

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.

A FEW MORE FACTS AND FRAGMENTS, FROM
AN OLD PORTFOLIO.

BY THE EDITOR.

MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCES.—LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERICAL
BROTHER.

MY DEAR G——,—I was glad to receive yours, and I rejoice on your behalf in the grace given you. May we both ever be able to keep prominently before us that all-important Scripture, "Unto you it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake." There is a special blessedness attached to trial entailed upon the Lord's children as identified with the Lord's work; and this is peculiarly the case with His own sent servants. He will, however, not only support, but abundantly recompense them for all that they are called to bear, either in a way of pain or privation, on His behalf. How true shall His own ministers find that promise, "My people shall be satisfied with My goodness, saith the Lord." I am as sure of it as I am of my own existence. Whatever their trials—however numerous their afflictions—let the pathway be long or short—sure I am that the ultimate testimony will be, "He hath done *all* things well."

The way by which the Lord leads His ministers is so very diversified. Some begin their labours in comparative obscurity, and are there little by little fitted for the wider sphere; others are led at once into that wider sphere. The lessons, therefore, set before each are necessarily the more varied, but the issue the same—the felt and acknowledged nothingness of the creature; the faithfulness and all-sufficiency of the Lord.

I sympathize much with you in the rebukes and hostility you are called to meet with in the declaration of the truth. Although for nearly eleven years placed as Curate in sole charge, yet, in my occasional occupancy of other pulpits, oh, how much I had to contend with in a way of coldness and fault-finding! How often has my heart bled in consequence of the freezing reception I have met

with in the vestry, after leaving the pulpit! I remember one occasion in particular, when about to preach at Warrington. Between the prayers and the sermon the Incumbent said, "I see you have a particular people here to-day—a people that like the elect to be preached to." Of necessity both the place and the people were strange to me. I took as my text Romans viii. 1. At the close of the service he was almost furious. "Now," I said, "my subject is not finished; but tell me, would you rather I did not preach again in the evening?" "Oh, no!" said he; "God forbid that I should exclude you from the pulpit; and I hope you will forgive me for speaking." "I like you the better for it," was the reply; "I would sooner this than the cold stoicism." In parting, at the close of the services of the day, with a warm shake of the hand, he said, "Well, if you come this way again, I shall put you up there," alluding to the pulpit. But we never met again. Poor dear man! he has since gone into vast eternity.

There was a somewhat similar case in regard to a large church in Bermondsey. A hearty welcome was followed by a chilling parting. I was asked, however, afterwards to the pulpit, I think, on more than one occasion; but not by its former occupant, who had meanwhile been called to his great account.

One more case occurs to me. The warmest friendship had been professed. Speaking of his church, said the Incumbent: "Make it your home!" intimating that I was ever welcome to his pulpit. Not very long afterwards, however, whilst urging the necessity of forbearance in hearing, I happened to make this remark: "There are babes, young men, and fathers in pulpits as well as in pews." This was supposed to be intended by me to apply to the Incumbent, who had read prayers and was seated in the desk at the time of my making the remark. Notwithstanding the previous unlimited offer of the pulpit, I was told that, in consequence of that observation, I should never preach at that church again. Upon hearing this, I called upon the Incumbent, and asked if it were true that he had said I should never preach there again? "No," was the reply, "I did not say so." The objectionable observation was, of course, brought up. "Now," said I, "from what you know of me, do you think me capable of making such a remark as applicable to you? I could sit at your feet to be taught by you, for you have had advantages which I never have had." He was compelled to acknowledge he did not think me capable of such a thing. However, I never was asked to preach for him afterwards, nor do I desire it.

I cannot but contrast this treatment with that of the late Dr. ALLEN, of St. George's, in the Borough. After preaching there in behalf of the Protestant Blind Society, he said to the friends of the Society, as they were assembled in the vestry, "You may have

my pulpit every year for the Society, provided you have the same preacher." Hence, for nine years in succession I have preached in that church, and Dr. ALLEN has repeatedly asked me to occupy the pulpit independently of the claims of the Protestant Blind Society.

[Six visits have been paid to St. George's Church since the foregoing was written, so that fifteen annual sermons have been preached there on behalf of the Protestant Blind Society. In the contemplation of the fact (especially when one remembers how many ministers have been called away during those years), one can but exclaim, with the Apostle, "Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day." At the same time, one would most emphatically exclaim with the Psalmist, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake."]

But, my dear G—, the cool treatment of which I have spoken is in my remembrance closely identified with my being appointed to the parish where I have now laboured for little short of seventeen years. As I passed the church last Sunday from the pulpit of which I had been excluded, after being announced to preach, because (as the Incumbent said) I had given offence in the morning to two or three of the High Church party, I could but think how marked was the hand of God, and how evident that He is not an indifferent Beholder of what is said or done for His name and for His truth's sake! Scarcely had I been excluded from the pulpit, for the reason I have assigned, ere the Lord, in the most marked and merciful way, opened up the sphere where I have been permitted for so many years to labour; and I can truly say I would not change places with him who shut his pulpit against me; no, by no means. I thank God that I am where I am rather than where *he* is. I humbly hope that my blessed Lord and Master has so delivered me from the fear of man that I should tremble at the veriest idea of excluding a servant of His from the pulpit because of his having given offence in the proclamation of His truth. God knows that, if I ever prayed more earnestly for one thing than another, it has been that I might be delivered from the fear of man; and (thanks to His blessed name!) when in the pulpit, under a realization that I am declaring His truth, I care no more for the opinions of my poor fellow-men than if they were so many grasshoppers! Oh, no; what I want increasingly to feel is that solemn declaration of the Apostle, "If I pleased men I should not be the servant of Christ;" and if, moreover, I have envied the Apostle in one particular more than another, it is in what he said to the elders at Ephesus, "I have kept back nothing that was profitable unto you: . . . I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

DIVINE APPOINTMENTS.

How prone the Lord's children are (especially His ministering servants) to overlook the Lord's wisdom and goodness in His divine appointments! In their shortsightedness, they think this position or that sphere were most desirable, and wherein they imagine they might so glorify Him; but, alas! alas! how little do they know! There might be traps and snares and besetments in that very sphere of labour which might not only supersede any little measure of usefulness, but involve them in labyrinths and perplexities of which they had not the slightest previous conception. Speaking of a certain appointment, a now glorified servant of God* remarked to me one day, "I could be very happy there, had I no conscience." He alluded to it as a position so congenial and gratifying to the flesh. And sure I am that, if a servant of God is permitted to make this a first and foremost feature in a choice of position in which to labour for the Lord, he will, sooner or later, find himself in fearfully deceptive and disastrous circumstances. I am perfectly certain—and often make the remark—that that passage of Scripture has a much wider scope and greater significancy than men in general are wont to consider, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." When about to be appointed to a very arduous and, humanly speaking, unpromising post of labour, "Give me the souls," said one, "let others take the *sovereigns*." But it was marvellous, notwithstanding, how the Lord showed His interest in and care over that servant. Whilst others then alluded to did show great anxiety about the gold that perisheth, the Lord did so very graciously and in such a marked manner verify the statement—

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

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

A CORRESPONDENT puts before us some difficult inquiries: they become the more difficult because of our entire ignorance of their character. Moreover, there is so much about the natural temperament and disposition that often complicates questions. However, as the Lord may be pleased to enable us, we will endeavour to reply to our correspondent.

1. We have ever the greatest possible reason for seeking to guard against *dictating* to the Lord. Our correspondent says: "I have prayed for a temporal gift." Now, for the reason aforementioned, we cannot say; but, as far as words go, it seems that she has been praying for a definite "temporal gift." This of itself appears like *dictating* to the Lord. If the language of her heart has been, "Lord, if *Thou* seest that it would be good for me,

* The late Professor Foley.

bestow it; if otherwise, *withhold* it; and, with that withholding, vouchsafe to me a cheerful resignation and acquiescence," such prayer is God-honouring and acceptable. If, on the other hand, there is the Samson cry, with regard to Delilah, "Get her me, for she pleaseth me well," to say the least, there is abundant reason for *caution*. How marked was the difference in the spirit and tone of mind of the Psalmist *before* and *after* the numbering of Israel! *Before*, in spite of the remonstrance of Joab, he persisted in his command, "Go, number Israel, from Beersheba even unto Dan." *Afterwards*, when led to discover his folly, how meekly he exclaims, "I am in a great strait; let me fall now into the hands of the Lord; for very great are His mercies; but let me not fall into the hands of man"!

2. Now, as a means whereby to ascertain whether or not what we are asking is agreeable to the will of God, or, on the contrary, for the gratification of our own fleshly minds, we venture to suggest the inquiry, Are we in *haste*, or are we willing to *wait* the Lord's time and way with regard to the gift? If in *haste*, we are decidedly wrong as to the *time*, if not as to the *gift* itself. Nothing can be more emphatic than Isaiah xxviii. 16, "He that believeth shall *not make haste*." "My time is not yet come," said Jesus; "but your time is *always ready*" (John vii. 6). Moreover, we would ask, as a motive for not being in haste, Are the intended recipients of the gifts prepared to receive them *as soon as they are promised*? We trow not. Were Abraham and Sarai ready for their Isaac as soon as pledged to them? Was Joseph prepared to take his place as second to the throne in Egypt, immediately upon dreaming that the sun, moon, and eleven stars made obeisance to him? Had Jessie's youngest son no practical instruction to receive after the Lord had said to Samuel, "Arise, anoint him, for this is he"?

3. This brings us to our next point—and that a most important one—"delays are *not denials*." That which we are not prepared to receive at an earlier stage of experience is by no means proof against having the self-same gift at a later period of our history. We can bear at one time what we could not at another, and this both in a way of *gift* or *trial*, but solely of the Lord's grace and strength.

WORDS BY THE WAY.

DEAR unknown yet well-known brother, your letter came to hand on a Saturday morning, just as the Saturday-travail was beginning. Having read your heart-cheering epistle, we took down the volume of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for 1841, and turned to the article to which you refer; and (to be very candid with you) our cheeks streamed with tears, as we *read* what six-and-thirty years ago we *wrote*. Ah! dear friend, it humbles us in the very dust before

God as we contemplate, on the one hand, what the Lord has been to us and done for us; and, on the other hand, as we reflect upon the fact, how little we have lived to His glory, and how much we dishonour Him by our base forgetfulness, ingratitude, and unbelief. As we read what, out of the fulness of heartfelt experience, we so long ago wrote, in a sense we are, as it were, ready to apply to ourselves the words of the Master, "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant;" for verily, although in our judgment we know what we then wrote to be true—yea, a blessed verity—yet we cannot realize it in that present power and special blessedness which we then experienced. The question may be asked, Why? Our reply is, Because we are not *now* in the depths of trouble and sorrow and anguish, as we were *then*. And the Lord ever tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. He sets the day of adversity over against the day of prosperity. "He stays His rough wind in the day of His east wind." If we want special spiritual privilege and supernatural enjoyment, we must be content for the Lord to choose His own way of administering it. He will never fritter away His gifts, or, so to speak, waste His blessings. The paschal lamb must be eaten with bitter herbs. Noah's dove returned to the ark, because it could find no rest for the sole of its foot whilst the waters covered every resting-place. In like manner it is tribulation that drives us into the Ark Christ Jesus. There we find shelter, solace, and satisfaction—there, and there alone. When the dog worries, or the wolf is astir, the sheep run to the fold.

The article, then, to which our beloved correspondent refers was written in the depths—the depths: three dear children, out of four, had a few months before been laid in the grave, and the loved wife and mother, at the time the article was written, was in dying circumstances. This, under God, will account for the poor agonized writer choosing such a subject as "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

MINISTERIAL TRAVAIL.

If there be one species of fraud or deception we more detest and abominate than another, it is that of those who profess to be the ministers of Christ. As far as profession goes, they are supposed to be deep and diligent students of the human heart. They are thought to be skilled, well-practised anatomists. It is taken for granted that they have dissected to the uttermost and the innermost the nature, operation, and influences of disease in all its varied forms; and withal that they have diligently, arduously, most perseveringly, considered the character, bearing, and effects of the remedy and the antidote for all human ills. Hence, as to these reputed diligent and painstaking

students of poor fallen nature and its remedies, it is presumed that they come forth from time to time with that which they have *heard*, that which they have *seen* with their *eyes*, which they have *looked upon*, and their *hands* have *handled*. In a word, it is supposed that the occupant of the pulpit is about to give the result of test, proof, experience. On the contrary, in by far too many cases, the preacher, possessing a retentive *memory*, it may be, proclaims, with a self-confident air, what he has gleaned from others. He has stored his *memory* with others' test, trial, and experience, and this in the very face of the denunciation, "Therefore, behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that *steal My words, every one from his neighbour*. Behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that *use their tongues, and say, He saith.*" We maintain that this is a most solemn denunciation, and well may it make the stoutest heart to tremble, when such a declaration is made upon the part of Jehovah as, "*I am against the prophets, saith the Lord.*" What more dreadful than the fact of the Lord Himself declaring that "*He is against such and such persons*"?

A WORD ABOUT PRAYER.

"*And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.*"—MATTHEW XXI. 22.

THIS passage has often greatly perplexed us, as well as Mark xi. 24, "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, *believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*"

This latter Scripture would seem to countenance that vague, loose kind of thing in which some indulge, as if it were simply to *ask* and you are sure to *have*. No heart-travail, no soul-conflict, no death upon the promise, no wrestling and waiting and watching, but a something so ready at hand, and so within the creature's grasp and at the command of his own fleshly will, as to supersede the old line of things with which is inseparably connected ardent entreaty, holy importunity, intense pleading.

THE TEACHERS' TREAT.

THE majority of our party visited Tintern Abbey, spending a pleasant hour amid its ruins. Our return journey to Chepstow, where we were again to tarry for refreshment, followed. Tea over, we once more took the different conveyances to Portskewett, arrived at which, we recrossed the Channel to the Gloucester side. Here our breaks were in waiting. Scarcely were we re-seated in these ere what, to ourselves at least, constitutes one of the most grateful and refreshing features of these our Teachers' Annual Outings, commenced, namely, the united and harmonious singing of some of our precious songs of Zion. Language fails in the veriest attempt to express what we personally experience and enjoy on

these most deeply-interesting occasions. Seated thus in the cool of a summer's evening, with a goodly company around us whom we know to be the dear children of God, journeying onward and homeward to the skies, it is with us—and we doubt not with the majority of them—heaven begun on earth, the more especially as we are reminded year after year, by the absence of this one and that one, who formerly comprised part and parcel of our happy little company, that they have gone forward in advance of us, to take possession of the mansions prepared for them in yonder blissful and eternal inheritance.

[In reference to the forementioned Teachers' Annual Outings, we may mention that, in connection with our last Sunday and Day-school Excursion, we cannot forget the real enjoyment we experienced, as a goodly number of the Sunday-school teachers and others stood upon the banks of the Bristol Channel, the tide, just then at high-water mark, flowing in at our feet, and the sun going down upon the opposite Welsh Coast. Accompanied by the Bedminster Brass Band, those present joined in singing most heartily, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." It was a most touching scene. Hence we could but say, What would have been the feelings of the immortal TOPLADY, could he have imagined such a spectacle as presented above a century after he had written that hymn?—a hymn that has touched the hearts of myriads, and formed a prayerful appeal, as well as a heartfelt thanksgiving, upon the part of thousands now before the throne! Reader, "despise not the day of small things."]

WORDS FOR THE WEARY.

TRAVELLER through this vale of tears,
 Art thou tried with doubts and fears?
 Does the tempter still assail,
 Till thou think he must prevail?
 Do the clouds that intervene
 Dim the light thou once hast seen?
 Dost thou fear thy faith is gone,
 And that thou art left alone,
 A wanderer on life's dreary coast,
 Thy guide and comfort nearly lost?
 Hear a fellow-traveller's lay—
 One who has trod the painful way;
 Who, in the journey he has past,
 Has met with many a bitter blast:
 Upon whose head the storm has beat,
 While many a thorn has pierced his
 feet;
 But matchless mercy hitherto
 Has interposed, and helped him
 through,
 And e'en enabled him to raise
 Ofttimes the joyful song of praise.
 In patience, then, possess thy soul;

Stand still; for while the thunders
 roll,
 Thy Saviour sees thee through the
 gloom,
 And will to thy assistance come.
 Trust, humbly trust, in His defence;
 Preserve thy hope and confidence;
 To Him apply in fervent prayer;
 On Him, in faith, cast all thy care;
 Then will the tempest pass away,
 Then will the night give place to day;
 And thou, rejoicingly, shalt find
 These trials wisely were designed
 To subject every wish of thine
 Completely to the will divine;
 To fix thy heart on things above;
 To fill thy soul with heavenly love;
 And, through the power of mighty
 grace,
 To fit thee for that glorious place
 Where saints and angels round the
 throne
 For ever sing, "Thy will be done."

Wayside Notes.

FROM THE CHOICE TO THE CALL, AND FROM THE CALL TO THE CROWN.

"Moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified, them He also glorified."—ROMANS viii. 30.

THE eighth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans does not suit modern divinity, but it does suit poor, needy, undone sinners like you and I, dear reader; and we exult in its teaching and hang upon its doctrines. We have heard our dear and now venerable friend, Dr. Hewlett, preach again and again from the eighth chapter of the Romans, and we feel with him that every passage in it is full of Gospel truth, which will do to live by and die by. We have headed our paper with one of these most precious passages, and now look to the Holy Spirit to melt the heart, meek the spirit, and unfold the truth in His own most blessed way, so that some of the family may be fed, and our covenant Head glorified.

"Moreover," says the Apostle, "whom He did predestinate, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified, them He also glorified;" to all of which assertions my heart responds, "Amen! amen!"

But see what is conveyed to us in these words. We have *God's everlasting choice*: "whom He did predestinate;" *God's omnipotent call*: "them He also called;" *God's gracious clearing*: "them He also justified;" and the *glorious climax and crown*: "them He also glorified."

But it may be said, "But these are old truths." Blessed be God, they are old—as old as the everlasting hills. They will bear repeating—yea, more; in these perilous days they must be insisted upon, for we are now coolly told that those who held such views have gone off the stage of time, and now all the old truths, if told at all, must be told in such a way that they give a new meaning, to suit the present "advanced age;" hence the mongrel "Evangelicism" of the day, which is very wide of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." So in one breath we have it as all of grace; in the next, all of works. The truth is thus neutralized, and error proclaimed; and the people love to have it so. Well, as we have said, we have in our passage *God's everlasting choice*: "whom He did predestinate"—not our words, but His own, by His servant Paul; so, if we deal with them, be not offended with us. Your offence must be against God, and with Him are the consequences of such offence.

