

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.

PILGRIM-SIGHS AND PILGRIM-SONGS.

"*Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.*"—  
PSALM cxix. 54.

You may complain of your bad memory, dear reader, and of your inability to retain the Word which at times you have read or heard with both profit and pleasure; but, notwithstanding, no mere memory-effort, or literal storing up of the Word (however good it may be in its place) will give that loving, sacred, unspeakably-blessed *power* which the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost alone, can impart with the precious droppings of His own inspired Word into the soul. Whatever may have been the previous darkness, doubts, or dread, one word spoken with His own divine unction into the heart has an instantaneous and unutterably-precious effect. Such as will bear up the soul, and solace and strengthen it, in the direst calamities and bitterness of sorrows. It is not the creature-appeal, dear reader; not the seeking to "reason" or "argue" the poor trembling one into this or that notion or belief of things; but it is that *power* which the Lord the Spirit Himself, as the Speaker, the Expounder, and the Applier of His own Word, alone can give. We must, reader, earnestly contend for this in these days, when men are, as it were, taking the place and usurping the province of the Holy Ghost. Some may be doing so unwittingly, we grant; the fact remains, nevertheless. God the Holy Ghost reserves unto Himself His own power, His own divine authority, His own rightful prerogative. The mere appeal to, and apparent convincing of, the judgment will not suffice. This there may be—the simple assent or consent of the natural mind, but the convincing, controlling, comforting *power* is a totally different thing. The former there may be, but still withal a *something wanting*. That special something God the Holy Ghost alone can supply. The Lord Himself, in His personal ministry, brings the same truth before us, where, speaking of Himself as the Shepherd, He says: "He calleth His own sheep by name, and

leadeth them out. And, when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, *for they know His voice.* [Mark this, reader.] And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers."

Possibly we may have named before what a striking illustration we had of this Scripture, some twenty years ago, in Ireland. We wanted some few sheep to graze upon the glebe-land; and, seeing an old shepherd tending his little flock by the roadside, the price was named for some eight or ten sheep; among them he pointed out a certain lamb, which, having lost her dam, he had brought up by hand. The little creature was grazing the farthest off of any. "Now," said the old man, "you'll see she'll come at my call." Immediately at his simple salute, the lamb looked up from its grazing, wagged its tail, and darted off, with its "bah! bah!" to the shepherd. "That lamb shall be mine!" thought we, and immediately closed with the old man for the sheep; and anxiously enough we looked out the next morning for his appearance. The sheep driven into the meadow, the old shepherd paid his money, and departed, it was not many minutes before we were found testing the lamb. We called and called, imitating the old man's voice and note as closely as possible; but it was all to no purpose. The little creature took not the least notice whatever, neither then nor afterwards. It "knew not the voice of strangers." Oh, what a blessed lesson it taught us—what a precious insight it afforded to this divine portion, "They know His voice." And, depend upon it, it is so, dear reader. If the Lord makes Himself known and graciously understood the first time He speaks to the previously dead and dark soul, as when, for example, He said to Saul of Tarsus, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" be assured that voice is ever recognised afterwards. There is no imitating it. Although a moment before the weeping Magdalene mistook her risen Lord for the gardener, yet the salutation, "Mary!" with that divinely-infused and precious living power, there came a sweetness, a softness, a melting, an all-absorbing influence which infinitely surpassed all the words of the creature. Ah, yes, instantly there was the heartfelt and all-adoring "Rabboni! which is to say Master!"

Dear reader, do you know anything of this blessed power—this supernatural intercourse—personally and experimentally? If you do, we are sure you are no stranger to the secret, to a knowledge of which the disciples were admitted when during the tempest they aroused their sleeping Lord with a "Master, Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" "And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." Ah, yes, the hearts of the Lord's people may be sorely oppressed; yea, they may be bowed down under the weight, and be as it were crushed beneath the ponderous pressure with which the Lord may see fit to test and try them; and the whole soul may be driven to its wits' end, and be in a state bordering upon distraction. The

“tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon,” may have arisen; “neither sun nor stars in many days appear, and no small tempest lay on” [the soul], so that “all hope of being saved be taken away;” yet it is but for the Lord, even in such an extremity, to stand by with one of His timely, precious, all-powerful “Fear-nots,” as He did in the case of Paul, and the same fear-assuaging, peace-infusing, heart-reviving, soul-cheering effects will instantaneously follow. As all hope was just before taken away, so now, at the voice—the well-known voice—of Jesus, all fear shall be removed.

Beloved, touching upon this *living power*, or words spoken into the heart by the Holy Ghost, we shall not, at any rate, for a little season, forget a recently-applied word. A dear friend had just been telling us of a remarkably gracious instance in which the Lord had mercifully and marvellously appeared, even to changing the wind on purpose to bring about the desired object, the attainment of which had just previously seemed next to an impossibility. As we parted from our friend, the words directly flowed into the heart with unutterable sweetness and precious soul-bedewing power, “What manner of Man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?” Reader, we repeat, it is the Lord’s own adored Self alone that can thus arrest the mind with His own fear-assuaging words, and cause the soul to drop at His blessed feet in love, admiration, and gratitude. And this it is that gives a key to the disciple’s words, “Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?” We had just closed the last sentence, dear reader, when the evening post brought sundry letters, from one of which we will quote, as bearing so directly upon the matter we have been considering. The letter is written by a deeply-afflicted child of God, as well as one painfully tried in circumstances. Although for many years a reader of this work, we never made her personal acquaintance until recently, when she and her tried husband for a few weeks resided near St. Luke’s Church, and during that time attended our ministrations. She writes: “The greater part of your sermons, during my little sojourn among you, are still fresh in my memory, as well as the texts and hymns, which seemed all chosen for me; and I have often been able to take comfort from the remembrance, not forgetting at the same time what you said about Christians looking too much for *comfort*, when the Master’s glory should occupy more of their minds; He having told us beforehand that the way would be one of much warfare, many conflicts, and ‘through great tribulation.’ Yet our loving Father, in compassion to His children’s weakness, does often condescend to comfort them, sometimes by His providences, sometimes by His ministers, sometimes by His Word, and, best of all, sometimes by speaking directly to the heart; as in your experience, when the Spirit told you it was ‘well with the child;’ and in mine, on two occasions, when I seemed ready to sink with doubts as to whether He really could care for me. Once when I had been separated from my husband more than a year, he

being unsettled, and I too ill to move about, I was crying, 'How long, Lord?' when these words, which I had not thought of in any way or read—not even knowing where they were to be found—'Tarry ye the Lord's time'—came with such force to my mind that I was enabled to go on again, waiting the Lord's own time. The other occasion was when all circumstances—and more especially *one*—were so exactly contrary to our needs and necessities, *humanly speaking*, that I was weeping in bitterness of spirit, because I could not see the Lord's hand in the matter at all; when all at once my tears were dried, and I became completely happy and reassured, able to leave all in wiser hands than mine, by the Spirit's application of our Lord's words to unbelieving Thomas, 'Be not faithless, but believing.' *I might have been exhorted thus scores of times without any effect, but in these cases the power was with the Word; therefore accomplishing that whereunto He had sent it."*

The writer continues, "Dear sir, I had no thought of telling you all this when I began to write, but one thought leads on to another; and I do so want to tell how He does help and sustain me on the road, to add my little testimony to that of hundreds more."

The reader will perhaps be surprised when we state that up to within a few minutes of receiving the letter from which we have just quoted, we were most strongly tempted to drop the pen, or at least to take up another subject. We were harassed with such various conflicting thoughts and surmises as to be brought to a stand. However, we regard the letter coming to hand at such a juncture as of the Lord; and shall, therefore, let what we have written go forth, with the hope that it may meet some poor tried one's case, and serve as a little help by the way. Again, this letter will prove how dependent one member of the family is upon another member of the self-same household of faith; yea, how true it is, that the "more feeble members are necessary;" how each and all contribute to the well-being of the whole.

The writer of the letter from which we have already quoted adds: "I have been far too poorly, both in mind and body, and too full of trouble to feel equal to writing. I have often thought of you, but have kept waiting and waiting for the Lord to be gracious unto me, that I might have some better news to send you, as I now trust I have; for may it not be that our Father has brought us here, to this pretty, healthy little spot (Weston-super-Mare), for the improvement of our health? I already feel much better, and we have only been here a week to-day. We saw dear St. Luke's as we passed in the train, calling up some sweet remembrances of happy hours spent with some of God's dear people, in spite of temporal troubles; and I there walked up to the Lord's table, for the first time for more than seven years. I had received it twice with dear Mr. Browne, at Edgbaston; but he brought it to me as I sat in my chair."

By a little earlier post than that which brought the letter from which we have just quoted, we received a letter from the dear

brother in Christ in India to whom reference has so often been made in these pages. In proof of the oneness of the teaching, mark, dear reader, what he says under date :

India, 9th February, 1874.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER,—You are daily in my prayers before the throne, and all the members of your family. We are now settled down again in our quiet station at E——, and the hot weather will soon be on us. May the blessed Lord keep our hearts warm with love to His precious Self. I dare not look forward to the coming hot weather, except as the Lord enables me to trust in His precious Self. I ‘have the sentence of death in myself that I should not trust in myself,’ but in our blessed Life, our All in all. Oh, dearly beloved, what could we do without Him? Pray for us that we may be found faithful. Is it not a wonder that we are suffered to exist at all in a God-hating world? May the Lord come quickly and take His people to Himself, for the times we live in are, I humbly believe, the days in which the righteous shall scarcely be saved—in which, if it were possible, the elect should be deceived. May the Lord keep His people humble, watchful, and prayerful, looking for that blessed hope, like unto men that wait for their Lord. Tell Mr. Saunders, when you see him, that I do not forget him, and ask him to remember us. Oh, how forgetful we become of all His past goodness, and mercy, and faithfulness. We forget the miracle of the loaves, and our hearts grow hard. That was a very blessed thought the Lord gave you about the hairs of our head being all numbered. I told a dear Christian lady, who has just lost a dearly-loved son, that she never counted the hairs of his head, but that the Lord had numbered the hairs of *her* head. And now, dearly beloved, farewell for the present, and believe me your most unworthy loving brother,

T. T. S.

In another letter, received by the same post, the beloved writer, speaking of one whom the Lord, during the last two or three years, has sent into His vineyard, says: “His last Sunday’s text was, ‘Come, my people, enter into thy closet,’ &c. A—— saw the tears in his eyes when he was preaching; he seemed so to feel his subject. All I can say is, ‘It is wonderful.’ I asked him, ‘How do you feel in the prospect of standing up before the people to preach?’ He replied, ‘I envy the very children in the street on my way to preach.’”

Thus, dear reader, we learn the varied exercises and manifold trials and temptations of the dear children of God. Personally we often think we both write and speak because it is our *profession*; that, but for this, we should neither write nor speak; and hence Satan takes advantage, and becomes accuser; and yet, in spite of all, both feelings and fears, the appeal will spring up again and again, “Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee;” and again to the inquiry, “Will ye also go away?” the prompt reply comes, “Lord, to whom can we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.”

Well, beloved, do not these varied and chequered experiences bring out the more forcibly that precious truth, “Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage?”

How continually does David, in the 119th Psalm, appeal to the Word and to the testimony. Almost in every verse throughout the psalm does he, in some way or other, make allusion to it.

These statutes of which he speaks are the Word of the living God, in its precepts, its patterns, its promises, and its power; and these, according to the Psalmist's varied states and numberless stages, became in turn his song. Being under the teaching and training of the self-same Spirit, God the Holy Ghost, the sweet singer of Israel and the heavenly-minded, Christ-exalting, Isaiah were of one heart and mind, where the latter exclaims, "The Lord Jehovah is my Strength and my Song: He also is become my Salvation."

Thus both the Psalmist and the Prophet gave, as it were, the keynote to all Zion's pilgrims; for each and every one, in their little measure and degree, can testify to the glorious fact, "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

However opposed to the carnal heart and to the first-born state and condition of every son and daughter of Adam, yet, when made alive from the dead by the quickening power of the Holy Ghost, such are made to love the Word of God, in its *precepts*, even as in its *promises*. In their new creatureship, born in the image and after the likeness of Him that begat, what He loves they love, what He hates they hate. Hence such can with truth say: "Oh, how I love Thy law; it is my meditation all the day;" that is, according to the new man, who thinks upon the Word, feeds upon the Word, rejoices in the Word. As already expressed, when the Holy Ghost, in the exercise of His own divine sovereignty, and in the rich display of His own almighty power, drops a word of the Word into the heart, oh, how rich the food; how sweet to the taste; how nutritious and strengthening. How well may the Prophet exclaim, "I found Thy Word, and I did eat it; and Thy words were to me the joy and the rejoicing of my heart."

Again, the "statutes" of the Lord, in the *patterns* and *examples* it sets forth, are exceedingly precious; because, in those patterns and examples, we see the Word of the Lord brought into exercise. We trace the Lord's hand in His leadings, His guidance, His sustaining strength, His delivering mercy; and these become so much matter for encouragement. Hence says the Psalmist: "Our fathers trusted in Thee: they trusted in Thee, and Thou didst deliver them." As much as to say, "If Thou didst sustain and uphold and deliver them, why not us?" Hence comes out another blessed testimony: "I will trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

Further, how the word or the statutes of the Lord become the songs of the pilgrim, in the richness, fulness, and blessed adaptation of the *promises*. Oh, how vast a proportion of pilgrimage is passed upon *trust*. How little there is in *hand*, but how much in the *storehouse*, but of this Jehovah keeps the key, and deals out of its contents according as He sees the real wants and absolute necessities

of His dear children. The dear writer of the first letter from which we quoted encloses a leaflet, in which this thought is blessedly embodied, under the supposed utterance of "A Sparrow." It is quite new to us, and we feel we must transfer it to these pages, for the encouragement of our readers. We refer them to a later page. The ideas that precious leaflet contains are both sweet and Scriptural. Oh, the *promises*, what an ever-constant source of plea and argument. How are they identified with divine faithfulness. "And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope." Dear reader, could you strictly analyze your state of mind at this moment, how large a proportion of your peace, satisfaction, hope, trust, would be based upon the promises! Not what you have in *hand*, but what you have in *hope*; not a vague, reckless, fleshly hope, but a God-enkindled, a God-maintained, and what shall finally prove a God-glorifying hope.

Lastly. The word or the statutes of the Lord becomes the songs of Zion's pilgrims, upon the basis of *power*—living power, divine power, omnipotent, resistless, overwhelming power. That is a precious testimony, dear reader, respecting Abraham: "He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that what He had promised, He was *able* also to perform."

Dear reader, whatever doubts and fears there may be about the willingness of God to do certain things, it is a mercy by no means to be despised, to be enabled, without a wavering tongue, to say, "Lord, if Thou *wilt*, Thou *CANST* make me clean." It is a decided step in advance of him who exclaimed, "If Thou *canst* do anything, have compassion on us, and help us!" And yet, in order that none should be discouraged in the contemplation of the smallness of their faith, we have, in immediate connexion with the utterance of the poor distressed father, one of the most blessed and brightest actings of faith, setting forth at sight the almighty power and divine majesty of Jehovah-Jesus. "Jesus said unto him, If thou *canst* believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Then we read, "And straightway"—at once, without any dallying, disputing, or doubting; and why? Because the Lord accompanied His own words with sovereign and irresistible power. "And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." We believe that there is not a more precious example of the power of a God-wrought and divinely-infused faith throughout the whole Book of God.

Well, indeed, dear reader, may such constitute a song in the house of our pilgrimage.

The Lord permitting and enabling, we will take up this subject again.

St. Luke's, Bedminster, March 10, 1874.

THE EDITOR.

WHAT A SIMPLE VERSE DID; OR, AN INCIDENT IN THE  
LIFE OF THE LOVED LORD RODEN.

“In peace let me resign my breath, (Luke ii. 29.)  
And Thy salvation see; (Luke ii. 30; Gen. xlix. 18; Isa. xii. 2.)  
My sins deserve eternal death, (2 Thess. i. 8, 9; Rom. vi. 23.)  
But Jesus died for me.” (Rom. v. 6; 1 Cor. xv. 3; Gal. ii. 20.)

THE above lines were written by Dr. Valpy, an eminent scholar, before his death, and they contain the confession of his faith. The verse was repeated by the Rev. Dr. Marsh at a Bible-reading in Earl Roden's family. Lord Roden got it written out, and fastened the paper over the mantelpiece in his study (where it still hangs, yellow with age). Some time after this, one of the old heroes of Waterloo, General Taylor, came to visit Lord Roden. He had not, at that time, thought much on the subject of religion, and preferred to avoid all discussion of it. But, whenever he came into the study to talk with his friend alone, his eyes invariably rested for a few moments upon the motto over the mantelpiece. At length Lord Roden broke the ice by saying, “Why, general, you will soon know that verse by heart.” “I know it now by *heart*,” replied the general, with emphasis and feeling. From the time of that visit a change came over the general's spirit and life. No one who was intimately acquainted with him could doubt its reality. During the following two years he corresponded regularly with Lord Roden about the things which concerned his peace, always concluding his letters by quoting his favourite motto. At the end of that time the physician who had attended General Taylor wrote to Lord Roden to say that his friend had departed in peace; and that the last words which fell from his dying lips were those which he had learned to love in his lifetime.

It happened, in after years, that Lord Roden told the foregoing story at the house of a near neighbour. A young relative of the family, an officer lately returned from the Crimea, heard it, but turned carelessly away. Some months later Lord Roden received the intelligence that his young acquaintance was in a rapid decline, and was desirous of seeing him without delay. As he entered the sick room, the dying man stretched out both hands to welcome him; at the same moment repeating those simple lines. “They have been God's message,” he said, “of peace and comfort to my heart in this illness, when brought to my memory, after days of darkness and distress, by the Holy Ghost the Comforter.”

I know not, my reader, whether your walk in life is a high or low one; it matters not before God, who “accepteth no man's person” (Gal. ii. 6); for, though man looks on the outward appearance, the Lord looketh on the heart (1 Sam. xvi. 7). But it may be that these lines, abounding as they do in Gospel truth, may prove to you, as they have undoubtedly proved to others, a guide to lead you for salvation to the Saviour Christ, so that you too may learn to say,—

“My sins deserve eternal death,  
But Jesus died for me.”

## Wayside Notes.

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### GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE ON THE PILGRIM'S PATHWAY.

*"And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt."*—HOSEA ii. 15.

How very many of the Lord's dear people are often plunged into spiritual distress, depression, and darkness. It is with an eye to such that we have taken up our pen at this time, praying that the Spirit of the Most High may so direct us that we may be the means of opening the door of hope with the hand of faith, that they may catch gleamings of sunshine on their pathway, and gain a little soul-cheer that shall cause them to go on their way rejoicing.

