges in reference to this one note—that of having made a "thrust at God's truth," "frittering away God's truth," and represented it as "unjustifiable to express the privileged experience of the children of God"—so grave, we say, they are, and so awful do we deem such a declension, that if these charges can be substantiated, as being that of our general conduct as Editor, or even of our strict meaning and intention in the note in question, obscure as we have admitted that note to be, we are ready, upon such proof, that moment to resign office, deep as would be the anguish that followed such a resignation.

We are aware—we cannot be otherwise than aware—that many are watching for our halting. The fact of our entering the ministry in the Church of England, proved but as a means of awakening the suspicions of many. They were ready to question the thenceforward steadfast maintenance of the pure gospel principles of the Magazine; and to doubt the proclamation of the same truth from the pulpit as the press. And these doubts and these objections, under a garb of opposition to a Church Establishment, have but afforded a pretext to some for withdrawing from a Magazine, by whose pages they had previously attained much of their popularity. But, notwithstanding, it is our mercy, in the face of all suspicion and opposition, to say with the apostle, "having obtained help of God, we still continue." And so far from the same truths not having been preached from the pulpit as the press, it has been our mercy to know no other gospel. Adored be his name, not only has he enabled us to proclaim a full and a free gospel, but he has given us sweet evidence of having made it "the power of God unto salvation." Yes, where spiritual darkness and desolation prevailed, we have seen—and are bound to acknowledge it—by means of the propagation of the same truths as those held forth in the "Gospel Magazine"—first, the inquiry, "Doth he not speak parables?"—then the carnal enmity—next determined oppo-
position—followed by the anxious inquiry, "Are these things so?"—and
lastly, "Is there hope for such an one as I?" Blessed be God, we are
the living witnesses of these things in the immediate sphere wherein our
God hath placed us; and, fraught as it is with difficulty, discouragement,
and at times apparent danger, we cannot but thus publicly testify, that
He hath led us by a right way. We bless him, we praise him, we adore
him, that he first subdued the self-will, and then conducted our hesitating
steps to the desolate and dreary wilds of Ireland. Deprived of many
privileges—conversant with many dangers—subjected to many sorrows;
yet, over and above all, we enjoy a sweet sense of his presence; a know­
ledge of his Divine favour; and feeling that "our times are in His hand,
who hath so graciously fixed the bounds of our habitation," we wait and
worship before the Lord—paupers upon his bounty—messengers of his
mercy—servants at his bidding—to go hither and thither as he shall send,
until at last the full and final summons arrests the ear, "Son, come up
higher!" Thrice-blessed prospect, endeared to us a thousand fold by all
the sufferings and the sorrows of the way. * * * "Is it well with thee?
is it well with thy husband? is it well, with the child? And she an­
swered, It is well." Yes, adorable Lord, it is well; nor could in any­
wise be better.

"'Tis well when on the mount
We feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When we the furnace prove.

"'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

"'Tis well when at his throne
We wrestle, weep, and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet we groan,
Yet bring our wants away.

"'Tis well when Jesus calls,—
From earth and sin arise,
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise."

But we have been wandering, indeed, from our intended explanation.
Our readers must pardon our want of order. We have been caught up
on high for a few minutes. Blessed be God, there will soon be no need
of explanations; for there misapprehensions, distinctions and divisions
shall be unknown. "We shall know even as we are known."

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would clap her wings and soar away;
The song to join, a palm to bear,
And bow—the chief of sinners—there."

Bonmahon, Ireland, March 13, 1849.
Christian Communings.

"Then 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 for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name" (Malachi iii. 16).

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

If you think these letters worth a place in the Gospel Magazine, they may be a means of refreshing some of the members of Christ's mystical body who are in afflictive circumstances. The sister to whom they were written was, at the time, under great trials. It is requested not to put the names—only the initials—from one who bids you God-speed, and often remembers you at the mercy seat of God in Christ Jesus, that you may be kept looking to Jesus, and enabled to set him forth in the glory of his person, the holiness of his nature, and the efficacy of his most precious blood, to save from sin, and to present all his redeemed, clothed in his glorious robe of righteousness, to his Father and our Father—to his God and our God. To the Three in Jehovah be ascribed all glory and praise, for ever and ever. Amen.

FROM AN AGED SISTER IN JESUS.

May grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied to my dear sister; may the Lord daily bless and increase you in the knowledge of our infinitely, lovely, gracious, and glorious Jesus, who is beyond our highest thought—our highest praise. May his glory shine upon you—shine into you, so that you may be filled with it, and truly reflect it to the praise of his own rich grace. I am more and more convinced that there is no good but in Jesus. There is pardon, purity, grace, righteousness, life, and glory in him; all fulness in him as Mediator (oh, the exceeding riches of his grace)—in him, for his body the Church—in him, as the head for his members; nor can we receive any good for time or eternity, but from Jesus. In him shall men be blessed. God hath made him the blessing; and it is by his own free grace alone that we are emptied and humbled to receive him, and are made and kept willing to live by faith upon the Son of God for all our natural and spiritual supplies; and when we are enlightened by the Spirit to behold all fulness in Jesus, and are made willing, as poor, empty, impotent sinners, to live upon the fulness of Jesus, nothing in earth or hell, either within us or without us, can prevent our true peace and blessedness; so that what I want for myself, is to have a greater knowledge of self, that I may not seek, or ever expect to find, any good of any sort there; and a more scriptural, spiritual knowledge of the Father's record and testimony of his beloved Son, that I may more and more trust in him, make use of him, abide by faith in him, understand the wonderful mystery of his incarnation, and my union to him—my oneness in him—so that I may have a clearer understanding of my interest (as his spouse) in him, and in all the blessings of his eternal redemption and glorious inheritance; my right, by the Father's free gift, and my Jesus' own mar-
riage contract—his receiving me at the Father's hand, undertaking to be­

come my Surety, &c.; my right, I say, from his own most gracious promise
of his wisdom to guide me—his power to defend me—his love to bless me
—his arm to strengthen, and his Spirit to teach me—his grace to supply me.
All that our Jesus is, he is for us; and in no way can we honour him and glo­

rify the Lord, but by living out of ourselves, as redeemed sinners, upon this
glorious, mighty Jesus, who hath put away our sins by the sacrifice of him­
self—who hath himself wrought out our glorious robe of righteousness, the
wedding garment—who hath, in his own person, triumphed over all our
enemies, and is risen from the dead an everlasting Conqueror, and says,
"I am alive for evermore; and because I live, ye shall live also"—who
hath entered into his glory as the Head and Saviour of his Church—hath
received the Holy Ghost to pour down upon his people, that he may dwell
amongst us by his Spirit, while he lives for us, and appears for us before
his Father and our Father—his God and our God—till he shall come to re­
ceive us up to behold his glory. Oh, that we may live to grow in the know­
ledge, and we shall then grow in love, with this unspeakably precious Jesus!
for he is altogether lovely. May you daily have closer fellowship and com­
munion with him—believe his love and wisdom in every dispensation—
expect to see his salvation—wait for his counsel—commit your way unto
him—learn to renounce your own will and wisdom—seek for the knowledge
of his will concerning you (and he hath most clearly revealed it in his
blessed word)—perform it in his strength. Do not fear to take up your cross
and follow him. He is interested in that we were predestinated to be con­
formed to his image (amazing grace!) and therefore rest upon him; hear
his word, that you may see your noble charter; your glorious freedom from
the world, sin, and Satan; your high privilege as the King's daughter, the
bride of Jesus, the delight, the purchaser of his blood, the glory of Im­
manuel; and do not fear to trust yourself wholly, soul and body, for time
and eternity, to his almighty, all-conquering love.

I have written to you, dear friend, with the greatest freedom, because I
love you in the Lord; and I judge your wants by my own. I have also
written in the greatest haste, having had but a very short time; but I was
unwilling to lose the opportunity which offered. Remember me before
the Lord. My kind love to you and yours in Jesus.

M. L.

Mr. Winter was lately in company with an Arminian who ran out
violently against the doctrine of election. "You believe election," said
Mr. Winter, "as firmly as I do." "I deny it," answered the other: "on
the contrary, it is a doctrine I detest." "Do you believe that all men
will be saved, in the last day, or only some?" "Only some." "Do you
imagine that those some will be found to have saved themselves?" "No,
certainly God in Christ is the only Saviour of sinners." "But God could
have saved the rest, could he not?" "No doubt." "Then salvation is
peculiar to the saved?" "To be sure." "And God saves them designedly,
and not against his will?" "Certainly." "And willingly suffers the rest
to perish, though he could easily have hindered it?" "It should seem so."
"Then is not this election?" "It amounts to much the same thing."
A _CORRESPONDENT_ has addressed us upon the subject of the subjoined letter, which has appeared in several of the newspapers. As we happen to be familiar with the facts of the case, we shall transcribe the letter in question, that our readers may judge for themselves, and in it have another proof of what _P popery_ is. We some months since casually met the lady referred to. Affability and generosity were depicted in her very countenance. Her whole heart seemed absorbed in the welfare of the people; among them she has long resided, and among them spent the proceeds of her estate until the rental of that estate (in consequence of the extreme pressure of the taxes and the times) has dwindled into a mere cypher.