Now, many people are content to commence their religion with their "coming to Christ." I, for one, feel such an undone creature in myself that I love to commence my religion with "*a covenant ordered in all things, and sure,*" and so go back to the archives of heaven, to trace by faith my name "written in the Lamb's book of life from before the foundation of the world." Hence these words, "whom He did predestinate," have a very precious ring to me, and I am encouraged by the same Apostle who uttered them to lay vitally hold

of them, because he is anxious that all the dear children of God should "make their calling and election sure." So, if you please, we will dwell upon the eternal choice of God as the groundwork of all we know of "divine calling," and of our obtaining "the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

The Apostle, then, says of Jehovah, "*whom He did predestinate.*" What is the plain meaning of this word? Surely it is to decree beforehand—to appoint beforehand by irreversible decree. But did the Apostle make a mistake in using so strong a word? Most certainly not. He was an inspired Apostle, bidden by the Holy Spirit to say what he did; and this word which he uses, "predestination," is worthy of God. We cannot imagine a Supreme Being doing anything else. What He did was beforehand, or He would not be God. To depend upon an after-clap is to degrade Him; to be looking out for a thing that may or may not happen is to level Him to the position of a failing creature. But not so. "He knoweth the end from the beginning." "He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay His hand; or say unto Him, What doest Thou?" We go back, then, to the letter A in God's alphabet, that is, the absolute sovereignty and will of our covenant God.

But methinks I hear the sound (ah! and an universal one it is), "But I do not like that doctrine of God's electing love and choice." So be it. But let us see whether God likes it and means it: that is the all-important point. For this purpose I take down my Bible, which should be always at hand; and, as it is God's own revelation of His will to His Church, it must be a safe and conclusive concordance. Herein I read words "made plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth." "Therefore" (again says Paul) "I am bound to give thanks always to God for you, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth;" and, in proof of this, God Himself asserts, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Again, we are told that God has predestinated His blood-bought ones "unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will." Hence he says, "For Jacob My servant's sake, and Israel Mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known Me." Can words be plainer in proof of our point?

Peter speaks of the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood, as "God's heritage;" and the Lord tells us Himself, through the prophet Ezekiel, what this heritage consists of: "And ye My flock, the flock of My pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God;" and He enjoins the prophet Isaiah to comfort them: "Comfort ye, comfort ye *My people*, saith your God," which he does by telling them of the same truths we are referring to: "Tell My Church (Jerusalem) that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all

her sins ;" declaring elsewhere concerning "this people," "And they shall call them, The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord: and thou shalt be called, Sought out, A city not forsaken." If we know these things, and feel them, we must be tracing all to the fore-knowledge and eternal purpose of our God, and become possessed of a religion which gives Him all the glory of our salvation.

Do you know what it is, brother or sister, to take, as it were, the words of Scripture by piecemeal? I do not mean to snatch the word from its connection—far from it, but thus: I was reading in the Psalms this morning this precious passage, "Let all those that seek Thee rejoice and be glad in Thee; let such as love Thy salvation say continually, *The Lord be magnified;*" and I began experimentally to say, "Well, Lord, I do love *Thy* salvation, and not man's; and, attributing all my salvation to omnipotent power and grace, I am constantly sealing all with the expression, '*The Lord be magnified,*' for all is due to Him. I do seek the Lord daily. I do love *Thy* salvation beyond everything and anything else. Let me, then, rejoice and be glad *in Thee*—yes, *in Thee.*" Thus would I pick, as it were, every word to pieces, and, with an appropriating faith, hold them dear in my own heart experimentally and believingly. This is what I mean by taking the Word piecemeal; and I commend it to you, dear reader, as a way in which you may get much comfort.

Well, then, as we have seen, our salvation is a matter of divine sovereignty. This is its first great cause. All must be traced up to this source; and, because of it, the child of God is "loved with an everlasting love," and the Lord knows His own when they know Him not. He is watching over them from the day of their natural birth to the day of their spiritual birth in Christ, and on to the day of their so-called death, when He takes them to Himself. Yes, long before our eyes were opened to behold Christ, His eyes were upon us for our eternal good. We were "dead in trespasses and sins;" He was alive, watchful, and watchful on our behalf; and, because of this, how wonderfully have we been preserved, even during our dark days of unregeneracy!

We have read with much interest the testimony our dear aged friend, "K. P.," gives us upon this point, in the February number of our family Magazine. She describes the hairbreadth escapes she experienced—I imagine most of them in her days of unregeneracy. But why thus preserved? Just because she was *God's child*, although she even now scarcely believes it. But it is so. The reason of that extended preservation is because we are His—kept because of the choice—kept for the calling—yea, kept for the crown and kept for the kingdom.

And now let us proceed to think of *God's omnipotent call*: "*them He also called.*" Some affirm that the various so-called dispensations, since the creation of the world, are periods when God's "experiments" have been tried—that He placed Adam and Eve in the garden as an experiment, and it failed—and, again, that God, in sending His only Son into the world to become a Sacrifice for sin, is another experiment; and they infer that, if the world is not soon converted again, God's experiment has signally failed. Jehovah's work is effectual, and therefore, "whom He did predestinate, them He also called." Divine

sovereignty is stamped on everything He does. "*I will take one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring them to Zion.*" "*They shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and live.*"

Sometimes this call is with the voice of thunder, and the rebel is struck to the ground, as was Saul of Tarsus; and very often such an one is the last we should have expected to become melted by God's grace. Sometimes it is with the voice of command, "*Follow Me,*" and the nets of this world are left to do His bidding. Sometimes it is with the voice of penetration: "*Zacchæus, come down; this day is salvation come into thine house;*" and the hidden one is brought to realize that Christ is salvation. Sometimes it is with the voice of argument: "*If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water;*" and the poor soul does ask, and receives the water of eternal life. Sometimes it is with the voice of stillness, and the "*still small voice*" of love melts the heart, and brings the sinner in contrition to the feet of Jesus. Sometimes it is with the voice of allurements, and the child of God cannot fix the date of the new birth, but lives to realize the assurance, "*I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness;*" and, in that wilderness, learns lessons of an eternal character.

But let the voice of God call as it will, according to His own good pleasure, the effect is the same. It stops a man in his downward course, and puts his face Zionward and his feet upon a rock. It melts him in contrition before God with a feeling sense of his sinfulness. It is accompanied with a revelation of Christ to his soul as just the needed Saviour. It puts a cry into his heart, and drives him to a throne of grace. It makes him loathe worldly companionship, and seek intercourse with the family of God. It causes him to thirst for spiritual things, and to pant for the living God. It makes him love his Bible as the treasure of his life, and to crave to have its truths fulfilled in his experience, that he may have joy and peace in believing. It makes prayer his element, and the footstool of mercy his constant resort. It gives him a love for Christ and a love for his brethren that he never felt before.

Reader, if such are the evidences you can give, I have no hesitation in declaring you to be a child of God, called by His sovereign grace and mercy. Indeed, the point is so important that I feel inclined to turn to my Bible, and draw from it some more personal and heartfelt evidences of divine calling. True, those already mentioned are all founded upon the Word, but at the moment we only gave them as the outburst of self-examination. We may add, from the Word, that every man divinely called "*shall know the plague of his own heart*" (1 Kings viii. 38). He will be the subject of "*fightings without and fears within*" (2 Cor. vii. 5). He will realize self-abasement before his God: "*Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer Thee?*" (Job xl. 4.) He will have sweet hope rising within his soul: "*Looking for a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.*" He will be enduring the chastening of the Lord, "*for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.*" He will be yearning daily for Christ, and earnestly desiring to glorify Him.

Now, dear reader, if you wish to pursue the test, search still further the sacred Word. At the same time search within, and see if you cannot find such evidences there in heartfelt experience. We repeat, if so, you must be the Lord's. Oh, take the assurance, and may it give you comfort and joy.

Now, in the call we have referred to, which is a call of omnipotent power and grace, there is something that can be depended upon, and "God's gracious biddings are effectual enablings." When He makes willing, it is a prelude to His filling; and men are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ because they are elected and called, and not elected because they are believers. Faith—that is, saving faith—follows the divine call, and is the issue of the salvation given. It is the hand that lays hold of Christ, but the breath and the life are there before the hand moves.

And now we pass on to think of *God's gracious clearing*: "them He also justified." To stand before God justified is indeed a momentous mercy, and can only be an act of rich, sovereign, free grace, the result of the covenant engagement of Christ, wherein His righteousness is placed to the sinner's account, and the sinner's guilt transferred to the Person of Christ. This is the very pith of the Gospel. Oh, my soul, mayst thou have confidence and comfort concerning it! It is also impossible to separate our justification from our election. Election is the cause, justification the effect; hence the words, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? it is God that justifieth: who is he that condemneth?" Election and justification are thus beautifully welded—the sovereignty, the Surety, and the sinner wondrously linked.

I wish, as Christians, we rested more upon *the Suretyship of Christ* than we do. I am sure it is a fact fraught with divine consolation and comfort, and might tend to remove those doubts and fears we are so much the subjects of. The matter is so simple. I have in Christ a Bondsman, a mighty Man of wealth, who has paid all my debts and procured my ransom. If the law says, with its imperative demand, "Pay me what thou owest," I say, "Go to my Surety. I am not answerable for a penny of your demands. I know full well your claim is good, and I deserve all you can lay upon me; and, if I lived to the age of Methuselah, I could never meet your demands—yea, years added would but be adding sins to increase your demands. But I point you to my Surety. Tell Him of the claim, and He will soon quiet the law's demands." And so, if any adversary comes upon me, I turn him, as it were, over to my Surety, while smilingly and thankfully I look up to my Bondsman, and feel what a God of mercy and love I have in Him. Is this presumption? If so, it is a presumption of His own creating, for He says, "Cast [or roll] thy burden upon Me." I honour Him by taking Him at His word. I do cast it upon Him, and never yet heard Him say, "No, sinner; you are answerable. Carry it yourself."

But then you may say, "Well, but what mean those words, 'He will by no means clear the guilty'?" Oh, plainly enough. God, in the holiness of His nature and perfection of His attributes, cannot clear the guilty; but Christ can, for He has stood in the sinner's

stead, and, being without sin Himself, He can stand before God. Having made atonement for the sins of His people, "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Him." "He was made sin for us who knew no sin." This brings me peace—this brings me ease—and so, whatever crops up to condemn me, I point to my Bondsman, feeling, as Ruth must have felt, sweetly secure, sweetly at peace, when Boaz ransomed her, and took her into union with himself.

And this precious union bids us look at our passage again, where we see that the closing expression describes *the glorious climax and crown*: "*them He also glorified.*" Not that it will be merely a crown. Oh, no; far, far beyond this! This is only figurative language, to convey to our finite comprehensions the thought of *regal dignity and exaltation*. This, then, is the closing link which connects us with heaven: "*them He also glorified.*" Who can picture it? What pen can portray it? "Oh, how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men!" His great goodness in providence we have proof of every day of our lives; but oh, the great things of grace that are treasured up for us in Christ Jesus, "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," the issue of which we get in continual incomings within! But even all these it would seem are but tastes, or foretastes, of things laid up for us in heaven. And how do I know they are for me? Why, they are for those who trust in Him and fear Him before the children of men, both of which things I do, and so do you, dear reader, therefore let faith lay hold of the assurance, and we joy in the Lord because of it.

But I am getting on too fast, for, depend upon it, if we are the Lord's people, there is another "C" which will come in between the call and the crown, namely, *the cross*. We are sure to have it, one way or another. It must come. With an extended knowledge of many of the family of God, I have never yet met with a child of God who has not had his or her cross. True, I remember one who said his career had been one of sunshine and success; but very soon after the scene was changed, and the cross—and a heavy one too—had to be carried. Yes, sooner or later, we all must have our cross, and find, as dear Rutherford says, "The cross of Christ [or suffering for Christ's sake] is a crabbed tree to look at, but sweet and fair is the fruit it yields."

But oh, this cross! I shrink from it. I really do not know whether others feel as I do. I am almost ashamed to pen the confession; but my misgiving heart tells me it is true, namely, that I am more craven-hearted about the cross now than I was twenty, or thirty, or more years ago.* I know some say, "You ought to have lived down doubts and fears." I wish I could. It may be attributed to temperament and temper, and a thinner skin than some have; but I am sure I shall go like a *child into heaven*. My faith is brought to the greatest simplicity. I have no refuge but one—that is, Christ; and I can only, as a vessel of small measure, hang upon my spiritual Eliakim. My attainments I feel are nowhere. His almighty strength is everything to me. These

* Ah! dear brother, we know at least *one* that can sympathize with you.—Ed.

are strange sounds, I know, to the self-perfect ones of the age; but they are the unfoldings of heart-experience, and the truthful testimony of one who has "no confidence in the flesh." It is—it must be—an afflictive way; and it really seems with some that, directly they breathe the morning air, they have to drink in trouble. Some around them are what the world calls "lucky." Everything they touch seems to turn out fortunately (so-called); but this is the world's weighing. Crosses and afflictions are wisely and lovingly sent, and drive closer home to Jesus than ever prosperity will. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all."

And, beloved, whatever the cross, it will never rob us of the crown. Ahead of us is *certain glorification*. What a word for the careworn! what a prospect for the briar-torn! but a bright star in the horizon of the child of God's life—a golden word that sparkles through the gloom of this life's weary toiling. "Oh, what drudgery is this to me, day after day!" may the repining one be exclaiming. Cheer up, brother! It is not drudgery that will last for ever. Glorification is ahead of thee. "Oh, how painful it is to suffer as I do, for many a weary night and day!" says another. Cheer up, suffering one! Pain will be unknown presently. "Oh, what sharp work it is," says another, "with the adversary of my soul! I can get no peace!" Christian warrior, you will not much longer be called to use the sword, but called up higher to receive the conqueror's crown.

Some of our dear ones are at rest and peace up yonder. As one has said, "They are got into the lee of the harbour before the storm comes on." They are not lost to you, but laid up in Christ's treasury above. You shall meet them again. They are not sent away, but sent before. With the Christian, death is not a parting and final farewell. Far from it. We shall, brother and sister, meet again—

"Oh, my soul, the day is dawning
Which shall make thy bliss complete;
In the resurrection morning
Thou shalt all thy kindred meet:
And in glory
With King Jesus take thy seat."

Thus have we pondered at this time over God's order of things, beginning with the divine sovereignty of Jehovah—"whom He did predestinate," which in grace and mercy catches up the poor sinner, and connects him with that first link in the golden chain—"them He also called;" welded into which is another precious link, which clears him of all sin's consequences—"them He also justified," which, with one more golden link, springs him forward into the heaven of heavens—"them He also glorified." "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." These are old covenant truths we rejoice in. Thinking of God's everlasting choice, we have referred to the Apostle's desire that the children of God should "make their calling and election sure." The absolute sovereignty of God being the letter A of the family alphabet, all would be disarranged without it; and that, in its acknowledgment and realization, "the Lord is magnified." Then we have led you in thought to God's effectual call. Come in what form it may, the evidences of it are the same; so that we may look within and have comfort in finding

that we can give proof that we are among the called of God. Then, in considering God's gracious clearing, we have pointed to the Suretyship of Christ, and to the way in which the guilty are cleared; and then we have looked at the closing link which connects us with heaven, "them He also glorified;" although, before this is realized, there is another "C" to be endured, namely, the cross, all lovingly sent; yet, in the midst of all, and whatever we have to pass through, there stands out these golden words, "them He also glorified;" so that—

"Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make His children way;
They shall be crowned with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day."

May these things revive our spirits and rejoice our hearts. Chosen, called, cleared, and crowned—what a cluster of covenant mercies! To Him who procured them all for us be all the glory.

Burton-on-Trent.

G. C.

"HE KNOWETH OUR FRAME."

<p>LORD, is it wrong, this state of things? I hardly know; Each little bird its anthem sings; I feel so low, So restless, so disheartened, and so weary; Life seems to me so desolate and dreary.</p> <p>This body seems to drag me down: I cannot see The beautiful, unfading crown Prepared for me: Some of Thy children seem so full of light; But, as for me, my day is almost night.</p> <p>I do believe it was for me That Jesus died; And heaven's gate I think I see Is opened wide: I do believe that He will let me in, And that His blood has cleansed me from my sin.</p>	<p>Oh, why, then, should I feel afraid? Is it not true My sins were all on Jesus laid, And sorrows too? Hath He not grace enough for all to- morrow's? For surely He hath borne our griefs and sorrows!</p> <p>My Father! oh, how sweet the name! Art Thou not near? Say, dost Thou pity me, or blame? I long to hear: Father, my Father, this is all my trust That Thou rememberest I am but dust.</p> <p>Thou knowest well my frame, for Thou Hast fashioned me; The darkness all around me now Is light to Thee: Then take me by the hand and lead me on, Thy poor, blind child, until the night be gone.</p>
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Until the shadows flee away
Before the sun;
And glorious, everlasting day
Shall have begun:
Meanwhile in love and pity lead Thou me,
For all my expectation is from Thee.

Sydney.

J. B.

THE *hardest* and the *best* arithmetic we can learn is this—"so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" but this we must learn of a divine Teacher.

Pilgrim Papers.

INDEFINITE THEOLOGY.

IN the early part of the seventeenth century lived Richard Baxter, author of a well-known book, "The Saints' Rest," a Nonconformist of great repute in his day for learning and piety.

Observing that between the disciples of Calvin and Arminius there existed differences that led to strife from antagonistic doctrines, Baxter struck out a middle course, with intent to remove the difficulties which a rigid adherence to one side produced. He taught that God had predestinated and elected some whom He purposed to save without any regard to merit, actual or foreseen; that, by the death of Christ for all mankind, the salvation of the elect is secured; that by Christ's death all men are put into a state capable of salvation; that salvation is to be offered to every one on condition of man's acceptance.

This system of divinity found few advocates in Baxter's day; and, at a later period, when Wesley and Whitfield came upon the theological platform, they and their followers took sides with such determination that Richard Baxter's attempt at a coalition between the two opposing creeds fell through altogether. Wesley spread Arminianism vigorously in its original form among the masses, while Calvinism broke out with energy in the Church of England; and dogmatic teaching, after the formula of the Synod of Dort, became the prevailing doctrines that resounded from the pulpits of the party known as Evangelical in that day. Before the old champions of the doctrines of grace changed worlds, they left their mark behind in their writings that strengthened those who followed after "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints."

Of late years, the system framed by Baxter has found favour in the eyes of men professing Evangelical views, both in and out of the Establishment. To avoid "the taint of Calvinism," to elude the reproach of the cross, to escape the consequences that in every age have followed an avowal of the truth, is only in accordance with the natural mind of fallen man; and Richard Baxter's theory is drawn out to its full expansion in the peaceful results of what is now popularly called *both sides*.