The Valley of Achor was in the territory of Jericho, and about twelve miles from Jerusalem. The children of Israel in this valley became conscious of sin in their midst; on account of which, and the hidings of God's countenance for the same, they became so weak that they were smitten of their enemies, "and the heart of the people melted and became as water." The Lord instructed Joshua how to take steps to discover the transgressor, and Achan, of the tribe of Benjamin, being found out to be the guilty one, he and his sons and his daughters were stoned to death; after which the fierceness of the Lord's anger was turned away; "wherefore the name of the place was called the Valley of Achor unto this day," or, as its signification implies, *the Valley of Trouble*. And, beloved, what made it a valley of trouble? *Sin!* Ah! is it not this that has brought, and still brings, us into trouble? True, we may be mercifully kept from what the Psalmist so emphatically calls "the wickedness of the wicked;" but we know, in bitterness of spirit, not a little about the wickedness of the saint; by which we do not mean the new nature, which cannot sin, and is pure and holy, but that wretched old nature that is always worrying us and bringing us into trouble. Well, dear reader, if this is so, it is yet a mercy that you are concerned about sin; the very anxiety and felt-guiltiness marks your adoption; the very sighing on account of it shows your sonship; and the very loathing of yourself proves your love; and,

"If such a weight to every soul  
Of sin and sorrow fall,  
What love was that which took the whole,  
And freely bore it all!"

But Joshua, in a rebellious and unbelieving spirit, expresses surprise to the Lord that such distress should fall upon them: "Alas! O Lord God, wherefore hast Thou at all brought this people over Jordan, to deliver them into the hands of the Amorites, to destroy us?" and very angrily adds, "Would to God we had been content, and dwelt on the other side Jordan." Ah! dear reader, are we not verily guilty too upon this score? Are we not sometimes expressing ourselves in a similar spirit to David, when he said, "Why hast Thou cut us off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?" We must acknowledge it is so to our shame and regret. It may be that our cup seems much oftener "filled with the wine of astonishment" than with the wine of the Gospel;

it may be that things seem crooked enough with us oftentimes, but do we really wish to go back to Egyptian unregeneracy and servitude? Do we, with all its drawbacks, wish we could give up a spiritual life? Do we really desire to have expunged all we know of Jesus? No! no! It is the uprisings of that wretched old nature again. May the Lord forgive us!

But to refer again to the narrative. Achan is dead; the Lord's anger is turned away; it will be no longer a valley of trouble to Israel—all now will surely be peace. Not a bit of it! Directly after all we have referred to has taken place, we read that the kings on this side of Jordan gathered themselves together, and fought with Joshua and Israel with one accord, and did wilily. Ah! it must ever be so in a spiritual sense. There is no peace this side of the grave. Some think that literal Canaan is a type of heaven. In some particulars it may hold good; but, certainly, there is (and thanks be to God that there is) one point of difference very wide, namely, that in literal Canaan it was fighting work to the end; in spiritual Canaan it will all be sweet peace. But as long as we are here on earth it will be warfare! warfare! warfare! The soldier of the cross must make short work of resting in his tent, for the enemy is on the alert. The Lord purposely will not let our armour rust upon us, or give opportunities for putting it aside. The pilgrim will find but little time for wiping the dust off his boots ere he must be on the road again. The machine must be kept going to be useful, but the Lord will supply all the oil needful for its working.

"Tis to hear the Holy Spirit  
Prompting us to secret prayer,  
To rejoice in Jesus' merit,  
Yet continual sorrow bear.

To receive a full remission  
Of our sins for evermore,  
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,  
*Begging mercy every hour.*"

Beloved, I do not know what you feel in connection with the ups and downs of spiritual life, but I candidly confess that, although I have known the Lord for five-and-thirty years, such language describes my experience—*"begging mercy every hour."*

And now, whatever exercises of soul make this Achan wilderness a valley of trouble to us, we purpose, as the Lord shall enable us, to open with the hand of faith "the door of hope," and seeing if we cannot, in the sunshine of His truth, see beaming upon us glittering and golden words, which may well constitute a source of joy and encouragement. Here, for instance, are two precious words—*eternal life!* Oh, how precious are the beginnings of that life! Though, with some of us, time tells upon us, yet it seems to the writer that the Christian will never be too old to look back to the dawns of divine grace otherwise than with the most grateful joy; indeed, the Holy Spirit puts into operation His character of the Remembrancer, purposely bringing to mind those very beginnings and dawns, to reassure us in downcast moments of the reality of the work within, and that God's beginnings will have no endings; for, if the work is of the creature, it will come to naught, but, if it be of God, it must stand.

In family reading the other morning how sweetly and with what bedewing influence did those words arrest our attention, "*He will come and save you*" (Isaiah xxxv. 4). They brought to remembrance the beginnings of eternal life in one's own experience. Ah! this is the way we realized Christ. It was His coming to me, and not my going to Him, that was

the origin of what we know of divine things; therefore is the basis strong and to be depended upon. In youthful days we thought we had come to Him; and, under a softened, flesh-pleasing ministry, we believed we did God service in a regular attendance at the appointed place of worship—nay, from certain flattery received, we thought we were very good—but when the light of divine truth shone into our hearts, oh! then the contrary was seen, and we felt far from being very good—we were the vilest of the vile. And, when completely undone and turned upside down, then our extremity was God's opportunity, and we realized the truth of the assertion we have drawn attention to, "He will come and save you." But let faith again look through the door of hope the Lord has opened for us, and through it we shall see two more precious words; they are these—"free grace." If I could only see through the door of hope "*free will*," it would be no hope for me, for I cannot find in my free will anything but what would lead to evil and result in destruction; and it is to our mind astonishing how ministers will preach man's inability to do anything good, and then almost with the same breath tell them to exercise faith, which is at once bidding them to put in operation a spiritual power they do not possess. Their cry to dead souls is, Only look, only believe, only accept, only embrace, and salvation is yours this moment! And then follows, of course, the misconstrued, but usual, passage, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Surely there must be eyesight ere we can look, life before we can believe, grace before we can accept, and hands before we can embrace. All these are spiritual acts, the result of life eternal. As the beloved John writes: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God; and every one that loveth Him that begat, loveth Him also that is begotten of Him."

But, if I see through the door of hope these two words, "free grace," written by the hand of God, oh! then my sinking soul revives. They are words that suit my case, and I am melted as I read on: "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." To the same point how sweet are those words: "He will give grace and glory." Will He? Well, then, I'll ask Him to give it me. I am sure I need it; and He says, "Ask, and it shall be given you." I will bend the knee at His throne; I will remind Him of His promises; I will say in simple language, "Lord, I need grace; give me grace." Is such the desire of your heart, dear reader? If so, it springs from the grace already bestowed, the possession of which makes you desire for more, and which shows that there is a spiritual appetite, the result of spiritual life; and then, if you must acknowledge, "Yes, I have felt what grace within is; I may be cold and dark and downcast now, but I did believe I had grace at such and such a time;" then do not forget those other two redundant words, "*and glory*." The day of small things is not to be despised, for it will culminate in eternal sunshine. Those feeble desires will terminate in the fulness of realization; the tiny spark will be fanned into a flame that will burn brightly in heaven. Oh, then, how joyous are these two words, "*and glory*!" Others might, if they will, take their fill of free will; we poor undone ones must rest upon free grace—the free favour of our merciful God.

But we open again the door of hope, and there outshine two more sweet words, despised by many, but precious to the children of God. They are, "*covenant salvation*." Paul speaks of those who are "strangers to the covenant of promise." There must be a vast army of such in the

present day, for where do we hear of God set forth as a covenant God, or reference made to His covenant blood and work? Righteousness and love, grace and promises, these are themes which are shelved now-a-days as not suitable to the age. But oh, dear living child of God! thou seest in the creature perfect weakness, but in the covenant perfect security; nay, if you have received new life, and are feeling that Jesus is all to you, let me tell you you are LINKED TO GOD. Do you startle at the assertion? We will prove it, or rather God's Word shall for us. The Lord's dear people are called the "*beloved of God*:" "To all that be in Rome, beloved of God." They are *the blessed of the Father*. "Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, *ye blessed of my Father*, inherit the kingdom of heaven prepared for you from the foundation of the world." They are also so closely allied to Christ as to be called His "*brethren*." Jesus was told by some that His mother and brethren stood without, desiring to see Him. He "answered and said unto them, My mother and my brethren are those which hear the word of God and do it." And when in the garden, after His resurrection, He said to Mary, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to *my brethren*, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, unto my God, and your God;" thus blessedly making His brethren and Himself One. So with regard to the work of the Spirit of God within them, they are said to be the called of Jesus Christ. Here, then, we see how immediately they are linked to the Trinity. But, further, they are called "*heirs of God*" (Romans viii. 17), "*heirs of grace*," "*heirs of the grace of life*" (1 Peter iii. 17), "*heirs of promise*" (Heb. vi. 17), "*heirs of salvation*" (Heb. i. 14), "*heirs of the kingdom*." "Hearken, my beloved brethren," says the Apostle James; "hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?" (James ii. 5). So that there is abundant reason why they may

"Read their titles clear  
To mansions in the skies."

And then they are called "*chosen ones*," "*the seed of Israel*, His servant," "*ye children of Jacob*," "*His chosen ones*"—they are recognized as "*dear children*:" "Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as *dear children*, and walk in love." They are called the Lord's "*peculiar treasure*," for He reminds the children of Israel—a typical people of His spiritual Israel—how He bare them on eagles' wings, asserting, "Now, therefore, ye shall be a *peculiar treasure* unto me above all people, for the earth is mine;" and they are also said to be "*a people near unto God*." How, then, sweetly secure are we in Christ Jesus, as secure as the Trinity can make us; and how clear that our standing in Christ is a covenant work, and we are "*linked to God*." What we want is more faith to believe these verities, for our comfort and joy, honouring thereby Him who has asserted them. "Lord, increase our faith!"

Again, we look through the door of hope and behold two more life-giving words; they are "*precious blood*." We hear now-a-days of Christ's blood being spilt in vain, because the invited ones will not come unto Him. Is not this a practical, though it may be unintentional, denial of our Saviour? for can God do any thing in vain? Would He be God if He did? Surely this idea is a sentiment of man's brain; no such declaration appears in the oracles of God. No, it is covenant blood for a covenant people; it removes all their guilt, for it drowns

all their sins. There is no salvation without it—condemnation is impossible with it. Old as it is, it brings all new covenant blessings and justifies to glory; through it we have redemption, and by His own blood Jesus has entered into the holy of holies at the head of His ransomed Church. It causes the child of God to triumph, and constitutes the theme of the joyous in heaven, for their song is, “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.”

“This efficacious blood,  
By power divine applied,  
Makes perfect all the Church of God,  
All that are sanctified.”

Oh! how much might be said of this “precious blood;” but the running on of our pen from the flowings of our heart bids us look again through the door of hope, and read more comforting words; they are these—a *sympathising Saviour*. What a mercy it is for us to know and to feel that “we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin,” and that, because of this, He “can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way, for that He Himself also was compassed with infirmity.”

To the “weary and heavy laden” He says, “Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” The weak in faith He promises to gather in His arms, and gently lead the heavily burdened. The tempted He knows well how to succour, “in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted.” The afflicted how truly is He able to comfort, in that He Himself, having wept at the grave of Lazarus, could bid the widow of Nain “weep not.” The poor, how well is He able to sympathize with them, in that He Himself suffered poverty. I have said our blessed Lord has compassion on the multitude: “Because they have now been with me three days, and have had nothing to eat.” He had not eaten of anything for that time any more than themselves, and yet He thought of them first. And we have often thought what a remarkable instance of His sympathy for His brethren it was that, when the cross and His ignominious death thereon were before Him, He poured out His soul in words of comfort to them; and three whole chapters in the Gospel by John are taken up in affectionate consolation to them, never asking from His disciples a word of comfort in return. Oh, Thou precious, sympathizing Saviour, Thou art indeed “a Friend that loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother.”

But another peep through our door of hope displays two more uplifting words; they are—*ransomed souls*. Yes, beloved, we are only sojourners here; this is not our rest. As David, pleading with the Lord, says, “Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give hear unto my cry; hold not Thy peace at my tears, for I am a *stranger and foreigner* here, as all my fathers were.” We are heirs of an inheritance brighter and better than this world can afford; as the Apostle James says: “Hearken, my beloved brethren; hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and *heirs* of the kingdom which He hath promised to those that love Him?” We are, therefore, being prepared, by an all-wise discipline, as heirs, for this inheritance, and not merely this, but the inheritance itself waits for our occupation; as our Lord says, “In my

Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also." The stupid and ungodly assertion often made now-a-days, that, if you do not come to Christ, there will be empty seats in heaven, is unscriptural and Christ dishonouring. Every mansion is prepared, and the Lord's living people are being fitted for it. There will be no empty seats there.

Look, then, by faith at the ransomed ones, how happy they are; yet

"Once they were mourners here below, | They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
And wet their couch with tears; | With sins, and doubts, and fears."

But they, together with ourselves, are "*children of the resurrection*," as our Lord declared concerning His people to the unbelieving Sadducees: "Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of the resurrection." Oh, that those of the family who are troubled night and day from the terrors of death could lay hold by faith of this great fact, that they are the "*children of the resurrection!*" May we tell you, dear fearful ones, a secret on this matter? We have, as you know, been brought, like Epaphroditus, "*nigh unto death.*" Ah! then we had not a single fear concerning Jordan; but during our conscious moments felt that we were resting peacefully upon the bosom of our dear Redeemer; but since our restoration, and again in the midst of life, we have had fears and tremblings concerning the end of a character not before felt and realized. But what do we gather from this? Why, that, whatever fears and forebodings we have now, when it comes to the hushed chamber of death with us, they will all vanish, dying grace will be given for a dying hour, and you will find that

"Just in the last distressing hour, | The mount of danger is the place  
The Lord displays delivering power; | Where we shall see surprising grace."

Oh, may we realize then the sweetness of this title given to the Lord's dear people. They are "*the children of the resurrection.*" And, as John looked through the door in heaven that was opened for him, and beheld all so joyous and happy there, we shall, at the appointed time, take our stand in their midst, and join them in their lovely song, "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.*"

Thus, dear downcast ones, wrapt up in spiritual darkness and distress, have we tried to comfort you; yet all our words will be in vain unless the Spirit of God applies them to your case. Oh, may He do so. We have seen what a valley of trouble this Achan is, arising from hidden sin, the rebellion of the heart, and the hidings of God's countenance; but the Lord has graciously bidden us look through the door of hope He has Himself opened, and we have beheld written thereon the golden words of truth—eternal life—free grace—covenant salvation—precious blood—a sympathizing Saviour, and ransomed souls. Shall we not then sing, as in the days of our youth, and as in the days when we came up out of Egyptian unregeneracy—

"For blessings like these  
So bounteously given;  
For prospects of peace  
And foretastes of heaven;

Wanstead.

'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant,  
To sing and adore;  
Be thankful for present,  
And then ask for more."

G. C.

## Anecdotes and Extracts.

## PARLOUR ECHOES; OR, TALK BETWEEN G— AND M—.

*(From the "Christian Standard.")*

*G.—M—*, it is no use talking longer in this strain. I have listened and yielded by far too much already; and I, of all men, may say, "The thing that I greatly feared is come upon me." I now clearly see that, had I acted more upon my own judgment, than listened to the counsel of others, the result would have been very different.

*M.—*I hope I am not to regard that observation as implying that *I* have influenced you?

*G.—*You are quite at liberty to do so, if you please.

*M.—*I did not expect this from you. I presumed you had more confidence in the principles and the power of the Church to which you have allied yourself. Let me, moreover, caution you upon the grave responsibility you incur by even, for a moment, questioning her wisdom and infallibility.

*G.—*I look to results; yea, to plain matters of fact; and I see a terrible reverse—if not a positive downfall—before me. Nay, to be candid, I am still fearfully harassed in my own mind with that Haman's defeat and destruction of which I spoke in a former conversation.

*M.—*As to that, impressions are not worth a moment's anxiety. You may at once disabuse your mind of all feelings of that kind.

*G.—*I don't think so; history brings its facts in proof that a terrible reaction has not unfrequently set in, both upon men and measures, the course of which had previously been one of uninterrupted success; yea, that very success has undermined the superstructure, and ultimately led to destruction.

*M.—*Such cases, if they ever existed, have been of rare occurrence.

*G.—*Not so. Many a warrior has been thrown off his guard by his repeated victories. Those victories have led to a false estimate of strength on his own side, and an equally false estimate of weakness on the side of the enemy. Upon sober reflection, this I conceive to be my case. I thought the acts I had passed, and the majority I so long maintained, rendered my position secure.

*M.—*I thought so, too; and why should you think otherwise now?

*G.—*Why, *M—*, what are you dreaming of? The die is cast, and I am a fallen, if not a hopelessly ruined, man.

*M.—*Banish such a thought. It's not to be entertained for a moment.

*G.—*It's absurd for you to talk so, in the face of the odds that are against me. When I dissolved Parliament, I had not the veriest idea of such an issue. But, to my amazement, the whole face of the country is changed; for, remember that, where a Liberal member has been returned, it has for most part been only by the merest unit above his opponent. Bristol, for example, was a striking proof of this. Hence the Conservatives throughout the kingdom are vastly multiplied.

*M.—*I must acknowledge that I am grievously disappointed with the result of the returns. I had confidently anticipated a Liberal majority; and I concluded that, if nothing else secured it, your proposal of abolishing the income-tax would have done so.

*G.—*That proposal came too late. Our enemies were too keen-sighted.

They harped upon it as a bribe, and there were counteracting influences at work at the same time. We had hardly got over that Alabama difficulty before another war tax was called for; and this in the face of strikes, high-priced provisions, fabulously dear coals, and the shortening the working man's hours. A contention was springing up between capital and labour, which it was morally impossible to rectify. Under the circumstances, it was folly for me to hazard a dissolution. I ought to have held on, with the hope of brighter prospects by the time a new Parliament was imperatively called for. Now, I conceive my standing is hopelessly sacrificed.

*M.*—I cannot take so gloomy a view of the position. Consider the allies you have in the church, and the supporters among the dissenters.

*G.*—My answer is, look at results; but, granting that the men I have appointed to bishoprics and to deaneries may have done their utmost to amalgamate their system with your own; that their zeal and your presumption have conjointly raised the torpid spirit of the nation; and now with the true insight into Romanism which Disraeli has given in his "Lothair," and his so frequent appeal to the Reformation, the Protestantism of this realm is not likely again to sink into apathy and indifference; recent occurrences have confirmed me in the conviction that, as I have repeatedly said, you have gone too fast. You have presumed too much upon past successes. This, be assured, will be the more marked under another leadership. My successor will lose no opportunity of presenting matters under a different shade and colour to that which I have done. That the nation is prepared for change is evident, and, if the new Premier of England succeeds in convincing the people that the Evangelical section of the Church, and truly Protestant Dissenters, have but one interest in common, he has a strength to pass measures, and to restrict what may be deemed encroachments, which will uproot the vantage ground you have gained.

