

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.

ASK AND HAVE!

*"Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain ; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field."*—ZECHARIAH x. 1.

MAY the Lord the Spirit, of His great mercy, be pleased to give us power to note down somewhat of the preciousness which we have seen in these words ; and may He grant that unction, and dew, and power, shall attend that which He may enable us to write at this time. Oh, Holy Ghost, Thou knowest our absolute and entire dependence upon Thyself ! We have neither wisdom nor strength of our own. Every ray of true spiritual light, every gleam of hope, every spark of life, every particle of strength, every iota of sympathy, every tender touch of love, is of Thyself, and from Thyself alone ! Therefore, we pray Thee, blessed and eternal Spirit, to move upon our soul at this time. Give insight into Thy truth, a precious grasp of Thy covenant mercy, and ability to set it before Thine own dear family. We ask this covenant favour, oh, Holy Ghost, in the name and for the sake of Jesus.

Now, the first thought that presents itself, beloved reader, is the gracious *promise* of Jehovah in regard to the former and the latter rain.

With respect to the land upon which the children of Israel were about to enter, we read in Deuteronomy xi. 10-12, "For the land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs : but the land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven : a land which the Lord thy God careth for : the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year." What a marvellous declaration was

this, and how significant of the Lord's loving and condescending interest! Now, if this applied to Israel and Canaan literally, how much more must it apply to Israel and the Promised Land spiritually!

Further, we read: "I will give you the rain of your land in his due season, the first rain and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil. And I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle, that thou mayest eat and be full" (Deut. xi. 14, 15).

When we read of Israel's forty years' wanderings in the sandy desert, with a scorching sun and a trackless waste—from the heat of the one, and the burning effects of the other, Israel was alone saved by sovereign and discriminating power—what a grateful contrast must the grass of Canaan have presented, watered as it was with the early and the latter rain!

Be it remembered that "twice in the year there fell plenty of rain in Judæa; in the beginning of the civil year, about September or October, and half-a-year after, in the month Abib, or March, which was the first month in the ecclesiastical year, whence it is called 'the latter rain in the first month.'"

Now, how genial and acceptable must this rainfall have been to the Israelites! Knowing but little of drought in this favoured land of ours, we fail to do justice to the subject as here presented. The inhabitants of Australia are apt to express themselves as weary of what they term "the eternal sunshine." How grateful, therefore, to them must be the cooling and refreshing rain!

But, when we pass from the natural to the spiritual, how blessed is the contemplation! In this very book of Deuteronomy, at the thirty-second chapter, and second verse, we read, "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, My speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." And why this blessedness, after a spiritual and saving manner? Here is the answer: "Because I will publish the name of the Lord: ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock, His work is perfect: for all His ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is He" (ver. 3, 4).

Then, a little later down in the chapter, comes out the sweetness and the reality attendant upon this early, or spiritual, or Gospel rain: "For the Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him" (ver. 9-12).

Beloved, what a field of thought is here presented for our meditation! The Lord's finding His people and feeding them; His instructing and teaching them; His sustaining and upholding them; His so special guarding and guiding them.

Here, within the compass of four verses, we have material presented amply sufficient for volumes! Yea, these few verses supply matter for thousands of sermons, not merely for the Sundays, but for every day throughout the year, and that year after year in succession! They contain an inexhaustible fulness and a superlative blessedness.

How well, however, may we be humbled, dear reader, as we couple ourselves with Jacob, and consider the striking contrast between the conduct of God and that of Israel.

Contemplate the provision vouchsafed to Israel in the wilderness, the manna in the morning, the flesh in the evening, and the streams from the smitten rock which followed them the desert through. Then, by comparison, mark the rich and gracious dealings of the Lord Jehovah: "He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock; butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of kidneys of wheat; and thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape" (ver. 13, 14).

You remember the report of the messengers who were sent in advance to spy out the land, as we read in the thirteenth of Numbers. It was "the time of the first-ripe grapes." "They came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff; and they brought of the pomegranates, and of the figs" (Num. xiii. 23). "And they returned from searching of the land after forty days. And they went and came to Moses, and to Aaron, and to all the congregation of the children of Israel, unto the wilderness of Paran, to Kadesh; and brought back word unto them, and unto all the congregation, and showed them the fruit of the land. And they told him, and said, We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it" (ver. 25-27). Oh, mark their testimony: "We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it."

What must Israel have thought, as they gazed upon the cluster of grapes, the pomegranates, and the figs? We have, moreover, to consider how luscious and palatable such provision must have been in the midst of a hot and sandy desert. How like the sweetness and savour of Gospel promises vouchsafed to wilderness wanderers, the more especially under the first or

former rain! Oh, the soothing power, the refreshing influence, the timely and the strengthening visitation, so distinct from worldly scenes and fleshly experiences! The interest and the emotions of literal Israel, under the circumstances of the spies' return, with specimens of the produce of the Promised Land, serve to show, in some measure and degree, what are the feelings of the spiritual Israelite in his sips and tastes of the goodly wine of the heavenly kingdom.

In looking back upon the precious soul-meltings and heavenly bedewings, under the first or former rain, how well may Zion's pilgrims exclaim—

“Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His Word?”

“What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But now I find an aching void  
The world can never fill.”

If we turn, however, again to the thirty-second of Deuteronomy, we see the conduct of Israel as standing in such painful and most striking contrast to that of the Lord, in regard to His dealings with them: “But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked: thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness; then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation. They provoked Him to jealousy with strange gods, with abominations provoked they Him to anger. They sacrificed unto devils, not to God; to gods whom they knew not, to new gods that came newly up, whom your fathers feared not. Of the Rock that begat thee thou art unmindful, and hast forgotten God that formed thee” (ver. 15-18).

Now, reader, in proportion as we know our own hearts, as the Lord has “led us about and instructed us,” and in proportion as He has fulfilled the second verse of the eighth chapter of this same book of Deuteronomy, with regard to “humbling us and proving us, to know what was in our hearts,” in that very proportion shall we fall under the rebuke of “waxing fat and kicking;” yea, of being “unmindful of the Rock that begat us,” and “forgetting the God that formed us.”

And, as we contemplate these things, it is better far that we should fall down before the Lord, and humble ourselves in the very dust of self-loathing and abasement at His footstool. We see that such was the course adopted by both Old and New Testament believers. The longer they tarried in the wilderness, the deeper their insight into their own hearts, and the nearer their approach to their heavenly inheritance, the more deeply imbued were they with a sight and sense of their own sinfulness, helplessness, and deformity; the less reason did they see to lord it over their fellow-men; and

the more were they amazed and astounded in the contemplation of the richness, fulness, freeness, sovereignty, and power of that grace by which alone they and every redeemed sinner are saved.

Reader, what say *you* to these things? Do *you* personally sympathise with the statement—

“The more Thy glory strikes mine eyes,  
The humbler I shall lie”!

Among your continuous acknowledgments is there this—

“Oh, to GRACE how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that *grace*, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

“Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it;  
Seal it from Thy courts above”!

We now pass on, dear reader, to our second point, namely, the *petitioning the Lord*. Thus reads the exhortation: “Ask ye of the Lord rain, in the time of the latter rain.” You see, beloved, it bespeaks the position of a poor *suppliant*—a *beggar*; aye, and strive as we may, we shall never get beyond it, and the mercy is, that it is in sweet and blessed accordance with the covenant of grace. It is, “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” Foreseeing that a course so contrary to the dealings of men one with the other would be disputed, the Lord emphasises the proclamation, and says: “For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened” (Matt. vii. 7, 8). At no other market in the world is business transacted in the same way as it has been carried on in that of free and sovereign grace from Adam down to the present day—yea, and shall be to the latest moment of time. Here are the terms posted round and about this market on every hand: “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price” (Isa. lv. 1). Here, moreover, is a corresponding announcement: “And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely” (Rev. xxii. 17).

Now, we contend that it is the *freeness* and *fulness* of salvation that render it so strange—aye, and objectionable, too—to the unrenewed and unhumbled sinner! It is so directly contrary to all that is human and natural, that he cannot either comprehend or receive it, nor will he until brought and taught by the Holy Ghost—brought to a sense of his lost, helpless, and undone condition, and instructed in the nature of that salvation which is designed, carried on, and perfected by Jehovah in covenant, Father, Son, and Holy

Ghost. Then, when the Holy Ghost has brought him down into the dust of a felt nothingness, and to realize his being personally subjected to all the direful consequences of a broken law, by the infusion of the power of the Holy Ghost, *he will gladly become a beggar for mercy at a throne of grace!* From his heart he will thank God for a full and free salvation, especially when some little hope springs up in his heart that, in spite of all his ill-and-hell-deservings, he may possibly become a partaker of that salvation.

Brought by grace and power divine, how will such an one enter into the spirit and language of the blessed JOHN NEWTON, as he so touchingly describes the feelings and emotions of one of these beggars at the mercy-seat—

“ Encouraged by Thy word  
Of promise to the poor,  
Behold a beggar, Lord,  
Waits at Thy mercy’s door :  
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but Thine,  
Can help or pity wants like mine.

“ I have no right to say  
That, though I now am poor,  
Yet once there was a day  
When I possessed more :  
Thou knowst that from my very birth  
I’ve been the poorest wretch on earth.

“ Nor can I dare profess,  
As beggars often do,  
Though great is my distress,  
My faults have been but few :  
If Thou shouldst leave my soul to  
starve,  
It would be what I well deserve.

“ ’Twere folly to pretend  
I never begged before ;  
Or, if Thou now befriend,  
I’ll trouble Thee no more ;  
Thou oft’ en hast relieved my pain,  
And often I must come again.

“ Though crumbs are much too  
good  
For such a dog as I,  
No less than children’s food  
My soul can satisfy :  
Oh, do not frown and bid me go !  
I must have all Thou canst bestow.

“ Nor can I willing be  
Thy bounty to conceal  
From others who, like me,  
Their wants and hung’r feel ;  
I’ll tell them of Thy mercy’s store,  
And try to send a thousand more.”

Reader, the foregoing affords a very ready test in regard to divine teaching. If you have been by grace divine brought into the school of Christ, and are under the gracious instruction and loving discipline of the Holy Ghost, without doubt there is a response in your heart to this precious testimony. You will feel that NEWTON has spoken for you. *His* words are in very deed *yours* likewise, and you will thank God for this hopeful sign of your being in the footsteps of the flock. You will rejoice in the mercy that you have no need personally to say with regard to such experimental utterances, “Doth he not speak parables?”

But mark this, beloved, as the work of grace in the heart begins with petitioning, pleading, praying, clinging, craving, beseeching, begging, and that upon the ground of a deep-felt discovery of guiltiness, danger, and necessity, so it will be continued, carried on, and consummated; yea, down, down, down, to the very end of the chapter—to the very last step of the pilgrimage. Well does the poet say—

“Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.”

Moreover, it is folly to think for a moment of getting beyond it, or imagining that we shall ever reach a condition in the time-state in which we shall be in any other condition than that of *poor paupers—absolute beggars*. Nor shall we, by comparison, ever really be so happy, or realize what sacred contentment is, as when thus humbled and crumbled at the mercy-seat. How well has it been said, “He that is down need fear no fall.” Nor are we ever in a position nearly so safe or satisfactory as when seated at the feet of Jesus, “clothed, and in our right mind.”

Ah! reader, be the means whatever they may that bring us there, they are blessed means, for which we shall have to thank God through eternity! Be assured it is not for mere gifts (those of His providence, however good and desirable in their place), but it is for His *grace*—humbling grace, contrite grace, weeping grace, importuning grace, promise-pleading grace, wrestling grace, pardoning grace, admiring grace, adoring grace, all-conquering grace, triumphant grace, covenant grace, everlasting grace—this will indeed be a theme not merely for the time-state, or a pilgrimage condition, but for the bliss and blessedness of vast eternity! Observe, moreover, this is part and parcel of that covenant secret which is revealed by the Holy Ghost “to them that fear Him,” and it is intermingled, entwined about, and inseparable from a condition of spiritual pauperism, a felt need, the heart-cry and continuous craving for momentary wisdom, daily strength, and the ceaseless and uninterrupted supply of all that a poor, helpless, worthless pilgrim needs, and all that the God of all grace, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort delights to bestow.

Touching upon this *pauperism*, we cannot forbear mentioning a little incident of recent occurrence. Since the establishment of the St. Luke's soup-kitchen (which is now in its eleventh year), we have felt an indescribable satisfaction in attending each day of its opening, personally to take part in dealing out the soup to the many applicants for it; and, as we stand by those coppers, and look at the numberless applicants, the young, the middle-aged, the old and infirm, presenting all kinds of vessels, how often are we reminded of blessed Dr. HAWKER's tract, “Bread Given to the Poor at Half-Price,” and the precious Gospel use to which he applied the scene and the subject. To those not previously provided with the tickets distributed from house to house by the district visitors, the soup is sold at one penny per quart, being less than half its cost. Upon the occasion referred to, one of the applicants was greatly put out, and betrayed excessively bad temper, because, having neither money

nor ticket, she was refused any. But for breaking our rule, and thus introducing great irregularity, most gladly would we have supplied her gratuitously. Her outburst of temper, however, was such as could not be countenanced. Two or three soup-days afterwards passed without (as far as our own personal observations were concerned) her putting in an appearance. When, however, she did come again, she was smilingly asked if her little vexation had passed away? She smiled in return. The soup was given, and its price put back into her hand. If it were a smile before, it was something more now. There was thankfulness and gratitude in addition; but, as she withdrew, and one and another and another quickly filled her place, the words came—and oh, with what blessed and supernatural power—“HE DELIGHTETH IN MERCY!” “What!” thought we, “shall such a trifling incident as that give indescribable pleasure and satisfaction? Oh, then, what must be the feelings of Him who infused this sympathy when, in a God-like and most merciful and gracious manner, He pardons the sins, iniquities, and transgressions of such an ill-and-hell-deserving wretch as I am?” “HE DELIGHTETH IN MERCY!” Oh, the sweetness and the savour that flowed into the soul, as the tears ran down the cheeks, from this simple illustration and timely reminder of the Lord Jehovah’s marvellous lovingkindness and mercy! Reader, do *you* know anything of it? Do *you* know what it is—

“To weep to the praise  
Of the mercy you’ve found”!

If you do know something of this experimentally, you will know something likewise of the sacredness of the privilege of betaking yourself as a *poor beggar to the mercy-seat*, there to remind a precious Christ of His own words, “*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*”

How often, dear reader, are we reminded by the passing incidents of every-day life of the Lord’s tender mercies, boundless love, astounding patience, marvellous longsuffering, and wondrous sympathy! Yea, more, how often we feel inwardly rebuked when interrupted in our work, and called to lay down the pen by this and that applicant. If we answer such applicants hastily, or without due consideration for their position, we say to ourselves, “Supposing the Lord were to deal with *you* in like manner, what would be the consequence? Can *he* or *she* have been a greater beggar, more importunate, or less in need than *you* at the mercy-seat? Has not the Lord ten thousand times more reason to be weary of *you* and of *your begging* than *you* have of this or that suppliant?” Oh, how such rebukes humble us—yea, cut us to the very heart’s core, and send us again and again to the mercy-seat with bitterness and brokenness of soul!

Reader, we have somewhere lately met in print with remon-

strance, upon the part of the writer, of those who, having been the recipients of mercy, contend for the need of still constantly suing for mercy.

Well now, if this objector is right *we* are wrong, for so deep is our sense of forgetfulness of mercies, ingratitude, distrust, and calling in question what may attend the little residue of our days, that we are compelled to plead with the Lord that He would pity and pardon us for such base returns for all that goodness, mercy, and lovingkindness of which we have been continuously and uninterruptedly the recipient up to the very eve of our seventieth year.

We frequently say to ourselves, dear reader, "Could we, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty years ago, have foreseen or been assured of our present position, and, at the same time, have been told that, notwithstanding all the Lord had been and had done, we should be the doubting, fearing, distrustful, thankless creature which our present condition and circumstances prove us in very deed to be, we should then and there have declared it to have been *an absolute impossibility!* 'No!' we should have exclaimed, 'bad as human nature may be, it is certainly not so bad as to treat such marvellous mercy—such astounding goodness—such wondrous love—such infinite compassion—such divine all-sufficiency—after that fashion. To doubt or to call in question the little—the very little—that would remain after such years and years of goodness, lovingkindness, and mercy, would be base indeed.'"

And so it *is* base, reader; and this, we contend, is ample reason for the very deepest self-loathing and abhorrence. A true sight of self, in this respect, will prove that there is no room for dealing with others in a Pharisaic or proud self-sufficiency. That the bounty and the love and the mercy of Jehovah, in His Trinity of Persons, should meet such return at the creature's hands is indeed lamentable proof of the wretchedness, defilement, and abomination of the flesh. But oh, how does it, at the same time, testify of what the character of Jehovah is, for His boundless love, tender compassion, and covenant faithfulness! How we love the words—

"Determined to save, He watched o'er my path,  
When (Satan's blind slave!) I sported with death."

And what we contend for is, that the same gracious care, ever-watchful eye, and covenant forbearance and longsuffering are in continuous operation all through the pilgrim-course—yea, from the cradle to the grave!

We likewise contend for this great fact, that the knowledge of self, and insight into the foulness, frailty, and faithlessness of the human heart, only tend, under the power and operations of the Holy Ghost, to endear a covenant God in His covenant faithfulness to a covenant people. Such discoveries of the utter bankruptcy and absolute insolvency of poor fallen humanity set forth in more

striking contrast the matchless love and mercy of Him who is "mighty to save."

We hope, when returning to the subject in our next, to show the blessedness of a spirit of prayer, as infused into the souls of His divinely-quickened ones, and the sure answers given and precious fruits attendant thereupon! Sure we are that, when the Holy Ghost is pleased to vouchsafe a sense of need—to awaken a spirit of grace and supplication—to impart "watchfulness unto prayer"—the most timely, plain, and undoubted answers, and kind, loving, and merciful interpositions will assuredly follow.

*St. Luke's, Badminster, March 8th, 1880.*

THE EDITOR.