The particulars of the School alluded to, are simply these: a neighbouring lady, with a similarly sensitive heart, but confined to her bed by long illness, compassionated the poor; called together several of the surrounding children; formed a school; and, in order to employ them, pencilled with her own hand various patterns of embroidery; then she taught the children to work; and most beautiful work it was. We have rarely seen more exquisite specimens of both taste and talent, than in those exhibited by this invalid lady, and her poor little previously half-famished group; gathered from the lowest grades in the wilds of the notorious Tipperary. This work was sent to England and elsewhere; and from the proceeds these poor little children were supplied with one substantial meal a day. — It was for this, then, and because expected and _privileged_ to hear a chapter of the Bible read to them each day,—that this invalid lady and her friend who has nobly come forth to advocate her cause, and establish a school of greater extent, have been subjected to the most iniquitous persecution. — Is it not among the many proofs of what _popery_ is? — Notwithstanding all her pretensions, plain matters of fact prove, that she would rather her poor deluded votaries were left to grapple with the utmost misery, wretchedness, and destitution, than that any mode of relief, or system of improvement, should be adopted whereby her iron grasp of her hapless victims should in the least degree be loosened. Popish deeds are done in darkness; it is to darkness and the prince of darkness, she may ascribe her wealth,—her fame,—her influence. Let light dawn upon the mind,—a spirit of inquiry be infused among the people—and from that moment Popery is shaken to its very centre. Let us give one instance, in proof of these remarks, and then we will proceed to quote the letter to which we previously alluded.

"Where are you going, John?" was a question asked a young man lately.—"To mass, Sir," was the reply.

"And what are you going to mass for?"—"To say my prayers, Sir."

"Will the priest be there?"—"Yes, Sir."

"And will he say prayers, too?"—"Yes, Sir."

"Who will he say prayers for, John?"—"The people, Sir."

"What will he say, John?"—"I don't know, Sir."

"You don't know, John?"—"No, Sir; he says prayers in Latin."
Then you really don't know, John, whether the priest is going to ask God to bless you or to curse you."—"No, Sir, I don't indeed," was the answer; the young man for the first time in his life seeming astounded at his own acknowledgment. Nothing since has passed between the parties in question; but the young man is frequently seen with a Bible in his hand; and, there is reason to believe, has never been to mass from that time.

SCANDALOUS OUTRAGE BY A PRIEST.

The following characteristic outrage is related in a letter addressed to the Cork Constitution. The name of the lady who was the object of the outrage (observes our contemporary) we suppress, for it is hard to say what measure of vengeance of the manly priest, with his equally manly coadjutor and Christian flock, might not feel inclined to take were we to fasten attention on them. The scene, however, was Tipperary. The letter proceeds as follows:—"A benevolent lady residing here, seeing the miserable state of destitution to which the poor children were reduced, determined to relieve their wants as far as in her power. She assembled them in a house provided for the purpose, where they got a comfortable meal, and were taught, the Scriptures of course being made the basis of instruction. This excited the ire of the Popish priest, who on the first day the school opened entered the apartment. On being told it was a private school he withdrew, taking with him the nine children then assembled; having first stated before all present that he denied the Protestants had the Scriptures at all. The following days he left watches outside the door, with directions to execute the discipline of the church, by using the horsewhip on all whom they caught entering. This order was most punctually obeyed. The chastisement not having the desired effect, some children still continuing to attend, a meeting of the three adjoining parishes was convoked at the chapel, on Sunday, the 28th, when the priest at both masses spoke in the most exciting, abusive, and filthy manner of the wives and daughters of many of the surrounding gentry, who had no connexion whatever with the school. He had also, outside the chapel gate, two figures, one to represent the lady, who, he thought, was the cause of having the school commenced, dressed in a most revolting and satanic manner; the other the devil, who they said was dragging her to hell. After a second mass, the figures were drawn by two donkeys up the road, accompanied by the mob, yelling in the most furious manner, and uttering awful imprecations. In this way they passed the church door, during the time of divine service; (to the terror of many of the congregation), on their way to the gate of the family in question, where they halted, and abused and shouted after them as they passed in from church. They were then addressed by the parish priest to the following effect:—'Catholics, an attempt is being made to pervert your faith by this fiend (pointing to the effigy); you clearly see she wears the hand of Satan, which hand she wants to impress on you also. Now it is not only my advice, but my positive command, that you hold no communication, directly or indirectly, with any one connected with this family; that you neither buy from them nor sell to them; that you speak not to them, nor look at them; that you let no opportu-
nity pass of hooting them, shouting at them, and insulting them in every way in your power; and that you determine to give no peace or quiet to any one of the family until you hunt them root and branch out of the country. He then proceeded in a strain so gross and indecorous (in which he again introduced many of the most respectable Protestant inhabitants) that decency prevents my recapitulation of his expressions. On concluding this oration his coadjutor stood up and told the mob—'that they were a credit to their religion, a credit to their parish, a credit to their country, and their priest was proud of them, and if they persevered in their conduct they would find him always ready to stand in the breach before them.' They then proceeded to blow up the image, but the greater portion of the gunpowder falling on the ground, which was very wet, they were obliged to have recourse to the more tedious process of burning, in which they succeeded, shouting out their determination to execute to the utmost of their power their minister's commands, which they have since done by refusing to supply the family with bread, &c., and by hissing and shouting after them whenever they go outside their avenue gate. They also on the following Tuesday hung up in the village another effigy in the form of a serpent with some lines under it. This the police took down."