The pulpit, the platform, and the issues of the press all show that the junction contrived by Baxter is confirmed by the public, endorsed by the name of Evangelical, and proclaimed as "dogmatic teaching" by the leaders of religion. Proofs seem waste of words, when they are so plentiful on all sides; but, lest a censorious spirit should be alleged, the following extracts recently delivered may speak for the party: "Divine foreknowledge, predestination, election, and the sovereignty of grace we find in the Bible to stand side by side with parallel truths that Christ died for all men, and whosoever will may take the water of life freely." Again, "Christ is a Propitiation for the sins of the whole world; but salvation is limited only to the elect." Again, "The unqualified offer of Christ through the Gospel must be made to all,

conditionally upon their acceptance of the offer." This is the Baxterian theory revived, and with the majority received as Evangelical doctrine.

We may justly challenge any Bible student to produce the authority of Scripture for the assertion that the Gospel and its results are "offered" to man; they are invariably spoken of as a matter of gift from God to sinners. "The condition of man after the fall of Adam is such that he cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength" (Article x.). If this be received as a truth, an offered salvation cannot meet his case; but every declaration of God to the sinner is on the principle of grace and gift, not an *offer*, which implies there is some capability in man to make use of the benefit offered. The offer of salvation is a denial of man's total depravity, as born in the Adam fall, as "*dead* in trespasses and sins;" while it ignores the Gospel truth of the new birth, and puts in its place man's acceptance of the offer as the condition of divine life, and is directly opposed to the declaration of Christ: "No man can come unto Me, except it were given unto him of My Father."

The Apostle's view of this all-important point we have thus recorded: "By grace ye are saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Divine grace comes neither by an offer or invitation to a sinner originally and actually dead. It comes by command, royally issued by the God of salvation with invincible power, to which obedience is rendered, being made willing by divine grace: "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." This is the mandate of Omnipotence, without any help or co-partnership in the sinner.

But, as the theory of Baxter maintained that salvation was limited to the elect, though Christ died for the world, the utility of general redemption demands examination. It may well be asked, "What is gained by the costly price of the death of the Son of God?" There is this benefit—till all the elect of God are called and saved by the blood of the Lamb, the world is preserved; and the world receives blessings for the sake of heaven's royal family who in succession inhabit the earth. This is the temporal benefit that the world gains from the mercy of redemption; but, if the truth must be admitted that the costly and wide-world redemption terminates in a limited salvation, we may well ask, "What spiritual good is derived from this unavailing redemption, which is as dishonourable to the Son of God as it is unprofitable to man?" It throws into disunion the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. It makes the work of the Son, as the Servant, to exceed the command and the purpose of the Father; it makes the superstructure to overlay the foundation; it wastes precious blood upon those it never reaches by the effectual call of the Holy Ghost; and the anomaly is presented to mankind of a Saviour who cannot save, and a Redeemer who is unable to redeem. But, if asked, "What is gained by it?" we answer, Arminians make great capital out of this world-wide redemption. Partial depravity, free-will, creature ability to turn to God, a salvable condition, and an offered Gospel, are the fruitful outcome of

universal redemption, to say nothing of the newly-added heresy of universal salvation.

"But," say some, "look at Scripture, and see the extensive terms we there find: 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world;' 'Not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world,' and such like." In reading these unqualified texts, the fact should be borne in mind that Jew and Gentile comprehended the two great divisions of the then known world. The Jews, ensconced in their national privileges, looked with jealousy on any enlargement of favour to the Gentiles. We have no need to remind our readers of the many passages in the New Testament where offensively the prejudices of the Jews were displayed when mercy to the Gentiles was hinted at. The Jewish antipathies of the Apostle Peter were but partially removed by a heavenly voice that commanded him to "call no man common or unclean." But of these unqualified expressions the analogy of Scripture affords instruction. In Acts xi. 18, we read, "Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." Will any Bible student gather from this that all the Gentiles individually were the subjects of life and repentance? In Acts x. 45, we read, "The Jews were astonished, because on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost." Does any Bible reader suppose that this refers personally to every Gentile? Again, we read, "Then hath God opened the door of faith to the Gentiles." Does this prove that all the Gentiles in the known world individually received the Christian faith? The extensive and unqualified expressions, with regard to redemption, met the prejudices of the Jews with rebuke; and the same general terms were applied to the Gentiles as encouragement, to show them that the "middle wall of partition was broken down," and "the mystery hid for ages" was now revealed by the Gospel (Eph. iii. 5, 6; Col. i. 26, 27).

The school men of the sixteenth century employed the same extensive terms to contradict the assertion of Popery that all beyond her pale were heretics, and should be treated as such by the civil and ecclesiastical powers. Hence the unqualified language that is used in the authorized Prayer-book, which affords no real shelter for Universalists, but was a well-meant blow at the Papal power that had ruled with tyrannical sway over the souls and bodies of men, and excluded all from salvation but those within the limits of the Church of Rome.

The salvation of God is neither conditional nor precarious. He sent His Son into the world as His Servant to do a definite work, neither less or more; and the Son declared, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." And, when He came, He proclaimed it was on terms of obedience: "I came down from heaven not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me; that of all which He hath given Me I should lose nothing." The harmony of will between the Father and Son we have further declared in John xvii.: "All Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine, and I am glorified in them." Do these assertions lead to the conclusion that the death of Christ was for all mankind, but the benefit of salvation was limited to the elect? The names of the redeemed "are written in the Lamb's book of life" (Rev. xxi. 27). They were the donation of the Father to the Son (John vi. 37); and for them He came to

suffer, bleed, and die, according to covenant purpose (Acts xiii. 47, 48) and covenant promise (Zech. ix. 11). He made atonement for all their sins. He finished the work the Father gave Him to do. He stood in their law place as their Surety and Substitute. He satisfied divine justice. He wrought out for them an imperishable righteousness; and, in the fore-view of His completed and well-done work, He demands their persons at the hands of a holy God: "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me." Here we have presented to us an efficient redemption, from which definite and personal benefits are derived and declared by the salvation of sinners.

Every ancient Jew, and every poor broken-down Gentile of modern days, understands the true meaning of redemption. If there is no re-possession, it is a failure or a cheat; an unavailing redemption invalidates the title of "Redeemer." It is a contradiction in terms. There is no claim to the character. The reality of the act is proved by results; and, if these are wanting, it is no redemption at all. Re-possession proves it to be an accomplished fact. When God said to the seed of Abraham in Egypt, "I will redeem you with an outstretched arm," the result is declared, "Not a hoof was left behind;" and Israel's triumphant song was, "Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth Thy people, which Thou hast redeemed." It was an efficacious redemption, by which Israel obtained liberty.

In the New Testament the benefits resulting from redemption are in strict analogy with the types given us in the Old Testament, whether of persons or property. We read in Romans iii. 24, "Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." In Ephesians i. 7, we read, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." In Galatians iii. 13, we read, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Such blessings the world at large neither value nor enjoy, and all who die without them, the proof is plain they were not redeemed. No doubt many take refuge in the precarious doctrine of general redemption, because they have no certainty in their own soul of an interest in the work of Christ. They admit the doctrine of election, but reject particular redemption, because they have not reached the benefits that flow from it; and the free-will scheme opens a door of hope that general redemption puts them into a salvable state, which, with earnest exertion on their part, may end in salvation.

There are others who have been convinced of sin, condemned by the law, wailed under its curse, sighed for pardon, liberty, justification, have received their release, and can say, through the rich grace of the Author and Finisher of redemption, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Such, though deficient in knowledge, are sound and true in experience. Erroneous teaching which chimes in with the corrupt notions of our fallen nature may give a wrong bias to the judgment; but, when the experience is right, the spiritual mind yields to the truth, under the power of the Holy Ghost, which is in accordance with the scope of Scripture and in unison with divine teaching in the soul. The blessings that result from the death of Christ bound its limits; and though it be not shaped into a creed, or received intellectually, yet its

benefits are the inheritance of the whole election of grace all the world over. Through the meritorious work of the Redeemer, sinners realize in experience the blessedness of redemption here, and, in harmonious strains, unite in singing the new song in the glory-land above: "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests."

FROM HEART TO HEART.

I AM always glad to hear from you, dear friend, and it refreshes my own soul to know that the Lord is pleased to give me a message for you. I think its suitability must be because He has first made me feel my own unsuitability to impart the least thing by way of comfort, and has been teaching me more and more that I am nothing. I was reading again a few days since some lines that suit me well, though modern, called, "Oh, to be Nothing!" by G. M. T., and, when coming to the fifth stanza, concerning the desire that my "all" may be given up to Jesus, "not keeping back a part," I felt I had not attained to that. I dare not so glibly go with those who said they could; but the Lord knew how He had worked in me, but that the time had not come for the Great Teacher to put the finishing stroke; and dare I lie unto the Holy Ghost, and say He had?

Well, dear friend, while musing on my telling the Lord, "Lord, I can't say that," with earth's ties winding about my heart, He graciously drew near, giving me this thought, "What does the Lord want with your old heart? It is the new heart He claims and has. He gave it and keeps it, and the devil can't touch it, so he works to make you think you have not got it. His chain is not long enough to go further on spiritual ground than to dispute with those who are on it that they are not there—that it is all delusion. But, as none ever were there without Satan throwing from a distance dust in their eyes, getting near enough to nearly blind them, it is one of your surest proofs that, being so anxious to know more of Christ, and desire to behave better in His presence than to yawn, that it is Satan's great work to worry you because you are no kin of his."

Going back to the old heart, and Christ's utter rejection of it, what did He say to Mary when she was throwing in (at seeing Him) her whole body and soul? "Touch Me not: I have not ascended to My Father," &c. No carnal touch must be allowed when all is Spirit. It could not go into the presence of God—not even Jesus, with a finger's touch of earth upon Him; though afterwards He let Thomas put his finger into His side for the confirmation of truth, but He had been then to His Father.

You say, "Perhaps I make prayer an idol, and so have not the power of prayer given to pour out my heart." Did you ever think of the prayer of the Spirit being with "sighs and groans that cannot be uttered"?

Yours sincerely,

Bath, January 12th, 1882.

M. L. M.

THE HAND OF GOD RECOGNIZED, AND SUBMISSION
EXPRESSED.

Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him.—
2 SAMUEL xvi. 11.

Concluded from page 147.)

2. THE language is expressive of the patient endurance of a penitent heart. No heart but a broken penitential one could bear the insults of fellow-creatures so patiently and submissively as the king of Israel did. Neither would his, but Jehovah, his new-covenant God, had touched his heart with the finger of His power, and looked upon him with a look of love—had put away his sin, and sent Nathan to inform him of it, and it broke his poor, otherwise hard, heart. Now you hear him saying, “The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.” Beloved, have you been favoured to submit to the strokes of your chastising God, in whatever form they have come? Remember, “whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. But if ye are without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.” And you know that, under the law, a bastard was not allowed to enter into the congregation of the Lord, even to his tenth generation; and some think—ten being a perfect number—the meaning is, he never should enter in. Be that as it may, a bastard—a nominal professor, an unregenerate person (as such)—shall never enter into the congregation of God’s living ones, so as to become one with them.

Then the Father chastises all His children; but oh, how different the state of spirit in which it is received—yes, and in one and the same child! There is the wild bull in the net state, and there is the patient, submissive, the “opening not the mouth” state, “because Thou didst it.” We are sorry to see a child of God kicking, because we know such will get a wounded spirit. Poor Jonah! poor dear man of God! listen to him: “I do well to be angry, even unto death.” “What, Jonah! don’t you mean to be good-tempered any more as long as you live?” “No, not as long as I live.” Reader, can this be the man that said, from an overflowing soul, “Salvation is of the Lord”? The very man, and we have no stones to cast at him, but would rather admire that love and compassion of his gracious God whose “Spirit would not let him go,” amidst all his rebellion and kicking. We do not admire his rebellion, nor crave it, knowing too well the effects thereof in a lacerated conscience, bondage of spirit, hardness of heart, barrenness of soul, and a fallen countenance. Indeed, our dwelling-place has been in “a dry land.”

But can we not go on the other side, and say we have been

“Calm amidst tempestuous motion,
Knowing that the Lord was nigh”?

Have we not been enabled, under brokenness of spirit, in the dust of self-abasement, to submit to and patiently endure the chastening rod, whatever has been its nature, though it may have been a cursing Shimei? Yes, and have pitied the persecuting one, feeling sweetly the spirit discovered in the Saviour’s words, “Bless, and curse not.” “Let him alone, and let him curse.”

3. The "man after God's own heart" saw the hand of his God in it—"The Lord hath bidden him;" or, as some think, "God has left him to curse me." What a blessed view to take of the circumstances of the case! We fear it has been very different with us at times. We have only looked at the rod, almost to the entire forgetfulness of the hand and heart that has been using it. The writer frankly acknowledges that he has. Oh, how often have we found ourselves full of bitter rancour, ready to retaliate in some form, and have imbibed much of the spirit of Abishai, as seen in his request, "Let me go over, I pray thee, and take off his head; he is only a dead dog!" "That may be true," we think we hear David say, "but I would rather pray this prayer, 'Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog,' than to take off his head. Besides, what is his cursing compared with what my sins deserve?"

Oh, my reader, to be brought into a deep sense of the heinousness of our sins, and what those sins deserve, will, under the blessing of the Holy Ghost, sweetly suppress the spirit of retaliation, and paralyze the arm of revenge, when you meet with provocations from persecuting enemies, especially as you recognize them as rods in the Father's hand, whereby He is correcting you, believing that the designs of His loving heart are most gracious and filled with the greatest good! And he who could say, "Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell," surely could say, "And Thou wilt deliver me from this cursing Shimei." "'Let him alone;' he cannot go beyond the limits of the pleasure of Him who hath bidden him curse me." And ultimately we hear the persecuted one bursting out in praise to his delivering God, saying, "He delivereth me from mine enemies; yea, Thou liftest me up above those that rise up against me: Thou hast delivered me from the violent man. Great deliverance giveth He to His king, and showeth mercy to His anointed."

Oh, beloved, when we are brought to discern the difference between retributive justice in punishing sin with unmingled vengeance, and the correction administered in the trial, we may well patiently submit to the rod, even though it be in the form of a cursing enemy; for—

"He lifts the rod on high
With pity in His heart."

Yes, and we may be silent upon the ground of the blessed truth that there is no penal evil in the rod—not against that person who has been enabled, through the operation of the Holy Ghost, by faith, to lay hold of the substitution of the adorable Immanuel, in whom our sins were dealt with by the striking arm of a just God in fiery indignation. "Awake, O sword, and smite the Shepherd, and I will turn My hand upon the little ones." Go on, then, cursing, Shimei! It is my Father's rod; shall I not submit? I will leave the revenge with Him to whom it belongs. "Vengeance belongeth unto Me."

"Flee angry strife and shun revenge;
Vengeance to God belongs;
He will repay some future day,
And grace shall be your song."

To view the hand of God in the trial, and to see that the design is gracious, enables the child of God to sweetly submit, and patiently endure the calumnies of the bitterest persecuting enemies. What an illustration we have of this in the case of Joseph: "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now, therefore, be not angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither; for God *did send* me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land, and yet there are five years in which there shall neither be earing nor harvest; and God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God." And one design was, "to preserve you a posterity." Why to preserve them a posterity, reader? Because God's national covenants and promises belonged to them, as made with them in Abraham their father; therefore they must live, they must be preserved and taken care of, though they walk in the midst of death. Not only so, but the seed royal, Christ, was there seminally, and Jehovah took care of them, for the "seed of the woman" was in them as regards His humanity. Thus God was fulfilling His purposes, making the wrath, envy, and jealousy of man to praise Him. Yes, and we believe that the purpose of God was accomplished thereby. Oh, the wonder-working hand of our God, bringing good out of evil, blessing out of cursing, and life out of death! Satan and sin tempted David; his own heart yielded; he fell and incurred the displeasure of Jehovah; yet the God of Israel brought about His own purpose thereby, for through David's union with Bathsheba is to be traced the genealogical line of Christ's human nature. (See Matt. i. 6.) But poor David went to the grave with broken bones.

If you wish for a more lucid display of these great matters, turn to Calvary's solemn transactions. Satan stirs up the murderous enmity of the Jews to crucify Christ; yet Christ crucified "gives the incurable wound to the head of Satan." Thus the devil helps to bring about that transaction which wounds his own head, and helps on the work of salvation, and becomes an acting—yea, chief—agent in accomplishing the purpose of God, though his infernal designs were to stamp out of existence everything that was of God. We think he (Satan) must look back upon Calvary's blood-scenes with infernal regret, as each inroad is made in his empire, which is the result of that illustrious victory gained over him by the Son of God in the "place of a skull."

4. Is not this the language of a hopeful soul, "Let him alone, and let him curse"? But how is it possible for the soul to be hopeful under such trying, such peculiar circumstances? Absalom had raised a conspiracy against him; he with whom counsel had been held was among the conspirators, and most of David's subjects had turned traitors. Is it possible for one in such distress to hope? Oh, yes, beloved; amidst a shower of stones, and dust, and curses, the living soul that has found its anchor in a covenant God in Christ is enabled secretly to trust under apparently killing dispensations, as said the "man of the land of Uz," "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." So may you, dear reader, if ever you have felt the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, although it may be as dark as night now—

“Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.”

Now, we read in the fourteenth verse, “And the king, and the people that were with him, came weary, and refreshed themselves there.” Ah! beloved, hope rears its drooping head when the refreshing time comes “from the presence of the Lord,” and He is pleased to send a token of His regard to us while in this or that wilderness of affliction, temptation, and sorrow. David’s covenant God had not forgotten him, for He sent a present after him into the wilderness at a time when much needed (see 2 Samuel xvi. 1, 2); and, taking it as a token of the regard of his God, we think we hear him say, “Go on cursing, Shimei. My God cares for me, and I hope He will yet appear and ‘deliver me from those that rise up against me.’ It may be that the Lord will look upon mine affliction, and that He will requite me good for his cursing this day. O Lord my God, in Thee do I put my trust; save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me,” &c. Is not such the language of hope, beloved—expecting the interposition of heaven in the time of greatest trial? Oh, how sweet and refreshing, under trying circumstances, to receive some evidence that God cares for us, and His promises to drop with power into our hearts, such as, “I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me”! It helps us to submit to the persecutions of our foes, and to say, “Let him alone, and let him curse.”

May the Holy Ghost help us to take the right view of every trial, and carry our cause to Him who hath said, “I will never leave you.”

Longstanton.

J. P.

DEW-DROPS.

“My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”—PHILIPPIANS iv. 19.

