THE

GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

"Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever. Whom to know is Life Eternal."

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"I AROSE UP FROM MY HEAVINESS."

"AND AT THE EVENING SACRIFICE I AROSE UP FROM MY HEAVINESS; AND HAVING RENT MY GARMENT AND MY MANTLE, I FELL UPON MY KNEES, AND SPREAD OUT MY HANDS UNTO THE LORD MY GOD," —Ezra ix. 5.

And the Lord help you to remember, dearly beloved, with regard to the "heaviness" to which we adverted in our last, that then it is that the Lord's sympathizing heart is so richly drawn out. Then it is that the meaning of that Scripture is understood practically and experimentally, "When my spirit was *overwhelmed* within me, then thou knewest my path." When by the weight, the complication, the peculiar delicacy and keenness of my trials and temptations, my mind was distracted—my soul crushed—my heart bursting from very anguish, then—yes, even then—Thou "knewest" my path; Thou wert so intimately acquainted with it—so fully aware of all its intricacies, and dangers, and besetments—and withal so deeply interested, that Thou didst descend in the most gracious, timely, and effectual way, to administer to my necessities. Thy knowledge was such, and Thy mercy and goodness such, that Thou "preparedest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointedst my head with oil; my cup ran over." "Salvation" was indeed manifestively and powerfully "of the Lord."

Beloved, were we to be left but for the briefest interval without trial, or temptation, or something or other to cause us anxiety, how speedily should we settle down in the plains of ease, and indulge in a vain, carnal, dangerous security. How much more critical would be our position thus circumstanced. We have a thousand hair-breadth escapes *now*, with all that watchfulness and prayerfulness that by trial and temptation are enkindled; what *then*, if there were no trial, no temptation, nothing to bring us to his footstool with a "Lord, help! Lord, appear! Lord, make bare thine arm this day, and vouchsafe deliverance." By comparison, the dear child of God will find that after all, these are really his happiest and most satisfactory seasons. Overwhelmed with trial—filled with dismay—at a loss to know when and where the scene will end; and yet withal, "built up and established in Him," "rooted and grounded in love," "knowing nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified;" He the "all and in all," of the soul; having no

other trust or confidence but in Christ the rock of his salvation. How great this mercy! and how rich the privilege to have morning by morning, and day by day, a something to attract both heart and eye to the throne; that sigh and cry which none but the Lord can comprehend, and none but the Lord administer to.

It is in this self-same administering that the Lord is seen, and felt, and known, and sensibly loved. In what general terms is a physician spoken of, and comparatively in how small esteem is he held, except by the poor patient who has successfully tested his skill. How enthusiastic is such an one's praise —how zealous his advocacy—how urgent his appeals!

And what, beloved, brings you and ourselves to a point about Jesus—who He is, what He is, the mercies He bestows, the pardon He speaks, the love He unfolds, the grace He communicates, the strength He imparts, the promises He applies, the prospects He reveals; what, what of all this personal, practical, experimental, undeniable, supernatural blessedness should we realize and enjoy, but for that which the Lord makes as it were the stepping-stone to the same, which is HEAVINESS?

Oh, look back, we beseech you, and see what a close connexion existed between some of your keenest sorrows, and severest trials, and terrific temptations, with those blessed heart-cheering, soul-ravishing views of Jesus, in his love, pity, watchfulness, grace, and power, with which you were indulged. We said *terrific* temptations, and we used the word advisedly, because some of us have known, yea, and reeled, and trembled with dismay and apprehension, under some of those fearful assaults with which the enemy has been permitted to molest the soul. Ah, are there not to this day *standing miracles* of the power, and compassion, and faithfulness of Jehovah-Jesus? Where would many, very many, be at this moment, but for that gracious, ever-present, Almighty Friend? What if He had left but for a moment? How instantaneous and how awful and irremediable the destruction!

> "Oh to grace how great a debtor,
> Daily we're constrained to be."

Studying at the school of the heart indeed, and Jesus proved then and there to be what He was, is, and ever will be! the Spirit the Teacher, Revealer, Testifier, and Comforter; and all inseparable from "heaviness!"

Beloved, in returning to the history with which the words of our text are connected, there is one thing which, we doubt not, will strike you; it is the beautiful simplicity that prevails throughout the whole. Mark the honesty and the candour, at the same time the zeal and determination, with which the elders treat those who conspired against them. You will find a record of it in the fifth chapter of the book of Ezra. See, moreover, how Satan and his emissaries overreach themselves, and are caught in their own net. The conspirators, Tatnai, Shethar-boznai, and his companions the Apharsachites, address a letter to the king Darius; and, in that letter, unwittingly, as the enemies of God and his people very commonly do, contribute in the most effective way to the furthering of the cause they at the self-same moment attempt to undermine and overthrow. "Be it known unto the king, that we went into the province of Judea, to the house of the great God, which is builded with great stones, and timber is laid in the walls, and this work goeth fast on, and prospereth in their hands."

Oh how great the mercy when even the enemies of the cross of Christ see, and are compelled to acknowledge, that *his work progresses;* that there is a reality in the so-called religion of Jesus; that there is verily an important distinction between the Church and the world; that there is a sobriety, and a self-denial, and a savour about the one, that is altogether lacking in the other.

How great the mercy when the Lord's people shine as lights in the world; when they are set as a city upon a hill which cannot be hid; where there is "a coming out and being separate, and a touching not the unclean thing;" when even the worldling, with all his craft and satire, and plotting against the just, "takes knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus," and is compelled mentally, if not openly and honestly, to exclaim, "See how these Christians love."

Alas! alas! how little ground is there for this honourable admission *now*. Reader, in these days of worldly conformity—these days of carnal expediency—these days of ease and pleasure-seeking, where is the blessed badge of discipleship—LOVE? where *peace?* where *brotherly-kindness?* where *joy* in the Holy Ghost? Are you among those who dare to be singular in your advocacy of these the unmistakeable features of an old-fashioned, unpopular, almost obsolete, experimental godliness? Can you testify to the same truth upon which the Apostle congratulated his Thessalonian brethren, "For our gospel came not unto you in *word only*, but in *power*, and in the *Holy Ghost*, and in *much assurance?*" Is yours a religion of the *heart?* Does it raise your thoughts, affections, desires, above the grovelling propensities of a poor, degraded, earth-bound spirit? In a word, is Jesus—the despised Nazarene—in his undertaking, his offices, his blood, his righteousness, his most glorious person—all your salvation and all your desire? Do you sensibly feel, and joyfully testify, that "there is salvation in no other?" Or have you only "a name to live, whilst you are dead?" Satisfied with yourself, and with a mere round of formal duties and observances from day to day? Oh, pitiful position! dangerous delusion! Crying, "Peace, peace," and yet an utter stranger to that Divine and blessedly inwrought peace which passes all understanding.

"*This work goeth fast on, and prospereth in their hands.*" God grant that coming events may so drive the Lord's dear people to their closets, and to a mutual "striving together for the faith once delivered to the saints;" to a pleading with God on the one hand, and to a lively interest in each other's spiritual well-being on the other, that similar signs of the prosperity of Zion may again appear.

And bear with us, dearly beloved, whilst we still further pause to offer a word of exhortation. We feel the extremely critical position in which as a country and a church we are placed. We are alarmed at the supineness which seems to have taken possession of the minds of even many of the Lord's people. We tremble lest the privilege of "every man sitting under his own vine and under his own fig-tree" should be interrupted. We cannot overlook the tone of self-sufficiency and fleshly confidence in which, as a nation, we are going to *war*. We cannot forget that in the autumn of the last year *pestilence* invaded our shores, and that it is the general opinion of the faculty it will in the ensuing spring and summer rage with renewed vigour. We have contemplated with heart-anguish the sacrifice of our great Protestant principles—the conceding, act after act, to an Antichristian and Infidel invasion. Nor has the worst feature of the whole been disregarded; the divisions and subdivisions, the discord, and bitterness, and backbiting, that prevail among the professing Church of Christ. Of these things we cannot be ignorant, and on account of these things we would fain follow the example which Ezra has set in the language of our text.

But to return. "Then asked we those elders (say the conspirators), and said unto them thus, Who commanded *you* to build this house, and to make up these walls?" [How like the disdainful inquiries of some of the learned pharisaic religious philosophers of our own day, when happening to come in contact with any humble student in the apostle Paul's school, "whose speech

and whose preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power]. "We asked their names also, to certify thee, that we might write the names of the men that were the chief of them. And thus they returned us answer, saying, We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded these many years ago, which a great king of Israel builded and set up."

Beloved, see with what a holy boldness the Lord's people are possessed, when at times brought to confront their enemies. How many a dear child of God has trembled in the prospect of such a meeting; and, judging after the flesh—contemplating the tiny measure of his faith, and his so oft mental defects and fleshly cowardice—how frequently has he thought that (Peter-like) he should deny his Lord and Master when put to the test. But how opposite has been the fact. The just-now trembling stripling, when really brought to need it, has been endowed with giant-strength, and, regardless of all consequences, has testified, fearlessly and faithfully, of whose he is and whom he serves. Many a babe as to strength or knowledge, or the merest dwarf in point of stature, often in these respects outsteps the young men and the fathers in Christ's school. The simplicity, and the zeal, and the love, and the fearlessness of the one, put the knowledge, and the experience, and the standing of the other to the blush.

Nor with their courage and their composure did these beloved temple-builders lack candour. This will be seen by the clear, straightforward testimony which they gave, and which will be found in the few concluding verses of the fifth chapter of the book of Ezra. And now observe how the Lord "makes even the wrath of man to praise him," and their evil designs subservient to his Divine will and purposes. The statement of the builders being quoted in the conspirators' letter to the king Darius, accompanied with a request that he should cause its truthfulness to be tested, an examination of the court-records was instituted, and therein was found a decree in confirmation of the whole, to which the present king Darius affixes the following royal commission—"Now therefore, Tatnai, governor beyond the river, Shetharboznai, and your companions the Apharsachites, which are beyond the river, be ye far from thence: let the work of this house of God alone; let the governor of the Jews and the elders of the Jews build this house of God in his place. Moreover I make a decree what ye shall do to the elders of these Jews for the building of this house of God: that of the king's goods, even of the tribute beyond the river, forthwith expences be given unto these men, that they be not hindered. And that which they have need of, both young bullocks, and rams, and lambs, for the burnt offerings of the God of heaven, wheat, salt, wine, and oil, according to the appointment of the priests which are at Jerusalem, let it be given them day by day without fail: that they may offer sacrifices of sweet savours unto the God of heaven, and pray for the life of the king, and of his sons. Also I have made a decree, that whosoever shall alter this word, let timber be pulled down from his house, and being set up, let him be hanged thereon; and let his house be made a dunghill for this. And the God that hath caused his name to dwell there destroy all kings and people, that shall put to their hand to alter and to destroy this house of God which is at Jerusalem. I, Darius, have made a decree: let it be done with speed."

How marvellous are the dealings of our God! How infinite his wisdom, and how great his power! In what remarkable ways does He appear to vindicate his own honour in and on behalf of his people. See how He more than answers his children's cries, and entreaties, and utmost expectations. How sure of success is every undertaking commenced and continued with a single

eye to his glory. How little cause have any thus engaged in his service to fear defeat.

Dear child of God, the Lord help you to take comfort from this blessed consideration. Is *His* glory your aim? *His* cause *your* cause? Does everything appertaining to the creature appear of no importance when set in contrast with *the Lord's* name and *the Lord's* truth? Oh, then, cheer up. He that hath wrought this holy jealousy in your heart will establish your goings; your footsteps shall not slip; your enemies shall be vanquished, not by *your* wisdom nor *your* power, but by *His* wisdom and *His* power put forth in and by you. Not one of your unbelieving fears shall be realized, but the Lord, working in and by those fears, to keep you looking and depending upon Himself, will "bring forth your righteousness to the light, and your judgment as the noon day." "Wait (therefore) on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off thou shalt see it."

In pursuing the history, we hope in our next to touch upon that blessed secret in gospel experience of "arising from our heaviness."

Meanwhile, dearly beloved in the Lord, farewell!

Bonmahon, Ireland, March 12, 1854. THE EDITOR.

"STREAMS IN THE DESERT."

THE thirsty traveller knows full well how to appreciate such a boon, and the more so because it is unexpected; the wilderness is not usually supplied either with water or herbage, and the Christian knows also the barren nature of this world, and in like manner expects not refreshment.

> "This land through which his pilgrimage
> Is desolate and dry."

But there "is a river the streams whereof make glad the city of our God;" among the saints, in the true Church, the Christian finds supplies, refreshing waters, of which he may drink abundantly and go on his way rejoicing.

But sometimes he is sent further into the desert, away from those with whom he once took sweet counsel, and amidst a multitude, he is alone; he looks for the waters of the sanctuary, and perhaps looks in vain, or nearly so. He thirsts; where is water to be had? where those refreshing streams of which he has so often partaken? Must he die for thirst? It cannot be! Sooner shall a miracle be performed. Sooner will Jehovah "make the wilderness a pool, and the dry land springs of water," than that "the drink of the thirsty should fail:" and that shall still be true of the spiritual seed of Israel, "They thirsted not when He led them through the deserts; He caused the waters to flow out of the rock for them: He clave the rock also, and the waters gushed out."

Hath He not foretold the case of his thirsty people, and provided for them? When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst; so that the Lord's people may be so circumstanced as to find their usual supply cut off, as Elijah at the brook. They may long for spiritual refreshment, and go where it is most likely to be found, and come away thirsting, still they journey on, longing for a draught: but no stream appears; they go to the well, but the well is deep and they have nothing to draw with; their tongues fail for thirst. What then? "I, the Lord, will hear them; I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them, I will open rivers in high places," &c.: and so these weary thirsty ones find at

last the promised streams in the desert opened on purpose for them; and they are sweet beyond compare, testifying as they do, so particularly the watchful care and grace of Jesus, making his words still true; "I, the Lord, do keep it, I will water it every moment;" proving how precious *one* soul is to him.

These draughts are invaluable, and do more than compensate for the previous drought, however long or severe it may have been. Are any proving the barrenness of the land, let them not faint, but wait on; it is recorded of Israel, "The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way;" and how true is this of Israel still. How many discouraged ones there are, traversing this wilderness world? How many are walking alone, that once walked in sweet companionship? but even these solitary ones are not overlooked by Jesus; He sees their every step; "He knoweth their walking through this great desert;" and ever and anon He speaks and says, "Spring up, oh well;" and turning to his weary child He saith, "Drink, yea, drink abundantly, oh beloved;" and thus the wilderness and solitary place are glad, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. How great then is the mistake of those who faint when the ordinary streams are cut off; seeing they cannot be forgotten by Christ who is able to supply all their need.

Let such remember that their soul prosperity is infinitely more interesting to Him than to them; that He has a deeper concern in them than they have in themselves; and that the honour of his name is intimately connected with the abundant supply of all their wants.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

"Immanuel! God with us."

"Thus saith the high and lofty One, whose name is holy, I dwell in the high and holy place; with Him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." And it was not only upon ancient Israel, that the glory of the Lord appeared, but this is the present experience of the child of God. "So the Spirit took me up and brought me into the inner court, and behold the glory of the Lord filled the house." Indeed, when ancient Israel beheld the return of God's glory, Jehovah speaks of his presence as a future bestowment; "I will dwell in the midst of the children of Israel for ever;" so that the covenant of grace from its first establishment, has undergone no alteration in any of its peculiar features and appropriate blessings, as in the pillar of cloud and fire, there was the hiding of his power; so now we may not be able to apprehend Him, when oftentimes He is nigh, hiding his power; and but review the career of any heaven-taught and heaven-bound Christian, and the preface of his life will be brought out, and brought up; the delightful part of his history will be the brought-nigh seasons, and the amen of it, brought through. "He bringeth them to the haven where they would be;" and again it is written, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" and again, "Let the Lord be glorified, He shall appear to your joy;" and "as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem;" and our blessed Lord Himself says to the Father, "I in them, and Thou in me; that they may be made perfect in one."

Weeping Christian, then say not that He was not with you in that late

bitter bereavement, when He tore from your fond embrace an object of your deepest affection, which caused many and many a briny tear to trickle down the dejected countenance. He was behind that cloudy dispensation, and depend upon, it will shine forth yet in all his glory and splendour, and exhibit to you the difference between dust and Deity.

Nay, little flock, without an under shepherd, say not that He cannot be with you, because the pulpit is vacant, and the voice of your pastor no longer sounds in the sanctuary in sweet accents; seest thou not Jesus Himself, outshining his servant, whom He has bidden come up higher? this, this will fill up the deepest chasm in thine experience—God with us, not coming upon thee as an avalanche to overwhelm in gloom and destruction; but outspreading a blessed and cheering influence under which He promises you shall live, shall thrive, shall be prosperous, shall be at peace.

Lone wanderer across life's dreary desert, there may appear only here and there a twig of comfort to rest upon; and to obtain that thou mayest oftentimes be weary on the wing, but press on higher and higher, until thou seest a mighty rock upreared, immoveable, ark-like; look about for a cleft ready for thee, and get in there, then strike up the melody, "*Immanuel, God with me.*"

Aged Eli, dost thine eye wax dim that thou canst not see, and does it seem unto thee that the lamp of God is gone out of the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was? Nay, He is near, and soon thine ears will begin to tingle, and thou wilt hear his well-known voice, and open thine eyes to behold every thing fulfilled concerning thine house, which He has promised to perform; it will be done, and well done, in his own time, and not thine.

Christian warrior, Jonathan, what dost thou with all thy warlike appearance tremble a little bit at the sharp rocks that appear to shelter thine enemies the Philistines? Bozez and Seneh forefront will be overcome (1 Sam. xiv. 4, 5); for there is no restraint with the Lord, He is on thy side, and by thy side, saying, "Behold I am with thee according to thine heart;" then assuredly there will be a trembling in the host on the field among Jonathan's enemies. Well may we like the look of that motto of thine on yonder banner, lifted high with confident expectation, "*Immanuel, God with us.*"

Tried Christian, calumniated, cast down, care-worn and crest-fallen, say not that He is not with you in thine oppressed condition. Curse not the day of thy birth, when there is a blessing in store for thee. If thy name is Job, God's name is Jehovah; look at some of the points in thy persecuted namesake's history. After repulsing his miserable comforters, he ascends the steps that lead to the throne of the great and only Deliverer, acknowledging that his power alone is infinite; he then vows sincerely in his presence, "My lips shall not speak wickedness, nor my tongue utter deceit." Then comes the tempter, and struggling work it is for him, with a gaze upon the world in the consideration of his former prosperity and honour; how natural that poor Job should mourn; but God convinceth Job that it is but imbecility—"Hath the rain a father, or who hath begotten the drops of dew? The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen." Job, I ask thee who provideth for the raven, or has his eye upon the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air? think you that He careth not for thee, because the face of his depths appear to thee frozen: contend not with the Almighty to instruct Him. Ah! Job sees his folly, acknowledges his vileness, and then God stirreth him up to show him sovereign displays of his righteousness, power, and wisdom. God was Job's Immanuel as much when he was in the

very depths of his sorrow, as when he gave Job twice as much as he had before. Well then, tried Christian, cheer up, remember what the wind and lightnings do for the mellowing the fruit; and if struggles, yearnings, hopes, and fears; form the succession of things below; love, joy, peace, and bliss; form the realization above—" And so He bringeth them to the haven where they would be."