*M.*—Our foothold in the country is too strong for that.

*G.*—Not so; remember, in connection with all your progress, the standing lessons in point of weakness, imbecility, and disfavour, exhibited in regard to your system in the neighbouring nations. Say what you please, with a beaten Romish France, a triumphant Protestant Germany, and the Pope an acknowledged prisoner in his own Vatican, it is an insult to common sense to talk of infallibility. And I am as sure as I am of my own existence, that, did you ever obtain the object of your desire in the subjugation of England, and the re-establishment of Popery as the national religion, your triumph would be brief indeed. Those who, from indifference, or a false charity, had aided and abetted you, upon once feeling that galling yoke in which your Church prides herself as entitled to universal authority and dominion would rally their forces, and never rest until they had banished Popery from a Protestant land.

*M.*—The tenor of your words widely differs from what has so long characterized them. Your remarks perfectly astound me. I thought you were heart and soul with us; yea, a thorough Catholic in principle, though, as a matter of expediency, adopting the Protestant name, and acting under other principles.

*G.*—Honesty compels me to acknowledge that I have acted in spite of my convictions; yea, I have glossed over my own earlier and firmer-based impressions. I have been carried away by the fulsomeness and the flattery of popularity and favour. I have sought name and fame, and

now comes the reaction: my pitiable recompense and reward. A fallen Premier, a well-nigh rejected candidate for a seat in Parliament at all. The disestablished Irish Church, with its scores and its hundreds of closed churches and desolated parishes, rings through my very heart, and pierces, like so many poignards, my conscience; whilst the anarchy and disaffection of the people of Ireland generally only serve to intensify my disappointment and vexation. In a word, I fear that, after all, my efforts to gratify my ambition will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

D. A. D.

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### BISHOP HOOPER'S MARTYRDOM.

THE 318th anniversary of the martyrdom of Bishop Hooper, for his stedfast adherence to the Protestant religion, occurring on Monday last, reference was made to the painfully-interesting event on Sunday evening in several of the pulpits of this city. The Rev. H. C. Minchin, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary de Lode, preached from Acts xvii. 11, "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." During the discourse the preacher showed that the noble Bereans had embraced and acted upon the grand and fundamental principle of the Church of England, as maintained in her 6th Article—"the Supremacy of God's Word." This was also shown to have been the principle which animated Bishop Hooper and the rest of "the noble army of martyrs" at the Reformation. It was the divine principle of faith in the truths of that Word which had sustained them in the fires which had been kindled by an apostate church in her vain endeavours to extinguish the lamp of truth, which the Reformers had held forth to a benighted and priest-ridden people. The preacher exhorted his hearers to test their own faith in the Word of God, to hold fast that priceless heritage which had been won for us by the blood of our faithful martyrs. At the Mariners' Chapel, the Rev. J. Turner also marked the anniversary by preaching from Rev. vii. 13 and 14—"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?" &c. After having given an exposition of the text, the preacher said:—"We are forcibly reminded to-day of another recurrence of the anniversary of Bishop Hooper's martyrdom. To-morrow, 319 years ago, the misguided and wicked Church of Rome burnt to ashes the learned, zealous, and faithful bishop of this diocese. Christian charity had almost led us to hope that she had lost the bitter and persecuting spirit which she had manifested in those times, but the attacks her adherents are ever making on the memories of those holy men who went to the stake renders it necessary for every lover of truth to remember that the Church of Rome is to-day what she has ever been towards all who have dared to differ from her. Like Samson shorn of his locks, she retains the will, but lacks the power. In countries where she is in a minority she pleads for toleration; give her toleration, and she demands equality; yield to her equality, and she plots and schemes for supremacy. These are not mere opinions—they are incontrovertible facts, borne out by the history of every country in the civilized world. We learn from this event in the past history of this city of Gloucester the costly price paid for the privileges we now enjoy—an open Bible and the ordinances of Christianity in their purity and simplicity.—*Gloucester Mercury.*

THE "WAYSIDE NOTE" WRITER AMONG THE MOUNTAINS  
OF SCOTLAND.

I STARTED one Saturday, with two of my boys and a young friend, on a tour to Scotland. The latter, preferring sea to shore, we left London by steamer. During the night the wind increased, and the sea gave us a tossing, with its usual accompaniments; and in the morning commenced, for the first time in my life, a Sabbath at sea. At the breakfast-table a gentleman addressed me, stating that a few on board had been talking of their desire to hold a service, and had come to the conclusion that "G. C." was the one calculated to conduct it. What they saw in him to cause them to come to this conclusion I know not, but I thought of that passage, "I have put my name on their foreheads." And is there not something in the movements and deportment of the Christian which marks his character? At least, there ought to be. After this expression of feeling on the part of some of my fellow-passengers, I went to the captain and asked him if he had any objection to our holding a Sabbath-morning's meeting on board. His reply was characteristic of the Scotchman, "Ah! ye're speering (looking) after the end; and ye're quite right. You may hold yere meeting; but I fear ye canna speak on account of the sea." We found his words true enough; for, the sea rising, we most of us felt that quietude was our position. Indeed, the wind was now so strong that, excepting between decks, where we felt unable to remain, our words could not be heard. So we were compelled to abandon our wish, and give ourselves up to silent and secret meditation. But we were painfully struck with the way in which people spend their Sabbaths at sea. Most of the ladies on deck were reading sentimental novels, and the gentlemen newspapers. I did not see another Bible besides those in the possession of our party.

Arriving, after a boisterous trip, at Leith, we landed, and proceeded to Edinburgh, putting up at the "Waverley" Temperance Hotel, Princess Street. The weather was foggy and dull; but, clearing up in the afternoon, we toiled up to the far-famed Arthur's Seat, and gained a magnificent view of the splendid city and its surroundings. On the following morning we went to the Bridge of Allan; and, losing our way in a walk from thence to Dunblain, came upon a charming glen, which richly repaid us.

Arriving at Callander, we started after breakfast the next day from Macgregor's Hotel to visit the celebrated Bracklinn Falls. Ascending the hill with the dear boys and our young friend was rather wet work, and ere we reached them several showers of rain had pretty well soaked us; but the falls are very beautiful, and well worth going through some difficulty to see. Feeling weak, I thought it would be best for the boys to roam at pleasure, while I took to gentle walking; which I did, wending my way towards Benledi. The road was romantic, and one continual fern valley. At the foot of Benledi I lifted up my heart to the Lord. How grand, how awfully grand, is our God in nature! How profoundly deep in grace! The appearance of Benledi, from the rapid alteration of the weather to-day, reminds me of my pilgrimage thus far. Now a cloud comes over it, and it looks solemnly gloomy; anon the sun breaks upon it, lighting up recesses and passes unseen in the gloom. How cheerful the sun makes all to look! It is so in life. Oh, how rough and rugged all seems when the sun's behind the cloud, and the storm sweeps o'er our pathway! How cheered otherwise, when "the Sun of Righteousness!"

shines forth, gladdening our hearts and cheering us onwards. I am resting upon a stone; so did Jacob—his God is my God, and will be throughout my pilgrimage. At my feet the torrent stream flows on; so does life. Lord, prepare me for its end. A little further on I am surrounded by mountain scenery of the grandest description; not a human being can I see. *I am alone with God*, and singularly appropriate to my feelings is the meaning of the name of this highest mountain, Benledi, namely, the *Hill of God*. And thus alone with Him, I make my avowal of the preciousness of Christ, and of the assurance of my eternal safety in Him. Oh, let me sing aloud and re-echo it across these hills and dales, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

Returning to Callander, and looking over the mountains towards the Bracklinn Falls, was one of the grandest sights I ever saw. There was a *rainbow*, not in the clouds, but stretching over a mountain, lighting up the trees and causing them to appear of the same hue as the rays of the bow. It was singularly sublime. Not a bow in the cloud, but a bow immediately stretched over the earth, and seemed to remind one that, though God has set His bow in the clouds, in token of His covenant promise, He has also spread His covenant, as it were, over our earthly career, and from first to last redeemed our lives from destruction.

Nearing Callander, I came upon a huge water-mill, and was much struck with how, when the water was properly applied, it moved the large wheel, which, moving lesser wheels, worked at the will of the master; reminding one of how, when the water of life is applied by the Spirit of God to the wheel of life, God works in us and by us of His own good pleasure, effecting thereby the purposes of His love and mercy.

And now anxiety comes up like this cloud now spreading o'er the scene. I read in a hand-book, bought as I left Callander, that, in going up Benledi, which is 2,875 feet in height, there is much danger to the unguided wanderer, if he does not look well to the ground he is going over, or if he is prevented from seeing before him by mist. He needs a guide. Lord, it is misty now; preserve my dear ones. Ah! many are passing through life without a guide; blessed be the Lord, He is mine and my dear boys'. As I halted beside a flowing stream I craved of the Lord that He would grant that, in the survey of His majestic works in creation, I may not forget His merciful works in grace. Too apt are we to be absorbed in the former, and overlook the latter. But oh, grant unto Thy poor worm a deeper insight into those things that are connected with salvation; and, whatever may be in reserve for me in the future, may the remainder of my days be spent in honouring Thee by lip and life! Again the Lord was better to us than our fears; our dear ones returned to the hotel safely. The next morning, after breakfast, we went from Callander to Killin. At Killin the hotel is some four miles from the railway station, but the drive is very beautiful, and the torrent stream flowing on the left side of the road grand. Meeting with a gentleman, a Presbyterian minister, and his two sons, college fellows, we fraternized; and this turned immensely to our advantage, for he was going on a trip from Killin to the Falls of Lochay. Joining his party, we first paid a visit to Finlery Castle, and from the grounds entered into the tomb of the Argyle family, and then on to the Falls. The Falls of Lochay are not visited by ordinary tourists, being out of the way, but they formed the most beautiful sight we had yet seen, and well repaid the three miles' walk. We returned, with our unknown friend and his sons, to the Killin Hotel, where we had

a cold luncheon, and went back to the station outside the coach, in pouring rain all the day, but all seemed in good spirits. Ours were a little damped when we arrived at last at Tyndrum. Here there was nothing but a half-furnished hotel, crowded. The landlady suggested that we should go on ten or twelve miles to the next station, by hiring a vehicle; which, at half-past eight o'clock, on a dark, boisterous night, hungry and tired, we did not feel at all inclined to do—sleep we must somewhere; which, after pressure, we did, but in new, fresh mortar-smelling rooms, anything but pleasant. This was miserable, but there was no choice; so we had to grumble and bear it. It being the evening previous to a great sheep market, the noise in the hotel was a great nuisance. I never felt more forcibly the fact concerning our Saviour, that "Mary wrapped up Jesus in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for Him in the inn." We read of no murmurings at the discomfort, and yet how we rebel at little trials by the way. The following morning we started from the hotel, to go up to the lead mines. I gave it up half way, being too much of a toil. The dear boys went to the top. We were glad to get away from this hotel, of which the charges were not over moderate. And now came the greatest treat we have had up to the present time of our trip. We went by coach (with five horses some part of the way) from Tyndrum to Ballachulish, through the Pass of Glencoe. This pass exceeded everything I had seen of the kind. We were advised not by any means to miss it, and I am glad we took the advice. It was upon leaving King's house that the scene became awfully grand. It has been truly called the gloomiest, wildest, and most impressive of the highland glens. We were fortunate to behold it not at all as gloomy, for a more favourable day we could not have had, although we can well imagine this to be the truth in winter time. The drawback was in the violent way in which we were jolted from side to side, and the frightful pace at which we whirled on, within a few inches of gaping chasms; that, had there been the least deviation or slip, we must have been lost. But it was a wonderful sight; and yet we failed even here to realize the fulness and power of God. This grand nature may be a higher platform from whence we may behold and admire His creative power but it is in the lowland of the fall, and the felt recognition of His power to help us out of it, as well as in His great and marvellous works in connection with the kingdom of grace, which, the more we realize, leave us feeling what a wonder-working God is ours! Jeremiah's words drop upon one's remembrance to the point: "Truly, in vain is salvation hoped for from the hills, and from the multitude of mountains; truly, in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel." Another fact we noticed reminded us of another circumstance in connection with the birth of our Saviour: "There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night." How wonderful that the ushering in of our blessed God-Man into this world should have been announced, not to the great men at Rome—not even to the church at Jerusalem—but to a few poor humble shepherds! Ah! throughout His workings He fulfils the Apostle Paul's declaration: "He hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty . . . that no flesh should glory in His presence."

Arriving safely at the pleasant hotel at Ballachulish, on the following morning we were up at five o'clock to catch the steamboat for Oban. Now the scene was completely altered—a more cheerless morning could not be.

It was cold and cloudy, and the mountain scenery was obscured by mist. At Oban we took up our quarters at the Caledonian Hotel, and after breakfast hired a boat and went out fishing. We soon found out that the boatman was a Christian man; and, although occasionally giving way to the twang of Arminianism, still believed that at heart he was right. He gave us a brief account of the Lord's dealings with his soul, which testimony bore the mark of Zion. On Sunday morning we went to the free church of Scotland. The service seemed cold, and the sermon consisted of a working up of the historical facts of our Saviour's birth, with an Arminian application of the same. The text was Luke ii. 14, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." There was a singular proceeding with regard to the singing, which we had not seen before, namely, the elevation of the name of the tune to be sung; thus "*St. Lawrence*," boldly printed, was raised on a brass clip, and turned first one side and then on the other, and lastly, left to face the congregation. There was no music of any kind.

It is pleasing to notice how the Sabbath is outwardly, at all events, observed in Scotland; no hiring of vehicles, no boating or bathing, as in England, but all decent and quiet.

The following morning we left Oban, and proceeded by coach along the head of Loch Awe which was very beautiful, and on to Tyndrum, returning to Macgregor's Hotel, Callander, the incessant rain again spoiling our journey. The next morning we joined a party in the hire of a vehicle, and went through the Trosachs, which certainly were very beautiful; but, having seen the Pass of Glencoe, we were somewhat spoilt for tamer scenery. After watching the steamer off on Lake Kathrine we wandered along the borders of the lake, and, the rest going on, we sat upon a stone and again lifted up our heart in prayer to God for future help and guidance.

Our faces were now set homewards. Ah! what a mercy our faces, too, are set towards our eternal home, and we are pressing towards the city of our God. Across the rippling lake comes the sound of voices, and some people in a boat are attempting a song. Ah! sometimes we catch, as it were, the songs of heaven wafted from yon distant shore, and our hearts are gladdened to think that one day we shall be amidst the heavenly choristers. Methinks I shall sing praises to Jesus louder than them all. And now, dear Lord, on the borders of this beautiful lake, shut in by the wonders of Thy creation, and shut in with Thee, oh, I ask Thee that henceforth I may live nearer to Thee—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

The eye wearies of beholding loch and lake, mountains and valleys, but let it never weary of beholding Jesus; and, when Thou hast done with me, and by me, all the purposes of Thy love, may I receive an abundant entrance in Thine everlasting kingdom. Farewell, Lake Kathrine, I may never see thee again, but may the prayer uttered on thy borders be heard and answered by a God of love.

Returned to Callander, and, after luncheon, took train to Edinburgh, and, after staying the night and seeing the attractions of that great city, went to Leith; from whence, proceeding by sea, after a smooth passage, we arrived at home in due course.

## Pilgrim Papers.

## BIBLE EDUCATION.

*(Continued from page 135.)*

AMIDST a multitude of errors rife in the present day, the most dangerous to truth and peace is the denial of plenary inspiration. Deprived of this "balance of the sanctuary," neither truth nor error can be weighed; there is no divine and accurate authority for doctrine or practice, and the most important evidence—Scripture analogy—is valueless, as there is no standard to decide upon the portions that are inspired.

Of late years, the subject of discussion has been the character of the miracles recorded by Moses; and the "Bible Educator" favours the view that is accepted by modern critics, that these miracles were "the overruling of natural phenomena." Thus, the first plague, of the water of the Nile being turned into blood, is explained by the presence, in increased quantities, of an insect which gave to the water a red colour. The plague of lice is described as a small tick which, though itself not larger than a grain of sand, will fill itself with blood till it reaches the size of a hazelnut. The plague upon cattle is described thus: "Cutaneous eruptions are common, we are told, in the Valley of the Nile, but these were of unusual severity." The plague of total darkness is thus explained: "Travellers describe it as caused in Egypt by the south-west wind, when, as often happens at the vernal equinox, it blows for many days together from the desert, laden with fine sand; so filled is the atmosphere by it that no man attempts to light a lamp, for the air has lost its transparency, and the people hide themselves from the stifling dust in the innermost chambers of their abodes. By the time it reached Goshen the wind had deposited so much of the sand carried with it that the Israelites had light in their dwellings." The passage of the Red Sea is accounted for on this wise: "At the modern town of Suez are sands of considerable extent, passable on foot whenever, as in the present case, a strong east wind blows. Here, again, as in the plagues, the miracle was the overruling of natural phenomena." Upon the miraculous supply of manna in the wilderness, for forty years, we have the following statement: "God had given the people manna, which was certainly miraculous at first giving, and in many of the circumstances connected with its gathering and its continuance, though it may, like the plagues of Egypt, have been to some extent based upon a natural phenomenon; for two trees grow in the wilderness which produce a similar substance—the tamarisk and the acacia tree. But even with the aid of the manna this wilderness could not have accommodated so vast a host for so many years. We may conclude each tribe would spread out into the desert in search of food and shelter."\*

We turn to the pages of Cassell's "Bible Dictionary," and there find a decisive refutation of the statements we have quoted:

"With regard to the plagues of Egypt very much has been written, and the record has been assailed in all possible ways, but it seems unnecessary to write any special defence of the sacred narrative, because all these events were miraculous. Plausible endeavours have been made to show that some of them were not of necessity miraculous, but with regard to others not even a plausible explanation is possible apart from miraculous interference. Those who refer them to natural causes, and seek to withdraw the

\* See part ii., page 229, "Bible Educator."

supernatural element from the bare facts, have hitherto failed, and will always fail, to account for the concurrence of these events at one particular time. These narratives stand or fall with the miracles *as a whole*, and no picking and carping of unbelieving criticism can affect the history of them in the least." The passage of the Red Sea the "Bible Dictionary" thus speaks of: "The sacred narrative in Exodus, and in all the many places where the same event is referred to, plainly and unmistakably represents it as a display of divine power unparalleled in history. The sea was divided, and the waters stood up to the right and left of the passage thus opened, while the Israelites went over in safety. After they had crossed, the waters came under the operation of their ordinary law, and the pursuing Egyptians were drowned."