Correspondence

"SAINTS' REGISTER."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEARLY-BELOVED SIR,

I cannot forbear writing on the above subject, as I have for many years regretted the want of something of the sort—not only occasionally in temporary sojourns, but, residing in this great city, the difficulty is great in finding a gospel ministry. No doubt, many of God's dear people are, like me, continually disappointed and distressed at missing an opportunity of seeing and hearing those who have been especially blessed to them. For instance, I should not have known our beloved brother Hewlett was in London last month, but for a friend sending his Magazine. I have heard that dear and honoured Mr. West was lately in town, whose ministry, ten years since, was blessed in bringing me out of the bondage of a faith-conditional, to the glorious liberty of a finished salvation; but, for want of a "Saints' Register," I know not even if he preached.

It appears to me desirable that a register should include stated ministry, and temporary visits, in town and country; and allow me to suggest a list of the former on the cover of the "Gospel Magazine" once a-year, and a monthly notice of the latter. There would, of course, be some difficul-
ties, there being many differences amongst those who "hold the head;" but if it only included correspondents, I doubt not it would be hailed by many.

I do not write for insertion, as I am well aware it is not my gift, and I cannot condense my subject. I only offer my testimony to the usefulness of what others have proposed. May Jehovah-Jireh lead you more and more personally into the mysteries of his name in providence and grace, and grant many of your readers next month a participation of the same.

Yours in him,

M. S.

[One word to "A Recluse." (1 Cor. viii. 10).—The Puseyite, not being a worshipper of the God of Israel, must be an idolater. See also chap. x. 19, &c.]

Reviews.

[In resuming the Review department, we feel it incumbent upon us publicly to acknowledge the services of our esteemed Friend and Brother Gowring. Upon our coming to Ireland, at our earnest request, he undertook gratuitously to write the Reviews for this Magazine, until we were settled, and in a position to resume this part of our labours. With the manner in which Mr. Gowring has acquitted himself, as a Reviewer, our readers are already acquainted. In acknowledgment of his kindness, the least we can say is, that faithfulness and fairness—two essential qualifications in a Reviewer—have specially characterized labours, for which we shall ever feel grateful.—Ed.


It is said (if we mistake not) of Judge Hale that, upon his discovery of the innocence of a man who had been tried and executed, he thenceforward caused the following motto to be inscribed, in legible characters, in order that, as he sat upon the bench, he might have it perpetually before him: "Hear the other side." These words have repeatedly pressed themselves upon our attention whilst reading "The Protector," for with what mind from very infancy has not the name of Cromwell been associated with feelings of little less than horror? In a letter addressed to Mr. Norton, bearing date 29th March, 1648, this martyr (as far as public opinion is concerned) says, "I know God has been above all reports, and will, in His own time, vindicate me;" and it has fallen to the lot of Dr. D’Aubigné to be the honoured instrument of fulfilling this prophecy, and vindicating the character of this traduced man, though two centuries have elapsed since it was uttered. In the opening of his volume, the Author tells us, that "It is not we who ought, in this day, to justify the great Protector; he should justify himself;" and he adds, "fortunately,
authentic and authoritative testimony is not wanting for this purpose." Accordingly he has, in the most impartial manner, suffered Cromwell to speak for himself. Before, however, we select from this testimony evidence which we doubt not will prove to be of the most conclusive character, we must furnish our readers with the following powerful arguments, as being among those which induced Dr. D'Aubigné to publish the work before us.

"If England desired, in the present day, as the princes desired in the seventeenth century to restore Popery; if the number of those unfaithful ministers, who abuse the gospel for the Pope, should multiply in her bosom; if that superstitious madness should spread to their congregations; if the heads of the church should continue to slumber, and, instead of rescuing their flocks, allow them to proceed to the wolf that is waiting to devour them; if the government, not satisfied with granting liberty to Popery, should encourage it still farther by endowing its seminaries, paying its priests, building its churches, and restoring throughout Great Britain the power of the Roman bishop . . . . . . then would England probably be convulsed by a crisis, different, it might be, from those which startled the reign of Charles, but not the less formidable. Again the earth would quake; again would it open to pour forth devouring flames. On this account the study of that remarkable era, in which the first contest took place, was never more necessary than in the present day."

Towards the close of his Introduction the Author adds:

"The vindication, or rather the restoration, of the Protector's memory, has already begun; and perhaps no one can do more for it than Mr. Carlyle has accomplished: I think, however, that there is room for some improvement. Oliver has been presented as a hero to the world; I present him as a Christian to Christians—to Protestant Christians. * * * I am well aware that the task I have undertaken is a difficult one. We have so deeply imbibed in our early youth the falsehoods maintained by the Stuart party, and by some of Cromwell's republican rivals—among others the narrow-minded Ludlow, and the prejudiced Holles—that these falsehoods have become in our eyes indisputable truths. I know it by my own experience, by the lengthened resistance I made to the light that has recently sprung up, and illuminated as with a new day, the obscure image of one of the greatest men of modern times. It was only after deep consideration that I submitted to the evidence of irresistible facts."