### OUR SIXTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.

It would be ungrateful upon our part were we to allow to pass unnoticed the many kind expressions of loving interest and regard which reached us on the recurrence of our natal day. So little were we prepared for the scene which presented itself at our breakfast table on the 8th March, 1880, that we are almost overcome. The many mementoes of affection and appreciation of our humble and imperfect labours cannot but awaken in our heart the liveliest gratitude. Among the many tokens of interest was one which very specially touched the heart: it was a sofa-cushion, wrought by the hands of the Ragged School children, and put together by their teachers. Another love-token (which we highly value), as the gift of the Scripture-reader and his wife, and the two Bible-women of the parish, was accompanied with the following Scripture references: Deuteronomy xxxiii. 25-27; Hebrews xii. 2; Deuteronomy ii. 7; Zephaniah iii. 17; Isaiah xl. 29-31. Another love-token was identified with Isaiah xlvi. 4. The Lord alone knows how we felt the force and blessedness of these several Scriptures, and how sincerely we desire not only that they may be fulfilled in our own happy and heartfelt experience, but that the many who have so kindly and lovingly greeted us to-day may each and all be partakers of so rich benefits themselves, and that finally they and we may meet around the throne above, there to behold the Lamb in all His unveiled loveliness, and to sing of the richness, the fulness, the all-conquering power of His grace, through the blissful ages of a never-ending eternity. Amen and amen.

*March 8, 1880.*

THE EDITOR.

FROM ONE WHO HAS LONG BORNE THE BURDEN AND HEAT OF  
THE DAY.

*Suggested by Dr. Doudney's Sixty-ninth Natal Day.*

STILL in the Master's service,  
Still to the vineyard sent,  
Still in the field of labour,  
Planting, "in hope" content.

"Sowing beside all waters,"  
Guarding the seed by prayer;  
Thou, in the garnered harvest,  
Shall the rejoicings share.

Here may Love's presence o'er thee  
In glory-beams descend,  
Shining, as through life's pathway  
Thy footsteps homeward tend.

Prepared, the mansions wait thee,  
The doors wide open stand,  
And loved ones haste to welcome  
Thee to the fatherland.

'Twill be a joyful meeting  
With the dear ones restor'd;  
But infin tely blissful  
To meet and see the *Lord!*

Who can depict the rapture,  
Or who the gladness paint  
Of life which cannot weary,  
Nor sin nor foible taint?  
*Cardiff.*

Ah! in those wondrous regions  
Thou shalt the triumphs share  
Of Him whom thou, proclaiming,  
Hast honoured everywhere.

The jewels thou hast gathered  
To stud His brow divine,  
Like stars of brightest glory,  
Trophies of grace shall shine.

Yet thou thy face, wilt, veiling,  
Low at His footstool fall,  
To whom all praise and glory  
Are due—the Lord of all.

Then, then the grand laudation  
Will precious be to thee:  
"Enter My joy for ever;  
Thou hast done all for Me!"

J. P. C.

#### FROM A YOUNG AND BELOVED DISCIPLE.

God, who hath brought thee thus far on thy way,  
Surely will keep thee and guide thee each day;  
He who hath blessed thee will bless thee this year,  
We have His covenant; what reason for fear?

He who hath chosen thee, made thee His own,  
Safely will lead thee to heaven, thy home;  
He who hath called thee keepeth His trust,  
For He hath promised His Son, the Lord Christ.

He who hath washed thee from sin here below  
To God will present thee far whiter than snow:  
"Father, I will that he dwelleth with Me;  
I bore his sin, so the sinner is free."

He who hath given thee trials to bear  
Always hath sent thee His strength for the care;  
He who hath given thee strength to this day  
Will not forsake thee for ever or aye.

A. A. H.

#### FROM A BELOVED NIECE.

##### HERE AND THERE!

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."—  
2 CORINTHIANS iv. 17, 18.

Here amid the din of battle,  
Toil and sorrow, pain and grief;  
There the feeblest saint is victor,  
Perfect peace and glad relief.

Here with burdens oft-times weary,  
Groaning 'neath a weight of care;  
There no shade of sadness lingers,  
All is light and glory there.

Here oppressed, and daily weeping  
O'er the troubles of the way;

*Lovedean.*

There, in Jesu's presence, keeping  
One eternal, joyful day.

Here our loved ones fade and wither;  
Death is stamped on all below;  
There, beside the crystal river,  
Life immortal thou shalt know.

Here, then, faint not, still pursuing;  
Watch, nor lay thine armour down;  
There, for him that overcometh,  
Waits a bright, unfading crown.

AUNT LUCY.

## Wayside Notes.

### SELF-DEDICATION.

*"But first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God."*—2 CORINTHIANS viii. 5.

THIS passage has been often wrested from its connection, and used by Arminian teachers as an example of men giving themselves to God; and the people are urged, in their unconverted state, to give themselves then and there to the Lord, and to close with Him without further delay. It has also been a stumbling-block to some of the Lord's people, who have argued that, if salvation is all of grace, how can anyone give himself to the Lord? Dear reader, all this is just one of those proofs which abound of the inconsistency of snatching a passage from its connection, and using it for a purpose not intended by the Holy Spirit. The fact is, the whole matter has reference to *contributions for poor saints*, and the Apostle wishes to stir up the Corinthian brethren to make a collection for poor saints in Jerusalem, according to the example of the Macedonian Churches, who, though in deep poverty themselves, abounded in the riches of their liberality, and, in the spirit of self-dedication, threw themselves heartily into the work, and "gave their own selves to the Lord" *in this service*, testifying thereby their love to Him and His cause. He says, "Moreover, brethren, we do you to wit of the grace of God bestowed on the Churches of Macedonia—[mark, 'the grace of God bestowed']—how that in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality. For to their power, I bear record, yea, and beyond their power they were willing of themselves: praying us with much intreaty that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of the ministering to the saints. And this they did, not as we hoped, but first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God." Surely it is perfectly clear that this expression in *no way implies a creature act in connection with salvation*, but that of self-dedication, which is the inevitable result of sovereign and converting grace. This view of it is strengthened by a passage further on, where Paul says, "But thanks be to God, which put the same earnest care into the heart of Titus for you." "By this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren;" and, where a poor soul has been melted by divine grace, and has realized a Saviour's love, his earnest care will go forth in consideration for those who are his brethren and sisters in Christ, and he will desire to dedicate himself and all he possesses unto the Lord.

We have no doubt our blessed Saviour, when upon earth, referred to this spirit of self-dedication when He uttered those precious words, "Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited

Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me. Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungred, and fed Thee? or thirsty, and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or naked, and clothed Thee? or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." The acknowledgment on the part of Christ that a thing done for the least of His "little ones" is *as done unto Himself*, thereby showing the oneness of the Head and members of the mystical body of Christ; and then, on their part, the full acknowledgment of their unworthiness to have any act of theirs noticed, feeling as they do that all flows from the grace given, and, therefore, is of the Lord—the flame of love to Jesus burning, but the Christian attributing its testimony to *the oil of grace given*; works abounding, which he ascribes entirely to *the work of the Spirit*. And how this view of things gives a denial to the enemy's assertion, who tell us that "Calvinists are no workers;" that they say "all is ordered—all done for them and in them—and so they fold their arms and are at peace, caring not for the Church or for their fellow-creatures." Is this so? Far from it. It is true that they do not see *an atom of merit* in anything they do—nay, beyond this, they would bring all their works and lay them in the dust of self-abasement before the Lord; for such an insight do they get of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, that they know every action is tainted with it; yet, for all this, as recipients of divine grace, the very issue of that grace is self-dedication, and their cry is, "Lord, here am I. Use me as seemeth Thee good for Thy glory." This is the work our blessed Lord owns, and concerning which He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And then, such self-dedication will be accompanied with *no slight measure of felt unworthiness*, and surprise that the Lord should condescend to make use of such a "weak thing of the earth" and a thing "despised." David, in an expression we have been struck with, seems to imply this when he says, "*But who am I?*" Ah! indeed, "Who am I?" David had prepared with all his might things for the house of God, but he rightly attributed all he had gained to the Lord. He says, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, power, glory, and majesty: for all that is in heaven and in earth is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head above all. Both riches and honour come of Thee, and Thou reignest over all; and in Thine hand is power and might; and in Thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all. But who am I?" &c. Only the poor, unworthy, undeserving instrument. To Thy name be all the praise. There seems in this "Who am I?" felt sinnership, felt unworthiness, and a recognition of omnipotent power which is very precious. David doubtless often thought of his past sins, of the many black spots of his life, and felt how totally unworthy he was to be a vessel of mercy, and to have been drawn into any service for the Lord, and so rightly attributed all gained to the Lord. And this is what we must feel, and do personally feel—"Who am I?" A review of my past sins

must lay me low. I am indeed a most unworthy one ever to have been noticed by my God, and I can only attribute my position and portion and prospect to the goodness, grace, mercy, and love of my covenant God; and say with David, 'Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name.'

But a word or two more about this "Who am I?" We are not alone with David in such experience. It will be remembered that, when the Lord said to Moses, "Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth My people the children of Israel out of Egypt. And Moses said unto God, Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" And then comes the gracious promise of his God: "Certainly I will be with thee," &c. The same with Gideon: "And he said, Oh, my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? Behold, my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." Then again comes the divine encouragement, "Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man." The same with Jeremiah. The Lord told him that, before he was born, He had "ordained him a prophet unto the nations." But Jeremiah said, "Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child." Again the precious encouraging words came from his God: "Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." And so, more or less, with all the servants of the Lord there will be this felt "Who am I?" and Jehovah's response, as it were, "Never mind who you are. I will show you who I am."

Now, all this dedication of soul and self differs widely from a *carnal complacency and self-sufficiency exhibited by many*. Our Lord said when on earth, "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." Now, this experience is as contrary to the child of God's as possible. They have mostly no barns to pull down, for to the poor in this world's goods is the Gospel preached; but, even if they have the means to build, one and all are learning the lesson that this is not their rest—that they have "no abiding city here;" that their treasure is above, and their hope resting on things which God has laid up in store for them in a brighter and better world. They have no such self-complacency and self-satisfaction as the fool whose soul may be required of him at any moment.

Nor is such carnal complacency confined to the worldly. *The professor of religion* shelters himself under his self-righteousness and sufficiency. "Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." Here is an exhibition of self-righteousness

and carnal complacency indeed. Such self-dedication is just the very opposite to that realized by the child of God. He takes his position beside the poor publican, who, "standing afar off, dare not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" Christ died for sinners. To feel a sinner, to know it, and to acknowledge it, forms a very precious claim to the benefits of His atonement.

Well, then, it is in the way described that we understand what it is to surrender ourselves to the Lord, after He has brought us out of nature's darkness into marvellous light. Let this be realized by the power of the Spirit, and the poor sinner's earnest desire will be to love Christ, to own Him, to serve Him—ah! and even to suffer for Him.

But there is another thing should not be overlooked in this hallowed surrender unto the Lord we are referring to. The Apostle adds, "and unto us *by the will of God.*" Not "unto us by the will of the creature," but "by the will of God;" and this is what we want to feel more and more, that I am who I am and what I am "by the will of God."

Now, as this expression is, to our mind, pregnant with importance, let us think of it together, dear reader, for a few minutes. The Apostle Paul, referring to Epaphras, a servant of Christ, tells the brethren at Colosse that his desire for them is, that "they may stand perfect and complete in [*or filled with*] the will of God." Do look at this twofold desire. It is exceedingly precious. First, that "they may stand perfect"—that is, of course, in Christ Jesus, for in no other way can they or any do so. To be perfect in Christ is to be wrapped round with the righteousness of Christ; to stand "accepted in the Beloved;" to be looked upon by the eternal Father as one with His dear Son in an indissoluble union; to be sanctified wholly by the comeliness He hath put upon us; and to be presented by Him to the Father "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." This is only to be done *in Him*.

And then, that they may be "filled with the will of God." Look with us, dear reader, at this expression, "*the will of God,*" and then see what it is to be *filled with it*. We can never insist too strongly upon the infallible knowledge and immutable will of our God. With all reverence I would say that God cannot be a God at all unless His will is absolute and His knowledge perfect. Could it be otherwise, it must logically follow that Omnipotency would become dethroned, and all His attributes imperfect. Never, oh, never will we think so of our God, "who is of one mind, and none can turn Him;" "whose counsel shall stand, and who will do all His pleasure;" and who is "perfect in all His works and ways." Well, then, we assert, without fear of contradiction, that the will of God is potent and perfect, and that, without its exercise or permission, nothing exists or acts.

Now, if we apply this to His great work of salvation for His Church, and His people's personal realization thereof, we further assert that His will cannot be obstructed or made void. If there were any uncertainty as to its recipients—if it were made contingent upon the creature to accept or reject—then would His will be frustrated and rendered void. But there is no uncertainty either in its dignity or direction. God has His elect according to His sovereign will and pleasure, who shall obtain grace and salvation—a little flock whom it is His good pleasure to give

the kingdom; a people whom He has reserved and formed for Himself; a peculiar people, to whom is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, who shall show forth the praises of Him who hath called them out of darkness into His marvellous light. We may well, dear reader, desire to be "filled with the will of God."

And we shall see further the sweetness of this desire if we look at the fact that *His will is the original spring and efficient cause of His people's salvation.* To begin at the beginning, we may see how that *the divine call* which reaches the heart is according to the will of God, arresting grace being put forth at the appointed time—not the giving of oneself to the Lord according to the caprice of the creature, but the mighty act of divine sovereignty, the result of the eternal choice and election of God.

As I write, the word "*election*" is in every one's mouth. I have my views upon this matter in connection with the government of this great country—views which have remained firm and unchanged for many years—but, after all, the election I glory in is "*the election of grace,*" which is according to the will of God, and must, therefore, attribute the divine calling which I have experienced to this cause; and, if a grace-taught soul, dear reader, so do you also. We know man says, "We will have our election, but God shall not have His;" but that God has His elect according to His foreknowledge, will, and pleasure, the Scriptures give abundant proof.

Well, then, such a divine call as this must result in a complete surrender of oneself to the Lord. We thus give ourselves unto the Lord because He has first given Himself unto us, and manifested Himself as "mighty to save." How this blessed surrendering of oneself at the divine call and the divine will was shown in the cases of the apostles and disciples of our Lord! Take, for instance, that of Philip and Nathanael: "The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow Me." Now, whatever Philip was doing—whatever his occupation might have been—we do not read of any resistance. No, "where the word of a King is, there is power." There is no invitation given—no asking him if he would like to join their company—but simply the divine call of sovereignty before which everything falls, and the recipient is made willing in the day of God's power. It was the same also with Nathanael. Philip spreads the news: "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph." It is true Nathanael, before his contact with his Saviour, argues, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and Philip says, "Come and see." But all scruples vanish before the voice of Jesus: "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." Now what says Nathanael? "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel." Why? Just because Jesus had seen him under the fig tree? Ah! far beyond this. Jesus had asserted *His omniscience* in His declaration that Philip had called Nathanael, and that also when under the fig tree He saw him; and now He exercises *His omnipotency*. The call reaches Nathanael's heart. He now recognizes his Saviour. There is no guile in his call; it is genuine and real, and Nathanael—or, as it is believed,

Bartholomew, one and the same person—becomes enrolled a disciple of Christ, to spend and be spent in His service. The Lord, by the same omniscience, looking onwards at Nathanael's untrodden steps, says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." Well, then, whether with New Testament saints or Old Testament saints, or Christians in all ages, the divine call of omnipotency is the same, and is an act of the divine will of our God.

So, also, *the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost, as realized by a child of grace, is by the will of God*: "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." What a precious and safe beginning of Christian life is this—to be born again by the will of God—the irresistible act of God's grace; the entering into the kingdom of God! What a mighty change! Something more than a mere conversion or alteration of feelings and sentiments—yes, a work which is described in the Word as "a quickening of a dead sinner," and is the first step to his glorification, which is as certain as if he immediately entered the glorified state. A man that is born of God will as certainly live with God as that there is a God. If these things be true—and true they are—we see how that regeneration is by the will of God, the same with salvation, the same with glorification.

But a step further. *The revelation of Jesus Christ as my Saviour is by the will of God.* It is, to our mind, always a test of a true change of heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, if such has been accompanied in some measure by a revelation of Jesus to the soul as "*my Saviour.*" I do not mean that there will be anything like an open vision. No; rather is it an *inward sealing*: "Now He which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts;" and such sealing will be accompanied by true penitence of heart, the exercise of a living faith in Christ, and the comforting assurance that Jesus owns you as one of His blood-bought ones; so will there be the revelation of Christ to the soul, and the "*my Lord and my God*" of ecstasy and joy.

But, further, *the divine disciplines we are subjected to throughout the journey of life is according to the will of God*, "ordered in all things and sure." It is the will of God, friend, that you should have that "*thorn in the flesh,*" but thy God will give grace sufficient to bear thee up under it. It is the will of God, friend, that you should *stand in that untoward lot of thine.* The bounds of our habitation are all fixed by Him. It is the will of God, friend, that you should carry that *special cross*, hard as it is to bear. Ah! dear reader—

"The little griefs, the petty wounds,  
The stabs of daily care;  
Cracking of thorns beneath the pot  
As life's fire burns, now cold, now hot,  
How hard they are to bear!"

But when from the eternal skies there comes the divine teaching that all the little griefs, petty wounds, and thorny worries, together with all

"the stabs of life," are permitted by the divine will, then, if grace is given to bear up under it, the burden does seem lighter, and we sing—

"Good when He gives, supremely good;  
Nor less when He denies;  
E'en crosses, in His sovereign hand,  
Are blessings in disguise."

And then, if these things are so, the practical result should be that *we bow and bend to that sovereign will*, feeling satisfied that the Judge of all the earth must do right. And, when grace is at work, it does temper one when we think that this suffering, this trial, is by divine appointment—that the Lord must have a purpose in it. It seems cruel and hard of itself, and we are puzzled by its continuance and pained at its results; still, there must be the secret spring of God's will in the matter. He will make it plain in the end; and, at most, life can but be a few short years, and then a sweet clearing up of all.