From the same "Bible Dictionary," we gather the following remarks upon the miracle of the manna: "Great efforts have been made by modern Rationalists to identify the manna of the Scriptures with the still existing manna of the Sinaitic peninsula. The manna described by Moses cannot have been identical with the product of the tamarisk tree because the production of this tree is uncertain, years passing without it; whereas the manna of Moses was supplied continuously for forty years. The quantity required to feed the people, estimated at four millions of pounds weekly, must have enormously exceeded the possible productions of the tamarisk trees in the neighbourhood, however largely their numbers in the days of Moses exceeded their numbers in the present time. The manna of the tamarisk cannot be ground in mills, pounded in mortars, or boiled, but the manna of Moses was familiarly so used. The existing manna cannot be made into cakes, the manna of Moses could and was. The tamarisk manna is simply saccharine matter, and contains none of the nutritious properties of meal, and, although used with bread, could not be a substitute for bread. But the manna of Moses is repeatedly stated to have been given, and to have been used, for bread during a period of forty years."

We would ask what is gained by withdrawing the supernatural element from any or all of these miracles? To reduce them to "the overruling of natural phenomena," in order to substantiate the fact of the locality, is a reason too absurd for an argument. If the history be worthy of credit, Egypt was the undoubted scene of these wonders; and the extent to which the ordinary inflections peculiar to the land reached, proved beyond all dispute that the miraculous power of God was displayed in each and all of them.

But the attempts of Rationalists to withdraw the supernatural from these miracles is only labour lost to the believer in plenary inspiration, for Scripture asserts that they were "SIGNS AND WONDERS" (See Neh. ix. 10; Psalm cv. 27; Acts vii. 36). The passage of the Red Sea is referred to not less than twenty times throughout the Word of God in proof of His miraculous interposition on behalf of His ancient people. The history of their deliverance was foretold to Abraham by God 430 years before the event took place (see Gen. xv. 14), and the supernatural character of the deliverance is asserted in these few words: "That nation, whom they shall serve, I will judge, and afterward shall they come out with great substance," which contains in brief the history of Israel as detailed in the first sixteen chapters of Exodus. But, to withdraw the doctrine of plenary inspiration, leaves us neither foundation nor foothold for faith. The portions of Scripture that bear testimony to the facts recorded

are of no value, for concurrent Scriptures can be overturned with, "Yea, hath God said?" For who is to decide as to what is human and what is divine? The oft-repeated saying of our Lord, "It is written," is neither an example to the believer nor instruction to the ignorant. When our Lord told the Jews to "search the Scriptures," we find no exceptions as to uninspired portions, and the Apostle made no reserve when he declared, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

But the object and end in setting aside plenary inspiration is plain, as it is an easy way of getting rid of every statement in God's Word that is opposed to the natural mind of man; and at the threshold of Scripture to whisper, "Yea, hath God said?" has become to many a leading thought that has fatally followed them to the last chapter in Revelation.

Plenary inspiration and miracles must stand or fall together, and the analogy of Scripture is the defence and bulwark of the miracles; but concurrent testimony cannot be trusted unless the divine oracular character of the book of God be received, and a "Thus saith the Lord" stand foremost on the page of Holy Writ. But, say some of the wise and learned ones, we by no means repudiate the idea of Scripture inspiration. Then, we ask, what is the nature and character of the inspiration you uphold? Is it what is termed ordinary inspiration, which means that degree of superior talent which belongs to a highly-gifted class of men, such as poets, artists, and musicians? If this be all that is assigned to Bible inspiration, and the penman thereof, we cry out "Away with it!" for this by no means represents the record of the divine mind, as given in the divine Word.

But let the "Bible Educator" speak for itself on this most important point in the following quotation:—

"THE POETRY OF DAVID.—It would be rash to fix definitely on the distinguishing features of David's poetry. His harp was full-stringed, and every angel of joy and sorrow swept over the chords as he passed. For the hearts of a hundred men strove and struggled together within the narrow continent of his single heart. The variety, even if we take the fewest assigned to him, of the psalms belonging to David shows a mind richly endowed. 'The royal singer excels in the hymn, the poem, the elegy, the didactic ode. The diction, too, is varied, both difficult and easy, soft, diffused, tender.' There are many scholars who ascribe to him a tendency to sweetness and pathos, rather than to grandeur and power. Yet the description of the storm in Ps. xxix. (one of the few allowed by Ewald to be Davadic psalms) shows a sympathy with Nature in her wildest mood. It is certain that no other psalmist can compare with David in general merit or range of inspiration."

Now here we might remove the name of David, and substitute any poet of superior excellence, and we ask what is there in this *critique* that could not with equal propriety be ascribed to any human composition? There is no impression left on the mind that there was anything divine, oracular, and supernatural in the utterances of the book of Psalms, or that David differed from any other highly-gifted writer in his ideas or words? We see at once the meaning couched under the term "*range of inspiration*," which is nothing more than variety of subjects, poetically expressed.

But it is the Spirit's work on the soul in regeneration that brings substantial and vital evidence to the divine inspiration of Scripture. The threatenings and judgments of God against sin, as set forth in the Word, when applied to the conscience by the sovereign power of the Spirit of God, awaken alarm and make the sinner cry out, "What shall I do to be

saved?" And then the desire is given to "flee from the wrath to come." This is the "quicken power" that raises the sinner from a state of death to a new and divine life. The Spirit of God, by the Word, both wounds and heals: "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light;" whereby sin is discovered and detested, Jesus is revealed and adored; the Word of promise then becomes the food of faith, and the sinner, who once saw no beauty in the Word, can say, "Thy Word was found, and I did eat it, and thy Words were unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Into this sweet experience no unregenerate man ever entered, "for the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." The application of the Word of God to the soul, by the power of the Holy Ghost, is the only satisfactory and abiding evidence of the inspiration of Scripture, and "when the word comes, in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," to arrest a sinner in his sin, or a Pharisee in his self-righteousness, speaks pardon and peace to the soul, and though the Word makes him a true believer in the two great tests of spiritual life, frequently repeated, but felt by few, "*the communion of saints, and forgiveness of sins,*" then there is neither doubt nor dispute about the doctrine of inspiration. The believer has got that evidence in his heart which is in unison with the Word; the threatenings and promises have alike been spoken home to his soul with sovereign power, and without any reserve he can subscribe to the written testimony, that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Upon this important and fundamental point much might be advanced, but we have occupied more space upon this subject than may be interesting to some of our readers.

We take this opportunity to recommend to the notice of Christians of all denominations Cassell's "Bible Dictionary," a book replete with information upon Bible topics, while it furnishes weighty arguments against the attacks of the Scribes and Pharisees of our day, upon all subjects connected with Bible religion. Christianity, without Christ, pardon without an atonement, salvation without substitution, Scripture without inspiration, heaven without meetness, make up the anomalous divinity of the wise and learned in this age; nevertheless the promise of Christ to His disciples stands sure to all His people till time shall be no more: "Howbeit, when He the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth; He shall glorify me, for He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you."

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THE OPENING OF THE SCRIPTURES.—It is always more blessed when the text takes the preacher than when the preacher takes the text. So in reading; a portion that you have often read before, but never struck with its beauty, has opened up with power and in new light. At this you have wondered how it was you did not discover this before; but this wonder will soon disappear when you remember the Lord does not give His little ones a stock on hand; in other words, it is not often He gives the whole of a chapter, or whole of a sermon, but here a little and there a little, that daily bread may be daily sought, and daily need made known. He that is so kept travelling between his own emptiness and Jehovah's fulness, is rich indeed.—*J. Miley.*

## Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

[The notes of the next Lent Lecture, delivered by the Rev. the Hon. Samuel Waldegrave, at Barford St. Martin, on March 15th, 1848, entitled, "The Consecration of the High Priest," upon Hebrews vii. 26—28, treating of his washing, clothing, and anointing, as set forth in Exod. xxix. 4—7, and in Lev. viii. 1—12, are found to be so very brief that it has been thought well to substitute for them the following Sermon.]

### "THE HOLY ANOINTING OIL."

A SERMON PREACHED IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, ON SEPT. 25, 1859, BY THE REV. THE HON. SAMUEL WALDEGRAVE, AS ONE OF THE CANONS RESIDENTIARY.

(PSALM cxxxiii.)

THE Holy Ghost must be had, the Holy Ghost cannot be hid. The Holy Ghost, I say, must be had. Participation in His grace is essential to salvation. "If any man"—mark the words—"if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His" (Rom. viii. 9). Yes, "any man." His years may be many, his riches great, his rank exalted, his genius profound, his learning vast, his character exemplary, yet, if he "have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His;" and, if none of Christ's, what is he? A child of the devil, an heir of hell! And the Holy Ghost cannot be hid. Wherever He is present, that presence shall inevitably be testified by signs unimpeachable. Every similitude by which He is known in Holy Scripture bears witness to this truth. Is He spoken of as "fire?" "Melting fire burneth" (Isa. lxiv. 2). Is He spoken of as wind? "Thou hearest the sound thereof" (St. John iii. 8). Is it to water He is compared? Isa. xxxv. 1, 2. The Pentateuch confirms this twofold testimony of the other Scriptures. It proclaims, in accents clear and full, that, if we would be saved, the Holy Ghost must be had—that, if He be present, He cannot be hid; and these truths we shall find set forth in type in the "holy anointing oil," which was poured upon Aaron's head, at the time of his consecration, as high priest.

Aaron had been brought by Moses to the door of the tabernacle of the congregation; he had been washed at the brazen laver; he had been clothed in the garments of glory and beauty. There he stood invested with all the insignia of his high and holy office. The breastplate, with its twelve sparkling gems; the shoulder-pieces, with their two polished onyx stones. There also were the golden bells, and the variegated pomegranates; and there was the frontlet of gold, with its legend, "Holiness to the Lord." But he might not enter yet upon the discharge of his sacred functions; he might not offer yet burnt-offerings, and whole burnt-offerings, upon God's altar. He might not take the golden censer yet, and pass into the holiest of all, with clouds of incense; he might not yet come forth with uplifted hands to bless the waiting multitude; for one thing was lacking still, and that thing was indispensable, it was the anointing of the holy oil (Exod. xxix. 5, 6, 7).

Aaron's sons, also, had been brought to the door of the tabernacle. They, too, had been plunged into the cleansing stream; they, too, had been clothed in priestly attire; and the tabernacle, in which they were to minister, had been reared and furnished. There, in the court, stood the altar of brass, prepared for atoning sacrifice; there the laver and his foot, filled with water for frequent ablution; and there, within the

holy place, was the table of shewbread, ready to receive its twelve bread loaves; there the golden candlestick, with its sevenfold lamps; and there the golden altar, waiting for the fragrant fumes of sweetest incense. Draw the veil aside, penetrate into the holiest of all, there stood the ark, with its covering mercy seat, and its cherubim of gold. And yet Aaron and his sons may not minister—altars and laver, table and candlestick, ark and mercy seat, and cherubim alike, must remain unemployed, untouched, for one thing is lacking yet, and that one thing is indispensable. Priests, tabernacle, and furniture must be anointed with holy oil (see Exodus xxx. 26—30; xl. 14, 15); nor could that anointing oil be hidden. The composition of it was such that its fragrance must have been very great. Myrrh, and cinnamon, and calamus, and cassia, in large abundance, were, with all the art of the inspired craftsman, conjoined with pure olive oil in that holy ointment (see Exod. xxx. 23—25). Surely it must have been with the tabernacle and its furniture, with Aaron and his sons, in the day of their anointing, as it was with the house of Bethany on the day when “Mary took a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair, and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment” (John xii. 3).

No marvel that the Psalmist, when he would picture forth the rich fragrance of such true charity, as made the very heathen cry, “See how these Christians love one another!”—no marvel that he should compare it to the sweet perfume of that holy anointing oil (Ps. cxxxiii. 1, 2).

And can there be a question, beloved, what all this means? Need I remind you that oil is the frequent—the appropriate—emblem of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter? The frequent emblem, I say. Listen to David, as he speaks of himself in Ps. xxiii. 5, and again in Ps. xcii. 10. Listen to him yet once more, as he speaks of his Lord (Ps. xlv. 7), and surely it is an appropriate emblem. Is it the property of oil to penetrate, to soften? Doth not the Spirit of our God enter into the inmost soul? Doth He not take away the heart of stone, and give a heart of flesh? Is it the nature of oil to heal and cure? You remember that the good Samaritan “poured in oil and wine.” Doth not the Holy Ghost heal the broken in heart, and bind up their wounds? (See Ps. cxlvii. 3.) Further still, was oil used of old, as it is used even now in Eastern countries, to supple and invigorate the limbs? Is it not by His Spirit that Christ strengtheneth His people with might in the inner man? (Eph. iii. 16.) Once more. Oil, we are told, maketh the face of man to shine (Ps. civ. 15). But what is that to “the joy and peace in believing,” to the abounding hope which is wrought in the souls of God’s elect by the Holy Ghost given unto them? (Rom. xv. 13.) But I may not tarry here, for I must needs point out how the indispensability of this heavenly unction is shadowed forth in the ordinance of the “holy anointing oil.” We have seen that Aaron might not enter upon the active exercise of his holy functions until that sweet perfume had been poured in rich abundance on his head. Turn from Aaron to his Antitype. Turn from the high priest of Israel to the Apostle and High Priest of our profession. He was, indeed, the Messiah, the Christ, the Anointed of God; and, until He became actually such, He entered not upon His work. The Spirit was indispensable to Him. Listen to the word of prophecy, Isa. xi. 1, 2; and yet again, Isa. lxi. 1; and yet once more, Dan. ix. 24. And at the time appointed prophecy

was fully accomplished! His very conception in the womb was by the power of the Holy Ghost (Luke i. 35). At His baptism "the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape" (Luke iii. 22). The Father gave "not the Spirit by measure unto Him" (John iii. 34). He anointed Him "with the Holy Ghost and with power." Then, and not till then, He "went about doing good" (Acts x. 38). Doing good to the bodies of men, "healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people" (St. Matt. iv. 23). Doing good to the souls of men; teaching, guiding, warning, saving, and blessing, for God was with Him. But the anointing of Aaron was shared with him, by his sons, the priests, and by the very tabernacle in which they ministered. Even so is the anointing of Jesus shared with Him by all the household of faith. Nor may they, nor can they, discharge the duties of a "royal priesthood" (1 Peter ii. 9), nor may they, nor can they, offer up "spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ" (1 Peter ii. 5), until the Holy Ghost hath shed abroad the love of God in their hearts (Rom. v. 5). The Spirit is indispensable to them. True it is that they were "chosen" of the Father "before the foundation of the world" (Eph. i. 4). True it is that they were "redeemed" of the Son from the curse of the law (Gal. iii. 13). Yet shall they remain "aliens," "strangers," "outcasts," until the Spirit, by His effectual call, bring them home. And this is their "anointing" (1 John ii. 27). Yes, when He has softened their hearts, and made them "mourn" for sin (Zech. xii. 10); when He has healed their souls, and taught them to believe in Jesus; when He has strengthened them with might (Eph. iii. 16), and led them "in the paths of righteousness" (Ps. xxiii. 3); when He has gladdened their spirit, and made them rejoice in God their Saviour; then is that word fully realized which is written in 1 John ii. 20,—"*Ye have an unction from the Holy One.*" Nor can this "unction" be hid. Whenever the Holy Ghost is present, then shall His presence be testified by signs unimpeachable.

Thus was it with the "holy anointing oil" of old. There was a fragrance shed abroad wheresoever Aaron came. And think you that a less fragrance attended upon the footsteps of Jesus? (Song iii. 6.) The people "wondered at the gracious words" (Luke iv. 22) which fell from His lips. His very enemies were constrained to cry, "He hath done all things well" (Mark vii. 37). Truly He moved in an atmosphere of truth, and zeal, and love and pity, and, my brethren, there was a fragrance in the tabernacle, and in the priests who ministered there. And there is a fragrance about the Church and people of God! There *is*, I say; not, there *ought* to be! Yes, brethren, a fragrance like that which surrounded the Lord Jesus in every step He took (Ps. xlv. 7, 8). Did He move in an atmosphere of truth? John i. 14. They also walk in truth, as they have received commandment from the Father (2 John 4). Was He "clad with zeal as a cloke?" (Isa. lix. 17.) They, likewise, "contend earnestly for the faith, once delivered to the saints" (Jude 3). Did love, love even unto death, actuate Him in all His dealings with the sheep of His pasture? They also "walk in love" (Eph. v. 2). Was His heart full to overflowing with compassion to a lost world? Did He weep over the city, and cry? Matt. xxiii. 37. Their hearts, also, are fragrant with pity—tender, eager pity—for lost souls (Rom. ix. 1, 2, 3; Phil. i. 8).

And now, brethren, I would pause, for I have a solemn question to put to your consciences. It is this: Is the fragrance of this holy unction discernible in you? And here I must entreat you to dismiss all refer-

ence to past ordinances and past experiences. Tell me not that you have been baptized, that you have been confirmed in years gone by. Tell me not that you are a constant partaker of the Supper of the Lord. These are great and blessed ordinances; but, alas! many eat and drink at Christ's table to whom He shall one day say, "I never knew you" (Matt. vii. 23). The "unction from the Holy One" is separable from all these. They may be had, and that unction never received! The Spirit is a sovereign Spirit, working by all means, yet tied to none. Yea, I would go further, and would say, do not refer me to the day of your conversion. Conversion may be genuine; conversion may also be spurious. The question is, What is your condition now? Are you fragrant now with the holy anointing oil, with the unction of the Holy Ghost? And here I must give you a word of caution. Remember it is for the unction of the Holy Ghost that I inquire. It is not for natural virtues that I seek. To counterfeit the holy anointing oil was death (Exod. xxx. 33). Domestic amiability, punctilious honour, large-hearted philanthropy, generous impulse, ascetic devotion, religious emotion, will not for one moment be accepted instead of fidelity to Christ's truth, zeal for Christ's honour, love for Christ's people, compassion for the wandering souls for whom Christ died.

