

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, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

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The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. i. 4.

UPWARD, ONWARD, AND HOMEWARD.

"Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

(Concluded from page 123.)

BELoved, there is a blessedness in this forgetfulness in more respects than one. The adversary will not unfrequently assault the soul with respect to the past in this way: "Ah, you know that, under a certain trial, or in such and such an affliction, you were well-nigh overwhelmed. Your strength was very nearly exhausted, and your little faith all but gave way. Be assured, in the trials or the afflictions or the death that awaits you, you will be utterly overcome. You will be still weaker, more thoroughly prostrate and exhausted. You will never stand the future test, intensified as that test will be by the recollection of the past."

Beloved, in regard to all these cunning and cruel suggestions of the enemy, it is well to be enabled to be "forgetting those things which are behind." We personally know only too well the vividness and the keenness and the power with which Satan will ply this temptation, as he seeks so forcibly and painfully to bring past scenes and sufferings and sorrows to remembrance; but there is, notwithstanding, a greater and a stronger and a mightier than Satan, and One, too, who has infinitely more at stake than he, the pledges and the integrity and the honour of whose character and whose covenant are involved in the vouchsafing of all needful grace and strength for the future, even as they have been forthcoming in the past.

There are two or three passages, dear reader, illustrative of this "forgetfulness" which are very precious: Prov. xxxi. 7, "Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more;" Job xi. 15, 16, "Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea, thou shalt be steadfast, and shalt not fear: because thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away." Now, this is a

very significant illustration, as setting forth forgetfulness, for, in looking over a spot previously flooded, how difficult it is to realize that that field or road or bank had been completely obscured by water. And so it is when the Lord vouchsafes deliverance from trials and afflictions. It is so perfect—so complete—so worthy of Himself, that in a sense we forget the past as far as fear and mis-giving are concerned.

Again, how striking is this forgetfulness in domestic every-day life. How well may truly spiritual women contemplate with gratitude and joy such a testimony: John xvi. 21, "A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, *she remembereth no more the anguish*, for joy that a man is born into the world."

But the Apostle not merely speaks of "forgetting those things which are behind," but he speaks likewise of "reaching forth unto those things which are before."

Dear reader, if we had to deal with a Being less in wisdom, power, and faithfulness, than that which distinctly characterizes our God, we might indeed be anxious; but, seeing such is not the case, we have no reason whatever to fear, whilst simply looking to Him, leaning upon Him, cleaving unto Him. It would be to disparage His covenant arrangements to suppose for one moment that Jehovah did not as much take into His wise and loving and gracious purposes the *future* as well as the *past*; and, in so doing, He clearly saw (we do not say foresaw, for the future stands before the Omniscient Jehovah as one eternally present now) what would be the real condition, actual circumstances, and positive necessities, especially of His own dear children. Hence He mercifully provided for them; nor would He permit aught in the leastwise to militate against His own gracious declaration with respect to His people, that "as thy days so shall thy strength be."

Beloved, we often personally take comfort from the thought, that *the promises are always in the future*. However long or frequently they may have been tested and proved, they still hold good; and it is ever the sacred privilege of the children of God to plead the fulfilment of those promises before the Lord.

Again, dear reader, with regard to the *future*, if our God had not as verily taken it into account as the *past*, of what avail would even His loving-kindness, mercy, and compassion be, as far as our eternal security and everlasting blessedness were concerned? We are not to be trusted with respect to the *future* any more than we were to be trusted in regard to the *past*. Our hearts would as verily betray us, if left to ourselves, in time to come as in time past. Nor are we in ourselves and of ourselves better able to meet and grapple with the enemy now than we ever have been. Our dear Lord's words are as true and as applicable now as they ever were: "Without Me ye can do nothing."

But now with respect to this "reaching forth unto those things

which are before," the first thought that strikes our mind with respect to the things after which we would reach, is a clearer, fuller, more blessed, steadfast, and abiding knowledge of Christ. Reader, we waver so; there is so much of the flesh about us, so little of faith; so much of the creature, so little of the Lord; so much of the carnal, so little of the spiritual; so much of earth, so little of heaven. At least, as lately intimated, so we personally find it. However, we will not dwell here. But this is the point; in reaching forth, what is it we want? Christ! Christ! a clearer knowledge of Christ! a more blessed apprehension of His divine person, a precious faith's-grip of Jesus. We love the word because it speaks the firm, deadly hold, like that upon the part of the drowning man, the clutch, the grasp, the fixed, immovable seizure of the chain, the rope, or life-buoy. Ah, dear reader, what a hold was that which the wrestling Jacob had of the Angel of the Covenant, when he said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh," and the patriarch's reply was, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." The person of Christ! Ah, reader, depend on it, it is here we make our mistakes, here we fall short. This is that in which we fail to "reach forth." And yet there are some precious examples left upon record in the word, which may well stimulate us. That, for instance, of the loved and loving Magdalene. The disciples might leave, and go again to their own homes, and even the women, too, but not Mary Magdalene. No, it was His own dear Self—His ever-blessed person—she sought, and with naught less could she be satisfied. Not as yet aware that He was risen from the dead, she even craved His lifeless body: "If thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away;" and such was her love, that, had it been as she supposed, doubtless, the devoted Mary would have done her utmost to have removed the precious body of her Lord to a place of safety. But oh, how great was her reward! how wondrously was her devotedness recognized and acknowledged: "Jesus saith unto her, Mary." That was enough. "My sheep hear my voice" was His precious testimony now blessedly confirmed. She knew the voice of her Beloved. It vibrated through her inmost soul. It spoke to her very heart—an all-satisfying, all-engrossing, fear-assuaging power attended the same. Dear reader, have *you* heard the voice of Jesus? Do you personally know its attracting, centralizing power? We use the word advisedly, because with that voice, when thus spoken in its home-power and heartfelt persuasiveness, it immediately draws off the mind from all else, painful or otherwise. However weighty the cross, irritating the thorn, or gloomy the prospect, let Jesus speak—only let Him whisper: "It is I; be not afraid," and instantly a blessed calm possesses the mind, a sweet soothing unruffledness bedews the soul; and there is a blessed reposing, by faith, upon His own dear Self. Peter's agonizing cry, "Lord, save me," as he sees the wind boisterous, is instantly exchanged for John's "leaning upon His bosom."

The person of Christ, beloved, we repeat that it is here we fall short. The sum and substance of all vital godliness is the person of Christ! Well might the poet say:

“Were I in heaven without my Lord,
’Twould be no heaven to me.”

Addressing her loving and lovely Lord, the Church in the Canticles, as though she could no longer restrain her feelings, exclaims, in the depth of her emotion, “Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of Thy companions?” and then, in the same ardour of love and admiration, how she declares, in the third chapter, she had sought Him by night on her bed; how her longing soul had gone out after Him in the quiet and uninterrupted of the night-season.

Removed for a brief interval from the turmoil of the world, the business of life, the cares and perplexities of this poor mortal state, how now, at times and seasons at least, do the thoughts and longings of those who know Jesus go out after Him. How they crave a glimpse of His loved and loving countenance. How they pant for some fresh token for good. How they ask for one little love-whisper again to assure them “all is well.” How intense their desire that they should walk aright and talk aright. How grieved are they, in the review of heart-departures and coldness and deadness in the things which, after all, they can declare before a re-trying God, are nearest and dearest their hearts. And, however they may dread the ordeal through which they may be called to pass, yet how do such pant for past seasons, and earnestly long after renewed indulgence at the feet of their ever-adorable Lord. How do such exclaim:

“Oh, for a sight—a pleasing sight—
Of our Almighty Father’s throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown’d with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.”

And, then, too, mourning over heart-departures, wanderings, waywardness, and worldliness, how fervently do such cry:—

“Oh, when will God my joy complete,
And make an end of sin?
When shall I walk the land and meet
No Canaanite therein?”

Dear reader, have you a feeling and experimental knowledge of these things? Is the life of God in your soul thus manifesting itself? Can you bear a personal heartfelt testimony to the fact—

“The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee?”

The person of Christ! Beloved, we often think how favoured

was Mary as she sat at the feet of Jesus, and listened to the gracious words which fell from His lips. What a contrast her position at the moment to the anxious state of poor Martha, "cumbered as she was about much serving," and, like most of her poor fallen fellow-pilgrims, "careful and troubled about many things."

How often, too, dear reader, we think of and admire the conduct of the poor dispossessed one by the sea of Gadara, who, seeing Jesus was about to depart, "besought Him that he might be with Him." He was prepared to forego even all home-claims and creature-ties and associations, if so be he might but be allowed to continue with Him at whose feet he had been privileged to sit "clothed, and in his right mind."

There is another thought, beloved, respecting this favoured position. It is this, that, whatever the previous condition, or however distressing the feelings, agonizing the circumstances, or critical the state of a poor distracted and bewildered soul, it is but for Jesus to speak, and how instantaneous and marvellous the transition! In one moment that soul is brought, as it were, from all the pitiable circumstances of that poor mad Gadarene, into the calmness, placidity, peace, joy, and unspeakable satisfaction that a seat at the feet of Jesus can afford. There, and there alone, is to be found what this poor vain world can neither give nor take away.

But, beloved, there is not very much of this indulgence—this sitting at the feet of Jesus, and listening to His direct home-and-heart spoken words, whilst on pilgrimage—except when the Lord's own beloved ones are called to very special trial or peculiar affliction. Then He visits them; then He caresses them; then those precious love-bedewings spoken of in the Songs of Solomon are vouchsafed.

But, although He who "giveth songs in the night" is very chary of His very special manifestations, and, for most part, causes His beloved ones to follow Him *by faith*, and in the absence of liveliness and comfort and joy, yet, as they draw near to the end of their pilgrimage, the language of our text is most befitting their condition and circumstances. Remembering, as well they may remember, that "now is their salvation nearer than when they believed," well it behoves us, dear aged fellow-pilgrims, not only to be "forgetting those things which are behind," just as a man running a race and approaching the goal would not be looking round to see the distance he had traversed, but to be found "reaching forth to those things which are before."

A second thought, then, which strikes us with respect to "those things which are before," is a casting off time-things—a sitting loosely to the concerns of this poor perishing world, in order that the heart and mind may be more occupied with eternal realities. It is marvellous, dear reader, that the world should get such a hold upon us, seeing that personal observation and experience have so uniformly, continuously, and perpetually confirmed the testimony of the inspired record with regard to the vanities of time and the uncertainties of

everything beneath the sun. And yet, notwithstanding this personal knowledge and experience, oh how firm a hold does the world obtain and retain of our hearts!

But a further thing after which it behoves us to reach forth is not only a knowledge of the Lord's will, but a reconciliation to and an acquiescence therewith. We need not remind the really Spirit-taught reader that, not only are the carnal and the spiritual mind at enmity, but the will of the flesh, or our natural will, is utterly opposed to the mind and will of God. But, as the Lord is pleased to teach us and lead us, our carnal will is subdued and controlled; and by degrees, under the precious anointing of the Holy Ghost, the true Spirit-quickened and Spirit-led are brought at last, sincerely and unreservedly, to exclaim, "The will of the Lord be done;" "Not as we will, but as Thou wilt, Lord."

Now, dear reader, we are thoroughly convinced of this. It is no trifling matter—it is by no effort of the creature—it is by no constrained influence or power, that the soul is brought to this blessed, precious Scriptural passiveness; no, but it is alone by the Holy Ghost. Hence, whatever may have been the previous hostility to our strivings against the mind and will of God, there is at length a simple surrender, and a child-like compliance, a filial falling in with what seemeth good in His sight. It is the husband or the wife, the parent or the child, the brother, the sister, or the friend, saying of the sick, or the dying, or the departed ones, "It is the Lord; let Him do as seemeth Him good." Now, poor human nature cannot come here. It is a path that fallen Adam never treads—a lesson he never learns—a problem he never solves—a rule to which he never submits—a secret he never knows; at the same time, it is that higher, upper, supernatural pathway which faith traverses, and that discipline to which it patiently submits, and those mysteries in which it revels. And, when faith is permitted to gain the mastery over the flesh, and the "I will," and the "They shall," or a "Thus saith the Lord," silences our poor finite reason and creature remonstrances, then shall we not have reached forth in vain for those things which are before, but be brought sweetly to participate in the satisfaction and share in the blessed experience of the Apostle when he exclaims: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. iv. 11—13).

Dear reader, the Apostle had well-nigh done learning, as far as his lessons in the time-state were concerned, when he was brought to this. We may *read* and we may *speak* of this godly contentment and supernatural satisfaction, but how little do we really *know* and *feel* it. Is it not so, reader?

But the Apostle adds: "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Now, reference is here

made to the games or races common in those times and climes, in which the runners sought to divest themselves of whatever might fetter or encumber them in their course. Their whole strength and energy were brought to bear upon the one object; that, and that only, was pointedly and prominently set before them. And that "pressing" or "agonizing" is fraught with teaching, as setting forth the oneness of purpose, the fixedness, the determination, the self-sacrifice, of those so engaged.

Dear reader, as we contemplate the force of the figure, and the vividness of the type or metaphor here given, we can but be painfully reminded of our own shortcomings, our half-heartedness, our wretched apathy in the things of God, and in connection with the Christian race. Who of us that knows somewhat of his own heart but must plead guilty here? and the more so, as we have before said, as we consider how long we have been on the course, and how far on, in comparison with some of the younger pilgrims. Oh, that word again, what a powerful appeal it presents. Reader, we must quote it. We want it to weigh with you and with ourselves: "Knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof" (Rom. xiii. 11—14).

"The prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus"—what is it? Oh, is it not that "crown of righteousness" of which the Apostle speaks, when writing to his son Timothy, "which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at that day, and not to him only, but unto all them also that love His appearing?" Is it not the seeing Jesus as He is, "no more, as through a glass darkly, but face to face?" Is it not the full and blessed realization that "when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" Is it not the being called up higher to take possession of the mansion prepared for us, that where Jesus is, there we may be also?

Is it not to enter upon "the inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for those who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation?" Is it not to be personally and eternally and uninterruptedly among those respecting whom it was asked, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? And whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on

the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. vii. 13—17). Dear reader, farewell.

St. Luke's, Bedminster, March 12, 1873.

THE EDITOR.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

THE POSITION OF THE PRECIOUS STONES.

THIRD LECTURE ON THE HIGH PRIEST'S DRESS, BY THE HON. AND REV SAMUEL WALDEGRAVE, LATE BISHOP OF CARLISLE, MARCH 11, 1846.

"Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob, and all the remnant of the house of Israel, which are borne by me from the belly, which are carried from the womb: and even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."
—ISAIAH xlvi. 3, 4.

THAT "the body is one" (1 Cor. xii. 12), but that "all members have not the same office" (Rom. xii. 4), are truths deeply important to the welfare of the Christian, and strikingly pictured forth in the position of the precious stones of Aaron's dress. The oneness of the saints in Christ, their Head, is exhibited in the onyx stones upon the shoulders. There was not an onyx upon the right and an emerald upon the left, there was not an onyx upon the left and an agate upon the right, but there was an onyx stone upon each shoulder (Ex. xxviii. 9—12), with twelve different names deeply engraven upon them, six upon each.

Again, the oneness of the elect in Christ their Lord is pictured forth in the breastplate. There were four rows of precious stones, yet all bound together by careful setting, and forming one breastplate. So we, if indeed we be of Jehovah's jewels, "are one body in Christ" (Rom. xii. 5). But, again, "all members have not the same office." This truth was written as with a sunbeam upon the breastplate. There we have twelve stones, all precious, all set in gold, all bound upon Aaron's breast, all beautiful to behold, all sparkling in the light of the sun; yet each a different stone from its neighbour (Ex. xxviii. 17—20). Thus it is with the jewels of Jehovah's crown; Matthias is called to be an apostle, while Barsabas is continued still in the position of an ordinary brother (Acts i. 23—26). Yet are both jewels, precious stones. Apollos is "mighty in the Scriptures" (Acts xviii. 24), but Aquila and Priscilla knew "the way of God more perfectly" than he. Still, Aquila and Priscilla have had their place assigned them in the breastplate, and in that place they abide, content to be jewels, content to be members, even though not placed so high, even though not honoured with so exalted an office, as the younger Apollos. We read not that the Eunuch gave up the office of treasurer to Candace, Luke ceased not to be a physician, nor Zenas to be a lawyer. They all understood well, that there are other jewels than diamonds,

that there is the sardius, the topaz, &c.; they all understood well, that there are other vocations and ministries, than the vocation of a minister of the Gospel, other ways of glorifying God, than being a Paul, or even a Philip. Brethren, I would have you note this well, for there is no device, by which Satan is so successful in hindering the work of Christ, as by causing Christians, especially babes in Christ, to forget that as there were different stones in Aaron's breastplate, and each stone had its assigned and proper place; so are there many different ways, in which the people of God can, and do reflect the beams of their bright Sun, each being by Infinite Wisdom placed where he can do so most suitably (1 Cor. xii. 18—20).

Satan oftentimes leads young beginners to forget this; hence spring up heart-burnings and divisions, to the great hindrance of the Gospel of Christ, in the babes themselves, and in others, and to His great displeasure, who prayed again and again (in John 17th) for the unity of His people. (See verses 21—23, as also Rom. xii., 3—5.)

We have now, I think, concluded the lessons which may be drawn from the precious stones themselves, which were worn upon the breast and the shoulders of the high priest. We learnt, in the last Lecture, that the people of God are His jewels, His crown jewels, worthless in themselves, yet dearly bought, carefully preserved, and skilfully polished, to shine for ever in Jehovah's diadem. We have now seen, that those jewels are in very deed one in Christ, who apportions to each his own proper place in His priestly breastplate, some being in the first, some in the second, some in the third, some in the fourth row; one being an emerald, another being a sapphire, yet each and all highly honoured, to be in the breastplate at all, and placed where the wisest of artificers sees His skill will be most shown forth.

We now pass on, to consider the position, of the precious stones on Aaron's dress.

I. They were upon his shoulders. What may we learn from this? The helplessness and safety of the Lord's poor and needy ones.