And this reminds us of one thing more in connection with God's will, namely, *it is the will of God to take us home to heaven*. This is the distinct purpose of His will. All He is doing for us and in us is to bring this about, that we may dwell with Him "in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore." I own it overwhelms one to think of it, and makes one throw up the arms of faith and break through the trammels of care, and "press towards the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Friend, if downcast, cheer up! It is the will of God that thou shalt dwell with Jesus for ever. How soon, ah! how soon, God only knows.

Well, now, in this way, as described, we understand what it is to be "filled with the will of God." The vessel must be emptied first—verily, "shaken out and emptied." This the Holy Spirit must do, carrying out His work in the way of the divine call, regeneration, revelation, discipline, and bringing to glory. Oh, then, must not our earnest desire be to be "filled with the will of God"? And, when so, what will be the result? Methinks we shall become obedient to that will, submissive under His discipline, patient under suffering, and trustful in spirit. We say, when "filled with the will of God," we shall become *obedient to Him*, our wills becoming subject to His, and we accepting the will of heaven, even though it be contrary to ours. Thus shall we go on our way resignedly—nay, cheerfully, knowing that, whether we see it or not, all is well.

And then, being filled with His will is to *exercise submission even under painful providences and sharp discipline*, feeling that the cloudy and hard side of things is as necessary for us as the sunny and the sweet.

Then, again, to be "filled with the will of God" is to be *patient under suffering*. This needs great grace. We may often feel ashamed of ourselves when we draw nigh to the bed-side of a suffering Christian who perhaps, day after day and night after night, for many a long year has been prostrate, yet uncomplaining, and even expressing to others how merciful and good the Lord is—poverty and pain, and yet a bright countenance and a tongue praising God. This is being "filled with the will of God."

And then it is also *being trustful in spirit*, having a firm faith and childlike confidence in God; feeling satisfied that He orders wisely and well, and assured that all things—ah! death included—are in His hands.

This is then, in brief, what we understand by being "*filled with the will of God.*" By-and-bye methinks we shall be so filled therewith as to see how well ordered has been the whole pathway. David says, "*All my ways are before Thee;*" and verily we shall review with wonder and astonishment all the leadings and guiding and teaching and discipline we have realized by the way.

Well, then, we have looked at our passage in the face, and would now ask, which view of it, dear reader, commends itself to your judgment? "They first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God." Does it imply that man in a state of unregeneracy can give himself unto the Lord at any moment he pleases? or does it mean, as we have seen, that, having been regenerated by the power of the Holy Spirit, they, in the way of self-dedication, desired to do all they could to relieve the necessities of their poorer brethren? Looking at it in this light, we have dwelt upon the fact that, under a sense of felt unworthiness, the child of God becomes surprised to find that the Lord considers such acts done to His brethren as done unto Himself, such felt unworthiness leading one to exclaim with David, "But who am I? Who indeed am I, that the Lord should condescend to make use of me for His own glory?" Then we have seen how such self-dedication differs widely from the self-complacency of the self-righteous. Then we have thought upon the expression in our passage that all done was "*by the will of God,*" seeing how that will is the secret spring of the eternal salvation of His people; that the divine call, the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost, the revelation of a precious Christ to the soul, the discipline by the way, and the being taken to our heavenly home, is all traceable to the same divine will of our God; craving that we may be filled with His will in such a way as to become obedient, submissive, patient, and trustful, until the time comes when we shall review all with astonishment and melting, and see how wisely and well everything has been ordered for our eternal good.

In conclusion, we would look up to the throne of grace and cry, "Dear Lord, grant, we beseech Thee, that henceforth both reader and writer may drink more deeply into Thy will, knowing what it is to give themselves up to the Lord in a passive surrender, that rebellious thoughts may be quelled, doubts and fears calmed, and the one object of our future days be to live to Thy praise and glory, testifying of Thy lovingkindness, spreading abroad Thy name and fame; or, if in the more quiet walks in life, may we be 'living epistles, read and known of all men.'"

And now, Lord, do bless this meditation upon this free grace portion, to the profit and comfort of Thine own, that there may be that dedication of self to Thee which shall be productive of Thy glory and their good; and, if the things mentioned are in accordance with Thy will, let them be the means of animating our spirits to "press onward towards the prize of our high calling," singing as we go—

"Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,  
Oh, give me strength to bear;  
And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust His tender care.

"Thy sovereign ways are all unknown  
To my weak, erring sight;  
Yet let my soul, adoring, own  
That all Thy ways are right."

Burton-on-Trent.

G. C.

**Pilgrim Papers.****"IS THERE NOT A CAUSE?"**

AN addition has lately been made to the small and select library of God's truth-loving people of three valuable volumes—the hitherto unpublished sermons of the late Rev. W. Parks, rector of Openshaw; "Sermons by the late J. J. Eastmead, minister in the Countess of Huntington's Connexion;" and a third series of sermons by T. Bradbury, pastor of Grove Chapel, Camberwell.\*

With the complete exclusion of sectarian differences, we have in these three volumes an harmonious combination of divine truth: no sound of axe or hammer; no dead flies to spoil the savour of the ointment; no uncertain blast from the Gospel trumpet; but clear, discriminating, experimental truth, based upon the eternal settlements of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, on behalf of an elect people, "saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." There are strong reasons why the truth that supports God's called children should be supported by them, both for their own spiritual welfare, and also for the edification of the body of Christ. Numerous are the means made use of by the Spirit for illuminating and building up the Church of God; and, when divine life is communicated, the desire is imparted to "hold forth the Word of life" to others (Eccles. xi. 2).

The amount of religion in our day, and its imposing appearance as to numbers and serious attention, is most deceptive. Satan has traps for all classes and all periods. His ready wit and long experience can find out the suited subjects for his religious inventions, whether refined or gross, intellectual or absurd. His enmity is reserved for the truth of God, and the Spirit-born receivers of it, and none else.

Christianity without the Christ of God—religion without the regeneration of the Holy Ghost—form two distinct classes that make up the bulk of the profession that is called religious at the present time.

A very fair test of the opinions current may be obtained from the reported addresses given by "Missioners" who officiate in various towns during a Mission week. One lately held in Brighton was numerously supported. Twenty churches, besides mission chapels and halls, were opened for services, that in number daily ranged from three to ten in each building. The gay and fashionable city wore the appearance of a miniature millennium for one week, and business was early suspended to allow all classes the opportunity of attending the services. A few extracts from some of the most popular addresses will call forth the serious attention of our readers as to the present crisis:—

The Mission is being prosecuted here with intense earnestness. The services are almost continuous, and are largely attended. The vast church was nearly three-parts full with an audience that listened with closest attention to what, although called an "instruction," was really an oration of no com-

\* These sermons continue to be published weekly, and, in their silent visits to the homes of the lonely, have been owned as God's messengers to many of His people.

mon order. This Missioner seeks no adventitious aid to produce effect. Clad in a long serge habit, without ornament or relief of any kind, he stood in the centre of the chancel and declaimed; not continuously, however, since he paused from time to time, after advancing some proposition, and made the congregation repeat it after him—sometimes more than once. He said, for this supernatural life natural powers were insufficient. It required a divine gift—the impartation of the life of God, coming out of God into the soul of man; so that, said the reverend gentleman, the man who has grace is a partaker of the divine nature. How does this grace come? he asked. Contact with Christ was necessary to secure participation, the preacher next remarked, and quoted the example of the woman who said, “If I may but touch the hem of His garment,” and other similar texts. Where, he asked, is this contact to be obtained? The answer given was, “In Christian baptism.” The grace given in baptism, it was next stated, was increased by receiving the Sacrament, since there they came in contact, spiritually, with the grace which flows out of Christ.

In another church an eloquent and scholarly discourse was preached upon “Sin,” from 1 John iii. 4—“Sin is the transgression of the law;” commencing with the present Bishop of Durham’s definition of sin, namely, “The disobedience of intelligent beings whom God has created, and whom He has endowed with a free will, which he can use or misuse.” Dividing sin into original and actual, the remedy for the first, or the mode rather of applying the remedy, was by regeneration in baptism. Original sin was compared to an hereditary taint, and its continued existence in the world was not more difficult to account for than the existence of hereditary disease. The state of the world under the dominion of sin was powerfully sketched. A grand conception was given utterance to of the necessity of intelligent beings having free-will, and of the fall of Satan arising from violating the known law of heaven. Quite a Miltonian conception of the triumph of evil spirits over the fall of men was given, and a powerful sermon brought to a close with the consideration of the cross as the only instrument by which the results of sin could be adequately gauged. The sermon was delivered from the lectern, and apparently with little assistance from notes. The Holy Communion followed.

Another preacher is thus reported:—

This discourse was closed by some remarks to the effect that faith not only believes what God says, but takes what God offers; so, said the speaker, we must go where God tells us to receive God’s gift, and this is why they must go to the font and to the altar to receive God’s gift of grace. The last proposition advanced was that the ruling passion of the spiritual life is love. The way to grow in love to God was pointed out in a sentence—“Contemplate this beauty, for beauty kindles love.” Several effects of this love were briefly shown. One was: “Because I love Him,” said the preacher, “I worship Him with the splendid worship of the Catholic Church.” Adoration, charity, and holiness, he said, in conclusion, were the fruits of this love, and he expressed the hope that the Mission would deepen all these.

It is a matter for thankfulness that there were some honourable exceptions to this line of divinity, which is fast creeping over our land, and becoming popular in principle and practice. Churchmen and Non-conformists are fulfilling the prophecy of the Apostle—“For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables” (2 Tim. iv. 3). If facts confirm this prediction, “is there not a cause” wherefore the enlightened people of God should be fortified against

error, and should use their influence and their means in the support and circulation of the truth?

We turn now to the pleasant office of quoting a few extracts from each volume of sermons before us, and the Yorkshireman's description of a good piece of broadcloth is just in place here—"Open it where you may, you will find it sound."

The valiant Rector of Openshaw speaks with the zeal and decision of a man who is at a point as to truth, and has had it revealed to his soul "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." From the text, "What is truth?" Mr. PARKS thus speaks:—

If our teaching depended upon men—the greatest, most gifted, most learned of men—where would be our guarantee of being taught truth? Many of the greatest and most learned of men are as ignorant with regard to divine truth as the great heathen philosophers of old: ignorant of their own fall and utter ruin; ignorant of the quickening power of the Holy Ghost; ignorant of God's plan of salvation; ignorant of the righteousness of Christ; ignorant of everything that is essential to the subjects of Christ's kingdom; and, consequently, living "without God and without hope in the world." Oh, then, my hearers, be not cast down by the multitudinous opinions, statements, and assertions concerning truth. *Truth is one*, like its great Author, and they who are Christ's subjects, or are predestinated to be, shall know it practically and experimentally, for the Lord hath spoken it. I, for one, am as certain as that I am alive that the vast masses of men, both learned and unlearned, are totally in the dark with regard to divine truth. They who know the truth, and have been made free by it, are as convinced as they are of their existence that man cannot begin with God. The whole work, from beginning to end, must be seen, known, and felt as the Lord's; no half-and-half work, partly the Lord's and partly the creature's; *but all the Lord's*. Depend upon it, the longer you live, the more convinced you will be—that is, if you are in the way—that nothing whatever of the creature has ought to do with salvation.

The thoughtful, dewy utterances of the lately-removed J. J. EASTMEAD enter with all the power of truth into the minute experiences of the Lord's family. On the text, "Yea, He loved the people," we call the following:—

God's love for His people is always spoken of in the Scriptures as a thing of the past. That period which we call time is the period during which God's ancient love is displayed, and in which it is to be made manifest. This ancient love of the Three-One God is that "river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." Every spiritual blessing of the everlasting covenant which flows through the channel of the cross into the heart of a sinner—all the graces of the Spirit, faith, love, hope, joy, godly fear—all these are streams that originate from the river of God's eternal love. Every act which God performs in the salvation of a sinner, from the time He quickens him to spiritual life until He brings his redeemed spirit to glory, is to be traced to God's eternal love; and, in all God's dealings with His people, we see the operation of this ancient love. They are all like so many streams from that eternal river which flows from the heart of the Three-One God.

The warm, off-hand, unctuous words of T. BRADBURY have been widely circulated in many parts of the kingdom. From the volume which contains a sermon upon the text, "He shall save His people from their sins," we quote the following:—

A glorious fact, "*He shall save.*" What is salvation? It is complete deliverance from the curse and condemnation of God's righteous law—from the guilt and power of sin. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The Father sent Him into the world for that purpose; and, before He returned to His glory-home, He either fulfilled His commission or He did not. If He did *not*, there must have been failure, imperfection, and incompetency. But there could be no failure or imperfection in Him or in His work. When He died, God was glorified, justice was satisfied, the law was magnified, the devil was defeated, and all God's elect were saved. Our text does not say, "*He shall do all that is necessary for sinners to be saved, if they will.*" It is not, "*He shall perform a work by which sinners may avail themselves of certain offers, proffers, and conditions to save themselves.*" It is not, "*Christ came into the world to try an experiment by which sinners might have a chance to work their way to God's favour, and eventually to heaven.*" Oh, no. Blessed be God, in His unfailing purpose it is, "*He shall save;*" in the perfect work of the Son it is, *He hath saved;* by the gracious indwelling and witness of the Holy Ghost, *we are saved;* and, when we arrive at home in glory, our song with all the saved ones will be, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Salvation is a glorious certainty, an accomplished fact, to be experienced in all its blessed reality by the whole ransomed Church of God, whom He took to Himself in covenant before all worlds, and burnt into the experience of every truly taught child of God in Jonah's confession, "Salvation is of the Lord."

We commend these volumes to truth-loving readers, as calculated to enlighten the ignorant and build up believers in their most holy faith. The spread of sacerdotalism from the pulpit, its practical display in religious services, the reprint of Popish authors of the dark middle ages, with fascinating memoirs of old and young Ritualists, all proclaim in our own day the truth couched in the saying of the stripling when he challenged the enemy of Israel in few but telling words, "*Is there not a cause?*"

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#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF A NOW GLORIFIED ONE.

(Continued from page 162.)

B—, July 21st, 1875.

DEAREST PATTIE,—The letter I sent to you on Monday will have told you something of my day on Sunday; but you can, I think, little picture to yourself how very much I feel being deprived of the privilege of meeting with the dear people of the Lord at chapel. It would not cheer you if I were to tell you all that passes in my mind, so I am going to say but little about it. I hate vain thoughts, yet my mind is full of empty nothings. I love communion with the Lord, but cannot attain to it; and at the present time, I grieve to say, I am feeling hard and cold, and very much shut up in prayer. We have to wait the Lord's time for every blessing, whether temporal or spiritual, and can no more command His refreshing dews falling on our spirits than we can command natural dews and rain.

Very many years ago, I found great comfort and sweetness from a text in Isaiah: "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, I the Lord will hear them; I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them." This is a suitable text for us both. Again and again I

have to prove in feeling that I am both poor and needy, yet sons and daughters have to feel what they are in self, all for making us more highly prize what we are in Christ Jesus.

I hope you have by this time read dear Mr. Woods' leaflet, and that you like it. It is very nice, and I like much the hymn at the end, which is one I do not remember having seen before. I am sorry to say I have not written to him, though I have wished to do so. I have felt so indisposed for writing, when I cannot *feelingly* write of the best things. There is such a difference between writing or speaking of things that we *know* and those we *feel*.

"Oh, Lord, I would delight in Thee,  
And on Thy care depend;  
To Thee in every trouble flee,  
My best and only Friend."

When we feel delight in the Lord, we delight in speaking of Him. I have been thinking, dear, there is this difference in your aim and mine at the present time. You are anxious to have matters arranged according to your own will, and I have been so sickened of my own will and ways that I want them to be crossed, and my whole heart, and mind, and will to be brought into obedience to the will of God. Just (as you are able) ponder over this subject, and tell me if you agree to what I say. I believe you will come to desire what I say I do—to be made willing and obedient—and those who are so shall "eat of the fat of the land."

To-morrow being Thursday, will not be as our past Thursdays have been; but *you* will have Sunday to look forward to as not very distant. Oh, that I may have a cheering glimpse of Jesus! I know the Lord is not confined to place. He has visited me when I have been quite shut away from His people and the house of prayer; and I have mourned His absence when, outwardly, all has seemed favourable for expecting His presence. One of Kent's hymns was very sweet to me in the days I was living at L—. Do turn to it. It begins—

"Behold the spouse replete with fears,  
Seeking her absent Lord with tears."

Now I must close, though I seem as if I had not written anything worth sending.

*July 24th, 1875.*

I VERY much rejoiced to hear the result of the meeting. I had anticipated what it would be, yet the news was highly gratifying to me. I cannot doubt of the Lord's having made dear Mr. Woods willing to accept of the offered pastorate; but I shall like to hear of his having done so. You were good to tell me what you did about Mr. V—'s sermon. He was quite right, I think, in what he said of the minister's exercises. I hope the Lord will favour the people with a spirit of earnest supplication for their pastor. It will be for their welfare no less than his. How very much I should like to be with you all to-morrow, and to hear what Mr. Woods may say at this very interesting time. It is a time of very great moment to him and to the congregation. I hope I am joining with many in thanksgiving for the great goodness displayed by the Lord in granting the blessing of a faithful, loving pastor.

B—, July 26th, 1875.

I AM so very glad to hear what you wrote about the service on Sunday morning, and thank you very much for telling me all you did. Dear Mr. Woods was quite right in what he said about leaning on the creature, and I can from my heart thank the Lord for giving him to say what he did. Nothing has pained me more than the teaching I have had to bring me off from looking to, and leaning on, an arm of flesh; and yet nothing has given me more cause for loving the Lord. He makes room for Himself in our hearts by making us feel friends are but "broken cisterns" when we trust in them. He will, in His own time, show you that He is to be trusted to make them what they should be to us. I do not mean they are not to be fondly loved, but not apart from Him. To be truthful, I will say I have feared you are thinking too highly of me—too much about me—and I have thought, perhaps the Lord may make me a trouble to you, in order that you may hold me in a different manner. Well, He knows all about it, and will do just what is right for your good and mine. I feel persuaded we shall love each other to the end; and, what is better, I am persuaded Jesus loves Martha and Mary too, as He did our namesakes.