My brethren, examine yourselves, whether you have the Spirit, for indeed, "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His" (Rom. viii. 9). Can you humbly, yet believingly, say that the Lord hath showed mercy on you; that He hath poured this unction upon you? Let me direct your attention to two particulars respecting the holy anointing oil which have not yet been named. Notice, then, firstly, that the high priest, upon whose head the holy anointing oil was poured, might not defile himself by contact with any dead body, even though it were the body of his father or of his mother (Lev. xxi. 10—12). Surely there is a word of admonition here for the people of God. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption" (Eph. iv. 30). Grieve Him not by turning back to "dead works," from serving the living and true God. Grieve Him not, even though father, even though mother, take umbrage at thy course; for remember St. Matt. x. 37. But, then, you are tempted to say, that, if you so act, you will be stigmatized; you will suffer loss. You *may* be stigmatized. It is the appointed lot of the loyal servants of Jehovah to be reviled, to be persecuted; but you will not suffer loss. For notice, secondly, that even in matters of this life the anointed priests were specially cared for. You will find that provision was made for their temporal necessities by referring to Lev. vii. 34—36. And think you that the provision made for the "royal priesthood" shall be less bountiful? Surely not. Hear what the Apostle saith in Rom. viii. 32. Hear what that Apostle's Master Himself saith, Matt. vi. 25, 34. And then is there not a portion beyond—"an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away?" (1 Peter i. 4.) Look at Heb. x. 34.

But must it be confessed, if truth be spoken, that you lack the fragrance of the heavenly unction? Then let me impress upon you two more particulars respecting "the holy anointing oil." It might not be poured upon the flesh of a stranger (Exod. xxx. 32). Even so did the Lord Himself declare concerning the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, that the world cannot receive Him (St. John xiv. 17).

Do you, then, poor fellow-sinner, desire to have the "unction from the Holy One?" Let this be your first, your immediate, step, to come out of

the world (2 Cor. vi. 17, 18). And then note that that precious oil descended to the very skirts of Aaron's clothing. I know full well that every really contrite and humble soul will think it almost impossible that one so vile should be partaker of so great a benefit. I bid him, notwithstanding, be of good cheer, I bid him look to the skirts of Aaron's garments, and I bid him hear the Lord, as He says, Isa. lviii. 15, and again, Luke xi. 13. Now, Eph. iii. 20, 21.

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## Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

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THE LATE HENRY SMITH, ESQ.

(OF NOTTINGHAM.)

As our readers are aware, we gave a brief allusion to the death of this inestimable man upon the cover of our last number; at the same time stating that we had not received any particulars of his last days. We are, however, indebted to Mr. W. Jackson, secretary of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, for a copy of the *Sower* for March, in which is given a deeply-interesting sketch of the life, character, and last illness of this eminent servant of God. Did space permit, we would gladly transfer the entire account from that work to the pages of our own; but, as that excellent publication is issued at the small charge of a penny, we would recommend our readers to procure it for themselves. We recollect, at the moment of writing, that it was at Nottingham, when visiting at Wilford House, we made the personal acquaintance of the esteemed editor of the *Sower* and the *Little Gleaner*. He was then staying at the house at Wilford set apart for the occupation of the ministers who from time to time supplied the private chapel at Wilford House. We went together into Nottingham to hear the late Mr. Philpot.

In the brief reference on our last month's cover, to which we have alluded, we speak of a special trial which befel us on our first visit to Wilford House. Within five minutes of our foolishly indulging the thought, "Well, the day seems smooth, I've nothing particular to ask for this morning," a telegram was placed in our hands which instantly plunged us into the depths of trouble. Never were we at a greater loss to know what to do. It was at this juncture the departed Mr. Smith and every member of his beloved family manifested such a prayerful interest as we shall never forget. Whilst waiting shortly after at the bank-house, at Nottingham, we see by a note in the margin of our Bible that the last verse of the eighth chapter of Daniel was specially applied. Nor did we ever experience a more striking and blessed answer to prayer. Whilst travelling to London, in great anguish of heart, the Lord first gave the answer in *earnest*, and then as graciously followed it up by *fact*. This was upon the 14th of August, 1861. Well may we say, personally, in the retrospect—

"Many days have passed since then,  
 Many changes we have seen;  
 Yet have been upheld till now;  
 Who could'st hold us up but Thou?"

The last time we saw dear Mr. Smith was when making a passing call at the self-same house in Nottingham. We were then *en route* from another old and dear friend's house at Grantham. We may state in passing that upon this beloved friend the Lord has of late laid His deeply-afflictive hand. He at the present time is in deep waters indeed. We would, therefore, earnestly and affectionately commend him to the prayerful sympathies of our beloved readers. Many of them we know "love to weep with those who weep, and to rejoice with those that rejoice."

Some years having passed since a brief notice of this last interview with dear Mr. Smith was published in this work, we may perhaps be allowed to reproduce it here, as affording a clearer insight into the loving disposition of the departed than aught we might now write from memory:—

Finding we had to wait an hour at Nottingham, I resolved to call and enquire for a dear friend upon whom the Lord has of late laid His afflictive hand (Mrs. Henry Abel Smith, of Wilford House). Walking into the town, towards the bank, I thought on his words, who, when engaged in the active and responsible duties of business-life, used to ask, whilst walking over the self-same route as that a part of which I was pursuing, for "the faith of Abraham, the wisdom of Solomon, and the patience of Job." As I had left the house of a beloved friend,\* and witnessed his anxieties, I was the better prepared on his account practically to sympathize with such a prayerful utterance. Entering the bank, I was agreeably surprised there to see the beloved elderly saint himself. I had never thought to have met him again this side the Jordan. Little did either think when last we met what a trial of faith so nearly awaited us both. [Mr. Smith in the loss of his beloved companion, Lady Lucy Smith; and ourselves in the death of our dear wife.]

"You have been wonderfully sustained, my dear sir," said I, "under what you have been called to pass through since last I saw you." "I have, I have," was the reply; "and so have you, my dear friend." "Yes, I have, but the nerves are much shaken." "I can sympathize with you, but 'He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.'" "But the prospect," he continued, "of a speedy reunion is very delightful." "In all probability that awaits you much sooner than I." "We can't tell," was the reply of this interesting and venerable one, "our times are in His hands." We then spoke of Ruth Bryan, the Sherwood gipsy, and Mr. H—, whose names and writings connected with them are closely identified with Nottingham, and respecting whom it may be said, "The memories of the just are blessed." In allusion to these works, my dear and venerable friend remarked, "I have just been reading them, and they came with such a *freshness*." So true is it that what the Holy Ghost indites, not only intrinsically possesses, but retains, its unction and dew and power.

Thus closed this short but interesting interview. Dear patriarchal one, we part, in all probability, till we meet where parting is unknown, where pain and strife and sin and sorrow are neither felt nor feared. Oh, how sweet with regard to its blessed estate, "there shall be no more death." And, with respect to loved ones gone before, how comforting is the reflection that "they without us cannot be made perfect." Jesus hath need of us, sinners though we are, even as He had need of them. The word still stands in all its fulness and undiminished blessedness: "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am." He must "see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied."

Leaving the bank, and once more mingling with the bustling throng in the crowded market-place, it being market-day, the words came rolling into my heart, as the bright and heavenly countenance of my venerable friend had scarcely vanished from my view, "Blessed is the man whose iniquities are

\* Mr. B. O., the now afflicted friend at Grantham just referred to.

forgiven, and whose sins are covered; blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not sin." This precious Scripture was immediately followed with another, and how sweet and savoury it was: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His Holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

In the midst of these heart-glowing reflections, I passed hard by where I had last seen and conversed with the sainted Ruth Bryan, before referred to. I contemplated afresh her trials, and that deep heart-sorrow (on account of worldly circumstances) which constituted so much the weight of the cross she was called on earth to carry. It was a part—and no small part either—of that loving discipline by which a wise and gracious Father was pleased to teach and test her. All have their crosses; and in a greater or less degree, "the needs-be that they should be in heaviness through manifold temptations." This was hers. But how well it wrought—how blessedly it redounded to His praise and His honour whose she was, and whom she served. She, "being dead," through her works "still speaks."

Passing the Almshouses, on the way to the station, I was again reminded of some of the dear old pilgrims I had years ago met there, and who were now doubtless before the throne. I was reminded, moreover, that on my last visit to Nottingham, I had occupied the pulpit of a dear young servant of the Lord, who, in a comparatively short time afterwards, was most suddenly called to his rest. And scarcely nine months since I was travelling over this very line of rail, accompanied by a now-sainted one, after preaching the funeral sermons for the beloved Rev. W. Parks, of Manchester. How little did I then imagine what was before me! How wisely and how graciously is the future hidden from our view. Oh, could I then have known one-tithe of what I have been called to pass through since, it seems that my little measure of faith must have given way.

Oh, my one God in covenant, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, do enable me to profit by these things! Increase my faith; vouchsafe a holy dependence and childlike trust in Thee; and grant me to be found waiting, watching, and (in a Gospel sense) working until it shall be said of me also, as of those who have now passed away: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Lord, Lord, of Thy great mercy, grant it, for a precious Christ's sake. Amen and Amen!

The foregoing, we repeat, were the simple facts and after reflections connected with our last interview with the now glorified Mr. Smith. Words utterly fail to express the peculiar savour—yea, the hallowed influence—associated with the memories of both Lady Lucy and Mr. Smith. With each there was a heavenly-mindedness seldom to be met with. Possibly the deafness under which the latter so long laboured tended to his withdrawal from worldly intercourse, and to his closer communion with the Lord and with divine realities. Be this as it may, the verities of the covenant were his meat and his drink. The annexed account testifies to his attachment to the ministry of the late venerable Watts Wilkinson. Possibly we occasionally listened at the same time to the Christ-exalting testimony of that eminent servant of God, although then personally unknown to each other. It is a cheering thought, that very many who met beneath the sacred roof of that now demolished sanctuary are now unitedly and adoringly worshipping before the throne on high. The final close of the earthly career of dear Mr. Wilkinson and the beloved Mr. Smith were not unlike, for whilst, as will be seen from the subjoined particulars, Mr. Smith "seemed sleeping so gently,

his eyes shut; the breath became slower and slower, and at five a.m. it altogether ceased. Not a struggle! Mr. and Mrs. H. A. S. could hardly tell that all was over; it was truly falling asleep in Jesus!" so Mr. Wilkinson literally realized his previously-expressed desire, which was "that he might pass away in his sleep!" In point of patriarchal age, temperament, and disposition, and devotional views, we should think there was a marked resemblance in these two eminent servants of God. That "reunion," the prospect of which dear Mr. Smith said was "so delightful," in our last interview, he now fully realizes. How many has he joined before the throne free from all sin, suffering, and sorrow, with whom he had sweetest fellowship here on earth. Not only has he met again the glorified Lady Lucy, but the beloved Ruth Bryan, his loved nephew, the late Bishop of Carlisle, the beloved Rector of Elmley, the blessed David Denham, and multitudes of the old pilgrims to whose human necessities it was his delight to minister whilst they sojourned in this vale of tears.

When preaching the funeral sermon upon the death of his beloved aunt, Lady Lucy Smith, how little did the late Bishop of Carlisle, or any who then listened to his affectionate and Christ-exalting words, imagine that, within the comparatively short space of four years, he, in the midst of his highly important work, and in the very zenith of his strength, would be called himself to follow her to the skies, and personally to enter upon "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

It will make our present narrative more complete, and render it the more interesting to those who may not have the number to refer to, if we quote a portion of what appeared in this Magazine at the time of Lady Lucy Smith's departure, and which appeared in February, 1866. It reads as follows:—

It devolves upon us this month to announce the removal of the late beloved Lady Lucy Smith to her heavenly home. The announcement of her death took us greatly by surprise, but it reached us at too late a date to allude to it last month. Her loss will be felt, not only by her bereaved husband, the many members of her own loved and loving family, and a large circle of relatives and friends, but by numbers of the Lord's poor and needy ones, through the length and breadth of the land. If ever there was a large and liberal heart, it was Lady Lucy Smith's. That mild, calm, peaceful countenance was a true index to a heart sweetly mellowed with grace. Her whole spirit was softened and bedewed by love, tenderness, and simplicity. It was next to impossible to be in her society for the shortest interval, without realizing the ballowing influence of a mind taught and tutored by the Spirit and power of Him upon whose Person and work it was her delight to dwell. In the intensity of her desire to be blessed and to be made a blessing, she rose above all little party feeling and sectarian distinctions; and sought, in all she said and did, to prove that there is a oneness of heart and an identity of object between the various members of the one common household of faith. Her whole conduct and bearing was a living and a powerful testimony to the preciousness and power of the words of the Holy Ghost by the Apostle, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Her desire was to feel—and to act upon the conviction—"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." With her it was a matter of living principle that "what she did was done unto the Lord, and not unto men." Mr. and Lady Lucy Smith's great desire was, as far as in them lay, and that in a varied and diversified manner, to "feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." With this object, the private chapel attached to Wilford House has been, for many years,

regularly supplied with Gospel ministers from various parts of the kingdom, who not only themselves were blessed personally in ministering, but whose ministrations were owned of God to the comfort and edification of multitudes. The extent of this will only be known in connexion with the revelations of the last great day. Unquestionably, the little sanctuary attached to Wilford House has proved a Bethel times without number both to ministers and people. Within its walls, occasionally, our late brother in the Lord, the loved David Denham, ministered; and the sweet genial spirit of this dear servant of God was very much the type of the spirit of the godly men whom from time to time Lady Lucy Smith sought to minister within those hallowed walls.

We believe that few have visited Wilford House without finding a special and peculiar sanctity attached thereto. In the rear of the mansion are sundry walks which for many, many years have been trodden by numberless pilgrims now before the throne. We question if any one residence was ever more—if so much—the resort of the Lord's loving children as Wilford House. Hence a goodly number, we feel assured, who walked in sweet communion with the Lord through those retired and picturesque paths, and about the summer-house hard by the river of which Kirke White wrote so beautifully, are now communing with their Lord in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And now their loved hostess (having done all her Lord would have her do whilst here on pilgrimage) has followed her guests "home to Jesus." These, we find, were among her ladyship's last words.

We rejoice in the contemplation of the grace and strength vouchsafed to the beloved Mr. Smith, in connexion with his most painful bereavement, that grace and strength are clearly evidenced in the letter which we annex:—

Wilford, January 1, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am deeply affected by the kind and tender sympathy you manifest towards me under my very painful bereavement. The blow has indeed been severe, but it has been dealt by a Father's hand, and I have been enabled to receive it as the fruit and effect of covenant love and faithfulness, and through the grace and faith of submission to feel resigned. I cannot forget, in the bitterness of my grief, the special mercy that, in a union of forty-one years, the dear departed and I lived and walked as heirs together of the grace of life. Her race was run, and her work was done. She was what she was by the grace of God, and that grace is changed into glory unutterable! I could not wish her back again in this world of sin and suffering; but I am sustained by the hope, in the Lord's own time, of joining her amongst the ransomed throng to sing the never-ending song.—With deep gratitude for your affectionate feelings towards me, I remain, your afflicted brother in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,

HENRY SMITH.

We can only add our hearty prayer, that the Lord will continue to grant to His honoured servant the peace and the consolation he has already experienced; and that when it shall be said to him, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee," he may sweetly and blessedly realize what it is personally to be able to exclaim, even in that all-important hour from which poor nature so recoils, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

How far this prayerful desire has been answered will presently be seen. Surely in no member of the vast household of faith have those words ever been more strikingly illustrated than in the case of the beloved Mr. Smith, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

In the extract which we are about to give from the late Bishop of Carlisle's sermon upon the death of Lady Lucy Smith, there will be seen a striking correspondence with respect to the similarity of the Scriptural means by which both Lady Lucy and her beloved husband were first called to a personal and saving knowledge of divine things. Speaking of the departed, the bishop said:—

They looked back, and saw a long life of usefulness, happiness, and holiness. But what did that say? These were the words which fell from her lips in her dying hours:—

“Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

“Not the righteous—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.”

He knew that was sweet to the poor, hungry soul. She said, not long before she went hence, “I have nothing to do but to go.” He wished to lead some of those present to inquire what interest they had in the redeeming blood of Christ. The third title of the children of God which the text brought before them was “called”—“sought out.” There were two kinds of calling in the Scriptures: the outward call by the ministry of the Word, and the inward call of the Holy Spirit. Let them not rest until they could say that the words, “I, behold I, will search my sheep, and seek them out,” had been fulfilled in their case. When God sought out His sheep, He showed them that they were lost, and could not save themselves; and, when He had made them feel the meaning of those four letters, *lost*, He made them understand the meaning of the five letters, *saved*. It was wonderful how God searched out His sheep. He searched them out in all kinds of places, and by a variety of means. How was that dear lady who had now gone from them originally sought out? When she was a little child, by the instrumentality of a maid-servant in her father’s house. She went, as a little child might well do, with her doll, and its dress, to the laundry, and there was a message there from the King of kings. There was a word from that servant, pleading with Christ for her soul, and it distressed and disturbed her. She could have no rest. She turned to her Bible, and at the beginning read of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, cherubim being placed to guard the tree of life; and she wondered how she could find her way back to that tree. Her Bible was in two volumes, and, after reading steadily through the first volume, she read on with the second, until she came to the 14th chapter of John, and the 6th verse—“I am the Way.” Light then dawned upon her soul, and there was peace. Then she knew what it was to be sought out. Could they marvel at her love for texts? Could they marvel that in her own dwelling beautifully-printed texts everywhere met them? Could they marvel that her letters, written in a bold hand, contained references to texts? Could they marvel that she attached so much importance to the Holy Spirit? There was not one who had known and loved her who had not over and over again remarked with what jealousy she spoke of the Holy Ghost. On her death-bed, commenting on the words, “All thy children shall be taught of the Lord,” she said, “It is a great thing to be taught of the Lord”—laying much stress on the word “taught.” Speaking of “The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart,” she said, “It is the spirit of the word.” She used to say, “By the grace of God, I am what I am.” There was nothing in her to move God to be merciful to her; she was merely a lump of clay, the same as they all were. There were those present who might feel that they had lost such a friend as would never be replaced. That was quite true, but they must remember the text, “When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.” They would be “sought out, a city not forsaken.” There was very much forsaking connected with the true service of God. In one place, houses, land, father, mother, and wife were spoken of as things to be forsaken; and, if they were to go into the life of her who had gone, it might be shown that even she, in a measure, had to give up such things. But there was no forsaking on the part of the Triune Jehovah. Ought not that to cheer and comfort mourners, and encourage young beginners? He would tell them a few words gathered up in the sick chamber. “If any one should ask about me, at the cottage or

the house, you may say, 'Should the Lord say to me, lacked ye anything?' I should say, 'Nothing, Lord; nothing.'" "He hath delivered, and doth deliver, in whom I trust, that He will yet deliver us." That was said two or three times in the course of the night. "The Lord does watch over us; He keeps us night and day." "The Lord is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

" Who trusts in God's unchanging love,  
Builds on the Rock that cannot move."