The Holy Ghost hath, in many figures, in many passages, opened to us the helplessness of the redeemed in themselves. In Matt. xi, 25., and in 1 Peter ii. 2, they are likened to "babes" even "new-born babes;" to the young of the eagle, in Deut. xxxii. 11, 12. Yea, lest we should be vain in our own conceits, God's people have been by Him likened to some things more helpless still, even to a stone in the pit, to a worm, to a poor silly lamb in the mouth of the lion. All these are images, by which the utter helplessness of the Lord's people is figured forth. But, as these images represent the weakness of the saints, so do they tell of their safety.

Is the believer weak as a babe? That weak babe has a nursing Father, with much, very much more than the wisdom, and the power, and the love of the tenderness of mothers (Deut. i. 31; Isa. xlvi. 3, 4). Is the faithful one helpless as the young one of the eagle? That mighty bird cannot bear up her little ones with greater power, than the Lord doth His people (see Exo. xix. 4).

Is the needy one as helpless as the stray lamb—as the lost sheep? There is a "Good Shepherd;" mark His care (Luke xv. 4, 5; Isa. xl. 11).

The lamb is carried in the bosom, the child is "borne" in "the everlasting arms," "even to hoar hairs." Think not that the child of God can walk one step alone. No! he is a weak and he is a helpless one, to the end, helpless to save, and helpless to keep himself. But, thanks

be to God, Jehovah-Jesus is "mighty to save," and mighty to keep also; the stones are placed upon the shoulders, and borne there. How much may we learn from this! Let the weak-hearted learn "quietness and confidence" (Isa. xxx. 15; xxv. 4; xxvi. 4). How beautifully doth David pray! (Ps. lvi. 13.)

Look to David again (Ps. xxx. 6, 7): Wherefore "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Remember that thou art indeed very helpless; be very watchful, then, lest Satan decoy thee away from "the everlasting arms," for as surely as thou castest thyself "down from the pinnacle of the temple" shalt thou rue the day, when departing out of His ways, thou didst "tempt the Lord thy God." But let not them that are fallen despair; our High Priest can lift them up again (see Luke xxii. 31, 32; Psalm xl. 2). We have seen the spiritual helplessness of the Israel of God, and the ample security which they enjoy in Jesus, their High Priest, for (Deut. xxxiii. 26, 27), need I add, that they are equally helpless, and equally safe, in temporal matters (Matt. vi. 27; Heb. xiii. 5, 6). Remember, poor tried child of God, that thou art a jewel upon the shoulder of a greater than Aaron. Thy burden may be very heavy, but roll it upon the Lord, and "He shall sustain thee" and thy burden too (Ps. lv. 22; Job. v. 19—23).

Some one may perhaps be tempted to say, "These perplexities are very trying to me;" but what trifles must they be to Him! How can I expect that "great High Priest," "which is passed into the heavens," to enter into, and to bear, such troubles as those under which I am ready to sink! Take courage from the fact that,

II. There were twelve precious stones borne upon the heart of Aaron, and that upon them were the same twelve names, which reposed upon the shoulders (Ex. xxxviii. 29). See we not in this, that the same chosen ones who are upborne by "the everlasting arms" are cherished by the fullest sympathy of "everlasting love?"

Let us "turn aside, and see this great sight!"

Our High Priest has in His bosom the most tender, sympathizing, unselfish heart. Bring together all the fondness of a brother, or a sister; bring together all the love of a husband, or a wife; bring together all the pity of a father, all the exquisite tenderness of a mother; let all pour themselves out upon thee, they shall fall infinitely short of the sympathy of thy High Priest for poor, needy thee (Heb. iv. 15). Here is "a Brother, born for adversity," "a Friend, that sticketh closer than a brother." Here is "thy Maker" Himself for "thine Husband" (Isa. liv. 5). Here is One who, "like as a father pitieth his children," "pitieth them that fear Him" (Ps. ciii. 13). Here is One whose love outlasts a mother's affection (Isa. lxvi. 13; xlix. 15). Strive then, whether thy trouble be spiritual, or temporal, to rest upon this thy sympathizing High Priest (Isa. lxiii. 9; Phil. iv. 6).

In speaking of this fellow-feeling which Jesus hath for His Church, I would have you note that it is as perfect for each member of that Church as if there were in the world no other object of His regard.

There is an infinite variety in the characters, in the circumstances, in the duties of the Lord's people. Into that variety doth our High Priest fully enter. There is no peculiarity in thy natural temperament, no infirmity of thy spirit, which He doth not fully appreciate. He knows the intricacies of all thine affairs, "thy going out and thy coming in," thy rising up and "thy lying down," thy losses, thy crosses, and neces-

sities. He knows the duties to which He hath called thee, thy difficulties, thy hindrances, thy failures; all are known to Him, much more than they are known to thee. Accordingly, it is in very love, as well as in very wisdom, that He thwarts thy plans, that He crosses thy purposes. Have we not found it so many times, and shall we not find it so again? (Ps. lvi. 8; cxlii. 3.)

Might not this sympathy of Jesus with His people, individually, be pictured forth in the twelve different stones borne upon Aaron's heart? There were many precious stones, varying in colour, in shape, in value, yet each and all near his heart. So is the meanest, poorest saint near, very near, to the heart of Jesus. So doth Jesus enter into the commonest matter which concerns that poor, that despised one (Ps. xl. 17). There are two verses in Acts x. which illustrate this (5, 6). Peter was one of the Lord's jewels. The Lord knew Peter's character well, and to what office He had called him; the Lord also knew the most trifling circumstances connected with him; the town in which Peter was living, the house in which he was lodging, the place in which it stood, the name and occupation of its owner. Thus, again, did the Lord know the road by which the eunuch travelled (Acts viii. 26), the street in which Saul of Tarsus took up his abode (Acts. ix. 11). Well, then, did our High Priest say when upon earth (Luke xii. 6, 7), for He "considers" all these things tenderly and sympathizingly, not as some do, curiously, but compassionately, with full purpose to help in time of need (Isa. xlix. 16; Ps. l. 15).

I have now given you, some hints of the safety and sympathy, which the Lord's people possess in their High Priest. They are borne upon His heart, they are borne upon His shoulders; so that in them is fulfilled, the prayer of the Bride (Song viii. 6). Let the children of our King thank God, and take courage; but, if more is needed to cheer you, note well the setting and the fastening of the jewels.

Both upon the shoulders and upon the heart were they set in ouches of gold, and bound with chains of gold (Ex. xxviii. 13, 14, 22—25). Gold being an emblem of Deity, these golden chains and golden settings may signify the attributes of Deity, engaged for the perpetual security of the spiritual Israel. Note this well, poor needy one! Thou sayest, "Great is the power, tender is the sympathy, of Emanuel; but shall I not fall away from His heart? Shall I not be plucked from off His shoulder?" Thou doest well to rejoice with trembling, for the Scripture hath said, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

Still understand it well, that all the attributes of Deity are in league for thy safety, if, indeed, thou art one of His jewels. The love which chose thee in Jesus before the world was—the love which preserved thee until the day of thy spiritual birth—the love which did at last effectually call thee—that love is pledged to keep thee still (Rom. viii. 35). The Truth, which in the council of peace, said unto the Son, "Ask of me, and I will give thee" (Psalm ii. 8); the Truth, which in the day of thine espousals entered into covenant with thee; that Truth is pledged to keep thee still (Isa. liv. 9). And, if there be any other attribute of Jehovah which entered into the everlasting covenant, that attribute is equally pledged with His love, and His truth, for thy security.

The jewels of heaven are not in their own keeping; they are set in gold, and bound in chains of gold. They "are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation" (1 Pet. i. 5.)

In conclusion, let me entreat you to remember that "the sword of the Spirit" is two-edged (Eph. vi. 17; Heb. iv. 12). It wounds and it heals. The truths of God's Word, here brought before you, are full of comfort to those who have good ground for believing themselves to be His jewels; but surely they are full of warning to those, who must acknowledge that they are not as yet numbered among His "peculiar treasure." If so much love and so much power is needed to preserve the ransomed ones, what shall become of those who have not this power and this love on their side? "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" (1 Peter iv. 18).

Alas! they may take to themselves these "exceeding great and precious promises," but they shall find that they were never made to them. They shall cry, "Lord, open to us," but He shall answer, "I know you not" (St. Matt. xxv. 11, 12). Oh, then, poor careless ones, be up and doing! "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Cry, and cry earnestly, until "the Good Shepherd" find thee, take thee on His shoulder, carry thee on His arm into His fold, and set thee "as a seal upon" His "heart, as a seal upon" His "arm" (Song. viii. 6).

Anecdotes and Extracts.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

"Good evening, Mrs. Ball; I've just popp'd in to ask you, before I go down the town, if you can tell me of anything I can get to keep out the *moth*. I have just been looking over my things in the large chests upstairs, and I am perfectly shocked to see the state they are in! Why, they are full of holes! You know my nice cloth jacket, and that large check shawl; actually, *they* are beginning to go! and, as for my daughter's linsey dresses, I was quite frightened when I took them out. You know, as we have unfortunately gone into mourning, it will be a long time before we shall want them again. There are blankets, too, and lots of woollen things that I shall be afraid to trust up there. Don't you think that our chemist might give me something to stop these fearful ravages?" (Mrs. Ball) "Well, my dear lady, you might succeed in getting something of the kind; but I think I can tell you of a receipt that would be more *effectual*; it is a very simple, old-fashioned remedy, and one which, perhaps, you may laugh at; but *I* have always found it to answer, and so have many others."

(Mrs. Fern) "Indeed! do tell me, please; I shall be so glad to do the same." (Mrs. Ball) "Well, get all the things out of those chests—in fact, everything of the kind that you do not want to use this winter—brush them well—then—*give them all away to your needy neighbours*!" (Mrs. Fern) "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Ball, that's indeed a *perfect cure*! But really, you must be joking! Why, you don't mean to say *you would give away* so many good things! Why, you must think me *made of money*! Just look at the different *charities*! really there's no end to them! So many calls! I'm sure one had need keep their hands in their pockets all day long! and see how expensive everything is! Beside a

host of other demands, there's the soup-kitchen gentlemen just been at my house! Then there's old mother Scrub, bent nearly double, actually came yesterday hobbling to my door, and says she, 'Please your ladyship, I thought as how I would come and thank ye for that there coal ticket ye give me last year; and have ye got such a thing as another to dispose of?' Now, Mrs. Ball, isn't that too bad? and now the prices of coals are so awfully dear! really, the poor don't seem to have a bit of conscience; they are so ungrateful and imposing; I did say I'd leave off giving, it really is no use—it's too bad!" (Mrs. Ball) "Now, my dear lady, you *must* pardon me for the temptation you have afforded me of speaking a little plainly to you on this subject. Do you remember when you lived in that little cottage on the hill? when you had barely sufficient to live upon comfortably? and yet we all often used to wonder how you could possibly do so much good with your little capital. How delighted you were to minister to the comforts of all around! and how many times I have heard you say, 'Oh! I only wish I were rich, and I would do so and so!' Well, I need not remind you how, by that unexpected turn of fortune, you suddenly became comparatively rich. You have now ten times more than you had then—you have servants, a carriage, a fine house and furniture; and yet—now! you do not seem to care at all for the poor and needy as you then did. Dear Mrs. Fern, how is this? forgive me—but you know we are distinctly told "not to lay up for ourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." (Mrs. Fern) "Indeed, indeed, my dear friend, I feel the force of what you say—it is too true! I know not how to account for it, only that *God has given me the riches; but the devil has taken away my heart!*" What a fearful position to be in!

There was old Lady Fingle the other day got caught in the snow storm—it was intensely cold. Well, as she went trudging along, with her footman behind her, she turned round and said, "Oh, dear, John, how bitterly cold it is! *do* remind me, as soon as we get home, to send some coals and some soup to those poor creatures round here; how very cold they must be! I can't help feeling for their sufferings. Now be sure, John, don't forget." "No, my lady, I will be sure to remember."

Now let us take the liberty of following this Lady Fingle to her noble mansion, situated in that spacious park. Soon she is seated in a magnificent apartment. Can't you draw the picture? There she sits in her comfortable easy chair, before *such* a fire! and that wine is *so* warm and invigorating! (Tap, tap, tap.) "Come in, John," said her ladyship; "what is it?" "Please your ladyship, you desired me to remind you of those poor——" "Oh!—ah!—yes, John; but it isn't cold *now*." Don't you pity poor Lady Fingle? *I* do. I don't like telling tales; only the wise man says, "A word to the wise is sufficient;" and a wiser One than he gives us this *command*, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

Well, the other day, this Lady Fingle ran into that grocer's shop over there; the shop was full of customers. "Oh, Mr. Horton," she said, "may I trouble you just to look at the top of my bonnet, and see if there is any grease on it; for I have just been into the butcher's to order a piece of mutton for a poor sick woman, and I was so afraid my bonnet had touched some of the meat that was hanging up!"

Dear old Mr. Tomkins was of a very different stamp. In dispensing his charities, he would just go and rap at a poor person's door, and push in a

good leg of mutton, or something of the kind, and then run away. Then, at another time, he would give a hard thump at some poor old door, and in would roll a lot of potatoes; and, as for the *coals* he's given away this winter—why, it would make your hands black to handle them! And then, when he goes to visit a poor family, do you think he's content with leaving them a bare tract? Mind, he doesn't *despise* tracts of the *right sort*; he always has a lot of them in his pocket beside his well-worn Bible; but, as he quaintly says, "A paper tract won't satisfy a craving appetite, nor cover a parcel of poor little shivering children." No! this Mr. Tomkins does such naughty, sly things as this; he takes a bright half-crown, or a shilling, or even a little fourpenny bit, and puts it *inside* the tract or little book; and you don't know how much better it reads for it. Only just try. And, if any poor person calls at his house, or a poor workman goes to do any little job, Mr. Tomkins is always ready to welcome him by giving him something to eat, and a glass of his home-brewed beer, or, (not to shock the ears of the total abstainers) it might be, by a cup of coffee or so.

"La, Master!" said Mrs. Giles, his housekeeper, to him one day, "I wonder you always give them there folks suppen to eat and drink when they come here! You'll be broke, Master, you'll be broke!" "No, no," said the kind old gent, "never you fear; my Master's a rich Banker, ye know! His bank! why, it will *never* break! besides, what little I have to give away doesn't come out of *my* purse!" Do you know what this Mr. Tomkins meant? Why, he did what *some* few persons do, and that which it would be a blessing if *every* Christian person would do. For every sovereign he received in his business, he took from it a certain portion, and this he deposited in a separate little money bag, expressly for charitable purposes; that was what he meant when he told his housekeeper it did not come out of *his* purse. He farther silenced her economical tongue by saying, "The thing is this, Missus, though I says it as shouldn't say it; when any one comes in this here door, I always want him to go out somewhat bettered; so, while he is pouring something *down* his *throat*, I am trying to pour something *into* his *ear* that will do him *good*; and that is the best way I always find to get to the *heart*; it always goes down *softer* like; and it seems to gladden one's own heart beside."

"Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise, and share it with another,
And, through all the years of famine,
It shall serve thee and thy brother;
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for *one* will often
Make a royal feast for *two*."

"For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain:
Seeds which mildew in the garner
Scattered fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee."

" Numb and weary on the mountain,
 Would'st thou sleep amid the snow?
 Chafe that frozen form before thee,
 And together *both* shall glow.
 Art thou stricken in life's battle?
 Many wounded round thee moan;
 Lavish on *their* wounds thy balsams,
 And *that* balm shall heal thine own.

" Is the heart a well left empty?
 None but God its void can fill;
 Nothing but a *ceaseless Fountain*
 Can its ceaseless longings still.
 Is the heart a living power?
 Self-entwined, its *strength* sinks *low*;
 It can only live in loving;
 And by *servng*, love will grow."

" From the low prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
 Oh, never, never turn away thine ear!
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah! *what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear?*"

Deal.

R. C.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A FALL OF SNOW.

How beautiful is the snow! As we look upon the ground, clothed in its winter dress, various passages of Scripture occur to our memory with reference to snow, to which it may not be out of place to draw the attention of our readers:—1st, in Job vi. 16; xxxvii. 6; xxxviii. 22; Ps. lxxviii. 14; cxlviii. 8; and Isa. lv. 10; we find it mentioned as being sent by God, and, as we know, it is useful to preserve seed from the frost. 2nd, in the 51st Psalm, 7th verse, David prays, "Wash me, and I shall be *whiter* than snow," and in Isa. i. 18, the Lord says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." If we look for a few minutes at what the Bible says of *our hearts*, it makes the contrast even more remarkable. In Genesis God says, "The very imaginations of the thoughts of man's heart are *only evil every day*" (mar.)—and again after the flood He says, "The imaginations of man's heart are evil from his youth." The prophet Jeremiah says, in the 17th chap. 9th verse, "The heart is deceitful *above all things*, and *desperately* wicked;" and in St. Matthew xv. 19, 20, what a picture is given by Him, from whom no hearts are hid, of what ours are by nature; our righteousness is, indeed, "but *filthy rags*;" and yet, when washed in the blood of Jesus, they become "*whiter* than snow." Dear child of God, you who feel the evil of your own heart, take comfort from the thought, "that sin shall *not* have dominion over you." While here you must expect a constant warfare with it, and often feel inclined to cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" but *in Jesus* you are complete; clothed in His robe of righteousness, you are in God's sight whiter than snow; for He looks not at your evil heart, which *so often* strays away from Him, but at the finished work of His dear Son; and to those who are *in Him* there is no condemnation. 3rd, in Daniel vii. 9, we find, in his description of the "Ancient of days," that His "garment was *white as snow*." And again in Rev. i. 14, when St. John saw the Lord, He says: "His head and His

hairs were white as snow ;” He was “altogether lovely” 4th, the redeemed in heaven are spoken of in Rev. vii. 14, as those who “have washed their robes, and made them *white* in the blood of the Lamb ;” thus washed, they have become *whiter* than snow ; and they, like their Lord, are clothed in white. We shall *be like Him*, when we see Him “as He is.” What a wonderful sight that will be we cannot now comprehend ; but the thought of it may well lift us up above our trials here ; and it *does at times*, when we can realize that “our light affliction worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

Again, our life may be compared to foot-prints in the snow. How soon we know if any one has walked upon it, by the foot-marks left behind. *They* may have passed out of sight, but the marks remain. So is it in life. Our *influence* on those around us, for “better or worse,” greatly depends on the manner of our own life, and, when *we* have passed away, our foot-prints will still remain.

“Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime ;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Foot-prints on the sands of time ;
 Foot-prints which, perhaps, another
 Travelling o’er life’s solemn main,
 A forlorn or shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing *many* take heart again.”

May it be ours, then, dear fellow Christians, to live here as those who are “strangers and pilgrims upon earth,” and not be ashamed to confess whose we are and whom we seek to serve ; but rather may others “take knowledge of us, that we have been with Jesus.” It is only when, by the teaching and power of the Holy Spirit, we are enabled to live close to Him, that we can bear fruit to His glory, and thus show, by our foot-prints, that we are walking in His steps “who for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.”

Like the wanderer’s step in snow,
 Ever be my lot,
 Leaving the trace of the way I go,
 But staining not.

S. E. T.

BERRIDGE.—Thousands of correct, and smooth, and prim, and proper clergymen are creeping through this world, who never broke a canon of taste in the pulpit, never told an anecdote, never used a vulgar illustration, and never raised a smile. They have their reward ! Their educated friends and relations admire them, and the world praises them. But they never prick a conscience, never frighten a sinner, never build up a saint, never pull down a single stone of the devil’s kingdom, never save a soul. Give me the man who, like Berridge, may commit mistakes, and offend many scrupulous ears, but yet reaches hearts, and helps to fill heaven.—*Ryle*.

Clayside Notes.

THE CENTRE OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

"They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward."—JER. 1. 5.

WE have been much struck in reading Mark's account of our blessed Saviour's *facing Jerusalem*. Jesus and His disciples were in the way going up to Jerusalem, and our Lord went before them. What a foreshadowing of His character of the Divine Forerunner, as well as that of the Shepherd-King going at the head of His flock! And His disciples were amazed, and, as they followed, were sore afraid, doubtless knowing the state of public feeling against them. They felt to go to Jerusalem was a dangerous act, and one that would be sure to bring their Lord and themselves into trouble; but our Lord drew them aside, and again began to tell them what things would happen unto Him—how that the Son of Man should be delivered unto the chief priests, and unto the scribes, and they should condemn Him to death, and deliver Him to the Gentiles; how that they should mock Him and scourge Him and spit upon Him and kill Him, but the third day He should rise again—details which were fulfilled to the letter, and which proved Him to be God as well as man, for none but God could thus foretell what should happen. But oh! how little did the disciples realize or understand what our Lord meant. Forgetful of the sufferings He had described, their minds seemed only to lay hold of His last expression, that He should rise again, and calculating that then He would be at the head of a kingdom of power and greatness. James and John came to Him saying, "Master, we would that Thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we shall desire. And He said unto them, What would ye that I should do for you? They said unto Him, Grant unto us that we may sit, one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left hand, in Thy glory. But Jesus said unto them, Ye know not what ye ask: can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? And they said unto Him, We can." Only think of that reply, beloved, "*We can.*" How little did they know their own weakness, and how strange that they should think that they could go through what the Master was called to endure, and how completely the very opposite was the case; for, when our Lord approached the end, and came to His agonizing in the garden of Gethsemane, these very same disciples who had confidently affirmed that they could endure what our Lord had to suffer, were asleep—yes, while He agonized, they slept! causing Him to utter that memorable rebuke, "What! could ye not watch with me one hour? Sleep on now, and take your rest." And, worse than this, when it came to the solemn scene of the crucifixion, they all forsook Him and fled, leaving Him, in the fulfilment of prophecy, "to tread the winepress alone." But when James and John confidently responded that they could drink of the cup that He had to drink, and be baptized with the baptism that He had to be baptized with, notice our Lord's significant reply: "Ye shall indeed drink OF the cup." Mark, not drink the cup—He alone could do this—but they shall sip of it, and be a partaker with Him of His sorrows, and be baptized, too, with the baptism of suffering, which prophecy was literally fulfilled in both cases,

for James was cruelly killed by the sword of Herod, and John, after great persecution, and, as some have affirmed, being plunged into boiling oil, was afterwards banished to the Isle of Patmos. But, to return to our blessed Lord's facing Jerusalem and coming to the place called Calvary, did it ever occur to you that the scene of our redemption was enacted in the very *centre or navel of the earth*? It is so; and, to our mind, it brings out the fact that, though unconsciously they should lead Him to the very centre of the earth, it was right, and in accordance with His true character of King of kings and Lord of lords and God of the whole earth, which fact He fully proved when He raised His last cry from the cross, for that cry not only reached the archives of heaven, and rang through the vaults of hell, but it convulsed all surrounding creation, so that the sun became darkened and the earth also, "the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom," the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent, graves were opened, and "many bodies of the saints which slept arose," as if to foreshadow the fact that, when that voice was raised again at the appointed time, it should prove the resurrection voice of the Glorified One. And we believe that, over and above that solemn spot, high—higher and higher still—yea, in the heaven of heavens—is the throne of God and the Lamb. And, because of all that Jesus hath done on earth's centre, finishing which, He ascended to heaven's centre—because of this, all His blood-bought ones shall be called from an ungodly world, delivered from condemnation, and raised to glorification. Yes, all His elect shall be drawn to that upper scene by the three-fold cord of Jēhovah, namely, the Father's electing love, the Son's redeeming grace, and the Holy Spirit's regenerating power. "They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward." "Not a hoof shall be left behind," not a little one be lost by the way, not a grain of the precious wheat shall fall to the ground, every one of them in turn appeareth before God—drawn onwards, drawn homewards, drawn upwards to the centre of heaven. We have been musing upon the blessed scene of the redeemed one after another being thus drawn. Methinks I see one coming bounding joyfully and nimbly along; he has recently realized the joyful experience of His own deliverance from the bondage of Satan and sin, and, full of zeal for and love to His Almighty Deliverer, he thinks that a few more joyous bounds will bring him to the grand centre of his Saviour's glory. Dear, happy soul, we like not to stop thy flow of spirits with a reminder that there is such a thing as bringing forth "hasty fruit," but we are not surprised to find that a few paces ahead he has overlooked in his haste a quagmire, and, having fallen deeply into it, we hear him crying mightily to his God, "O God, I am undone, undertake for me; Lord, save me, or I perish." We rather rejoice at this acknowledgment that he is undone and feels in very helplessness that the Lord must do all. All right, my brother; you will have the help you need, and you will need much more than you at first supposed; thy steps now will be less wild and flighty, and thou wilt take the steadier tramp of a soldier of the cross. But here comes another pilgrim up the hill; he seems to be the very opposite of the foregoing, for, instead of pacing on in rapid strides, our friend comes along with trembling steps, and we hear a feeble voice sighing rather than singing—

" 'Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

Ah! this dear brother is but the representative of a large class; they are in the covenant, and as safe for glory as the Eternal Three can make them; yet they have no assurance that He is their Beloved; they would give all they possess to feel and know it. But here comes another—very slowly, though—for we observe he has two huge books, one under each arm; and we notice they are marked respectively “Ledger A” and “Ledger B;” and he casts such wistful glances at them that we can see plainly that they are as millstones around his neck. Come, dear brother, we know thy case; the old, old tale; a large family to support; business from morning to night; head full of figures, and heart dulled by earthly care. Just a word of advice, dear friend. Those books contain last year’s postings, and perhaps the year before, as well as the fresh entries of the present time. We will tell you what we have done again and again, with great relief. We have written at the foot of every past year, “What hath God wrought?” and over the beginning of the fresh year—

“My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine;”

adding—

“He who hath helped me hitherto,
Will help me all the journey through.”

Try the experiment. Somehow or another, we have found that, as faith looked up, the ledgers dropped down; the head has become less muddled, and the heart warmed, as we have rolled our care upon the Lord.

But here comes another, bent in form, and with an anxious brow. We notice he has a pen placed defiantly over his ear, and a bundle of papers in his hand. We recognise our friend as one of those champions of the faith once delivered unto the saints, who are ever waging a paper war with the Church of Rome, and whose great aim and anxiety is to preserve to us our Protestant privileges. We, who like the more quiet and spiritual life, must ever be thankful that God raises up such men, and, verily, they are much needed in these days of so-called liberal opinions and free thinking. Go on, my brother; and may the Lord bless your labours, to the good of poor deluded creatures and the glory of His great name.

But here comes another, wary and watchful. He has had such terrible encounters by the way with that arch-enemy of our souls, who is ever going to and fro in the earth, that he clutches very firmly the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God; and quite right, too, for it is a right trusty weapon. With it our blessed Lord foiled the tempter’s power, and it is as bright and blessed as ever, though foolish mortals in our day would put it aside as a rusty old thing. Those of us who know what conflict is will not give up our precious weapon; and, although we realize and believe fully that the way, and everything connected with it, is wisely planned by a covenant-keeping God, yet we find that part of His divine appointment is, that we should fight every inch of the way to the conqueror’s crown. So we have the greatest sympathy with our brother, who is struggling on to the victor’s wreath. Stick to thy sword, beloved, and so shall we, even to the end.

But here comes another. We observe she is deeply clad in the habiliments of woe. Ah! soon we recognize her as that old friend, “the widow in Israel.” Thou art thinking, sad one, of thy lost earthly

prop, and feeling what a heavy blow it is to be left thus alone with those dear little ones. You miss him so much—miss him at every turn and corner. Yes, this cross is indeed a heavy one, there is no mistake about it. Still, dear widow in Israel, the Lord cares especially for you. Notice His words, "I will be a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow. Let your widows trust in me." But here comes one more, and it must be the last we must refer to. I notice what a crumbling old tenement he carries, and yet his countenance is lit up with radiant joy; it is evident that he will soon drop that mud hut, and his soul will soar away to heavenly peace, for I hear him exultingly exclaim: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," &c., &c. Joyous, happy soul! a few more paces, and then a river to cross—and a Saviour to help through it—and you will be in possession of the crown of glory, and the promised inheritance, and see the Lamb you so much love.

So are all these diagonal paths of the pilgrims leading to one grand centre of heaven—the throne of God and the Lamb—and we shall all meet, beloved, at this one spot one day. There's our brother in the Lord, in Australia, unknown, but well known; our sister in Christ, in the West Indies, in the midst of her care; our brethren and sisters, in various parts of the continent of Europe and in our own beloved isle. We shall all meet one day. Wherever in this wide, wide world the Lord's blood-bought ones are, we are all, beloved, tending to Jerusalem above—heaven's centre, which is the mother of us all. We have heard of a saint who, in the vision of the night, beheld a wide river. People plunged into that river at different points—some here, some yonder, some more distant still; but he noticed that, wherever they jumped in, they, one and all, came out at the same spot on the opposite bank. So is it with the Lord's living family; they are all tending to the one point, even to the throne of God and the Lamb. What the final gathering will be who can conceive? The beloved John gives us a little peep within the veil, and tells us of a throne upon which sat One like a jasper and a sardine stone, with a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald; and round about the throne were elders, clothed in white raiment, having on their heads crowns of gold, and harpers, harping with their harps, and an innumerable company who are saying with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Oh, joyous concourse of happy brethren and sisters in the Lord, may we join thee in the Lord's appointed time!

But it may be asked, Will the teeming multitudes we see, who appear to have their faces Zionward, will they all reach heaven's centre? We shall be told we must not be illiberal, or judge others. "Judge not, that ye be not judged;" and, certainly, in chief the matter is between their own souls and their God; but one cannot help being struck with this fact, namely, that religion has its counterfeit as well as everything else, and that there will be some who will say, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name done many wonderful works?" of whom our Lord will say, "Depart from me, I never knew you." But they are good, amiable people, are they not? and do much to alleviate human suffering? They do, but we believe it all hinges in this one fact, namely, that there are many in this world who have A BOUNTIFUL HEART WITHOUT HAVING A BROKEN HEART. They are full of charity and good

works—their great desire is the welfare of others—they shine as excellent characters before the world, and yet are graceless before the Lord. Nor is this the case with laymen merely. There are many occupying the pulpits of our land, popular it may be, and who are even, in an eloquent manner, setting forth A gospel which looks plausible and suits the multitude, who yet know nothing of melting and soul-humbling grace. They have a bountiful heart, but not a broken heart before God. An instance just brought to our notice will illustrate our point, and we believe it is only one among thousands that might be given. An eminent servant of God was telling us, a few evenings ago, that he was intimately acquainted with one of the Queen's chaplains, a gentleman of high birth and intellect; upon attending a meeting at the West End of London, a speaker so set forth the character of sin and the need of a Saviour, that this Queen's chaplain became overwhelmed with this thought—"Why, for sixteen years I have been preaching Christ, and I know nothing savingly about Him! I have never felt what it is, till now, truly to be a sinner!" In this state of mind he went to bed, but not to rest. In the dead of the night he awoke his wife, saying, "My dear, I feel a great horror of darkness over me. I have been preaching a Christ for sixteen years, and have never personally found Him." She, being a child of God, and discerning his state, replied, "My dear, the hand of the Lord is upon you." After more wrestling, a flood of light broke in upon his soul. He saw Christ in a different light altogether, and he is now preaching Him with joy and peace in believing. Now this is but one case, among many that might be given, of the face turned apparently Zionward, but the heart remaining unchanged and unbroken; but one thing is certain, all who have truly their faces turned heavenwards by the Lord have experienced "*divine calling*;" and, by divine calling, we do not mean that general call or proclamation of the Gospel of which the Lord says, "Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of men," and again, "For many are called, but few chosen," but that spiritual and internal call which breaks the heart, effects a marvellous change, brings into the way of life, and sets the face Zionward, which call is marked by a personal intercourse between God and the soul, as well as the revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ as full of grace and mercy.

Sometimes this call is sudden and sharp, as in the case of the Apostle Paul—struck to the ground in a moment, and realizing such a change, that he responds, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" With others it is soft and more gradual: "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness." But, whether it be suddenly or softly, it will always be accompanied with brokenness of heart, contrition on account of sin, deep repentance towards God, a distaste for the world, and an appetite and relish for spiritual things. Dear reader, is this the precious call we know not a little about? Can we not put our souls to the test in this matter? and shall we not take the consolation that springs from this divine calling of the Lord? We love also to think of it as only one link of God's chain; another is connected with it, and another to that, and so on till the chain reaches the centre of heaven, and is wound round the throne of God, as the Apostle Paul so blessedly assures us. Moreover, "whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified. What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?" Ah, beloved, do we sufficiently think for our consolation of the security

that this effectual calling of the Lord brings us. It is not simply a calling out of the prison-house of sin into the sunshine of liberty, and then bidden to go on our way in creature strength, and do the best we can. Far from this, IT IS A CALL TO GLORY; and, in order to this, divine strength is promised for every inch of the way. And surely it will be needed, and as surely granted. Yes, our faces are put Zionward, that we may appear in Zion—no failure. True, the pathway may be chequered and interwoven with many a bitter trial—yet no failure. True, the sun may often be behind a cloud, leaving us, in feeling, gloomy and desponding—yet no failure. True, our steps may be slow, and the weight and pressure of earthly care may make us drag on heavily—still no failure. And why? Just because the whole work is God's, and the Eternal Three are concerned in it. And our conclusion and assurance of the whole matter may be this, namely, *that divine calling will end in divine crowning.* May the Lord give us faith to lay hold of this fact, for our comfort and joy.

And now, in conclusion, beloved, oh, what a mercy if the Lord has truly turned our faces Zionward, and we are daily pressing on towards heaven's centre! Ah! do we not find ourselves saying sometimes, "And can it be possible, dearest Lord, that I shall be there?"

"When Thou, my righteous Judge, shall come,
To call Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?"

Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! at the riches of God's grace and mercy—it melts my poor heart to think of it—I am being drawn homewards—inevitably progressing towards the eternal shore, where bliss awaits me. This is not a vision of the head—it is a blessed reality.

Beloved, oh what a mercy to have a heart fixed upon glory! How calculated to raise us above the things of time, and make us think lightly of the cares of life, especially when we keep the crown in view. The Lord bless you and keep you, so running that you may obtain; and, if we never meet on earth—having been by faith to that same sweet spot—earth's centre—the place called Calvary, where His enemies crucified Him—may we meet in heaven's centre, where, with His friends, we will glorify Him throughout the countless ages of eternity!

Yours in this hope,

Wanstead, Essex.

G. C.

A PRAYERLESS spirit is not the Spirit of Christ; but prayer to a Christian is as necessary and as natural as food to a natural man.—*Hart.*

IN heaven there are no prayers, but all praises. I am apt to think that there cannot be a clearer nor a greater argument of a man's right to heaven and ripeness for heaven than this—being much in the work of heaven here on earth. There is no grace but love, and no duty but thankfulness, that goes with us to heaven.—*Brooks.*

Words in Season for those who are Weary.

UNWILLINGNESS TO DIE.