I am thankful to tell you I had a good time yesterday morning. I was quite alone in my own room. The Lord favoured me to feel in spirit that I was with my dear friends at chapel, and He gave me such a spirit of earnest prayer for a rich blessing on them. I could entreat for our dear Mr. Woods, and for you, dear Pattie, and others; and I had a sweet assurance of my own interest in the great and glorious salvation which is in Christ Jesus. The work of Owen, which Mr. Woods lent me, was made very sweet in reading. I do in very truth thank the Lord for what you felt in chapel yesterday. The enemy of peace may very likely try to make you call it all in question, but Jesus will bring you safely through all that lies before you. Do thank Him again and again for His goodness in giving you the privilege of hearing His faithful servant set forth the way of salvation in the encouraging manner he does, and do, my dear friend (when enabled), pray for me. I felt yesterday, when I was cheered, "Surely some of my friends in Chichester have remembered me at the throne of grace, and the Lord, in His lovingkindness, is answering their prayers." I often repeat the hymn—

"Blest be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part," &c.

I shall be looking for a letter from you to-morrow; and, if I do not get one, I shall think—what? Why, that you have had something to prevent your writing—not that you are getting tired of your old friend, who loves you, and prays for you, and rejoices in the hope that the day will come when you may be able to say, "My Beloved is *mine*, and I am His." Oh, what I felt when He gave me to say this! No words can express the blessedness.

(To be continued.)

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THE grating file is not more necessary to the polish of metals, than trials are requisite to brighten grace in the Christian's soul. They discover the hypocrite, but they improve the sincere.

## THE SERVICE OF SUFFERING.

"FOR unto you it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake." So wrote the Apostle Paul. Moreover, at his conversion it was testified of him by the Lord Himself, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for My sake;" and his whole after-course, as far as his time-state was concerned, was one of intense suffering. But who, by comparison, brought forth the same amount of fruit to the praise and glory of his blessed Lord and Master, as did the Apostle Paul? Hence, upon this principle, we believe that where there is most fruit there is most suffering. Yea, by means of it the Lord specially works, as the Apostle declares, "Tribulation 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." Again he says, "This light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh [out] for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Now, we have had placed in our hands a MS. volume,\* from which we have gathered the annexed extracts. The writer is, without question, one of the sorest afflicted and most signally tried members of the household of faith of whom we remember ever to have heard.

There is one feature of her case, however, which we are anxious should not be overlooked. It is that her affliction is of a physical, not a mental, character. The productions of her pen—or rather, of her pencil—go to prove this. Had she both mental and physical suffering, assuredly she could not write as she does. Moreover, there is another phase of her affliction which is entitled to our serious consideration: it is that she is a practical illustration of the truth of the Scripture, "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind." Again, the case of this so deeply-tried one may well suggest that, if the mind is kept in peace, how greatly indebted are the partakers of that peace to the God of all grace in that, if He visits with pain or prostration, weakness or debility, the intellect is kept clear—the mind remains unaffected. Oh, when we think of certain cases which have been brought before us of late, we feel it behoves us more than ever to exhort our readers to a deeper and more becoming estimate of so rich and distinguishing a mercy.

*Bristol, 1879.*

"The contents of this book are a portion only of the heart-thoughts of a poor suffering child of God, who for the last fourteen years has been confined to her bed; thirteen years a widow; ten years has had her legs drawn up; nine years totally blind, eyes open; eight years deaf and dumb; four years her jaws locked, and her eyes closed.

"It has been my privilege to have many very precious interviews with her, and her patient and unrepining suffering will, I trust, be a stimulus to me to bear patiently whatever a wise Providence may see well to appoint.

\* About to be published by Mr. Mack.

"The whole of the MS. is in her own handwriting, composed and written since the loss of her sight.

"In conversing with her, you write or trace the characters on her cheeks with your finger. The extreme sensitiveness of her nervous system enables her readily to understand what you write, and she gives her answer upon a slate.

"Although so sorely afflicted that even all sustenance has to be administered through the aperture of a broken tooth, yet these are her words, written by herself on the back of her photograph, and presented to me—

"For fourteen years I have been gently led by my Father's loving hand on the rugged mountain paths, and covered with His sheltering wings, while my thirsty soul has been filled with the riches of His love. Truly He is a God of love."

The name of this sufferer is Rebecca Caroline Hayman Croad, aged thirty-seven, November 1st, 1877, as recorded upon the card to which our correspondent has referred.

Her countenance, as we now gaze upon it, is of the calmest, mildest character. Although looking delicate, no one would imagine for a moment, from her appearance, that she has been or is a sufferer to anything like the extent before expressed. She is seated by the side of the bed, leaning back in an easy chair, with a slate before her. Upon her placid countenance is the deep impress of a calm, quiet, submissive waiting upon and for the Lord. As she resides but about thirty miles from Bristol (at Swindon), we hope to have the privilege some day of visiting this wonderful trophy of rich, divine, and all-sufficient grace. Well might the writer of the foregoing quotation say, "Her patient and unrepining suffering will, I trust, be a stimulus to me to bear patiently whatever a wise Providence may see well to appoint." We add our own hearty "amen" to this. The contemplation of this case, in all its varied phases, makes us feel at the moment as though we personally had never known anything worthy the name of trial or affliction.

The annexed piece or two of her own composition we extract from the MS. volume with which we have been entrusted. Had we space, we would gladly transcribe the whole. The following, however, must suffice as a specimen of the rest:—

#### WAITING AND WATCHING.

I AM watching for Christ's coming,  
His loveliness to see;  
My Saviour, I am waiting  
To be at rest with Thee.

I am waiting for my passport  
To cross the shining sea;  
I am waiting, O Lord Jesus,  
Thy chosen one to be.

I am waiting for the darkness  
To pass and flee away;  
Yes, I am waiting, watching,  
For early dawn of day.

I am waiting for my garment,  
A spotless robe of white;  
I am waiting, trusting, longing,  
For my glad home of light.

I am waiting, O my Father,  
Till Thou shalt claim Thy child;  
I'm waiting while I traverse  
This dreary desert wild.

I am waiting for the Bridegroom  
To claim me for His bride;  
I am waiting and am longing  
To feel Him at my side.

Ah! soon it will be finished,  
 This watching, waiting time;  
 The shadows will have vanished,  
 And blissful joy be mine.  
 The Saviour, in His brightness,  
 Will claim me as His own;

And lead me to the Father  
 Upon the great white throne.  
 There I shall meet the loved ones  
 Who long have gone before;  
 And we shall dwell with Jesus,  
 In peace for evermore.

PSALM xvii. 15.

"Yes, I shall be satisfied when I behold the King in His glory, for I shall be like Him, having laid aside all sorrow, pain, and care, and cast off the garment of flesh, which is nothing but dust. Arrayed in the robe of everlasting righteousness, I shall have His image reflected on my countenance, for I shall see Him, the King of kings, face to face; and, being like Him, I shall see my own image, all glorious in holiness, all jubilant with song, all beautiful in love and everlasting light.

"Yes, I shall be satisfied, for I shall be filled with love to full perfection.

"My happiness will be complete. Having for ever laid aside the cross and burden of earthly sin, I shall bask in the eternal sunshine of my Saviour's presence, and, being untrammelled by the flesh, I shall, with the swiftness of an eagle, fly to do my Father's will.

"Being of the Spirit spiritual, I shall no more hunger or thirst, for I shall be fed with angels' food, namely, the everlasting love of the Father of spirits.

"Every pain I have endured I shall behold reflected in the mirror of His tenderness, enamelled in letters of pure gold upon His breast, and regarded and worn by Him as a most precious thing.

"Thus I shall be fully satisfied, and filled with His eternal love.

"Having had all those things renovated and so beautified that they will reflect upon me a radiant glow of gloriousness and beauty, which will be crowned by the white stone, placed upon my brow by His own hand, I shall awake in His beauty and likeness, and be fully satisfied."

CONFIDENCE.

Soon my pilgrimage will end;  
 Angels will on me attend,  
 Revealing to my fading eyes  
 Angelic joys beyond the skies:  
 Holy songs shall greet my ears,  
 Christ will cast away my fears.

On Him I cast my every care,  
 And leave my sins and sorrows there;  
 His arm I rest upon for might,  
 And ever look to Him for light:  
 Trust Him for His saving grace,  
 Trust the path I cannot trace.

ALONE WITH JESUS.

ALONE with Jesus! hark! I hear  
 Sweetest accents, soft and clear;  
 "Come to Me, poor child, and hide;  
 Rest within My riven side."

Alone with Jesus! leave me there,  
 Without a wish, without a fear;  
 Re-posing on His faithful love,  
 Resting thought and hope above.

Loved by Jesus! sweet the thought  
 To know my soul by God is bought;  
 The ransom by His Son was paid,  
 My heavy debt is on Him laid.

Alone with Jesus! here I rest,  
 Calmly leaning on His breast;  
 Confiding every thought to Him  
 Who is my Brother, Saviour, King!

## GO, TAKE IT TO CHRIST.

HAS death's sorrow pierced thine heart?  
 Christ will help thee bear the smart;  
 Go to Him in humble prayer,  
 You will find sweet solace there.

Take to Him thy aching heart,  
 He'll accept, and peace impart;  
 Will soothe its sorrows, heal its core,  
 With heavenly balm, so rich, so sure.

He lifts the curtain grief lets fall,  
 And sheds a silvery light o'er all,  
 Lining the darkest clouds with gold,  
 Imparting joys to man untold.

## MEETINGS AND GREETINGS.

"AND how is it with you?" I asked of one who had been a labourer in the vineyard of the Lord of hosts for nearly thirty years, and that, too, upon a most limited income.

"Well, we've had rather a sick house; the children have had measles."

"And how many have you; eight, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, 'blessed is the man that hath his quiver full of them.' Men with families always do best. It leads to watching the hand of God, and I'm as sure as I am of my own existence that dear old Dr. HAWKER was right when he said, 'He that watches Providence shall never want a Providence to watch.'"

"Well," was the reply, "I was a little anxious about how I should hold out to the end of the quarter, when, quite unexpectedly, this morning's post brought me a cheque for £5."

The tears trickled down my friend's cheek as he told me this.

"Ah! that's the Lord's way. Had I kept a record, as I ought to have done, of the Lord's dealings with me, that record would have appeared almost fabulous. My income nominally for years was £85 a year, with a wife and eight children to maintain. *How* I lived I could scarcely tell you, but the Lord used to supply me in the most marvellous way. In one year He sent me £130 from a person whom I never saw but once. In another instance He sent me £50 in the most unexpected way, and at a great crisis. The Lord does, as it were, say, 'You *watch*, and I'll *work*;' and, when He is pleased to beget this spirit of *watchfulness* and *waiting*, He never fails to *work*."

"Make you His service your delight,  
 Your wants shall be His care."

ONE of the great things that shall be admired at last, next to the great work of redemption, will be the harmony and consent of those things which seemed contrary—how they did all conspire for the bringing about that end which God aimed at.

## THE GATHERED "LILY."

A NARRATIVE FOR CHILDREN.

"My Beloved is gone down into His garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies."—SOLOMON'S SONG vi. 2.

IN a recent number we gave some of the death-bed sayings of one of the Lord's dear children, whom He was pleased to come down, and, ere yet she had scarcely entered upon the battle of life, gather for His own use in His kingdom above. We love the word "gathered," as given in the Scripture above quoted, because it savours so much of *gentleness* upon the part of Jesus; and truly this is a blessed feature in the character of the Good Physician and Great High Priest. Nor does it ever stand out with greater sweetness or more powerful attraction than when it bears upon children.

We are persuaded, moreover, as we have occasionally stated in these pages, that the Lord's dealings with little children, at the present time, are of a very marked character. In striking distinctiveness to the vain boast of the age as to advanced knowledge, higher attainments, and a more intelligent grasp of things in general, the Lord is illustrating and confirming His own truth by precious examples of *simplicity, humility, and a childlike cleaving to and resting upon His own Word*. Hence, whilst the wisdom and the power of the creature issue in an independence of God, and ultimately an estrangement from Him which ends in infidelity and destruction, with respect to the childlike and the teachable, there is a literal fulfilment of the words of Jesus: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

In the case of the dear young person whose words were recorded in a recent number, there were the appliances and surroundings of every earthly comfort and luxury. Her lot was cast among those to whom the Lord had given much of this world; yet in her case, as well as in the case of those near and dear to her, He proved what His grace can do. Neither *her* affections nor *theirs* were set upon things below, but upon things which are above. Hence her religion could not be ascribed to its being the mereiy natural consequence of earthly poverty and human privations. Both herself and those to whom she was so devotedly attached had been taught the great and all-important lesson that no mere human gift, pleasure, or attainment can satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul. In their measure and degree they had been taught in the same school as Solomon, who, with respect to the varied efforts he had made for the attainment of what his heart had craved, as to the things of this world, said, "This also is vanity."

In the narrative, however, with which the reader is about to be presented, we have a sketch of the short life of one who was born of humble and obscure parents. Her father had to earn a maintenance for himself and his little family by the sweat of his brow, and yet we are privileged to see how divine grace shone in the recipients of it, as it ever does, whatever and wherever the earthly portion of such

recipients. No position nor circumstances, no state nor condition, can counteract that grace, nor sully its power or blessedness, wheresoever and to whomsoever it may reach, through the rich bestowment and distinguishing mercy of the God of all grace. Among rich or poor, old or young, naturally ignorant or humanly enlightened, such is the wonderful character of divine grace that, when imparted by its divine Author, it suits all states, meets all conditions, adapts itself to all circumstances, supplies all wants, meets any necessity, and abundantly satisfies every partaker.

Without further comment, therefore, we give the narrative as furnished to us, merely adding that it bears upon its very face the marks of truth and reality :—

One day, when I was talking with my Bible-woman, she told me she had met with such a sweet little girl, with whom she was sure I should be very much pleased, and asked me to visit her, telling me they were very poor and the child much afflicted. I soon complied with her request, and found a most interesting little girl, about eleven years of age, lying on a small bed in the corner of the room, with a gentle, loving mother sitting beside her. I was at once struck by the look of that little pale face, so thin and white from constant suffering, and the fragile form lying so patiently before me; and yet there was a brightness in her eyes, and such a sweet smile from her lips, that one could not fail to see there was *something* which made her happy in spite of all her helplessness and pain.

Little Lily, as she was always called by her fond parents (though her name really was Eliza Ellen Pocock), was born the 30th day of March, 1857, and died on the same day in 1870, being her birthday; and, thinking that some other dear children may like to know something about her, one morning since I paid a long visit to her mother, and asked her to give me some particulars about her little girl; so all that I am going to tell you is perfectly true, as I wrote it down just as poor Mrs. Pocock told me, and in her own words.

Lily was always a delicate child from her birth, and both father and mother had many fears that they should lose their precious little one. She was their *only* child, so all their love was given to her. One day their good minister came to see them, and kindly warned the father not to set his affections too much upon her: "Hold her with a light hand," said he; "she is too much like an angel to remain here." This was when she was about two years old, and at this tender age she would try, in her baby way, to sing her father's favourite hymns.

When old enough, they used to take her with them regularly to chapel on Sundays, both morning and evening, which was her great delight, and she never forgot the solemn impressions made by these holy services upon her mind. She loved Sundays beyond any other day in the week, and looked forward to them with great pleasure. Alas! how many children do not love Sunday, and are rather glad when the day is over.

She went to school during the week, and made much progress with her lessons, of which she was very fond, and delighted her father by repeating the pretty hymns she had been taught to learn. He would take her on his knee when his day's work was done, and then she

would sing his favourite ones, and talk with him about the precious Saviour, whom she loved so well.

I asked her mother if she had ever told an untruth. "Yes; *once* she did, and always spoke of it as her *great sin*." She grieved *very sorely* for it, and it was the cause of bitter anguish to her for a long time after; she could never forget it. Oh, what a lesson might this be to some children who have not yet learned to think what an awful sin it is against God to tell a lie!

Now I must tell you of a sad change in the life of this little girl. When about nine years old, she fell down and sprained her ankle very severely, which produced chronic rheumatism and a stiffness in all her limbs, but especially in her legs. She never recovered from this accident; indeed, it proved the beginning of her sufferings. She, who before had been so full of life and activity, became gradually weaker and weaker, until at last she was reduced to that state of helplessness in which I found her on my first visit.

You may be sure it was a great trial to Lily to be no longer able to go to chapel on Sundays with her parents as before. She never could after this illness began. She would say, "If it would please God I might go, I would be *so thankful!*" Her father asked her one day, "If you were able to walk, where would you like to go first?" "To chapel, to thank God for His great goodness to me," she at once said. She would often picture herself there during the hours of service, sing and pray with her mother, repeating the Lord's prayer, and praying most earnestly for all her friends in her own simple words.

I took a kind friend with me to see her one day, of whom she soon became very fond, and received her many thoughtful gifts with much gratitude. Her first visit was when her mother was gone out; and, when she came home, great was the child's delight in telling her all about the kind, pretty lady who had been to see her, and promised soon to come again and read to her.

She had learned the crochet stitch, and was very fond of it. In a most wonderful manner she persevered, even when she had lost the use of her little fingers—and how do you think she did it? By putting the crochet-hook between her teeth, and holding the work in her left hand, in which she still had a little power. She begged me one day to accept a pretty pair of wool mats done in this way, which I did, much to the dear child's pleasure. But, as she grew weaker, and the disease took firmer hold upon the feeble frame, this little amusement was lost to her, and she could only lie perfectly still, without power to move hand or foot, not even to feed herself.

And now, another heavy trouble came. Mrs. Pocock was one day walking in the busy streets of Bristol, when a person got in her way, dragging her long gown behind her (as no tidy, respectable woman should do), and, accidentally stepping upon it, she got her foot entangled in such a manner that she was thrown down, and broke her ankle bone. It was deemed advisable for her to be taken to the infirmary, where she remained for, I think, three weeks, but unhappily the ankle was not cured, and she was dismissed without having derived much benefit.