Prostrate and feeble child of God, whose bodily ailments causeth thee to appear to thyself a misery to thy family, and a chill to their cheerfulness and buoyancy, say not that you have nothing of Jehovah's presence, when there stands on record such a promise as this, " My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

It is better to be brought low, than puffed up; and though it may seem to thy mind more desirous to be up and doing, instead of being on the couch of sickness, probably thou wouldst not feel so dependant upon Jesus for divine succour, nor be found looking unto Him; nay, whilst thou art looking unto Him, thou art leaning upon Him; and whilst leaning, art thou not so close as to be listening to Him? and whilst listening, art thou not loving thy best Beloved? We should be doubtless deprived of innumerable instances of Jehovah's love, if we had no brought-low seasons, and should not know the consolation of his sympathy and soothing, if we were spared sorrow. Blowing at the small fire, kindles it into a flame, and then how bright it burns, but if left to choke up in self, the Christian never would become a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day. So prostrate, one the Angel of the everlasting covenant is thy " Etham," and his frequent method of revealing Himself, is through sanctified afflictions.

The fiery trial will not consume, but only burn thy fetters and bonds, and the wood, hay, and stubble, that cling so cohesively to thee; it is purification work to meeten thee for a closer walk with Jesus, and the enjoyment of his hallowed society.

> The hours of pain have yielded food,
> The days of ease refused;
> So herbs though scentless when entire,
> Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

And now having noted a word or two of comfort for the weeping Christian, the flock bereft of their pastor, the lone wanderer, the tried and crest-fallen, and the prostrate Christian, we must not forget that group in the rear following on timidly, the little ones; for not merely is Jesus with them, but He gently carries them; there especial need gaining his especial care—

> " The feeblest lambs in Jesu's fold
> Shall be the Shepherd's care."

And mark this beloved, Isaiah says, " The stretching out of his wings shall fill the breadth of thy land." Oh, Immanuel! see then dear little ones in Zion, his wings are not of such crippled dimensions that they do not cover thee because thou appearest to thyself outside, and one of the uttermost; " They are spread as his royal pavilion over them " (Jer. xliii. 10). He is King, so that every converted soul is under the benign influence of his royal authority. The strong in faith, and the trembling ones are alike heirs of the promise of an equal portion; and when his holy will is fully revealed, the authority for their portion will not be their measure of faith; but their eternal heirship. But whatever stage of Christian experience we have arrived at, we shall find that throughout our career it is fighting work; as the king-fisher makes its nest upon a floating substance upon the restless

ocean, ours must be similar in this troublesome world. "He leadeth me," saith the psalmist, "in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." True, David, but what about the flames of persecution that present themselves in thy pathway? Why, "The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire;" Well, and what when you come to the deep gloomy forests and sharp brambles of the wilderness; all of which you must pass through? Why, "The voice of the Lord discovereth the forests and shaketh the wilderness;" and He will shake all difficulties, so as to make room for me to pass through, and though the egress may appear very small, and as if it would close in upon me, when in its midst, the voice of the Lord is commanding enough, and his divine aid equal to the emergency, and so onwards and onwards He leads, and Satan never can make the least impression upon this mighty bulwark—"I have loved them with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn them." Fill thy mouth with this argument, beloved, and it will tell mightily against thine adversary. Well, then, He is first Immanuel to us, and God with us, whatever be our condition.

Secondly, Immanuel, constantly nigh; and thirdly, God with us to the end.

Our glorious Joshua will deliver, for he giveth more grace. What a peculiarly sweet adverb is this *more* to the child of God, as connected with the promises; the *more* they were afflicted the *more* they grew. The Lord shall increase you *more* and *more;* they shall shine *more* and *more* unto the perfect day. So it is stepping-stone progress; higher and higher till the eternal mansion is taken possession of by its rightful owner. He bringeth us home to Himself, leadeth us through this wilderness for this express purpose—

> "Amidst a thousand snares we stand,
> Upheld and guarded by his hand."

And though it is fighting work, we shall never have to lay down our arms, and cry "beaten—beaten."

Then He is ever nigh, and we are made nigh to Him by the blood of Christ; for "He is our peace, who hath made both one and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." And what a lovely companion we have in Him, the only One to whom we can truly say, "Thou art fair."

An incomparable Companion, one that penetrates through what appears to to us to be the gloom of futurity. He compasseth my path, and in one glance, seeth all along it, right up to the eternal mansion prepared for us; all is certainty with Him. We have not to doubt his promises, or fear they will not be carried out concerning us; for He is also a covenant Companion.

Abraham believed God; He knew he was a covenant God. Then He is a secret companion. With us in the veil of night, when the eye cannot penetrate through the darkness; but faith's gauge takes a higher range, and then sometimes we know what it is for the night watches to be night wonders. A secret companion to us by day. Are we journeying? Who is that quiet-looking person in an opposite corner of the vehicle, seemingly shut up in his own thoughts, and listless of the lively political conversation that is being carried on by the other passengers? He looks sedate, but we venture to address him; for there seems a sweet smile playing on his countenance which bespeaks inward peace, as if wars and rumours of wars concerned him not.

We speak, and he responds; and soon the fact flows forth that he has within him an invisible companion with whom he takes sweet counsel, even our Immanuel.

> "'Tis heaven to rest in his embrace,
> And nowhere else beside."

And then He is our God to the end.

Now each of the troop of Zion's sons and daughters, rich and poor, weak and strong, must appear separately at the forbidding waters of Jordan. How then? will their escort turn back then, and leave them to wade through it alone? Oh, no; it is Immanuel all through Jordan, and when heaven's choir bursts forth with renewed seraphic joy to welcome each wanderer home, the tenor of their melodious strains will be, "Immanuel, God with us, for ever and ever." Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

E. W. C., *Born Oct. 14th*, 1853.—A Child of many Prayers.

Behold! oh heavenly Father, now
A household gathered round
The footstool of thy grace,
That sweet and hallowed ground;
And wilt Thou listen to their plea,
Put up with grateful tears?
It is that this their babe may be
A child of many prayers.

Here is a tender mother spared
By Thine unerring hand,
And with a group of little ones
Before Thee grateful stand;
But she would sink beneath the load
Of still increasing cares:
Did she not make each offspring dear
A child of many prayers?

Accept this babe then, Lord, as Thine
And as he grows a pace,
Oh, may he live to Thee alone
An object of Thy grace;
And as he blossoms forth to meet
The nipping wind of cares:
May Jesu's faith make him to be
A child of many prayers.

And as the world its cruel wiles
Doth stealthily unveil,
Oh, may like precious faith o'ercome
And mightily prevail;
And grant him on from day to day
All that for heaven prepares:
And keep him near thy heavenly throne,
A child of many prayers.

Oh, take him! take him! dearest Lord,
Under Thy special care,
For 'tis a rough and chilling world
And he will roughly fare;
Unless dear Jesus leads away
And saves him from its snares:
And keeps him ever near Himself,
A child of many prayers.

If we could think that he'd become
A slave of sin and strife,
Deep as the pang would be we'd say,
"Lord, cut the thread of life;"
But no, faith bids parental love
Stay the fast-falling tears:
For this dear child of ours shall be
A child of many prayers.

Then aid us, Lord, to train him up
In gospel truth and light,
That he among Thy saints on earth,
May sparkle clear and bright;
That Zion's sons may mark of him,
He to the throne repairs:
And there he is upon his knees,
A child of many prayers.

Prevailing prayer, it is a flood
Which Satan can't resist,
In heartfelt aspirations then,
My child, may you persist;
This mighty foe, will trembling flee
At penitential tears:
And tremble more if thou art found,
A child of many prayers.

Rise, happy group, the plea is gone
Into the realms of heaven,
And now by Jesus it will be
To God the Father given;
Yea, hark! faith hears angelic sounds
A voice this truth declares:
I'll never, never turn away,
A child of many prayers.

Birmingham, Nov. 7th, 1854.

G. C.

WHERE'S OLD JONATHAN?

Oh, he is still poring over his book, and as big a dunce as ever. The old man used to wonder how his Master had so much patience with him, and now he has the same wonder about other people's patience. He talks and talks, and thinks it very strange they don't grow weary of his talking. He has been often asked to spell some more words; but somehow he seemed to shrink from it. One time, not very long ago, when sent upon one of his Master's errands, whose name should be brought up at the dinner-table but his? The old man had no wish to be known, and therefore felt somewhat

awkward when the lady of the house, addressing one of the guests, began, "What do you think of Old Jonathan? Don't you think him rather *severe?*" Jonathan, of course, was silent, but thought within himself, "Severe! little wish or cause has Jonathan to be severe, except it is against himself. He would not wound a dear child of God upon any consideration. If severe, it should be against self, and sin, and Satan." At another time, and at a remote place, the old man was asked to see an invalid. It is only under certain circumstances that he is fond of the sick-chamber. When his Master has been in advance of him, and has left the sweet savour of his footsteps, then Jonathan loves the sick-ward; but if there appears all to do, and nothing done, he finds it hard and up-hill work then. When Jonathan stands by the sick-bed of a poor fellow-sinner, and finds that fellow-sinner to be deaf, and dumb, and dead, spiritually, Jonathan thinks of two things; first, what a wonderful and what a sovereign mercy it was that met with him when in the same circumstances, and gave him life, and light, and love divine; secondly, how true that scripture, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Moreover, there are difficulties at times—and perhaps very often—in ascertaining the exact state of your patient spiritually. Early educational training has such an influence. So many pronounce the "shibboleths" of a certain school, which may be good or otherwise, real or unreal. Some have an immense amount of natural amiability, the which perhaps has never been interrupted by the well-directed shafts of the great enemy; and these, pleased with others, and still better pleased with themselves, are enshrouded in a kind of impenetrable self-satisfaction; the which it is a natural [though not a Divine] impossibility to disturb. But in others are speedily traceable the fruits and effects of the Spirit's teaching. "This is the finger of God!" may be inscribed upon such a heart, and with these there is a species of spiritual electricity. There is a power, and an unction, and a dew, attend the interchange of thought, that instantly transform the sick-chamber into a Bethel, causing those who have thus held communion to exclaim, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Upon the case in question Jonathan offers no opinion; but he was about to say that he was somewhat startled by the unexpected inquiry, "What is meant by Old Jonathan at School?" On this occasion, as the question was put pointedly to himself, he was obliged to answer, though still keeping *in cog.*, "Why, I suppose he is telling us what he is learning in the school of Christ." Still it was evident the answer did not meet the case. "Perhaps," it was added, "it would be well to read him again, and then he may be better understood." Wishing, then, to be as free as possible both from *severity* and ambiguity, Jonathan proceeds to spell his next word—

FOUNTAIN.—He is very fond of this word. It is quite a favourite with him. Nor does it lose one particle of its interest, even though Jonathan has been so long pondering over it. Years and years ago when the Master first admitted? (no, but lovingly drew) him into his school, and had given him to know and feel the Gospel meaning of blood, he used at early dawn and close of day to sing,

"There is a FOUNTAIN filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God,
Be saved to sin no more.

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave."

These were sweet days with Jonathan. He thought then that he should have been at home long ere this. He was in a first-love state. The world was a barren waste. Sin, that which his soul abhorred. Society had no charms. It was—

> "In secret silence of the mind,
> His God (and there his heaven) he found."

Jonathan has, for the most part, been earth-bound, aye, and often sin-bound since. Still he would speak it to his Master's praise, in that in his marvellous wisdom, He has often overruled these in themselves soul-humbling evils, to the glory of his own grace. For the consciousness of this earthliness and sinfulness has so endeared his precious word, "In that day there shall be a FOUNTAIN opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." "In that day!" Oh it has been again, and again, and again, a glorious Gospel-day with Jonathan, when bowed down under a sense of fresh-accumulated sin and worldly contamination, the FOUNTAIN previously sealed has again been opened to the eye of faith, and the poor old grey-headed sinner has been permitted and enabled to bathe again, and yet again, in its sin-cleansing, conscience-purging, guilt-removing, love-reviving, peace-bestowing waters.

Jonathan had one of these precious, precious seasons, not long ago. He had a trial in prospect, yea, for months; and he, moreover, secretly knew that that trial was needed. There was a coldness, and a worldliness, and a deadness, that Jonathan well knew must clash with anything like liveliness, and health, and vigour of soul. He knew he wanted trial, and yet his coward-heart cringed in the prospect. He endeavoured to stave it off. But there was a period approaching when he knew there was a trial awaiting him. He had encountered similar again and again, when all the powers of darkness seemed to conspire against him. Day after day rolled on. At one time he thought he should encounter it in its full force, realizing at the same time all-conquering grace. Appearances were in favour of the former supposition; but as the crisis drew near, and in confirmation of Jonathan's long-cherished convictions, those appearances vanished, and it became evident that the trial must be met in all its force and terror. An almost sleepless night Jonathan passed. In agony he cried unto the Lord. His worldliness and his deathliness were confessed before Him. Pleas for renewed pledges of love, and pity, and grace, were put in. Intense were the wrestlings that no trial or temptation should befal but such as there should be grace to meet, and strength to endure. Still all was a blank. As of old, "He answered not a word." A last effort was made to shun the cross—the trial—altogether. This availed not. Things must take their course. And oh, when they did, and "the cloud" which Jonathan "had feared to enter," was really fairly over his head, how unutterably sweet, and great, and glorious, was his enjoyment. Peace, love, gratitude, and joy, flowed into his heart. The FOUNTAIN again was opened, and love, blood, and salvation, flowed into his heart, and became afresh his all-engrossing theme. Fear, dismay, terror now? What, when wrapped up in a Father's embrace—encircled by the arms of everlasting love—taken again into the banquetting house, and his banner over him love? The old timid wayward Jonathan afraid now? Nay, nay. Impossible. He sang—

> "Yes, I to the end shall endure,
> As sure as the earnest is given;
> More happy, but not more secure,
> The glorified spirits in heaven."

THE FOUNTAIN.

"*In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness.*"—Zech. xiii. 1.

A FOUNTAIN is generally defined to signify a well or spring; but in the above passage it has undoubtedly a spiritual signification, and refers to gospel times. "In that day,"—that is, the day of our dear Immanuel's appearance in this lower world, when He would most blessedly appear to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. This day is frequently foretold by the prophets of old. Isaiah alludes to this day when he says, "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel" (Isa. vii. 14). Jeremiah also speaks of this day—"In those days shall Judah be saved, and Jerusalem shall dwell safely; and this is the name whereby He shall be called, the Lord our Righteousness" (Jer. xxxiii. 16). Not to multiply instances of the day here alluded to, we may say, that all the prophets bare witness of the coming of that Just One. It was a day foretold hundreds of years before it took place, and yet often spoken of as if it had already taken place; so sure was its arrival. It was a day ushered in by an angel speaking to the shepherds, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke ii. 10, 11). We see then the day here alluded to is the day when Jesus should appear in the likeness of sinful flesh, that He might open that glorious fountain here spoken of. And what a blessed fountain it is. In order to show its superior excellence to every other fountain, let us try to draw a few contrasts—a natural fountain or well will only cleanse the body, but this fountain will cleanse all the filth and defilement of the soul; for—

> "Sinners plunged beneath that flood,
> Lose all their guilty stains."

The fountain of the Redeemer's blood will wash away all the pollutions of our souls, will cleanse us from all our guilt, and wash us thoroughly from our iniquity. "In those days, and at that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found: for I will pardon them whom I reserve" (Jer. l. 20). Why shall not the sins of God's people be found? Because Jesus has washed them away in his own precious blood. Surely then this is a fountain far superior to any in this world. Oh for more of its cleansing efficacy on my poor soul! Sometimes I fear I have never been properly cleansed in this fountain, because I feel so much defilement still within; so much corruption unsubdued; so many lusts uncontrolled; so that I am led to say, Can ever God dwell here? Oh that I may be led to cry more earnestly,

> "Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

Again, the waters of a natural fountain may fail, and so the fountain become dried up. Not so the blood of Christ; it is as efficacious now as it was in Abraham's day: for the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, still cleanseth us from all sin. This fountain can never run dry, for saints in all ages have proved its permanency; and so it shall continue to the end of time, till every chosen vessel shall prove its power, and be gathered into the fold. Hear what our dear Lord said to the woman of Samaria—"The water I shall give thee shall be in thee a well of water, springing up to everlasting life." The continual effusions of God's Spirit on the hearts of his people are like a springing well. Sometimes we feel so parched, so dry, and barren in our souls, that we verily think we have never tasted of the waters of life, and are crying out,

"Is his mercy clean gone for ever, and will he be favourable no more?" Ah, my poor soul is often here, withering away, as it were, like the barren fig-tree which our Lord cursed; and in my feelings all but plucked up by the roots. Instead, however, of the Lord plucking up the plants of his own right hand planting, He not only digs and dungs about them; but waters them, and keeps them night and day. He is as the dew unto Israel, and a never-failing well of consolation to every heaven-born soul.

Again, the waters of a natural fountain or rivulet will only supply a small village or hamlet; but the waters of the Redeemer's blood will supply all the spiritual seed of David, and all the inhabitants of the spiritual Jerusalem from the beginning to the end of time. There never was a chosen vessel since the foundation of the world to the present time, but what has been washed in this fountain, and made clean and white in the blood of the Lamb. And so far from this fountain being exhausted, it is like an ever-flowing brook whose virtues shall be tested by every heaven-born soul to the latest period of time.

Moreover, our text says it is a fountain *opened*. Blessed be his name that it is not sealed up, and the key delivered to his holiness the Pope; in that case it would never be opened to such rebels as us: he would lay an embargo on it, and we must have to pay dearly for one drop of the cooling stream. Instead of that, it is in the hands of our dear and compassionate Jesus; who instead of laying an embargo or price upon it, cries aloud, "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; come, buy and eat: yea, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Oh what a blessed condition is this, without money and without price. Proud unhumbled human nature will not have it at so cheap a rate; it disdains the low price at which it is given: although all it has to offer in exchange is only filthy rags. Such an invitation, however, when brought home by the Spirit, is blessedly adapted to meet the case of a poor sin-sick soul, who is groaning, sighing, and panting for the salvation of Jesus; and such an one can never rest satisfied till Jesus comes and pours in the oil and wine of the gospel, to the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

Besides, our text says, this fountain is opened for *sin* and *uncleanness*. Not that every sinner and unclean person will welcome such a fountain, by no means; for the wicked, by reason of the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God. He willingly forsakes the fountain of living waters, and hews out to himself cisterns, yea, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. He has no appetite or taste for the waters of life, and would far rather drink the muddy and dirty streams of his own doings. He is vainly puffed up with a fleshly mind, and careth not for that river the streams whereof make glad the city of our God. I know what it is to be in this state, for my eyes being blinded by the god of this world, I was for working out a salvation of my own; and this I was sure I must do before Jesus would accept me, and cleanse me in the fountain of his blood. I reasoned thus—I know I am not what I should be; God's people, I said to myself, are a holy people, they attend the house of God: they are a praying people, and read the word of God, and lead virtuous lives. I was something like Balaam, saying, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Still I knew this could not be unless I led a righteous life; so I set one time after another to begin, never for a moment dreaming but I could begin at any time. Such was the doctrine taught by nineteenths of the pulpits of the day. I could not for a moment imagine that professed preachers of the gospel would prophesy lies. Such doctrine, I am positive, tends to harden men in sin, rather than arouse them from it. But to cut the matter short, it was never till the Lord gave me to feel myself an undone sinner, and could not help my-

self, that I fled to Jesus' fountain to be cleansed from all my sins in his rich and precious blood. None know how precious this fountain is, but such as have tasted of its streams. My prayer to God is that my guilty soul may be plunged in the streaming blood of a dear dying Christ, enjoy more of his sensible presence, and sing aloud in the words of dear Cowper—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Denholme, Feb. 18, 1854. T. B.