BELOVED, it is to be feared that many of God’s dear children lose sight of this sweet promise, that at all times He does and will supply all our need, whilst we are sighing for one thing or another, and forgetting that He makes all things to abound unto us “according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

Are we seeking for more of the true happiness which the world knoweth not? “My God shall supply all your need.” Are we earnestly endeavouring to look less at the things of time, and desiring to know more of the things of God? “My God shall supply all your need.” Are we in want, poverty, or distress of mind or body? “My God shall supply all your need.” Do we mourn over our own shortcomings, fears, and misgivings, and earnestly desire more of that faith which surmounts all difficulties, more of that hope which is an anchor sure and steadfast, fastened within the veil, and more of that love and peace beyond man’s understanding? “My God shall supply all your need.” One step higher, beloved, and we shall find all our need fully supplied. Are we seeking to know and realize? Is Little-faith just able to grasp at the truth that a living Christ is within, proving Himself

her very life and existence? "My God shall supply all your need." And what is all our need but Christ Himself? Having Him, I possess all things. Having Him, all my need is made up to me, both for time and eternity—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find."

David knew and understood these things; for saith he, "The Lord is my Shepherd; *I shall not want.*" I love to trace up all my need to an ever-living Christ, and to sit down in sweet contemplation on these things. We have but to know something of His beauty, His love and love-tokens, to realize that we shall never know Him fully, never catch all the glorious ray of His full splendour and glory, never know the heights and depths of the fulness of His love, till, in the glories of Emmanuel's land, we shall be able to trace the eternal, immeasurable height, length, and breadth of that love which has stooped to raise us worms of earth to be among the princes of His people. May this precious promise be sealed home to our hearts whilst we live upon it as a reality, and are enabled to trust Him who shall do all things for us. Remember, what we call trials have proved themselves our greatest blessings, and were of such a nature, suited to the need, that we could not have done without them. To glance back over our past lives, to mount all the hills and descend the valleys of our experience, will only recall to our minds His faithfulness and our unworthiness. How often has mistrust arisen, fears come in, forebodings presented themselves; and yet "not one thing hath failed us."* Have we needed strength specially, feeling ourselves to be nothing but poor, helpless, weak creatures, unable to take one step alone? He gives us of His strength—yea, "the Lord is my strength." Look at David, that slender stripling, meeting with the giant Goliath. Surely if any one needed strength it was him then; and yet it was not human strength that would prevail. David's God did not fail him, but through His strength the simple weapon was effectual in slaying the enemy. And it is the same now. There are many giants to overcome, many enemies in the land. But for His people Jehovah's strength is sufficient, and they shall be more than conquerors. And we have need of wisdom both in temporal and spiritual things. We are, perhaps, perplexed as to the right course to pursue, and are crying, "Lord, give me understanding in all things." And what says the promise? He "is made unto us wisdom." Oh, what a blessed fact, to realize that He is my wisdom! I shall have no more fears as to the result of this or that perplexity, so long as Little-faith can lay her hand upon that dear Head and say, "Lord, here is Thy poor, weak, erring, ignorant child, who is looking to Thee for all wisdom to perform that which we cannot, and which must be well as long as Thou wilt guide us and teach us Thy ways."

Then, beloved, there is the furnace work; and surely there we need Him. Blessed be His adorable name, He does not bring us there to

* Reader, how true is this testimony respecting the absolute need of trial and the positive support and upholding under it!—Ed.

perish; and He does not bring us through it without a purpose. The gold must be purified from the dross, but the Refiner sees to that Himself. The gold is too precious in His sight to trust it to the work of another; and so He goes through the furnace with His people, and brings them out as gold purified.

Difficulties beset us on every hand, so that with the Psalmist we cry, "I am shut up and cannot come forth;" but blessedly so if it is God's hedging in. He knows it will drive us nearer Himself, and He does not like His children to be as strangers unto Him. Sickness, too, shows us our need of Him. It is then we cannot—yea, would not—do without Him. The dark day shows us our need of the Sun of Righteousness, and through pain, languishing, the fiery darts of the wicked one, who watches his opportunity when best to attack the child of God; and He, in His love and mercy, supplies our every need in the Person of His divine Self. He "of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." He is our Strength in weakness, our Refuge in the time of trouble, our Guide and Counsellor in wisdom's ways, our Friend at all times, our "Brother born for adversity," our Shepherd so tender of His sheep, our portion in the wilderness, yea, our *all need*, and that "according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The need is in ourselves, but never in Christ Jesus. In Him we are complete, whilst in ourselves we are poor, needy, undone sinners, waiting for Him in His mercy to revive us. We have to mourn over faithless hearts, wandering and evil thoughts, and pray Him in His mercy to turn us unto Him again, and receive us graciously; whilst His covenant promise is, "They that dwell under His shadow shall return." Oh, how graciously are we kept by a loving Father! How tender is He, how watchful of our wanderings, how careful that we shall not be utterly cast down! Our daily cares, anxieties, and concerns are but fresh calls upon His mercy, and He loves to answer our every desire and supply our every need. He may give us bitter waters to drink, but not without a needs-be; and there is a need supplied in the very bitterest cup He gives us.

Oh, how sweet to contemplate on these things! How it lifts us out of ourselves and carries us in the spirit to feast on the heavenly things—yea, on Jesus Himself, who is never-failing in His promises, who never grows weary at our wanderings and errings! In us is all that is poor, undone, wretched; and here we would not stay. Our vile condition leads us out of ourselves; we find no good within. But He has taught us where to look; He has shown us where our eyes can feast in entire satisfaction; and it is in gazing upon perfection as it is in Christ, our Head, that we grow dissatisfied with self, and see our every imperfection.

Oh, that His Spirit might breathe upon us again and again, renew us unto freshness of life, and lead us out of self; and that, as our path is thickly strewn with mercies, loving-kindnesses, and blessings, we may be led to the Source of them all, and in Him, the Fountain-head, find fresh delights each time we trace His wonder-working plan of love, and His providential care of His children in "supplying all their need according to His riches in glory."

DIVINE LEADINGS.

(Continued from page 163.)

I HAVE made a mistake, for I find, on reconsideration, that it was on or about the 14th or 15th of April, and *not May*, as I have stated, that we came in sight of the Mauritius; and it was in the evening, just before sunset, when the look-out at the masthead shouted, "Land ho!" Immediately every one came on deck. Even the sick, lame, and lazy, if they were able to move at all, were anxious to see the welcome sight. When we could see the mountains clearly in the distance, there arose such a ringing cheer from every throat in the ship that it must have frightened the birds, which were, and had been for many days, soaring above us in great numbers; but all we could get was but a few minutes' look at it, for very soon the sun set, and there is little or no twilight in those latitudes; but that one look was enough to keep us awake that night with joy, that we hoped to once more stand on land, and again sleep in a bed. We had to keep the ship off and on all night, for we dared not venture near the island in the dark, for it is surrounded by a coral reef as a natural protection, there being only two places where a ship could get through besides Port Louis.

The capital of the island is the principal one. The name of the other I have forgotten. It was Port Louis where we had to disembark. We were all on deck in the morning to catch the first sight of it at the rising of the sun; and, when the sun arose, there it was, in front of us, for we were just entering the opening of the coral reef, and another cheer welcomed the sight; and a beautiful sight it was to us—it seemed an earthly paradise—the high mountains and the verdant plains, everything in blooming green, and fruit trees in abundance, and the town looked to us as one of the most beautiful places we had ever seen.

After we got through the reef, we were surrounded with boats of every size, shape, and nation, and the natives brought great quantities of fruit to sell, of which we bought, and found it delicious. The garrison doctor came on board to see if we had any disease among us which would prevent us landing; if so, we must go into quarantine. But he found us in a generally healthy condition, without any infectious disease among us; therefore the order was given for us to disembark the same day. We now found that the other ship, with the other half of the regiment, had been in four days, and they were landed and safe in barracks; and there was the band which was with them now playing on the shore tunes of welcome to us, which was cheering music to our ears. We landed in the evening, and a great number of the inhabitants came to welcome us, and it seemed to us that there must be representatives of every nation in the world. They cheered us, each in their own language, which we did not understand; but the natives, in broken French and English, shouted one to another, "Quatre-vingt-cinq [Eighty-fifth] is all come, and they are welcome."

I am not, my readers, going to give you a detailed description of the island, but must refer you to your geography for that; but I

will simply say that it is called the Mauritius (or Isle of France). It is situated in the Indian Ocean, in South Africa. Its size is thirty-seven miles by thirty-three, or thereabouts. Its principal productions are sugar and rice, and some tobacco; and it grows abundance of fruit of all sorts usually found in tropical climates. It is a French island, but it was taken from them by the English in 1810. Yet the inhabitants are principally French, especially the sugar-planters, and the French language is principally spoken, with broken English, or a mixture of both, which we soon learnt to speak, so as to be understood by them. It was said that we sailed fifteen thousand miles to it from England. It is three thousand miles from the Cape of Good Hope, about five hundred miles from Madagascar, and ninety miles from the Isle of Bourbon, which is still belonging to France.

Now, this is the most I can remember of its position, and you must pardon my not giving a fuller description of it, as I have something of more importance to tell you concerning my experiences while I was there. We were soon comfortably established in barracks, and felt very well satisfied with our position; but it was well we did not know the worst at once, for, if we had, we should not have felt so comfortable. We had to find that out, as others had done, for there was a lurking enemy in the midst of this seeming paradise, of which I shall tell you as I pass on. The enemy to which I refer was a disease called dysentery, which at times was very prevalent in the island, and it would come upon us like a thief in the night, and we very soon had many of our strongest men smitten down with it. Yet a gracious Providence had provided a remedy against it, for even the water was beneficial to prevent it, and in some cases to cure it. There was an abundant supply of pure, fresh water on the island, and the doctor's advice to all was, "Drink plenty of water, and you will not be so likely to have the dysentery." There was also a fruit which was in many cases a certain cure. It would grow wild; its name was guava. I have many times proved their efficacy, and believe that there is not a better medicine on the island for that deadly disease, dysentery, than the pure fresh water and the fruit guava. There were other diseases which made sad havoc in human life, but they generally came in the air from other parts at certain seasons, such as the cholera, Madagascar fever, &c., of which I shall have to write hereafter; but this one, dysentery, was peculiar to the island.

Now, my friends, having given you these few particulars, I must pass on and resume my narrative, for I have some wonderful—yea, and some painful, yea, and some very precious—things to reveal to you concerning my experience on that island. The seasons there are just the reverse to ours in England. Our winter is their summer; so, when we arrived, it was their autumn. Yet it was so hot to our feelings that we laughed at them when we heard them complain of the cold; but they said, "When you have been here a few years, you will find it cold too at this season." We found eventually that we did; but the length of days in winter and summer is not so much difference as it is in England, the longest days being fourteen hours and

the shortest twelve. Their time is four hours and twenty minutes earlier than the Greenwich time.

Now, my dear friends, I have to tell you of another enemy which I found there. Although altogether different from the one which I have already mentioned, yet it was almost as destructive in its effects. The mildest name I can give it is *lewdness*; and I never saw it in such a debased form before as I saw it there. In a suburb of the town of Port Louis there was a place called Black Town. It was, and I suppose is yet, lying under the mountain on which stands the signal flagstaff. I was once asked by one of my comrades to go there and spend an evening with him, for he said I should see some life there; so I went, as I wished to see all I could; but, when I got there, and saw the scenes which were enacted, my heart was shocked and sickened at the sight. Black Town was its name, and black were its inhabitants, and black were their deeds. I never saw lewdness in such a despicable light before. I very soon left it, and told my comrade that I should never go there with him again. Of course, he laughed at me, and told me there was no harm in it. It was what all men did. "Well, then," I said, "I will be an exception, and I advise you, for both your soul and body's sake, to come with me, and leave such a polluted spot;" but he said, "No, Jack; I shall enjoy myself while I can. Time enough to mend by-and-bye." Poor fellow! he left his body buried in that island, owing to a disease contracted in that very place. I could say much about it, but must forbear, only saying that we lost many able men from an indulgence in the vicious habits in Black Town.

Dear friends, I have nothing to boast of in this matter, for, if I had not been kept, I should have fallen as well as others there. It was by the grace of God I stood, although I did not know it at the time; but, when I saw in the hospital the dreadful consequences of the vicious indulgences in the sins of the place, I did bless the Lord that He had kept me, for I even then believed that He, and He alone, had prevented me!

Shortly after my arrival there, I inquired what professions of religion there were on the island, and I was informed that there were only the Protestant Church of England, the Roman Catholics, and the Presbyterians, called in the army the English, Irish, and Scotch Churches. At this I was very much cast down, for I longed to hear some good, sound Gospel preaching, which I had not heard in Portsmouth. I had certainly gone with the regiment to the garrison chapel on Sunday mornings, but could not understand the sermons preached by the chaplain. I got no soul profit nor instruction from him or his preaching. But now I had a longing desire to hear something, yet there was no one for me to hear preach but another garrison chaplain. Poor short-sighted creature that I was—as usual, fearing where there was no need of fear, for, in the person of the then chaplain of the garrison at Port Louis, Mauritius, I found a faithful servant of the Most High God, and a zealous, truthful preacher of the Gospel of the grace of God in a precious Jesus to the chief of sinners; and I often felt it good to sit under the sound of his voice, for it was music in my ears. It was not a yea-and-nay Gospel, but it was all yea and amen—

salvation all of free, unmerited, sovereign grace from first to last—and my soul rejoiced to hear that certain sound of the Gospel trumpet in that distant part of the world, where I expected to find nothing of the sort. His name was the Rev. W. BANKS. He and I became personally known to each other two years after, under painful circumstances, which I shall relate in due course.

About six months after our arrival there, my leg again swelled and burst, and I went into the hospital, and I was there four months. It seemed that it was never going to heal up again, which caused me much sorrow of heart, and, what was worse than all, I began to have very hard thoughts of God, and unbelief took possession of my soul, and I became reckless of what became of me. Now and then the good chaplain would speak to me very kindly, but I paid very little attention to his words, for it seemed that God had utterly forsaken me, and the words of man could do me no good without Him.

At length I was again able to resume my duty; and we now heard of the outbreak of the Crimean War, and the fate of the 1st Regiment of Foot, which went to Malta instead of us; and there was a general feeling of thankfulness among us that our destination had been changed, and that we were out of the way of that dreadful war. My heart felt a little softened in thankfulness to God on my own account, that He had mercifully prevented my going there. I felt that He had not utterly forsaken me, as I had been thinking He had; and this thought of His merciful protection brought a little peace to my soul.

When we had been one year in the island, our regiment had to be broken up into detachments and sent to different parts of the island; and I, with twenty-one men, an officer, and a doctor, was appointed to a place called Black River, about twenty miles from Port Louis. It was on the sea-coast, and a very pretty place; and here we had very little to do. There were very few inhabitants, and those were for working the sugar plantation on the estate, so that our situation was a lonely one—no society but our own, and no place of worship nearer than Port Louis, except a Roman Catholic chapel on the estate of the sugar planter, he being a Frenchman. Our officer read prayers for us in the barrack-room on Sunday mornings; and that was all the religious services we had during that twelve months.

Shortly after our arrival there, many of us were attacked with the dysentery very severely, and one of the black men on the estate told us that, about a mile off there we should find the fruit guava in abundance; and I and a comrade went and found the place, and brought back two bags full, of which we all ate, and they cured us effectually without going to the doctor. This was the first time we had proved their effect, and we always used them afterwards when we needed them. Our time often lay heavy on our hands, having not much to do, and so we had recourse to various games to pass it away, one of which, I am sorry to say, was cards, in which I was induced to join; and we often sat up half the night at this play, which caused me much sorrow of heart afterwards, when the Lord was pleased to show me the wickedness of my conduct in this matter, which He did in a very painful manner. But for a time my eyes were blinded and my conscience seared; but the time came when He opened my blind

eyes to see my sinful conduct in this matter, and made me cry for mercy with agony of soul on account of this sin.

One day, about three months after we arrived there, it was proposed to go and bathe; and two of us, myself and another, could not swim, and the others said they would teach us to swim while we were at that place; but on that day I had an interesting book to read, so as to return it, as it was borrowed; so I said I would not go that day, and they went without me. In about two hours one of them came running to the barracks, shouting out, "Jack Norris is drowned!"—that was the other who could not swim. I at once went and informed the officer and the doctor, and we were all soon at the spot where he was seen to go down, and some native divers were soon there. The place was a narrow creek by which the water ran from the sea into a basin inland, and it was about fifteen feet wide; so that, while the others were swimming in the basin, he swam across this narrow creek. He had done so twice, and was trying the third time, when in the middle he threw up his hands and shouted, and went down at once, and was never seen alive again. The divers who went down said it was very deep, and some way beneath the surface there was a very strong current running out to sea. They searched for many hours, but could not find the body at all; therefore the conclusion was that he was seized with cramp, and, as he went down, the under-current took him out to sea.

We were all horrified at this event. My feelings I cannot attempt to describe, but I got away into a place by myself, and thanked the Lord for my preservation; for, had I gone with them, I should have been learning to swim with him, and all my sins stared me in the face, especially the sin of gambling. I confessed my sins, and pleaded for mercy, and resolved that I would gamble no more, if the Lord would be pleased to forgive me. But no word of answer could I get. How long I stayed in the bush in this horror of mind I cannot tell—my body in a state of great perspiration, and my mind seemed a very hell feelingly. I thought the Lord would never hear me again, but had given me over to a reprobate mind, and nothing I could do now could ever bring peace to my poor soul; and in this state I remained a long time, but at least it effectually stopped my gambling, for no one, either by persuasion or threats, could induce me to touch a card again. And this I know by my own experience, that sin shall not go unpunished in any of God's children; and, my dear young readers, let me advise you never to gamble, or play at any game of chance, so-called; for be assured trouble and misery will be sure to follow, and perhaps utter ruin in mind, body, and estate, and the peace and welfare of your soul.

As soon as it was light in the morning, a native came to us and told us that the body of our comrade was floating out to sea. Some men got a boat, and went out and brought it in, so that we had the melancholy satisfaction of burying him in a decent manner, which we did. We made the coffin and shroud, and buried him with all the honours of war. The officer read the burial service. We got a plank of teak wood, which is very hard, and shaped it like a head-stone, and one of the men carved his name and the date and cause of death

upon it. I told him to put at the bottom, "In the midst of life we are in death," and it was done, and the board was placed at the head of the grave, and I have no doubt it is there to this day. This sobered us all for a time, and, instead of sitting up at night gambling, we went to bed early, and in the morning early we were up and off into the mountains hunting with dogs, which were kept at the place, and most mornings we brought in several hares; and thus we had a healthful and profitable amusement. We had permission of the owner of the estate to do this, and in the evenings we went fishing, so we found plenty to do.