THE question often arises in the mind, "How is it that the Lord's dear people are so unwilling to leave this world; so loth to lay aside the corruptible tenement of mortality, and to be 'clothed upon' with immortal life?" The question may appear startling to some as they read it, but long experience and close observation prove it to be correct. In the full vigour of health and heyday of life, it is not natural to wish to die; and, even when the tabernacle is tottering and crumbling to pieces, there is a wonderful tenacity in clinging to life; indeed, so much so, that not until we are brought into circumstances to induce it, can we truly and sincerely say with Job, "My soul chooseth death rather than life: I loathe it: I would not live alway." Granted, there may be exceptions to this general rule, but they are very rare; and, even then, it is not the habitual feeling with those who are possessed of it, since they can only at times soar above and beyond sublunary things, so as to be enabled to say with the Psalmist, "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?" This was not David's habitual cry either, for we find him in another place acknowledging that the cry came through his tears, which had "been his meat day and night," "because of the oppression of the enemy," and his "soul was cast down within him," through the continual taunt, "Where is thy God?" (Ps. xli.) Here David was brought into circumstances to elicit the feeling or desire of a change from earth to heaven. Again, in the midst of pining sickness and sore disease, when "lovers and friends stand aloof from his sore, and kinsmen stand afar off," the cry is once more wrung from him, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee;" yet, before he finishes his petition, nature asserts its dominion for the time being—"O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more" (Ps. xxxix.). But not to multiply instances in David's experience, Hezekiah's case was a remarkable one to prove what we are trying to show, viz., the backwardness, nay, we had almost said the unwillingness, of God's people to leave this world. When Isaiah came to him and said, "Thus saith the Lord, set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live," instead of rejoicing at the prospect, he turned his face toward the wall, and began pleading his own integrity before God as a reason for having his life prolonged. "And Hezekiah wept sore." The Lord graciously heard and hearkened, adding unto his days fifteen years. When he recovers, he writes down his feelings during his affliction—"I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave; I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord *in the land of the living.*" Does not this imply that he would rather have a faith's view of the Lord in his time's state, than a complete realization of His presence in the world to come? "*I shall see man no more with the inhabitants of the world.*" Does not this evidently manifest a clinging to earth, rather than a desire for companionship with the world of spirits? Yet, when the furnace had done its work, and he was restored to health again, he exhibited a very proper demeanour which the people

of God would do well to copy—he raised a song of praise and thanksgiving for his wonderful recovery. “The living, the living he shall praise Thee, as I do this day; the fathers to the children shall make known Thy truth.”

The sequel of Hezekiah’s history proves that, after all, it was not a wise prayer in so unreservedly asking for his days to be prolonged. It would have been more becoming had he framed his petition in accordance with, and submission to, God’s will; for he afterwards, in the pride of his heart, committed a sad mistake in the matter of the Babylonian visit to him—a mistake which cost his successors all the treasures upon which his heart was set, together with untold evils and miseries to his descendants and kingdom.

Again, the heavenly-minded Moses had a strong wish that his life might be spared to pass over Jordan to enter into the typical Canaan. His desire was expressed in the following language—“And I besought the Lord at that time, saying, O Lord God, Thou hast begun to show Thy servant Thy greatness, and Thy mighty hand: for what God is there, in heaven or in earth, that can do according to Thy works, and according to Thy might? I pray Thee let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon.” The Lord did not see fit to answer this prayer, as Moses goes on to say, “But the Lord was wroth with me for your sakes, and would not hear me: and the Lord said unto me, Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter” (Deut. iii. 23—26). The apostle Paul may perhaps be cited as an instance to the contrary of the premises here laid down, but was he not, as he himself describes it, “in deaths oft”? and so frequently brought into the *condition*, that he was enabled by divine grace to look above and beyond this present life, and say, “To depart and be with Christ is far better.” Why Paul? Because there was ever present to his mind bonds and imprisonments, ending in a martyr’s death. It is natural, then, we again say, to shrink from death; and it is only when the new man, or spiritual nature, gains the ascendancy, and we are brought into *circumstances* to induce it, either by trials, losses, bereavements, or bodily afflictions, that we get tired of this world, and are made willing to plunge into the unseen and eternal. We are so constituted, that sense is stronger than faith; else, if the latter were always in exercise, our souls would be continually ascending up to heaven with longing desires to behold Him whom we best love—Jesus, our personal Saviour. How natural for those who are parents to wish to see their children grow up, then settled in life, and finally to be spared to hear the prattling voices of children’s children; or those who have none may be desirous of maturing some plan they have long had in contemplation, and when that is accomplished, together with all their schemes for this world, they are yet in no eager haste to quit it, and the summons, were it to come suddenly, would find each and all, very probably, the opposite of what our Lord enjoined upon His disciples—“watching.” Even Job, when in prosperity of body and soul, with the candle of the Lord shining round about him, when he was a blessing to all around him, and his righteousness stood very high in his own estimation (see chap. xxix.), at such a time he said, “I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the sand.” Here was evidently a desire for long life, and poor Job had to be brought into terribly afflictive circumstances before he could say from his heart, “I would not live always.”

But we again revert to the question with which we set out, "Why this unwillingness to leave a world where we are forced to confess 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit'?" It is true that when we are first brought to know the Lord, our love to Him is so fervent, that, like the man when dispossessed of the unclean spirits, he prayed Jesus that he might be with Him, so we, in the ardour of first love, think we should like to depart at once and be with Christ, instead of patiently working out whatever God designs in our conversion. "For no man liveth unto himself." To come to a point, it must be that our love grows colder, and, as we older grow, the world entwines itself more closely around our hearts, so that, if our thoughts were thoroughly and honestly sifted, they would be, "Not yet, Lord; spare me a little longer." Perhaps, to some extent, this may be a right feeling, for it is certainly sinful to quarrel with God's plans, or to endeavour to shirk our work, however difficult or unpleasant it may be; still we contend that the premises hold good, and we are really not as anxious as we ought to be to behold the face of our Lord in glory. No doubt the fear of death may, to a large degree, influence many of us; and, if we could escape that ordeal, how gladly would we be ushered into the presence of our glorious Lord, to see Him as He is, and to be like Him. What is it which delivers from the fear of death? Why, full assurance of our union with a risen Christ. But how very few of us enjoy this full assurance, and how many, alas, rest satisfied considerably short of it! It is no unusual thing to hear the people of God lament their want of it, but seldom do we see them striving earnestly to obtain it; consequently, they are satisfied with low attainments in the divine life, instead of "pressing towards the mark of our *high* calling of God in Christ Jesus." Yes, it is a high calling to be made sons of God and heirs of heaven. Oh, that we could realize more our glorious privilege, and strive to live more above earthly things, for "the fashion of this world passeth away!" Brethren, the time is short, and very soon the Master will come and call for us, whether we are looking out for Him or not. "Blessed are those servants whom when He cometh He shall find watching."

The end of all things is at hand; the times we live in are most momentous, and the events daily taking place both thrilling and astounding; everything seems to denote that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh, and not the least the small amount of real faith discoverable in the professedly Christian world, according to the question propounded by Christ Himself, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" While the state of the world at large appears rapidly to be reaching that pitch when human remedy is impossible; witness the attempts made by leading men of the day to improve this or that institution, or propose this or the other enactment to better the condition of mankind; while that huge bugbear—education—appals the senses of the wisest among us, and puzzles the ingenuity of its chief promoters to solve the difficult problem. Fellow believers, be it ours to keep close to Christ, to follow Him through evil and through good report, to look less at the things which are seen and are temporal, and more at the things which are not seen, by the eye of faith, that, when it shall be said to us, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee," we may be ready to obey the summons with joy and not with grief, gladly leaving all we have loved and cherished here below for the mansions He has gone before to prepare for His blood-bought family, according to His own most gracious promise that "Where I am, there ye may be also."

May we be ever on the watch for His glorious appearing, and may the language of our hearts be, in sincerity and in truth, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Manchester.

A LITTLE ONE.

CHRIST IS ALL—A CHOICE AND "STANDING DISH"
FOR 1772—1873.

"Whoever will, come, buy and eat freely; without money and without price."
February, 1772.

My dear friend has been thinking, "Well, I could not have expected such neglect; a letter sent in October and not answered in January; I am surprised; what can be the meaning of it?" I answer, to my shame, that I am grown very lazy and good for nothing. It is high time I was dismissed from the vineyard; and any other master but mine would have had nothing to do with me long ago. I cannot but loathe myself, and stand wondering daily at His kindness. Never was self lower, and His loveliness higher, than in this new year. Worthless as I am, beyond all conception, yet He began the year with vouchsafing me some delightful Pisgah views. You must know it has been a custom with me for many years to have a sermon on the New Year's Day, and to have the text as a sort of watch-word, something very short and striking, and which may serve believers to feast upon a twelvemonth. I have found this very useful to myself, and so have others. Our text for 1772 was, "*Christ is all.*" I send you some remarks, believing you will have fellowship with us in them, as you certainly have in that adorable Person of whom they treat.

Christ has all the fulness of salvation in Him as God-man; and He has it to the glory of the Father, and of the eternal Spirit; for it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell, as in the Head for the use of His members. And it pleased the Holy Spirit to testify of His fulness in the Scriptures; and it pleases Him, by His grace, to bring believers to use it, and to live upon it; and then they are truly converted. All other experience is not worth one farthing. The great work of the Holy Ghost is to pull down *self*, and to exalt *Christ*. This He does effectually, and this He has done in you. Think what your debt is; try to cast it up, and send me the sum total. Say how much do you owe to the Holy Spirit for enlightening your understanding, and convincing you that Christ is the one Sun of the spiritual world. What a most blessed change has He wrought upon your mind! He has stript you of the knowledge that puffeth up; and has sent you to Christ, and to none but Christ, to be taught the things of God. He has brought you humbled to the Saviour's feet, where you are sitting among His lowest scholars (and that is the best place) to hear His words. Thus He has glorified your Divine Prophet in you; and in the matter of teaching He has made Christ your *all*. The Bible, and ministers, and means, have now got their right place; they are subservient to Christ's teaching. He is exalted by your use of them; for you do not go to them, but to *Him* in them, to receive lesson upon lesson, and line upon line. Thus may you and I be found waiting upon our Lord and Master through the year '72. And when we thus put honour upon His office, and give glory to His teaching, we may expect to learn much of Him. He will

guide our feet in the way of peace; He will enlarge our faculties to know more of the wonders of His grace; and He will enable us to enjoy more of the heavenly sweetness of His precious love. Yes, Lord, we have great expectations from Thee. Thou canst teach us far more than we have yet learned. Oh, make us every day humbler scholars (Amen), that, whatever we learn, the praise of it may be Thine, and our growth in saving knowledge may add to Thy fame and renown!

Methinks I hear you ask, "But how shall I know for certain that I am one of Christ's scholars, and that He has indeed taken me under His tuition and teaching?" My dear madam, you are to know it from what you have learned of Him. You cannot be certain of it any other way. He would have you to look at His revealed truth, and to try yourself by it. Has not He made you wise in it unto salvation? O do, pray do, acknowledge what He has done for your soul. When you were sensible of your fallen state, in which you inherit a corrupt nature, and felt that in it you could do nothing but sin, when guilt was on your conscience, and fear was in your heart, what was it which brought you relief? to what did you look for pardon? and from whence did you expect peace with God? Your answer will show whether you are Christ's scholar, and how far you have advanced in His school. I can make you reply (for I heard you say as much), "Why, to be sure, I have no hope but in that offering *which perfecteth for ever*, and in that righteousness which justifieth from all things. This is my salvation, this and nothing else, *Christ is all*. I expect no pardon but in His blood, no justification but in His obedience, no safety but in His keeping, no happiness but in His love, no heaven but in the enjoyment of Immanuel."

Very well. This is a good confession. But who taught it you? Was it not Jesus—He who alone teacheth man saving knowledge? Has not He opened your eyes to see, and your heart to receive, those most blessed truths? Yes, He has. And do you praise Him as He deserves? O no. A thought often comes into your head, "If I had learned those things of Christ, how could it be that I am so little and so seldom comforted by them? They are full of all consolation, and I am sometimes quite empty; how can this be?" I will tell you, my good friend. The very same thought comes into my head and plagues me. But I get the better of it. Consider where it is written, "He that is comforted shall be saved." You are called upon to trust the work of Christ, and to trust it for yourself, upon the word of Christ. His work is your whole salvation; His word, and nothing in yourself—(Here I should stop. This is the end of my paper. But I cannot get done; you must let me finish my sentence, although it be to your cost. Well, you will forgive me; I proceed)—His word, and nothing in yourself, is to be your lawful warrant to call this salvation your own, and to use it for your own. Rest here, giving credit to the free promise of salvation to all that will receive it, and I will lay my life of it you will not want comfort long. You will have God's faithfulness for your security that you are a saved sinner; and the belief of this cannot but bring peace and joy into your heart. According to your faith, so will your comfort be. But if you rest not here, get comfort where you will, it will not be true; it cannot be lasting. Not *true*, because all comfort dwells in Christ; everything else is emptiness and vanity; not *lasting*, because frames, feelings, habits, graces, joys, &c., ebb and flow. Only Christ abideth the same for ever, and only His unchangeable word can fix your comfort. Trust it; make

it your constant warrant to go to Christ for comfort, and He cannot deny His word: according to your faith, so will He give unto you.

Do not think, my good friend, I would have you to walk mourning and melancholy. No. There is nothing in Christ to make you so. He is all light, and life, and love, and joy without ceasing; an infinite and everlasting fulness of all blessings. I would lead you to Him in the direct road, which is to lead you out of self entirely. Christ is the way, look more at Him, and less at self; trust more to Him, and less to your faith or comforts; live upon nothing in yourself, but live every moment upon Him; do not eye His gifts so much, fix your heart upon the Giver; be always thinking of His fulness whenever you feel your own emptiness; whatever you are, or do, or suffer, let all things bring you to make (forgive me, I must go on; I take up another half sheet, and I beseech you, again and again, let all things bring you to make) use of Christ. Read about Him. Go to your closet to converse with Him. Go to church to meet Him. Make Him your Companion. Accustom your mind to meditate upon Him. Pray without ceasing to Him as your bosom Friend. Do not be shy of Him. He hates shyness. Draw near; He bids you come with *boldness*; vile, unthankful, unprofitable, as you are, His dear heart is always open to hear your complaints, and to relieve your distresses, be they what they will. Remember, He is the Sun of our world, and you cannot be thus always in His presence without being enlightened by His rays, and cherished with His warm beams. When any are cold within doors, and see the sun shining sweetly, they do not ask, "Is it *my* sun? May I go out to walk in this noon-day brightness, and get myself warm in this delightful sunshine? Is it for me?" Yes, make use of it, who will; it shines for you; Christ is as freely yours as that sunshine. You may walk in His light, and enjoy His comforts. You may take Him for your righteousness and your holiness; you may live on Him for grace and glory. He is yours, and all He has is yours also, and for your use to-day and for ever.

Thus you see, my good friend, how we intend to live in London through the year 1772. *Christ is our all*, not only in our title to salvation, but also in our present enjoyment of its blessings. We expect a great income, and all from Christ. Our faith in Him is not an empty notion (as the world thinks), but it is a reality. Christ is the substance; all besides is shadow; and by faith we now take possession of the substance. We live by Him, and we live on Him. We need envy nobody. What are princes to us? Our estate is vastly beyond theirs! The inheritance is sure; the riches unsearchable, and the income, *ask and have*; and that increasing through eternity. Oh blessed, most blessed inheritance! The prospect is not that of Moses. He only saw the country, but we go over Jordan. We, who have believed, do enter into rest. We are living in the land which floweth with milk and honey, which is the glory of all lands. An heir of this country may live in the poorest cottage at K—, and yet be richer than a king. If he live this year, as he should do, by the faith of the Son of God, what are the riches of emperors compared to his? He can look into his title-deeds, and there read two clauses, which make him rich, even beyond conception—*all things are yours, and yours for ever*.

I know what you will think, as well as if I heard you tell me your thoughts. I am acquainted with the vile suggestions of the enemy. He may tempt you to doubt these truths on account of your having still

so many wants. They make us rich; for we can want nothing but it is in Christ's fulness, and laid up there for us. This makes way for a constant intercourse between you and Christ, and keeps up a holy friendship in giving and receiving. By this means a sweet familiarity will be maintained, and a growing intimacy cherished. Christ requires you would be free with Him, and draw largely upon His bank. Every moment you want something. Christ says, "Here it is; come to me for it. I can deny you nothing." O go to Him at His bidding, and put honour upon His love. Your many, your great wants, will only give Him occasion to show how much He loveth you. He has for you bowls of the tenderest compassion. He feels for you more than you can think. Blessed is that want; look at it by faith, and you will find it so, which brings you to Christ for a supply.

Do you want *Temporals*? read my grant, Matt. vi. 32; or *Spirituals*? trust my promise, Eph. i. 3; or *Eternals*? look at my gift, in Rom. vi. 23; and be assured I will withhold from you no manner of thing that is good. Stand upon this ground, and here survey your wants, be they what they will. Trust Christ for a supply. Live like a Christian, by the faith of the Son of God, for temporals, spirituals, and eternals; this is living; this is HOLY living; for you cannot be thus receiving every moment out of Christ's fulness, but you must feel some gratitude to your Divine Friend, and a growing willingness to be His debtor for grace; and to be one of His pensioners for glory. This is HIGH living. For then has the Holy Spirit magnified Jesus in you upon earth, when you make Him *all* and in *all*; and then has He given you the certain earnest that He will bring you to heaven, where you will find Jesus *all* and in *all*, for ever and ever.

This is a little touch of our New Year's gift. Pray tell Miss W——r it is our standing dish for 1872; I wish her a good stomach to feast on it with us; it is food and physic; I know she likes it. I do not doubt but in a very little time she and I shall sit down at the King's own table, and feast with Him and on Him, and bless Him as long as we have our being. Pray tell them at next door that *Christ is all*. And tell my dear little Vicar, to whom my heart is knit, to exalt Christ. Up with Him, Mr. B——; come, try; up with Him a little higher. Pray, and preach, and live, that Christ be exalted. God bless the lifting up of Christ in K——'s pulpit! Amen.

W. ROMAINE.

HOME DUTIES.

SOME of the best husbands and fathers whom we know have some one or more evenings which they assign to home-life. They consider themselves engaged to spend such allotted hours with their wives and children. Why not? What early obligation is more sacred? What claim or engagement should interfere with it? Moreover, these model husbands and fathers are always inventing topics, or games, or occupation, that shall make the allotted time they spend at home as pleasant and instructive as possible. Why not? Should a man devote all his genius to making money, or sermons, or lectures, or editorials, or inventions, and never try it on home-life, on the nature of his children, on the comfort of his wife? There are various opinions about what is the great question of the day. We think it is the home question. And our homes are to decide the future of civilization. Let us look to them.

Pilgrim Papers.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY A MOTHER (RECENTLY DECEASED)

"Cared for, watched over, loved, and forgiven."

WHEN excluded from active duty, how pleasant to recall the past, and feel that nothing happens by chance, but that we are led by a loving hand from step to step, and that our lives and all "hang upon its bounty!" A few remembrances may not be uninteresting to her children, and therefore, with God's help, she makes a beginning, hoping that His own power and goodness may be seen, that others may say, "See, what God has wrought!"