PARABOLIC TEACHING,

EXEMPLIFIED IN AN EXPOSITION OF THE SEVEN PARABLES CONTAINED IN THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

(Continued from page 117.*)*

It was of this his preparatory and *spiritual kingdom*,* that our Lord so frequently testified, at the commencement of his ministry, saying, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." It was of *this* kingdom that He told the Pharisees that it "came not with observation," but was even then "in the midst of them" (Luke xvii. 20, 21), and it was to *its character* and *origin* that He referred, when, in answer to Pilate's question, "Art thou the king of the Jews?" he replied, "*My kingdom is not of this world .....now is my kingdom not from hence*" (John xviii. 36). The seat of this kingdom is in the hearts of redeemed and regenerated men, its great law is, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts;" and its grand characteristics are "not meat and drink"—not forms, or ceremonies, or sacraments, "but truth, righteousness, peace, and joy" unspeakable and full of glory. For it is written, "The kingdom of God (*i.e* vital Christianity) is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. xiv. 17). And when men are truly converted, they are said to be "delivered from the power (or kingdom) of darkness" (that is, from this present evil world, of which Satan is the head and king) "and translated into

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* Christ has, indeed, another kingdom, in sure reversion, which shall be the extension and consummation of this; but it is not yet established. A visible and millennial kingdom of which this earth shall be at once the locality and the limit. Of which kingdom Daniel speaks, when he says, "I saw in the night visions, and behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and *a kingdom*, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his *kingdom* that which shall not be destroyed."... .. "And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose *kingdom* is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him" (Dan. vii. 13, 14—27). For the establishment of *this* kingdom we pray when we say, "*Thy kingdom come*, that thy will may be done on earth as it is done in heaven;" or in the beautiful language of the Church of England, "That it may please thee of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to *hasten thy kingdom*." To this, his *royal* kingdom, Christ's *spiritual* kingdom whereof we speak, called in these parables "the kingdom of heaven," is as the bud to the flower, as the seed to the harvest, as the morning star to the risen sun, and as the tabernacle in the wilderness to the temple on mount Zion. The one kingdom we enjoy, the other we wait for. Yes, beloved, we wait, and long, and pray for it, in spite of cavils and questionings, for then we know God's elect shall have been gathered in, then the Church's warfare shall be accomplished, then Satan shall be bruised beneath our feet, and—

"Jesus shall have dominion,
O'er river, sea, and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar."

the kingdom of his dear Son" (that is, into the Church, of which Jesus is the Head and King, Col. i. 13).

We have said that this phrase is used in the parables with special reference to the present dispensation, inasmuch as it is emphatically the *Christian* dispensation; but we do not think, as some do, that it is exclusively confined to it. The kingdom of heaven has existed much longer than eighteen centuries. The Old Testament Church was its *anticipation*, just as the coming kingdom will be its *consummation*. "The gospel," observes a celebrated writer, "liveth and moveth everywhere in the former dispensation, and is not to be separated from it; they are parts of one life, the former the elements of childhood, the latter the discoveries of manhood." The seed which the Lord Jesus Christ is represented as sowing, in the first of these parables, is the same seed that was sown in the hearts of patriarchs and prophets of old. God has ever had *a Church* in the world, few in numbers and long confined to one nation it may be, but still his true Church. Christianity is as old as David, as old as Moses, as old as Abraham, as old as Noah, as old as Enoch, as old as Abel. Yea, though the *name* was first heard at Antioch, the *thing* itself was made known in Eden. "Abraham," says Christ, "rejoiced to *see my day*; and *he saw it*, and was glad" (John viii. 56). "The pious Jew," it has been well said, "believed in the Christ of inspired prophecy, just as truly as the pious Christian believes in the Christ of inspired history. He saw Christ in Isaiah's page, and rested on him for pardon just as truly, though it may be not as brightly as we see Christ in John's, and Luke's, and Matthew's page, and rest on him for acceptance in God's sight." Every Old Testament saint was virtually a partaker of the kingdom of heaven, though it was then confined to the Jews as a nation, and *hid* as a *mystery* from ages and generations, while it is *now* made manifest unto the saints (Col. i. 26), or, in other words, is openly established in the world.

3. The last thing we would point out is, *the characteristic differences* in these parables, with *the relation which they bear to each other*.

And here we would take occasion to observe, that though these parables have been the subject of our close and long continued study, the interpretation of them which we are about to offer, is not the fruit of this study; on the contrary, it was during a season of great mental disquietude, when the subject was altogether absent from our mind, that we chanced (as some would say) to open our Bible at the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and whilst in the act of perusing it, in a space of time incredibly short, the meaning of the whole of this magnificent group of parables was opened up to our mind with a clearness and power that amounted to demonstration. That unction and power has in a great measure passed away, with nothing of the same intense vividness can we hope to convey what we then received to the reader's mind, but we have reverently gathered up the remembrances of that glorious vision, the crumbs of that heavenly feast, and now present them unto the Church, that nothing be lost. And at the same time we have felt constrained to record the above particulars, to the praise and glory of that holy and Eternal Spirit who "taketh of the things of Christ," and showeth them unto his people, even the least and meanest of them all. For while, to use the words of another, "I have always deemed it an honour to be instructed by good and wise men in any portion of divine truth, and felt it to be of all others the most proper subject of thanksgiving unto God, and open acknowledgment in the sight of men; yet when this instruction has proceeded without any mediation, or instrumentality of man's teaching, I have felt that in a still higher degree my acknowledgments are due unto the Holy Spirit, and that the praise belongeth unto the Holy Spirit, and that the praise belongeth

unto God." Accept it, O divine Illuminator, Teacher, and Comforter! accept it, I beseech thee, for Jesus Christ's sake.

But to return to our subject. Though in these seven parables, the Sower, the Wheat and Tares, the grain of Mustard-seed, the Leaven hid in three measures of Meal, the Hid Treasure, the Pearl of Great Price, and the draw Net, *as a whole*, there is, as we have said, a complete exhibition of the rise, development, and character of the kingdom of heaven; yet in *each one* of them we have it presented to us in some different and special aspect. In the first place they discover a circumstantial difference which deserves to be noticed, the first four being addressed to the multitude on the sea-shore, while the last three were spoken to the disciples alone, after they had gone into the house (Matt. xiii. 36); the *former* present the kingdom in its aspect man-ward, the *latter* in its aspect God-ward. Again, the *three* first exhibit its *external character and manifestation*, the *three* next in order *its internal character and intrinsic value*, while in the *last* we have *the final result of its operation.* Or, to speak somewhat more particularly, we have in the *first* parable the *rise and origin* of the kingdom of heaven; in the *second*, its *general character;* in the *third*, its *external development;* in the *fourth*, its *internal and efficacious operation;* in the *fifth*, its *intrinsic value and estimation in the sight of Christ;* in the *sixth*, the *speciality of his regard for it;* and in the *seventh* and last, its *final result and consummation.*

Reader, may it be given unto us so to know these mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, that if when our contemplation of them is ended, the question should be pressed home to our hearts, "*Have ye understood all these things?*" we may be enabled in humble confidence, and at the same time with joy and gratitude to answer, "*Yea, Lord.*" God grant it for Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

(To be continued.)

THE PRAYER OF JABEZ.

"*And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, Oh that thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested,*"—1 Chron. iv. 10.

THIS is an interesting and remarkable portion of the word of God; but it is to be feared many who read their Bibles have overlooked it altogether, or thought lightly of it. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable." Jesus said, "Search the scriptures, they testify of me." Oh yes, all the types, and shadows, and bleeding victims had a voice which said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" And it is our privilege to dig very deep into the precious word; we know not what rich veins of gold we may meet with, or what springs of living water may gush forth to refresh us in this waste barren wilderness. We want all from another source than ourselves; the Psalmist felt this when he said, "All my springs are in thee:" and "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

This is a very comprehensive prayer, which the Holy Spirit has recorded for our instruction and encouragement; for we read, that God granted him his request. Here was another wrestling Jacob, and another prevailing Israel. This prayer is addressed to the *God of Israel*, he with whom Jacob did as a prince prevail. Perhaps he had in his mind that memorable night, and heard as it were those remarkable words bursting from the lips in all the

vehemence of desire from the aged patriarch's heart—"I will not let thee go except thou bless me;" and with Jabez, we see the eagerness of his desire, "Oh that thou wouldest bless me indeed."

We learn somewhat of the character of this good man, from the preceding verse; it is said, he was more honourable than his brethren. But in his prayer we perceive the spiritual out-going of his heart. This prayer doubtless had a reference partly to temporal things; but it is evident he felt his dependence, and his helplessness, and the evil to which he was exposed, and the source from whence his strength and supplies should come; and his heart's desire was, that the blessing of Jehovah might rest upon him, and all his engagements: and he who had breathed that prayer into his heart, fulfilled the heart's desire. Thus it was with Solomon, his request, and more than his request, was granted (1 Kings iii. 12, 13). Oh what encouragement this is, for us to tell out our wants into the gracious ear of Him who says, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." And again, "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out blessings, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

"Oh that thou wouldest bless me indeed!" Surely this is the heart's desire of evary one of the Lord's family; for they know that "the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it." Oh yes, they can remember the time when the blessing of the Lord did not rest upon them, as they were seen in their unconverted state; but of this they were not aware, so artfully does Satan deceive. He speaks peace, when there is no peace. The trifles of time please, the amusements of the world intoxicate the mind, vanity and pride are fed, and the thoughts so fully occupied with earthly things, that there are none to spare for God, for eternity, and the soul. All their wishes and delight are centered in the world, and still they pant for more; their prayer is not for the hand of the Lord to be with them, to guide, and to appoint for them—no, they think their own wisdom and foresight sufficient, and some imagine the Almighty is too exalted to condescend to take notice of such trifling concerns as ours, or perhaps they forget Him altogether. "God is not in all their thoughts," much less do they pray to be kept from evil, for they know not the evil of their hearts. But when our gracious covenant-keeping God, in his rich free grace looks down upon a sinner, and sends the Spirit from on high to shine into the dark benighted mind, giving him to see and feel his state as a lost ruined sinner, and the need of a Saviour, such as Jesus is; and faith given to receive the record of his love, that the great work has been accomplished, then there is peace. Moreover, to know that the curse is removed, and an everlasting righteousness wrought out, which is to all and upon all them that believe; a full and free forgiveness of all sin; eternal security; every promise ratified by blood; the word and Spirit to guide, and a complete armour provided against the day of battle. And though our enemy is very powerful and very subtle, yet there is One who in love to his poor, weak, tried people, condescends to call himself the Captain of their salvation; and for our sakes combated the great foe of God and man. And in that battle, having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it; which to the believer is a pledge that he shall one day sing, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

What a mighty change then does grace effect! "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." It is a deliverance from the power of darkness, and a translation into the kingdom of God's dear Son. The apostle uses a strong

expression in writing to the Ephesians (Eph. v. 8), where he says, "Ye were sometime *darkness*, but now are ye light in the Lord." It is very hurtful to the pride of the natural heart, to be told of its ignorance, darkness, deadness, and consequent helplessness; but such is the case. The experience of every believer corresponds with the testimony of scripture, and until the Spirit himself sounds the alarm, and says, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life;" or the soft whisper of his grace is breathed into the heart, saying, "Thou hast destroyed thyself, but *in me* is thy help." For "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Fear not—only believe." "I am thy salvation."

Until this change is wrought by the Spirit's power, all must remain in darkness; but as soon as the light breaks in upon the mind, then the prayer of Jabez is adopted, "Oh that thou wouldest bless me indeed!" Every temporal blessing is viewed through another medium. The Christian sees the hand of a Father, dealing out to him in love and wisdom—

"Good when He gives, nor less when He denies."

Oh yes, and can sing—

"Thy plans, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above:
And every dark or bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love."

The desire of the child of God is to be blessed with a constant view of the glorious Person and perfect work of his adorable Redeemer; and an appropriating faith, which alone brings peace. He gets a glimpse at times of the treasures there are in Jesus; the fulness, the *inexhaustible fulness* in Him, for the wants of his dependent ones, who are called to be rich in faith, and who are already heirs with Christ Jesus to eternal glory: and in all his concerns, temporal and spiritual, the hand of the Lord is sought and acknowledged. He prays, "Lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies." He feels his weakness, and he seeks for strength. He knows his ignorance, and he asks for wisdom; and with Jabez, he prays to be kept from evil. He knows that he is in an enemy's country; Satan laying his baits, the world watching for his falling, the vile and deceitful heart of unbelief obscuring the view of Jesus and his everlasting love: anxious and worldly thoughts, pride, and legality. All these the believer feels are evils; and he knows that unless he is kept by the mighty power of God, he would soon fall a prey to each and to all of them: therefore his prayer is, "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins, let them not have dominion over me." Various are the evils to which the child of God is exposed, therefore the cry is, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe;" "Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort." The enemy of our peace is very busy in times of trial and affliction, suggesting to the mind that the Lord is angry with us, or we should not be so dealt with; then the spirit is cast down, and we are ready to say with Job, "Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness." But to a member of the Lord's family, one who is united by that inseparable bond of covenant love to Jesus, there can be no anger, all that rested on the head of our divine Surety. His people are under gracious training, heavenly discipline, and many a hard lesson we have to learn; and often after we have learned a lesson, we forget it, and have to learn it over again. And yet how tenderly we are dealt with. Our gracious Master exercises unbounded patience with us all our journey through.

"And God granted him that which he requested." Ch yes, "the righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles." And Jehovah asks the question, "Did I ever say to the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain?" Ah, no, that be far from thee, O Lord; for thou givest exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think: and thou hast said, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." "Oh Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." Precious words! but we should bear in mind that although God is the hearer and answerer of prayer, and that the prayer of faith breathed into the heart by the Spirit, must be answered, yet we may have to wait. The Psalmist said, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry." The Lord's time is not always our time; and the circumstance He pleases to make use of, may be quite contrary to what we should expect would bring about the fulfilment of the promise our faith had been directed to, nevertheless his word standeth sure. What He has promised He will also perform; and many a child of God has had cause to praise his heavenly Father for the waiting time. Faith has been kept in exercise, and the result was, that the hand of the Lord has been so marked, it may be in the upturning of our schemes, disappointments, and losses, yet all the while the all things were working together for our good; and we can now remember how the hand of the Lord was closing one door after another, and cutting off one stream after another of creature comfort and creature help, and loosening our earthly props, and all to accomplish his own covenant love and purpose, and that He might be the more endeared to us. But during the waiting time, the time of trial, we did not always perceive this, and Satan would sometimes whisper, Where is now your faith? But there was another word spoken to the heart, "Fear not, commit thy way unto me, I will bring it to pass." Oh yes, and at the appointed time the deliverance came, the trial removed, and our feet set in a large room; Satan disappointed, our faith strengthened, and God glorified.

But if with our poor finite minds we can discover something of the dealings of our Father with us, oh how shall we view it above, when by the light of that glory shining forth from the adorable Saviour, we shall be able to read the wonders of his grace, and all his dealings with us while on earth. Now the land of promise is before us, and not far distant, especially to some of us who have travelled many years through the wilderness; let us then endeavour to climb to the top of Pisgah, and stretch our eye across the Jordan, and view the heavenly Canaan, and gaze by faith on the inheritance above: and surely as we get nearer home, our thoughts should dwell more upon it.

"Yes, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies;
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

"The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last."

M. E. L.

Dublin.

SOVEREIGNTY.

"Will you tell us where the man lives whose sons were killed in the coal-pit when the mine exploded?" we enquired of a person standing at his own door. "That's it," he replied, pointing to a little white cottage; "Poor man, he lives there—I saw them buried, two as fine lads as you would wish to see! it nearly broke the father's heart." We walked on, and soon found ourselves in a clean and neat cottage. It was summer, and we sat down by

the open window which looked out upon the recent scene of death, the coal-pits. A large family Bible lay on the table, and on the shelf was a goodly number of well-selected books. The countenance of the afflicted father was full of benignity and intelligence; but there were many and heavy lines on his brow, caused more by grief than years. "The eldest of your boys was a believer," we began by saying. "Ah, he was indeed, dear child! Some were standing by at the moment of their death, and heard *him* say, 'Lord, receive my spirit.'" "That was a gracious prayer—and the other, what of him?" The father's tears began to flow, and silence told there was nothing to say; and soon we perceived that the anguish of his spirit arose from the uncertainty respecting the final condition of the youngest of his two boys, and that of an elder son who had died previously. "It is only six months since that his body lay in its coffin in that little room," he said weeping. "Some years before his death we hoped he knew something of salvation, but he joined the Wesleyans, married a professor among them, and some way or other they did not go on rightly—there was a going back—the Lord alone knows—but I have a dread about me when I think of him, and my youngest boy." Then changing his tone, he said, "Come and see the place where the accident happened." As we went through the garden, he stopped at a plantation of potatoes, observing, "The eldest of my two boys planted *these* with his own dear hands; and touchingly added, 'They grow better than anything else in my garden. It was just here I was standing, on the morning of their death (and they had left the house only a few minutes before), when I heard the explosion—remembered my boys had gone to the pit—ran to the spot, and got there just as they were taken out, *quite dead.*" Again he dwelt with a look and tone of anguish upon the final state of the youngest. "Well," we observed, "what a mercy one of your sons was safe." "True," he replied, "but then—then the others! where are they?" "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" we said. The poor father only nodded his head, and while he added, "I have known the Lord now for these twenty years," we thought to ourselves, "Ah, the Holy Ghost has not taught him this lesson yet, *submission to Divine sovereignty.*" These three sons had been trained from infancy for eternity, therefore as respected human means the father had nothing to reproach himself with, but two of them died without leaving evidence of acceptance in the Beloved, while one alone fell asleep in Jesus. Many times after this, we visited our afflicted brother; he could speak from the heart of faith as precious—of love, and the eternal hope, as precious; but of *sovereignty* we never heard a word, and till we saw him no more, his language was that of the patriarch, "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." And here I would advert for a moment to an observation and answer lately made by a very youthful disciple of Jesus (whom on a former occasion I ventured to bring before our readers); and it was thus she spoke—"How awful the day of judgment will be, when the wicked will stand on the left hand of God. 'Suppose I would see ——, ——, and little J. standing there!'" "God forbid!" I replied, "It would be a dreadful sight!" "But it would not make me unhappy," she said. Looking at her with astonishment, I asked what she meant? A smile lit up her unruffled countenance as she replied, "How could I grieve? for you know *God will wipe away all tears from our eyes then.*" Surely it is a very great attainment in the divine life to lie low and silent before the sovereignty of God: half our sorrows proceed from a lack of confidence in the wisdom of his eternal decrees and counsels. When all goes smoothly and pleasantly with us, we call Him our wise, loving, and kind Father; but let

Him stretch out the arm of his power, and smite here and there—let a great wind from the wilderness blow down some of our idols, and where are we then? May God the Spirit bend and break our stubborn wills, for the sake of Him who once, and once only, was heard to *rejoice*, and that in the sovereign will of his Father.

NO MAN ISOLATED.