I could write much about our pleasant sojourn at Black River after the painful death of our poor comrade, but should occupy too much time and space. So comfortable did we become that it was with regret we at last received the order to return to Port Louis about the middle of 1855.

My health was good at Black River, but, shortly after our return to Port Louis, my leg became bad again, and I was obliged to go into the hospital. I had not been there many weeks, and was getting better, and hoped to be able to go out soon, when one of the most distressing events began which it has been ever my lot to witness, and I hope, if it please God, I shall never have to witness the like again. The cholera broke out, and, when the first case was brought into the hospital, every one who was able must leave it, and, of course, I was one. As we went through the streets, terror could be seen on every countenance, for many of them knew by experience what the breaking out of cholera meant; and, when we got to barracks, we saw great preparations being made for the dreadful event. Orders were given for all to be confined to barracks except those who had to go out on duty, and horses and ambulances were placed in the barrack square to take away the sick to the hospital as soon as they were taken ill.

Fear and consternation took possession of the stoutest hearts. Those who would have marched up to any breach, or even to the cannon's mouth, at the word of command without fear, now quailed before this fearful scourge. Many flew to the brandy bottle. The canteen was opened two or three extra times a day, and it is astonishing the quantity of brandy which was drunk in a day with very little appearance of intoxication; and the ambulances had enough to do to take away those who were smitten. Hale, strong men, eating their breakfast in the morning, and in the evening dead and buried, and their bodies consumed in quicklime.

As for myself, at first I was almost stunned at the shock; but, when I saw one after another taken away, I felt that I might be the next, and my mind was filled with horror at the thought; for how could I appear at the bar of a holy, righteous God, and I such a great sinner? I groaned out in agony of soul, "God, be merciful to me, a poor vile sinner, for Jesus' sake!" and that was all I could say, and there I seemed to wait at His righteous bar for the answer; but none came, not in words, but a sweet, calm peace and hope seemed to take possession of my soul, and all fear of the cholera or death was taken away, and my heart cried out joyfully, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the

works of the Lord." What all this could mean I could not tell at the time, but it was enough to know, feel, and believe that I should not have the cholera, for all fear of that was taken completely away.

I now began to think in what way I could help others. I soon found plenty to do, for all help was needful. The hospital was soon full and help was wanted, for the usual staff was not sufficient, and men had to be sent out of every company to the help of their sick and dying comrades. Volunteers would have been preferred, but very few could be had; but of that few I was one, but others had to be pressed to do it in their turn, as on duty. When I got to the hospital, the scene was heartrending—the sick being constantly brought in, the dead carried out; and the groans of the sufferers were dreadful to hear and see. The doctor said to me, "There is a man the same name as you in such a ward; is he any relation?" I said, "No; but we come from the same part of the country." "Well," he said, "he has been here many weeks, and he has not many hours to live. He has not the cholera as yet, but he has the dysentery, and another very bad disease, and what I give him for one injures the other, and it is impossible to cure him. He will die, and that soon; and I want you to pay attention to him particularly, while he is alive, or until you are relieved by another guard;" and so I went to my post of duty by his bed-side. I said, "Tom, I am come to look after you; what can I do for you?" He said, "Sit down, Jack. I want to talk to you, for I have something on my mind, and I wanted to tell it to some one, and you are about the only one in the regiment I would care to tell it to; and, when I have told you, I shall want you to do something for me. Will you do it, Jack?" I said, "If it is possible, I will do it the same as if you were alive—that is, if I live, and God helps me." He said, "Then you know that I am going to die?" I said, "Yes; the doctor has told me, and I am come to you as to a dying man, and I must not try to deceive you." "That is right, Jack. I have deceived myself too long, but I feel that I cannot deceive God. Jack, I have been, and am, a great sinner." I said, "And so am I, Tom." He said, "Not so bad as me, and that you would say if you knew all. You know a great deal about me, but not all." He said, "Jack, that which I wish to tell you is about my conduct to my mother. For years I have not written a line to her, and I have had many letters from her begging me to write, but I never have, and now it is too late. Will you write to her for me after I am gone, and tell her how sorry I am for my wicked conduct to her and my father, and also to a dear uncle at Bath, who was kind to me when I was at home?"

I promised to do all he wished me to do. He also wished me to tell his mother that all he had was for her; and he asked me to give her instructions how and where to get it in London, all of which I faithfully performed, and his mother got all his property according to my instructions. When I returned home I saw them all, and received their thanks personally. His father was the postillion at the George Inn, Trowbridge, Wilts, and his uncle a tradesman in Broad Street, Bath.

When I had given him my promise to do these things, I said, "Tom, now how is it with thy poor soul; for 'it is appointed unto men once

to die, but after that the judgment'?" He said, "Jack, it is all dark. I have nothing but a fearful looking for beyond the grave. Now, Jack, read the Bible to me a bit. I know that thou knowest more than the rest of us, *me* especially. Though I have not heard thee say much about it, I have seen that thou hast kept away from Black Town and other places where I have gone to my ruin. Now, tell me the reason of it." He begged so earnestly that I told him some of the exercises of my soul, and gave him a reason of the hope that was in me, and read some of the Word to him, to all of which he listened in silence. After a while, he said, "Jack, canst thee pray a bit?" I said, "I will try. What shall I pray for?" He said, very earnestly, "Ask the Lord to have mercy upon me, a poor vile sinner, for Jesus Christ's sake."

I at once fell on my knees, and, before all in the ward, I prayed for him. The fear of man was taken away, though it was the first time I had ever prayed in this way before others. When I got up from my knees, there was the Rev. W. BANKS, the chaplain, beside me. I blushed for him to see me, and to hear me too, praying with the patients, and I got out of the way for him to take my place, and talk to my comrade. But he said, "No, my friend; I am not going to take your place. I have been watching you and hearing you from the other ward, and it rejoiced my heart to see and hear what was going on here. No, my friend, henceforth we work in concert. There is plenty for us all to do, and I wish there were a hundred more soldiers engaged as you are." Then, turning to the Presbyterian minister, who had followed him, he said to him, "You and I have work in plenty elsewhere; that man is in safe hands." Then, turning to me, he said, "There are others in this ward you can pay attention to, while we go into the other wards." "Aye," said the others in the ward, "we have heard him read and pray with Tom, and we can do with some of the same sort, for he reads and talks and prays like a parson." So I soon found plenty to do in that way among my sick and dying comrades, and I continued going from one to the other, and scarcely ate food all day or wanted any, so much was my mind in this work.

(To be continued.)

[There are two or three remarks which we wish to make in reference to the foregoing most interesting and instructive narrative.

The first is, the writer's reverence and regard for his mother. As we have lately said in the *Old Jonathan*, let me know in what esteem a man holds his mother, and I think I may present a tolerably correct estimate of his character.

2. How marked, and apparently how marvellous, the dealings of God with the writer of the foregoing! Down into what depths did he pass! to what extremes did he go! how often did his very life seem to hang in doubt! How hopeless as well as hapless did his case again and again appear; and yet by what an unseen, but effectual, hand was he sustained!

3. How, in the estimation of the onlooker, as well as by the individual himself, must have been "the sentence of death" upon every promise and every prospect, when, breaking away from all human ties

and all other resources, the narrator enlists for a soldier, and his regiment is ordered to embark upon foreign service. How must the aged and once hopeful mother have felt then? Humanly speaking, how crushed must have been her every hope and expectation under such circumstances; but "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?"

4. How wondrously did the Lord open up and open out the wise and gracious and most loving purposes of His covenant mercy, and that in immediate connection with a course apparently so fatal and destructive! Yea, rich and blessed and most God-glorifying were the unfoldings of His love, in the leading and guarding and guiding the poor wanderer—the seeming outcast. To what a marvellous work was he called, and in how blessed a school was he taught and trained for both his then and his after engagements!

5. In the foregoing, but more especially in the forthcoming, paper, will be seen how the Lord wrought through and by the instrumentality of this poor soldier; and how, in him and by him, shone the specialities of that grace and love and mercy which the Lord Jehovah imparts unto, and causes to shine in, His quickened ones, amid the difficult and seemingly dangerous paths through and by which He leads them.

Lastly. See in the foregoing, but particularly in the next, account, how evident it is that the Lord treasures up the prayers of His holy wrestlers—how He files in heaven the prayers He has enkindled in the hearts of His oppressed yet beloved ones, to be answered in His own time, in His own way, and by His own means, when seemingly all human hopes and creature expectations have utterly failed. Oh, yes, it is a Gospel verity, in spite of all appearances, and notwithstanding all human discouragements and fleshly disappointments, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" (Psalms cxix. 5, 6).

"Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the bright harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home."

"The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop."

—EDITOR.]

THE growth of a Christian is not like a mushroom, but like an oak, which increases slowly but surely. Many suns, showers, and frosts pass upon it before it comes to perfection, and in winter, when it seems dead, it is gathering strength at the root.

"ONE evening, when I lived in London, as I passed by rather a retired corner of a street, a poor woman sat (I think with a child in her arms) and very modestly asked charity. I felt pity strongly raised in my heart, and a language like this was feelingly suggested, 'The Lord help thee;' but I passed by, and it very livingly arose in my heart, 'By what means?—by putting it into the hearts of such as can feel as thou now dost, to relieve her.' I turned back and gave her something."—*John Thorp.*

OUR SEVENTY-FIRST MILESTONE.



SINCE our last we have been permitted to pass the seventy-first milestone on our pilgrim-journey. That is eleven more than for many years we thought to have reached. Upon our forty-fifth birthday we were so deeply impressed with the words, "I will add unto thy days fifteen years," that, with comparatively few exceptions, we rarely doubted but what we considered a promise would be fulfilled to the very letter; and we look back with astonishment—and in one sense with shame—at the recollection of the perfect calmness which we were permitted to realize towards the closing up of that long-contemplated period. We say that, in a sense, we reflect upon this perfect calmness with shame, and for this reason, that, for most part, it is so very different in this respect with us now.

However, there are two remarks which we wish to make: the first is, that we have seen that the Lord permitted that word about the prolongation of life for fifteen years to possess the mind, that it might instrumentally bear us up under the peculiar trials we were called to undergo, and the special dangers with which our sojourn in Ireland was encompassed, when our life was so repeatedly threatened. The argument with which, under the circumstances, the mind was again and again plied, was, "If I am to be shot, how then is the Lord's promise of my life being prolonged for fifteen years to be fulfilled?"

Our second observation is this: If we suffer as we do, in the anticipation of death, and that after being for most part delivered from the fear of it for forty years, how ought those to feel who have no real and saving knowledge of Him who came to deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage? Now, this, to our mind, is a most solemn consideration. Death is no trifling matter. It is no plaything. It cannot be set aside as of little or no moment. Hence, when we contemplate men of our own age waiving the consideration of it, and living on and on day by day as though that living on and on were to continue to an indefinite period, we tremble on their behalf.

For our own part, this is our feeling with respect to our further sojourn in this vale of tears. Having passed the age of man, we regard ourselves in the position of a tenant whose lease or term of occupation has run out, but whose landlord allows him to remain for a season, upon the clear understanding that he is to give up possession the

moment he is called upon to do so. Now this, we repeat, is just how we feel upon the matter of our further sojourn here. At the same time we desire to realize increasingly what was expressed by a previous Editor of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. Touching upon his summons hence, he said, "I am booted and spurred, and all ready to go." God, of His great mercy, grant that, when our call comes, our hearty response may be, "Ready and willing, Lord! Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly."

We received many a warm and heart-cheering epistle, upon our natal-day, apart from our own family circle. Among them were the letters and extracts which we annex, as expressive of what the love of Jesus shed abroad in the heart does, even in this cold and superficial age:—

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I cannot allow your birthday to pass without sending a few lines to you, especially as I cannot be with you this evening. You know that I have not many words; but I can assure you of every good and affectionate wish, of my earnest desire and prayer for yourself, that you may enjoy every blessing and every token of God's favour, and for your friends on earth, that you may yet be spared to them for additional years.

There are so many changes; men of the old-fashioned type are so rare amongst our spiritual teachers, and we are so rapidly losing sight of clear and distinctive lines, that we may well tremble for the result, except as we remember that it is safe in the hand of Him whose purpose cannot be overthrown.

With renewed expressions of sympathy and affection, and with kindest regards to Mrs. Doudney and your sister,

Believe me, yours affectionately,

London, March 7th, 1882.

JAMES INSKIP.

Bristol, March 7th, 1882.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" (Deut. xxxiii. 27).

"And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you" (Isa. xlvi. 4).

Allow me to congratulate you, on arriving at another anniversary of your birth. May the Triune Jehovah abundantly bless you and yours, and, if it be in accordance with His blessed will, may He lengthen your life, and enable you still to proclaim, both by writing and preaching, the Father's electing love, the Son's redemption work, and the Holy Spirit's quickening power.

Your ministry is not forgotten by me. Some years ago I heard you preach from Deuteronomy xxxii. 11, 12, and many times since the savour of that sermon has been a comfort to me.

Yours gratefully and sincerely,

H. W. C.

"PRECIOUS PROMISES," FOR THE BELOVED EDITOR OF THE "GOSPEL MAGAZINE," SELECTED BY J. P. C., FOR THE 8TH OF MARCH, 1882.

"From this day will I bless you" (Haggai ii. 19).

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between His shoulders" (in His heart) (Deut. xxxiii. 12).

"Even every one that is called by My name: for I have created him for My glory, I have formed him; yea, I have made him" (Isa. xliii. 7).

"Yea, I have loved THEE with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee" (Jer. xxxi. 3).

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee" (Isa. xliii. 2).

"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the LORD that hath mercy on thee" (Isa. liv. 10).

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off" (Isa. xxxiii. 17).

"Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended" (Isa. lx. 20).

"Thus shall it be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honour" (Esther vi. 9).

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

BY A LITTLE FRIEND OF THE EDITOR.

May the Lord, who guides thy way,
Bless thee on this natal day;
And in loving mercy shed
Special blessings on thy head.

Through the paths of varied life,
Through this world of sin and strife,
God has sheltered thee from wrong,
Proved a Helper ever strong.

March 8th, 1882.

Though o'er threescore years and ten,
Still thou dost with voice and pen
Work for Him who sends thee grace
To benefit the human race.

With loving greetings, and with prayer
That God will please your life to spare,
May you a happy birthday spend:
Such is the wish of your young friend

E. M. BANCROFT.

BY ANOTHER LITTLE FRIEND.

May countless joys and blessings ever
cheer thee

Through the chequered scenes of
worldly life;

May angels of the Lord, still hovering
near thee,

Guard, and make thee hero in the
strife.

A year! Another year of toil and
care has fled

Since last arose this morning of thy
birth;

And many such may God be pleased
to shed

While treading o'er this evil, treacher-
ous earth.

Oh, may the Lord, still blessing,
guiding, keeping,

Prepare a crown and seat for thee
above,

In that heavenly land of "no more
weeping,"

Where dwells alone the merits of
His love.

MAUDE BARTLETT.

With love and sincere wishes for a happy birthday.

THEY who dare to confess the Lord, and to appear openly on His side, in the midst of this sinful and perverse generation, shall find, to their comfort, that He will confess them, and appear on their behalf, before the holy angels. It will be seen *there* who acted the wisest part *here*.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON—a little before his death.—"It is deservedly accounted a piece of excellent knowledge to understand the law of the land, and the custom of a man's country; how much more to know the statutes of heaven and the laws of eternity—those immutable and eternal laws of justice and righteousness—to know the will and pleasure of the great Monarch and universal King of the world! 'I have seen an end of all perfection; but Thy commandment is exceeding broad.'"

Correspondence.

A GOSPEL LETTER RECEIVED BY THE "WAYSIDE NOTES" WRITER.

"Of His own will begat He us with the Word of truth."—JAMES i. 18.

DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—Pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you—one that I have never seen, but I have so often wanted you to know how much I enjoy your "Wayside" writings. You are most highly favoured in the present day, when so much error abounds in what is called the religious world, by whose teaching, I fear, many are deceived. But, blessed be God, "His counsel shall stand, and He will do all His pleasure," notwithstanding what all the free-will teachers may say. The Lord has said, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." What a different teaching, for the Lord gives the spiritual faculties by which *alone* we can know those things which are essential to salvation. To tell a poor sinner to seek, without spiritual life, is an absurdity. Jesus says we must be born again before we can enter the kingdom. In the seventeenth chapter of John, in that sublime prayer, Jesus says and gives a plain statement there of the spiritual life and the very source of that life, for He says, "As thou hast given Me power over all flesh, that I should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Me." This precious gift is the secret of all true religion; thus all who are seeking the Lord earnestly have this sweet assurance that the Lord has begun the good work in their souls by giving them life, for the dead know not anything, therefore, they can never seek, for we cannot be beforehand with God. If we have only a desire to love God, it is because the Holy Spirit has shed abroad the love of a covenant God *first* in the heart; *then* "we love God, because He first loved us."

Your writings always run thus, therefore I do so much enjoy them. It may well be called the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. The Lord has abundantly blessed it to His beloved family. I do pray that the Editor, dear DR. DOUDNEY, may be spared many years yet, if it please the Lord. He has, with you, been most lovingly spared to work in the Lord's vineyard. The Lord has kept him and you faithful, and will keep both to the end, for He has said, "Even to hoar hairs will I carry you," and "He is faithful who has promised."

I had presented to me one of your valuable volumes—the first that came out, which I prize next to the Book of books. I never read one I enjoyed so much before; there is such sweet refreshment to be found in every page. I do thank the Lord for having it in my possession. My means are very limited, which the Lord knows, or I would gladly distribute them about. I have the privilege of reading the GOSPEL MAGAZINE every month; this is a great comfort to me.

I cannot tell you how good the Lord has been to me, a poor sinner saved by sovereign grace. I often think, "What a condescension for the high and lofty One to suffer a poor worm, in comparison of Him, to hold sweet communion with Him!" I think of that day when we shall see Him face to face, and adore Him for the plan of salvation—the

love of the Father, in giving up His only-begotten Son that He might recover all His lost ones; the love and joy of the Son in giving up His life, in order to rescue them from the grasp of Satan; and the precious gift of the Holy Spirit, to reveal to the hearts of the redeemed ones all the love of a covenant Jehovah. This is the love which most sweetly draws the soul to God; and, thus taught, we give all the glory to God the Father, who chose His people in Christ before the foundation of the world; to God the Son, who came to redeem them because they had been given to Him, therefore He would not lose one of them. To God the Holy Ghost belongs equal glory and honour, in revealing it to each dear ransomed one. Thus Satan, our cruel enemy, has been defeated, for he cannot take one who belongs to Christ. They are all secure in Him, for their "life is hid with Christ in God." What sweet consolation these words afford when the mind is at times depressed! Then to have brought to our remembrance, though we sometimes for awhile undergo changes, the Lord changes not, and remember that we are but as dust in ourselves, but He is pleased to look on us always in Jesus, or beholds us as He beholds His beloved Son—this is, and will be, our comfort to the end of life.