The grief of the mother on being obliged to leave her child was very great, you may well suppose; but, with heroic bravery, Lily kept back

her tears until after the departure, then had one good cry, and all was over. And now the kind father has double duty thrown upon him. He becomes nurse to the little one, for *he* could move her with care, and without giving her much pain, as no stranger could; and, besides, they were too poor to be able to pay anyone for nursing her. It has often been a fact that they have not had even bread to eat, and no money to buy, until God sent them some by a friend.

Well, the poor mother was very glad to come back to her home and her child, though it was to suffer, for she has never regained the use of her leg, and I fear never will now, though it is a year and a half since the accident happened. I hope whoever reads this little narrative will take warning by it not to endanger the lives of their fellow-creatures by following a foolish fashion, or, if they should be the unhappy means of causing an accident to another, that they will not pass on coldly, as though no harm were done, but at least try to take some steps to soothe or alleviate the sufferings of the injured person.

Great was the joy when mother and child again met, though very sad to see the utter helplessness of the former, now no longer able to minister to Lily's wants as in days gone by. It was with beautiful submission they bore the trial, and I never heard a hard word uttered against the unknown person who caused the fall, but the devout wish that this *double trial* might bring them nearer to God.

Lily had always been, during her long illness, her mother's little counsellor. Her mind was matured far beyond her years, and her knowledge of Scripture and firm trust in God were remarkable. One day, her mother complained of its being dull, when she said, "It would be dull if we were left alone, dear mother, but there is One always watching and guiding us." Another time, when complaining of the great pain and suffering she was enduring from her poor foot and leg, she said, with a gentle power to soothe in the tone of her voice, "There will not be one unneeded stroke."

Above her little couch upon the wall were hung some pretty pictures and hymns. "Christ Blessing Little Children" was her great favourite. She would look upon it with special delight, fixing her eyes upon the Saviour's face, of which she remarked, "The more you look at it, the more beautiful it seems." This picture was the gift of the kind young lady before-mentioned, whom Lily loved so well; and the hymn, "I leave it all with Jesus," in very large type, was a great favourite. She would say, "It is just like *me*."

There was such a sweet expression in her smile, and the little pale, white face was so radiant with heavenly hope, that, sad as it was to see her suffer, one could not but feel happy with her, and be assured that she was happy too.

And what was it, dear children, that made this little girl so bright and cheerful in the midst of so much pain and trouble? Can you tell? Yes; it was her *faith* in Jesus as *her* Saviour. She believed what she read in the Holy Bible about Him and His great love to little children, and joyfully embraced Him as her Saviour, and this is just what you should ask God to help you to do by His Holy Spirit; though you need not be discouraged if you feel that you

cannot love Him so much as Lily did, for God gave her grace in proportion to her need. *He* knew how hard it was to bear her pain—to lie day after day, month after month, for three or four years on that lonely bed, apart from all her little playmates, no longer able to go to school, which is such a pleasant change for children, and gives them so much to think of and to talk about. God knew all this, and much more, and so He, in love and mercy, gave her strength to bear her affliction.

You know He says, "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men" (Lam. iii. 33). Do you remember how pain and sorrow first came into the world? Did God send it willingly, think you? Oh, no, dear children, indeed He did not. It was caused by the sin and disobedience of our first parents, Adam and Eve, in the beautiful garden of Eden. You have, I dare say, often been told the sad story, or read it for yourselves in Genesis iii., and it was the wicked devil that tempted them. So it is through the devil that sickness and pain came to them, and to us also; and let us always remember this.

But now I will tell you about the happy death of my little friend. She felt she was growing weaker and weaker, and one day said to her mother, in that tone of confiding love in which she was wont to talk with her, "You know, mother, that I shall not get over my illness, but father still holds on in hope!" She seemed very uneasy when he came in from his work, called him to sit close beside her, and said, "Well, my darling, I am so glad to see you come home. . . . I believe you think I am going to get better, dad; but I am not. If it should please God to restore me, that would be very nice; but, if not, He will take me to Himself, and all will be right. Whether I live, or whether I die, it will be just as it please God, and it will be *all well*, dear father." The poor father was much moved, and could not refrain from weeping. She entreatingly said, "Don't cry, father; all *will* be well; *all will be well!*" Her faith grew, and her mind was more than ever before fixed upon heaven, as she became weaker.

In the evening before her death, she said to her fond mother, "You do know I am dying; and, if anyone should say to you, when I am taken, 'I hope she is gone to heaven,' you will be able to tell them, 'I am sure of it;' for I am quite *positive*, mother, I am going there. Tell them I shall be walking in white with my God; *then* I shall be whiter than snow. There will be such a happy band waiting to receive me, and you and father will soon come and join me, and we shall be so happy—all together for ever! And many dear friends, too, I shall see there, who have gone before me. . . . Oh, mother, it will be so beautiful to see the Saviour face to face!"

She repeatedly spoke of her death during the night, and was very restless. She expressed sorrow at giving so much trouble to her parents. Once she said, "I can't keep still. I feel so restless, but not much pain." She wanted her kind father to be with her all the time, and could not bear him to be out of her sight. On being asked how she felt, she said, "I shall soon be through the dark valley, and there is such a bright light at the end of it!"

She spoke last to her poor father, whose grief was excessive. He took her out of her bed to try to ease her a little. She could not lie still, and he nursed her in his arms for a short time, promising he would take her up again presently if she would try to lie still, to which she said, "All right," and, in five minutes after this, her gentle, loving spirit passed away.

Long and mournfully did the fond parents sorrow—not that they could wish to have their darling child back again, but as having lost one who had been the object of so much love and care, who had cheered them through many sorrows, and been in a remarkable way a companion and comfort to them both. Now they love to dwell upon her happy spirit freed for ever from all earthly pain and suffering, and look forward with Christian hope to that day when they shall meet their beloved child in heaven.

May parents learn from this example to train the minds of their children in the love and fear of the Lord; and may God bless what I have said to some dear little boy or girl who may read it, and teach them to love the dear Saviour whom Lily loved so well, that, like her, they too may feel happy in the hour of sickness or of death.

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## Protestant Beacon.

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### THE IMPENDING GENERAL ELECTION.

[The annexed, from the pen of the venerable Dean LAW, which has already appeared in the *Record*, is worthy of the very deepest consideration, at the present juncture of the Church and nation at large. We know we shall be met by the objection that Christians ought not to have anything to say to politics. We are as far removed as well can be from political matters in the common acceptation of the term. But such reasoning is a device of Rome, by which she seeks to lull into a false security and a hapless indifference, whilst she stealthily and the more fatally and disastrously pursues her onward course, which is, by little and little, to bring the powers that be under her proud dominion and irresistible control. Alas! alas! all seems rapidly tending to this; but our comfort is this—that Rome's triumph will be but of short duration. Her doom is irrevocably fixed; and woe be to those who are found her aiders or abettors!—ED.]

THE rapid flight of time brings us to the eve of a general election. When a brief interval shall have merged into the past, the nation will have been called to exercise its most solemn function—to discharge its most momentous duty—to enjoy its noblest and its grandest right. Representatives will have been selected to give utterance to the nation's voice, and to pronounce its will. Is there a man whose heart throbs not with intense desire that heavenly wisdom may give discriminating intelligence, and guide to the choice of those senators who shall best promote England's truest interests? When last this duty was at hand, the columns of this paper presented to its numerous readers a few solemn thoughts from one of its most aged correspondents. The

desires which were then fervent still live, and earnestly seek to renew their utterance. The perils which were then ahead still stand in undiminished form; and the same voice would again exhort not to be deceived by aspirants whose policy is professedly antagonistic to Protestant principles, and thus threatens to pluck the brightest jewel from England's diadem. Surely, it is the time to reiterate the principles which then found acceptance, and which, by God's blessing, we trust will yet prevail. We have a pertinent example in the aged Eli trembling for the ark. Keen was his dread lest hostile hands should bear it to a foreign land; for Israel would then be desolate indeed. The ark was a token of God's presence, and His presence was confessedly the nation's strength, and power, and joy, and glory. Eli felt the peril, and his heart quaked.

The like fear is now quivering in our breasts. Have we not cause to fear that there are statesmen ardent to seize the reins of government whose measures would undeniably weaken the interests of the Protestant faith? Recently their opinions have been emblazoned with unrivalled eloquence, with dazzling charms of intellect, with indefatigable zeal, with unparalleled labour which seemed rather to recruit than to exhaust. To hear was to be charmed; to read was to be amazed. But when the fascination vanished, the truth became apparent that, in these oratorical displays, love for the Protestant cause, and determination to uphold it, were notoriously absent, if not virtually eschewed. There was no disavowal of the Papal principles which have cast suspicion on these candidates for power—no pledges that a Protestant course would be unflinchingly maintained. We are not wholly ignorant of the antecedents of these gifted men. Have we not, then, cause to fear that the future in their hands would be no improvement on the past? Would, then, such future be England's gain? Let Ireland suggest the reply. Is it her testimony that these statesmen have really advanced her happiness and her best interests? A mournful hand points to her sanctuaries spoiled—her endowments diverted—her pastors wronged—her just inheritance estranged—her safeguards undermined—her vineyard thrown open to the pillager—her means of good crippled—her pre-eminence obscured. What unscrupulous hands have done, unscrupulous hands might do again. If the cause of Protestant truth did not deter from trampling down the Irish Church, what security has England that a flimsy pretext might not soon be conjured up to give excuse for similar onslaught on our much-prized Reformation? Let these thoughts be solemnly weighed, and let no support to candidates be given, except in firm persuasion that they will regard the Protestant cause as the main object of their constant solicitude. This is the time to consider what the Reformation has done for our nation. It has raised England to its grand pre-eminence among the nations of the world. It is the beauty and the lustre of all our institutions. It is the happiness and the joy of our homes. It has delivered us from the basest tyranny. It has broken the vilest fetters. It has expelled the most corrupting and revolting acts of priestcraft. Is it not, then, worth every effort to uphold it? Let, then, the hustings bravely do their work to render this blessing impregnable. Votes there given choose the senators who unseat or

maintain the chief Minister of the crown. Let the suffrage, then, be regarded as a trust for that weal which is bound up in the bundle of Reformation, liberty! Let avowed adhesion to the Reformation be the highway to St. Stephen's. Let a Protestant streamer float above the hall of deliberation. Then England's councils will be English still; and England's glory will be glorious still. As this crisis nears, then, let not the Protestant cause in vain call upon the sons of England, and also upon our Northern brethren, who glory in the work and name of KNOX! Let the voice be heard, as you love your country—desire her fame—seek the true happiness of her homes—as you burn in zeal for her national pre-eminence. As you would not see her degraded, polluted, despised, the tool of priestcraft, the vassal of a foreign Pontiff, use your suffrages intelligently, wisely, firmly, boldly. Be true to the ashes of those holy heroes who, in life and death, were true to England! Be true to your descendants, and bequeath not to them a legacy of shame. Be true to your wives and daughters, and save them from the Confessional's defiling touch! Be true to your Bibles, which Rome would again fetter, and to that light which Papal hands would again extinguish! Far above all, be true to the only Saviour, ever blessed, ever to be adored, before whose judgment seat you soon must appear! Let us now "stand fast in the liberty wherewith He makes His people free."

MNASON.

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## THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

BRIEF NOTES OF A LECTURE DELIVERED IN ST. LUKE'S SCHOOLROOM, BEDMINSTER, BY THE REV. W. H. PAINTER, FEB. 23, 1880.

THE battle of the Reformation was not fought on one spot merely, but raged all over England, and the great subject of contention was the doctrine of transubstantiation, or the real presence.

The combatants were, on the one hand, the Papal army, having for its generals Cardinals Wolsey and Pole, and Bishops Gardiner, Bonner, and Tunstall; and for its rank and file, ignorant and licentious priests. On the other hand, the army of the Reformers, led by Cranmer, the meek and gentle; Latimer, the honest and outspoken; Ridley, the learned and wise; Hooper, the diligent and painstaking; each of whom sealed his testimony with his blood, and each of whom, "being dead, yet speaketh."

The subject of contention was fought over the nature of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Romanists contended then, as they now do, that Christ is really and truly present in the bread and the wine when the priest has pronounced over them the words of consecration, corporally and substantially—His whole Godhead, and the whole of His human body, flesh, muscles, blood, sinews, and nerves—the substance of the bread and wine being changed into the substance of His body and blood; the accidents, as they are termed, of the bread and the wine—their colour, appearance, taste, and smell—remaining the same. They taught then, as they now do, that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is a sacrifice, a propitiatory sacrifice, for the sins of the living and of the dead.

This false teaching our Reformers attacked, for they saw that it was the key of the position occupied by the Romanists, and the foundation of all the assumptions of the Papists. Allow the power of the priesthood to offer sacrifices; allow that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is not a feast, but a sacrifice; allow that the sacrifice therein offered is Christ's natural body and blood; and allow that that sacrifice is offered for the sins of the living and of the dead, and you allow all the Church of Rome demands. But prove that Christ's ministers are ministers of the Word and sacraments, and nothing more; prove that He has not left any promise respecting the presence of His human body in connection with the administration of the Sacrament of His Supper; prove that the administration of this Sacrament is wholly distinct from the offering of a sacrifice; prove that the offering of a sacrifice in respect of sin robs Christ's one sacrifice as a full expiation and propitiation for sin of its glory, and you arrive at a conclusion which shakes the Church of Rome to its foundations, deprives it of its assumptions, and shows it to be an invention of man. Yes, the Church of Rome and the dogma of the real presence or transubstantiation are so bound together that, if this dogma be either granted or proved to be false, this Church either stands or falls; and therefore it was that our Reformers chose this dogma as the one to be attacked on the battlefield of the Reformation in England.

The great central doctrine of the Ritualistic party in the Church of England at the present day is the same as that of the Romanists at the time of the Reformation, namely, the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It is only necessary to look into the different Ritualistic books and manuals to see this: prayer after prayer, sentence after sentence, expressing the rankest Romanism, having been taken word for word out of the authorized books of the Church of Rome, notwithstanding the fact that these men have subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles, in which all the corruptions of Romanism are condemned.

The endeavour of the Ritualists to establish confession, and the circulation of little books anonymously written, is quite in keeping with the teaching and practices of Romanists, the latter declaring that there can be no admission to the Sacrament without prior confession to a priest—a matter to which great prominence is given by the Ritualists.

What is the signification of highly-decorated chancels; of tables so covered, placed, and elevated that they look like altars; of chancel screens; of canopies over tables; of splendid vestments? Only this—the real presence of Christ on the so-called altar; and, though the meaning of the Ritualists may be hidden under such expressions as these: "A spiritual presence of Christ;" "A supernatural presence of Christ;" yet, when such expressions are examined—when it is remembered that Romanists speak in the same way, and that these phrases have *two* meanings—one a Romanist, and therefore an unscriptural one; the other a Scriptural, and therefore a Protestant one—then it will be clearly seen that the spiritual and supernatural presence of Christ in Ritualistic and Romish phraseology are one and the same, and some-

thing quite different from that promised in Scripture, and desired by every true Protestant; for Christ has promised to be present with the spirits of His believing people. He dwells in their hearts by faith.

Let us, therefore, seek to be armed at all points, so that we may meet Ritualists upon their own grounds. Above all, endeavour to be mighty in the Scriptures, that with them we may foil our adversaries. Let our appeal be not to writers, however ancient or learned; not to Catholic antiquity, but to the Word of God: "What saith the Scriptures?" Let us "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," having a lively apprehension of it by the teaching of the Holy Spirit. What we want at the present time is, men and women knowing by heartfelt experience the power of the truths brought to light at, and handed down from, the glorious Reformation, determining by God's help to stand by those truths, to uphold those truths, to spread those truths, and to contend for those truths, believing and knowing them to be the truth of God, and the foundation of all civil and religious liberty.

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#### AN OLD DISCIPLE'S LAMENT.

ONE of the witnessing band sendeth greeting to the Editor of the "Protestant Beacon," with its standard still reared and banners unfurled, with "No surrender!" "No compromise!" in this compromising age, when there are so many deserters from the camp, who no sooner heard the danger-signals than they hauled down their colours, sheathed their swords, and quitted the field, when the crafty foe, with all his combined forces, were invading the very citadel of Zion, removing the landmarks, breaking down her hedges, and crying, "Rase her! rase her! even to the foundation!" What an extensive development has the present solemn year been of the fatal year 1829, not only in our own highly-favoured, but now guilty land, but also wherever the British flag has been hoisted; and what a fulfilment of the predictions then made, when the Protestant sun set in England, and we, as a nation, took the snake into our bosom and kept it warm! Now, indeed, it is turned round, and stinging the children and children's children of those who signed the Emancipation Bill. I often turn aside with the weeping prophet Jeremiah (ix. 1). Yes, Zion may well, weeping, kiss the rod and gird her robes of deepest sackcloth on. From coast to coast the doleful tidings have fled. LINSEY is gone, and WALKER is no more. These two faithful champions fell from Israel's host last year, who, fearless of all the danger-signals, sounded the alarm for many years. Bold contenders for the faith and for the principles of the Reformation, they fell in the field, and methinks may be said to die martyrs to the cause, with their energetic and feeble frames. Many mourners in Zion are weeping over the loss of that faithful ambassador (COVELL) from Croydon, gathered home like a shock of corn fully ripe, whose trumpet for many years gave a certain sound from pulpit and press. Thus "the godly man ceaseth, and the faithful fail from among us;" but we are told "not to seek the living among the dead." Let us, then, "rejoice with trembling," while with adoring gratitude we exclaim, the Lord's holy name be praised for having so mercifully spared your life another year!

Those of us who have been watching passing events for fifty years, and marked the steady advance of "the man of sin," cannot turn over the pages of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for 1828 and 1829, under the editorship of your worthy predecessor, who had then sounded the alarm for thirty years, without marking coincidences in reference to the present time, especially to those who have deserted the camp. I should much like to see the encomium passed upon the former Editor in reference to his preface for 1828, on page 81, transferred to the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for 1880. Your preface for the present year, and the bold stand you have made by throwing down the gauntlet, and discovering the various encampments of the subtle foe, are before the public, and need no comment of mine.