A *timid*, shrinking girl, passed over by a busy crowd, with nothing particularly to attract, I was the companion of my own thoughts, and when *very young* my mind was particularly arrested with the solemn thought that death was entailed on ALL, *through sin*; and, young as I was, I used to think what a pity that Adam's transgression should prevent our always living in Paradise! I knew nothing of redeeming love, a theme which angels desired to look into, and nothing of my own heart, that it was *blood-bought*. I only knew that my religion was the *dead*, cold religion of ordinances, which I attended, child-like, as others did, not knowing that God had said, "Those who worship *me*, must *worship in SPIRIT* and in truth," and "it is the Spirit that quickeneth." My Bible was a school-book, sometimes having to learn a long punishment-lesson from it, which, instead of making one love it as the Book of books, it was regarded as a task-book, and nothing more. Truly has it been said—

"Precious Bible, what a treasure
Does the Word of God afford!"

Years passed on, and days of discipline came (days far more precious than the most prosperous). Thrown on my own responsibility at an early age, I left my friends to reside with a wealthy lady as *her own daughter*, at Maida Hill, London (a widow without family, known to some part of our home circle). Her home was like fairyland, and among her household was a warm, intelligent page, about seventeen, wanting to go all over the world, as he used to say (I mention him, as I shall have occasion to name him again). The lady's name was Mrs. B—. Her husband had amassed a large amount of money from agricultural pursuits. I think her income was about £1,600 annually. I had only known her from representation before we met. A very fine, handsome person she was, but totally destitute of any mental powers. Her greatest qualification was being fond of music, and as I knew a little (at any rate, enough to give her pleasure), I was often seated at a *very* brilliant piano in her drawing-room, entertaining herself and friends, a large number of them moving in good society, but most of them retired from business. I do not know how it was, but I became a favourite, and used (country-girl like) to be interested in all that was shown me—costly jewelry, and dresses far richer than I had ever before seen (how often I recall now this wasted time). She was very kind to me, but bitter to her domestics, sending them off just at her own caprice, caring little for their minds,

what they did or where they went. Many were the sorrows of my own heart at their treatment, and a bitter one it was when I found I should often have to accompany Mrs. B. to a Roman Catholic chapel; the sexton being well paid, always ensured a seat. The singing was lovely, as mostly professionals were engaged, but this was all, for neither of us understood a word. I must tell you that she was a church person, and sometimes we went to church together, but very rarely, perhaps taking a walk instead, or staying at home chatting. The desolation I felt I cannot describe; my spirit soared for something *better*, but I knew not what. I thought I would venture to tell of my own *early habits*, and ask to go to church alone, for I felt it essential to my own comfort, though I must say I always had to go to an evening service with a nephew of Mrs. B.'s, whom she wished to be regarded as something more than a friend, embellishing it with lots of kind promises. We both used to smile at it, but it made no impression, at least upon me. The time which I particularly wish to write came. It was a lovely Sabbath morning, and, as Mrs. B. was not coming down, I breakfasted alone; after which, I went to her room, and named that I should be very pleased to go to Paddington Church, and, as I knew the Wilson family, I thought I should be sure of a seat. "Go, by all means, my dear!" was the ready response. The Rev. Mr. Campbell preached without eloquence, but a sermon such as I can never forget. The church was crammed, and, on asking for the Wilsons' pew, I was told it was full, without a free seat even to rest after a long walk. I stood in the aisle the whole time. The text was James i. 13. Such a sermon I had never before heard. The good seed had fallen, I trust, through the power of divine grace, to spring up into eternal life. I never felt like it before. It seemed, like Lydia of old, that my heart was opened to receive the truth by the Spirit of the Lord breathing into it His blessed fruits—love, peace, and gentleness, &c., &c., and a longing to "sound it out aloud that all the world might hear." Never can I forget the holy joy which pervaded every thought. On leaving the church, my mind was richly feeding on Bible truths, and feared I should meet any friend to break my train of thought. I had a long walk, but it was like the walk to Emmaus, for my heart had been *changed*, and it was drinking *deeply* from the wells of salvation. On my return home, I met Mrs. B. at the garden gate. * * * A daughter of the deceased writes as follows:—

A mother's love, who can fathom its depths? so pure, so tender, so unselfish! This is what we have lost, the *love* of a *Christian* mother, whose greatest desire was to see her children walk in the truth; to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

It was my great privilege to be much with my dear mamma during her last illness, and its being your wish, dear papa, I thought I would try to recall a few of the sweet truths she uttered, and also copy a few extracts from letters which I possess. From the commencement of dear mamma's illness, she had an impression that her stay here would be very short, and often spoke of her departure. She said, "My time is come, my work is done." Though her sufferings were at times excruciating, never a murmur escaped her lips. She was sweetly grateful to those around her who tried to relieve her pain. From the nature of her complaint, it was thought she might die very suddenly (which she herself did not believe), but she lingered five weeks and four days from the time she took to her bed. At times darling mamma was very light-headed, but her thoughts were always in the strain she loved best, and she often mentioned "dear

departed friends." On one occasion, after passing a most suffering night, her mind was so calm and happy, full of love to Jesus and longings for flight. For nearly a week, dear mamma's mind was full of sacred music, and talking about all those she had known and loved. One dear lady friend she mentioned particularly, and in a most remarkable manner, such as those present will never forget. Dear mamma had been sleeping for a short time, and immediately she opened her eyes, she exclaimed, "I have seen my dear old friend, Mary Wells (this lady has been dead about 25 years); she is waiting at the gates of heaven to receive me. My dear old friend said to me, 'Well, you are come at last; I am so delighted to welcome you: here are great mansions and grand palaces; now, which will you occupy?' And I said to her, 'Neither, neither, neither, Mary dear, all I desire is to kneel at my Saviour's feet; I want nothing great or grand, only Jesus.'"

Dear mamma's mind continued in this happy state for some days after, dwelling upon the glorious future. She was very fond of hymns, and remembered a great number, often repeating them to us; her favourites were, "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," "Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone," &c. "It is Jesus that can give," which she wished to have put on her cards, substituting "Jesus" for "religion"; for dear mamma said, "there are so many religions now, and it is only Jesus who can give," &c.

I remember one morning, when she was *very low*, really shedding tears "that she could not pray." Just at that moment, the Rev. J. B. Clifford being announced, her face lighted up with a most beaming smile, saying, with great emphasis, "*Oh, I am so glad!*" His visit comforted her very much, and she repeatedly said, "God sent him to me." She remained quieter all the day; in the evening had a little sleep. I went up to see her about ten o'clock; found her alone with Caroline, talking in such a happy strain. She said to me, "My dear child, I have perfect peace; my peace flows like a river. The Lord is dealing *so gently* with me, just giving me as much pain as he knows I can bear. How wonderful this calm is; I feel quite a marvel to myself. I am on the borders of the grave, yet I have *no fear, no care, no trouble*; I am kept in *perfect peace*. This tabernacle is being pulled down, but my hope is in God. He is taking me unto Himself. I have been thinking where I should go for quiet this Christmas, but now He has decided for me. I am going home to be with Jesus, where I shall have sweet rest." She then asked us to pray, but we seemed *dumb*; and, while we were hesitating, our poor darling commenced herself such a sweet prayer, mentioning each one of her loved ones at the throne of grace, not forgetting the "little lambs."

I have read often of such calmness in the prospect of death, but could never realize it; *now* I have seen it, I can *never forget* this day. In the morning the anguish (for such it was) of our precious one that "she could not pray"; at night, the *peaceful calm* which filled her soul. I believe it was granted in answer to Mr. C——'s prayer.

On a previous occasion dear mamma said, "I have given up all—every one but my dear husband; I don't like leaving him behind, but I know grace will be given even for that." She often spoke of her great love for you, dear—of your goodness, kindness to her all through her many years of suffering. You know, dear, she did not like you to sleep in her room to see her suffer, often telling me to take you away and comfort

you. She also often spoke to others of you, bidding them take care of you when she was gone. One night Fred. and I were watching darling mamma, whilst the nurses were at supper; she was asleep; suddenly she awoke, saying, "He is beckoning me; He is coming now." I said, "Who, darling?" She quietly murmured, "Jesus." We thought for the moment the time had come, but she soon slept again. When speaking of death she would say, "There is no death to the Christian; it is simply going home to be with Jesus; the sting of death is taken away. How I long to see Him whom my soul loveth! Dear Lord, give me a *patient spirit*." When in great suffering dear mamma would often fear she was impatient, and would say, "Patience, dear Lord; give me patience." Often she said, "I wonder if I shall go home to-night; I am always waiting, watching, listening for the summons." One night, being *very ill*, she sent for us all to her room; she said, "Oh, my children, shed tears of joy that your poor suffering mother is so soon to be released; rejoice with me." Dear mamma often told us "not to pray that she might live;" and on one occasion, being told that she was a little better, she said, "I don't wish to come back to earth again." The day Dr. M—— saw her, in consultation with Mr. D——, she asked the former his opinion of her. After they had left she beckoned me to her, and so *quietly* said, "I knew I could not stay, dear; I am as happy as a little bird to go!" After this our precious mother's mind became clouded, and she could not see Jesus; the disease had made such progress that her sufferings were fearful, and her weakness extreme. She was at times very drowsy, in a sort of stupor, and spoke but little. At one time she murmured, "I am so disappointed." I said, "At what, darling?" She answered, "I did not think I should halt so long in the valley;" and repeatedly said, "So dark; there is no light." Yet she did not lose her confidence; for, on Carrie's saying that, "He who had been with her all the way would not now forsake her," she most emphatically replied, "No, never; no, never." At another time she said, "He has loved me with an everlasting love;" repeated the text, "And thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins." Then again our poor darling would say, "I cannot see Jesus; it is all dark—no light." Once, the night before she died, she prayed, "Dear Lord, what wish I, for Thou hast made Thy poor child willing; I love Thee; Thou lovest me; give me patience, dear Lord."

It is impossible, my dear papa, to write down all we heard our sweet departed mother utter, but I have tried to recall a little. I need not describe *the last scene*; it is, I KNOW, indelibly written in the hearts of all who witnessed it; but we have the fullest confidence and comfort in knowing our much-loved mother is a saint in glory. Oh, sweet thought! May we all remember her dying counsels, and follow her example, and then we may hope to meet again.

Dec., 1872.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED FROM MY MOTHER.

(In Germany.)

"1856.—We were thankful to get your nice little note, and to hear that all is indeed well. Oh, how grateful we ought to feel to the Giver of all good! Dear, precious girl, strive to keep your heart with all diligence towards the things pertaining to eternal life. May you be kept from every evil is the prayer, the heartfelt prayer, of your mother."

"I am still very weak, though privileged to go to St. Matthew's

Church yesterday in a wheel-chair. Oh, what a treat to hear so faithful a preacher as Mr. Clifford—*so solemn!* It is indeed one of my highest earthly pleasures to sit under his ministry.”

“I often sigh for the presence of my dear child. Nothing would make me consent to our distant separation but for her own future benefit. May you richly reap every advantage—may God bless you, dear, abundantly.”

Dear mamma tells me of her anticipated removal from Portland Square, and writes—“I feel indeed rejoiced, for this has been a house in which I have had the most painful suffering—one in which I have had little true comfort; for it is much too low and damp for the afflictions that I am called to bear; so, my dear, we will hope that our next home may be more cheering—such where (if it be God’s will) your own dear mother may know the blessing of health. I cannot tell you where we shall go; we must look for guidance to our Heavenly Father, who has promised to be the Guide and Counsellor of those who love Him ‘even until death;’ so then, dear, you have long known *where my treasure is*; not on earth, for nothing short of *Jesus* can give me satisfaction. Every day I live proves to me that He is the *Chief* among ten thousand. I can truly say, ‘*Dear Name, the rock on which I build.*’”

“I have been again very unwell, though I think it is one of my spring attacks; but quietness, and my kind, attentive doctor, Mr. O—— (with God’s blessing), will do much for me. Oh, my darling, how safe, secure we are with such a loving Saviour as our Friend; we have only to *trust* and *not fear*, and all things will work together for our good. I hope, my darling, you will strive to be His; you will soon find that religion’s ways are indeed “ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” Oh, what peace, dear, can equal this? The peace which passeth knowledge. I know, my darling, you will love your mother’s caution, and when you are older you will better understand the hopes and fears which rise alternately. My own sweet child, may God give you a believing heart, &c.

“You will like to know that I am a visitor to your friend, Miss King,* from whom I feel it difficult to separate myself; she is such a sweet, suffering person. Oh, how much does her sick room teach! Her mind is ‘perfect peace’ in the midst of bodily agony, and her joy such that neither the *wealth* or wisdom of this world can impart. She makes many affectionate inquiries for you, my precious Millie. Oh, may we both speak *experimentally* of the sweet love of Jesus!”

“This has been a sweet season of peace to me. I seem to feel that God is prolonging my stay on earth for wise purposes; perhaps to counsel my children, and direct them in the way of truth. Though I may not be permitted to see the work of grace *begun*, I would hope that a pious holy example may not have been without its blessings. I am writing, my precious child, with an overflowing heart of love, and with tears in my eyes, *fearing* the many temptations around you may draw your heart from Jesus. I hope, my dear, you will ponder these things, and be *very cautious* whom you select as *friends*, though ever show the kindest feeling towards EVERYONE. I certainly want to see you intelligent, but ten thousand times more would I desire to see you *pious*. God is our *only safety*, whether we live or die. I have enjoyed much of His love and

* The dear afflicted friend, whose case was stated in this Magazine some three or four years ago, and who has been on her sick-bed for 18 years. When able to call and see her, we find the same difficulty to leave that happy, cheerful sick-room that the beloved Mrs. Smith speaks of.—Ed.

presence lately (for salvation is no future, but present, happiness), that I have such an impulse to magnify His Name continually; more especially to my own immediate dear circle, that they too may be partakers of joys that never fade. To-morrow is a *sunny* Sabbath for us all. I hope I have most truly gone to the house of God with *gladness*, and been fed with the bread of heaven. Do you read the little portions *daily*? We can think of each other in them. May this morning's *not* be the case with my dear child.

"They despised the pleasant land.' Oh, no; let us be heavenward bound together—let nothing this vain world can offer hinder us. We only know *true peace, true joy*, when we are *Christ's*.

"My illnesses have been so calm and peaceful that none but *Jesus* could give such happiness; and my every day's experience testify the deep *REALITY* of true vital godliness. Yes, my precious Millie, I need have *no other* wish for you and the many so dearly loved by me than that you may be *God's dear children*, through faith in Christ Jesus. I can truly say, *through grace* I am what I am. *I know* that 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.' I go to St. Matthew's Church in a wheel-chair. When fine it is such a rejoicing to me to see my dear family *again* under the ministry of our faithful and earnest pastor, Mr. Clifford, from whose lips I have so often been fed by the *bread of life*, which liveth and endureth *for ever*. Dear, precious child, may you understand these truths experimentally; you would *never* lament choosing the 'good part,' which cannot be taken from you."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED DURING MY STAY AT DEVONPORT.

"1868.—Dearest 'papa' is just gone to church. Oh, how I longed to accompany him; for it is *there* that my sweetest earthly hours have been passed, and it is now six or seven Sabbaths since the privilege was mine to join in the congregation of the Lord's people. I love to hear of ministers faithfully preaching Christ and *nothing else*; for He *ALONE* can do poor sinners good. How much I am daily made to feel this; and especially when languor is portioned me, I seem to feel the force of this sweet little verse—

'I have *no cares*, O blessed Lord,
For all my cares are *Thine*.
I live in triumph *now*, O Lord,
For Thou hast made *Thy* triumphs mine.'

Sweet truth, my precious child, and one which nothing but the *power* of religion can impart. No *form* of words—no church exaltation—but *Christ alone*. May you see your loving Saviour in all that is proclaimed. Oh, how tenderly He loved the young; and *He does now*, and He wants to gather the lambs in His arms, that He *may guide them*, and give them eternal glory."

"I went to church; the text was, 'Blessed is the man whose trust is in the Lord.' They are words of comfort and security, and which all might realize. Oh, how sweet has been the retirement of my own sick room; it seems a time when we are *more alone* with God, whose love towards us prompts affliction; and the being taken away from busy scenes of duty gives time for thoughtful reflection. Thus it is, my dearest, that we are being taught to confide in that Heavenly Friend who is about our path by day, and our bed by night."

"How sweet to *know* that we have such a Heavenly Friend—One who ever cares for us, and is ordering all things for our permanent good. I

hope my precious child does not forget Him, and that, in the multitude of mercies which she daily receives, she does not omit the song of praise and thanksgiving. Oh, how often are we tempted to hurry over this sweet *privilege* of prayer; but, in the language of the little hymn—

‘He who knows the *worth* of prayer,
But wishes often to be there.’

My heart is very full of the one great theme, ‘Salvation through Christ our Saviour;’ and I am so earnestly desiring that all dear to me should *realize* that sweet peace which now *over twenty years* it has been my happiness to know and possess, and daily experience tells me that in the world there can be no abiding joy; but Jesus is ‘the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.’”

“I often think of Mr. R—— with much reverence. His happy, bright look was so striking, and he so forcibly reminded me of our Lord’s people of old, waiting for their goodly inheritance, purchased through the precious blood of the Lamb—even Jesus! One would think we could never cease to love such a Friend; but, alas! our hearts are prone to evil. We cannot do what we would; but *Christ* is all-sufficient; His strength is made perfect in our weakness; so that we can say, ‘When I am weak then I am strong.’”

“My dear aunt lies still in the same dangerous state. Her poor legs are now filling with water, so there seems but little hope of recovery; she has always been like my own second mamma. I scarcely feel resigned to part with her, but God’s will be done. She has long been clinging to the *Rock* of safety (even to Jesus, her precious Saviour), and now she is *peacefully reposing* underneath its shelter. Such, darling, is the sustaining influence of *true religion*, and without which this world would be a *dreary waste*. May it stimulate us, dear, in the path to heaven, and may God’s Holy Spirit be our Comforter and our Guide unto death.”