No man, be his station in society what it may, is utterly devoid of influence over his fellow-men. The poorest man living is the centre of a circle more or less circumscribed. The moral influence of his principles and conduct does not terminate upon himself, but extends to all with whom he comes in contact. Principles, not less than example, are infectious. They are disseminated far and wide by social intercourse. The rich and the titled draw around themselves a crowd of admirers, who eagerly catch the contagion of their principles and deportment; and these, coming in contact with others, infect them, and thus the influence of the higher classes ramifies itself throughout the whole range of society. The times and court of the profligate Charles the Second, abundantly illustrate the truth of the foregoing remarks. The good or evil which men do, during their sojourn in this world, dies not with them, but extends itself through all time. Its amount will remain a mystery till the judgment of the great day, when the mutual connexion of man with man, and event with event, in the system of Divine Providence, will be clearly revealed; and the way in which good and evil are propagated, fully understood. Meanwhile these are weighty considerations for all the professed disciples of Jesus Christ, and show the profound wisdom of the exhortations, interspersed throughout the apostolic epistles, to confirm their profession by a holy and circumspect life (Rom. xii. xiii.; Eph. v. 1—14). Let them remember that the faithful are elected to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit, as well as belief of the truth; and that when holiness is not followed and panted after, there can be no true faith; no valid evidence of election (2 Thess. ii. Eph. i. 3, 4; 1 Pet. i. 2; Acts xv. 9; James ii. 26; Eph. ii. 10; 2 Pet. i. 5—12). Separation from the world, as respects its maxims and practices, and the exemplification of the graces and virtues of the Spirit in all the relations of life, are enjoined upon the saints, as the tokens of their filial relationship to God through Jesus Christ (2 Cor. vi. 14—18; Gal. v. 16, 22—24). Being all born of God, and called with the same holy calling, they walk in love towards one another, as Christ also hath loved them, eschewing all fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, and aspiring after the mind which was also in Christ Jesus (Heb. iii. 1; Eph. v. 2—11; Phil. ii. 5). Paul assures his Hebrew brethren in Christ, that God is not unrighteous to forget their work and labour of love, which they had showed toward his name, in their ministering to the necessities of the saints (Heb. vi. 10). Blessed be his name! Jehovah will never forget the sweet converse of his people on sacred themes (Mal. iii. 16, 17), their proclamation of his truth, their endurance of tribulation, their walk with Him, and their kindness one to another (Matt. xxv. 45, 46). He is pleased with these things, as the effects of his wonder-working hand, and the reflection of his own lovely image. The blessed effects of their instructions and example, will be fully disclosed at the last day, and then shall every man have praise of God. "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us; unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen" (Eph. iii. 20, 21).

JOSHUA LAYCOCK.

A GLIMPSE AT THE PAST.

On a gentle eminence in the picturesque cemetery of Lyncombe Vale, Bath, stands a white marble obelisk, conspicuous for its chasteness and beauty, upon the base of which is engraved the following inscription :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
MARY ANN WAY,
ELDEST DAUGHTER OF BENJAMIN WAY, ESQ.,
OF
DENHAM PLACE, IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKS.
SHE DEPARTED THIS LIFE,
NOV. 3, 1851,
IN THE PEACE AND HOPE OF THE GOSPEL,
RESTING SOLELY ON THE MERITS OF
HER LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.
HER LAST WORDS WERE,
"HIS EVERLASTING ARMS ARE BENEATH ME."
THIS MONUMENT
TO RECORD THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED SISTER,
WAS ERECTED BY HER BROTHERS,
BENJAMIN AND GREGORY LEWIS WAY.

A glimpse of the spot that contained the sleeping dust of one we knew and loved, brought to mind a few recollections that may not prove devoid of interest and profit, even to those who had no knowledge of the dear departed.

At the early age of nine years, M. A. W. was brought under the first feeling of alarm for her soul, through the remarks of a relative on the occasion of her birth-day. But these thoughts soon passed away, and the world, with all its allurements, as she grew up took full possession of her heart, till the time fixed by God arrived, when through the instrumentality of her uncle, the Rev. Lewis Way, she was brought under deep anxiety about her soul; and was shown by the Spirit her lost and ruined state by nature and practice. Previous to this, as the eldest and best beloved child of her father, she had been his companion in the pursuit of worldly pleasures, and in every transient change of place. Now a fierce struggle ensued between her love to him, and obedience to the commands of God. Long the contest lasted, but grace triumphed; and in the face of strong natural affection, she was enabled to turn her back upon the world, risk the frowns of her devoted father, and cast in her lot with those whom she believed to be the children of God. A body of Wesleyans being located in the village, she attached herself to them, and became the head and front of the little community.

And now by way of encouragement to some of the Lord's people who may be similarly placed, in having to act for the gospel's sake contrary to parental wishes, let us notice the Lord's kindness to her in this matter, which M. A. W. affectionately rejoiced over. When the first decisive refusal was given to partake of the pleasures of the world, as she had formerly done, her anticipated difficulties vanished, her father fell into her wishes; nor were his affections alienated from her in the slightest degree. Deeply concerned now for his eternal welfare, she proposed to three godly relatives to set apart an hour in every week for united prayer that God would be gracious, and open his eyes to the worth of his never-dying soul. Years rolled on, and to all appearance the case remained hopeless; there was no answer given to their cries. Within a few days of his death a remarkable dream, repeated three times, threw him into awful terrors of soul; and a little tract entitled *The Dying Robber*, being singularly cast in his way at this crisis, he read it, and a few hours before he breathed his last, exclaimed he had found the same salvation and par-

don that the dying robber had obtained, at the foot of the cross. The tract was taken from under his pillow after death, and was carefully treasured up to the last by his Christian daughter.

On the removal of her father, M. A. W. left Denham, and resided with her mother and sisters in the neighbourhood of Bristol, where with all the energy of her character she set about forming plans of usefulness and benevolence. Here it was she came under the ministry of the late Mr. Glover, whose measure of truth, though small, was yet blessed to her soul. On his death she represented, through this Magazine, the darkness and destitution there was all around her, relative to the power and life of the gospel. She was answered by a correspondent, with whom she subsequently formed an undying friendship; who directed her to Bethesda chapel, Bath, for the supply she needed, and where she became a constant but cavilling hearer. M. A. W. stood at this time, where all the Lord's convicted family stand before they are brought to see *salvation finished in Christ alone without the works of the creature;* hence her thought was, she must work for life divine; she must pay a little toward the purchase of an eternal inheritance; she must do something to obtain salvation. But God was now about to instruct her feelingly in His truth, and to show her that a sinner beloved by God stands accepted on the ground *alone* of Christ's sinless obedience and blood-shedding, and that the saved sinner is the spectator and receiver by living faith of a work *done*, but in no respect partner or co-worker with Christ. Works, as the evidence of life, and not the condition for life, was a truth concealed from her at this time; and she had yet to be instructed in the meaning of those wondrous words of the Holy Ghost, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Added to the inherent Arminianism she possessed from fallen Adam, in common with all mankind, she had been built up in error by the professing Christians she had been first thrown amongst; and the means she had in her power of doing good, and the energetic use she made of those means, tended to nourish and increase her hopes from the deeds of the law. But the old covenant vail must be removed sooner or later from all the children of Zion; Christ and his complete salvation must be revealed according to new covenant promise: and when that day arrives it brings with it gospel obedience, for "love is the fulfilling of the law."

In the plenitude of all that human heart could wish, M. A. W. fell into the deepest dejection of mind. Her useful and benevolent plans no longer afforded her pleasure or interest. She wandered from place to place, seeking rest, and finding none. God had broken up her peace, and was showing her that her own righteousness was but filthy rags; and reason quailed beneath the sight. At this time her mental anguish was greatly aggravated by visiting a woman who had stood long in the light of a blazing profession of religion, and who was thought well of by some as an advanced Christian; but being laid upon a sick bed, she fell into a state of awful dejection, and at last died in all the horrors of black despair, avowing she had received the light of the truth in her head, but had never partaken of the power and love of it in her heart. Satan made use of this event to torture the mind of poor M. A. W., and to persuade her that such would be her end. With a view to benefitting her impaired health, she accompanied her mother to Hastings, and there became acquainted with the ministry of the Rev. J. J. West, Rector of Winchelsea. Softened by humbling views of self, the Lord began to break down her prejudice against that foundation truth upon which all Zion's mercies are based, the sovereignty of God in the salvation of an elect Church in Christ Jesus.

Prostrate in body, laid low in mind, bereft of all energy and power to pur-

sue her favourite plans, she was made feelingly to find "there was no resisting his will." But God had purposes of love and mercy in all this. She must be made to see salvation was all of grace; so her doings were to be scattered to the winds. She must be made to bow to God's sovereignty; and her haughty will must be humbled in the dust. She must be made to give up her loose and general views of the universal love of God, and unlimited redemption by Christ: hence she must have a sight of vile self, that made her say in deep soul distress, Can God love *me?* Did Jesus die for *me?* These are exigencies in the spiritual course of a living soul, when all that is universal and general must be thrown overboard as valueless cargo in a stormy night. Now nothing short of a revelation of Christ to her soul would satisfy. She must have the testimony of the Holy Ghost that she was loved of God, interested in the death of a dear Redeemer; pardoned, justified, accepted in the Beloved: and thus in a gospel way by divine gift arrive at peace.

Some time after this she wished to settle at Winchelsea; but circumstances occurring which arose from her naturally impetuous temper, she left the place in anger. But no sooner was she gone than she saw her error, and confessed ingenuously to a friend, "she endured a hell in her soul while in heart she was at enmity with the people of God;" and the little tribute to friends at Winchelsea, entitled *When it is well with you think of me*, was her kindly attempt to repair what she honestly acknowledged had been wrong. A death in her family at this time altered her plans and position, but had no effect upon her feelings, which wree still deeply exercised about her state. A short time after this a word was impressed upon her mind with much power, "Thou shalt be delivered not many days hence;" but not finding it in the scriptures, she put away this gleam of starlight, and attributed the prophecy to the father of lies —but that it came from God events have plainly proved.

After the death of her mother she again wandered from place to place, with all the restlessness of a mind seeking peace at any price. This took her to Astley, where under the ministry of the Rev. A. Hewlett, and in Christian intercouse with his people, she often forgot her grief, and was cheered in her sad and solitary way. At last she determined to settle in Bath; and there it was God met with her, and gave her peace. After this she purchased a house, enjoyed excellent health, was a wonder to many, and much more to herself; recovered all her former energy of mind, and set to work, but on a very different principle to that upon which she had based her obedience in former years, to devote her time and substance to the Lord. In the full enjoyment of all that God had restored to her, He kept her heart in his own hand; for her remark to a friend the day before she was seized with the illness that ended in death was, "The Lord makes me hold all this with a very loose hand: I would rather go home than stay here."

As soon as she was taken ill, it was impressed upon her mind she should die. Calmly and deliberately she made all her arrangements, and refused to assent to the opinion of those around her, that she should recover. On Sunday morning she sent for her pastor, the Rev. J. A. Wallinger, and said, "I wish to take leave of you, and give you my last directions about my funeral." On his remarking that the crisis was past, and all danger as far as man could see was over. She replied, "Oh I know better; I shall see you no more: but I have no fears of death, and I would rather go than stay." This interview was closed with prayer; and proved, as she predicted, the last she ever had with her minister. The day following she was better, and removed to another room; walking into it with her wonted activity. She requested a friend who was staying with her, to read the 12th of Hebrews, and then said,

"I am wonderfully better; praise the Lord with me for his mercies—but I have no wish to stay here." Towards the evening of this day she got rapidly worse. Being asked by her friend how she felt, she answered, "*I am one with Christ.*" Peaceful and happy she continued up to the last moment of her life; and shortly before she breathed out her soul in death, she raised up her shoulder with all the energy her dying state would admit, and exclaimed, "The everlasting arms are beneath me." At midnight she expired.*

A word now as to the natural character of M. A. W.; and we must ever distinguish and keep apart the difference between the old and new man—between the Adam nature which we inherit from the Adam-fall, and the gracious, or new nature dropped from heaven into the souls of the elect, by the power of the Holy Ghost; each of these occupants lodged in the same heart, showing out their nature; each contending for the mastery, and each acting in accordance with their hellish or heavenly origin. Hence the warfare and struggle in the believer's breast, which brings out the cry, "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death."

The *natural* character of M. A. W. was composed of singular opposites; and as circumstances developed the contrarieties of her disposition, so she stood before the observer in all the transparency of a mind that knew no disguise. True friends who knew her worth, loved her none the less. Christians who knew the evils of their own vile nature, made the right allowance. Probably some who found fault, would not have acted as well as she did, had they been placed in her position. Her whole natural character was displayed in an expression she not unfrequently used—"My name is *Way*, and I will have my *way*;" but this was the fruitful source of many a sorrow, both temporal and spiritual. Though the Lord had brought her to bow to His sovereignty, to love the doctrines of free grace, and to esteem its preachers as "the excellent of the earth," yet there were not wanting times when the enemy took advantage of this besetting sin, to stir up opposition to God's truth, and to make fierce attacks upon the foundation of her peace—the doctrine of the sovereign, irrespective, and unchangable will of a covenant Jehovah.

So has passed from our world M. A. W., and her death had a voice that asserted God's sovereignty, for she was taken away in the midst of extensive plans of usefulness, and just as the well contrived piece of machinery was beginning to move, it was crushed by an invisible hand. God doeth according to his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?

God's family upon earth are to serve, not to shine; no acts of the saints are to eclipse the work of Christ, or cast into the shade the triumphs of Calvary. Hence to the poor the gospel is preached, and by the poor, for the most part, it is received; to whom God gives the will, but denies the power for those services which often steal the heart from God, and fill the mind with pride. But no flesh shall glory in the Lord's presence, save in the Cross; and the song of the redeemed above from the first Adam to the last of the elect race, will be "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory."

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* It was a remarkable circumstance that the last sermon M. A. W. heard preached by the Rev. J. A. Wallinger, in Bethesda Chapel, Bath, was from Matt. xxv. 6, "And at *midnight* there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

OLD JONATHAN IN NEWGATE!

WHAT! Old Jonathan sent to prison at last! Aye, aye. He often used to fear it would come to this, and time after time in his younger days in passing that high, dark, terror-striking building, has he trembled lest some day he should become one of its hapless inmates. Jonathan had even then been long enough at school to know, that there was that in him which, if not checked and kept under by a Divine hand, would in some way or other break out, and perhaps end in his being made a solemn and fearful example and warning to his poor fellow-sinners! Oh, what distress has he felt—what tears he has shed—what cries for keeping grace and preventing and preserving mercy have gone up. And again and again such hair-breadth escapes has he had, from the outbreak of temper, or the struggles of his vile and corrupt heart, that he has had no stones to cast at his poor fellow creatures, who may have fallen under the power of that very nature beneath which he groaned. Jonathan has pitied them from his heart, and has thanked and adored his gracious and long-suffering Master for his gentleness, and kindness, and preserving mercy to him; "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory," well chimes in with Old Jonathan's thoughts and feelings.

> "Oh to grace how great a debtor,
> Daily he's constrained to be."

But how came he in prison at last? What had he done? Who informed against him? By whom was he taken into custody? How did he bear the parting with his wife and his children? And was he conducted through the streets the same as a common prisoner? And when he stopped at that dreaded gate, and was led through the gloomy passages, shown into a cell, and the key turned upon him, how then? What a long, tedious night he must have passed! What a sorrowful morning would succeed! And the trial! the felon's dock—the judge—the jury—the lawyers—the counsel—the witnesses—the spectators! The charge—the evidence—the cross-examination—the defence—the summing up—the retiring jury—the momentous interval—their re-appearance—the verdict—the judge's address—the sentence! Poor Jonathan!

But stop; are we beforehand? Was it for some *offence* that Jonathan was sent to Newgate? * * Nay, nay, blessed be God! It was an errand of love that took him there. Deep sympathy with the victim of a cruel, deep-laid conspiracy! Jonathan, however, had some sweet thoughts whilst within those prison-walls. Painful indeed was the contrast for one thus deprived of liberty, and of the privileges, advantages, and comforts of his own domestic hearth! Mortifying to the natural pride of the heart to be exposed to at least the suspicion of a gain-saying world! A deprivation indeed to be compelled to pass days, and nights, and weeks, and months, in the monotony of a gaol! But if the Master were there! If Jehovah-Jesus (controlled by neither time nor place) condescended to prove that He was a Brother born for adversity—a Friend that loveth at all times, and that sticketh closer than a brother, what a palace were a prison then! A very Bethel would that otherwise gloomy dungeon be! And days, and nights, and weeks, and months, would pass in sweet serenity. The world would lose its charms! The society of poor fallen man exchanged for higher, holier communion; and a God in Christ become more emphatically the all in all! In a prison Joseph lay, and Jeremiah too! Here God communed! Here He disclosed his secret thoughts, and opened up to man his future mind. Here Paul and Silas sang at midnight, and Peter received a bright and shining messenger direct from the court of heaven! It was in prison the immortal Bunyan wrote his inimitable

allegory. In prison martyrs lay, and from its cells were borne in fiery chariots to the happy land where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest! Nay, more, it was in the common hall and at Pilate's bar that Jesus stood, and allowed himself to be buffetted and brow-beaten! Here his accusers for a brief space triumphed! No disgrace, nor ignominy, nor bitter persecution, could equal that which He encountered! And this, not on his own account—not for his own misdeeds—but for sinners such as Jonathan!

A WORD TO THE LAMBS.

I LAID awake last night a long time, my dear friend, contemplating the glorious things I had heard spoken of at chapel, and in the midst you were laid upon my heart with such sweet reflections following, that I am compelled to tell you a little about them. I thought of your being so down-cast, but was lifted up from dwelling on your position, by the consideration that Jesus carries the little weak ones in feeling (the lambs) in his bosom; so that just now you have a nearer place to Him in position than I have: for feeling a little stronger in faith, through grace I am enabled to walk by his side at the present time, but you have no more enjoyment of this than the sick child that the mother takes up and nurses in her arms, fondling it to her bosom. The poor child only feels its sickness, and thus do you spiritually; but it is a blessed thought to contemplate the beautiful arrangement and provision made, that the weak ones are carried and the stronger walk. By and by you will be walking, and I shall be carried. This verse, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so doth the Lord pity them that fear Him," came in so powerfully as I saw in my mind's eye a little child out of a large family taken ill; all the attention was immediately given to this one, and you know the first thing the parent does is to stoop down and take it upon his knee: then this verse came in, "When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, there is a lifting up." This moment it has occurred to me, another cause for the parent taking up his child is, namely, to hush its fears. We see a little child come running along as fast as it can, with the tears running down its cheeks, towards his father, and before he can speak the parent lifts him up, and asks what is the matter. He begins with sobs and sighs to tell his father he cannot go where he was bid; for he has seen something that has frightened him, so he cannot pass it. His father goes with him, and the child is not afraid now to go close up to it, whereby he finds that after all it was nothing. This is like our anticipated evils.

Plymouth. M. L. R.

ON HEARING A DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND SAY, "I WISH YOU'D MEND MY BIBLE FOR ME."

I MEND your BIBLE? what a thought!
As if YOUR Bible needed aught,
To MEND or make it better;
Or such a SINFUL worm as I,
Could add unto DIVINITY!
INSPIRED in word and letter.

I mend your Bible? what a task,
For a Believer too, to ask!
And of a sinful Creature;
Since Heaven and Earth must both DECAY,
But not one tittle pass away,
From God's most Holy Scripture.

I mend your Bible? no, not I!
Nor Holy Angels, did they try;
Yea, could its Author do it?
So perfect is the Word of Grace,
Wherein Himself to us displays,
That none can add unto it.

Wo dares this God-breathed Book to MEND,
Must first MEND GOD, Beloved Friend;
Then who's that bold pretender?
Not I! for though I should replace,
Some leaves in this blest Book of Grace,
I am NO Bible MENDER.

Mount Pleasant, Farningham. W. H. COLYER.

FRAGMENTS BY A DEPARTED BELIEVER.