Yours to serve in Gospel bonds,

OLD SARAH.

[Our aged correspondent's allusion to the remarks of our venerable predecessor has led to our taking down the volumes of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for 1827 and 1828. So weighty do we find the testimony of Mr. ROW that, had we space, we would gladly reproduce it here in its entirety. We must, however, content ourselves with an extract or two.

At the time he wrote, he had occupied his position as Editor of this Magazine for thirty years. He was then anticipating his departure, little apprehending that he would be allowed to continue his labours for some fourteen years longer. How does such a fact prove of what a faint insight the Lord's servants have into the future, as far as their own work in particular is concerned. Some have thought that their earthly sojourn was to be greatly prolonged, whereas their race at the very time was almost run; on the other hand, there have been those who had anticipated being called home year after year, and yet, in spite of such anticipation, they long outlived those who had calculated upon a lengthy sojourn in this vale of tears.

Personally, we can readily enter into the feelings of our aged predecessor, when he speaks of the many valuable correspondents he had lost. *He* outlived, as *we* have done, nearly all his early contributors.

Of those who first set out with us in this undertaking (he remarks), not one is left. They are now enjoying the fruit of their labours, in the consummation of bliss, before the throne and before the Lamb. When we call to remembrance the names of Walker, Ambrose Searle, Middleton, Molland, De Courey, Sir Richard Hill, Bishop Porteous, and many others of the Establishment, who shone as lights in the hemisphere of the Church—as also another bright constellation among the Dissenters, such as Rowles, Booth, and Tucker—the venerable host of such men, who stood by our side, and who animated us in our work and labour of love, the reflection on their unsullied reputation calls from us every eulogium to their memory, and upon their illustrious names.

Again, in his preface for 1828, Mr Row remarks:—

Our years are passing away as a shadow; mortality everywhere surrounds us; our relatives and friends are dropping into the grave; and, as we observed in our last annual address, those illustrious characters we there enumerated, who first started with us, have disappeared, to appear in a brighter, better world.

While we are lamenting departing light, thus will it be with our corre-

spondents and we their satellite. When a few more revolutions of the sun are passed, both they and ourselves shall be no more.

But the Editor adds—and here is ground for comfort indeed:—

However, in the midst of this transitory, dying world, blessed be God for a solid hope and a joyful expectation of a resurrection to eternal life; and that, “when He who is our life shall appear, we shall also appear with Him in glory.”

May the Lord, of His great mercy, vouchsafe to us grace that we may give heed to our venerable predecessor's exhortation, where he says:—

Christian brethren, be it our province to wait and see the salvation of our God, not to dictate to or go before Him in His dispensations. Let us follow the pillar and the cloud, and admire the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God. “For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things, to whom [with the Son and the Spirit] be glory for ever.” Amen.

THE EDITOR.]

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## Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

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### MEMORIALS OF MERCY; OR, THE DYING EXPERIENCE OF A NOW GLORIFIED ONE, THE LATE MRS. HENRY CUNLIFFE.

[WE are informed, with respect to this beloved friend—a portion of whose sick-bed experiences are annexed—that she had a specially retentive memory, in regard to hymns and passages of Scripture in particular. The blessing that this proved in her last and prolonged illness will be evident to every thoughtful reader. These hymns and passages of the sacred Word were made, in no small degree, a solace and support to her, and served, under God, to pre-occupy the mind. Hence the benefit of an early familiarity with the Bible, and with hymns which contain “the truth as it is in Jesus.” In the experience of the Lord's children, how such material has furnished matter for grateful and refreshing meditation in times of affliction! When too weak or frail to read, how has the Holy Ghost, as the Remembrancer, brought so opportunely to the mind what had thus been previously familiar to the eye! Thus has He shown His power in His own official character, and in the exercise of His own divine prerogative, and thus has He led forth the souls of His redeemed people in sweet and blessed contemplations of a precious Christ.

The annexed particulars have been the more interesting and savoury to our own mind, in consequence of our many years' personal knowledge of the beloved departed. That interest has been the more intensified because, as we were informed, she instrumentally dated her call by grace to a sermon we were permitted to preach at St. Nicholas' Church, Leicester, some six or seven-and-twenty years ago. The text was Colossians iii. 12, 13; and the facts connected with that particular occasion were such as never to have been obliterated from our mind. There had been strife and contention among the congregation, so that they were divided, and the church left almost empty. Hence it was supposed that the text had been suggested to us as being appropriate under

the circumstances. So far from this being the case, however, we went to the pulpit in entire ignorance of the facts to which we have adverted. Another incident has tended to fix that evening upon our memory. The elder of the two sons of our old friend and brother, the Rev. G. W. STRATON, came in from Aylestone, in order to be present at that service. He was a dear, promising youth. Shortly after, he was taken seriously ill, and in a few days died; but, during that illness, and up to the time of his death, he made frequent reference to that particular sermon. But, whilst it was blessed to those of whom we have spoken, it gave the gravest offence to the then Incumbent of the church, because he supposed it had been preached by design, and in order to bear upon the circumstances in which he and his people were then placed. As we have stated, however, being in complete ignorance of the facts, such motive or intention was necessarily farthest from our thoughts.—ED.]

*December 31st, 1877.*

NEW YEAR'S EVE. My dear wife wished to sit up till twelve, our usual custom, to see the New Year in (1878), as she felt convinced it would be the last she should see. She said, "I feel certain I shall not be long with you. Death is a solemn thought! Oh, that I could say, 'Tis well when called to die.'" As the clock struck twelve she commenced singing the hymn—

"Now to grace as debtors we,  
Spared another year to see,  
and—

"Once more the constant sun,  
Revolving round his sphere,  
His steady course has run,  
And brings another year.  
He rises, sets,  
But goes not back,  
Nor ever quits  
His destined track.

Mercies past would still review;  
God hath helped us hitherto;"

"No trifling gift, or small,  
Should friends of Christ desire:  
Rich Lord, bestow on all  
Pure gold, well tried by fire:  
Faith that stands fast  
When devils roar,  
And love that lasts  
For evermore."

"I have commenced my last year upon earth. What a solemn thought to know that we must all die! Nothing then will be of any use to us but 'like precious faith.' 'Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might: let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord, which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.' Oh, that I may grow in grace and in the knowledge of Him; but—

"Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought."

"How strange is the course that a Christian must steer!  
How perplexed is the path he must tread!  
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,  
And his life he receives from the dead."

When suffering acutely she said, "I wish I could be like Job, for it is said of him, 'In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.' But most truly can I say with him, 'Wearisome nights are appointed me,' and I must confess they are much better than I deserve. These words have come so sweetly, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.'"

"With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
So I'll smooth it with hope and cheer it with song."

"And oh, when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last  
(and it will be a conflict to the last),

Oh, then my happy tongue shall tell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well."

"Let all the praise and all the glory be given to Him, for 'He hath done all things well.' This passage describes my constant state: 'O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted.' Oh, that God would give me grace to claim the remainder of the verse for myself: 'Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.'"

"Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done."

"Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust His firm decrees,  
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,  
And know no will but His."

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."

"Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."

After reading some obituaries in the Magazine, she said to me, "Some people have so much assurance given to them. I never had. I can never get beyond the present, and that is almost always dark and doubtful. I fear I shall be one of the doubting ones to the end. My chief prayer is the publican's, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner!' and the thief's prayer on the cross, 'Lord, remember me.' All that can be said of me—all that I can say of myself—is, and I wish for nothing more—that I am a sinner saved by grace. Should anyone ask concerning my illness and death, tell them I was a vile sinner, saved by sovereign grace."

"Hail! sovereign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man;  
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding-place!"

“ Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint ;  
Yet I love Thee and adore ;  
Oh, for grace to love thee more ! ”

“ Oh, how Satan does harass me ! He tells me I have been deceived from the first—that all the religion I possess (and I confess it is very little) has been learned from hearing my dear father and mother talk. He tries to make me believe there is no God—no hereafter. Oh, what a mighty tormentor he is ! Ah ! but there is One almighty to save ! Oh, that He would save me ! Those comforting words have come to me, ‘ I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. ’ ‘ When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. ’ ”

“ Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity joined with power :  
He is able,  
He is willing : doubt no more. ”

“ Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours. ”

“ Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me. This I call to mind, therefore have I hope. ”

“ Shall Simon bear the cross alone,  
And all the rest go free ?  
No ; there’s a cross for every one,  
And there’s a cross for thee. ”

“ Call upon Me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee. ”

“ I need Thee, blessed Jesus !  
I need a Friend like Thee ;  
A Friend to soothe and pity,  
A Friend to care for me. ”

“ I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every trial,  
And all my sorrows share. ”

“ It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not ; ’ ‘ For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. ’ ”

“ Whene’er my Saviour and my God  
Has laid on me His gentle rod,  
I know, in all that has befell,  
My Jesus has done all things well. ”

“ O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home. ”

“ O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come  
Be Thou my Guard while life shall last,  
And my eternal home. ”

"I can say with Paul, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'"

"Depth of mercy, can there be  
Mercy, Lord, for such as me?"

"But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear; but will with the temptation make a way for your escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

"Hark! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
See, it rends the rock asunder,  
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!  
'It is finished!'  
Hear the dying Saviour cry."

It was a great trial to her, not being able to see her dear father-in-law before he died. She was too ill. She went to the funeral in a cab, and had it so placed that she could watch all. Death and the grave were always a great terror to her. To see the hearse and the procession (his workpeople followed) moving so quietly and peacefully along was so nice, as she termed it, that she felt the terror removed, and could have wished to die and be buried with him. At her request I went to purchase for her the adjoining grave to my dear father's. The vicar informed me it would be illegal for him to sell it, when not immediately wanted, which greatly disappointed her. She said, "Unless it be taken very soon, I shall have it," which she had. "I know that I shall not recover; but oh, how I cling to life! It is my dear husband. I do not want to leave you. It is my greatest trial. I know it is wrong, but don't blame me. You know what I am."

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

"It is hard work to lie on the bed of affliction. Oh, this poor afflicted body!"

"Poor and afflicted, Lord, are Thine;  
Amongst the great unfit to shine;  
But, though the world may think it strange,  
They would not with the world exchange."

"Poor and afflicted, 'tis their lot;  
They know it, and would murmur not:  
'Twould ill become them to refuse  
The state their Master deigned to choose."

"Dear Lord, do keep me from murmuring, and do strengthen me with Thy presence, that I may not refuse what Thou seest for my good."

"Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer,  
Trials bring us to His feet,  
Lay us low, and keep us there."

"'There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.' But am I one? That is the question. I know you are, but am I? I have often thanked God for this passage, 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another [and I never could speak

of them only to you]; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name.' What condescension, to come down so low, even to those 'that thought upon His name;' and for this passage, which has often been very comforting to me, 'For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord; thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end.'

"Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know."

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be!  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me."

"Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears."

"'This is not our rest; it is polluted.' These sweet words just suit me, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,  
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?  
Be hushed, my dark spirit! the worst that can come  
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home."

Seeing her very quiet, I asked her if she was not so well. She replied, "I have been much cast down all day. This text has greatly supported me, 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad with exceeding joy;' and these verses—

"Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name  
Engraved on My heart does for ever remain;  
The palms of My hands, while I look on, I see  
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

"Then trust Me, and fear not; thy life is secure;  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is My power;  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
To make thee at length in My likeness to shine."

"I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not."

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee!"

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Take my heart, oh, take and seal it!  
Seal it from Thy courts above."

“Oh, this body of sin and death which I carry about with me! Sin is the cause of all this misery. Sin is the cause of my sufferings, and not only of mine, but of my Saviour’s.”

“Lord, pardon our complaints;  
We follow at Thy call;  
The joy prepared for suffering saints  
Will make amends for all.”

“‘Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.’ I richly deserve it. If the patriarch Jacob could only say, ‘Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been,’ what must I say? Why, ‘every imagination of the thoughts of my heart is only evil continually.’ Oh, Lord, give me strength to suffer! Do enable me to bear it! Remember my affliction. How comforting—‘It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not!’”

“‘Cast on Me,’ He said, ‘thy care;  
’Tis enough that I am nigh;  
I will all thy burdens bear,  
I will all thy wants supply.”

“‘In all their afflictions He was afflicted.’ Oh, that I could say with the Psalmist, ‘The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.’ Oh, what a trial this unbelief is! ‘This heart, this unbelieving heart of mine.’ What a bitter cup I have to drink! ‘Oh, that this cup might pass from me!’”

“‘Father, I’m still;  
Forgive my naughty will;  
But what’s the cup? May I look in and see?’

“‘You see, My child! you must not see;  
Christ only saw  
His destined cup of bitter gall:  
No, child, believe;  
Meekly the cup receive,  
And know that love and wisdom mixed it all.’

“‘Oh, Father, must it be?’  
‘Yes, child, it must;’  
‘Then give the needed medicine;  
Be by my side,  
Only Thy face don’t hide;  
I’ll drink it all—it must be good—’tis Thine.”

“‘Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth.’”

“In every state secure,  
Kept as Jehovah’s eye,  
’Tis well with them while life endure,  
And well when called to die.

“Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.”

“‘My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of His correction; for whom the Lord loveth He correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.’”

When suffering most acutely, she repeated the foregoing passage, and the hymn—

“How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!  
What more can He say than to you He has said—  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?”

“In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;  
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

“When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress;”

to the end of the hymn.

“I am like Thomas, one of unbelief; yet there are times when I am enabled to say, ‘My Lord and my God.’ It is hard work to suffer! ‘Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?’”

“He saved me from my lost estate;  
His lovingkindness, oh, how great!”

“The love of Jesus, oh, how great,  
None but His loved ones know.”

(*To be continued.*)

## OUR NATIONAL SINS, AND THE LORD'S CONTROVERSY WITH ENGLAND.\*

“*Righteousness exalleveth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.*”—  
PROVERBS xiv. 34.

[The annexed paper is so truthfully and powerfully written that we gladly transfer it to these pages.—ED.]

THOSE who fear God, and have the welfare of their country at heart, cannot fail to recognise the hand and voice of God in the dark adversities that, at the present time, becloud the nation. It is usual for ordinary worldly persons to look upon national distresses as flowing from natural causes; but the children of God, who love their country, will hear in every wave of calamity that lifts up its voice a distinct expression of God's hatred against sin, and of His power to visit the nation which dishonours Him with suitable punishment. We must not admit the principle that God punishes either nations or individuals in an arbitrary way without repeated warnings, as if He took pleasure in the misery of the creatures He has made. “The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works.” His open hand liberally provides us with daily bounties, and scatters the blessings of this poor dying world richly upon the righteous and the wicked, generally bestowing earthly riches more abundantly upon the latter than upon the former. This of itself, apart from any other consideration, should be sufficient to stop the boasting lips of any who presume upon the goodness which lengthens their

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sin-forfeited lives, as if the favours so freely showered upon them gave them a license to be forgetful and ungrateful, or left them independent of the longsuffering which is extended towards them. But those who have tasted, in addition to earth's good gifts, that the Lord is gracious, know well that the natural tendency of continuous prosperity is to engender a proud self-sufficiency; and these alone can truly mourn their base ingratitude, and lament the pride, the forgetfulness of God, and the abuse of His goodness which they see in others.

It may be truly said of our beloved country that the long-enjoyed prosperity which has attended our history has to some extent produced this sad result. The efficiency of our army has been proverbial; the might of our navy has gained for us, under God, the supremacy of the seas; our position, as the pioneer of civilisation, has become one of unapproached eminence; and our commerce has established itself on every shore. But it is to be feared that there has not been, especially of late years, the humble acknowledgment of the hand of God in all these things to which He, as the Creator and Preserver of men, and the Governor of the nations, has a rightful claim. Not a battle can be fought by sea or land, not a victory can be won, apart from the working of the guiding and overruling hand of Him who "increaseth the nations, and destroyeth them;" who "enlargeth the nations, and straiteneth them again" (Job xii. 23). Time was in the history of our country when the many calamities we have lately experienced, the deficiency in our harvests, the depression of trade in connection with the collapse of hollow speculations, and the abounding iniquity of the times, would have been deemed sufficient to warrant the setting apart of an occasional day for *national* humiliation, repentance, and prayer. If it be said that much of this is merely of an outward kind, and savours but little of really spiritual repentance, it may be replied, first, that the just distinction between *individual* and *national* sins must ever be kept in view; and, secondly, that the Word of God furnishes us with many instances of God's merciful recognition of that outward but sincere humiliation and confession which so well becomes His creatures who daily sin against His goodness.

It is not necessary to attempt to enumerate the sins of our country, as sin has ever been, and ever will be, the element and the delight of the carnal mind; and children of God are taught of God to hate all sin as an evil and bitter thing, as a principle exceeding sinful. Yet some sins at special times are more rampant than at others, and may thus affect the state of a land in proportion to the degree of influence they exert upon particular individuals. Thus, for instance, drunkenness was at one time most prevalent among the rich; it is now, principally and more than ever before, the iron tyrant under which the lower classes of society are willingly enslaved. A particular sin may, in this way, affect the entire condition, and even the laws, of a land; and it is more than probable that the sin of drunkenness may be cited as an instance here. It is a humiliating fact that, out of every *three* homes in England, as statistics show, there are *two* which can point to at least one of its members as being addicted to strong drink. This is named for the purpose of showing the importance of certain social questions as affecting the well-being of the nation at large; and, if the vast and ruinous traffic in intoxicating

liquors is protected, and even fostered, by legal enactments, it becomes, in a far higher sense than when looked at from an individual point of view, a national sin. And that the existing laws in operation with regard to public-houses favour the sale of what is physically and morally injurious to the people, there is no room for the slightest doubt; and, if this is not disputed, it must be admitted that the legislature with one hand authorises the crime which it punishes with the other. It is computed that nine-tenths of the English crime requiring to be dealt with by the English law arises, directly or indirectly, from the sin which the same law scarcely discourages; and those who fear God, and yet can look upon such patent facts with indifference, seem to stand in a very unenviable position.