I must not write more, for it will take up your precious time to read it; but, if you can spare a little time in just writing to me a few lines, I shall most highly prize it.

May the Lord be pleased to spare your precious life, and give you strength to continue your "Wayside Notes" in the Magazine. May the Lord abundantly bless your writings, and all who honour God by their writings, that His great name may be extolled more and more in the earth, and may you be abundantly blessed in your own soul.

Yours sincerely in Jesus,

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH.

FROM AN OLD PILGRIM.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR CHRISTIAN SIR,—Enclosed is five shillings' worth of stamps for your soup kitchen, seeing your appeal in this month's GOSPEL MAGAZINE. I sent you five shillings' worth the end of March or early in April. I trust you received them; it is only a widow's mite* (Mark xiv., first clause of eighth verse). Till last March I could not have spared fivepence, being only a very poor widow, in my seventy-eighth year. But that gracious God who has kept and supplied me so long in this wilderness sent me a legacy that will last me, with great economy, four years, should I be here so long. That I leave, and desire to say, "Thy will be done." "Bless the Lord, O my soul." So what I have sent you is a thank-offering to the Lord for the precious truths I read monthly in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE—not only read them, but I do receive many, many blessings from them.

Oh, sir, I can say He is a prayer hearing and answering God. Goodness and mercy have followed me till this hour, and will to the end; with all my ups and downs and heart-wanderings, and they have been many

*Duly received.

during my fifty years in the divine life; fourteen years a widow, and the promise has been fulfilled, "I will be a Husband to the widow," and now such care of me in my latter end! Oh, sir, I feel I can never praise Him enough!

But I must not take up your precious time. I am sorry to see you are laid aside—at least were, as I saw in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. In a moment my heart was up to the Lord on your behalf, and my lips spoke what I felt, and said, "Oh, Lord, spare and restore Thy dear honoured servant, if Thy will, for we cannot spare one faithful ambassador; they are so few." May He do it, and grant you much of His gracious presence, is the earnest prayer of,

Your unworthy correspondent,
Richmond, Surrey, December 6th, 1881. M. B.

NO COMPROMISE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

My dear husband and I came to this place in 1877, members of our dear English Church and the Church Association. We sought a place of worship, and in every place the surplice was worn in the pulpit. How our hearts yearned for a sight of the black gown!

I find the "gown" mentioned in your review of the sermon by the "High Church Vicar," but, though we loved the "gown" in the pulpit (it having become entirely a badge of the doctrine a *true* worshipper loves to have expounded), we have never been privileged to see it here. My beloved husband has gone where *all* are clothed in the *one* garment, even the righteousness of Christ; but who can tell what the deprivation was to us both, and to me in my widowhood? The devil, too, took occasion to trouble me greatly, and in this way. He said, "Who are you, that you should set up your fancies and opinions in opposition to the whole town? Here are five churches, ever so many chapels, including Romanists, and Unitarians, and Christadelphians (whatever that may mean)—men educated, university men, &c.—men who have opportunities of much learning, which *you* know nothing about; gentlefolks in a far better social position than *you are*; the Lady of the Manor, said to be a Christian woman, and *most kind* and charitable. These Church services are good enough for her; why should *you* isolate yourselves, and set up as knowing better than they? Why?" The devil can quote Scripture, too, in this the nineteenth century, just as he could when our Saviour was here. He said, we said: "Stand by thyself: come not near unto me; I am holier than thou." This prince of the power of the air also said, "You are in business; your husband is very ill; you are entirely dependent on the gentry of the place. You know your peculiar views are by no means popular; you had better be careful. The rector's wife saw you at church, and mentioned it. Be very careful that you do not let the people know your Calvinistic—your very extreme and very absurd views," and so on, till I began to think, "Was I right?" Then a time of trouble came on—a time when the whole neighbourhood (always the case in

a small town) knew that I was face to face with a trial with but one result. The rector called; the senior curate. No admittance. My poor husband, stricken with paralysis and softening of the brain, would not—could not—see any one, more especially men whom he knew knew nothing of salvation by grace; and so, after twenty-seven months' confinement to his bed, and only once having had a visit from an ambassador of Christ—the Rev. G. Lea, of Edgbaston, Birmingham, who was asked to call by the widow of that very dear man of God, the Rev. E. Lillingston, in whose church (Trinity, Cheltenham) my dear husband for the first and last time partook of the emblems of the dear Redeemer's death—he passed into the heavens, resting entirely on the righteousness, the complete, the finished work of Christ. I asked, in his last hours, "Do you love the Lord Jesus?" The reply, most emphatically given, was, "In sincerity and truth."

THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS

IN SUNDRY DISTRICTS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE, AND THE EXODUS THEREFROM OF MANY THOUSANDS TO OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Every Bible Christian must share with one another, with deepest interest, the existing tribulations of God's ancient people, who are the objects of great suffering on the part of those natives of Russia known as Nihilists, that is, a very large section of persons who are inimical to constituted authority, whether it be that of their country, in their social relationship as citizens, or as members of the family life.

In the course of an early morning reading, the writer was impressed considerably with the following Scripture, and could not detach its prophetic teaching apart from the future repose, quiet, and fruitfulness of Israel's wanderings: "Thus saith the Lord God: Although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come" (Ezek. xi. 16).

Your intelligent readers are already acquainted with the interesting details made by men of great eminence, and in the highest position of life, "our countrymen," at the meeting held February 1st, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, at which, for numbers, unanimity, and liberality, in starting an organization for aiding the emigration of many families of the Russian Jews, has not before been known.

Truly did that distinguished friend of the oppressed, the Earl of Shaftesbury, give expression to the national conscience of England, when he remarked, "We have no desire that the Government of England should place itself in antagonism to that of Russia; our object will be gained as we know that the moral forces of our beloved country sufficiently convey our conviction against the oppressor in every land."

Already are the aspirations of the more devout, industrious Jews looking forward to other lands, where they may pursue their varied

employments, build synagogues, and worship God after the manner of their fathers.

The spheres which the Executive Committee are opening up embrace our own colonies, Egypt, Turkey, the United States, Canada, &c., where many families, it is expected, will be grouped as those of a colony, and where their tendencies for agricultural and pastoral life may be developed.

The historical facts which are daily accumulating in the case of the despised Jews should cause the advocates for their ultimate restoration to the Holy Land not to interpret the letter of the Scriptures too literally; for the teachings set forth by the inspired Apostle Paul, in that marvellous eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, enforces the duty of avoiding everything bordering on speculation.

"Ye are My witnesses" (Isa. xliii. 10); therefore, this is a solid foundation whereon to rear an edifice, and we may inquire, Why should it be deemed impossible for God to subserve the families of the Jews, when congregated into colonies in other climes, to make them centres of influence, and, through His Holy Spirit's converting power, cause them to become preachers of the Gospel of Christ, and evangelists around? "There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth" (Psa. lxxii. 16).

" God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Yours very truly,

Hampstead, February 22nd, 1882.

J. M. J.

GOSPEL BOOK MISSION TO THE ARMY AND NAVY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Will you kindly allow me to lay before your readers the *great need* there is *just now* of some considerable increase of funds to balance the current expenses of the Mission?

Since the issue of the eighth annual report, ending September, 1881, we have sent out to the various agents for circulation *seventy hundred-weight* of sound reading, as against thirty-one hundredweight in the corresponding five months of last year, and have now about twelve hundredweight on hand waiting exportation, besides half a ton weight of useless matter to be torn up and sold for waste paper. The carriage paid on the receipt of this increasingly large amount of old reading, together with the cost of preparing it for use, leaves the funds very often in a crippled condition to purchase new matter. The many applications for sound and truthful tracts, so difficult to obtain in these days, are more pressing and numerous than during any former period of the work, and this felt want has made me anxious for some time past to possess a small printing press of my own, with which I could run off thousands of suitable tracts, and do the other small printing of the Mission (such as labels, &c.) under my own immediate supervision. Already a few pounds have been subscribed for this much-needed instrument; and, if

this sum can be increased, so as to enable me to buy one, I should be greatly helped in this work of faith and labour of love. I have also received a little help towards placing a copy of "Retracings and Renewings" in every one of the five hundred lighthouses around our coasts. One of the correspondents writes, "May the light of the Son of God shine into the hearts of those who are trying to light others."

The following extracts from letters just received will speak for themselves:—

FROM AN ARMY SCRIPTURE READER.

DEAR MR. BRIDER,—I cannot thank you enough for the box of books, which came to hand yesterday. The books you send are well liked by the many who read them. One woman said of the "Sower," "It was like preaching to me." Men in hospital devour them, and then send the papers home to their friends. One man in the cells had the little books in his boots to take care of them. Even the Romanists flock around and ask me for them, adding, "We want to know what is truth, though they burn our fingers."

Dear friends, can our army and navy be more "white unto harvest" than this receptive state of things? Will you not help the Mission to meet this craving for the truth in every possible way you can?

FROM AN AGENT IN THE NAVY.

MY DEAR SIR,—To-day I have had the pleasure of unpacking your large box of bound volumes. We place from thirty to forty books in a library box, and an officer takes charge of it for the use of the crew during the voyage.

FROM AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you so much for the box of books safely received, also for monthly parcels of *Old Jonathan*. They are greatly needed, and much appreciated in this large encampment of several thousand soldiers.

FROM A LARGE SOLDIERS' HOME.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a case of tracts, &c., which the garrison greatly wanted.

From scores of other stations we might repeat similar thanks, and earnest requests for reading. Our pen is but the voice of many hungry souls in the army and navy. We daily lift up our eyes to the Lord to extend and to abundantly bless this Mission of Gospel truth. I have just met a poor woman to whom I had lent a copy of "Retracings and Renewings," and she told me, with eyes full of tears, how God had opened her heart and understanding through the reading of that book—that she took it off on a visit to Southampton, and there, to her great delight and joy, the Lord further blessed its reading to her dying sister.

Go on, my brother; preach and write the blessed truths of God's sovereignty in their entirety, well-seasoned with your experience; and, if that will not feed a hungry soul, with the Spirit's blessing, nothing else will.

My address is Old Gaol Chapel, Salisbury, where I shall be pleased to receive the smallest contribution for this good work.

Yours sincerely in the Gospel,
CHARLES BRIDER.

SYMPATHY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I was sorry to see, on opening the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, that you had been suffering. During the fearful storms which have so recently been raging, my thoughts oftentimes roamed to you; and, fully understanding your sensitive framework, felt assured that you would suffer. But, blessed truth—

“Chamber of sickness, 'midst thy silence oft
A voice is heard,
Which, though it falls like dew on flowers, so soft,
Yet speaks each word
Into the heart's unseen recess
With *power no earthly* accents could possess.”

You have found our precious Jesus whisper His “Fear nots.” Does He not then tell us “He has borne our sicknesses, and carried our sorrows”? and does He not, as a needs-be, take His poor tempest-tossed children aside, that He may open their ears to discipline, that they may testify of His *faithfulness*, and that, “though the outward,” &c.? Oh, when the Holy Spirit shines upon the sacred page, how beauteous are the gems which glitter there! and, when *all else* is gloom, does He not enable us to say—

“I live His power to show who once did bring
My joys to weep, and now my griefs to sing”?

Your four last Magazines are full of precious matter (*i. e.*, to me). I do, under God, thank you and the dear “Wayside Notes” Writer for the comforting, encouraging, and instructive things you have penned. They come with a healing balm to a *sorely* wounded spirit, and greatly help in and through the “cruel straits.” No sentimental nonsense in these experiences. “Beaten out of every refuge” but *one*; and, having *that*, we need *no other*.

“We know Emmanuel's voice,
Our hearts have loved it long.”

“In all” (Isaiah lxiii. 9) “our fight, though hard, and faith, though sorely tried,” shall triumph in Him. He hath promised, so we cannot fail. “Not unto us!” Oh, what a meeting will it be when all the little warriors and the big warriors will assemble around their loved Captain, put off their armour for ever, and enter into rest! You have many kindred spirits, and many petitions sent up to the throne, I am sure, that you may yet be spared. We need the old warriors in these sad times.

May God vouchsafe to you, dear sir, the bright shining of His countenance, heal your physical maladies, and give you the joy of meeting your flock again in the sanctuary! So prays,

Yours in Christian bonds,

December 19th, 1881.

HOPE.

THE WONDERS OF RICH, AND FREE, AND SOVEREIGN GRACE.

To the Editor of Zion's Witness.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—It was only the evening before your letter arrived I was intending to write for some of the pamphlets you have kindly forwarded. I wish to circulate them, as far as I can, through this parish. It is certainly a wonderful account; and, in some respects, reminds me of the narrative which I have recently re-published, under the title of "*A Brand Plucked Out of the Fire*," which I wrote upwards of forty years ago, entitled, "*The Eleventh Hour*." With all the facts therein given I was most familiar, inasmuch as they occurred in my own family. The saved one was a step-brother of mine; and, although through life I have instrumentally to thank him for much of that constitutional depression and nervousness with which I have long suffered, yet it has been wonderfully overruled of God for my present and eternal good. I never can sufficiently feel and acknowledge, as I would do, His tenderness and mercy in regard to that wondrous trophy of His sovereign grace and power. My dear father once said to me, "Die when I may, I shall die of a broken heart through him," speaking of that step-brother of mine. "Father," was my reply, "I have had such moments about him, that I can never give him up." His reply was about his language and his company. My answer was to the effect that, notwithstanding, I never heard that he had sat in the scorner's chair, and that the seasons I had had at the mercy-seat were such that I could not give him up.

Now, here was such marked goodness and mercy upon the part of our God. My father had gone to his rest. As yet there was no change in my poor step-brother. (I should have said he was the son of a most godly mother, and had been the subject for years of many prayers upon the part of *my dear mother as well as his own*.) Well, as the Lord would have it, I was the only member of the family who had the opportunity of visiting him during his illness, and upon his dying bed. The evidence of a real work of grace in his soul, and of his dying in the Lord, I think every unprejudiced reader would admit, was beyond all doubt. So many years having passed since all the facts occurred, and of which I wrote whilst they were fresh upon the mind, I have been led to take up the little work and read it over again. I have, in consequence, been indulged with a season of mellowness and contrition before the Lord; *mellowness*, in the review of all the way by which He has led, and the marvellous mercies He has so ceaselessly bestowed; *contrition*, in that I ever should for a moment doubt the faithfulness and the love and the power of such a God!

Ah! my brother, I know I am writing to one who understands, feels, mourns over this state of things. When I think of the *light* and the *love* against which I sin, by the indulgence of my doubts and fears and misgivings, after all the Lord has been, and all He has done for me, for now within four days of *seventy-one years*, I am, as it were, lost in wonder and amazement. By comparison, vile and depraved as may be the Bradlaughites and the Besantites,

yet, seeing they sin in ignorance and in nature's heathenism, I consider *their* sin and *their* transgression are as nothing when contrasted with *mine*. *They* sin in ignorance, *I* against light and love and mercy! *They* are slaves, *I* as an adopted son and heir. And what comparison, I ask, can the misconduct of a *servant* or a *slave* bear with that of a *son*, even though it be the self-same act? Oh, I sometimes say, how that word cuts me through and through, "Is this thy kindness to thy Friend?" As if the Lord would say, "Do I deserve *this* at your hands?" I repeat, dear brother, I am perfectly ashamed of myself on account of my dreads, and fears, and misgivings, in regard to the little residue of my days, and how it will be with me in the swellings of Jordan, after all His wondrous leadings and dealings throughout my pilgrimage. Oh, cruel unbelief! Oh, hateful distrust! Oh, vile ingratitude! Ah! brother, words would fail to tell the depths down into which I even now go in anticipation of the little future. Men may trifle with sin and with death, as though both the one and the other were matters of little moment or importance; but oh, it is only for the Lord to let Satan loose upon them for a season, and then what becomes of all their vain confidence, their fleshly hopes and dependencies? How often is my mind struck with that most solemn testimony of the Psalmist respecting the wicked, as given in Psalm lxxiii.: "How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! *they are utterly consumed with terrors.*" Mark this! They have not to wait for the absolute and irremediable destruction, but are overwhelmed—"consumed"—in the very anticipation or mere prospect of it.

But I must not prolong my letter, otherwise I have much upon my heart that I wish to say to you, for I often think that, although we have never met or spoken to each other in the flesh, yet I know of *no* one whose heart-exercises seem so in unison with my own. But there is one thing I wish to mention. When reading of your deep soul-travail about your dear afflicted son, and the painful malady to which he is so subject, I felt the sweetest possible assurance that he was a vessel of mercy, and that before I arrived at the part where you express your intense anxiety upon the subject. Ah! brother, I would not care much for the religion of those (however high and talkative they may be in their professions) who have little or no concern about the immortal welfare of their children. But I believe this, namely, that wherever there has been intense soul-travail on the part of godly parents for this or that child, whether they live to see it or not, I regard that very soul-travail and those intense pleadings and beseechings and entreaties at the mercy-seat as precious signs and tokens of the Lord's acceptance of such children. Whence come such prayers? Who awakens such cries? Who enkindles such desires? Who but that almighty and all-gracious One who so strengthened and emboldened His wrestling Jacob to answer His "Let Me go, for the day breaketh," with, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." Ah! dear brother, how precious these seasons, are they not? although coupled, it may be, with some of the deepest, intensest, most heartrending sorrows, and bitter, bitter anguish.

Well, whilst wishing you and yours every needed covenant blessing,

let me close with the remark of the dear old pilgrim—for I am sure you will fully endorse the saying,—“*If He bring me to heaven, He shall never hear the last of it.*” Oh, I often think, if He be pleased at length to bring me off more than conqueror, it will make a pause even amid the hallelujahs of the heavenly host, as they contemplate the admission among them of such a miracle of mercy as

Your friend and fellow-pilgrim,
St. Luke's, Bedminster, March 4th, 1882. D. A. DOUDNEY.

HOME AND HEART WORDS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY BELOVED BROTHER,—I find from dear Sarah's letter that you are still feeling very weak, and unable to do much, as is also the case with me. A dear old man at Stamford said to me, as I was coming to the station, “Tell Mrs. Densham, from me, the conflict will soon be over;” and so it must be, my dear brother, for it is indeed a conflict, and it does not get lighter as we draw near to the end.