Oh, that God would be pleased to grant that many present might find salvation to all eternity, as she had done. Why should not some be awakened to the importance of spiritual things by the death of that honoured saint and Christian lady? The dear departed one had now entered upon eternity. There would be no change during the whole of that eternity but one, and that for the better, when the trumpet should sound, the dead be raised, and all God's people unite round the throne of the Lamb, and cast their crowns before Him.

We repeat, how soon was the beloved and justly-revered bishop himself to realize the unspeakable blessedness of which he then so emphatically spoke. We cannot but add that the contemplation of the removal of the Lord's eternally-loved people one by one from these low lands to "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," would be additionally depressing but for the consolatory recollection, that "they without us should not be made perfect." As one advances in years—is reminded in manifold ways that the pins of one's tabernacle are one by one being removed—that "heart and flesh" are verily "failing,"—and that "soon the place that now knows us will know us no more for ever;" still, although there is the gloomy river in prospect, yet the fact of the divine support vouchsafed to those who have gone before is cheering, as one remembers—

" They marked the footsteps which He trod;  
His zeal inspired their breast!  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest."

The Lord give us grace to add—

" Yet a season, and we know  
Happy embrace shall be given;  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth chang'd for heav'n."

Before we quote the extracts from the *Sower*, we would add, how remarkable are the dealings of God; yea, "how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out." One dear Christian lady, so frequently named in the account (the wife of Mr. Henry Abel Smith), appeared years ago to be upon the very threshold of her eternal home; whereas she is spared even to minister to the comfort, and personally to witness the passing away, of her venerable father-in-law. This will be seen by the facts which will be found in the ensuing pages, and which (as already intimated) were published in the little work before referred to. We will only add our hearty desire that the same rich covenant blessing may continue to rest upon the surviving members of this long-privileged family.

In his interesting biographical sketch the editor of the *Sower* says, with respect to the late Mr. Smith :—

The honoured subject of this brief notice was born at Wilford House, Wilford, near Nottingham, Dec. 12th, 1794, about six weeks before the great flood of 1795, and the infant was taken to the rectory, which was considered to occupy the highest spot of ground in the village. We are told the water came up a foot or two in the lower rooms at Wilford House. He went first to school at Rottingdean, near Brighton, then to a tutor in Norfolk, and after that to the Edinburgh University. In 1814 he entered the Nottingham Bank, and soon after became a partner. In 1816 the Lord was pleased to send the first arrow of conviction into his heart, when attending the funeral of his elder sister (Mrs. Cary), who had been married when very young, and was soon taken from time into eternity. He once said to the writer, "I have been thinking of the variety of texts the Lord's people would have to name if they were each to name the text especially blessed to them in their call by grace. I," he said, "should have to name this text: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'" It was the solemn pronouncing of these words by the officiating clergyman at the head of the mournful procession that was the means the Lord used for the effectual awakening of his soul. The conviction he then received was not the mere passing effect of the solemnity of the occasion, but was abiding, and ended in his true conversion to God.

The ministry of the venerable Watts Wilkinson was made a great blessing to his soul, especially the Tuesday morning lectures. He, with many others, was accustomed to hurry from business and spend an hour in the church at the back of the Bank, in London, listening, with soul profit, to that dear faithful minister of God dilating with so much unction on the "true riches," within sound of the hum of the eager traffickers in "the mammon of unrighteousness." He always spoke of Watts Wilkinson as his spiritual father. One of the great Gospel themes in which this dear servant of God took special delight was the covenant of grace. The blessed establishment of soul he got under Wilkinson's gracious discourses upon the covenant love and covenant transactions of the Holy Trinity made this subject one in which he ever after found much joy and peace.

The good providence of God directed him to the choice of one for his companion in the nearest earthly tie whose position in life was suitable to his own, but, above all, whose spirituality and many singular gracious excellences made her a help-meet indeed to him. He was married, in July, 1824, to Lady Lucy Leslie Melville, eldest daughter of the seventh Earl of Leven and Melville.

This excellent elect lady was on the maternal side grand-daughter to that man of great grace and almost unbounded liberality, John Thornton, of Clapham. Lady Lucy remarkably supplemented Mr. Smith's character. He was very retiring, was always fond of solitude, a lover of books, especially of the Bible, and lived such a prayerful, meditative life as we fear few members of large banking firms have ever lived. Lady Lucy was one whose constitution and talents fitted her for the more public and active duties in the cause of truth and benevolence.

Mr. Smith's mind was most richly stored with the Word of God. He never seemed disposed to make any exhibition of nice and critical power of Scriptural exposition. His forte was not so much critical interpretation of Scripture as the sweet feeding of his soul upon every word

that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord. It has been felt by many of the Lord's people, and a number of His ministering servants, that his company the little time he would give it was like going to a springing well flowing with the holy water of the Word. He was very strenuous in his advocacy of all the doctrines of sovereign grace, but delighted to have them proclaimed in an *experimental* and *practical* way. He had, almost to an excess, a horror of controversy. It was always impossible to identify him excepting with the one Church made up of all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. It was more his characteristic to run away from error to truth, and thus make truth his shield, than to combat error with truth, and thus make truth his sword.

Towards the close of the year 1872 Mr. Smith had an illness from which he does not seem ever to have fully recovered. In the course of that illness his mind was kept in sweet peace. He was asked by a friend about his nights. He said, "I am very little able to sleep, but no wearisome nights are appointed to me. I have been sweetly meditating upon the covenant of grace." Towards the close of this illness, when the dangerous symptoms had subsided, he was visited by Mr. and Mrs. Deacon, of whom he always spoke with the most tender affection, and who loved him much as a ripe Christian and a long-endured uncle.

Mrs. Deacon took the following notes of her visit at the time. They will be read, we are persuaded, by those who have "the secret of the Lord with them," as sweet manifestations of grace in the aged saint:—

"Nov. 10th, 1872.—We found our beloved uncle in bed. His small Bible was open on his pillow. He looked very peaceful, and his face lighted up on seeing me. He said he had been very ill, but was better, and that he was encompassed with mercy. He especially felt the Lord's great goodness to him in sparing him suffering. He then said, 'I have no wearisome days or nights—"my soul *is* satisfied, as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips, when I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night watches"' (Ps. lxxiii. 5, 6).

"He spoke of the disappointment it was to him to return to earth; he thought the welcome and long-looked-for summons was come, but repeated with great emphasis these words: 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come.' He then said, 'Dear L—, how is your dear husband and your children? You little know how dear to me all those are whom I love in the Lord!' He seemed at first to think this was a farewell visit, and again said he was earnestly looking for his dismissal, and his eyes filled with tears, and his voice faltered, when he said, 'I am *so* looking, yes, earnestly longing, for reunion with those dear ones who are gone before—those who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises' (Heb. vi. 12).

"He then thanked me very tenderly and lovingly for having helped him about a domestic matter. He said the Lord had been so gracious to him in his domestic matters.

"In the afternoon my husband went to see him—he was then on the sofa—welcomed him very warmly, and spoke of the Lord's great goodness to him in sparing him suffering, and said how he had been dwelling upon the mystery of electing love!

"Deut. xxxiii. 27, was mentioned to him, and Uncle Henry replied, 'Yes; underneath *are* the everlasting arms; I *feel* them—they bear me up, or I should have sunk!'

"He then spoke again of his return to earth and life, and of his disappointment, but measuredly, as though he would not transgress with a word, evidently showing his desire fully to acquiesce in the

Lord's will, but feeling some rebellion within. He said the sympathy of Jesus had been so precious to him, and mentioned, 'We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.' He said it could not be for long that he should have to wait, for 'the time is short,' and the mercy was the Lord had said, 'Behold, I come quickly!'

"He referred very gratefully to his dear son's devotion and attention to him—anticipating every want, and arranging everything for his comfort, &c.

"About 4.45 I went to see him again. He was having his tea at first, so I sat behind. When he had finished he asked to know the time, and his watch given him to look at, which the nurse said often happened. When he saw me he looked very pleased, and kissed me very affectionately, and then said, 'It is like an angel's visit!' and how much he enjoyed thinking of the ministry of angels—how they watched by the bed of a departing saint, or a sick child of God—how they rejoiced over a repenting and returning sinner—and how he believed they rejoiced over every soul that was safely landed in glory.

"He referred again to the unnumbered mercies which were bestowed upon him; but most of all in the Lord's great love made known in his soul, and said, 'I have so greatly enjoyed a verse of a hymn which your dearest aunt so greatly prized,—

"His love in sorrow is my peace,  
His love in suffering makes me strong;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
His love shall be my endless song!"

Also Pope's ode, 'Vital spark,' &c., and also Toplady's hymn, 'When languor and disease invade,' &c.

"To the first of these he said, 'It is so sweet—I feel it! I feel it!' He then said, 'All is appointed; the covenant is well ordered in all things and sure. What a debtor to grace and mercy I am!'

"He spoke of having thought his work was done. I told him how many would rejoice that it was not, and that he should be yet spared a little longer. He said his comfort was to plead with the Lord to raise up to serve Him from amongst His own people far better servants than himself, and who would do the work better than he had ever done it. He especially referred to the hospitals in Nottingham—that there was no vacancy now; all were so comfortably filled—and spoke of the blessing he had often received in his own soul in visiting the Lord's people there; 'quite an anointing for my burial.'

"He spoke with much comfort and thankfulness of my sister, and her improvement at Bournemouth, and that they had a good house, and quoted Isaiah xxvii. 8, 'In measure, when it shooteth forth, Thou wilt debate with it: He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind.' He also spoke of dear L— T— with much affection."

He was one who, in his last days, knew much of the experience of the rich promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." We well remember his answer to our enquiry if he found the Lord supporting and comforting him in his widowed life. He replied, quoting the above sweet text according to its marginal reading, "Thou wilt keep him in peace, peace," &c., adding, "This is my experience."

During our stay at Wilford last summer he appeared so much better than we expected to see him, that we hoped he might yet be spared for several years.

Towards the close of last year his ancles began to swell, and he showed signs of much weakness. He undertook, however, a journey to Bournemouth. He left home December 17th, 1873. He broke the journey by two nights' stay in London. While there he expressed a great desire to visit Bunhill Fields burial-ground, a spot sacred as the repository of much elect dust. He walked about for a length of time, taking an interest in standing near the graves of different servants of God with whom he had had sweet communion by means of their published works. He felt especial emotion in standing by the grave of his loved early spiritual pastor, Watts Wilkinson.

On his arrival at Bournemouth, December the 19th, those members of his affectionate family who had been there two months before, and had not seen him during that time, were much struck with his altered appearance. He appeared to them much more feeble, and to have become stouter.

He gradually declined in strength, and at length had to be carried upstairs, and soon ceased to join the family at luncheon and dinner, but enjoyed a drive daily when the day was fine.

On Friday, Dec. 26th, Mr. Henry Abel Smith, his only and devoted son, who had accompanied him to Bournemouth, was obliged to go home on business. Mrs. Henry Abel Smith, who ever took pleasure in giving the utmost attention to the dear aged pilgrim, says, "We could watch, each day after he left, some little thing given up."

On Thursday, Jan. 1st, he seemed so weak and poorly, and his appetite so bad, that all were feeling very anxious. The bad account written home to Mr. Henry Abel brought a telegram the next day to say that he would return on Saturday, the 3rd, which he did. The diminishing of strength was so gradual that day by day it was hardly observable, but week by week a great difference was apparent. His strength and appetite more and more failed. All means were used; but it soon began to appear that the earthly house of this tabernacle was about to be dissolved, that he might inhabit his destined "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

By his great kindness and that of Mrs. Henry Abel Smith, the writer was invited to visit Bournemouth on the occasion of the coming of age of Mr. Samuel Henry Smith, his grandson. We arrived at Bournemouth January the 12th. The next day we were grieved to see him so truly feeble. Our first sight of him was on his return from a drive. He had to be carried from the carriage to the drawing-room, and thence to his own room.

When we spoke to him he said, "I am so glad to see you again." Upon our expressing our sorrow at seeing him so unwell, he said, "I am very poorly, very feeble. It has pleased the Lord to take away my appetite, but I am at His feet." We said it was sweet to be at the feet of Jesus, but his safety lay in being in the Lord's hands. He said, "Yes, but to be at His feet is a sweet place. Poor Mary found it so." He appeared to be still kept in "peace, peace."

Though in his own room, he was deeply interested in the services in the house, especially on the explanation of a model of the tabernacle, on Thursday, the 15th, the day of his much-prayed-for grandson attaining his majority.

He said, in reference to his coming of age, to Mr. Samuel Henry, as he entered the room, "Oh, dear Sam, I am so pleased to see you; you are like the rising sun, and I am the setting sun." He was truly a setting sun, and seemed to be having a most peaceful sunset. During that day he spoke of having been sixty years in the Nottingham Bank,

and then said, "I think few are privileged, as I have been, to live to see their grandson come of age, or to see their great-grandchildren. Now I am longing to enter into eternal rest."

On *Lord's-day, the 18th* (a very stormy day), two services were conducted in the drawing-room. We found it good to be there, both in speaking the Word and in prayer, especially for the sufferer. In taking leave of Mr. Smith, on Wednesday, the 21st, he said, "I do not forget Wilford." We said, "No, of course you do not; it is dear to you by many sweet reminiscences." He said, "I mean I do not forget your illness there. We may well say after that, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?'" He added, "May the Lord spare you for many years to come, and make you a great blessing to His Church."

One day during our stay he said he had been awake for some hours, but the Spirit had been his Remembrancer, bringing one passage after another to his mind.

*Friday, 23rd.*—Mr. Smith had his last drive. He walked downstairs with great difficulty; a plank had been contrived to help him to walk into the carriage from the steps at the door. While out he said, "I so enjoy the air, but dreaded having to get into the carriage; but it was made so easy for me." He dozed the greater part of the time during the drive. When he came in, he remained in the drawing-room till five o'clock, part of the time sitting in an arm-chair, but seeming exceedingly feeble and exhausted. That day Mr. Samuel Henry returned to Oxford. Before leaving he gave him the following text: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace" (Num. vi. 24—26).

The day before, January 22nd, his youngest grandson had returned to Cheam. He felt leaving his grandpapa very much, fearing he should never see him again. When he went up to say good-bye, his grandpapa gave him Pro. vi. 20—22, especially repeating with emphasis verse 22: "When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."

*Saturday, Jan. 24th.*—He was exceedingly feeble, but about twelve o'clock he went into the sitting-room dressed, and, after nurse was gone to dinner, he remarked, "How beautiful are some of the collects, so Scriptural, and true prayers; that one, for instance, which says, 'In all our works begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name,'" &c. He asked for a large-printed Prayer-book. In the afternoon he seemed very ill, but sat from two o'clock till five in a small chair by the sitting-room window, chiefly dozing, but once remarked, "Do you remember how old Mr. Wilkinson used to exclaim—

"Could I but catch one smile from Thee  
And drop into eternity?"

*Sunday, Jan. 25th.*—Very feeble. Mr. H. A. S. asked if he had any passage given to him. He was then sitting in his arm-chair, and in reply, read out of the Bible to him, "I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine, of the juice of my pomegranate. His left hand under my head, and His right hand should embrace me" (Cant. viii. 2, 3). He said very little through the day, but had Hebrews xii. open before him some time, and his finger was observed to be under the lines of verses 22, 23, 24: "But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and

to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." He also looked at Rev. i. and at "The Life of the Puritans," but could hardly hold the book. About four o'clock he wished to go into bed again. At times it seemed difficult for him to articulate and to those around to understand, but he spoke very little. When Mrs. Henry Abel Smith said "good-night," she gave him, "God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present Help in trouble" (Psalm xlvii. 1). He then said, "A precious promise, firm as a rock."

*Monday, Jan. 26th.*—He seemed a little revived, and tried to remember Toplady's hymn, verse 1, which, with a little help, he did, and said it was very suitable:

"When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away."

Later in the day he mentioned, "He weakened my strength in the way. He shortened my days" (Psalm cii. 23). He had Hart's hymns for some time in bed. About three o'clock he got up and sat in a chair till eight. While there a letter was given him from his valued niece, Mrs. D., which he put down for about two hours, and then asked for it, but made no comment, and passed it back. When Mrs. H. A. S. said "good-night" to him, he said, "Thank dear L. for her loving and affectionate letter, and tell her, 'whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it'" (1 Cor. xiii. 26). He also said, "'Goodness and mercy have followed me.'" Mrs. H. A. S. then mentioned Psalm xxiii. 1, and he repeated, "*shall not want.*" She also said, "The Lord is mindful of His own;" and he added, "Yes, and mindful of His covenant. I am sure He is." At one time, when speaking of C., who had measles, and having seen the death from measles of two children of Mr. Blackburn, the clergyman at Bonsall, he said, "I have been led to plead much that the destroying angel may pass over this house."

*Tuesday, Jan. 27th.*—A distressing day; very restless. He sat in an arm-chair almost all day, but hardly speaking. His loved married grand-daughter, Mrs. Herbert Tritton, arrived in the evening, and saw him. When he understood who it was, and that she had had a great desire to come to see him, he said, "Come to see me once more, once more."

*Wednesday, Jan. 28th.*—He talked a good deal towards evening; and, when hearing of some one who was ill and yet had a good appetite, said, "I wish I had; but the time will come when we shall hunger no more, nether thirst any more."

*Thursday, Jan. 29th.*—He got up about ten o'clock, and sat in a chair by the window the greater part of the day. He said so solemnly and strikingly, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh" (Ezekiel xxxvi. 26). "His mercies are new every morning, and great is His faithfulness" was mentioned. He replied, "He is faithful and true." He talked about Mrs. H. T. and Mrs. D., and seemed a little confused about the two at first; then said, "In all their affliction, He was afflicted, and the Angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old" (Isa. lxiii. 9).

*Friday, Jan. 30th.*—When asked how he was, he said, "Not a good night; the cough has been troublesome. I find the way of the wilderness a weary way, but the good land lies before, though Jordan is

between." Psalm cvii. 7, was mentioned: "And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation," and he said, "Yes, the Lord's way is a *right way*, though a *weary way*, but it leads to the city of habitation." At twelve o'clock he said, "Those are two beautiful lines—

"There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers."

*Sunday, Feb. 1st.*—He said, "I have been praying hard for faith and patience to hold out. The Lord knoweth them that trust in Him, and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate." He seemed very weary and low, and spoke of a verse in Toplady's hymn often left out—

"Shall see Him wear that very flesh  
On which my guilt was lain;  
His love intense, His merit fresh,  
As tho' but newly slain."