The advancement made by Popery in Great Britain during the past half-century, and the half-heartedness of Protestants in the presence of Romish aggression, must be set down as among our national sins. It is certainly a national calamity; for, wherever Romanism obtains a footing, farewell by degrees to prosperity. And equally certainly is it a national reproach (Prov. xiv. 34); for, while Rome has been undermining our Protestantism in a great measure secretly, we have aided Rome in the open light of day. The present troubles in Ireland should remind our rulers that they appropriated the money of Protestants in the endowment of Maynooth College, which was welcoming Romanism with open arms on the plea of religious equality. "He that saith unto the wicked, Thou art righteous; him shall the people curse; nations shall abhor him. But to them that rebuke him shall be delight, and a good blessing shall come upon them" (Prov. xxiv. 24, 25). Rome followed up her advantage by establishing a net-work of institutions in England, well knowing, and as she herself confesses, that, if England is conquered, the supremacy of Romanism is assured. Finding plenty of assistance in the English Church, at a favourable moment the Romish hierarchy was established in Scotland, and was allowed to do so, contrary to the fundamental principles of Protestantism on which the throne of England stands. Rome saw the gap in the hedge which infidelity had made, and waited the convenient opportunity for taking possession of the field. She knew that Knox, Welch, Rutherford, Ralph Erskine, and other champions were dead, and their spirit too; and saw the prey to be within easy reach. But "when the wicked cometh, then cometh also contempt, and with ignominy reproach" (Prov. xviii. 3). Compared with what Scotland formerly was, when the truth of God sounded forth from her mountain tops and echoed in her valleys, she has lost her strength, and will remain weak so long as Rome keeps her cruel talons in her flesh.

As showing the temporizing of the English Bishops with the policy of Rome, an extract from a letter written by the Bishop of Winchester, dated August 15, 1879, clearly warrants the statement that the Church of England must not be looked upon as a bulwark of Protestantism: "I cannot acknowledge that I or my episcopal brethren have been indifferent to maintaining the faith of Christ against infidel, Roman, or extreme Protestant essays." This denial of indifference, coupled with the classing of extreme Protestantism with infidelity and Romanism as a kindred evil, indicates with sufficient distinctness the direction in which things are moving.

With regard to our national resources and commerce, it scarcely requires the eye of a politician to perceive that much of what is uttered by statesmen, with a view to soothe or animate the public mind, is hardly reliable. It rather becomes us to admit that we have been lured by prosperity into a course of recklessness, the results of which may be felt for many years; and that, during prosperous seasons, the God who alone giveth men power to get wealth was not so fully acknowledged as His goodness demanded He should have been. Along with the growing wealth of the upper classes has been an advancement in the condition of those whom the rich employ; and this, with the aid of the socialism imported from France and Germany, has had a large influence in the distress-producing strikes of bodies of workmen. The result has been grievous and almost irreparable injury to certain branches of manufacture, which have partly failed through sheer inability to compete with foreign labour, the spread of principles both dangerous and corrupt, and a vast amount of anarchy, bitterness, and poverty all over the kingdom. It is now entirely in the hands of God whether He permits our trading interests to revive as we should wish, or suffers them still further to decline. It will be very merciful if He *does* cause a revival, after all our national disregard of Him; and perfectly just if He *does not*, considering how little we, as a great nation, honoured Him when He was raining prosperity upon us. But, so long as our imports increase, and our exports decrease, there seems but very little prospect of a revival sufficiently tangible and permanent to produce a more cheering state of things in this respect.

The great mercy for God's people is, that they are in the hands of One to whom the nations are as the drop of a bucket, and whose ever-watchful eye is over them for their good. He will never suffer them to want any really needful blessing. His promises are all for them; and Himself is theirs by covenant. As He has undertaken to do everything for their real interest, so He will not permit anything to really and finally hurt them. Under a sweet persuasion that *all things* shall work together for our good, and that "all things are ours," we may, when graciously helped, sing, as Luther did in his dark days, "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. . . . The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

"How vast the treasure we possess!  
How rich Thy bounty, King of grace!  
This world is ours, and worlds to come;  
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home."

But is this to shield and excuse our apathy with regard to the sin, in principle, purpose, and practice, which surrounds us? God forbid. It is well when the child of God, painfully burdened by what his eyes behold, can say—

"My God, I view the mournful scene;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;"

and when such solemn feeling, it may be in the dead of night, while the mind is too oppressed to listen to the wooing of kindly sleep, causes the tear of sorrow to fall for the sins of others as well as for our

own, and the breath of prayer to arise to Him who alone can place any barrier in the way of the current that is bearing away our national privileges with our national prosperity. If Christ wept over the fair city so soon to lie in desolation and ashes, should we who profess His name cherish a cold indifference towards those who never shed a tear for themselves? Though citizens of a better country, and pilgrims through this world to a city which hath foundations, grace will not lead us to be careless about the welfare of our fellow-men. To the captive Israelites in Babylon the Lord sent a message which equally applies to us as pilgrims and strangers in a foreign land: "*And seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it: for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace*" (Jer. xxix. 4—7).

It will be a welcome mercy if our God should so pour out upon us all a spirit of prayer that we might be enabled, under the gracious influences of His Spirit, to humble ourselves under His mighty hand, confess our sins as individuals and as component parts of a great nation, and be helped to endeavour from day to day to "glorify Him in our bodies and our spirits, which are His."

Great God, at whose disposing voice  
The nations tremble or rejoice,  
Help us to mourn before Thy throne  
The sins of others, and our own.

Proud of her glory, Britain boasts  
The strength and safety of her coasts:  
But peace and war Thy word fulfil,  
And only move to do Thy will.

But stronger foes than hostile powers  
Infest this guilty land of ours:  
Oh, might her favoured sons begin  
To trace their trouble to their sin!

Yet, Lord, Thou hast a praying few,  
Who humbly for thy mercy sue;  
Who hear the message of Thy rod,  
And fly for refuge to their God.

And shall we supplicate in vain,  
Nor one sweet ray of hope obtain?  
Shall sorrow bow before Thy feet,  
And empty leave the mercy-seat?

Spare us, good Lord, in mercy spare,  
And let Thy righteous wrath forbear;  
Still let Thy kind and bounteous hand  
Defend and bless our native land.

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## Correspondence.

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### THE JOYS AND SORROWS ON PILGRIMAGE.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER IN THE HOPE OF THE GOSPEL,—Grace, mercy, and peace from the Source of all spiritual blessings, the Lord Jesus Christ, rest day by day upon you. What an unspeakable mercy for poor guilty sinners, made truly needy by the teaching of the blessed Spirit, that ample and everlasting provision is made for the supply of their every need, according to that precious Scripture, "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 19). We have needs from time to time, and they are of such a nature that our unbelieving hearts question whether they will be supplied or not. We look too much at our needs, and too little—far too little—at the glorious rule whereby the Lord has mercifully and graciously promised to supply them. How true and how applicable, in

our case at least, is the loving, gentle rebuke administered by the Lord of life and glory to His sorrowing and sad disciples when He was here below: "O fools, and slow of heart to believe." The cry of our heart at such seasons is aptly expressed in these words—

"Oh, could we but believe,  
Then all would easy be;  
We would, *but cannot*; Lord, relieve;  
Our help must come from Thee."

How easy, and yet how hard, a thing is believing! Easy when the Lord the Spirit helps us to believe; easy when He enlightens the mind; easy when some sweet promise or word is applied with divine power to the heart; easy when we can feelingly rely upon the promise of Him that cannot lie; easy when favoured with a little freedom and access at the footstool of mercy; easy when we can realize the sweetness of the fact contained in the truth expressed in such lines as these—

"Through those dear promises I range,  
And, blessed be His name,  
Though I, a feeble mortal, change,  
His love is still the same."

But how hard it is to believe when these things are lacking in their realization! How hard to trust a promise-making and a promise fulfilling God, when all His dealings (to sense and reason) appear to be in direct opposition to the accomplishment of our desires! How hard to believe the following and kindred Scriptures when the trial, whatever it may be, presses heavily upon us: "The just shall come out of trouble" (Prov. xii. 13); "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me" (Psalm l. 15); "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you" (1 Peter v. 7).

Every soul taught of God knows by heartfelt experience that faith, in its gift and operation, is, from first to last, of the Lord. "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things" in nature, providence, and grace. Sometimes we feel in our troubles as if we should never see the light of spiritual day again, as if all our hope in the Lord had perished, as if we must certainly be overcome, and as if all we had trusted we had realized of the Lord's help and favour was a delusion. This, we are obliged to confess, is our felt condition in times of distress and perplexity. At certain seasons we can only go part of the way with the Apostle Paul, where he says, "Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us." We repeat, there are circumstances under which we can only say, "Who *delivered* us," and are not able to finish the whole of the verse; and yet, although we cannot feel that sweet, confiding spirit in exercise as we could wish, still there is the desire in our heart to trust and rely implicitly upon the arm of Omnipotence, knowing that none but the Lord Himself can deliver and bless. It is written, "Is *anything* too hard for the Lord?" We dare not say there is, and yet we sometimes act, and think, and feel as if there was, losing sight for a season of the faithfulness and omnipotency of the Lord Jehovah. Such are the depths of felt-helplessness and creature-insufficiency into which we occasionally fall that, were it not for the consideration, "God is faithful," we should feel our case to be completely hopeless; and even God's faithfulness at times (when

left apparently to ourselves) yields no relief to our high-running fears. So completely are all former mercies hidden from view when some fresh, unlooked-for trial overtakes us, that we feel as if we had no Pilot on board to guide our way through the foaming billows of darkness, misery, wretchedness, unbelief, sin, and a thousand other obstacles which intercept our course.

During the year 1879 we have had much, very much, of this kind of experience to pass through. But is this all? No. We dare not deny that there have been some bright spots, some sweet rays of heavenly light from the Sun of Righteousness felt in our soul, and we have sung, with John Newton—

“Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide,  
’Tis mine to obey, ’tis His to provide;  
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.”

How could we learn the sweet spiritual meaning of the foregoing verse, harmonising as it does so exactly with Paul’s precious declaration, “And we know that *all things* work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose,” were it not for the trial and the test? We don’t like the trial, the sorrow, the burden which weighs down our soul, and makes us feel so dejected and sad; nevertheless, how needful, how absolutely necessary, are these things for our spiritual growth in grace. How we try to escape the cross, to shun the bitters, to go some other way than that appointed by the Lord, to avoid the old beaten track which leads to the mansions of eternal day! Personally, we must plead verily guilty in this respect. None, we think, have tried harder than we have to find a smoother path, to get out of the road of trouble. If we should reach the realms of bliss, none will have greater cause to sing of preventing, preserving, redeeming, eternal mercy than we. To ourselves, at least, our case will be so *special*, so *peculiar*, so *marvellous*, so *exceptional*, that it will be a source of eternal wonder, and furnish us with everlasting occupation in praising, blessing, adoring, magnifying, extolling, and shouting the name and fame of the Son of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, for saving, sanctifying, and glorifying such a poor, guilty, erring, doubting, fearing sinner. Our very soul at times echoes to the song of the redeemed, recorded in the Revelation: “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.” “Unto *Him*.” Precious theme! “Unto *Him*.” Delightful subject! “Unto *Him*.” Yes, yes, our soul, it is indeed, even while here below, every grain of praise belongs, and it will be “unto *Him*” for ever and ever, by-and-bye.

Dear brother, when we can feel a little of the preciousness of Christ within, we (for the time being) forget our poverty, and remember our misery no more.

“Nothing but Jesus we esteem;  
Our soul is then sincere;  
And everything that’s dear to Him,  
To us is also dear.”

Oh, for grace to view our losses, crosses, and sorrows more and more in the light of eternity! What trifles our greatest trials appear—how transient—when compared with the boundless future to which we are daily tending! If regrets were possible in heaven (blessed be God, they are not), how would the ransomed of the Lord chide themselves when they reach their Father's house above for their distrust and impatience while here on earth! But all regrets will be left behind, for "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and *everlasting* joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away" (Isa. xxxv. 10).

That you and I, dear brother, may be found among this happy company is the heartfelt wish of  
*Foleshill.*

J. BURTON.

### GOSPEL BOOK MISSION TO THE ARMY AND NAVY.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The humiliating thought that neither science nor art has yet found any effectual remedy for the alarming spread of rot in sheep is just what this guilty land might expect, seeing it has not yet even "*accepted* the punishment of her iniquity." This sad state of things will, however, serve as a dark background in the hand of our covenant-keeping God to bring out His wonderful works to that little "remnant of farmers who are in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord." It is a mercy indeed to be "*a living man,*" not a dead professor, "*complaining for the punishment of his sins;*" and thence the inward inquiry, "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord;" and, "See if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." This is to be "*chastened* for our profit, that we might be partakers of God's blessings"—what the Scriptures call a "*choosing* affliction with the people of God;" "*hearing* the rod and Him who hath appointed it." "If we would judge ourselves," says the Apostle, "we should not be judged;" that is, by temporal judgments or afflictions, for self-condemnation and confession would avert the rod. "But when we are judged"—that is, when the Lord, viewing our national or personal transgressions, visits us with this and that stroke of His righteous hand—"we are [*mercifully*] chastened of Him," and thus brought to forsake the evil, "that we might not be condemned" and eternally punished "with the" ungodly, unrepenting, and non-elect "world."

The following letter, just received from a young gentleman farmer, will speak somewhat blessedly on this subject. I should be pleased to receive further testimonies of the Lord's sparing mercies to other flocks, as the thought is very much laid on my mind to collect information for the encouragement of all such God-fearing and truth-loving farmers, if you will kindly allow me a little space monthly for the purpose of *anonymously* laying these letters before the public. Perhaps it is not too much to say that this epidemic, now raging among our sheep, will terminate in a famine for this country hitherto unparalleled. May God, of His infinite mercy, turn from us such an

issue by turning us to Himself, and from the error of all our unrighteous and Popery-loving ways:—

“DEAR MR. BRIDER,—When looking through the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for March, my eye caught sight of the piece you contributed to its pages, and my poor heart was quite touched while reading the letter you there introduced, from the farmer whose flock had been spared the awful ravages of sheep rot. It is also my privilege to testify to the goodness, love, mercy, and power of our covenant Lord, inasmuch that, while sweeping ravages have taken almost whole flocks of sheep off in the parish in which I reside, yet still the flock of such an unworthy one as myself is preserved, and to the Lord alone be all the praise and glory, for not a single symptom has been manifest of the disease, but most abundant proof has been given to the contrary, even to the health of the flock.

“Now, dear friend, here I am. What can I say? Mercy, mercy, mercy, free and unmerited. Sometimes I am constrained to shed tears of gratitude for such dealings as these towards such a wretch.”

Kindly put the Mission down for twenty copies of your *Retracings and Renewings*, a number I should very much like to see quadrupled, if the Lord's will. The sum of £4 7s. from an unknown friend at St. George's, Grenada, West Indies, also the £5 from a stranger in London, for free-grace magazines, have been duly received with many thanks. Funds are much needed to keep this work going from month to month. Considerably enlarged as it now is, it never more needed help than it does at the present moment. Last month we sent away upwards of eleven hundredweight of sound reading, including 4,250 *Gospel Standards*, after being stripped of their dirty covers, edges cut for neatness, and tied up in little bundles of fifty for handy distribution. It is highly satisfying to know that this large amount of reading finds its way into willing and thankful hands for disposal, and that, through God's great mercy, the army and navy are now annually yielding Spirit-taught men to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth, and in not a few cases to return home with large blessings among their friends in England. Several of these men now labouring in the four quarters of the globe are known personally to myself, having been benefited through our feeble instrumentality. Help for this good work will be thankfully received at my address, Devizes Road, Salisbury.

I am, my dear friend, faithfully yours,

March 13th, 1880.

CHARLES BRIDER.

### THE LATE MRS. WOOD.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—I was very glad to see your note respecting the death of our dear friend and neighbour, Mrs. WOOD.\* We have, since the Lord sent us into this portion of His vineyard to labour, seen something of her inner life; and can fully testify to the spirit of Christian meekness and gentleness which, as you say, were the chief

\* Mrs. Henry Cunliffe's sister-in-law.

traits in her character. Her death reminded me of a remarkable saying by a minister of the Gospel, who was trying to comfort the tried believer exercised with the fear of death, which was to this effect: "You are afraid of dying, though not afraid to die; you fear the passage, but not what it leads to. Take courage, poor tried one. The Lord will be better to you than all your fears. *He may take you home so gently that you will hardly realize you are going.*" And so it was in her case; and, when we reflect that God is a Sovereign in death as well as in life, the bereaved especially have cause for gratitude that they are spared the distressing scenes which are sometimes witnessed when a child of God is brought to his final conflict with "the last enemy."

If you think the enclosed lines would comfort any mourner in Zion, as they have been a little relief to my own feelings, I should feel honoured to find you had thought them worth a place in your Magazine.

I remain, dear brother, yours in the Lord,  
 Chorley, Feb. 17th, 1880. A. SMITH.

"MY SOUL IS EVEN AS A WEANED CHILD."

(PSALM cxxx. 2.)

"My soul is as a weaned child,"

Withholden from the breast,  
 Where once it nestled, loved, and  
 smiled,  
 No longer can it rest.

The genial stream is disallowed  
 Which comforted before;  
 My heart with weaning woe is bowed,  
 With inward weeping sore.

And if with petulance, self-willed,  
 To the breast I will apply,  
 My mouth with bitterness is filled  
 To find the stream is dry.

Though stronger food, for nobler birth,  
 My Father's hand supplies,  
 I hanker after mother earth  
 With many fretful cries.

But oh, my soul is being weaned  
 From everything below;  
 The loving bosom, where I've leaned,  
 Constrained, I let it go.

But since Thou weanest only, Lord,  
 From what must fail or cloy,  
 Do Thou the appetite afford  
 For more enduring joy.

Oh, give Thou me the hungering soul  
 For wheaten flour, and fine—  
 That Bread of Life which makes us  
 whole,  
 And righteousness divine!

For living water make me thirst  
 As panting hart for stream;  
 Nor let me, like the worldling nursed,  
 On broken cisterns lean.

Though friends, or lovers, all Thou  
 take—  
 Or prove of changing kind—  
 Leave not the weaning heart to break;  
 Thy comforts let me find.