We shall now proceed to avail ourselves of a small portion of the mass of evidence with which our Author has furnished us, in order to establish the correctness of the theory upon which his work is based. The following letter, we are informed, was written by "a country gentleman, the father of a numerous family." This "country gentleman" was Cromwell, whom the Lord, in the privacy of rural life, was preparing for that momentous course of events, in which he was to take so active a part.

"To my beloved Cousin, Mrs. St. John,"

Present these.

"Dear Cousin,

"I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you do too highly prize my lines and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

"Yet to honour my God, by declaring what he hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly then, this I find, that He giveth springs in a dry barren wilderness where no water is. I live—you know where—in Meshech, which they say signifies Prolonging; in Kedar, which signifies Blackness: yet the Lord forsaketh me not; though He do prolong, yet He will, I trust, bring me to his tabernacle, to His resting-place. My soul is with the congregation of
the First-born, my body rests in hope; and if here I may honour my God either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad.

"Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand: and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in his Son, and give me to walk in the light, as He is the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light.

"One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it:—blessed be His name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine. You know what my manner of life has been. Oh I lived in, and loved, darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners; this is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. Oh the riches of his mercy! praise him for me;—pray for me, that he who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

"Salute all my friends in that family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

"Once more, farewell. The Lord be with you, so prayeth,

"Your truly loving cousin."

Reader, Cromwell has been called a hypocrite; but did you ever find a hypocrite with an earnestness and a sincerity that is self-evident, cleaving to the "congregation of the First-born," desirous of being "accepted in the Son" and to "walk in his light?" Did you ever hear a hypocrite appeal to his former life, in the deep soul-humbling confession of having "loved darkness rather than light"—been the "chief of sinners"; and now blessing God for the rich experience that "one beam in a dark place had exceeding much refreshment in it?" Whatever pretensions a hypocrite may make to humility, a very superficial glance will detect the cheat; it is but assumed. A desire to be seen and heard of men will presently prove the fallacy of his position.

But let us scrutinize Cromwell yet more closely. "Milton, who knew him well, says of him, 'He had grown up in peace and privacy at home, silently cherishing in his heart a confidence in God, and a magnanimity well adapted for the solemn times that were approaching. Although of ripe years, he had not yet stepped forward into public life, and nothing so much distinguished him from all around, as the cultivation of a pure religion combined with the integrity of his life.'"

Cromwell's (says D'Aubigné) was a religion, not of words, but of works; in proof of this, and of his giving heed to the exhortation, "when thou prayest thou shalt not be as the hypocrites, &c." the following anecdote is introduced:

"When Cromwell came to lodge at our house in Knaresborough," says one who had formerly been employed as an occasional domestic, "I was then but a young girl. Having heard much talk about the man, I looked at him with wonder: being ordered to take a pan of coals and air his bed, I could not, during the operation, forbear peeping over my shoulder several times to observe this extraordinary person, who was seated at the far side of the room, untying his garters. Having aired the bed, I went out, and shutting the door after me, stopped and peeped through the keyhole, when I saw him rise from his seat, advance to the bed, and fall on his knees, in which attitude I left him for some time; when returning again, I found him still at prayer; and this was his custom every night, so long as he stayed at our house, from which I concluded he must be a good man; and this opinion I always maintained afterwards, though I heard him very much blamed, and exceedingly abused."
Again, a Mr. Peters writes:—

"Every day of his life he retired to read the Scriptures, and to pray. Those who watched him narrowly relate, that after having perused a chapter in the Bible, he was wont to prostrate himself with his face on the ground, and with tears pour out his soul before God. Who can charge with hypocrisy these inward movements of a soul, which pass all knowledge? For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?"

The following is from Cromwell’s own pen, combining the tenderness of an affectionate father, with the anxious solicitude of a Spirit-taught soul:—

"For my beloved daughter, Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, the General’s quarters.

"Dear Daughter,

"I write not to thy husband; partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed (i.e. not in the mood) at this time, having some other considerations.

"Your friends at Ely are well; your sister Claypole is, I trust in mercy, exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind; bewailing it, she seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy: and thus to be a seeker is to be one of the best sect next to a finder, and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker! happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self, vanity, and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of his, and could go less in desire (i.e. become less desirous)—less pressing after full enjoyment? Dear heart, press on; let not thy husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ, I hope he (thy husband) will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me.

"My service and dear affections to the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations. I am,

"Thy dear Father,

"Oliver Cromwell."

In the beginning of 1648, Cromwell fell dangerously ill. The annexed will show the sweet effects of this truly sanctified affliction. It contains the breathings of a soul not merely quickened into life, but of one advanced and well instructed in that life:—

"For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament’s Army at Windsor.