He then said, "I cannot express all I feel about that verse, for all seems to hang on Christ having taken our nature into union with His own divine nature; as God, He could not suffer, but as Man He could suffer, bleed, and die." He then mentioned 1 Peter ii. 24, 25, and 1 Timothy iii. 16: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness, by whose stripes ye were healed. For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." "And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." "This great mystery—'God manifest in the flesh'—I am lost in wonder, love, and praise. Without this there could have been no salvation. We see something of it in Isa. liii." All this was said with difficulty after walking into the sitting-room about half-past eleven. He went to bed at four, and afterwards mentioned Psalm lxxi. 3: "Be Thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort: Thou hast given commandment to save me; for Thou art my Trust from my youth."

*Monday Feb. 2nd.*—About twelve o'clock he said, "I want to say one word, that I am quite ready to depart, quite ready to go when the Lord sees fit to take me. I feel I am now a great weight, burden, and care to you all; I am longing to go in the Lord's time. To die is great gain. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit' (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10). To be absent from the body, present with the Lord, is far better. I can only trust and pray that much grace may rest upon those that follow after to uphold and maintain that which has been carried on through grace for the Lord's glory. The Lord will gather in the members of His elect people. The temple will then be completed, and the top-stone brought forth with shoutings of 'Grace, grace unto it.' How beautiful to hear the singing above of grace, of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb to everlasting."

*Tuesday, Feb. 3rd.*—Mr. Smith very poorly: spoke very little all day; only asking for anything that was needed.

*Wednesday, Feb. 4th.*—Did not get up till 1.30. Seemed exhausted, and dozed a great deal. Went to the sitting-room for a few hours.

*Thursday, Feb. 5th.*—His nurse called up Mr. and Mrs. H. A. S. between six and seven, being alarmed by a fit of apparent choking, which was occasioned by washing out his mouth with some water. Got up about twelve o'clock. When in the sitting-room he said, "I had a severe bout

this morning. Did the doctor think it might have been serious? Did he think me much weaker?" He was answered, the choking fit was so soon over we had not sent for the doctor.

*Friday, Feb. 6th.*—When wheeled into the sitting-room in his chair, by his nurse and his two grand-daughters, he said, "It is so kind—so kind." He then turned and said, "Poor nurse, poor nurse! she has a time of it with me. I am so impatient, like poor Job." He asked for Dr. Guthrie's *Life*, which he had been reading, and opened it, but did not attempt to read it, but dozed for some little time. When asked what he would have for his dinner, he said, "I wish I knew. I am drawing very to near those who hunger no more, neither thirst any more." He tried to eat some iced-cream, but could not—wished to be moved near the fire, but could not rest, and soon wished to be moved back. Was exceedingly restless all the afternoon. At last he wanted to get up and stand. Moaned a good deal, but, when asked, said he had no pain. About six o'clock went to bed; the cough was very troublesome, and the breathing oppressed. About 6.30. the doctor saw him, and advised his having some medicine to soothe the restlessness; and, if it did not produce sleep in an hour, to repeat it, only giving half the quantity. It was with some difficulty this was taken at 9.30. This in a measure soothed him, but did not produce sleep. At twelve o'clock he took some nourishment with difficulty. Nurse then had to raise the tube to his ear, and asked if he heard her. He said, "Yes." She then asked if he would try and take something to soothe his cough. He said, "I'll try—I'll try." And with some little difficulty he took the second small dose of medicine. He gradually became much quieter. His nurse sat up to watch him through the night. About four o'clock, thinking he had been long enough without nourishment, she tried to rouse him, but could not succeed. At a quarter to five a.m. she thought his breathing was rather slower, and more feeble, so knocked for Mr. and Mrs. H. A. S. Their room being just below, they were there in five minutes. He seemed sleeping so gently, his eyes shut. As they quietly watched, the breath became slower and slower, and at five a.m. it altogether ceased. Not a struggle! They could hardly tell that all was over. It was truly falling asleep in Jesus. The weary spirit had taken flight, and his devoted watchers could only realize he was "for ever with the Lord." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

The Secretary of the Aged Pilgrims' (Hornsey Rise) Asylum writes as follows:—

A man greatly beloved has been taken from the Church militant to the Church triumphant, who was, in a most emphatic sense, "a succourer of the poor saints of the Lord Jesus,"—a mind inlaid with all the precious things of the Gospel, exemplifying so blessedly the spirit and temper of the Master. To such a mind as this the object and claims of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society had an attracting influence, and we find, as early as the year 1823, Mr. Smith became one of its warmest supporters, and never ceased that support until his happy spirit entered into the presence of the Lord.

The Camberwell Asylum is largely benefited by his liberality; the fund for the supply of coals, and the benevolent fund for the sick and infirm inmates, are each permanent endowments arising from his munificent kindness.

He was not soon taken with new projects; hence, when the Asylum was erected at Hornsey Rise, he hesitated somewhat as to the results of this new responsibility. But it was not long before his loving heart

was drawn to this new home for the Aged Pilgrims, and, in 1871, he sent £100 donation to the benevolent fund at Hornsey Rise, and afterwards made over £1,000 stock to the same. He was accustomed periodically, for several years, in company with Lady Lucy, to visit the Camberwell Asylum, and never went empty handed. The writer can bear testimony to many untold gifts, years ago, for the comfort of the inmates, unknown to any but the officials of the Society, bestowed by our beloved friend and his estimable lady. He delighted in "thank-offerings" to the Lord for special mercies occurring in his immediate family, and the Society was generally the medium through which they were given, but most unostentatiously.

The last personal visit he paid the Pilgrims was in April, 1873, when, in company with Mrs. Deacon, he visited the Hornsey Rise Asylum. In a letter to the writer he expresses his astonishment that, at the age of 78, he should be permitted to see the building, especially having been recently upon a bed of sickness. He expressed himself much gratified with the Asylum and its internal arrangements, and, to use his own words, "was constrained as a thank-offering to the Lord for recovery to give the aged saints a token of his Christian love and sympathy." This he carried out by sending a cheque to be divided between the inmates of both Asylums. The writer had the privilege and pleasure of carrying out the instructions of his honoured friend.

The last munificent act for the Pilgrims' benefit was in July last year. He observed, on reading the annual report, that the parish authorities of Islington had made a claim upon the Asylum of £324, for making and paving the Hazelville Road, opposite the building; with a noble generosity he relieved the committee of the whole amount.

Such are a few of the ways in which he sought to glorify his dear Lord in the persons of His poor and aged people. Let us join in the desire of our valued friend (Mrs. Deacon) that the Lord would raise up others of like spirit and means to take the place of the departed.

WILLIAM JACKSON.

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#### AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on Tuesday evening, February 24, Arthur Marshall, Esq., in the chair, Mr. Jackson having announced the decease of H. Smith, Esq., the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"This Committee, in receiving the intelligence of the decease of Henry Smith, Esq., of Nottingham, desire to record upon their minutes that, by his departure from earth to eternal glory, this Society and the Asylums at Camberwell and Hornsey Rise have lost one greatly beloved, and an old and liberal benefactor.

"They magnify the grace of God, which for so many years was exemplified in his Christ-like and eminently useful life, which for the most part was spent in ministering to the temporal and spiritual good of the poor saints of the Lord Jesus throughout the country, and especially those inhabiting the Asylums connected with the Society.

"The Committee desire to convey to the honoured family of their departed friend their unanimous expression of sympathy under this bereavement, and pray that the Lord of Pilgrims may raise up others of like kindred spirit to that of him who now rests from his labours, and is for ever with the Lord."

## Words in Season for those who are Weary.

## DIARY OF THE LATE MR. HENRY EVE.

*(Continued from page 156.)*

"*Sunday, April 19th, 1863.*—It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps; it is a solemn thought, but yet a truth. This afternoon I went to the Sunday-school, and was put to teach the first class. I felt strange, but I suppose it will wear off as my face becomes familiar to them and theirs to me. I have a great difficulty to cope with in the school; I am perplexed to know how to present Scriptural lessons in such a way as shall be full of meaning and yet suited to the capacity of the children to grasp them. But, if this engagement is from the Lord (and not of my own taking up), He will be my Leader and Teacher; in His hands I shall not fail in accomplishing that for which He has sent me into the school.

"*Thursday, April 23rd.*—Mr. L——t, the Superintendent of the Sunday-school, has appointed me teacher of the first class. I am weak and unworthy of such an office. I feel afraid whether I may be high-minded; but the Lord knows how to deal with me—He will teach in a way that man cannot, and that I cannot; for what can I say of my doings, of my wisdom, of my strength, of my tact and capability for teaching and guiding the young minds to higher thoughts and a deeper reverence for the Word of God? I feel in experience that all I am, or can do of myself, or in myself, is utterly worthless, unless the Lord, by a sovereign act of grace, condescend to put a thought in my heart and a word in my mouth for my own comfort and the edification of the children. If I expect any good in the least degree, the only source from whence it can come is the Lord, and to Him alone I must look for it.

"*Sunday, April 25th.*—To-day has been a better day in the school than last Sunday. This afternoon the boys seemed to pay more attention whilst I was speaking of the lesson, but it is a great difficulty for them to be curbed in the least; they give way to naughty words as well as bad conduct. But how strikingly does it illustrate the words of Scripture, 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?' We are the subjects of this wicked heart, we feel the workings and uprisings in our sinful nature; yea, and in our outward actions. But God only, as He is the All-wise, can know the depth of the human heart; and, as He reveals Himself to His children (as Holiness), He discloses to them their sinfulness and filthiness, which, in His sovereign mercy, He allows them only a little to look into, for the sight of sin in its entirety would drive them to despair. I sometimes feel disappointed and discouraged at the roughness of the way, but this is the pilgrim's lot, as the Lord has promised, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." He is the Director of all His children's troubles and joys, of their takings up and puttings down. Yet sometimes I think this is a needless trouble I have brought upon myself in going to the school. I fear my labour will be in vain, as the children are so surrounded with evil influence and bad companions that whatever I say or do will be of no value, and that I had better give it up in despair of ever accomplishing any moral or spiritual good. I know these are the workings and suggestions of unbelief in my wicked heart. Oh, that the Lord would enable me to look away from myself to Himself—from the workings of my fleshly desires to the workings of His

grace! I have need of deep humility before Him; not only on account of my position in the school, but also that He has given me (by His Spirit) a little insight into my sin-polluted self, and made me to feel the sweet drawings of His love (from sin and self) to Him and His righteousness.

*"Sunday, May 4th.*—And now, my soul, what canst thou say of thy growth in grace? Does it not seem as though thou wert going back—receiving less of divine light and love? Is this a good or bad token of the life of God in the soul? Oh, that I may be led by faith to see more of Christ—to understand more of Him! Oh, that He would enlarge my capacity to love Him more and to receive Him more.

*"Sunday, May 10th.*—My desire seems very faint to write of the leadings and dealings of Jesus in my soul. I am still crying and sighing and groaning under my burden of sin and self-loathing—of self-despising—of self-mortifying. I feel that these things must result from the Lord's teaching. It is hard for flesh and blood to bear, and I feel my carnal nature kick dreadfully against it. But the Lord will accomplish that which He has purposed concerning me in His own good time, and after His own manner.

*"Sunday, May 24th.*—'Who can hold me up but Thou?' There is no one, nor can I hold myself up. What glorious things the Lord has enabled His servant to speak this evening from the 10th chapter of the Acts, 44th verse. The subject was, the work of the Holy Ghost as wrought out by the preaching of Peter, on that occasion and on the day of Pentecost, in all those that believed. It was considered under three divisions—the preacher, the preaching, the power. May I be led to know in blessed experience, by the power of the Holy Ghost, a 'death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness.' I feel much troubled and perplexed on account of the way, but the Holy Ghost has caused to be written for my encouragement and instruction, 'The Lord hath made the crooked paths.' I doubt not they are for some wise purpose. 'He doeth all things well,' especially for, and in regard to, His own children, who are His jewels—His especial care. 'The Lord knoweth them that are His.'

*"Sunday, June 7th.*—'Who is sufficient for these things?' I feel that I am not, unless the Lord strengthens me by grace divine. Next Thursday I shall be twenty-one years old. I tremble to step unless the Lord graciously lead the way. I seem to dread the coming time. I think as I grow in years fresh troubles and trials await me. But the Lord has helped and will help me until my wilderness journey is ended. How time flies! how rapid! how fleeting! Dear father fell asleep in Jesus fifteen months ago. How he longed and desired to see my twenty-first birthday. He was not permitted to, but he has entered upon a more glorious birthday, blooming with immortality.

*"Monday, July 6th.*—Sixteen months yesterday since dear father was taken from us, and what wonders the Lord has brought me through (in soul's experience) during that time! And yet I feel as though I knew nothing. How can I begin to tell of the Lord's goodness unto me (the least of all saints)—that He has fed me and led me to this very hour. How few know the grand secret of His special love to His reserved few; how few know the secret workings of God the Holy Ghost in the soul!

*"Sunday, July 12th.*—Away from home. . . What death have I felt come over my soul? What dark clouds? How repelling are the associations with which I have been mixed up this day; they seem to

take away my love from the Lord, and make me thoughtless, careless, and prayerless. When the Lord sees fit to withdraw His awakening and renewing power, I feel I should be a lost sinner to all eternity unless Christ has chosen me in the covenant made with the Three-One Jehovah. I do feel I need the Lord the Spirit as an Instructor, for I cannot teach myself; and this very point humbles the poor sinner more than anything; for, if the Lord did not condescend to lift me up from the dunghill of my sins, I could not lift a thought nor breathe a prayer but what would add to my condemnation and bind me firmer in the chains of death. But what an everlasting satisfaction to us, 'the Lord will not leave nor forsake His people!'

"*Sunday, July 26th.*—To-day I have felt more of the Lord's presence than usual; and yet He has sent sighs and groans and heaviness of spirit with it.

"*Sunday, August 2nd.*—'Cast down, but not destroyed,' is the language of my heart. I feel that this is a world of trouble and difficulty, doubts and fears, sunshine and darkness. Last Thursday was our Sunday-school children's outing. In the pleasure and out of it there is nothing but emptiness and an aching void. I am tired, and feel pain in my body, and my mind has been in great bondage during the last few days. Poor human nature does not like to be crossed nor cut down. We seem sometimes to fear the words of man more than the words of God. I daresay I think a great deal of myself, and presume much upon the appearance of things. I have been thinking (from a remark I heard) whether I have been growing up, like Jonah's gourd, very quickly; and, if all the experience I think I possess be nothing but a gourd of religion of my own rearing up, then surely the Lord will cut it all down and do the work Himself. Mr. Doudney is going away to-morrow for a short time; may the Lord be with him.

"*Thursday, August 6th.*—What a poor contemptible fool I am; it seems a wonder of wonders that the Lord has not cast me off for ever. I cannot say a word, nor even heave a sigh, in my own defence. Then in what a deplorable, helpless condition I am! Sinful—loving sin—pursuing sin—and often seeking sin. And yet I feel daily more and more the burden of it; yea, and the ugliness of it. I feel nothing but sin in myself, and my own thoughts are a hell to me. I feel as though the Lord could never extend His love, mercy, and grace to such a wretch as I am. Surely I am black and polluted, and none but a sovereign and an almighty hand could deliver me.

"*Sunday, August 30th.*—Mr. Doudney still away. Have not heard the preaching well to-day. I sometimes think my mind and feelings must be very peculiar; but, 'blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' it is my humble hope and trust that I have received the knowledge I possess from God, and not from man, nor by taking up another man's opinions and embracing them for my own, for the fire of God's judgment shall try every man's work, whether it be vile or precious. I have felt a little of this trying, a little of this burning, pinching, squeezing, wringing process which the Lord employs to rid us of self, that He may lead us to embrace Him as the only sufficient One: 'He is the first and the last,' the beginning and ending of all my salvation. The world cannot satisfy my wants, preachers cannot, profession cannot; none but God, through the operation of the Holy Ghost, can satisfy my longing desires.

"*Sunday, Sept. 20th.*—The Lord, by the power of the Holy Ghost, has

shown me (a poor unworthy sinner) a little of the enrapturing glories, the unsearchable riches, that are found in Christ. Oh, for a mind to conceive, oh, for a tongue to utter, the praises of Jesus—yea, to lisp His name!

“*Sunday, Nov. 8th.*—Oh, what can I say of the dealings of my glorious Christ? Although adverse to flesh and blood, yet are they profitable, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, to my spiritual well-being. The Lord has been graciously kind to me. He has condescended to be my Friend—‘a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.’ He has not only been my Teacher in spiritual things, but also in things relating to my business. He has proved Himself now, as in days of old, the great Goldsmith and Jeweller, when He taught the men of Israel to work in gold and silver—for the tabernacle—and to cut and engrave precious stones.\* Surely none teaches like the Lord. I am persuaded that, unless He had been my Instructor and Support, I should not have known nearly as much as I do. How much of the Lord’s dealings I can now see in the trials and distress He has brought me through.

“*Sunday, Nov. 15th.*—It is a day of rest from the toils and cares of the week, and glad am I when Saturday night comes, in anticipation of the Sabbath of rest. Oh, that when the Saturday night of time comes with me, I shall not be found wanting, but that my ‘life may be hid with Christ in God.’

“*Sunday, Nov. 29th.*—Another year is fast closing upon us. The worldling fills up his time in vain and ungodly pursuits. The portion of the child of God is not all joy and gladness in this time state—he has sorrows and burdens to encounter. ‘But this is not our rest.’ And, by the revealings of the Holy Comforter, what solid peace this is calculated to afford the sin-tried soul. Oh, that the Lord would keep me from a merely head knowledge of His Word, but that I may have it as the Holy Ghost describes it by the Apostle Paul, ‘as written in the tables of the heart.’ My prayer is, that I may be led to walk uprightly in the Lord, and then ‘He will withhold no good thing.’ ‘Bless the Lord, O, my soul!’

“*Sunday, Dec. 6th.*—Divine faithfulness and divine forbearance are intimately connected with the experience of a child of God. And well it is for me that He is God, and not poor puny man; for, if the Lord forget me as often as I forget Him, I should eternally be cut off from the sight of the King in His beauty, and from the glories of heaven. But all things relating to the well-being of the children of God are ‘ordered in all things and sure.’ Although bowed down (during the past week) to the very dust, and made to feel my own nothingness, yet the Lord is my Strength and my Hiding-place. Oh, that I may be led to flee oftener to the Rock for shelter, from self and sin, from Satan and the world! Yesterday being the 5th of the month, it is just a year and nine months since the Lord was pleased to take our dear father home. May He give us grace so to live that we may meet Him in the eternal kingdom of blessedness.