“Miss Masters dines with us to-day. You know, dear, how *I love her visits*; and why? Because we have such *true sympathy* in all that is most important and most precious to both; and oh, my precious, what peace it brings ‘to know God is life eternal.’ How sustaining have been these truths in afflicted India; they have disarmed *death* of every terror, and given a glorious entrance into a far brighter and happier world.”

“*We know* that God only afflicts *in love*, and it is by trial upon trial that our minds become *subdued*, and then we feel that we must look to the Great Supporter (God Himself), and we are led to ask, ‘Lord, what wouldst Thou have me do?’ and then, my precious, comes in the *balm*, ‘Behold the Lamb of God!’ Thus it is that we can take our trials to Him, and we are permitted to *feel* that He giveth strength to the humble, and that no good thing will He withhold from those who love Him. This is the *experience* that *I want my darling to have*; the earlier in life it is obtained, the greater peace and joy. There are only two ways—*life and death*.”

[The departed Mrs. SMITH, to whom the foregoing refers, was for many years a reader of this Magazine; and, by her removal, we are reminded of the danger of delays, for we had long purposed to call and make her personal acquaintance. Her bereaved husband tells us with what interest, during her long and deep affliction, she would listen to his reading

this work. On a Sunday morning, some months before she was called hence, she expressed a wish to attend the service at St. Luke's Church. Her kind-hearted husband readily acquiesced; and that morning (if we mistake not) was the only occasion upon which we ever saw one of whom we had heard so much, and for whose character we entertained the highest esteem and regard.—ED.]

ROOT AND FRUIT.

WE live in a day of wondrous combination. Everything is effected now by societies, companies, unions, associations, clubs, congresses, alliances, all of which doubtless have their bright and dark side. The children of God have fallen into the track likewise, and they have their conferences in various places. Man is a gregarious animal, and it is a spiritual instinct in the new man in Christ to search after, and unite with, those who, with similar experience, hopes, and blissful end in view, can interchange thought upon the dearest and most important of all subjects, the interests of the soul. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear of such gatherings among the people of God, who look forward with pleasure to their annual return. There is something akin to heaven in these voluntary gatherings of a body of believers to sing the praises of the Lamb once slain, to unite in worship, and to hear the Word of God read and expounded by men under the teachings of the Spirit at such seasons. Snatched from the engagements and employments of time, both hearers and speakers seem under the more express power of the Holy Ghost; the solemn impression is felt, Verily, God is here; and, refreshed in spirit, they separate, divided, it may be, by distance, by denomination, by death, but it comes true through it all.

“You may break, you may ruin, the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

But is there no shady side to this bright picture? Does Satan lay no traps to catch the unwary, the ignorant, and the wise? Yea, that he does, and more, very likely, than he has ready for the world at large. “One devil at market, but ten devils at church,” is an old proverb that tells a true tale of things as they are. There is danger on every side where a child of God is, and, the more truth and the more union, the greater is the enmity of Satan to the gathering of the saints, whether many or few. There is one especial, spot of danger to which every speaker is liable to fall into, and that is to maintain union at the expense of truth. When men meet for religious conference it is in a spirit of unity. But this cannot always be preserved if men who are led deeper into God's truth by the Spirit are outspoken and true to the doctrines that they have received from the Lord. The ancient law was, “The children of Israel shall pitch their tents every man by his own camp, and every man by his own standard, throughout their hosts;” but, in too many instances, in and out of the pulpit, this law, spiritually understood, is overlooked. Men of truth, for fear of disturbing the unity of the gathering, are tempted to keep truth in the back-ground, and too often drop into sentiment and the workings of feeling only, while at the same time nothing erroneous is uttered.

When the Evangelical Alliance was started, some years ago, a gracious young clergyman, who had been instrumental in opening a branch of

the society in his native town, happened to meet an old divine, of full-weight truth, and invited him to one of the meetings. The Bible was placed in the hands of the old minister for brief exposition, but, when the service was ended, the young man exclaimed, "My dear friend, what in the world made you pitch into that Wesleyan minister as you did?" "I didn't know," was the reply, "that any Wesleyan was present; but truth is always in antagonism with error, and we have only to be faithful to truth, and this will be sure to find out error."

Now there was much weight in this remark; but, if the utterance of truth call forth the opposition of the natural heart in some of the less enlightened, it will find a place in the breast of the instructed, and strengthen their hands in God; or, who can tell but the Spirit may make it a blessing to one or another of the Lord's people who are "dead in trespasses and sins," or to those groping their way as the blind, and see out of obscurity. Upon an occasion, many years ago, of a clerical meeting, one of the number gave an address that opened up the doctrines of grace. On the minutes of the meeting being read, the following month, condemning notice was taken of the address, but the result was remarkable—the truth laid hold of the heart of one hearer and, after preaching a free-grace Gospel for some years, he was taken home to join the Church above.*

The great use of these conferences in the present day of vehement error on one side, and latitudinarianism on the other, is to draw sound and faithful men together who will not be afraid to bring out the great fundamental truths of the Gospel, such as are set forth in the Word of God, in the articles and homilies of the Church of England and other churches of truth—men who can say with the Apostle, "That which we have heard and seen declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us, and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."

This is clearly the office and work of the faithful steward of the mysteries of God. A congregation of God-fearing souls, gathered by men united in the doctrines of grace, may expect to hear some of these doctrines which are assailed by the world, and concealed in most pulpits, brought out boldly and bravely by the avowed advocates of the truth. These conferences, held by enlightened men who esteem the doctrines of grace as foundation truths, should be considered as glorious opportunities to warn the unwary, inform the ignorant, and build up the weak in their most holy faith.

Doctrines experimentally handled are made by the Spirit life an light to the souls of men; but experience without doctrine is like a ship without ballast—the mind soon drops into an unhealthy state, and is a ready victim for any error Satan may present. The danger to be apprehended, speaking generally, in these conferences, is, that tenderness to good, but unenlightened men, will make those who are instructed in the truth shrink from bringing forth doctrines that may be displeasing to others; and thus, as of old, "the fear of man bringeth a snare." This cannot be laid to the charge of one member, at least, of the late Leicester Conference, who made this brave attack upon a widely-increasing error in the present day.

The Rev. J. S. Sergeant, Stapenhill, Burton-on-Trent, speaking upon

* Rev. Jas. Pears, Junr.

the state of the Church in Smyrna, said, "The denial of the second death" was one of the greatest errors of the day, and one that presented, humanly speaking, one of the mightiest barriers against the progress of the Gospel; for, if a man did not believe in eternal death, how could he seek an escape from it in Him in whom was eternal life? Let a man feel in his conscience anything of the experience of this second death, and he will give worlds to know what to do be saved."

This onslaught upon an error that is corrupting the minds of many of those who hold the truth was timely and also courageous. This is the use of these public conferences as held by men of God and men of truth. It is to unfurl the banner of truth; it is to set up the way-marks; it is to divide between God's truth and the devil's lie; it is to expose error and warn the unwary. Men agreed as to the covenant engagements of a covenant-keeping God* are expected to show out the doctrinal as well as experimental blessings which issue from that covenant; and, if the display of these truths, shadowed out by types in the Old Testament, and stated fully in the New, come into collision with the errors of the hearers, on or off the platform, an acceptable service has been rendered to God in vindicating His truth. It may be that some hearer has received a blessing; but, if no one has, the speaker has relieved his conscience, and, with Paul, he can call God to witness "he has not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God," as it has been made known to him. The grand discriminating doctrines of the Gospel, as revealed in the heart by the Holy Ghost, are not committed to men to hide and wrap up and cover over, by dilating upon emotions and sensations that many may mistake for a feeling religion, against which God forbid we should utter a word; but, at a time like the present, when "truth is fallen in our streets, and equity cannot enter," surely it becomes a point of the first importance that men of truth should stand to their colours, make direct attacks upon the errors of the day, and put the simple on their guard as to the dangers that surround them. Probably, given subjects, embracing an experimental topic, may have the effect of producing colourless remarks that offend no one; therefore the Leicester Conference had this advantage of giving the speakers full scope in the subject for consideration on the second day, viz., "The instruction given by the great Head of His Church to His ministers and people, in His messages to the seven churches, in their varied states of *fidelity, declension, and evil*" (Rev. ii. and iii.). A wider field within the covers of the Bible could not have been found for speakers to set forth the doctrines, experience, and practice, which the Holy Ghost, in a greater or less degree, makes precious to the hearts of the people of God.

If it be objected that plain speaking as to doctrine would lead to disagreement, then we can refer our readers to Acts 15. The first conference upon record called forth "much disputing;" but, when the epistles were read to the brethren, and the question settled, we find "they rejoiced for the consolation." Here we have unity with truth; but unity without truth is popery in disguise. Said the Lord to His prophets, "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully," and, "if thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth." This was to give

* We refer our readers to the "Special No. of Gilead" for the addresses delivered at the Leicester Conference, November 14, 15, 1872, in proof of unanimity upon this fundamental point.

expression to the mind of God; "whether men would hear, or whether they would forbear."

The apostle, by the Spirit, counselled Titus in words fraught with instruction to the people of God: "Holding fast the faithful word as he hath been taught, that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to the end of time thus to convince the gainsayers."

This text contains all that can be said upon this subject, and we commend it to the enlightened conscience of all those who, being taught in "the faithful word," are put forth to testify to the Gospel of the grace of God at a Bible conference.

Protestant Beacon.

IS MR. GLADSTONE A ROMAN CATHOLIC?

The following correspondence has been published:—

"January 14th, 1873.

"SIR,—In a recent correspondence with you, in which, while you begged to assure me that the terms 'repetition of an impudent falsehood' did not refer to my assertions concerning certain acts imputed to you, but to those persons who made the statements, knowing of the denial of their truth, you reiterated that denial in *general* terms; I pledged myself to seek further information from Count Dusmani and my other informants, and not to publish their reports until I gave you an opportunity of seeing them. I have now received Count Dusmani's reply, in which he re-asserts all he has written, saying that his 'book is historical in all its parts,' and that he has recorded nothing but 'undeniable, notorious facts,' transmitting to me also three letters in Italian from gentlemen who were present when you 'assisted at mass,' when you were 'wrapped in religious meditation,' *i.e.*, prayer, before an image of the Saviour, when you received the 'holy water,' when you obsequiously lifted music from the floor for the conductor of the musical services, and when you kissed the hands of the officiating priests, &c. (and the cross). I also enclose you an extract from a work edited by Viscount Kirkwall, in which the writer declares that you 'excited the *perhaps* illiberal disgust of the English at Corfu, by publicly kissing the hand of the Archbishop and dutifully receiving his blessing,' in many particulars confirming the Count's statements.

"I also copy, or make an extract from, a letter received by me from the 9th Regiment, which regiment was at Corfu when you were there; the name of the writer I cannot give, fearing the injury that may be sustained by stopping promotion if given, from all which I think it will be clear that I have been justified in concluding that acts such as these, done, not by a private individual, but by one who was High Commissioner Extraordinary of England, had a sure tendency to cause disrespect for the Crown of England, and to lower the *prestige* of 'this Protestant Kingdom,' as it is called in our 'Bill of Rights,' as they seem to have done in the Ionian Islands; the more so, as the same policy seems to be pursued at present by you with regard to Romanism and Romanists in this country. Allow me then, sir, respectfully to ask, if any of these

statements are to any extent true, and how far, and to assure you that I would consider it a crime, from a mere spirit of faction, to 'bait' so distinguished a gentleman as you, and moreover a Prime Minister of the Crown, but that I feel painfully called on to act as I am doing in the public interest, and that I am only exercising the undoubted right of a free citizen of a free country, in claiming that a public man is public property.

"With every expression of high consideration for your distinguished office, I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"S. G. POTTER, D.D.,

"Vicar of Hollis Croft, Sheffield.

"The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P."

"10, Downing Street, Whitehall, Jan. 18th, 1873.

"REV. SIR,—By Mr. Gladstone's directions I return you the papers enclosed in your letter of the 14th inst.

"I am, rev. sir, your obedient servant,

"Rev. S. G. Potter, D.D."

"J. A. GODLEY.

THE TENDER MERCIES OF POPERY.

THE Prison Ministers' Bill is a Government measure, and, unless God prevent, will certainly pass into law. It is useless to petition Parliament on the subject; all that Jesuits *can* say in its favour *has* been said, and *will* be said. Let Protestant Christians now PRAY, and then the bill will be cast out, or God will overrule it for good. He says, "For all these things will I be enquired of by the House of Israel to do it for them."

Surely the following incident from an old number of the *Irish Church Record* will stir up the spirit of prayer:—

"A respectable Roman Catholic farmer, the occupier of considerable land, and owner of many cows, &c., was ill, very ill, and likely to die. The priest was sent for, and came; he received the poor man's confession; helped him in the disposal of his property—a part given in alms to the poor, a part left to the Church to say 'masses' for the repose of his soul; the residue to his wife and children; then followed absolution, the last rites of the Church, *extreme unction*, &c. 'Is all done, now?' said the sick man; 'All,' said the priest. 'Nothing more to be done?' said the dying one; 'Nothing more can be done,' said the priest. 'Where will I go to when I am dead?' 'Will I be happy?' said the man. The priest was obliged to explain that he would go to Purgatory. 'A place of torment?' 'Yes.' 'Fire?' 'Yes.' 'Can you do nothing to save me from Purgatory?' 'Nothing, you *must* go there.' 'For how long?' 'I cannot say.' The priest could only tell him that he must be purified by fire, but that 'masses' said for him would bring him out the sooner, but how soon he knew not. The priest left. There was no one to speak of 'the Lamb of God'; no one to tell of Him *who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification*. No one to speak of JESUS, as 'The Way, the Truth, and the Life.' The poor man went out of his mind as soon as he felt there was no hope; he lived three days, but the only word he uttered after the priest left, and that he uttered continually, was 'MURDER,' 'MURDER,' 'MURDER.'"

We have before said that the religion of the papist is the only religion of the earth which can comfort the *impenitent* sinner in the prospect of death; but to the *convinced* sinner it *breaks* the bruised reed, and quenches the smoking flax, and drives the soul into despair. "From all false doctrine and heresy, good Lord deliver us."—*Wiltshire Protestant Beacon*.

PARLOUR ECHOES.

AN IMAGINARY, BUT NOT IMPROBABLE, TALK BETWEEN TWO HIGH PERSONAGES.

(From the "Rock," a Family Weekly Penny Newspaper)

G—e.—Beware, M—g, of going too fast. The thing has been overdone already; and you yourself well know what an "imperious race" has to be overcome.

M—g.—I am quite aware of that; but, at the same time, I do not see wherein matters have been pushed too hastily.

G. But I do. Inflated with success, we have too much *presumed* upon obtaining *all* we want. I see now, however, a reaction setting in, the consequences of which I greatly apprehend. In fact, to be candid, I have been reading lately the account of Mordecai and Haman, and I can't tell you how I've been harassed with what his wife and friends said to the latter—"If Mordecai be of the seed of the Jews, before whom thou hast begun to fall, thou shalt not prevail against him, but shalt surely fall before him."

M. Really I see no need for such apprehensions. I don't think the cases at all parallel.

G. But I *do* see abundant reason for anxiety, and intense anxiety too; and, I repeat, it has been brought on very much by our impetuosity. I have allowed my own judgment to be warped in sundry respects. I have been too open to suggestions for further advances, whereas, from my knowledge of the English character, I ought to have been more cautious where my very successes made me too credulous. You know that I have been wont to say, Don't *force* matters! for if we go too far or too fast, and the British lion is once roused, there is no taming him again. Now I honestly express my conviction that he *is* roused, and how to control him again I don't know.

M. I am sorry to differ from you, but I really cannot see things in the same light with yourself.

G. You have not quite the same opportunity for judging that I, who am perpetually behind the scenes, possess; and, I repeat, it is not without cause I am come to my present conclusions.

M. Will you particularize?

G. Well, then, you and every thinking man must admit that my policy with respect to Ireland has been a failure—completely so.

M. I cannot see it.

G. But I do see it; and I cannot understand how any unprejudiced person can think otherwise. I thought, and thousands in common with myself thought likewise, that the disestablishment of the Irish Church would have been attended with very different results. Instead of being more contented, Ireland is less satisfied than ever. The great body of Dissenters, in their hostility to, and envy of, the Church of England, were only too glad to lay hold of the idea that the Church in Ireland, being very greatly in the minority, was the real source of vexation, and that this once removed would produce permanent peace. Whereas, what is the fact? Clamour for further concessions rather than contentment with what she has. Look at the Galway-election business; first they want us to remove a judge, and he, too, one of their own creed, and now we can get no jury to convict. And this at such a juncture as the present, when the Education question hangs in the balance.

M. I grant that this is a serious matter.

G. Serious! Indeed it is, and so serious that I am at a perfect loss to know how to meet it.

M. I think that Keogh was lacking in prudence and expediency.

G. Ah, I am beginning to see that, although, what you call prudence and expediency may answer for a time, and under certain circumstances, there will be a lack of permanency and stability if so be the ground-work is not sound. Now, here is a case in point, with respect to another judgment

—that recently given on this side of the channel upon the Bennett controversy. Foreseeing that an adverse or extreme judgment absolutely condemning him would lead to a fearful schism and terrible rupture in the Church, I placed men upon the Privy Council on whose moderation and expediency I could rely. I calculated that, by their putting a charitable construction upon certain sentences and observances, accompanied by a gentle reproof and admonition, matters would be smoothed down, and peace and quietness ensured; each party being allowed to pursue their own course, and adopt their own measures.

M. That was a very natural conclusion, and I consider you were right in the course you adopted.

G. The very thing I thus sought to obviate, I now see must, as a matter of necessity, eventually come to pass. I endeavoured, in the present state of things, to prevent a breach; that breach, I now perceive, is inevitable. The Ritualistic party regard the judgment as a triumph in their favour, and, therefore, are resolved upon the fuller and the bolder adoption of their opinions and practices. The judgment meanwhile is regarded by certain of the Evangelical party as a compromise of their character and principles. They declare that if the decision be justified by facts, and that it really is the plain common-sense meaning of the rubric, then the men who laboured in the Church of England since the Reformation have been lacking either in principle or knowledge. Now, we know plain matter-of-fact disproves this. Therefore the Evangelical party will not remain in this anomalous position. They will not be the butt of the Nonconformist party, who taunt them with a want of principle in identifying themselves with a Church that gives countenance to such a judgment. Here a crisis is inevitable. Such a crisis would revolutionize the kingdom.