"*And I will strengthen them in the Lord; and they shall walk up and down in his name, saith the Lord*"—(Zechariah. x. 12.)

THIS is for what we are so earnestly panting, as we daily feel increasing weakness. To those who have no might is the promise made, and the injunction is most positive to wait on the Lord; it is repeated, to show the weight there is in it, "Wait, I say, on the Lord." And does He thus condescend to bestow his especial blessing on our waiting on Him and making mention only of his precious name? then, how are we reproved for our lukewarmness in calling on Him, how dull our petitions at the throne of grace, what sad discouragements pervade our minds in the exercise of prayer. The expression, "They shall walk up and down in the name of the Lord" is striking. Whatever may be the true and primary signification of this phrase, it may jointly apply to the Christian race, as we meet with many vicissitudes in our way through the wilderness, which must be a wilderness to us while we have an Adam nature to impede our progress, or the new nature would mount to the throne of God and converse with Him face to face, He would be showing forth his praise from day to day.

"*And when he had taken the book, the four beasts, and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.*"—Rev. v. 8.

Is this the wonderful estimation in which the prayers of the saints are held? Are they so valued? Astonishing grace! those prayers of which we are so much ashamed, the testimony of all with whom we have ever conversed, that in attempting to approach the throne of grace, what baseness, leanness, and wanderings; what distraction of thought in prayer; we must remember all this is what they are in themselves, but what are they in Him whose name they plead? Oh, let us rejoice in this, their prayers are presented in golden vials, full of odours; pure gold, representing the sweet incense of the blood and righteousness, the meritorious sacrifice of Jesus, who hath perfected for ever those whom he has sanctified by his own blood, and that by one offering, by which the Lord says, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." Therefore are we cleansed from dead works, to serve the living God with a living service, not in the oldness of the letter, but in newness of spirit. This is substantial food for the soul; the Lord has given an ear to ear, and an inward taste to feed on that which is good; "my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." May we grow in the realization of this spiritual mystery, and thus grow up into Christ. To Him we look for communications of grace, that this great blessing may be accomplished. Oh for more of the life-inspiring, soul-cheering power of divine love! the Fountain is not exhausted: we must rest in his faithfulness and truth, knowing that the Lord's thoughts are those of peace; therefore we may dwell in that peace He hath made for us by his precious blood.

A SCRAP.

ABRAHAM,—he lives, and acts, as a stranger—he has no home, he has his altar and his tent, but that is all. The one he builds wherever he goes, in the peaceful consciousness of sin forgiven, and acceptance found; the other he pitches from time to time, in token of his being a pilgrim and stranger upon earth. And what more does any member of the family need below, but his

altar, and his tent, a Saviour for a sinful soul, and shelter for a frail body, until journeying days are done? We are to be strangers upon earth, as all our fathers were. It is the light of the desert, not of the city—but what of that? all is well. Jehovah is our God, and we shall soon be in his many mansions—meanwhile, we have the tent, the altar, and the Beloved. We need no more below—the rest is secured to us in heaven, ready to be revealed in the last time.

Faith not only sweeps away the cloud which hangs above us, obstructing our view of heavenly excellence, but it places it beneath our feet, to counteract the fallacious brightness and unreal beauty, which the world has thrown over itself, to mask its deformity!

MOSES AND AMALEK.

WHILE Joshua led the armed bands
Of Israel forth to war:
Moses apart with lifted hands,
Engaged in humble prayer.

The armed bands had quickly failed,
And perished in the fight,
If Moses' prayer had not prevailed,
To put the foes to flight.

When Moses' hands through weakness drooped,
The warriors fainted too;
Israel's success at once was stopped,
And Am'lek bolder grew.

A people always prone to boast,
Were taught by this suspense,
That not a numerous armed host,
But God, was their defence.

We now of fleets and armies vaunt,
And ships and men prepare:
But men like Moses most we want,
To save the State by prayer.

Yet, Lord, we hope Thou hast prepared,
A hidden few, to-day,
The nation's secret strength and guard,
To weep, and mourn, and pray.

Oh, hear their prayers, and grant us aid,
Bid war and discord cease;
Heal the sad breach which sin has made,
And bless us all with peace.

(From the *Olney Hymns.*)

MEMORY.—Many are discouraged from studying the Scriptures, because, as they say, their memories are so treacherous and unfaithful they can retain nothing. More pains will supply this defect. Memory is the soul's steward; and if thou findest it unfaithful, call it the oftener to account. A vessel set under the fall of a spring, cannot leak faster than it be supplied. A constant dropping of this heavenly doctrine into the memory, will keep it, that, though it be leaky, yet it never shall be empty. If Scripture truths do not enrich the memory, yet they may purify the heart. We must not measure the benefit we receive from the Word according to what of it remains, but according to what effect it leaves behind. Lightning, you know, than which nothing sooner vanisheth away, often breaks and melts the hardest and most firm bodies in its sudden passage. Such is the irresistible force of the Word; the Spirit often darts it through us—it seems like a flash and gone, and yet it may break and melt down our hard hearts before it, when it leaves no impression at all upon our memories. I have heard of one, who, returning from an effecting sermon, highly commended it to some, and being demanded what he remembered of it, answered, "Truly, I remember nothing at all, but only, while I heard it, it made me resolve to live better, and so, by GOD'S grace, I will." To the same purpose, I have somewhere read a story of one who complained to an aged holy man, that he was much discouraged from reading the Scriptures, because he could fasten nothing upon his memory which he had read. The old hermit (for so, I remember, he was described) bade him take an earthen pitcher and fill it with water; when he had done it, he bade him empty it again and wipe it clean, that nothing should remain in it, which, when the other had done, and wondered to what this tended: "Now," saith he, "though there be nothing of the water remaining to it, yet the pitcher is cleaner than it was before; so, though thy memory retain nothing of the Word thou readest, yet thy heart is the cleaner for its very passage through." BISHOP HOPKINS.

The Protestant Beacon.

NO PEACE WITH ROME.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

How thoroughly do I agree with your beloved M. M. that Rome is the great enemy of true religion, of social order, of *progress* in arts, science, and civilization. The system has been well called Satan's master-piece; it is an embodiment of all that is attractive to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; holds out a bonus to the libertine, the covetous, and the infamous, to sin against God and man, with the spurious and delusive hope of priestly absolution, to be obtained by the payment of money, the alienation of property from those who have a scriptural right to expect to be provided for; or by the infliction of some punishment on the poor mortal frame, making the body suffer for the sin of the soul.

The whole system is deadly, it is full of subtle, active, poison; yet like the flower, or berries, of the *deadly night shade*, most pleasing in its appearance to those unacquainted with its properties.

At the root of all this is the division of sins into *mortal and venial*, great sins and little sins, which seeks to heal the deadly wound without probing and cleansing it; which makes way for the delusive idea of purgatory, and which flatly contradicts the testimony of prophets, apostles, and evangelists, yea, the word of the living God himself.

Deadly, as is this evil system, it is instinct with life, the life of activity, the life of perseverance, the craving for domination, which is so natural to fallen man. British Protestants are not half alive to its activity and determination. Brethren, be on your guard, it is not enough to preach against this accursed system; you should make yourselves fully acquainted with its horrid details, and set yourselves in array against its most distant approaches. It seems to be the will of God, that it should again grapple, hand to hand, with his truth and those who hold it faithfully; depend not on men, depend not on legislative enactments, look to the Lord, he will give you a sure and certain end; a victory, a triumph. Again I say, be alert, get as well acquainted with the facts relative to Popery and its adjuncts, and its consequences, as papists themselves are: be ready to meet them on their own ground, to throw the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon" into their camp, and you shall hear the cry, "Babylon the great is fallen." May it be seen that our holy faith leads to *holiness*, and that life from the dead makes us active in every good word and work.

ALFRED HEWLETT.

THE PRIEST'S CURSE.

THE following Curse was pronounced by the Rev. T. Oakley, a Roman Catholic priest, in the presence of several witnesses, in the Roman Catholic Chapel, Islington, on Sunday Morning, Feb. 5, 1854:—

"We hereby give notice, that if any persons, after this our solemn warning, do send their children to the Protestant schools (six schools were here named), or if they have been already tempted to send them, do not instantly remove them, they shall be counted guilty of mortal sin—shall be refused all the rites and sacraments of the Church; at death, the extreme unction shall be denied to them, and their bodies—either his or hers—refused burial in any cemetery belonging to the Church. The curse of God shall rest upon them, *body and soul, living or dead!!*"

This has been caused by the fact, that "a crisis" has arrived in the affairs of the Romish mission—which is acknowledged by Mr. Oakley in a paper lately published:—

"We desire to impress you with a sense of the peculiar importance and urgency of the crisis. We call it a crisis; for in truth we know of no other word which so well ex-

presses the greatness of the occasion or the stress of the emergency.

"We have felt that the actual state of circumstances left no alternative but that of *denouncing, in the most solemn form, and in the most public manner*, both the heresy by which *our district (! !)* is *invaded*, and the sin of those who, through wilfulness or negligence, fall under its power, or within its snares!"—REPORT OF THE ROMISH MISSION.

"ROME IS THE GREAT ENEMY, AND TO RESIST HER IS THE GREAT DUTY."—The number of convents in England and Ireland are calculated at 220—of which 203 are Roman Catholic—showing an increase of 40 per cent per annum since 1843 *(when the entire number was* 56)—or 400 PER CENT. IN TEN YEARS!

In 1843, there were 60 monasteries in Ireland—*now* 72.

In 1839, there were 536 priests in England and Wales; in 1853 there were 875! *or an increase* of 339 priests in *fourteen years!*

There are now 700 Roman Catholic Chapels in Great Britain.

On the European Continent in Spain, France, and Portugal, the Papacy is annually losing ground. The Church of Rome therefore is trying to regain in America and England what she has lost on the European Continent, but particularly in England.

ROMANISTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Roman Catholic population of the United States is estimated at 1,523,350 souls. These are governed by three archbishops, twenty-four bishops, and 1,081 priests. Including California and New Mexico, there are 1,141 priests altogether, and 1,133 churches.

HOW ARE PRIESTS AND MONKS SUPPORTED IN ITALY.—"By heavy taxes on the people. Besides they possess a third of the land, and are themselves exempted from taxation. The priests keep up the government by the influence of superstition on the ignorant part of the population; and the bayonet keeps up the priests. The whole system hangs or falls together. The reading of the Bible would be the ruin of the priestly power. It is therefore so strictly forbidden; but if the people were free, half the Florentines would discard popery. The present state of things cannot last; and when a change does come, it will be dreadful—not a priest will escape. I even shudder when I pass them."—"*The Land of the Forum and Vatican*," *by Hall.*

CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST.

THE annexed little book came into my hands from amongst a collection of dirt and rubbish. Its appearance giving no promise of the treasure it contains. It is a rich and glorious exposition of a very sweet and comprehensive scripture.

I imagine that one leaf only is lost from the end: and two only from the beginning. Of these the first doubtless was little, and probably backed with a few prefatory remarks. The third page would then have the heading, "Sermon i." And the text (similiar to the commencement of Sermon ii): which with a few lines would fill that page; and the fourth would contain the continuation of the exordium and general introduction of the subject commenced in p. 3, and a statement of the first branch of the text, "I am crucified with Christ." Similar to the 2nd and 3rd heads in p. 5.

The subject is so nearly closed in p. 82, that I suppose the sermon terminated about half way down p. 83; leaving 84 a blank, forming the outside of the pamphlet.

I have endeavoured, but hitherto in vain, to find who was the writer. On p. 50 he mentions having spoken this subject at Burntisland. For the reader's convenience I have according to my ability supplied the place of the lost part with a few words: and if he has as much profit and pleasure in the perusal of the book as I have had from it, he will forget to criticise the humble patching on which I have ventured.

SERMON I.

"*I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*"—Galatians ii. 20.

THAT all mankind are in the same condition as the apostle in the days of his unregeneracy was, is a melancholy fact of which every renewed soul is, by sad consciousness, too sensible. Born in the sinful likeness of fallen Adam, they are all partakers of the curse under which he brought himself and all his posterity, by his transgression; viz., "Thou shalt surely die."

But to every contrite soul awakened to its state of loss and ruin, the Gospel of the grace of God proclaims salvation from the curse through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.

When this saving truth is brought home with power to the heart of a child of God through the almighty working of the eternal Spirit, his understanding is enlightened to see himself in the position of the regenerated apostle in the language of our text. In

which is to be observed he speaks of the change of which he had been the subject: he had been dead in trespasses and sin; but now he was dead to sin and alive unto God. Observe also with what energy he speaks of two Persons, Christ and *me:* with what determination he clings to Christ, and claims the merits of his death, the privileges of his life.

The first branch of the text is, "I am crucified with Christ." He claims to have fully paid the penalty of sin when Christ died: from which we gather,

1st. That Christ, on the cross, was not a private, but a public Person, representing all his people. So that, when He died and suffered, we died and suffered in Him. As the first Adam did not sin only for himself, but for all his natural seed, that should come of him by ordinary generation, so the second Adam did not die for himself at all, but for all his seed.

2ndly. There is a real, spiritual, and indissolvable union between Christ and all his people that believe in Him; insomuch that his being crucified, is the same as if they had been crucified in their person.

The second branch of the text is, "Nevertheless I live." It is not an annihilation of my being, but a renovation and reformation of my former being. Though I be crucified and dead, yet I live a new life. I am not what I was, nor whose I was, nor where I was. I am not what I was; I am not Saul the persecuter, but Paul the believer, the professor, the preacher. I am not whose I was; I was Satan's, but now I am Christ's. I am not where I was; I am living in another world, breathing in another air; I live.

The third branch is, yet not I. Not I! Who then? Why, what solemn contradictions are here? I am crucified and dead. Then there is an end; for death is the end of all. Nay, but hear Him again, "Nevertheless I live." Why, this is a short death that is so soon restored to life. Or is he at one and the same time both dead and alive? Yes, Paul is dead, and Paul lives; I live. It is not I was crucified and dead, but "I am crucified with Christ;" I am dead, and yet I am living, and "yet not I." Here is another contradiction, or paradox, not of myself, but by the life of another. No soul can animate this body but my own: yet neither soul nor body can live but by God. Thus does he annihilate himself, that he may magnify his Master, and that Christ may be *All in All.* And so the

Fourth branch of the text is, "Christ liveth in me." Christ is the Root and Fountain of all spiritual life, having it so superabundant in Himself, that He conveys it to all his members. Christ is said to live in the believer by virtue of the spiritual union, whereby He and they are one spirit. The soul doth not more properly live in the body than he doth quicken both soul and body. Christ is the Sun of righteousness to the soul: his absence leaves us dead, his presence revives us; and happy he that can say, "Christ liveth in me."

The fifth branch is, "The life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." "I live, and live in the flesh." By flesh he means not the corruption of nature; for to that he was dead when crucified with Christ, but the mortal body. It is one thing to live in the flesh, another to live to the flesh, or after the flesh. Paul did not lead such a life as he did before; for that was to the flesh; his life now is but in the flesh. In the former state he was dead while he lived; "But now I am alive," says he. What a mercy were it, if all here could say, they live, before they go hence, and cease living? It is never too soon to begin to live. But what sort of a life is it? "I live," says he, "by the faith of the Son of God." Here is life, "I live;" he was very sure of it; for he had said it before, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me;" and here again, "I live." Well, here is the means of this life, "I live by faith, by the faith of the Son of God." We live primarily and properly by Christ, as the body by the soul; but mediately and instrumentally by faith, as by the spirits which are the bonds of soul and body. "He that hath the Son, hath life;" he that hath faith hath the Son.

Here further is the designation given to this faith. It is called, "The faith of the Son of God;" because, 1st. He is the Revealer of it. Neither nature nor the law could open the door of faith; "Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ" (John i. 17, 18). "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." 2ndly. He is the Approver and Favourer of faith. There is nothing more acceptable to Him. When He finds it strong in man or woman, He is ready to say, "O man, O woman, great is thy faith, be it to thee even as thou wilt!" 3rdly. He is the Author of faith; He is both the Seeker and the Giver of it, faith is the gift of God; and he that calls us to believe, he only works it in us. 4thly. He is the Increaser of it: therefore the disciples pray, Lord, increase our faith. He that gives it, gives the increase of it. 5thly. He is the "Finisher of our faith;" both the Founder and Finisher (Heb. xii. 2). He that begins this good work, He perfects the work of faith with power. 6thly. He is the Object of faith. Faith desires to know nothing but Christ and Him crucified. On these accounts it may be called, "The faith of the Son of God;" where again you have the object of faith described from his glorious Person; He is the Son of God, a Per-

son of quality, and of such quality as to be equal with God the Father, "Higher than the highest, without beginning and without end, the Faithful Witness, the Prince of the kings of the earth, the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, which was, and which is, and which is to come, the Almighty, He who hath on his vesture and on his thigh this name written, KING of kings, and LORD of lords." And then the Object of faith is described from his works, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me;" which is

The sixth branch of the text. The apostle had, in the preceding words, challenged Christ for his own, "I am crucified with Christ, and I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." He engrosses him to himself, as if he were his own and no man's else. And "the life I live is by the faith of the Son of God, who is likewise mine; 'For He loved me, and gave Himself for me.'" It is the noble art of faith to challenge Christ for his own, and that with an I and me, as if none else were concerned but itself. And hence this whole verse is made up of so many I's and me's, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ; Christ lives in me: and the life I live is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me;" a short sentence. But the whole scripture, and all evangelical comfort is conceived in it, as if the apostle had studied to wrap up all the words in one word; in which inestimable jewels are to be found, namely, Christ's love, and Christ's gift, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." Oh! glorious Lover! the Son of God! Oh! gracious act! He loved! And Oh! strange object, whom He loved! me! unlovely me! But, how did He kythe his love? even by his gift—He gave. What did He give? Himself.! For whom? for me, unworthy me! Every word hath weight, and every act of faith hath a me in the bosom of it: "Christ liveth in me, he loved me, and gave Himself for me."

It is this last branch, at present, I speak upon, having formerly spoke to these preceding ones. What I propose, at the time, is only, first, some explication, and then some application of the words.

Notice here, Christ's love, "He loved me," and the proof of it, "He gave Himself for me."

First, his love, "He loved me," where notice (1.) The Lover, or the Person loving, He, O glorious Lover! The Son of God! "He loved me." A Person of no mean quality. Love is grateful to us from any Person: but the greater and worthier the person is, the dearer and more grateful must his love be to us. But, who so great, as He? who is the Son of God? higher than the highest, of equal dignity and greatness with his eternal Father, the King Eternal and Immortal, without beginning and without end, the first begotten from the dead, the prince of the kings of the earth, He, who is Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty. "He, that hath upon his vesture and his thigh this name written, KING of kings, and LORD of lords" (Rev. xix. 16). This is the Lover, and his love must, of necessity, be greater than other love, for He Himself is the greatest of all. The quality of the person doth commend his exceeding great love. O! Who is He? Who is this Lover, "That cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?" Who is the King of glory? Who, but God manifested in the flesh, and whose going forth was of old, from everlasting, who is the true God, and eternal life. He is the omnipresent God, who hath promised his gracious powerful presence in these ordinances, saying, "Lo, I am with you." He is the omniscient God, saying, "I am He that searcheth the heart, and the reins." He is the omnipotent God, that createth heaven and earth, and who is able to save and to damn to the uttermost. Oh! who is He, that Arians dare blaspheme him, and deny his necessary existence, who is the same God with the Father? "I and my Father are One." Oh! "Who can declare his generation," "Who is the only begotten of the Father, and whose name is Jehovah our Righteousness, whose name is, I Am that I Am, whose name is Immanuel, God with us?" Here is the Person loving.