"Sir,

"It hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sickness, and I do most willingly acknowledge that the Lord hath, in this visitation, exercised the bowels of a father towards me. I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in him that raiseth from the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh. It's a blessed thing to die daily; for what is there in this world to be accounted of? The best men according to the flesh are things lighter than vanity. I find this only good, to love the Lord and his poor despised people; to do for them, and to be ready to suffer with them: and he that is found worthy of this hath obtained great favour from the Lord; and he that is established in this shall (being conformed to Christ and the rest of the body, i.e. the Church) participate in the glory of a resurrection which will answer all.

"I must thankfully confess your favour in your last letter. I see I am not forgotten: and truly, to be kept in your remembrance is very great satisfaction to me; for I can say in the simplicity of my heart, I put a high and true value upon your love, which when I forget, I shall cease to be a grateful and honest man."
"I most humbly beg my service may be presented to your lady, to whom I wish all happiness, and establishment in the truth. "

"Sir, my prayers are for you, as becomes your Excellency's most humble servant,"

"Oliver Cromwell."

Again, in a letter to Colonel Robert Hammond, Cromwell says:—

"Thou desirest to hear of my experience. I can tell thee I am such an one as thou didst formerly know, having a body of sin and death; but I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, there is no condemnation, though much infirmity; and I wait for the redemption. And in this condition I obtain mercy and sweet consolation through the Spirit; and find abundant cause every day to exalt the Lord and abase the flesh, and herein I have much exercise."

Reader, is this the language of a hypocrite? this the experience—these the exercises—of a formalist, or merely nominal professor? We say no. There is in the foregoing letters not only a soundness of creed, but a savour and an unction that cannot be discovered in the writings of a formalist or a pharisee; and, inasmuch as they lead the mind upward, directing the thoughts and affections Christ-ward, they show sweetly the impress of that gracious Person who was to testify of Christ.

Upon the following remarks of the learned author we shall venture to base a few observations. D'Aubigne says:—

"We have already remarked, that his great religious error was his assuming for the main-spring of his actions those inward impulses which he ascribed to God, in preference to the explicit commands of the Holy Scriptures. He believed in what has been denominated a 'particular' faith. If, while engaged in prayer, or shortly after, he felt a lively conviction in his mind, he thought that this impression proceeded immediately from heaven, and that he ought to follow it as the very voice of God. If, on the contrary, his devotions remained languid, he concluded that he ought to abstain from the meditated act. * * * This error in religion is, in our opinion (continues the Doctor), the only important blemish to be found in Cromwell. At the same time it is the key which opens and explains his whole life. His piety was sincere, but it was not always sober. Yet if this error be a great extenuation of the Protector's faults, the crime to which it led him must ever remain, in history, as a warning to terrify those who may base their conduct on their inward impressions, rather than on the sure, positive, and ever-accessible inspirations of that Word of God which never deceives."

Now, though we do not intend for a moment to justify every "inward impression" as a sufficient and proper guarantee for any particular course of action, nor to attempt to palliate the conduct of Cromwell with respect to Charles; yet we are compelled to enter our protest against the sweeping charges brought by the learned Doctor against those who are to a certain degree actuated by "inward impressions." We repeat that they are no sure standard of action; they are by no means an invariable guide. At the same time, if these "inward impressions"—this secret sacred impulse—are to be universally discarded, much of the personal, and particular, and precious operation of the Spirit is at once rejected. For what is that "watching unto prayer" of which the apostle speaks, but the waiting for the holy anointings of the Spirit, in the assurance of the acceptance of that prayer, and the subsequent delivering mercies for which, by the Spirit, we have been led to seek? Surely the cases of David in defying the giant of Gath (1 Sam. xvii. 32); Philip in joining the eunuch (Acts viii. 29); and Peter in going down to Cornelius (Acts x. 19, 20); are sufficient evidence that there are "inward impressions" awakened by
REVIEWS.

By R. B. SANDERSON, London: Houlston and

It may, however, be said there were then no Scriptures to
guide. There were Scriptures to guide. Again, it may be argued, those
were apostolic times, and the dispensation a very special one. Come
down, then, to the period of the Reformation. Take Luther as an ex-
ample of how the Spirit is pleased to operate. Had he not "inward im-
pressions," and did they not prompt him to actions productive of the
greatest and most glorious results? Cromwell's one deplorable act is by
no means a reason for rejecting every inward impression. God forbid
that we should advance so much as a thought derogatory to the word of
God; but we say that, insomuch as almost every sect and party borrow
a certain portion of their creed from that most holy book, we have thereby
a very evident proof that the light, the teaching, the inward persuasive
power of the Eternal Spirit, must be brought to bear upon that book, pro-
vided we are rightly to regulate our creed or our conduct by its sacred
and glorious precepts.