You know dear Mr. HILBERS has died lately. I went with you to Bath once to see him, when we heard SEPTIMUS SEARS. He was afflicted with cancer in the throat, and his sufferings were dreadful, but the Lord's consolations abounded to such a degree that it more than made up for the sufferings. He said at times, all his religion was gone except “fellowship with Christ in His sufferings.” But oh, how the flesh shrinks from the path of suffering! I can only beg of the Lord to favour you with His sacred presence, and a living faith in exercise upon His glorious Person. This will bear us up under everything.

I was very much favoured last evening in speaking—not from the words as a text, but they opened to my mind, Zephaniah iii. 16, “In that day,” &c., “fear thou not, let not thy hand be slack.” This is just the state of the Lord's people—full of fears and their hands hanging down, so that they can by no means lift them up to lay hold of Him. How suited the word, if the Lord sent it home with power! It would dispel all fear, and strengthen the weak hands to lay hold of Him with a firm grip, like dear old Jacob, and not let Him go. What divine strength it can put into the hands of a poor feeble worm when the Lord gives the command, “Let not thine hands be slack.” I cannot put strength into my poor, feeble, slack hands, and yet I believe we often lay hold of the Lord when we do not know it.

I was much struck on Sunday with two lines of dear Hart's which they were singing in the chapel—

“The Christian cannot always see
His faith, and yet believes.”

And it is the same also with every grace—faith, hope, love, prayer, cleaving to the Lord, &c. We have all these in exercise at times when we cannot at all see that they are so; but all this proves that the Lord looks only at the heart, and knows what is

going on there when we cannot realize it for ourselves. To know that we have the spirit of prayer, faith, love, &c., is as much a gift as our having that spirit. The Lord grant that we may be kept nearer and nearer to Himself, hanging and leaning upon Him for everything.

To-morrow is your birthday. I will not say in the usual course what is customary, but may the dear Lord favour you with a few words, such as, "Not as the world giveth give I unto you." The Lord bless you, dear K—, and dear S—. Much love from us all.

Your ever-loving brother,

J. B. DENSHAM.

Croydon, March 7th, 1882.

[1. Well does our beloved brother say, that "the conflict does not get lighter as we draw near to the end." No, indeed it does not. As the mariner nears the port, does he not find the sea the rougher, as it breaks upon the rocks hard by, or as he "rounds" the entrance to the harbour? We often think, with adoring wonder, of the Master's own personal experience in this respect. How little did He say, till near the end, of what awaited Him, in the summing-up of His marvellous mission; nor was it till he was in the very height of the conflict and the depths of anguish, He exclaimed, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!" How cheering is this fact to those who find, as you say, "how the flesh shrinks from suffering!" Moreover, the great enemy seeks so to crush our little faith by bringing past sufferings so vividly to the mind, intimating, at the same time, that, as we were all but overwhelmed then, with weakened strength, under additional trial, we must perish. How, at these seasons, he hides from our view, in so far as he is permitted, the covenant pledges of a covenant God, as to what He is and what He will do, even unto the end! Of what service, dear brother, would be a guaranteed strength and all-sufficiency up to a certain state or stage? What less will avail to our poor and needy condition than all that is involved in that precious declaration, "This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide even unto [or over] death"? If you ask your dear wife, she will tell you that old DANIEL MIALL (whom, as children, we used to hear) was wont to say, "If the Lord were pleased to bring me within one step of heaven, and leave me to take that step alone, I should step into hell."

2. What an experience was that of the suffering one of whom you speak: "All his religion gone, except 'fellowship with Christ in His sufferings.'" If you again appeal to your dear wife, she will tell you that our dear mother used to say, that "believers did not know what they were asking for when they begged to have 'fellowship with Christ in His sufferings.'" It reminds us of a so-called prayer that we once heard offered at one of our Saturday-night prayer-meetings: "Grant," said the speaker, "that we may be answered by terrible things in righteousness." We trembled at such a request, and, at the close of the meeting, sought to present a very different petition at the mercy-seat. Subsequent facts, however, went to prove that the man who thus professed to pray knew nothing savingly of what he was talking about. His after-course was awful in the extreme.

3. How precious are those breakings-in of which you testify, at the moment of speaking. Oh, what can equal them? What can compensate for the loss of the sweet and sacred privilege of standing up in His

blessed and ever-adorable name? Oh, how have we longed at such seasons to be called from the pulpit to one's eternal home! How have we in heart lingered, as it were, with at least the mental petition, "Take me, take me; don't let me go back once again into the turmoil and travail of this poor beggarly world! Oh, to go home at once to Jesus, and to be 'for ever with the Lord.'" And yet one has rejoiced in that hitherto there has been no answer to such request; in other words, that one has been detained here still, so as to see and hear and feel yet more and more of His marvellous mercies and rich and tender loving-kindnesses.

4. Yes, we do believe that it is with the Lord's people just as you describe, "Full of fears, and their hands hanging down, so that they can by no means lift them up to lay hold of Him." But what a mercy it is, dear brother, that *He* holds *them*, rather than *they* hold *Him*! Ah! what would be the consequence were it otherwise? How often have we looked at the little babe as it grasped the mother's shawl, and thought, 'Ah! that little one fancies its safety is in the grasp of that tiny hand; but what if the mother's arms were not round and about the child?' And what, dear brother, would become of us—now in our old age—our second childhood—with heart and flesh verily failing day by day, and moment by moment—but for that glorious verity, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and *underneath are the everlasting arms*"? Oh, that blessed "*underneath*"! We can never fall below that omnipotent "*UNDERNEATH*."

5. In accordance with what you say of faith and its twin graces, when speaking last Sunday of the poor woman that came to Jesus about her Satan-driven daughter, we said, if you had asked her what *faith* was, in all probability she would not have understood you, or been able to have given any reply, and yet, at the very moment, she was so sweetly and powerfully under its exercise that the Lord said, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." From our inmost soul we believe that those who talk most and boast most of their faith, know little, if anything, about it in a really Gospel and saving sense. A case came before us, within the last few days, of the most painful character, in regard to this boasted or vainly-imagined faith. We never remember an instance of greater delusion. The facts would perfectly startle you.

Finally, dear brother, we would unite with you in the earnest desire for that "hanging and leaning upon Him for everything" of which you speak. Ah! it is the striving to walk alone—to *be* a something, and to *do* a something—of ourselves and by ourselves, that causes such mischief. It is only as we are nothing—*absolutely nothing*—that He becomes, in sweet and blessed realization, the "All in all!"

—EDITOR.]

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom, and to forgive injuries proves a great mind, for a more glorious victory cannot be obtained over another man than this, that, when the injury began on his part, the kindness should be begun and continued on ours.

THE PSALMIST'S COMFORT IN THE MIDST OF CONFLICT.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—It is a long time since I took my pen to address a few lines to you, yet have often felt a desire to do so, and, among your many and varied correspondents, most likely the one now addressing you has faded from your memory; but your words, through the medium of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, have the same sweet savour as they had in the past, as also some others who send you a little of the seed of the kingdom to scatter broadcast over the field of the world, if haply it may “fall on good ground,” which has been ploughed, furrowed, and made ready for its reception by the Spirit of the Lord. I trust you are better in health than a short time previously, and hope that you may be spared yet for many years to administer the comfort wherewith you yourself have been comforted of God, and that by word and pen the Psalmist’s language may be fully verified in you, “They shall bring forth fruit even in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;” and may those fruits be very sweet and refreshing to the thirsty pilgrims who are travelling Zionward.

Since I wrote you last both my parents have passed away, “in hope of eternal life.” “Not by works of righteousness which they had done, but according to His mercy He saved them, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.” They were not of those of whom you spoke in the December number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, who, believing in the covenant verities—the unchanging “I wills” and “they shalls” of a covenant God—have no concern about the spiritual wellbeing of their children. Their great desire, and prayer too, was, that their children should be children of the Lord God Almighty, redeemed by blood, even the precious blood of Christ, and sanctified by the power and indwelling of the Holy Spirit. I have heard my dear mother say, that so anxious was she respecting this, that many, very many, were the prayers she offered up on their account, even before their natural birth, and I trust they have been answered in the case of each.

Will you allow me, dear brother, to throw in a thought with regard to that passage of Scripture which is stated to be the last words of David, in 2 Samuel xxiii., namely, “Although my house be not so with God, yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant,” &c. ? I have latterly seen it in a different light to what I think is generally understood, and to what I previously thought myself. When I used to read it there seemed a savour of selfishness, so different to Moses when he said, “Yet now, if Thou wilt, forgive their sin; and if not, blot me I pray Thee out of Thy book which Thou hast written;” or Paul, who also said, “I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart, for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh;” and also different to David himself when he said, “O Absalom, my son, my son! would God I had died for thee!”

But we must go back to the words, “Although my house be not so with God.” I think we must refer to 2 Samuel vii., when Nathan was sent to David to tell him that the Lord would make Him a house, and give him a son that should build the house. Literally, Solomon did this; but, if we read the sixteenth verse of same chapter, I think we must clearly see that a greater than Solomon is meant when it is said, “And Thine house and Thy kingdom shall be established for

ever before Thee ; Thy throne shall be established for ever." This seems to be confirmed in Psalm lxxxix. 36, 37 : "His seed shall endure for ever, and His throne as the sun before Me. It shall be established for ever as the moon, and as a faithful witness in heaven." Many other texts also could be named confirmatory, I think, that David "saw Christ's day" (as did his father Abraham), "and was glad;" and, if we turn to John's Gospel, xii. 34, we find that "the people had heard out of the law that Christ abideth for ever," and were looking forward for a Deliverer to come out of the line of David, so that the house and kingdom of David should be established again.

But to return to where we digressed, namely, 2 Samuel xxiii. David says, "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His Word was in my tongue. The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds ; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." Now this, I should think, is generally admitted to be a prophecy respecting Christ's kingdom ; and, if so, David directly adds, "Although my house be not so with God" (now), "yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure ; for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although He make it not to grow ;" as if David would say, "The Spirit of the Lord hath revealed to me that there shall be a mighty One raised up for the salvation of Israel that shall be of my house (or family), and I am shortly to sleep with my fathers, and have not seen Him, for as yet He has not made it to grow (or come). Yet I die firmly trusting in the everlasting covenant which He hath made with me, which is ordered in all things and sure." Yes, David saw by the eye of faith that Rock of Israel, He that ruleth over men, the Just One ruling in the fear of God, whose light should be "as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, a morning without clouds." Yes, he had longed to see it, for had he not said previously, "Oh, that the Salvation of Israel were come out of Zion" ? Had he not sung with the harp songs of praise concerning Him ? Yea, had he not desired to see Him with his mortal eyes, as Simeon did when he said, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation" ? Yea, doubtless ; but here he was, after having prophesied of His sufferings and also of His glory, nearing the end of life's journey, and he had not seen even the beginning of its growth. Yet in faith he says, "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, although He maketh it not [as yet] to grow ;" still, like Job, he could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand in the latter day upon the earth." But he could say more than Job, for David could say, "I know that He shall be of my house and lineage ; and though my Son after the flesh, yet He is my God and Saviour. I die trusting in and desiring this Saviour, who is the Rock of Israel, and also its King and Ruler, for He is all my salvation and all my desire."

After the preceding line of thought on this Scripture had been opened up to me (may I think by the revelation of the Spirit ?) I felt a desire to write you my thoughts on it. I will now conclude, referring you to Hebrews xiii. 20, 21, and with sincere Christian love,

Believe me, yours in Jesus,

Lewisham, Kent, February 2nd, 1882.

F. C.

THE LATE MRS. JEREMIAH SMITH.

[When our acquaintance with the late Mrs. SMITH commenced she was residing at Springfield Lodge, Rye, Sussex, surrounded by every creature comfort. Mr. SMITH had several times been Mayor of Rye, and was reputed as the largest grazier in Sussex, having twenty thousand sheep at a time. She was one of the most spiritually-minded women we ever met. It was through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. SMITH that our work began in connection with the famine scenes in Ireland, they having commenced the contributions by sending us a cheque for £15. That led to nearly £700 being distributed, through our humble instrumentality, to the starving poor of the sister isle. If we mistake not, it was at our last interview that Mrs. SMITH told us she had prayed that she might become a poor woman. How far her prayer was answered may be gathered from her letter as annexed, and that of her friend, who favoured us with the same. We regret the delay of its insertion through an oversight.—ED.]

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—I have just heard read, in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, the account of dear Mrs. JEREMIAH SMITH. Thinking the enclosed letter (as referring to some of the circumstances mentioned in the account) might interest you, I forward it for you to make any use of it you please, if you will kindly return it when done with, as I value it so much. Dear Mrs. SMITH was a bosom friend of my own dear mother. In speaking to me on her death-bed, she said, "I believe dear Mrs. SMITH's trials are not at an end yet. I have an impression that she will lose all her property before she dies." This seemed to me very remarkable at the time, as then there was no prospect of such a calamity (1860); but, when it did occur, it seemed still more wonderful that she should have had this foresight, on her death-bed. Few of God's children have had such a life of trial as dear Mrs. SMITH. I did indeed rejoice when I heard the Lord had called her home. I look back to the times that I visited at Springfield Lodge as some of the happiest days of my life; communion with her was so sweet!

May the Lord continue to bless and enrich you with all the fulness of His grace is the prayer of

Dalston, E., January 12th, 1879.

Yours in Jesus,

SARAH COHEN.

MY DEAR FRIEND no doubt has been expecting to hear from me for some weeks or months; but, alas! my trials have been such, in afflictions of losses and bereavements of those that have been so dear to me, that it has quite paralyzed my poor mind and body, that I could do nothing but sigh and cry to *Him*, and wringing my hands with an agony of soul for days and nights together, with words like these—

"Smile, Jesus, smile on my poor soul,
My raging malady control,
And pour in wine and oil."

Yes, in the greatest distress (see Psalm cvii. 23—31). But, my dear, I will say no more about my trials; they are all numbered by that

Wisdom which cannot err. Though my path has been rough and thorny, yet *He* has come again and bound up the wounds, and poured in "*wine and oil*" in such a blessed way and manner that I have felt persuaded more than once, from circumstances following, there was nothing standing between God and my soul; and with all my sorrows (which indeed have not been few nor small) and rebukes (Psalm xxxix. 11)—

"*He* near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!"

Oh, the sweet and precious Scriptures that have been poured into my heart, with the hymns so suitable, that I could now take up and fill sheets of paper, which would tire you, my friend, with reading, in my poor scribble; therefore, I must take compassion, knowing of your sad affliction; the reading must devolve on others who know not the poor scribbler! Ah! the goodness and mercy of my God in providence and grace have abounded over all the distresses and miseries of the poor worthless worm, as BERRIDGE says, "crawling out and in the earth," and sometimes "standing still," not knowing what to do! How true that eighth verse of 1 Samuel, second chapter, "He raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the beggar from the dunghill, to set him among princes." I have proved many such Scriptures, and once in particular, when being told by one of the trustees there was not one shilling more to come to me from the estate, which was on the very day my only poor dear sister was taken from my cottage, to be consigned to her last home in the churchyard close by. She came, poor dear, to comfort me on the funeral day of my deeply-lamented husband, and she was a corpse within ten days of that sad time. Yes; after this terrible event I sank very low for many days, but cannot dwell on my distress of mind at this time, but merely hint at the sad case. It was a line of a hymn of DANIEL HERBERT'S which (by the blessing of God) brought me to this "desired haven." Ah! it was quite to the purpose: "My *vast* estate exceeds the worth of gold." Then followed, "The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed," &c. (Isaiah liv. 10), and, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Oh, my dear Miss COHEN, "He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was *love*," which made me rejoice and sing with dear old KENT—

"*'Tis His own, He dearly bought her,*
What *she* cost *He* only knew;
Through the pains of hell He sought her,
Paid in blood her ransom too."

You, my dear, know some of these emptyings and fillings of God's purposes, do you not? You have been a tried one for many a long year, and can join me in one of WATTS'S hymns—

"His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf and every stroke
Fulfils some deep design."

I know you can. My thoughts often revert to your dear mother through this my path of tribulation; but she is spared the pangs of

feeling for her much-beloved friend. Ah! we were much attached by that union which will never be severed (Rev. xx. 6).

Mr. and Mrs. JAMES COHEN I wish to be kindly remembered to, if they are still in the land of the living. I do not forget the happy days I spent with them from time to time; and you, my dear friend, do not forget poor old dear Springfield Lodge, I am quite sure, which is now sometimes inhabited, and sometimes not—it is quite gone from my heart. Read Ecclesiastes ii., stopping at the seventeenth verse: this was my experience long before the Lord brought me out of that abode. The dear Lord is now providing for me in a most wonderful way, and I want for nothing—a most comfortable house, food, and raiment, “Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, . . . shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?” (Matt. vi. 19, to the end). Ah! my dear, I see it all right *now*, but it was *coming* to this spot was the travail of the soul. I can now join dear old HERBERT again in his song—

“ This is my never-failing bank, My more than golden store ; ;	No earthly bank is half so rich, How can I then be poor ? ”
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Yes, “blessed be my Rock,” “my vast estate *exceeds* the worth of gold.” Oh, my friend, what a God is our God, who loveth *at all times*, though He corrects and rebukes (Psalm xxxix. 33, and Lam. iii. 21, 22).

I remain, dear friend, as ever, yours in the best of all bonds, and living epistle of Christ Jesus,
Rye, March 18th, 1867.

C. SMITH.

THE MAN OF SORROWS TRIUMPHANT OVER DEATH, HELL, AND THE GRAVE.

“ *He is risen.* ”—MARK xvi. 6.

AND Thou art risen, Thou, my Saviour, Thou ; The portals of the tomb have open flown, From Joseph's sepulchre has rolled the stone, ¹ Thine arm has conquered death, Thine arm alone.	A King triumphant Thou art risen, Lord ; ² “ O grave, where is thy victory? O death, Where is thy sting? ” Though thou dost claim man's breath, ³ “ Yet shall he live, ” are words the Saviour saith.
Yes, Thou art risen, my Redeemer, Lord ; The halls of death Thou hast illumined bright ; Its adamantine gates are passages to light, And from them fear and dread have taken flight.	Unquestioned Victor over death and sin ; ⁴ The seal on man's redemption now is laid ; ⁵ Its price—Thine own most precious blood—is paid, ⁶ And man through Thee is more than conqueror made.

O Jesus, Saviour, Christ, my risen Lord,
On this bright Easter morn be praise to Thee !
O glorious thought, that Thy nativity,
⁷Thy death and resurrection, are for me !

EMMELINE A. SPENCER.

Matthew xxviii. 2. ²1 Corinthians xv. 55. ³John xi. 25. ⁴1 Corinthians xv.
1 Peter i. 18, 19. ⁶Romans viii. 37. ⁷2 Corinthians v. 15.