Secondly. Here is the act, He loved. And He loved, because he loved. There is no other reason of his love, but his love. Jacob have I loved: this is all the reason. Love in God, is God Himself loving, and therefore it must have all the qualities that belong to the nature of God. God is a Spirit infinite, eternal, and unchangeable: therefore his love must be a pure and spiritual love, an infinite and boundless love, eternal and unchangeable love. He loved! Oh! this act is glorious like Himself. His love must be an infinitely wise love, for he is wisdom; a powerful love, able to bring about all his love-designs, that infinite wisdom contrives. It must be an infinitely holy love; love, accompanied with holiness; love, accompanied with justice; love, accompanied with goodness and truth. He is an infinitely true and faithful Lover, and hence, whom He loves, He loves to the end. As his love is accompanied with all divine perfections, so with all loving offices; as a Prophet, his love is teaching love, instructing love, enlightning, directing, counselling and conducting love. As a Priest, his love is justifying and pardoning love, reconciling, peace-

making and accepting love. As a King, his love is soul-conquering, sin-subduing love. As a Shepherd, his love is leading and feeding love. As a Surety, his love is debt-paying love. As a Store-house, his love is supplying love. As He is a Doer, his love is active love. As a Sufferer, it is passive love. His love is accompanied with all loving relations; as a Father, it is pitying love; as a Husband, it is cherishing love. As a Physician, it is healing love. As a Friend, it is helping love. As an Advocate, it is pleading and interceding love. As a Mediator between God and man, it is interposing love. His love is also suited to his nature, as He is God-man; as God, there is divinity in it; it is divine love; and as man, there is humanity in it; it is humane and a natural love. And as God-man in one Person, his love must be a divine-humane, and a humanely-divine love. The act is in the præterit, he loved. When did his love commence and begin? Indeed, it is as ancient as from eternity, and as lasting as to eternity. He loved in the counsel of peace, and it may be called a consulting love about our salvation, before the world began. He loved in the transaction between the Father and him, and then it was an undertaking love. He loved in the publication of this merciful design immediately after the fall; and there we see it a promising love. He loved in the manifestation of himself in our nature to accomplish the promise, and there we see it performing love. Oh, but this act, He loved, hath many wonders in it! But this will the better appear, if we consider the object of his love, or the person, whom He loved. This is the

Third word in the text, "He loved me;" me, that am so wicked, so wretched, so unworthy. Oh, that every one here, were, by faith, putting in their me; "He loved me," me, says Paul, that was a blasphemer; me, that was a persecuter; me, that was injurious, me, that was a vile miscreant. Oh, that He should love such miserable me's as we are, so unworthy of his love, so unlike to his love; and in whom He found greater reason to hate than to love! That God should love the glorious angels, is no wonder; for they are messengers and ministers executing his pleasure (Psal. ciii. 20). That He should love good men or saints, is not strange, because they love Him, and can say to Him, "Oh thou, whom my soul loveth" (Song i. 6). Yea, that He should love the senseless, inanimate creatures, whether in the heaven above us, or in the earth about us, is not strange; for the sun, moon, and stars run their course, they stand still, or go forward, as He bids them; yea, the "Fire, hail, snow, and vapour, and stormy wind, fulfil his word" (Psal. cxlviii. 8). But to love us, that were enemies, traitors, rebels, and run-away prodigals, and profligate sinners; "He loved me," guilty me, filthy me, weak me, wicked me. Oh! how does God commend his love? and commend it to the highest degree of mercy, when it is extended to these that are in the lowest pit of sin and misery, "God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8); while we were yet enemies and outcasts, lying in our blood. A rare commendation indeed! "While we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son" (v. 10). To love such was an unexpected and unparalelled, but a most merciful love. He that wanted nothing, loved us, that had nothing, and were worse than nothing. Oh, the wonders of this love, that the King of heaven should love wretched earth, that eternity should love death; and that immortality should love dust and ashes; yea, that infinite holiness should love such as were a mass of sin. "He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19); not only when we could not love Him, but also afterward, when we would not love Him. If a man had the tongues of men and angels, He could not express his love, wherewith this great Majesty, the Son of God, loved such misery, the sons of men; and "Wherewith He loved me," says Paul; and wherewith He loved me, may you say.

But Oh, there is the difficulty, say you; I cannot win to put in that me, and say, "He loved me." Indeed it is no wonder, if many here cannot say it, if they have not learned the language, by which it is said; I must tell you, it is not the language of earth, but the language of heaven—"He loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood" (Rev. i. 5). And so here is the language of heaven upon earth, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." But why can you not speak this language? Why, because it cannot be spoken right, but by the mouth of faith. It is not the language of sense, nor of unbelief, but the language of faith; "The life I now live," says the apostle here, "is by the faith of the Son of God, He loved me.'" The faith, by which he lived, was the faith by which he spoke this language. Now, if the Spirit of faith mix in with the hearing, and the grace of faith be given in any lively act of it this day, it will cost faith but a word to say, "He loved me."

Quest. But what ground hath faith for this language? Ans. The ground is in the general word of grace, from which faith draws the particular inference. The word says, "He came to save sinners, He loved sinners, He loved enemies, He loved rebels, and gave Himself for them." Unbelief indeed will put in its objection, saying, "Aye, but did He love them all? Did He die for them all? Did He elect them all?" May be, you were never designed to share of this

love. "Away," says faith, away with these needless disputes of the devil, and of unbelief. My life and salvation is at the stake: I have no time to lose. Let these that have no need of a Saviour, stay, and debate these matters with the devil, and their unbelieving hearts. I have present use for this Saviour, for my present and future salvation; and I see He is come to save sinners, and that is my name. He loved enemies; that is my name. He loved rebels, and received gifts for the rebellious; that is my name. I see, the Master calls me, He invites me by name; and therefore, in spite of unbelief, in spite of the devil, in spite of all my sin and guilt, I will venture to say, upon the credit of his word, "He loved me," even guilty me, filthy me. Here is the language of faith, "He loved me," and that when I was in the worst circumstances. The case stands with us, as with Ezekiel's wretched infant. We have an Amorite for our father, and a Hittite for our mother. We are born and conceived in sin (Ezek. xvi. 2), all soul, and full of corruption; and there is nothing in us to allure him to love us, but rather to provoke him to loath us. What moved Him to love us? Thousands of angels stand about Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand minister unto Him. Though we had been good and upright, He needed us not; but, being bad and vile, whence arises this love? Our wages is death, his gift is life. We had misery from our parents, and have been parents of our own great misery. What moved Him then? just his own great mercy, looking upon our great misery. A fit object for so great a God to look upon. "He loved me;" I was miserable in thraldom to sin and Satan: but he hath ransomed me. I was a captive to the power of hell, and justice was enraged against me. But he hath satisfied his own justice for me; and this brings to the proof of this love, which is contained in the second part of the text.

(To be continued.)

The Family Recorder.

"GRACE BE WITH ALL THEM WHO LOVE OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN SINCERITY."

FELLOWSHIP.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

TO MY BROTHER AND FELLOW-LABOURER IN THE WORD AND DOCTRINE OF THE LORD, all health, peace, and strength; love, blood, and salvation, abound in you; and you abound in all blessedness by love, and in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost; and as our hearts are knit together in love unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, so we live, the living stones built up on the living Foundation, Christ Jesus; and we are kept to "the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." And not only hath the Lord, according to his good pleasure, made us his witnesses, and of the truth of the preceding inexplicable mystery, yet believed by faith; so also in and by the fellowship of the Spirit we freely say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." These are truths known and believed by such as have living and pure hearts, and consciences purged by the blood of Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanseth us from all sin; and by his blood we are justified and made nigh unto God.

It is in the fulness of the blessedness of these testimonies, in union with our most glorious Christ, and as we live and walk in the Spirit, that we do know and understand the important and true meaning of the last clause in the farewell sermon of Moses the man of God: "Happy art thou, oh Israel! who is like thee, oh people! saved in Jehovah (so the Hebrew reads) the shield of thy help (strength) and who is the sword of thy excellency; and thy enemies shall be liars unto thee, and thou upon their high places shalt walk." And so we walk by faith, esteeming reproach for Christ, greater riches than all the treasures in Egypt. I feel it a cordial to my heart, and am comforted for that I can sympathize with you in your present and many afflictions; and "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," so saith the Spirit; but it seems different to this by the visible members in the flesh as a religious and professing body; in which there is much contention, and envy, and evil-speaking; but as we have not so learned Christ, we will go on making melody in our heart to the Lord; and saying, "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me;" "And as sorrowful yet always rejoicing," bearing in our body the marks of the dying of the Lord Jesus; and our Father is the Father of mercies, and hath bowels of tender mercies; and saith of each of his Ephraims, my bowels are moved for him; we fathers who know and fear the Lord, have as it were our heart and bowels touched and moved by the afflictions, pain, and anguish of our children; and gladly and lovingly would we take their affliction to ourselves to ease them: and how true and blessed the words of our Lord Jesus are, "If ye being evil know how to give good

gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father (or Father which is in heaven) give good things to them that ask Him?" and Jesus saith, "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full:" these are matters for faith, and give peace and joy in believing.

Beloved of and in the Lord, the Lord our God saith, this people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise, and let the inhabitants of the Rock sing: therefore I say unto you, "Oh, come let us sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things, his right hand and holy arm hath gotten Him the victory," and as we are in Him, so we by Him are more than conquerors; thus far I have with a warm heart and free mind ran on, talking to you of Him whom our soul loveth, and of the way wherein we walk as strangers and pilgrims upon earth; and we find each day that this is not our rest, but there is a rest that remaineth for the people of God; and now we enter into rest by believing, and find that the joy of the Lord is our strength. I will now most gladly begin where I intended to begin when I began the preceding sheet sent you, and I say the truth that when I wrote to you and stated to you that I had a legacy left me, I had no thought of drawing forth sympathy or kindness from any one, only as we had known each other in prosperity and adversity, and had wept and rejoiced together, I thought the old and new truth would be demonstrated again, that is, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep;" but I knew not then, you were in the furnace of affliction with me; let us magnify the Lord together, and speak well of his name; for we being his chosen ones, are not only in the right place, but in the best that love could design, or wisdom devise, and our ever-loving Father could put us; to extend mercy unto us, and we hear the sounding of his bowels toward us, and so learn his wonders in the deep, and also learn the nature and blessedness of that path no vulture's eye hath seen, nor lion's whelp trod thereon, but the redeemed of the Lord walk there, and at all times find, "In the way of righteousness there is life, and in the pathway thereon there is no death." As I wrote freely to you with no other end in view than the one I have mentioned, I now see and acknowledge the truth spoken by the Lord, and which has been sweet to me for many years; "I know the thoughts I think toward you, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give the end and expectation;" and the word of our God shall stand for ever; and I now say, is not the hand of the Lord in all this, for He "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will;" so that death and dying circumstances, bereavements, troubles, trials, and afflictions, are all settled for us and numbered to us: and the return of the dear daughter and the fatherless children to me and my house was ordered in love and accomplished by love; and the readiness and willingness of me and mine to receive them is an effect of the same love that chose and blessed us in Christ before the foundation of the world; and the warm feelings of your heart toward me, and the love expressions of your heart on my behalf, sprang from the same source, everlasting love. And as I read them, the heart received them as love-tokens from the Lord; and they wrapt my heart and tongue into silence, and I wept before the Lord, who hath a bottle for our tears, and will soon wipe all tears from our faces; and the words of the Lord Jesus will be fulfilled, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice;" but my tears were not tears of sorrow and grief, but of joy for the consolation; and while I was musing the fire kindled and I spake with my tongue, saying, "Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for his mercy endureth for ever." "What hath God wrought?" With heartfelt gratitude I blessed the Lord, and now also do on your behalf; and I also thank you with all my heart for your love and kindness toward me; and again say as before, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; it is like the precious ointment upon the Head (of his Body) which ran down," &c. There is none like the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heavens for (or in) our help; and bless Him oh our souls, He is a very present help in trouble: and I do not think that He sends trouble, afflictions, or distress, but He always comes with them, and is with us in and through all, though we do not behold Him. And sure I am, if He takes anything from us, He only takes his own, which He hath lent us, whether it be wife, or children, money, goods, &c. Job would not have known the blessedness He did, had not the Lord taken away his leasehold property; and in this way the Lord made a large space for Himself to fill. And so with us, what He takes is to make room for Himself, that filleth all in all; behold, his lovingkindness oh how good; then let us always say, and sing, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." The Lord bless you, the dear wife and children; and grant unto you the revelation of the abundance of peace and truth, with showers of blessings. Amen.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,
A. TRIGGS.

18, *Ampthill Sq., Oct.* 8, 1853.

A PILGRIM NURSERY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will excuse me if I write you a long letter, I do not mean by

it to open a correspondence, your time is too precious for that, however I might desire it. Nor do I mean it for the public eye; but I reproached myself greatly after you left, that I had not told you something respecting this institution, and my poor aged ones; but my memory is so shattered, that when I am conversing with friends I am apt to forget the very things I ought to think of.

This is a Protestant establishment, and none but old men of respectable character are admitted; the privileges here are many, we have family worship conducted by one of the men, and a weekly lecture by dear Mr. Phibbs, Curate of the Free Church, who holds the truth in all its purity. They are supplied with tracts, and have the liberty of attending that place of worship they like best. And although I have been with them 12 years, yet the sight of so much old age gathered together is still interesting, and must produce solemn thoughts that twenty-eight souls are on the very brink of eternity! we have a few godly men, and but few; they show a respect for religion, and would not be allowed here were it otherwise. But I have seen much of the *Sovereignty* of the Spirit, one taken and the other left: but the Lord has dealt graciously with some during my residence here. I alluded to the case of one in the November Number, in that article headed "Part of the covenant provision." And Mr. Krause noticed it in one of his sermons, page 349, Vol. 2. He called on me the day after the poor man died, I told him the conversation which passed the last time he was able to speak to me. And that man when he came to the Asylum was dark and ignorant on spiritual things; and oh how delightful it was to see the mind opening to receive the truth. Several others I could mention who I trust were born again in their old age. One dear old man, who died a few months since, aged 92, he was 21 years in the house, and for the last 7 or 8 years I feel satisfied the Spirit had wrought a change within; many gratifying conversations I have had with him, his mind was clear to the last, and his word was peace and praise, for in the midst of weakness he died singing

"Glory, honour, praise, and power."

and when he came to Hallelujah, the spirit fled to finish his song before the throne. And the old gentleman you saw * is a man of education, and much worldly information, he was an officer in the army, has seen much of the world, and felt its sorrows too; a chain of trying circumstances brought him here about six years since, but I found him very dark on spiritual things, and so much of the pride of the natural heart, which was kicking against the truth, his case lay much upon my heart. I took him with me to Bethesda, and he began to listen to dear Mr. Krause with more interest than perhaps at that time he would to another, being a brother officer. But I think there was one sermon that fastened on his heart; the text was, "One thing is needful," &c. I trust the Spirit has been teaching him ever since; but in some cases do we not see it act much slower than in others?

One day I went into his room; he said to me, "What a nice chapter the twelfth of Isaiah is," I replied, "Oh yes, it is a precious little song which will be sung by the Jewish church upon their restoration." A cloud came over his countenance, and he said, "Can it only be sung by them?" "thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away." I found then I had touched a chord, and I instantly replied, "Oh yes it can, and ought to be sung by all to whom forgiveness has been vouchsafed." I alluded to its primary comfort; he seemed a little comforted, but not quite satisfied, because of the double vein which I think the chapter has; but I said no more to him then, on that subject, for I was rejoiced to find that his spirit had laid hold of the word for comfort.

Dear Sir, it occurred to me that you would like to hear of what the Lord has done, though I have only glanced at it. Very solemn scenes also are brought before our eyes frequently; within my 12 years 30 of the inmates have passed into eternity.

I enclose you two more of my very imperfect sketches of the truth, faithfulness, and love, of our covenant Jehovah; but such as they are, I send them to deal with as you think best. I trust I write from some little knowledge *experimentally* of what Jesus is to his tried and conflicting people, the strength he imparts, the deliverances he works out, and the prospects he opens out to the eye of faith. I have had what the Saviour promised his disciples, "Tribulation;" but I have not been altogether without peace. I have passed through that waiting time, to which I have alluded in one of the articles now enclosed; but I can praise God for it all. The retirement I now have, I was years panting for; and though I have enough to occupy my hands and my thoughts, yet it is quite of another character from the weight of care and anxiety connected with business, and the bustle of the world. Oh how mercifully I have been dealt with! but no retirement can

* We shall not easily forget the peculiar emotion, and deep feeling of interest, in the little more than momentary interview with the old gentleman in question. In perfect contrast with what one commonly realizes in coming in contact with strangers, there was a peculiar something in and about him, that to our hearts at least bespoke a more than earthly or natural influence. We have often thought that there is a sharpening of the countenance, a kind of spiritual intelligence in the very appearance of very many of the children of God, that is not to be met with in others.

shut out Satan, he is very busy with me, and he is now harassing me regarding the papers I send you, saying, wait until the day of accounts, it will then be said by many, "Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and He shall answer, I never knew ye." Oh dear sir, do you know anything of this? * pray for me that I may not deceive myself. I think the ministers of the Gospel must be greatly tried by Satan, for as dear Mr. Krause used to say, "The devil hates Christ." And although I am sure he cannot shut the mouths which God has opened; yet, he will do his best to prevent the publishing of that name by which his kingdom is invaded.

Dear sir, I ask you again to pray for me; mine is an important situation, particularly to one who professes to be a servant of the Lord. Many eyes upon me, and we are called to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. Oh, to have the mind that was in Christ, to live constantly under the Spirit's teaching, to have the love of souls at heart, and to be able to speak a word in season to those around me. Our gracious Master condescends to use the weakest and meanest intrumentalities, that his power and glory may be the more clearly seen.

I hope, dear sir, whenever you are passing through Dublin you will not forget the Old Man's Asylum.

Please to accept the enclosed trifle for either of the schools, I have no choice; I believe it is all the work of God. And may the Lord bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you, and give you peace, strengthening you in your work of faith and labour of love.

Yours truly in Christ Jesus,

Dublin, Feb. 17. M. E. L.

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* "Do [we] know anything of this?" Yes, yes. None, perhaps, more so. Harassed almost incessantly with the thought of being but "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water" to the Lord's family. Never able (entirely free from wavering and hesitation) to combat Satan with his cutting inquiry, "Where is your seal? If the Lord has really sent you into his vineyard, where is the evidence of it in 'seals to your ministry, and souls for your hire?'" Desiring it—and that for years—more than words can express; sowing beside all waters; travelling east, west, north, and south; giving the line upon line, the precept upon precept, the here a little and there a little; "But apparently all to no purpose, as far as our desires are concerned." No blessed coming forth; no declaring, "The Lord met with me under such and such a sermon. I was in darkness, in death, and at enmity; and the Lord, by your mouth, became my light, my life, and brought me into a state of blessed and everlasting reconciliation." It is for this—for this, we pant and pray; but almost continuously feel as though we "laboured in vain, and spent our strength for naught." If we had nothing else, this disappointment would humble us to the earth.—Ed.

To a Christian Friend.

My dear Friend,—I find, on examining the scope of your request, that you have imposed on me a task more onerous than I at first anticipated; for rightly to distinguish between the saving work of the Spirit on the heart of a vessel of mercy in its early stages, and that of the operation of natural religion on the unredeemed, Satan's mimicry of the "new man"—is perhaps the most difficult point in divinity. But if God the Spirit has directed you to inquire, and will graciously condescend to guide me in answering, we shall both be edified.