Nine-tenths of the formality, pharisaism, and dead-faith religion of the
present day, are to be ascribed to the theory for which Dr. D'Aubigné
pleads; for in his anxiety to reject "inward impressions" altogether—in
which to a certain extent he is correct—he seems to have superseded the
necessity for the personal ministry of the Spirit in the hearts of his child-
ren, by conforming his work or operation to the mere letter of Scripture.
Whereas the distinct promise of the Lord Christ was, that "he (the Spirit)
should take of the things which are mine, and show them unto you."

Having already exceeded our appointed limits, we must for the present
defer any further notice of this exceedingly interesting volume, a cheap
edition of which, by the same publishers, is already before the public.

The Latter Rain; or, Rod of an Almond Tree. By R. B. SANDERSON,
Author of the original "Dew of Hermon." London: Houlston and
Stoneman. 420 pp.

EXCELLENT! savoury and sweet! pithy and powerful! Some five-and-
twenty or thirty lines' comment upon a portion of Scripture for every day
in the year. In his preface the author tells us that "the one charac-
teristic subject of this little volume is the righteousness of faith;" and
truly, as far as we can judge from dipping into it, it is so. Moreover,
Mr. Sanderson says, his pages are "not so much doctrinal as devotional;
and intended to exhibit the influence rather of sound doctrine on the
heart and life of one who is already a Christian, than the arguments by
which it is established." But in his work our author has most happily
blended doctrine with devotion; or, in other words, incorporated a sound
gospel creed, with that salutary experience which a living faith in gospel
truths must produce. The combining precept and practice—doctrine and
experience—are essential qualifications in a writer, or speaker. The mere
declaration of doctrine is most unsavoury; it too often operates upon the
head without affecting the heart; but when, through a living and a lively
faith, is exhibited a sound creed, most powerful, persuasive, and precious
is its tendency. Such is the character of the work before us. It pro-
fesses not to go into all the ramifications of doctrine, nevertheless doctrine
speaks sweetly and powerfully in its every page, so much so, that it is
almost impossible not to discover the author's purity of creed through,
so to speak, the network of experience. And we say, these are the happy—these the profitable—writers. Now for proofs. For Jan. 5, in his comments upon John xiii. 7, the author says—

"How many things are there in our experience which we cannot understand at the time, but which are made clear to us afterwards. The disciples of the Lord are often called upon to yield the obedience of faith with very little light upon their path for the present. But, like Abraham, they obey, not knowing whither they go. This only they are persuaded that God is their guide, and that he will not direct them amiss. "My sheep hear my voice (says the Saviour), and they follow me;" yea, in the dark sometimes; but a stranger will they not follow, though he may seem to be in the light—for they know not the voice of a stranger. The voice of Christ in the heart of a believer is his rule of life."

Do observe this, reader, for in it is couched a secret which, if once revealed by the Spirit to law-workers, and law-fulfillers (as they vainly imagine), would speedily put things in a very different light. The author proceeds to say, that a believer has

"A sort of instinctive knowledge thereby of what is right, and is enabled to act often in a way that surprises himself, without knowing why he so acts, further than that he hears a voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it," when he turneth to the right hand or to the left. The Lord direct our course from this time forth, and for evermore, keeping us in his truth, and defending us from every false way. Even so, Lord Jesus. Amen."

In his remarks for Feb. 18, upon 2 Tim. i. 9, the author says—

"We were holy in God's purposes. He saw us in Christ, and made us accepted in him. Hence we are called to be saints, and hence we are called likewise, holy brethren, because we are partakers of this heavenly calling."

Commenting on 1 Cor. ii. 16 (for Feb. 25), this writer remarks—

"It might seem a presumptuous thing for any one to undertake to instruct the Lord; and yet there are not wanting such persons in the world—persons who would undertake to set us right on those very subjects on which we have been divinely instructed. Nevertheless, when we do know that we have the mind of Christ in any particular, it makes us marvellously indifferent about the opinions of such persons—these teachers of the Spirit, and instructors of the Lord, who would show us a better way than God himself hath shown us. But, after all, the way of life is above, to the wise, to depart from the snares of death; nor can any one know it, or discover it by his own natural understanding; for the natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. A spiritual discernment is necessary for the understanding of spiritual truth."

What can be more sound and truthful than this, and how fully in accordance with the Divine injunction (Prov. xxiii. 23), "Buy the truth, and sell it not?" Deep experimental truth, bought in fiery temptations and trials (Rev. iii. 18), is too dear to its possessor to be easily parted with. We could multiply quotations tenfold, but space forbids; nor would it be justice to the author, whose book, we trust, our readers will purchase for themselves. We will content ourselves with one more extract:

"April 2.—Luke v. 8.—How much occasion have we each of us to make use of this expression of Peter! But if the Lord were indeed to depart on such a plea, then might he depart from all the sons of sinful Adam; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. But there are times when we feel our own sinfulness more than at others; and it is on such occasions we are more particularly tempted to say, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!' forgetting, in the meanwhile, that it was precisely such that Christ came to save
and that unless we feel ourselves sinners, we are not in a fit condition for him as a Saviour. Indeed, I believe the sweetest discoveries of Divine grace are those we get under the deepest sense of sin; nor shall we ever see sin aright, but in the tincture of Christ's blood. This it is which illustrates the exceeding sinfulness of sin, even more than the law itself, showing us ourselves as more vile than the vilest of God's creatures, and teaching us to abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes. "Job never thoroughly repented until he was pardoned."