M. And that is the very thing we want.

G. I tell you, *M.*, the country is not ripe for it yet. You are too fast. The uprooting of an establishment that has such a hold upon the people would plunge us into a revolution; and think as you may, you would get the worst of it. There may be an element at work in the Church for the furtherance of Catholic views. You may have your Winchesters, and your Puseys, and your Bennetts; but, notwithstanding, both the Church and the nation is Protestant at heart. And, though you may appear to have the Dissenters with you, because of their envy of, or antagonism to, the Church, as assuredly as you attempt to contract their liberties, or subjugate their wills, they will rally their forces and annihilate you. It is no good, *M.*, if you do gain the ascendancy, your triumph is short, and your downfall will be the more marked. History, and the present state of things in Catholic countries, are dead against you. You may attain power—I have done my best to secure it for you; but, depend upon it, your reign will be most effervescent—a mere flash in the pan. The whole system will come down with a terrible crash, and I clearly foresee that hopeless indeed will be the consequences. And, as for myself, come another election, *I shall be nowhere.* My policy, there's no denying it, has been a failure. The state of things, in a universal sense, is as unsatisfactory as it can be—class is against class.

M. But what about the Education Bill? Don't you think that will rectify matters? Will not the Dissenters see you are prepared to concede to them in every possible way, by the levelling down course you have adopted?

G. That bill adjust matters? No, indeed, it never will. To be candid, I fell in with your and other suggestions with respect to it; but, although the bill presents a smooth surface with respect to equalization and impartiality, as far as the present is concerned, the issue, at the end of the ten years' time, you'll find, will be fatal to it. You know what our object was. We hoped to have concealed it by our reserve with respect to time; but depend on it that concealment is a failure.

M. I hope not.

G. We may hope it, but I'm persuaded it's a vain hope. The bill, after all, is badly timed. As I said at first, we have been going too fast. Coupled with the disaffection between masters and men, the which is beginning to be felt most disastrously in every household, there is this wide-spread discussion about the English Education measure. This brings to the surface very much that had far better lay dormant, as far as our wishes and purposes are concerned. In a word, John Bull is roused. That Bible question is an awkward one. I fear I've seen my day, and, as I said just now, the case of Haman (hanged upon his own gallows) haunts me like a spectre.

D. A. D.

A JOURNEY TO ROME AND BACK.

A LECTURE on this subject was delivered on February 11th, in Bethel Chapel, by the Rev. S. A. Walker, rector of St. Mary's-le-port, Bristol, under the presidency of H. J. Wilmott, Esq. The lecturer expressed his opinion that this question of Romanism and Ritualism would tend to bind them together as Christians, and that it was a subject which required great consideration and attention from them. He related his experiences in Rome some few years ago, showing the absurdities there practised. In Rome, he said, there were 366 churches for between two and three hundred thousand people. Ten thousand of these are priests, and forty thousand in some way or another connected with the church. At the time the lecturer was in Rome there was no such thing as a Protestant church, and he related the troubles which befel Mr. Lewis, a Presbyterian, who held services in his house. He pointed out that everything was done to show the holiness of the city, and said that at every corner the visitor was sure to meet friars who present a most disreputable appearance, and obtain a living by saying masses for fivepence. The city, he said, was filthy, and everything was done to propagate lies and uncleanness. He described the Church of St. Peter's, where there are tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul, and it is also asserted that their remains are there, whilst among the sacred relics enumerated outside are heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; and other churches in the city also claim to have amongst their relics the heads of these apostles. He showed other lies which are taught the people, noticing that in Rome there are thirty thousand poor people who are employed by the priests for charity, and also to get into families and report their actions to the priests. At the close he asked his hearers to join against it, and to take the Gospel as their standard. At the conclusion a collection was made in aid of improving the chapel, and the amount altogether, with the donations promised (including £5 from the chairman), amounted to about £35.—*Cheltenham Examiner.*

THE DANGERS OF THE DAY WE LIVE IN.

THE true safeguard against the danger of the present solemn times is God's Word. It shows us the danger we have to expect. If there were nothing in the aspect of the times to indicate its approach, it would still, from the position it occupies in the Book, be close at the doors. And with such predictions, and such a warning given, there is reason for earnest prayer that we may be kept from delusion and preserved in the

love of the truth. Great signs and wonders to deceive, if it were possible, even the elect, are the seductions by which Satan will work, and, persuasive as an angel of light, lead astray the unwary. Hence the incalculable mischief of false views of prophecy, which hold out the hope that the Church of God is to sail into port in calm weather, and wear the crown before bearing the cross. We must not judge according to outward appearance, but according to the oracles of God. Too many build their faith of doctrines and approval of practices, not on what Scripture says, but what is in their eyes useful and expedient. But we are to expect the apparent expediency to be all against us. We must not take expediency for our guide, or allow ourselves the habit of asking whether an opinion or a manner of acting is what is called practical, but is it true, is it right? Not, will it promote some desirable end, but is it according to the oracles of God? We must beware of the traditions of men, even of good men of the evangelical body itself, if they add to, or diminish from, the Word of God. Only by that may we judge of opinions, and judge of practices. So doing, we shall not find ourselves in agreement with the majority even of God's children, but we shall be best prepared to distinguish things that differ, and to resist the temptations of these last times.

The greatest of all safeguards is the firm grasp of positive truth. Scripture truth must be our study, and our life. The temptation to listen to the decrees of councils lies in a want of confidence in the infallibility of the Bible, and of a steady hold of its vital truths. God's truth is always the same, and we always need the same blessed truths. Christ in all His various works, His atoning blood and justifying righteousness; pardon in Him, and peace in Him, and strength in Him, and grace in Him, and the hope of glory in Him, we can never part with. They are our life, our joy. If we love the truth and hold fast Christ and His salvation, error will have no charm for us, though Satan array himself as an angel of light, and his ministers as ministers of righteousness.

A BRIEF MEMOIR.

HENRY VENN was born at Barnes, in Surrey, March, 1724. His ancestors were clergymen of the Church of England in an uninterrupted line from the period of the Reformation. The first of whom any particular information has been preserved was William Venn, B.A., who died 1621. Some account of the persecutions they endured is given in Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy."

Henry Venn discovered from a child such activity and energy of mind, such decision and zeal in whatever he undertook, that all who observed him expected he would one day become an extraordinary character. When he was twelve years old he was sent to school. He had not been long there before his father died, February, 1739, and he was deprived of the benefits which he would have derived from the care and superintendence of a pious, affectionate, and learned parent. He continued several months at school after his father's death, and his leaving it was at his own request, which indicated an energy of mind and a right turn of thinking uncommon in a boy of fourteen. He told his mother that, though he was treated with the highest degree of tenderness, yet the

very indulgence which was shown him above the rest of the boys was an impediment to their improvement. He requested her, therefore, to send him to a school where the discipline was more strict, and where the chief stress was laid upon improvement in learning; for he considered even severity to be preferable, on this account, to too much indulgence.

In June, 1742, being seventeen years of age, he was admitted into St. John's College, Cambridge, where his elder brother had already resided some years; but, having obtained a scholarship in Jesus College, he removed, in September, to that society, of which he continued a member for seven years. There were few men in the University who were so generally esteemed and beloved. He was, however, very select in the choice of his society, never keeping company either with profligate men or with persons of mean talents. The rule he laid down was, to be acquainted only with those from whom he could gain improvement.

Hitherto, religion had made no particular impression on his mind. He was moral and upright in his conduct, regular in his attendance on public worship, and had accustomed himself chiefly to read books of divinity, but he was a stranger to that influence of religion which gives it a predominancy in the mind over everything else, and to the new birth which renders Jesus the Saviour the object of the highest affection. The first considerable religious impression made upon his mind arose from an expression in the form of prayer which he had been daily accustomed to use, like the world in general, without paying any attention—"That I may live to the glory of Thy name." The thought powerfully struck his mind—"What is it to live to the glory of God? Do I live as I pray? What course of life ought I to pursue to glorify God?" After much reflection on this subject, he came to this conclusion—that to live to the glory of God required that he should live a life of piety and religion in a degree in which he was conscious he had not yet lived; that he ought to be more strict in prayer, more diligent in reading the Scriptures, and more generally holy in his conduct. He set apart stated seasons for meditation and prayer, and in the stillness and darkness of the night would indulge in impressive and awful reflections on death and judgment, heaven and hell.

(To be continued).

Correspondence.

LETTERS OF THE LATE DUNCAN MATHESON.

MANY of our readers will remember our review of the life of the late DUNCAN MATHESON. It was whilst reading his memoir we lighted upon his testimony respecting the labours of the previous Sunday, at the water establishment, Limpley Stoke, of the beloved JOHN TARR. An hour or so before we had had a letter of this now glorified servant of God placed in our hand. We read it from the pulpit that evening; and that was one of the links in the chain of Providence which led to our visit to that then dear afflicted servant of God, and the subsequent writing and publishing his memoir, and getting up a fund for his bereaved widow and fatherless children, amounting to upwards of £500.

Since these occurrences, we have had conversations with a valued correspondent and an attendant at our church, who was intimately

acquainted with the late DUNCAN MATHESON. He visited him but a short time before he died. The cottage of this beloved correspondent is situated within a few hundred yards of the house at Brislington, where the late Rev. WILLIAM ROMAINE wrote several of his published letters.

We doubt not the letters of DUNCAN MATHESON will be perused with interest and profit by our readers. We trust the exercises of soul upon which the deceased dwells will prove words of season to the tried and tempted. There is a peculiar satisfaction in the recollection that, although these dear servants of God—to whom reference has just been made—ROMAINE, MATHESON, TARR, were once travellers through this vale of tears, and the occupants of a body of sin and death, they are now before the throne, and mingling with the spirits of just men made perfect. There is, moreover, additional satisfaction in the thought, dear believing reader, that “they without us cannot be made perfect.” Of *them* we may sing :

“Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sin and doubts and fears.”

Of *ourselves* we trust we may, through grace, unitedly say likewise :

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

Ed.]

Brighton, July 12, 1871.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I send you three of dear Duncan Matheson's letters, some of the earliest sent to me, when I was under deep conviction and distress of soul. You will perceive an earnestness, a warmth, and genuineness in them rarely met with; and I trust I can say they were like messages from heaven to me at the time I received them. As the writing is peculiar and difficult to read, I have copied one, and shall be glad from time to time to copy others, if desired. In reading them over again, my heart has been warmed with love to the dear writer now beyond the waves of tribulation and sorrow, and the tears have been made to flow freely from my eyes—a thing not very easily done.

How marvellous to be enabled to look back and in some faint degree trace the way the Lord has been pleased to lead one, and find that the flickering spark of grace and hope remains still unextinguished. May we be enabled to say, with hearts glowing and overflowing with holy love, “What hath God wrought.”—Yours very respectfully, D. McP.

Huntly, April 24, 1849.

MY DEAR DOUGAL,—I received your very welcome and precious letter, and would have replied to it sooner, but I was incapacitated by sickness and a sore finger from doing so; but I have cause to praise God that I am now better, and I trust He will bestow upon me present grace to write a few words of comfort and consolation to your weary and faint soul.

My dear Dougal, it is not always I can write, for sometimes I am so straitened and dead in heart that I possess neither the power nor the ability to do so. God will teach us every way we try that saving, that all important lesson: “Without me”—or apart from me—“ye can do

nothing." It is a painful lesson—one we need to learn over and over again, because we have so much legality, and try so many ways of our own. We will be often brought to a dead stand with our own feeble trials, but still the evil principle reigns within, and it is only in the dissolution of nature, I believe, it will be thoroughly overcome.

I desire to rejoice that God has shown you your ignorance and sinfulness—such is the plan of salvation. When God comes to save a soul with power, He makes that soul to feel, to know, to realise, what he is saved from, and makes His salvation precious in their eyes; "He filleth the hungry with good things, but sendeth the rich empty away."

Are we hungering and thirsting after righteousness, after reconciliation, and peace? Then He says, "Blessed are ye." Are we mourning over our hard, dead, cold, deceitful hearts? Then He says, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Oh, many, many are the trials that afflict and toss the poor soul seeking Zionward and gloryward; yet at length the Lord delivereth them out of them all. He preserves, He keeps, He upholds all those who trust in Him. Clouds and thick darkness you will often feel come across your soul, robbing you of comfort and distracting your thoughts from all that is holy and good, but there is a hand guiding the cloud; the arm of the Lord is not shortened; He moves in a mysterious way; the darker the night, the clearer the day; the hotter the battle, the nearer peace.

I am glad to think you have had some passing glimpses of light and joy they fall sweetly on the troubled soul; they tell us what is at God's right hand; they are a little taste of the joys of the Canaan above—some of the wine of the kingdom. Satan knows their value, therefore he will try to rob you of the comfort and good of them, by making you believe that it is himself that is doing it; but heed him not, for it is beyond his power to raise (neither will he try) one thought to God. You complain of the power of your besetting sins. I have some idea what it is. Many a time mine will lay dormant, and I would fain congratulate myself that it is subdued; but when outward temptation is presented, then it rages, as it were, with redoubled power, and I am nearly swallowed up with it. God is our Helper, dear Dougal, although we cannot realise it with an assured faith, and He will not let sin have dominion over us. We are weak and feeble, helpless and forlorn, but He will make crooked things straight and rough places smooth; for He will lead the blind by a way that they know not. Temptation in every imaginable form will come, but He will not let you be tempted more than ye are able to bear. He is a faithful High Priest—no change ever takes place with Him: "For I have loved thee with an everlasting love," and the fruit of it is, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

My dear friend, hold on a little longer; hope will cheer you on. The trials may be long or short, as God sees meet, but at most they are only for a few short years. The Lord Jesus wishes to give us a share of His life, death, kingdom, throne, yea of His eternity, and shall we not esteem it highly to suffer with Him? Painful, and often dark and mysterious, is His way of guiding us, but it is the way, and He will carry on the work He has begun. Weak in faith am I—often trembling, downcast, and sad—but sure that He will preserve you and subdue every enemy under your feet. The hallelujahs of heaven shall yet, I trust, sound in our ears, and our voices sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. It is not far off;

be faithful unto death, and the Lord Jesus will give you a crown of life. Commending you to the keeping, blessing, and protection of God,
I am, yours in lasting bonds,

DUNCAN MATHESON.

P.S.—I trust you will pardon the haste of this letter. I have written it with some inconvenience, on account of my finger. Sandy writes your mother's letters. Many a longing look will I have to hear from you.

Huntly, March 23rd, 1849.

MY DEAR DOUGAL, I received your very welcome letter, and it was some revival to me in this the house of my bondage, and I would bless God for it. Alas, how long have we lived without recognising His hand, or feeling our responsibility to Him! It shall, I hope, be so no longer, but may we receive grace to live wholly to Him.

It is a difficult and arduous, a flesh-trying path, but it is the way, and nothing more, to the land of light and love above, yea, to the presence of God, to an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. I feel its difficulties daily—its crosses, its thorns, and its perplexities—and often am I ready to faint, and my soul is down-cast and sad; but then the encouragement is, that in its deepest trials there is far more true happiness than ever I found in the world, and it lands in eternal blessedness. Oh that you and I, my dear friend, had the light of God's countenance to cheer us on, to put strength in our arm, and invigorate our weary limbs! Then we would run in the way of His commandments, for our hearts would be enlarged. I can truly sympathise with you in the fiery ordeal of conviction through which you are passing, for, thanks to God, I know something of it; and, although you will feel that at present you cannot thank Him, yet, wait a little, you will see cause to do so, and your firm determination will be to fight on; if you perish, it shall be at God's footstool, and looking to Jesus. "Who-soever cometh shall in no wise be cast out." You will now feel that the eye of God is upon you, and the old formal prayer you and I at times used to offer will not suffice now. Sometimes you will feel that you cannot get a word in prayer, nay, not one desire, and at other times there will be a will, yea, there will be a pouring out of soul towards God. Oh, it is a great mercy to get the heart poured out to Him! At times we cannot express it in words, for it will not tell what we really feel, but "Thou God knowest" settles the matter.

My dear Dougal, you will see that you never knew what affection was before to man. As you go on—which God grant you may—you will find a happiness heretofore unknown in Christian communion and intercourse with the Lord's people. I rejoice over you in many, many a prayer, and a longing desire have I for your awakening and conversion to God; and the prayers of your godly mother have reached the ears of the God of Sabaoth. Yes, He is the hearer of prayer, and in every perplexity, and in every conflict, try, however feebly, to make your requests known to Him, "For we have not an High Priest that cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities." You will have to endure many a temptation which you do not know; but soon you will be enabled, with Paul, to say, "We are not ignorant of His devices," and your closed mouth may yet in confidence say, "We shall be more than conquerors."

I would fain give you many an advice at this critical juncture of your existence, but you can only stand so much, and I might do more harm

than good. But I would try to leave you in the Lord Jesus' hands, knowing that one lesson of His is better than a thousand of mine, and that He will perfect that which concerneth you. But I would say, seek on, be ever trying to make sure work of it; see that it end in real conversion, and the Lord bestow the Holy Spirit upon you to help your infirmities. Dear Dougal, I feel at a loss what to say more, for it is now late, but I would, in conclusion, say, fear not, the day will break, the sun shall shine; the road may be rough, but it will not be long—it leads to God, to an eternity of bliss, to His immediate presence, to fountains of living waters, to which the Lamb will lead us. Seek on, set your face to the battle in God's strength, and the victory shall be yours. With earnest, yea, with holy affection, I pray God to send out His light and His truth to guide you to Himself.

I am, yours in lasting bonds.

DUNCAN MATHESON.

P.S.—Excuse the haste of all my letters, because I have but little time. Write me soon; tell me all your case; open your mind freely; for you are bound round my heart with an affection the world knows not of. I am greatly tried with a wicked heart and sore temptation.—D. M.