Improve my tastes, inspire my joys,  
 Sweet Spirit, Heavenly Dove;  
 Allure my soul from earthly toys  
 With everlasting love.

Make me my mouth to open wide,  
 Then fill with fatted meat,  
 Until my leanness, satisfied,  
 Shall husks refuse to eat.

On flesh divine, by faith received,  
 Renew my strength each day;  
 So shall my soul, again relieved,  
 Run up the narrow way:

And grow in grace, to fight the fight  
 Which grace at first began,  
 Until I come to the measured height  
 And stature of "the man."

## TO "A TROUBLED ONE."

IN spite of the fact that the article in our last, under the heading, "Where am I? What am I? Whither am I Going?" has entailed upon us one of the bitterest and most reproachful letters we ever received, during the whole course of our connection with the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, we cannot resist the prompting again to touch upon your case, especially after receiving the very satisfactory and encouraging epistle which now lies before us.

And, first, we would say that we have ever found, if the Lord has been pleased specially to *bless*, or was about so to do, one indication of such blessing has been the opposition or hostility that the arch enemy of souls has stirred up in other quarters. Notwithstanding this antagonism, however, *the Lord's* smile and the sweet bedewings of His love make ample amends for all counteracting influences. We cannot be indifferent to the special sympathy which your last letter enkindled in our heart. The Lord alone knows the soul-travail into which it threw us, and what, in point of feeling, it cost us to reply. Moreover, we felt at the time, as we have since had varied proof, that *your* case was by no means a solitary or lone one. We are in a position to know that it is one of many. Hence we felt that, in seeking to reply to *you*, we were addressing ourselves to *others*, and the more ardent was our prayerful wish and hope that we might be permitted and privileged to speak a "word in season" to some poor tried and tempted ones. Your case does in some respects assimilate to that of a most distressed brother and fellow-labourer, whose position is such as to have caused us more deep heart-sorrow and soul-travail and anguish than any other case or circumstance for years past. In our reply to *you* we indulged the hope that our words might reach *him*. This was an additional prompting to our going the deeper and more at length into your case. We can only add that, if the Lord should hear prayer, and bring the soul of that poor tried and tempted brother once again into "a wealthy place," we should deem it one of the richest and most distinguishing mercies the Lord could possibly bestow. Our very soul would exult and, as it were, dance for joy and gladness at such mercy.

But now to your letter. We have said it is both satisfactory and encouraging; and, in as brief terms as possible, we will seek to show why.

1. You say, "you laid both our letter and reply in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE before the Lord, as Hezekiah did." The Lord be praised for *that*. You could not do better.

2. You say, "you have felt none of that rebellion for weeks, and have *prayed to the Lord Jesus*, and your cries have been almost wholly spiritual, your temporal trials having abated somewhat." Ah! whilst laying before the Lord the *spiritual* necessities, the merely *temporal* will lose their hold as to weight and importance. Moreover, whilst you seek to address yourself and appeal to the *Lord Jesus*, there will be a growing confidence in Him and a glowing desire after Him.

3. Your mind "all confusion." You are not the first bewildered, perplexed, almost distracted one. More than fifty years ago, we

heard the late beloved HENRY FOWLER say that "under the force of temptation the devil shook the poor child of God nearly all to pieces." "WITS' END" is a spot well known to God's sin-burdened and Satan-harassed ones. Nevertheless, it is rendered a sacred spot in consequence of that wisdom which is from above being wondrously bestowed there. Yea, it is where He who is emphatically "Wisdom" itself meets those who become "fools for Christ's sake." How it is that, under the circumstances, reason retains her hold we have often wondered, and could only ascribe it to the omnipotency of divine power, corresponding with the equally divine restriction to the tempter, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further."

4. "I felt those lines you quoted, 'Lord, I cannot let Thee go,' very much to the point, and have constantly pleaded them, though I never learned a harder task." Plead on. The Lord the Spirit enable you to ponder well upon the words of Job, "Though He *slay* me, yet will I trust in Him." Oh, be it yours to mark well the character, condition, and conflict of Job!

5. "Sometimes I do think the Lord will have mercy on me." Would you be satisfied to be saved upon the ground of *pure, unmerited mercy*, without a shred of creature righteousness? Would you be content to be grouped with a Mary Magdalene, a persecuting Saul, the poor publican, or a dying thief? Would you think it a mercy indeed, if saved upon precisely the same grounds as those upon which *they* were saved? Pure love! Astounding compassion! Marvellous tenderness! Matchless sympathy! Wondrous condescension! Unmerited goodness indeed! Are you willing to submit to and to be saved absolutely and entirely upon these terms? Let conscience answer.

6. "I often think that, if He sent me to hell, I should pray there." You would be the first praying soul that ever fell into that dark abyss. Well did the poet long ago sing—

"How would the powers of darkness boast  
If but one praying soul were lost!"

7. "Friday last these lines kept welling up in my mind, 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,' &c. In the course of the day I opened on the hymn. I feel, too, a little softening down and resignation, not that dreadful hardness." Blessed be God for *that*. Be it yours to "thank God and take courage." Plead on and plead hard! Remember the woman—"Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the master's table." Oh, be it yours, by the inward constraining power of the Holy Ghost, to go as a poor Gentile dog, with the "yet, yet," in your heart and upon your lips. Moreover, tell Jesus what you have felt about opposition to His sacred person, and how you would love, and praise, and adore Him, if you could. Ask *Him* to do for you what neither yourself nor any creature can do. Tell Him—

"You're a wretch undone,  
Without His sovereign grace."

8. "Though as yet the blood of Christ, &c., has no meaning for me, but I do desire the knowledge of His ways." Ah! but you will know practically and powerfully its "meaning" the moment it is brought to bear upon your guilty conscience and polluted mind. Then

shall you experience, in all its fulness and blessedness, the fact that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

9. "This last week or two I have seen more and more that Christ *underlies all*, and Scriptures and lines of hymns keep occurring to my mind, as 'Search the Scriptures, for *they testify of Me.*'" Indeed they do; and the more you seek to turn the Scriptures and the lines of hymns thus applied to account, by their prompting you to *seek after Christ—to search for Him* in the Word, in all His providential leadings and dealings—at home, abroad, wherever you are, however engaged, you will, ere you are aware, find Him as "the Pearl of great price;" yea, and in spite of all that you have been and done, He will become to you, under the sweet teaching and anointing of the Holy Ghost, "the Chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely." Now, to this end, and with this one desire prominently before you, seek to cry to the Holy Ghost. Use these words: "Oh, Holy Ghost, REVEAL CHRIST TO ME. Take these scales from off my eyes, so that I may 'SEE JESUS.' Do break this hard heart of mine; subdue this stubborn will. Mould, and mellow, and melt me into sweet nothingness at the feet of JESUS!" Poor tried and troubled one, would you like, in spite of all, to crouch down at His blessed feet, and, Mary-like, wash them with your tears, and wipe them with the hairs of your head? Would you deem such service, however lowly, the most privileged and honourable? Would you like to look up into His lovely face, and would you gladly and joyfully listen were He to say to you—aye, to you—"Thy sins are forgiven thee"? Would that, according even to your present estimate, be the very climax of blessedness? Speak as before a heart-searching, rein-trying God. Would you sooner be thus moulded and melted into sweet creature-nothingness, with these corresponding assurances of love, grace, and mercy, than be raised to the highest pinnacle of human greatness and worldly honour?

10. "It never occurred to me that you would insert my letter; and, when I saw it in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, it gave me such a shock that, although it is a fortnight since, I am not sufficiently recovered to look into it again as yet, but I trust to study it in a day or two now. It is so full of matter that it requires well digesting. *I read it with many tears and entreaties that the Lord would make it a blessing to me, and these words occurred to me, 'There is hope in Israel concerning this thing.'*" And so we believe it will prove, not merely from the powerful way in which we were drawn to your case, and the irresistible constraining to analyse it, as we were led to do, but from the deadly opposition it has raised in the quarter to which we referred at the commencement of this paper. However, should it please the Most High, in His inscrutable wisdom, and in that Fatherly test to which He subjects all saving, Spirit-bestowed faith, to say to the writer of the letter to which we allude, "Turn about, O son of man, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these;" how different would be the tone in which he would write! We always tremble for whole-hearted, self-satisfied professors, because we well know if such in reality belong to the household of faith, every particle of creature-wisdom and self-laudation will have to be destroyed in that crucible

which is in the hands of the Great Refiner. Could the unknown writer of whom we have spoken glance at the letters we have received, of late months, from the tried brother and fellow-labourer to whom allusion has been made, he would, if we mistake not, take a very different view of *your* case, nor be surprised at our seeking to analyse it, and, if possible, to be instrumental in the Lord's hand of being made a blessing to your poor soul.

11. We are thankful for your statement: "I have no stone to throw at my sister, for, had I been left, I might have fallen into the snare, as I can see in other instances how, had I been exposed to such and such temptations, that I should have been almost certain to have fallen." This indicates an amount of self-knowledge for which we bless God on your behalf. But oh, how intensely anxious are we that you should trace all up to JESUS! May He, in His rich mercy, give you such a sight of His most gracious and merciful leadings as to compel you to exclaim—

<p>"He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;</p>	<p>  He saved me from my lost estate ; His lovingkindness, oh, how great!"</p>
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12. We were not prepared, from the character of your handwriting, and the general tone of your letter, to recognise it as from a *lady*. On the contrary, until your second epistle came to hand, we quite thought we were addressing one of the opposite sex.

The annexed letter has been sent us on your account. We pray that it may be attended with a blessing. Another correspondent, deeply sympathising with your state of mind, asks for your address. Are you at liberty to give it?

THE EDITOR.

DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND,—Seeing your letter in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, I feel constrained to add a few words to the excellent reply of the Editor, having travelled in a very similar path to your own. I had some faint hope that Jehovah had commenced a saving work in my soul, and yet for years, instead of progressing, the little that had been begun in me seemed rather likely to be effaced and gone. I knew I could not be right, as Jesus Christ was still to me as "a root out of a dry ground." Nevertheless, I can now see that, though the Lord left me, as it were, to myself, sin, Satan, and corruption, yet all the time He had me still in hand, His design evidently being to teach me, first, if I may so call it, *negatively*; that is, to make it apparent to myself (though by a very slow, yet effectual teaching) that, in myself, I was so utterly ruined as to have no desire even for spiritual things. Thus He was imperceptibly teaching me at that time my helpless and undone condition. I felt like a city without walls, that is, having no power to resist Satan, the flesh, nor the bewitchments of this present evil world. I saw that I was like an apple that was rotten at the very core. I asked a faithful man of God what he thought of this strange experience? He replied that he hardly knew what to make of me, but he believed it was "grace labouring under load;" and so, in the Lord's time, it proved to be. Once specially, going to chapel before the time of service, I was helped to see the cause of my loathsome state, as I was reading Irons' hymn, comparing the full and the hungry souls, especially this verse—

"Full souls no room for Jesus find;  
 To all His beauties they are blind;  
 But hungry souls would fain be fed  
 With new supplies of heavenly bread."

Under the Holy Spirit's anointing (which I did not then understand), I saw clearly that the cause of my wretched state was spiritual fulness, as Hart expresses it—

“The crowded inn, like sinners' hearts,  
(Oh, ignorance extreme!)  
For other guests of various sorts  
Had room, but none for *Him!*”

See how applicable was the prayer then, in the concluding verse of Irons' hymn—

“Lord, empty me of self and sin;  
Bring Christ with all His fulness in;  
And let me hunger more and more,  
And live on Christ, and Christ adore!”

After this *negative* or undoing teaching had lasted a long while, I was by slow degrees gradually taught in a *positive* manner my need of Christ, and made to “hunger and thirst after righteousness,” after Christ, after the cleansing of His precious blood, after the Holy Spirit's effectual working, &c. Through sovereign mercy the Lord has brought me now for some years to the point that it is “in the Lord that I have righteousness and strength,” and in Him alone. My Father has graciously shown me, by His Spirit, that Christ is “All and in all,” having had this blessed Scripture applied with some degree of power and sweetness, “He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him.”

I trust, my dear fellow-traveller, that He may also soon give you to “kiss the Son,” and to behold all worthiness centre in the worthy Lamb, for, “if the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” Be not discouraged if your prayers are not answered in the way and time you expect. It is all to lead thee about, as Israel of old, that He may prove thee, and cause thee to know what is in thine heart, for we must be fully sensible of the plague before we can truly prize the remedy. As Hart forcibly puts it—

“What comfort can a Saviour bring  
To those who never felt their woe?  
A sinner is a sacred thing;  
The Holy Ghost has made him so:

[that is, consciously so]

New life from Him we must receive  
Before for sin we rightly grieve!”

Hoping it may please the Lord to bless these few remarks to you, and reminding you that it is the Holy Spirit who can alone reveal Christ truly to you,

Peckham, March 17th, 1880.

I remain, your fellow-traveller,  
J. F. C.

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#### FROM HEART TO HEART.—No. XXX.

MY DEAR MRS. L—,—I do grieve that it is still dark with you in all ways, but am quite sure (though it does not make it the better for you to bear) that it is from physical causes, and that, when with the Lord, you will see He put you in the safest and best spot for His own glory, for that is what we are sent here and retained here for. Regarding the wicked, it is written, “I raised thee up to show forth My power;” and, concerning His children, may we not say, “I raised thee up to show forth My love”?

Dear Mrs. L—, perhaps, if you cannot come in in feeling anywhere else, you may among the creepers. Did you ever consider these

words spiritually, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things *creeping* [it does not say '*swimming*'] innumerable"? Again, it is sweet to remember that the door of the ark was not shut till the snails had crawled in.

I got some satisfaction to my own mind the other day on the subject of "the trial of our faith." "What is it?" I asked myself. I wanted it defined in simple words—the experience of it in some measure we have all had if we are the Lord's. This thought occurred first when going through a dark railway tunnel, while looking up and asking for safety, with such cogitations as these: "Suppose the train were overturned, where would faith be then? And why should I expect to be exempt from accident more than many of the Lord's dear ones who have met with calamities—my beloved friend, Mr. George Doudney, for instance?" and it seemed almost presumptuous in me to expect to fare better than others, so I said, "Lord, if it is Thy will, protect me; and, if it is not Thy will so to do, make me submissive." Then followed, "What is the trial of faith?" and sweetly was it answered. It is turning again and again to the Lord amidst all discouragements, and thus He permits many things of a serious nature to us to take place, as He did in Job's case, to show before men, devils, and angels that our confidence in Him cannot be shaken. Suppose, for instance, it be a railway accident—or, more properly speaking, calamity. We turn again to Him for protection on our next journey, as though He had before taken us in perfect safety. Thus faith is tried, and, because real faith is His gift, it does not suffer loss. Hence, though trials surround us, and it may be accidents (so-called) happen to us, with Peter we still say for the future, as well as for the present, "Lord, to whom can we go?" and with David, "There is none beside Thee." So, in spite of the devil's upsets, we go again to the Lord, and thus experience, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

Very sincerely yours,

M. L. M.

July 2nd, 1867.

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### Reviews and Notices of Books.

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*Wayside Notes: being Unfoldings of the Truth of God amidst the Burden and Battle of Life.* By GEORGE COWELL, Author of "Old James the Collier," "The Vanity of Wealth and Victory of Grace," "Ebbing Moments," &c., &c. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge, City Press, 128 and 129, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

BEYOND stating that the volume before us is well printed and altogether beautifully got up, any remarks of ours upon the character of the author, or the effusions of his pen, appear to us superfluous. Mr. COWELL has been too long known as the many, many years' constant, unrelaxing, and most painstaking contributor to these pages, to render any word of commendation at our hand necessary. We will, however, embrace the opportunity thus placed before us of expressing our

frequent astonishment at the manner and the extent to which Mr. COWELL has so kindly and so generously laboured in connection with the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. Not more happily nor more truthfully could he have expressed himself than in his telling title, "Unfoldings of the Truth of God amidst the Burden and Battle of Life." Such is literally the fact, and, in all probability, to that fact—that of the author being in the thick of the fight—is to be ascribed the power, the unction, and the dew attendant upon his writings. They are "Wayside Notes" indeed—not a thread-bare garment turned in order to give it a fresh face; not gleanings from old authors, as though the reader were presented with a something new; but such "Notes" as are written upon—and then transcribed from—the fleshly tables of the heart, through the personal "walks and talks with Jesus" amidst the din of battle—in the very heat of the conflict—notwithstanding all the surroundings! "Notes" inscribed upon the heart, and not unfrequently literally jotted down at the very moment of communing with Jesus—aye, and that in a way and manner—at times and seasons—in which Jesus only can commune! Hence the freshness! the savour! the power! Love-notes—heart-whispers—heavenly bedewings—tender touchings—endearing smiles—in the midst of the weight and care and responsibility of business life. Beautiful and blessed proof of the power of that prayer, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." Ah! these "Wayside Notes" will become—yea, long, long have become—"household words" in many a God-fearing family, and shall bring forth God-glorifying, Christ-exalting, Holy Ghost-endearing fruit, when the laboured efforts and borrowed productions of the advocates of the various "schools of thought" shall have sunk into a vain and fruitless oblivion.

*Memoir of the Life and Labours of the late Septimus Sears, who was for Thirty-five Years Minister of the Gospel of Christ at Clifton, Bedfordshire.*  
London: Houlston and Sons.

It is too late in the month for us to do anything like justice in a review of this book. Suffice it to say, we are reading it with special interest, and hope in our next to accompany our comments with various extracts, in proof of the school of affliction and parental discipline in which the beloved departed was trained, and which so pre-eminently qualified him for the post he so long and so honourably maintained.

*Songs for the Weary: The School of Sorrow, and other Poems.* By ELIZABETH AYTON GODWIN. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE pieces which have occasionally appeared in this Magazine from the pen of this talented lady will prepare the reader for the valuable matter contained in this volume. It may well be called "Songs for the Weary," for, without doubt, such it will prove.

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ALL God requires of His children He has provided in His everlasting covenant, and promises to bestow. He has treasured up grace for grace for every time of need—grace to fit them for an eternal weight of glory.