The elect of God are all naturally dead in trespasses and sin—dead in law, by trespassing on God's prerogative, "Ye shall be as Gods:" dead in principle, "Only evil, and that continually." But they are not only dead, but afar off. Now in attempting to show how they are quickened, and brought near, I shall endeavour to follow the clue given by the Holy Spirit in the written word, rather than the experience of the greatest men the Church ever produced. For the soul-exercises of the saints exhibit an almost endless diversity, from that of Samuel, who was called in infancy, to that of the thief on the cross, who was quickened, and brought near almost instantaneously. Much mischief has been done by school divines, in attempting to systemize on the subject of Christian experience; making distinctions where God has made none. The truth is, all the work of the Eternal Spirit in conviction, conversion, and groweth in grace, is but a continuation of that almighty process, by which the chosen sinner is brought nigh to God, and his standing manifested in Jehovah's everlasting covenant.

When God the Spirit quickens a vessel of mercy, He imparts to him four things, which no vessel of wrath can possibly receive, namely, eternal life, the faith of God's elect, love, that purifies the heart, and love's twin sister, the holy fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom. Now though the recipient of these boundless blessings may be for a long time unconscious of their possession; yet I believe I am warranted to assert that the germ of all these mercies is bestowed in the first communication of divine life. Now by a careful observation of the development of these fruits of electing love, we shall be greatly aided in distinguishing between nature and grace.

I will begin then with the figures used by the Holy Spirit to illustrate his own work on the redeemed soul. When first regenerated, the awakened powers of the mind seem all in confusion, like the chaotic mass in the first creation; but God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shines upon his own materials—formed by his almighty power; and the moment the soul sees objects in God's light, it believes all it sees and

hears, whether for condemnation, or justification. But the apostle tells us this light is to display the glory of God in the face of Jesus, and to shine increasingly until the perfect eternal day. Now the soul sees God in his holiness, and hatred of sin; the law in its vast extent; and itself in all pollution and wretchedness: and however long it may strive to patch together a fig-leaf covering, by repeated strokes of the Spirit's two-edged sword, it shall be cut off from all support, until its hope is set in a divinely-revealed Jehovah, seen in the face of Jesus Christ.

Now turn to the nominal professor, behold the light which is in Him is so dark (Luke xxi. 35) that he mistakes an image of his own imagination for the true God, and vainly supposes his favour can be bought by the works of his own hands. This is shown in the case of Micah. Not having any spiritual perception of Deity, and viewing him afar off, he forms an image (of stolen goods) as a medium of communication; sets up a worship in imitation (or rather in profanation) of that which was revealed, and then concludes, "Now know I that the Lord will bless me, because I have done so and so" (Judg. xvii. 13).

Now, my dear friend, observe the difference; the child of God is bound up with Jesus in the bundle of life, therefore he must be made alive. His standing is in Christ the Fountain of light, therefore he must see light. And however distinct and confused the first feelings of life may be, it is the germ of life eternal; or however dim the first rays of divine light which irradiates the dark chambers of the soul, yet it is the day-spring from on high, ushering in the noon-tide glory, an eternal day. And although this child of light may be called to walk the most of his wilderness way in darkness, and at times see no light, yet by virtue of his union to the Sun of righteousness, strength shall be given him to "Trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God" (Isa. l. 10). And however actively he may be employed in the service of his divine Master, or however successful in his vineyard-work, yet it is possible he may be dreading his heavenly Father's frown, and fearing his chastising rod. But on the other hand, the nominal professor draws his life wholly from himself, and he walks in the light of his own fire, and the sparks of his own kindling, until he lays down in sorrow (Isa. l. 11). And so far is he from having the fear of God before his eyes, that he flattereth himself in his own sight, until his iniquity be found to be hateful (Psal. xxxvi. 2.)

I might draw your attention to many other figurative representations of the subject in hand, but it would swell the communication too much: I shall therefore confine myself to one more—the parable of the sower. The history of man shows him capable of making the greatest sacrifices, enduring the greatest bodily sufferings and privations, and of manifesting the warmest zeal on the score of religion, and of compassing sea and land to make proselytes, while at the same time he is totally ignorant of the true God, and hating his holy character. All this is true of fallen man, whether he prowls through the forest, little superior to the beast he hurts, or proudly stalks through the academic hall, or self-righteously shrinks from the touch of legal defilement; yes, under the external blaze of Gospel light, unregenerate man is capable of deceiving himself and others with an outward show of all that is truly religious, except the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ, to the glory of God. Nor need we wonder, for man naturally possesseth all those faculties by which, under the Holy Spirit's operation, these fruits are produced. But herein lays the main difference; the natural man's religion all springs from self-love, and is the fruit of his own doings; while that of the spiritual man ariseth from the power of Christ, and is altogether his work. This brings us to the parable under consideration; for no matter where the seed may fall, if it fall short of the good ground; no matter how soon it springs up, or how large and rapid its growth, all shall prove deceitful and abortive, because it has no root. But, on the other hand, the seed sown in Christ, the good ground, shall find ample room for the extension of its roots, and sufficient nourishment for its growth and maturity, from Jesus is the fruit found.

It is evident that all true religious affections may be counterfeited. For instance, love to God may exist in an unsanctified heart, arising from ignorance of his true character; love to the brethren from selfish motives. Godly sorrow for sin, by a sorrow arising from the fear of hell. It is possible for carnal men to fear the Lord, and still worship their own gods, as the Samaritans did. True gratitude may be counterfeited; how often do we hear uncircumcised lips declare how thankful they were for such and such temporal mercies. Spiritual joy may be counterfeited, as in the case of the stony-ground hearers. Unregenerate men may have strong religious desires, as in the instance of Balaam. "They may have also a strong hope of eternal life, as the Pharisees had;" and they may maintain that hope while exercising the bitterest spirit, and in the pursuit of the most abandoned conduct. Under these considerations, as a good man says, "We have no decisive rule by which we can ascertain how far the Spirit of God may proceed in the work of conviction, without producing a real conversion. And therefore we do not find that any legal convic-

tions, or any comforts following such convictions, in any certain method or order, are ever mentioned in scripture as a certain proof of grace, or anything peculiar to the saints; although we do find that gracious operations and effects themselves, are so mentioned times almost without number. This should be enough to make us willing to receive the word of God, rather than our own experience and conjectures, as our sufficient guide in judging of our state in the sight of God."

To conclude; the tares will grow with the wheat until the harvest; hypocrites will mingle with, and mimic the people of God, during Zion's time-state. They spring up in every generation, as poisonous weeds grow every season. They crept in unawares among the saints in the apostolic age; they stand thickly sown in our day, and will be found in abundance by the angels on the great harvest day. But the people of God, however weak in themselves, shall hold on their way; however faint they may feel, they shall yet pursue; however ignorant they may be, they shall have line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, until they are established in grace: and however dark their pathway may be, yet, ray after ray of light shall break in upon them until they enjoy the noon-tide blaze of the perfect day. This world, and time, is the great theatre (not for probation), but for exhibition, where "God also hath set the one over against the other; to the end that man should find nothing after Him." Well may we therefore consider his work: "For who can make straight *that* which he hath made crooked?" (Eccl. vii. 13. 14).

Would you, dear Friend, wish to prove your own self? make use of the unerring standard of God's word, and look to Zion's infallible teacher: you will find that all the saints of God lived by being in Christ; grew by receiving from Christ; bore fruit by abiding in Christ; and overcame all their enemies through Christ. The persecution and affliction they endured (which sered the leaf of the hypocrite), made them flourish like the palm-tree; when "Trouble and anguish took hold on them, then God's commandments were their delights" (Psal. cxix. 143). That which offended the mere professor, tended to draw them into closer fellowship with their heavenly Father; and made them more heartily rejoice in the God of their salvation.

It is impossible to do justice to a subject so copious in the compass of a single epistle: but I may sum up all that can be said, in the following contrast. All natural religion springs from self, and tends to self-exhaltation, to keep Christ and his righteousness in the back ground, and gives licence to the indulgence of heart sins. But true religion springs from the Most High God; and tends to bring the soul in the most humble posture before Him, to make Jesus and his righteousness pre-eminently precious, and promote holiness of heart, lip, and life. But nothing can give full assurance, but the direct witness of the Holy Spirit with our spirit that we are his.

May you enjoy this testimony, is the prayer of, METRIOS.

SUBJECTS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER, allow me to suggest subjects for the Correspondents of the *Gospel Magazine*, for the year 1854, taken from "The Faithful Promiser."

Pardoning Grace; Needful Grace; All sufficient Grace; Comforting Grace; Restraining Grace; Restoring Grace; Sanctifying Grace; Reviving Grace; Persevering Grace; Dying Grace; After Grace Glory; Another Comforter; Providential Overruling; Safe Walking; Love in Chastisement; Strength to the Weak; Encouragement to the Desponding; Peace in Believing; Bliss in Dying; A due Reaping; An end of Weeping; A speedy Coming; Eventide Light; Heavenly Illumination; A glorious Reunion; Everlasting Espousals; A joyful Resurrection; A nightless Heaven; A crown of Life; The Vision and Fruition of God.

May they all be ours, dear Editor, for we want them all;

Prays yours in Christian bonds,

Birmingham, Jan. 11, 1854. G. C.

LETTER OF THE LATE JAMES GROOM.

DEAR MRS. W,—Will you receive in Christian affection a few lines from poor nothing me? who like yourself stands a debotr to sovereign, rich, and unmerited grace. My dear esteemed Christian friend ——, kindly put your last note into my hand to read, and in that epistle I find much pungent sorrow, care, and anxiety, attend your *every step*; the whole I am no stranger to—I mean the complicated chequered trials, spiritually and temporally, which your Father ordained for you to walk in—the mysterious train of circumstances, together with the *chill* of *soul*-matters you complain of, are designed to answer a most spiritual purpose. Nature and grace will always stand in opposition to each other; carnality and death follow upon the one, while life from above is the sure result of the other, and I believe you prove them both in your own experience. The young Christian has much to be thankful for, but the elder part of the family much more; one draws their comfort from the more immediate presence of the Lord's smiles, the other, from his *nature and perfection*. Oh the wisdom, grace, and forbearance of our Lord and Saviour to his beloved ones! they are fed, nourished, and built

up under his tender care and management; so contrary to what flesh and blood would have it, that Himself may have all the glory. Once you and I lived upon the streams, and blood and pardon were all our song, and every day made room for fresh delight: now that day is denied us, and the bridegroom is removed far away; the music that charmed on those occasions is heard no more. But, oh my soul, was this our salvation and endless life? No; then let the bridal day pass—the wedlock year be gone—the ring lost.—The compact stands for evermore,

"Thy Husband is the same."

And to prove his dear faithfulness, He will make us prove it too in his absence; for having life in Him, the root, we are not dead, as the nominal branches whose leaves fade, and its untimely fruit drops off. God be praised, dear friend, for all this—we may tumble down in *ourselves*, and fall from a great height; yet our life is still within, and we are lifted up again, and in our utter weakness, darkness, death, and unbelief, God's work will glorify its author; and grace in the *new heart* will magnify his great name. Now, dear sister, were I to judge of my state by lively frames, by outward prayer, by reading so much of the word, by attending ordinances, by following the priesthood, alas, alas for all these—they are defunct, when Jehovah teaches us, what He, as a living Spirit, does for his *great* name, in the soul, and causes rottenness to be put upon all our doings: we can no longer gad about with the religious multitude, nor regard the cry of the divine, nor take pleasure in these delectable things—no—the Lord says to us in our after stages, "This is my name—the Lord merciful, gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin." All these dear names and offices, are sweetly fulfilled in the grace and help we receive from his fulness, in keeping alive, in carrying on, in perfecting his own work, until the final glorification of both soul and body: dark seasons, hard hearts, distant smiles, and rare heart-burnings form a part of Israel's conflicts—troubles in the flesh, the mind often distracted, the heart barren, comfort gone, and disquietude present, must be the lot of every tried soul; while dwelling in sinful bodies of clay; still we have a hiding place in Jesus, in whom we are made secretly to confide at the worst of times. Dear Refuge, let me to Thee oftener flee. He is the true tabernacle, whom God hath pitched, and the only living temple where spiritual worship is offered up in faith; and He our Lord and Divine Master promised where He records his name—not in temples made with hands, but in the heart—there will He come and bless." You may not find an earthly house and spiritual people to assemble with; never mind—I for eight years worshipped alone in my own house—and God fed me. There, in his own blessed way, shut up, and shut out, from all the noise abroad; this was at ——. Yes, in that great town of awful profession at ——, my lot was cast as the Lord's hidden one; and this I would do again, rather than say a confederacy where the Gospel was not declared. The Lord is not confined to outward means, nor do we want to go to man at all; the Spirit is sufficient alone to teach—but all cannot bear this—happy those who can and are untrammelled from the present so-called gospel dispensation. The Lord instruct you into his own truth, and give you bread to eat, the world knoweth not of; and sweetly enable you to rest upon his bosom, is the prayer of your unknown in the flesh, yet Friend and Brother in the Spirit,

JAMES GROOM.

OBITUARY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS, who is the all in all to his dear blood-bought family. You having in the *Gospel Magazine* of February, 1846, given publicity to the peaceful, and blessed departure of my aged and revered Father, Mr. Edmund Baxter, I here send you a concise account of my dear Mother, Mrs. Mary Baxter, who left this vale of tears to join the church triumphant, October 22, 1851, aged 90 years and 2 months.

The dear Lord was pleased to awaken her as to her wretched and lost state by nature and practice, when about thirty years of age, then living at Chichester in Sussex; and after some months of heavy and sore distress of soul, was pleased to set her soul at happy liberty, so that she could say that "Jesus was her all in all." It was then that an intimate and christian acquaintance sprung up with her, and the late Mr. John Baxter (my Father's eldest brother, of blessed memory,) of Chichester, which in the providence of God led to my father and mother being united in the holy bonds of matrimony, which union existed upwards of fifty years—both being followers of the Lamb, and honourable members of the church below, "Kept by the mighty power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time;" consequently they are now singing that never-ending song, "Salvation to God and the Lamb."

After my father's death, my mother resided in London, several of her children living there; and altogether deprived through age and infirmity of scarcely ever attending the ordinances of the Lord as she was wont to do for very many years; and here I would remark, that when in health, that no trivial circumstances kept her from walking diligently in the footsteps of the flock, seeking

the Lord in the appointed means (and as years rolled on she was an exemplary pattern to the young). She was lively and spiritual in her conversation relative to her standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made her free, so that those of the Lord's people who visited her were persuaded that the root of the matter was in her.

In a letter she sent me about twelvemonths before she fell asleep in Jesus she says, "I thank you for the hymn book you sent me the 14th hymn,

"What object this that meets my eyes,
From out Jerusalem's gate;
Which fills my mind with such surprise,
As wonder to create?"

Was particularly sweet to me, and carried my mind back to that happy year, 1792, to the chapel in West lane, now Chapel street, Chichester, where I first heard the sound of a free, full, and complete salvation without works—*All in Christ and Christ alone.* Blessed be his name! I hope the hymn will be blessed to many as it was then to me." In a letter which I received from a friend relative to the state of her mind a few months before her departure, she says, "I will endeavour as correctly as I can, to give you an account of your dear mother's mind in her illness. In March last she was much tried (as she expressed herself to me at different times) by the enemy, so much so as almost to doubt the genuineness of her long profession of a work of grace on her soul, which led her to go back to the time and place when the blessed Redeemer first awakened, and also set her soul at happy liberty. At another time Satan told her that all her long experience was like a snowball, rolled up and driven to nothing. This was distressing to her indeed, and she would often say to me, "M——, it cannot be all wrong after so long to be blest; once on the Rock, always safe: I cannot be deceived, surely not." About this time Mr. Nunn visited her, and spake very beautiful to her of the everlasting faithfulness of the Lord to his dear people, which somewhat relieved her mind. But she would often say, "O that this dark cloud were removed." Yet in the midst of all, her faith was strong in her blessed Lord; but she wanted the sensible enjoyment of his blessed presence. Some little time after this she very early in the morning called her granddaughter, with whom she lived, and said to her, "The Lord has blessed me with this sweet promise, 'Simon, Simon, Satan has desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed that thy faith fail not.' O that blessed *but*." This she would ofter repeat to us, after which time she never doubted her interest in Jesus' complete atonement; but would very often say she was safe on the *eternal Rock of Ages*, and repeat those sweet lines,

"A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast."

And also with much feeling,

"Then will I tell to all around,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say behold the way to God."

A few weeks before her departure she arose one morning in a very happy state of mind, saying, these words had been much blest to her, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." On the Sunday previous to her departure, on her granddaughter's coming from chapel, and relating to her that she had heard a sermon preached from these words, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved," she replied with much earnestness, "But I am saved; blessed be God, it is all glory within!" On the Monday and Tuesday she was in a calm, placid, peaceful state of mind, and on the Wednesday morning she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, in whose likeness she longed for some time to awake, and is now satisfied. How blessed is the death of the righteous.

Mr. Nunn, Baptist minister, spoke over her grave; he said he was perfectly satisfied his sister in the faith was gone to her eternal rest, for he had had refreshing seasons in her company when hearing her tell what great things the Lord had done for her soul.

Yours affectionately,

THOMAS H. BAXTER.

Portsmouth, March 12, 1854.

"THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

I NOTICE, dear brother, the request of your correspondent in last month's Magazine, that I should give a list of the ministers of the Gospel in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire; who preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I do so with sorrow. I hope that on reflection, your *anonymous* correspondent will see the unreasonableness of his request.

In the first place, scarcely any person has less opportunity of *hearing* than I have—frequently a whole year passes away without my hearing any sermons but my own.

Secondly, It would be a very ungracious act of mine, and one entirely uncalled for on my part, to pass my judgment on my brethren in the ministry, an act which I should ever regret, and which I am confident would be out of character with the whole tenor of my ministry, running over nearly three-and-twenty years.

I bless God that I am acquainted with a goodly number of devoted men in the ministry of God's word in these three counties, with *many of whom* there is perfect harmony, on all doctrinal points, with the articles of our Church, and especially the 17th, while, probably, on some minor points, we should differ in opinion; but others, who are equally

devoted and zealous, see not so clearly into those great truths, which are "full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort, to godly persons;" but the history of the Church, of some of the most eminent and highly favoured men in the last two centuries, and of my own heart in particular, assures me that these men, are doing the work of God, though they see not so clearly as some of their brethren. The expression, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," is taken from the oath administered to a witness in a court of justice, and we must bear in mind that the person is to depose only to what he knows of his own personal knowledge. Thus you will see that in applying these words to a preacher of the word, if the minister declare what he himself has felt, and seen by faith, of the power and grace of the Lord Jesus, he comes up to the requirement of your anonymous correspondent, although not to his meaning, for he may give his honest testimony, and yet come far short of the knowledge of some of his hearers. Was not this the case with Apollos, a man mighty in the scriptures, yet not deeply taught?

Take the standard of your correspondent in its widest sense, and where can we find a man, who will search it? Who are so learned in the word of God, the deep things of God, that we can say they preach "the whole truth?" Who so free from human imperfections, from the workings of old Adam in the pulpit, that they preach "nothing but the truth?" Who is to be the judge?—The two *Erskines, John Bunyan, George Whitefield, Dr. Goodwin, and Boston*, used indiscriminately to address, in the language of strong exhortation, unconverted persons, should I leave out of my list such men as these? *Immortal Toplady*, and dear *Sir Richard Hill*, maintained that the law was a rule of life to believers; are such as these to be excluded?