Huntly, May 29, 1849.

MY DEAR DOUGAL,—Many a circumstance over which I had no control has prevented my answering your last precious letter, and I have no doubt many an anxious thought will have crossed your mind at not hearing from me. Attachment for you has not declined, no, it has increased, and the very long silence which has been between us only makes me the more anxious to write you and hear from you. The oftener I hear from you, the more dearly do I love you. Ah, there is a love the world knows not of—it cannot comprehend it; it is the love between two poor souls seeking salvation and sympathising with each other in the numerous trials by the way.

I shall suppose that since I last heard from you, you have been in many states and exercises of mind. Sometimes there will be liberty in prayer, and in a few moments not one word can be said; earnest pleading will often unconsciously lapse into cold formality; sins long buried will have been trying you once again, and you will be harassed and fearful of heart, to see the heart, as it were, delighting to think of them. You will wonder how the love of sin still dwells in you, and fain would get the mastery. Oh, it's hard to get the besetting sin subdued, and often I am led to think that I do not know it, for I have so many that to discern it is beyond my poor ability. Pride will not let you alone, and in every imaginable guise will it appear. Prayers will feed it, frames, feelings, and abilities it will seize upon, and then you will be praying for humility; it will raise because you are seeking to subdue it. There is a harder trial than all this you will have to come through—it is deadness of heart. You would be impressed, and have your desires towards God, but the weight of a mountain will, as it were, press you down, and then hope will sink, and you will be apt to think you are far away from all good; but God is life, He will quicken you, and grant you the spirit of prayer, so that you will be enabled to pour out your soul before Him. To the severest temptations you will be no stranger. You will often be tossed like a rolling wave by the distracting, hellish darts of the enemy; and many things will be put into your mind that you cannot mention to

any one on earth : but you shall triumph, and, through grace, come off more than conqueror.

My dear Dougal, I have run over rapidly some of the conflicts of a true child of God. A few of them have only been mentioned, and I hope you may derive some benefit from the mention of them, and have a corresponding echo in your own heart. It is a strange mystery, the conflict of grace and nature, but it is the way, the only way to glory—it is the path that leads to eternal rest, it is the path that leads to God. Many a sorrowful sigh will be heard from my heart on account of indwelling sin. Trial in every shape will obstruct, cast down, and sadden me, but I expect nothing else. We shall yet, I trust, see a glory in bearing and suffering the cross that will infinitely compensate for all the trials it costs. Oh, that we had grace to bear it calmly ! Our harps are now hung on the willows, and doleful and sad are the strains they emit ; but I do trust, by grace, we shall soon sing a nobler strain and unite with the redeemed in praising God and the Lamb throughout eternity.

My dear Dougal, with prayerful study “search the Scriptures;” in them are the words of eternal life. You will have much difficulty often to get your heart to bend to do so, but follow on ; we know not when the blessing may come. Jesus is love ; He cannot let any perish that seek Him. He is the Burden-bearer ; the Reconciler ; the All and in all of salvation ; the Mighty God. There is nothing too hard for God. Adamantine hearts we have, full of self-righteousness and legality ; but He can break, He can bend them, and bring them into subjection to Himself. It will be a wonder to men and angels to see us the trophies of redeeming love. Stand fast in God’s help a little longer, and increasing strength shall be yours. I am quite sure you will agree with me in saying that the way with all its trials is far better than the brick-kilns of Egypt we have dwelt so long in. When you get any light or comfort, be on your watch, praying for grace, for you will always have some severe trial at the back of it. We need to be humbled, and brought as little children to the feet of Jesus.

Finally, my dearest friend, wait on the Lord and be of good courage, and He will strengthen you. The glimmering feeble spark shall be fanned into a flame, for He will not break the bruised reed. He will bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

Commending you to the everlasting love of God,

I am, dear Dougal, yours in lasting bonds,

DUNCAN MATHESON.

P.S.—I hope you will forgive the haste and carelessness of this letter. My time is very precious, but I trust you will be able to read it. Forgive also my long silence, and do, I beseech you, write soon. Thanks for the bird. Your mother and father are pretty well. Mr. Aitchison has been very ill, but is a little better. May the blessing of life eternal be yours, is the prayer of yours,

D. M.

CHANGES.—How great the mercy that, amid all the numberless changes through which a child of God is called to pass, he has to do with One who is “the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.”

OUR LORD'S SECOND COMING.

(REPLY TO J. M. J.)

Emmanuel Church, Bristol.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I do not wonder that your correspondent, J. M. J., and some readers of your Magazine, should desire to read some articles on the subject of our Lord's second return to the earth; because that is a subject to which great prominence is given in God's word, while but scanty allusion is made to it in the Magazine. For my own part, I will candidly confess that I have experienced considerable hesitation about writing *in extenso* for the Magazine on this most interesting subject, on account of an impression that my remarks might provoke controversy, which, though not to be avoided when necessary, is always in danger of generating strife. This impression has been deepened by the reflection that probably many of your correspondents and readers differ widely from me in their conclusions upon this subject. I may also add that the doctrine of the second advent, and Christ's personal reign, with its many collateral branches, opens and spreads out before our view such an extensive field for speculation, which may be profitable or otherwise, that both the want of time and real delicacy of feeling have constrained me to be silent in measure on a matter so great and important. But now that a special request is made that the subject should receive its legitimate share of attention in your pages, compliance becomes a plain and positive duty, if not a kind of providential necessity. And, although your correspondent is so kind as to suggest that I would supply your readers with my own conclusions on the stirring questions which surround the advent of Christ, I wish to say that, while I shall gladly contribute to the general store, as far as engagements will permit, I hope some of your other correspondents will promptly comply with the request now made.

Making full allowance for those who may differ from me, and wishing to avoid all dogmatism, I must express it as my deep and honest conviction that the coming of Jesus is "the blessed hope" of the Church, and that God's dear people should be looking and waiting, not for death as such, but for the Prince of life and glory. It is no doubt true that at death God's people "depart to be with Christ, which is far better" than our present state; but it is also true that not until the coming of Christ will they receive their "full consummation and bliss both in body and soul," when "they will shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father" (Matt. xiii. 43). Hence Jesus spoke of "the resurrection of the just" as the time of special blessing, and St. Paul's great desire to know more of Christ, and to become more like Him, had reference to the resurrection of the dead (*την ἔξανάστασιν των νεκρων*, literally, the *ex*-resurrection of the dead). (Luke xiv. 13, 14; Phil. iii. 10, 11).* Hence the Gospels abound with parables, and the Epistles with most copious and explicit declarations about the second personal coming of Christ, as the time of gracious reward and ineffable glory. See especially Matt. xiii., xxiv., and xxv.; Acts i. 11.; Heb. ix. 28.; 1 Cor. i. 7.; Titus ii. 13.; 2 Pet. iii. 12.; 2 Tim. iv. 8.; Col. iii. 4.; 1 John iii. 2.; 1 Pet. i. 13.; 1 Thes. ii. 19. These passages are only a few out of many. The Christian is, or ought to be, one whose conversation is in heaven, whose expectation is for Christ, and whose physical transformation and fulness of

* This will be the resurrection of the just only. The rest of the dead will not live again until the thousand years are finished. Rev. xx. 5.

glory will be realized when Christ is revealed from heaven (Phil. iii. 20, 21). At the same time it should be carefully observed that the practical tendency of this great doctrine, properly understood, is in the direction of a holy and heavenly life, for "He that hath *this* hope in Christ purifieth himself even as Christ is pure" (1 John iii. 3).

I have so far written generally on the subject of the second advent. This course appeared to me necessary in the way of introduction. J. M. J. asks (1), What is to be understood by the *personal reign of Christ*? I understand Christ's reign to be first *spiritual*, then *personal*. It is spiritual now. This present age is, therefore, very properly called the dispensation of the Spirit, for Christ distinctly promised His disciples, in prospect of His departure, that He would not leave them like orphans, alone, defenceless, and unprovided for, but that He would send His Spirit, another Comforter, who is the true Vicar and Vicegerent of Christ, and not the Pope, who is antichrist. Accordingly, on the day of Pentecost, the Spirit, Christ's representative, came with mighty power, and it is by His presence, power, and work in the Church that Christ rules in the midst of His enemies (Psa. cx. 2.)

So far as *evil* is concerned, "Satan is the god of this world," and "the whole world" of the ungodly "lieth in" his embrace. Hence the kingdom of God is an *imperium in imperio*. God's people are translated *out of* the power of darkness *into* the kingdom of the Son of His love (Col. i. 13—see Greek). Hence God's people have the Spirit, are made free by the Spirit, are taught by the Spirit, are led by the Spirit, and have assurance of their adoption by the Spirit. "Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life." This is the spiritual reign of Christ in the hearts of His people.

The *personal* reign of Christ will not be until after His personal descent from heaven. The word *personal* applies to the human as well as to the divine nature of Christ. As God, He is present "in the midst," when His people are gathered together. As man, He is absent; as man, He left us when He ascended from Olivet to heaven; and, as man, "the heavens must receive Him, *until* the times of the restitution of all things" (Acts iii. 21). Hence we see the unscriptural absurdity of transubstantiation, whether as taught by Romanists or Romanizers. We also see the wisdom of the compilers of our Prayer Book in the post-communion rubric:—"The sacramental bread and wine remain still in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored (for that were idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians), and the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ, are in heaven, and not here; it being against the truth of Christ's natural body to be at one time in more places than one."

The *manner* of Christ's second coming is very carefully stated in Acts i. 11: "This *same* Jesus shall *so* come *in like manner* as" the Apostles had seen Him go into heaven. He ascended personally, literally, and visibly into heaven. His coming will be "so," and "in like manner." And when He thus comes with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God, the dead in Christ shall rise first; then the living elect, who shall be alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thes. iv. 17). The glorious transition will take place in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye (1 Cor. xv. 51, 52). Enemies shall be destroyed. The tabernacle of God shall be with His people (*i. e.*, Christ in glorified humanity. Comp. *ἐσκηνοῦσεν* John i. 14).

And He will dwell with them (Rev. xxi. 2, 3). He will then show Himself as the blessed and only Potentate, King of kings and Lord of lords (1 Tim. vi. 15). Then will commence Christ's personal reign, and His saints shall reign with Him (Zech. xiv. 9; Dan. vii. 18; 22, 27). "He shall reign in Mount Zion, and before His ancients gloriously" (Isa. xxiv. 23). New Jerusalem shall be the great metropolis of the regenerated earth (Isa. ii. 1—5; Rev. xxi. 24—27).

(2.) The next question asked by J. M. J. is, Whether the glorious event of the *calling of the Jews* will precede or follow the personal reign of Christ? Evidently that event will not happen *after* Christ's personal reign, because the partial blindness of Israel will only last "*until* the fulness of the Gentiles has come in," and then "the Deliverer will come out of Sion and turn away ungodliness from Jacob" (Rom. xi. 25, 26). And, if when Christ comes and sits upon His throne, the twelve Apostles shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, the restoration not only of Israel, but of the Jews also, is implied (Matt. xix. 28). From Ezek. xxxvii. 15, *et seq.*, it seems clear that the calling of God's ancient people, and the commencement of Christ's personal reign, will take place about the same time. Probably their restoration will precede their conversion, according to Ezek. xxxvi. 24, 25, for God says, "I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you to your own land. THEN will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean." The language also plainly teaches that their calling will not be *after* Christ's personal reign. Comp. also Zech. xii. 9—14.

Perhaps, however, your correspondent meant to ask whether the calling of the Jews will take place before or after the *commencement* of the personal reign of Christ; for there are probably many who say that the Jews *must* be restored and converted before Christ comes. I have already said that God's word gives intimation of their calling some time about the coming of Christ, but to say that their restoration or conversion *must* be before His coming, appears to me simply a *petitio principii*. They *may* be so restored and converted, and they *may* be restored and converted *after* Christ has descended to the air, whither He will take up His people. There will then probably be an interval sufficiently long for many important predicted events to happen on earth, and the conversion, if not the restoration, of the Jews may be one of them. And it appears to me that God's word so plainly and positively directs God's people to look, not so much for intermediate signs and events, however important, as for the personal revelation of Christ from heaven; and that word so unmistakably speaks of the possibility of Christ's coming at any time, when least expected, and at a time when men think not, that I regard it as a great mistake, *especially now*, for any one to say that there are many prophecies which *must* be fulfilled before the coming of Christ. At least some Christians appear to be looking for certain signs and certain events as necessarily antecedent to Christ's coming. *So far* they are not looking for *Christ Himself*. If therefore Christ were to appear immediately, such persons would be taken by surprise. I freely admit the probability at least of antichrist going to Jerusalem, and of his final destruction there. There may be also other such probabilities. But, if we are commanded to watch and pray, to be always ready for Christ's coming, and all this because the time of His coming is unknown, are we not warranted in coming to the conclusion that, so far as we know, *Christ may come at any moment*? (Luke

xxi. 34—36). And if He *may* come at any moment, the solemn consideration supplies us with a most powerful and practical incentive to warn the careless and ungodly, and on our part to give earnest heed to the call from heaven to *go out* from evil of every kind to *meet* and welcome the coming Bridegroom.

Our times are impressively ominous. We live in a levelling age. It is latitudinarian, Laodicean, democratic, and destructive, and the overturning of political and ecclesiastical institutions, and the general confusion, will probably continue and grow worse and worse, "until *He* come whose right it is" to reign in person as Universal Monarch. I believe the end is very near. The world's week is fast closing. The Sabbath glory will soon appear. The Sun of Righteousness will soon shine in millennial splendour. No night of sorrow will succeed that glorious day. No week of toil will follow that beatific Sabbath. "Yet a little while," and then, oh then, beloved brother, shall our conflicts end; sin, Satan and sinful self be for ever done with, and then, changed in a moment and glorified, we shall be "for ever with the Lord." Ever believe me, my dear brother, affectionately yours in the Lord,

R. CORNALL.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

The Phrenological Characteristics of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. By NICHOLAS MORGAN. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS is an interesting account of a visit to Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and a consideration of his character and talents by a phrenologist. Dr. Cuyler, of New York, says that he is persuaded that the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's marvellous success lies in these three things:—"a magnificent voice, his strong racy Saxon English, and a prodigious earnestness in preaching Jesus Christ right home to the sinners' hearts." Mr. Morgan, on the other hand, whilst acknowledging the influence of his voice and his earnestness, considers that the secret lies in the "natural adaptation of his mental capacities and tastes to a very large majority of people." "The preacher," he says, "was evidently in his element, homely and happy, which tended to evoke reciprocal feelings. His whole demeanour was attractive. The natural language of every faculty exerted a happy influence on the minds of the people."

A Golden Treasury for the Young. By EDWARD N. MARKS. With a Preface by the Rev. ALFRED HEWLETT, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co. Pp. 374.

THIS consists of a short exposition of Scripture and a verse of a hymn for every day of the year. It is written chiefly in words of one syllable; and we can cordially endorse the statement of Dr. Hewlett in the preface, that it "well deserves its title; for the young in years and the young in the divine life may find profit and delight in reading both the words of Holy Writ and the instructive comments offered thereon."

Spiritual Blessing. A little Help to Believers towards the Attainment of this Blessed End. Compiled by the Author of "Gospel Truths," &c. London: The Book Society.

THIS little book contains a number of "heads of petitions," which were drawn up for the use of a few children of God in private prayer.

We have also received:—"The Day of Rest" (First Part), "The Appeal," "Secession not our Duty," "The Praise of Drunkenness," "The Pentateuch," "The Gospel Feast," "The Church," "The Work of the Spirit," "Put to Proof," "The Congregational Advance," "The Christian," "Our Own Fireside," "The Day of Days," "Home Words," "The Sunday Magazine," &c., &c.

A BIRTHDAY PRAYER.

[With heartfelt thanks would we acknowledge the following affectionate lines, from the pen of one of our oldest correspondents, received upon the morning of our sixty-second birthday, March 8th, 1873.—ED.]

"And what can David say more unto Thee? For Thou, Lord God, knowest Thy servant."

In copious showers, O Lord, descend;
With blessings great enrich my
friend,

And fill his heart with peace;
Lead him to banquet with his Lord,
That, feasting on the "Incarnate
Word,"

His joys may still increase.

Strengthen his hands with power
divine;

In richest beams of mercy shine,
And cheer his longing heart;
Dispel his every cloud, that fear
To-day may have no entrance here,
And doubts may all depart.

Give him to-day to taste and prove
The boundless depths of sov'reign
love;

Thy rich profusion shed;
Oh, Life Divine, blest Paraclete,
Come down in showers of gracious
heat
Upon Thy servant's head.

Dear precious Lamb, Thy servant
lead

To pastures green. Oh, let him feed
Beside the healing stream!
At noon here let him sweetly rest,
Reclined upon Thy loving breast,
Thyself his sweetest theme.

And when within Thy courts he's
found,

Preaching Thy truth, that joyful
sound,

Oh, make him mouth for Thee;
Display Thy power with unctuous
seal,

To him Thy precious love reveal,
And set his spirit free.

To him make known Thy heavenly
will;

Great God, his earthen vessel fill
With honey from the Rock;
Give him to wield the Spirit's sword,
And, from the treasures of Thy word,
To feed Thy waiting flock.

Comfort his heart—his wants supply
In sorrow and in pain be nigh,
And show Thy smiling face.

In trial let Thy hand be seen;
Yea, give him on Thy strength to
lean
Throughout his earthly race.

And when, dear Lord, his work is
done,

Then, like a glorious setting sun,
Whose bright refulgent rays
Shed richest light to mortal view,
Just as she bids the earth adieu,
So may he end his days.

Thus may he end his course with
joy;

May praise his latest breath employ,
When passing Jordan's flood;
Then come, dear Saviour, quickly
come,

And take Thy waiting servant home,
Washed in Thy precious blood.

Farewell to death, to pain, and sin;
No Canaanite can enter in,

Or taint that peaceful shore;
He'll spend a glorious birthday where
No foes can rage, no hurtful snare,
Can ever grieve him more.

M. A. G.