Never; and this confirms our frequently-expressed opinion, that all true compunction or sorrow for sin, must be fetched from, and not (as our poor legal hearts so commonly suggest) be brought to Christ. "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn," says the Lord by the prophet (Zech. xii. 10); nor will they ever truly mourn, and be in sweet bitterness, until they have by faith looked upon him. The Lord grant to all our readers this precious sight of Christ; that so, Job-like and Peter-like, they may "weep to the praise of the mercy they've found."

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A plain practical discourse on Matt. xii. 34. We hope Oxford men will "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it." Travelling at railway speed towards Rome, as Oxford for the most part is, we are heartily glad it was accosted on the road by the following:—

"Such are, in our day, the followers of the Bishop of Rome, the members of that corrupt, apostate, and idolatrous system, best described by the term Popery; such are all those, by whatever name known, by whatever church nourished, by whatever mistaken kindness fostered and cherished, who forsake the pure streams of God's blessed word, to dabble in the muddy pool of human authors, however adorned those pools may be by the glittering glare of rhetoric, or by the ornaments of a false philosophy."

"Akin to the self-righteous, and of the same class, is the formalist—and does not his conversation declare his state? The holiest place in the church, the proper place to say his prayers, the peculiar character and style of his vestments, the subdued light of the church or chapel as favouring devotion, the number of saints' days observed, the fastings on stated occasions, the mortification of the body, benefits of auricular confession and priestly absolution, form subjects of conversation and of his discourses, which declare plainly that the mind is occupied with the shell and shadow of religion, while destitute of the kernel and substance."

Pictorial Instruction; being a series of Scripture and Historical Prints, intended for the use of Families and Infant Schools. London: Darton and Co., 58, Holborn Hill.


We have classed the above together, because both have a very important bearing upon infantile and youthful training.

The system of pictorial instruction presents advantages of very considerable extent. Various constitutions as the human mind is, a very superficial glance will readily convince the observer that a varied mode must be adopted in order to communicate knowledge. Some will learn rapidly by sound—others equally quick by sight; reverse the order—
place, as it were, the deaf child to hear, and the blind child to see, and all your efforts are frustrated. Both the one and the other stand inapt and stupid. Yet, in each case, if properly wrought upon, there is no lack of talent. The one takes in knowledge through the eye—the other by the ear. The question then arises which is most permanent? We believe the former. Therefore we are decided advocates for pictorial instruction, wherever and whenever it can be adopted.

Moreover, another most important feature in this system of education is, that it turns what otherwise is generally considered drudgery and a task, into recreation. With the very thought of a picture is almost invariably a sense of pleasure. And with what peculiar interest are some of the driest and most distasteful subjects thus presented to the mind in the most agreeable form.

Messrs. Darton and Co. have produced a series of singularly striking and beautifully-executed prints, relating both to Scripture and profane history. They are adapted equally well for the scrap-book or the nursery; and, being published at a low price, are worthy of a very extensive circulation.

Of the Infant Gymnasium we may speak in equally strong terms of commendation. It is a most admirable and useful piece of mechanism; forming a safe and healthful substitute for the cramped and too often careless arms of giddy girls. We know of no invention so really calculated to benefit the babe; and would therefore recommend its adoption, not merely in the nursery or parlour, but also as a most desirable auxiliary to the Infant School, inasmuch as the child may be left in it by the hour with perfect safety and pleasure to itself.—[This recommendatory notice may appear a departure from the general tone and character of our Magazine; if so, a father’s feeling must plead an apology.]

FRAGMENTS.

The famous Dr. Manton was appointed, on some public occasion, to preach before the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London. His sermon was learned, ingenious, and eloquent. As he was returning home a plain old gentleman pulled him by the coat; and desired to speak to him. The doctor stopped, and the stranger began. “I was one of your auditory today: I went to be fed with the gospel as usual; but have returned empty. Dr. Manton was not Dr. Manton this morning. There was indeed much of the doctor, of the florid and learned man, in the discourse but little or nothing of Jesus Christ; it was, in short, no sermon to me.” “Sir,” answered the doctor, “if I have not preached to you, you have preached a good sermon to me: such as, I trust, I shall never forget, but be the better for as long as I live.”

John Bunyan having preached one day with particular warmth and enlargement, some of his friends, after service was over, took him by the hand, and could not help observing what a sweet sermon he had delivered: “Aye,” said the good man, “you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me before I was out of the pulpit.”—Toplady.

City Press, Long Lane: W. H. Collingridge.