Had the tenor of your correspondent's inquiry been to ascertain where a hungry soul might be fed under the preached word, I should have been in a position to mention names; but lest I should be misunderstood, and sin against my weak brethren, and thus sin against Christ (1 Cor. viii. 12), I beg to decline giving any names at present.

I will tell you, my dear friend, what I see to be grievously lacking, in many whom I believe to be children of God, and who know a great measure of God's truth, it is the Spirit of Christ, the mind "that was in Christ Jesus." There is a giving way to their own natural dispositions, in finding fault with, and speaking harshly of those who differ from them, and severely to those who are without, forgetful of the pains the Lord has taken with themselves, and the length of time they were in being brought to see the truth fully.

May our heavenly Father pity our infirmities, and bless our souls with more communion with our Jesus, a sure remedy for every disease of the soul.

Believe me, dear brother,
Yours in Him,
ALFRED HEWLETT.

FROM AN AGED DISCIPLE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MAY the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush, rest upon the head of my brother, beloved Editor. My mind has been much blessed in thinking on that blessed word of our God, "The heart is deceitful and desperately wicked, who can know it?" "I the Lord search the heart, and try the reins of the children of men." I bless and praise Jehovah for this declaration, that not a thought of mine, which is nothing but sin, is open to his all-seeing eye, or how could they have been laid on my Surety? for He hath caused all our sins to meet on Him (margin), and Jesus hath borne them away into a land of everlasting forgetfulness, they are cast into the depth of the sea. "I will put away the iniquity of that land in one day." "By the blood of Thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit, wherein was no water." "Even to-day do I declare it." And was not our gracious Lord Jesus circumcised the eighth day? and became a debtor to do the whole law. He was made a curse for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. It is an everlasting truth, that God is love; the root of the Church's choice, election, and salvation, all is established on this foundation; the love of Jehovah in the Trinity of Persons. "Then shall ye know if ye follow on to know the Lord, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." "And thou Bethleham Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Is not our precious Lord Jesus worthy of all praise? yea, praise Him with the whole heart, let us begin the song here below; by faith shortly we shall see Him face to face, without any intervening cloud. Oh, then to cast our crowns at his adorable feet, all our faculties engaged in singing to his holy praise! glory to the Lamb that was slain! "I will cause the whole house of Israel to cleave to me as the girdle cleaveth to the loins of a man." I beseech my Father to put forth his gracious power so to cause you, my brother, and the whole Church of Christ, to be cleaving to Him in the midst of all without and within in this God-despising and Christ-dishonouring nation. May our eyes be up unto Him as our sure place of Refuge and Defence, in the coming struggle;

not upon ships or armies: but the God of Israel, to turn us as a people to acknowledge Him as our strong tower, into which the righteous runneth, and are safe. May you rest under the shadow of his wings, be made a blessing to the Church of God, is the prayer of your aged sister in Jesus,

C. L.

11, *Portland Villas, March 3rd*, 1853.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. THOMAS OWEN, CURATE OF GROBY,

Formerly Incumbent of St. Clement's, Manchester.

On Friday evening last, a deputation from the subscribers, consisting of Messrs. Breedon Everard, Geo. Hincks, Gray, Hunt, and Colishaw, waited upon the Rev. Thomas Owen, at his own residence, to present him with a valuable testimonial of a service of plate, and a purse of money amounting to £111. Mr. Breedon Everard, in presenting the testimonial, made a few suitable remarks, to which the rev. gentleman replied as follows:—"My dear friends, it is impossible for me so to express myself, as to do anything like justice to my feelings on the present occasion, an occasion truly interesting, and highly gratifying to my own mind, and, I am sure, to the minds of those whom I now address, and also of all those kind friends who have so spontaneously, so cheerfully, and so liberally assisted in getting up this splendid and valuable testimonial which you have just presented to me. I did not, nor could I expect, such a tribute of your high regard for me as your minister. The kind reception I have always met with, and the cordiality with which you have invariably welcomed me into your houses, during the ten years I have been amongst you, have not failed to assure me that I have possessed a place in your affections, and the happiness of enjoying your entire confidence. The distinguishing honour which you have now conferred upon me, is a substantial proof that I am a rich partaker of those blessings, which, as the minister of Christ, I trust I duly appreciate. They have an especial bearing upon my ministrations. In proportion to the trust which you are enabled to repose in me, will be your readiness to listen to those all-important truths, that it is my duty and privilege to bring frequently before you. The value of your appreciation of my very imperfect services, is considerably enhanced, by the fact that those very truths, prominent in all my teaching, are most humiliating to the pride of our nature, take from us all ground of boasting as to what we are, or what we have done, and place every one of us on a level with the chief of sinners. To be repeatedly told that we are momentarily violating the laws of God; that as transgressors of those laws we are in a state of condemnation; that there is no escaping the penalty due to us, except by taking refuge in the sufferings, death, and perfect obedience of the Lord Jesus; that it is only by the teaching and help of the Holy Spirit that we have any disposition, or power, to make Christ our refuge; and that all our works are, in the sight of God, nothing worth, unless they are the fruits of faith, the effects of union with, and of reliance on the Lord Jesus Christ, are sentiments which are directly opposed to the views which we naturally like to entertain of ourselves. Yet such are the sentiments which together with my favourite topic—the ample provision in Christ for every poor sinner who comes to Him, constitute the theme of my preaching, and are constantly, and incontrovertibly proved to be the teaching of the Holy Ghost in the scripture—the only standard of doctrine, experience, and practice, to which I ever ask you to appeal. This costly memorial of your kindness to me manifestly seals your approbation of such a ministration, which is a happy feature, especially at a time when there is an awfully spiritual declension. It will show unto others that you prefer faithfulness, and speaking as 'in the sight of God,' to 'flattering titles,' and 'smooth things'—the simple teaching of the word of God, to the doctrines of men, however plausibly and ingeniously invented—the showing forth of Christ as that great light, in whom whosoever believeth shall not abide in darkness, and the word of God as a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path, to elegantly and tastefully-painted windows in churches—the joyful sound of good tidings from heaven, announcing a mighty Saviour, to the peals of an organ, or the enchanting strains of musical instruments—the exaltation of Christ's sufferings and death, in connexion with their cause and effect, to the erection and sight of material and ornamental crosses—the proclamation of salvation wholly through and by Christ, to the teaching that attaches merit to the works of the creature. I highly esteem your preference, and shall, with the Lord's help, persevere in the same line of things; and sincerely hope that this 'testimony of your high esteem of me as a faithful minister of Christ,' may prompt me to greater exertions of your behalf, and to increased prayerfulness for your present and future happiness. May the Lord reward you a hundredfold in this life, and may it be our distinguished lot to meet to-

gether hereafter in the kingdom of God, where all the true followers of Christ shall eternally participate in the joy of their Lord. You will be kind enough to convey these my sentiments of affectionate regard, and my grateful acknowledgments and thanks to every one who has contributed to this highly esteemed, and, under similar circumstances, almost as to its value, unprecedented testimonial; assuring them, that as long as the Lord is pleased to spare me amongst you, I shall always be your very willing 'servant for Jesu's sake.' The plate bears the following inscription:—"Presented as a testimony of their high esteem of him as a faithful minister of Christ, to the REV. THOMAS OWEN, by members of his congregations at Ratby, Newtown Linford, and Groby."

Review.

The Eleventh Hour; being a brief Record of God's sovereign Grace and Mercy, as displayed in the Case of the late Mr. James Overend, Builder, Tandragee, County Armagh. By the REV. RICHARD JOHNSTON, A. B., Curate of Ballymore, Diocese of Armagh. Dublin: G. Herbert. London: Nisbet.

SOVEREIGN grace and mercy indeed! It is beautiful. It is heart-warming. It is creature-humbling, but most Christ-exalting. Oh, reader, the Lord set thee in love with sovereign grace and mercy. How precious an instance this is of its power! A poor sinner—aye, a notorious sinner—a drunkard, a blasphemer, a scoffer (marvellous!) snatched from the very jaws of hell, and saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation! Saved? Yes, without the shadow of a doubt. What! and no creature-righteousness, nor creature-consistency, and yet saved? Aye, saved! Saved "as by fire!" Saved at the "eleventh hour!" Saved! wondrously, marvellously, effectually and eternally saved! Oh, what a God is ours! What a Saviour! How astounding are his acts! How matchless his mercy! How efficacious his blood! How justifying his righteousness! What an irresistible power is that which the Holy Ghost exercises in the conversion and salvation of a soul, and that soul, it may be as in the present instance, with every outward mark of destruction and damnation upon his brow.

But we must indulge in quotations, for they are so precious. We love the modest bearing of the writer; and, though personally unknown to us, our hearts are knitted to him in the bonds of a free-grace brotherhood. The habits and character of Overend were so notoriously bad, that it would appear it was only from a sense of duty—and that most reluctantly—Mr. Johnston responded to his solicitation to visit him. It is easy to conceive of his feelings when summoned to the sick-room of a man whom "but a few months before he had seen intoxicated on Sunday in front of the church gate, shouting and making a noise, while the bell was ringing, and the congregation assembling." Naturally enough Mr. Johnston thought, that "his sending for him was the result of some paroxysm of terror that seized his mind; that it was but one of those last awakenings of a guilty conscience after a long slumber, which precedes its being entirely seared and silenced, when the sinner settles down into impenetrable hardness of heart and unbelief." But we shall proceed to show how mercifully and agreeably he was disappointed.

"On entering the house I found him up, dressed, and going about as usual, apparently not very ill. He at once opened to me the state of his mind, told me he was afraid he was falling into consumption, and feared that his days on earth would not be very long, He said that his mind had been miserable, most wretched; that for some days he had been troubled with fearful temptations; he could find no rest, no peace anywhere—his nights were awful. He entered fully into his past history—his having for a long period made a profession of religion, and his having given it up. He told me the fearful life of sin he had latterly lived: and after detailing all, asked me most earnestly if I thought such a sinner could find mercy?"

"I replied, that to the eye of man his case was desperate, almost hopeless: that many of the declarations of the Bible were plainly and unmistakably against him, such as 1 Cor. vi. 10, which said, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God" (Gal. vi. 7); "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that he shall also reap" (Heb. xii. 14); "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" and that looking at the seed which he had been sowing whilst living for so many years in sin, I should indeed almost despair of his ever being saved. But, I added, I dare not say you are entirely without hope; although your disease is great, the remedy which God has provided in the Gospel of His Son Jesus Christ is greater than your disease, even though it were tenfold worse, although your sin abounds, God's grace can reach and extend beyond it; and if you will but apply the remedy which he has provided, hopeless as your case appears, you may yet be saved. Jesus is a great Saviour—"He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him (Heb. vii. 25); "His blood cleanseth from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

We pause for a moment to remark, that

there is but one point in which we at all differ from the penman of the little work before us. It is that wherein—though from the general tenor of the whole, we believe he does not intend it—he would attach a power to the creature. "*If you will but apply the remedy which he has provided.*" Now God forbid that we should "make a man an offender for a word," but we are jealous of our Lord's honour. We cannot endure the idea of ascribing anything to the will or ability of the creature, poor, vile, helpless, despicable as he is. And we shall see presently that our brother (for such we must call him), was caught in his own net. The very counsel that he gave, he feared had been adopted; and that the subsequent peace, and light, and love, in which he found his patient, was but the mere consequence of creature-effort and fleshly excitement.

To Mr. Johnston's remarks, Overend replied, "Yes, I know it, I believe it; but I have been such a great sinner—I have been such an injury to others by my evil example, especially to my poor children; I have brought such misery and sorrow upon my wife, the best of wives that ever breathed—her love for me was wonderful! oh, how she bore with me! in the midst of all my dissipation she was ever the same—tender, affectionate, and kind. I have sinned against light and knowledge, for I have known so much. I have resisted the good Spirit striving with me, and gone on in sin, 'causing the adversaries of the Lord to blaspheme' (2 Sam. xii. 14). And oh! how can I ever hope for forgiveness? Besides, I do not feel half what I should; I am not half penitent or contrite enough. I know that the work of Christ upon the cross was a great atonement; that it was a full and sufficient satisfaction for the sins of the world; but I cannot bring myself to trust in it; my mind is in such a horror of darkness that I can take hold of no comfort; and though I know that God's mercy through Christ is great, I almost despair of ever finding it."

"On calling upon him the next day, I found that he had passed a sad night. He told me his distressing fears were such as to alarm those in the room with him. 'The arrows of the Almighty had now entered his very soul.' (Job vi. 4). His sense of sin became deeper and deeper; and with the increased conviction, his concern and anxiety became more intense. He was in the deepest anguish, and seemed to have lost completely all hope. On asking him how he accounted for such distress, when he seemed to have been comforted the previous evening, he replied, 'Oh, I feel my heart so hard and so impenitent. When I think of the number of my sins and the magnitude of them, I feel I am not repenting half enough, I am not mourning or sorrowing over them as I know I should; and until I do I feel that I cannot expect to claim the comforts of the Gospel. I have been very much looking to that text in the Acts of the Apostles, iii. 19, 'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may may be blotted out:'" and he inferred, that as repentance was put first, he could not expect his sins to be forgiven until he had repented *sufficiently*. I at once saw the cause of his disquietude, and addressing him, said—

"You seem to altogether misunderstand what 'repentance' is: you are looking for its effects, rather than for the thing itself. If I understand your meaning, what you would say is this: You think that as you have been such a great sinner, that your grief and sorrow should bear some adequate proportion to your sin, and that if you could but get what you regard as a sufficient amount of sorrow, that then you could come to Christ, and venture to trust in his atoning blood."

"He answered, 'Precisely; such has been my idea.'

"Well," I said, "do you not perceive that this is trusting to yourself, and not to Christ?—you are looking for peace in the wrong way. Repentance means a change of mind; it is a gift from God, which Christ is exalted unto heaven to bestow; see (Acts v. 31), "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and Saviour, *to give repentance*.'

"It is, then, Christ's gift. You must apply to Him for it: and once you get it, sorrow, deep and pungent, will follow of itself. *Your* way would be to come to Christ with your sorrow in your hand, and then claim Christ's mercy. Now, the Bible plan is just the reverse. You must first come to Christ, but your trust in his atonement, appropriate his finished work to yourself, and then the tears of 'repentance unto life' (Acts xi. 18,) will flow of themselves. Give up, then, the vain hope that you can, by any effort of your own, stir up a grief in your heart which will at all bear any proportion to your sin. You must learn to come to Christ just as you are—*empty*, a *beggar*, a *bankrupt*—having nothing with you but your sin. You must make your way to his cross with your heart, hardened as it is; you must go and tell Him that you cannot soften or change it; and if you ask *Him* to break it for you, He will not only break it, but heal it.

"In proof of this being the right way, turn to Zechariah xi. 10,—that striking passage where it is written; 'They shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn.' You here see, that the sinner looks first upon the Lord Jesus Christ with a believing trust, and then the mourning and the bitterness for sin follow after.

"The effect of this simple statement of Gospel truth produced an immediate change upon his mind. It was as if scales had fallen from his

eyes, and that, for the first time, he saw the light of day. Never shall I forget the earnestness with which he looked at me and said, "Why, sir, I have been all my life astray in my religious views. My system of doctrine has been altogether wrong. I thought that I should have had a deep sorrow for sin first, and then, having had it, go to Jesus; but I now see that I must come to Him, hardened as I am, empty-handed, without anything of my own to recommend me—just as a poor beggar; *and I now see that, if Christ ever shows mercy to a perishing soul, he will make him feel this.* He will convince him that he has nothing of his own to bring. I now see it plainly, he added, that, if I am to wait until I have sorrowed sufficiently for my sin, I shall never come to Him, for how could I ever mourn or weep enough? No; I must be contented to go as I am—wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked (Rev. iii. 17), and take salvation at his hands 'without money and without price'" (Isa. lv. 1).

"I here urged upon him the importance of doing so immediately without delay, and making application to Christ at once, even whilst I was speaking to him; and I said, if you do, your heavy load of sin is at once removed. I at the same time quoted many texts of Scripture, all familiar to his mind, and which I had only to recal to his memory, as he could repeat them accurately: texts which speak of the completeness of Christ's forgiveness—such as Isa. i. 18, sins as scarlet made white as snow; Isa. xliv. 22, sins blotted out like a cloud; Micah vii. 18, 19, "All our sins cast into the depths of the sea." I pressed upon him the laying hold of Christ *at once;* and told him that when he did, his sins were transferred to Christ, and Christ's obedience transferred to him. I read Rom. v. 19—"For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous;" and showed him that, when he trusted in Christ, he was more righteous in God's sight than if he had never sinned—more righteous than a pure and holy angel; that an angel had but the righteousness of a creature, but in Christ the believer had 'the righteousness of God' (Rom. i. 17, iii. 21, 22), and was therefore "*complete in him.*"—Colossians ii. 10. All this gave him unspeakable comfort. He seemed to have no difficulty in comprehending it; it seemed all plain, and he said, "I see it all clearly." I requested him to read over the 5th and the 8th of the Romans during the evening, and as I left him said, "Now, Overend, 'is the accepted time.' Go at once to Jesus; and, when you do, don't doubt but that he has fulfilled the promise, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out,"—John vi. 37. *The moment your soul clings to Him, believe that he has accepted you* and *that you are a justified man—a pardoned soul.*"

"I then left him, and did not see him for a week, having been absent from home. When, on my return, I again called, I found him still walking about the house, though not quite so well as when I had left. As to his mind, I found there had been a great change—he *seemed* to have found peace at last. He said, "Immediately after you left me on Thursday, I did what you told me—I applied to Christ just as I was; looking out from myself, and looking to the atonement which he had made upon the cross as altogether sufficient to meet my case, and I have found that Christ has received me. Ever since I have had a heartfelt sense of acceptance; and I believe that my sins are all washed away." He here became much more earnest in describing his state of peace, and said most emphatically, "It would be to doubt my own existence if I were to doubt the grace and the mercy I have received. I believe, and am *fully persuaded* of it, that everlasting life has begun in my soul (John v. 24); that I am "no longer under condemnation' (Rom. viii. 1); that Christ Jesus is made unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.—1 Cor. v. 20. I feel that, vile and wicked as I am, "I am complete in Christ.'—Col. ii. 10. Jesus is now to me 'my all in all.'—1 Col. iii. 11. Oh! (he added) it would be impossible, words would fail me to describe the peace I enjoy resting upon Christ. I am now without a doubt, without one fear."

"I must confess, (continues Mr. Johnston) that, notwithstanding all the above hopeful appearances, I was incredulous as to the reality of a work of grace upon his heart, and feared that the bold energetic language which he used in expressing the confidence of his hope, was merely the delusion of excited feelings.

"On looking back to the journal in which I kept a note of our conversations, I find the entry is as follows:—

"How wonderful is all this, if it is really a work of grace. But I have been so often disappointed, I am full of suspicions about him, and fear that this anxiety and feeling are the result of enthusiasm and excitement, which, after a while, will go off and disappear."

It was to this apprehension upon the part of our author, that we previously adverted. Had his advice been more that of prayerful exhortation, that *the Lord* would lead, and *the Lord* guide, and *the Lord* give grace and ability to lay hold upon the hope set before us in the Gospel [all which, we doubt not, our brother intended], we conceive that the conclusion to which he would now readily have come, when he contemplated the happy change, would have been, "This is *the Lord's* doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Having said thus much, we shall in our next proceed to show how wondrously the Lord wrought.