“*Sunday, Jan. 10th, 1864.*—Time flies, years roll by, and daily do we see the brittleness of life; and yet I am kept alive. To what can I ascribe it but to divine faithfulness and love? Lately the preached Word has afforded me very little profit or comfort, which causes a great deal of

\* The deceased was by trade a working jeweller, and, practically, was most painstaking, ingenious, and clever.—Ed.

uneasiness in my mind. I have thought the Lord is making me feel my weakness, and the weakness of the preacher, that I may not idolize and look to him as the producer instead of to the Lord. It has been impressed upon me that no man living can give me a grain of life; therefore, the Lord is teaching me to 'cease from man.' Oh, that He would give me a blessing with the new year! I went to see grandmother this evening. She thinks she shall not live much longer. She is in her eightieth year. I said to her it has been eighty years of mercies. She seems to be getting very feeble. I hope the Lord is preparing her for glory—yea, has prepared her. Mrs. W—— is also ill; she is in her ninetieth year. I tremble when I think of living or dying.

"*Sunday, Feb. 14th.*—Weak in body, weak in mind, and more than weak in all efforts of my own. O Lord, support me under all temptations and trials. Let me see Thy hand during the coming week. Prepare our minds for whatever Thou shalt see fit to put upon us, whether it be prosperity or adversity.

"*Saturday, March 5th.*—Two years to-day our dear father departed this life, and what a mercy that he is taken home out of this weary wilderness! And, though his death gives me many painful thoughts, yet the Word of God says, 'Better is the day of death than the day of one's birth;' and why? Because at our birth it is not made manifest whether we be the Lord's or no; but at the day of our death it is made manifest. Oh, that grace and peace may be our portion in this life (which is the gift of God), that we at last may be found 'accepted in the Beloved!' The Lord is still plunging me into soul-trial, no doubt for some wise purpose.

"*Sunday, April 17th.*—May the Holy Ghost still condescend to be my Teacher, for I feel more weak and foolish every day. The subject of prayer has troubled me much; whether having stated times or not is most acceptable. My experience now is (I do not know what it may be), that, when the Lord puts prayer into the poor sinner's heart, then He draws the cry forth, and not until then. The children at school are still very trying and unruly, no change appears to be made upon them; and it demonstrates to me that 'the natural man receiveth not the things of God, neither can he know them.' Oh, that the Lord would prosper the work of His hand in our Sunday-school!"

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### EASTER HYMN.

BY THE LATE REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.

ALL hail, Thou Resurrection!  
 All hail, Thou Life and Light!  
 All hail, Thou Self-perfection,  
 Sole Source of grace and might!  
 Thy Church, O Christ, now greets  
 Thee,  
 Uprising from the grave;  
 And every eye that meets Thee  
 Beholds Thee strong to save.  
 All hail, beloved Jesus!  
 For Thou, indeed, art He  
 Whose death from sin can free us,  
 Whose life brings liberty.

Hence, let our faith embrace Thee  
 With warmest hand and eye,  
 And then delight to trace Thee  
 Ascending up on high.

O Saviour, come in glory,  
 To raise Thy holy dead,  
 And end redemption's story  
 With crowns upon Thy head.  
 Then, robed in white before Thee,  
 Without one stain or tear,  
 Shall all Thy saints adore Thee,  
 'Midst wonder, love, and fear!

## THE SPARROW.

I AM only a little sparrow—  
 A bird of low degree ;  
 My life is of little value,  
 But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers—  
 It is very plain, I know,  
 With never a speck of crimson,  
 For it was not made for show :

But it keeps me warm in winter,  
 And it shields me from the rain ;  
 Were it bordered with gold or purple,  
 Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,  
 I neither sow nor reap :  
 God gives me a sparrow's portion,  
 But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,  
 Close picking makes it sweet ;

I have always enough to feed me,  
 And " life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows :  
 All over the world we are found ;  
 But our heavenly Father knoweth  
 When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are not forgotten ;  
 Though weak, we are never afraid ;  
 For we know that the dear Lord  
 keepeth  
 The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest,  
 I light on many a spray ;  
 I have no chart or compass,  
 But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,  
 Wherever I happen to be ;  
 For the Father is always watching,  
 And no harm will come to me.

—Happy Hours.

## HISTORIC STONES FROM THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

(Continued from page 168.)

A FEW summers ago I formed the acquaintance of a godly seaman belonging to one of our large iron-clad vessels of war. This man with a few others made up the "little flock" in a crew of some six hundred and fifty men. On one occasion their vessel was lying in a foreign roadstead, and the captain, returning from shore at a late hour of the night, dropped his sword into several fathoms of water, when getting out of the boat to ascend the ship's side. My friend, who had turned in for the night, was ordered from his warm hammock to put on the diving apparatus, and to breast the midnight waves in search of the missing article. The place being infested with sharks, we need not wonder at the "strange, creeping sensation" that took possession of the diver as he sunk down and down to the bottom of the anchorage. Having reached the bars of the earth, the submarine traveller found himself sinking in mire where there was no standing ; and, fearing that some calamity might overtake him in that dismal region, he soon gave the signal, and was drawn up on board. The captain hearing of the man's failure from his snug cabin, and thinking more of his diamond-studded sword than of his men's comfort, at once ordered the diver to go down again, who, on descending for the second time into the dark waters of stern duty, suddenly thought of "Jonah crying to God out of the belly of hell, when the waters compassed him about even to the soul ; with the weeds wrapped about his head." All the way down my friend kept *begging* of the Lord to make his journey prosperous. Soon the bottom was reached—the hand of *willing service*, but *trembling faith*, outstretched—and, behold, the first thing that God put into it was the lost sword. "Call unto me (says God), and I will answer thee, and show the *hidden things*" (margin Jer. xxxiii. 3).

In this strange adventure we see God answering prayer from the

bottom of the sea, but not till after He had taught His servant, "*without me ye can do nothing.*" "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In *all thy ways* acknowledge Him, and He shall *direct thy paths*" (Prov. iii. 5, 6). Had the man buckled on the diving apparatus as the Apostle told the saints of Ephesus to "put on the whole armour of God, *praying always with all prayer*" (Eph. vi. 18), had he gone down the first time in the way that he went down the second, thinking more of his own helplessness and less of the captain's temptation and his skill as a diver, he would probably have saved himself the last journey to "*the fountains of the great deep.*" Be this as it may, one thing we are quite certain of, and that is, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye *fall* into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience;" "and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us" (James i. 2; Rom. v. 4). Beloved, what know we of "*all thy ways*" (Prov. iii. 6), "*in everything*" (Phil. iv. 6), "*everywhere*" (1 Tim. ii. 8), "*night and day*" (1 Tim. v. 5), "*without ceasing*" (1 Thess. v. 17), "*with boldness*" (Heb. iv. 16), "*pray always*" (Luke xxi. 36)? "*Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies*" (Ps. xxvii. 11).

"I know not the way I am going,  
But well do I know my Guide;  
With a child-like trust I give my  
hand  
To the mighty Friend by my  
side.  
The only thing that I say to  
Him,  
As He takes it, is 'Hold it fast;  
'Suffer me not to lose my way,  
'And bring me home at last.'

"As when some lonely wanderer,  
Alone in an unknown land,  
Tells the guide his destin'd place of  
rest,  
And leaves all else in his hand.  
'Tis home, 'tis home that we wish  
to reach,  
He who guides us may choose  
the way,  
Little we heed which path we take,  
If nearer home each day."

Another point we may notice in this stirring event is, that *trouble* drives the weak one to the Strong for help. The promise wrapped up in Psalm l. 15, will not suit everybody: "Call upon me in the day of *trouble*; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." So long as we feel no tribulation, and see no danger, we understand nothing of "*seeking the Lord and His strength*" (Ps. xxxiv. 4). As long as we have *creature bread* in the house, we know nothing of "ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Luke xi. 6—9). While we fancy we can walk the troubled waters of life *alone*, we see no necessity for the cry, "*Lord, save me*" (Matt. xiv. 30). And, so long as "we imagine that God is altogether such an One as ourselves" (Ps. l. 21), we understand very little of "*come boldly* unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Heb. iv. 16). Ah, beloved, we are so guilty of weighing the God of Israel with our own weights and scales, we think His thoughts our thoughts, His ways our ways, and since we only love those whom in some way we think worthy of love, we fancy that our God and Father in heaven loves us much in the same way. For this cause the child of God has to be taken back to learn the A B C of *redeeming love* (Eph. ii. 1—10), and to "look again and again unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the whole of the pit whence ye are digged" (Isa. li. 1). I have often thought that the first ten verses of the second chapter of Ephesians should be hung up in

large letters in every room of our house, as well as written by the Spirit on the fleshly tables of our hearts.

What shall we say to these things—"in Christ," "through Christ," "with Christ," "by grace," "gift of God?" &c. Beloved in the Lord, what can we say but "thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. ix. 15)? "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen" (Rom. xi. 33).

"The best returns for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask Him still for more."

This strange episode of my friend will also serve to illustrate Psalm xl. 1—5, for "blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust;" but, like the Psalmist and the diver, we must first know what it is to "wait patiently for the Lord" (or, as the margin has it "In waiting, I waited") before we can sing the song of the blessed, viz., "He brought," "He set," "He established," and "He hath put a new song in my mouth."

Observe, also, how our Lord separates the precious from the vile, and kisses away the tear of the mourner and poor in spirit—

"Blessed be ye poor."	"Woe unto you that are rich."
"Blessed are ye that hunger."	"Woe unto you that are full."
"Blessed are ye that weep."	"Woe unto you that laugh."
"Blessed are ye when hated."	"Woe unto you when all speak well of."

Luke vii. 20—26.

Do I hear some "afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted" one saying, These *blesseds* are not my portion? Permit me, dear reader, to ask you a few questions; for you may be possessed of some title-deeds to this blest inheritance. Perchance you are an "heir of promise," a "vessel of mercy;" and can it be that "your soul is already set on the chariots of My willing people?" (Cant. vi. 12 margin)? "Ah," say you, "I feel so much of hardness, deadness, and corruption within that I cannot think myself a child of God, a new creature in Christ Jesus." Well, trembling one, you have yet to learn the meaning of "regard" (Ps. lxvi. 18), "Mahanaim" (Cant. vi. 13 margin), "flesh" (John iii. 6), "lusteth" (Gal. v. 17), "enmity" (Rom. viii. 7), "vile" (Phil. iii. 21), "deceitful" (Jer. xvii. 9), "unclean" (Isa. vi. 5), "captivity" (Rom. vii. 23). Again, do you know "Jesus as the Saviour from the wrath to come?" as "the one Mediator between God and man?" Do you know the power of His all-atoning blood? His justifying righteousness? His all-sufficient grace? And do you believe "He is able to save unto the uttermost?" All this I steadfastly believe; but did He die for me? Ah, beloved, I can feel for you much, for salvation is a personal matter; only may you be led to acknowledge the Lord's hand in making known to you the way of life, and giving you to hunger for "the blessedness of the man whom God chooseth and causeth to approach unto Him" (Psa. lxxv. 4).

Once more may I ask, is "your desire to the remembrance of the Lord's name" (Isa. xxvi. 8)? Do you "desire the sincere milk of the Word" (1 Peter ii. 2)? And do you "desire a better country" (Heb. xi. 16)? If so, let me tell you, on the authority of God's Word, that your desire, however much the deferred hope may make your heart sick, is "a tree of life" (Prov. xiii. 12) in the midst of a renewed heart, and that

it came from Him who is the Desire of all nations (Hag. ii. 7). If we are seeking for Jesus in His *Word* (Acts xvii. 11), in His *house* (Luke ii. 46), among His *people* (Luke xxiv. 14), and at His *mercy-seat* (Acts xvi. 13), we shall surely find Him "at the set time of favour" (Ps. cii. 13), for He whom we are seeking first sought us (Isa. lxxv. 1; John iv. 23), and "God never said unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain" (Isa. xlv. 19; Deut. xxxii. 10; John vi. 37).

Beloved, let me *pin* you to one question—*Why* did you seek to know Jesus as *your* Lord and Saviour? Is not this the only answer, "WHEN THOU SAIDST, seek ye my face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek" (Ps. xxvii. 8). But let God have all the glory of this seeking, for it was God *said* something to your soul before your heart SAID, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek;" and, "if we love Him, it is because He *first* loved us" (1 John iv. 19). Why did He love us (Ps. xci. 14)? When did He love us (Jer. xxxi. 3)? How long will He love us (John xiii. 1)? and what is the nature of His love? *Everlasting—unchanging* (Mal. iii. 6). "*Blessed* be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead" (1 Peter i. 3). "*Blessed* be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of all mercies, and the God of all comfort" (2 Cor. i. 3). "*Blessed* be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 3—6). In these three Scriptures we have the *inward look* of blessed, the *outward look* of blessed, and the *upward look* of blessed—SPIRIT BLESSING! JESUS BLESSING!! FATHER BLESSING!!!

"A monument of grace—  
A sinner saved by blood;  
The streams of love I trace,  
Up to the Fountain God.  
And in His sacred bosom see  
Eternal thoughts of love to me."

There can be no question that every doubt and fear of the believer arises, not from what he does not see in Jesus, but from what he does not see in himself; and what is this but seeking for something we shall never find, viz., creature merit and righteous self?

Beloved, do you feel *darkness* of mind in seeking the things of God? Let me tell you that the *light* of life revealed these midnight skies to you; for the *light* discovers nothing to a dead man. Do you feel *deadness* of soul in "running the way of God's commandments?" Let me tell you that divine *life* must go before this death-song. Do you feel to carry about "an evil heart of *unbelief*?" Living *faith* alone can show this state of things. Do you feel shut up in *bondage*, often without a good thought, powerless to act or will a good deed? What is this but a proof of your being possessed of "that glorious liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free" (Gal. v. 1)? For by nature we are slaves to sin and Satan. And what can a slave really know of his hard bondage before he has breathed the air of *liberty*? And do we feel

ourselves vile "from the crown of the head to the sole of the feet?" We should never have known these polluted streams had it not been for a peep into that mystic temple where all is "HOLY, HOLY, HOLY" (Isa. vi. 2). This version changes "woe into *them*," unto "woe is *me*" (ch. v.)

The once sinner, but now glorified Hart, knew much of these *contrarities*; and we, too, dear reader, must have many a chapter of perplexing dilemmas (Exod. xiv. 13), and puzzling paradoxes (2 Cor. iv. 6), as we trudge along in our homeward journey to the Zion above.

"Lord, what a riddle is my soul!  
 Alive when wounded, dead when whole.  
 Fondly I flee from pain, yet ease  
 Cannot content, nor pleasure please."

I must now ask the patient reader to accompany me once more to the "little shed" "where prayer was wont to be made." At the close of that gathering I was taken by the arm by a sergeant of my own regiment, spoken to in the kindest possible manner, encouraged in the ways of God, and, for the first time in my life, I found that this godly man had been asking the Lord for several years that He would be pleased to give him a suitable companion from the ranks of "the King's Own." As we walked together to the barracks, I could see every now and then the silent tear of joy coursing down the cheek of my future companion as we passed this and that lamp-post. Presently we had to part for the night, as we belonged to two different parts of the corps; he went his way, one of happiness and real joy in the Lord, I went mine, which for that and several subsequent evenings was as dark and gloomy as no one could describe. On reaching my room—I shall never forget the scene—it being more the abode of demons than of human creatures—it seemed as if Satan had entered into every one of the *twenty* men, all of whom were more or less drunk. Here and there were little groups of men sitting and discussing how much they had drank, how much they had spent, what evil they had wrought in *chambering*, what duty they were going to do on the morrow; and all this interspersed with *loud laughter, vile songs, obscene oaths, and wild boastings*. Truly "the way of transgressors is hard." Having made my bed down, I longed for the time when the lights would be put out, to enable me to kneel down by its side, and there plead my old prayer, "God be merciful to ME, a sinner;" for, great as these men were sinners, I felt myself to be "the chiefest among them." But now the conflict once more commenced in my own soul, a voice seemed to say, "If you wait till the lights are out before you kneel down, you are ashamed of me;" and upon this came the old passage which had wrought such fearful work in my soul when standing between the *wine-shop of sin, the hospital of blessing, and the shed of prayer*—viz., "Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." How shall I describe the agony of my mind at this moment? If I knelt down, there was nothing to expect from these men but *missiles of bodily harm*, and if I knelt not down I felt that God might destroy my body and soul in hell, which, I need not say, was an *overwhelming* thought to my mind. For some little time this inward conflict went on, until at length I fell upon my knees and poured out my soul in earnest supplications to God, first for myself, and then for my wicked companions, all of whom became *as still as death* the whole time I remained on my knees. Instead of abuse and every kind of missile which

I had counted upon, *the lions' den was harmless*—"the smell of 'fire' had not passed on me." God had stopped the song of the drunkard, He hushed the roar of the wicked; for every man's mouth was closed, so that a pin dropped might have been heard throughout the room. On rising from my knees not one unkind remark was passed. All, all exceeded my brightest expectation. God had done great things for me. But, having no peace of mind, I could not as yet praise Him for His mercies. Soon the room became quiet again, for all had fallen asleep *save one*. But how could I "give sleep to my eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids," with the fearful weight of unforgiven sin? Whilst others were sleeping "in the arms of the wicked one," I laid and rolled about in terror of soul, thinking of my past life. Wherever I looked I could not see one ray of hope. Now that the night had come I wished it was morning, and as soon as the day broke I wished to God it was night. Such was my troubled state of mind. At length the day dawned—the bugle sounded for roll call. "Oh," thought I, "*how shall I answer to my name in that great day?*" In a moment I was out of bed and on my knees, and once more the cry ascended, "*God, be merciful to me, a sinner!*" Oh, beloved, if such are the feelings of *one poor sinner* when treading the wine-press of God's wrath, what must the sorrows of the Man Christ Jesus have been when He laid down His life for the *whole Church*?

"Hast thou within a care so deep!  
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?  
To thy Redeemer take that care,  
And change anxiety to prayer.

"Hast thou a hope with which thy heart  
Would feel it almost death to part?  
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,  
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

"Hast thou a friend whose image dear  
May prove an idol worshipped here?  
Implore the Lord that nought may be  
A shadow between heaven and thee.

"Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,  
Whate'er the wish that swells thy  
breast, [prayer,  
Spread before God that wish, that  
And change anxiety to prayer."

St. Luke's, Salisbury.

THE KING'S OWN.

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## Reviews and Notices of Books.

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*A Sermon on Free and Sovereign Grace.* By the Rev. EDWARD WILKINSON, M.A., Ph.D., Rector of Snargate and Snave, Kent. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

*Paper Read at a Clerical Meeting on the Scriptural Doctrine of the Devotion of the Tenth, or, Proportion Offering to God.* By the same. London: W. Hunt and Co., Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

THERE is an honesty and outspokenness about these productions which we very much admire. Whilst the preacher has doubtless counted the cost of such Scriptural fearlessness and faithfulness, he may also rejoice in "the answer of a good conscience towards God." Better far have the censure of men than the condemnation of God. A thousand to one the more to be desired is the final "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," than the "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."