THE FOUR MONARCHIES, THE SEVEN TIMES, AND THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

"Until the Ancient of Days came, and judgment was given to the saints of the Most High; and the time came that the saints possessed the kingdom."—DANIEL vii. 22.

THE book of Daniel is most comprehensive. It contains much in small compass. It has reference to all time, past, present, and to come. Under the form of expressive symbols, and with consummate brevity, it supplies us with the history of the world. It is the history of man in his fallen condition—of man proud, imperious, and tyrannical, boasting of self-acquired might and majesty in rebellion against the Lord.

The monarchies of the world are divided into four. The prophet describes their succession, rise, progress, and decay, until at last, when man's failure in all that is really good and great is rendered impressively conspicuous, the fifth monarchy under Christ and His saints is introduced, when He will put down all opposing rule, and establish and maintain His own glorious Personal supremacy from the rising to the setting sun.

There are three prominent symbols, or sets of symbols, which God has chosen to represent the monarchies referred to. First, there is the great image, mentioned in the second chapter; second, there is the great tree, mentioned in the fourth chapter, a symbol of Nebuchadnezzar and his power, while he himself in the loss of reason, with the nature and habits of the beast, eating grass, for a period of seven times, is evidently a symbolic man, showing the moral and spiritual insanity of the world's ungodly rulers; then (third), in chapter vii., in another form, the monarchies of the world are symbolized by four wild beasts, powerful, ferocious, and destructive.

There is an obvious and striking analogy between the great image and the wild beasts. The image, with head of gold, breast and arms of silver, its middle and thighs of brass, and its legs and feet of iron and clay, consisting of four distinct materials, corresponds to the number of the wild beasts. Thus, in detail, the head of gold corresponds to the lion, with its wings of an eagle, and both are symbols of the Babylonian empire. The breast and arms of silver correspond to the bear, and are both symbols of the Medo-Persian empire, which succeeded the Babylonian. The middle and thighs of brass correspond to the leopard, and both symbolize the Macedonian empire, which succeeded the Medo-Persian. The feet and legs of iron and clay correspond to the fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly, both being symbols of the Roman empire, which succeeded the Macedonian, which still continues, and will continue until the coming of Christ, and which will be succeeded by the kingdom of Christ.

The gigantic tree, described as reaching unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of the earth, affording universal shelter and food, for a period of seven times, is the appointed symbol of Gentile supremacy and dominion. Shalmanezar and Esarhaddon had carried away captive the ten tribes, and placed them in different cities under their sway. More recently Nebuchadnezzar effected the captivity of the Jews by carrying them to Babylon. The dominion of Nebuchadnezzar was absolute and universal. The times of the Gentiles had fully come. The period

of Gentile supremacy was to continue "seven times," that is, seven years, which, according to the principle laid down in the Bible of a day for a year, must be reckoned as equal to 2,520 years, commencing with Nebuchadnezzar, and reaching down to the close of the present dispensation. It is remarkable that this period is just double "the times, time, and half a time," three years and a half, or 1,260 years, mentioned as the period of Papal dominion. The larger period marks the whole length of heathen and Papal rule. That period beginning at Babylon more than 600 B.C., was bisected at Rome by the rise of the Papacy in the beginning of the seventh century after Christ. The prophetic description of the rise, progress, and decadence of the world's monarchies corresponds strictly with the actual records of secular history. The empire represented by Nebuchadnezzar, Darius or Cyrus, Alexander and Cæsar, have been distinctly traced in the prophetic chart. Three of these monarchies have passed away. The last remains. In the early part of this monarchy, the stone was cut out without hands, which symbolizes Christ's mysterious incarnation, as well as the small beginning of Christ's kingdom, and the gradual increase of it until it should become like a great mountain, filling the earth. This stone began to smite the image on its feet. The mighty achievements of the Gospel, in the early ages of Christianity and since the Reformation, are pledges of the final shattering of the colossal image of all Pagan and Papal power. The Papacy, which arose at the beginning of the seventh century, and which united the secular and ecclesiastical power in the person of Antichrist, has well-nigh concluded its 1,260 years. In 1870 the secular power appears to have been finally destroyed. Its spiritual power will continue till the coming of Christ. At His coming, the lawless one will be completely destroyed. Then the great image will become like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors, so broken into the finest powder as to be carried away like dust before the wind.

This brings me to the text, which speaks of Christ's advent, the judgment, and the saints' possession of the kingdom.

1. *Christ's advent*: "The Ancient of Days came."

In verse 13, "Ancient of Days" is applied to God the Father, when Christ, as the Son of Man, was brought near before Him at His ascension. Then, at the ninth verse, the description given of the Ancient of Days may be applied to both Father and Son, as may be seen by reference to Revelation i. 12—16. Christ thus appears as One with the Father, so that he who sees Him sees the Father also.

He will come as predicted, and as He Himself promised, Personally, visibly, gloriously (Acts i. 11).

2. *The judgment will be given to the saints.*

Saints: (1) Set apart by God the Father.

(2) Sanctified meritoriously by Christ's death.

(3) Called and sanctified by God the Spirit.

(4) Consecrated in heart and life to God.

When Christ comes in His glory, there will be a complete reversal of the world's judgment. The saints hated, persecuted, and condemned, will then not only be acquitted openly by Christ, but will be associated with Him in judging the world (1 Cor. vi. 2; Rev. ii. 26).

3. The saints shall *possess the kingdom*. With the King will come the

kingdom. "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

The kingdoms of this world shall then become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and we shall reign for ever and ever. The great Napoleon, at the end of his life, is reported to have said, "I shall soon be in my grave. Such is the fate of great men. So it was with the Cæsars and Alexander; and I too am [shall be?] forgotten, and the Marengo conqueror and emperor is a college theme. My exploits are tasks given to pupils by the tutor who sits in judgment over me. I die before my time; and my dead body too must return to the earth, and become food for worms. Behold the destiny at hand of him who has been called 'The great Napoleon!' What an abyss between my great misery and the eternal reign of Christ, who is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and whose kingdom is extending over all the earth!"

R. CORNALL.

A TIMELY LESSON.

It is related of the eminent and virtuous Sir Matthew Hale that in early life he was fond of company, and fell into many levities and extravagancies. But this propensity and conduct were corrected by a circumstance that made a considerable impression on his mind during the rest of his life. Being one day in company with other young men, one of the party, through excess of wine, fell down apparently dead at their feet. Young Hale was so affected on this occasion that he immediately retired to another room, and, shutting the door, fell on his knees, and prayed earnestly to God that his friend might be restored to life, and that he himself might be pardoned for having given countenance to so much excess. At the same time he made a solemn vow that he would never again keep company in that manner, nor "drink a health" while he lived. His friend recovered, and Hale religiously observed his vow. After this event, there was an entire change in his disposition. He forsook all dissipated company, and was careful to divide his time between the duties of religion and the studies of his profession. He became remarkable for a grave and exemplary deportment, great moderation of temper, and a religious tenderness of spirit; and these virtues appear to have accompanied him through the whole of his life. He continued to enjoy the free use of his reason and senses to the latest moment—a favour he had often earnestly prayed for—and when, as he drew near the end, his voice was so sunk that he could not be heard, his friends perceived, by the almost constant lifting up of his eyes and hands, that he was still aspiring after that blessed state of which he was now to be speedily possessed. He had no struggles, nor seemed to be in any pangs, breathing out his righteous and pious soul in peace.

It is a common saying that "cleanliness is next to godliness;" and, whatever exceptions there may be to a general rule, it is observable that filthiness of external habits and extreme pollution of mind are frequently yoke-fellows.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

The "I will" Birthday Text and Year Book. Compiled by Mrs. E. H. RICHES. London: W. Mack; and Bristol.

GLANCING at the title of this book, we presumed we were about to be refreshed with day-by-day quotations from the Sacred Word touching the covenant "I wills" and "they shall" of a covenant Jehovah, all beautifully illustrative of that precious promise, "'I will' be their God, and 'they shall' be My people." How great, however, was our disappointment when, in the Preface of the volume, we found this statement: "In compiling this 'I will' Birthday Text and Year Book, it has been my object to show that, if man but will what is right and good, God's *answering word* comes to him with promise, strength, and encouragement: that whatever God 'wills' He will assuredly accomplish, in accordance with the Word of His eternal truth and love." Now, this latter statement is all well enough, and truly Scriptural, but the previous testimony, in so far as it goes, makes the divine "I will" contingent upon the creature's "I will," and thus militates against the immutable "I will" of the Eternal "I AM THAT I AM." This, therefore, is the dead fly in the pot of ointment; and we strongly advise the compiler to omit such remark in future editions of her work. As a warrant for her so doing, let her well weigh the testimony of the Apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Philippians: "It is God which worketh in you both to *will* and to *do* of His good pleasure." We are exceedingly sorry to have to qualify our recommendation of a book which otherwise, on account of the amount of Scripture quotations, might be exceedingly useful. The statement, however, in its very front will be, to say the least, fraught with doubt and a want of confidence to the spiritually-enlightened reader, who, in proportion to that enlightenment, will be jealous for the glory and honour of his Lord and Master.

Now, in going through the first of the "Birthday Text Books," published by Mr. MACK, and to which we had occasion to refer in our last, we meet with no such sentiment as that to which we have just objected. The compiler of that Text-book, to which so signal honour has been paid by its immense circulation of above three-quarters of a million copies, would seem to have had a lively sense of what was due to the Lord, in the ascribing every iota of wisdom, grace, and power to Him, and to Him alone. Not one particle of any such wisdom or grace or power was to be attributed to the creature. We rejoice in this fact; and here we take the opportunity of stating that, inasmuch as the Lord had been pleased to make such signal use of the compiler of that first Text-book, by means of which so large an amount of Scriptural truth has been translated into so many languages, and, in such an interesting and attractive form, has been scattered far and wide through the length and breadth of the habitable globe, the Lord Jehovah's special care over His servant was thus evidenced. The compiler of the Birthday Text-Book fell into delicate health. Hence, in recognition of her services for God and truth, Mr.

and Mrs. Mack took her under their own roof, attended upon her during her long illness with parental solicitude, as though she was their own child, and nursed her for the tomb! We had not the pleasure of her personal acquaintance, but happened to call upon Mr. Mack just after her most peaceful and happy departure; and from him heard of the so great privilege which both he and Mrs. Mack had felt had been awarded them in the sacred commission, "Take this child and nurse her for Me!"

Counsels and Thoughts for the Spiritual Life of Believers. By THOMAS MOORE. London: Jas. Nisbet and Co.

THE Counsels and Thoughts enlarged upon in this work embrace, as the title suggests, 1, Full Salvation in Christ; 2, The Spiritual Conflict; 3, The Life of Faith and Fellowship; 4, Justification, Sanctification, &c.; together with, 5, Briefer Thoughts and Counsels for Daily Help in the Spiritual Life.

It will be seen at once that the author has entered upon a wide field for thought and counsel—yea, very, very wide.

We have dipped into the work here and there, and, altogether, have read no small portion of the book. Notwithstanding, however, much—very much—that is sound and good and true in the work, we cannot give it, as we would, our unqualified commendation. In much that is advanced, it would seem that the author had been truly and Scripturally taught. His book, in contradistinction to most books issued in the present day, appears to discover and to maintain the vast and important difference between Adam earthly and Adam heavenly, or, in other words, the distinctive and irreconcilable character of flesh and Spirit. But, unless we grievously mistake the author, in spite of his admission of the total insolvency and utter bankruptcy of human nature, as the sad results and consequences of the fall, and the corresponding acknowledgment that "every good and every perfect gift is from above," or a rich, free, and sovereign bestowment by the God of all grace, yet to us it appears as if the author contended for the creature exercise of a power thus once received. We hope we should be the last to "make a man an offender for a word;" but there are most certainly here and there expressions in a way of exhortation that savour of this calling upon the creature to do this and that; nay, his fifth division would seem to countenance this species of free-willism of which we speak, the more especially as the author suggests the frequent reading of at least this part of his book.

Now, advocate as we may the use of all Scriptural means for the furtherance or the maintenance of spirituality, or growth in grace, we must testify to the fact that it is the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost alone, who not only quickens, but keeps alive His own most distinctive work in the souls of the redeemed. As "no man can quicken, so no man can keep alive his own soul." The Holy Ghost must work in the hearts of His people, to "will and to do of His good pleasure," not merely *at first*, but *throughout* the whole of their pilgrim course. The Apostle's argument holds good to the very end of the race: "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." That was as true, when he said to Timothy, "I am ready to

be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight and kept the faith," &c., as when, struck to the earth on his way to Damascus, he cried, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" So far from his recognizing or pleading for anything in himself, the which to call into operation or exercise at his own will or by his own pleasure, how definitely and distinctly does he declare (Gal. ii. 20), "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless *I live*; YET NOT I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Again, with equal emphasis does he testify (1 Cor. xv. 10), "I laboured more abundantly than they all: *yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.*"

Gethsemane; or, Incidents in the Great Sorrow. With Hymns of the Passion.
By Rev. W. POOLE BALFERN. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

IN his preface the author says: "Some thirty years ago a small volume was published entitled 'Glimpses of Jesus,' which God has greatly blessed to many. This fact has induced its author to write these Incidents in the Great Sorrow, believing that love in all Christians, as a fruit of the Spirit, is the life-giving root of all true holiness and consecration to God. His hope is that in the contemplation of some of the phases of the ONE GREAT SORROW, as illustrating the ONE GREAT LOVE, may be used by the Spirit of God to deepen that love in the hearts of His redeemed people; and that this result may be reached in the experience of many through the perusal of these pages, and as the fruit of the Great Master's blessing, is the earnest prayer of the author."

Such, as we have said, are the words of the author in the opening of his book. If we mistake not, those who are acquainted with HART'S inimitable hymn on Gethsemane will be constantly reminded of it as they peruse this work. Page after page bespeaks "fellowship in the sufferings" of that Mighty Him who was in very deed "*the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief.*" Much—yea, very, very much—of the sorrow and the grief connected with the present season is pretentious—hypocritical—a mere assumption, through the hollowness of which the Great Searcher of hearts sees. But true compunction—real anguish—thorough mourning—and a corresponding hatred of self and of sin, never takes its rise or emanates from the creature, but is a fruit of the Spirit, and springs from the fulfilment of the promise, "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born" (Zech. xii. 10). In strict harmony with this revelation is the testimony of the Apostle Peter, who, in his memorable sermon, speaking of Jesus, says, "Him hath God exalted with His right-hand, as a Prince and a Saviour [what for?—now mark, reader!], for to give *repentance* to Israel and forgiveness of sins." Hence, true sorrow, genuine repentance, is a God-bestowed, Spirit-inspired gift! It as widely differs from the mere creature or fleshly, free-will act, as light from darkness—heaven from hell.

Now, this work, page after page, bears the impress of this God-

inspired sanctity and sorrow! Hence our commendation of it, as differing so essentially from the many works of a professedly spiritual lamentation over sins and shortcomings, and by means of which thousands of immortal souls are haplessly and destructively misled.

Pilgrim Chimes for the Weeks of the Year. By the Rev. W. POOLE BALFERN, author of "Lyrics for the Heart," &c. London: "Home Words" Publishing Office.

MR. BALFERN has been so long and well known, not merely as a writer, but as a poet, that it is needless we should do more than direct attention to these "Pilgrim Chimes." There is a sweetness and a melody about them that will find an echo in many a heart; and there is precious teaching too. Take one example for instance: "THE ROBIN IN THE SNOW," a practical comment upon Matthew x. 29: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father"—

"Oh, cheerful little preacher,
With pulpit built of snow;
Thy merry notes the sermon,
And heart with love aglow;
His little mate is somewhere,
He sings almost alone,
Far happier than many
Who occupy a throne.

"See how the little songster
Hops gaily 'midst the snow,
And shakes his snow-clad feathers—
No care he seems to know;
Though bitter winds are blowing,
And scant his food and poor,
He pours his song most grateful
While shivering at the door.

"O hearts so sad and drooping,
O eyes oft full of tears;
Oh, listen to the music,
And let it kill your fears.
The Master speaketh through him;
He taught his heart to sing:
'Oh, come,' he says, 'and nestle
Beneath my Father's wing.'

"There sheltered 'neath His mercy
Thy faith shall build its nest,
And free from care and weeping,
My heart shall find its rest;
'Mid winter's blasts, cold, piercing,
Thy love shall plume its wing;
'Mid sorrow's loudest tempest,
In peace and joy shall sing."

Trophies of Grace: Narratives of Some of the Fruits of Labour in the Lord.
By WILLIAM JOSEPH LEWIS. London: Morgan and Scott.

TROPHIES indeed! Case after case, in the variety here presented, is fraught with the richness, the fulness, the freeness of sovereign grace and mercy. Throughout the book there is a marked absence of those hackneyed phrases in which "revival preachers," so called, are wont to indulge. The author appears personally to have been a long and deep student of the human heart. Hence the gentleness and consideration with which he deals with poor fellow-sinners. Among the many examples presented in the work before us of what the grace of the God of all grace can accomplish in apparently the most hopeless and depraved of sinners, is that of a prize-fighter. Speaking of him in his converted state, Mr. Lewis says: "He was a very big-framed man, of immense physical strength, yet grace made his heart surpassingly tender. Often as he engaged in prayer, he very rarely finished a prayer: it ever resolved into broken sentences; sobs and tears checked all further utterance, his sense of the mercy of God was so great." How mellowing and

bedewing is grace when thus dropped by the Holy Ghost into some poor notorious sinner's heart!

The writer adds, "I looked that in him the Lord would give me a worthy fellow-labourer in the Gospel. I loved him much for his courage for Jesus. He had been bold in the service of Satan—he was more bold in the service of our glorious Lord and Master. The Lord saw otherwise. After a few days' illness from pleurisy, he 'was not, for God took him.'"

These "Trophies of Grace" are worthy of a world-wide circulation, for they are most precious and instructive.

Aspirations; or, Songs in the Night. By "J. P. C." London: Book Society; W. Mack.

WE are glad to find that this little work is giving the satisfaction we had anticipated. Among the testimonies we have received are the following:—

The warm outbreathings of love to our Lord, the richness of spiritual thought, and the unfolding of Scriptural truth, raise them far above the productions or criticisms of mere mind and brain. Grace and gracefulness characterize them, and I wish them a large circulation, attendant blessing, and an abundant reflex of the same in her own soul.

As a commercial matter, the book is very nicely got up, the paper and style altogether excellent, and very cheap.

Bacup.

E. D.

I have glanced through the wonderfully-varied contents, and have been struck by much that I had not seen before. The volume cannot fail to be treasured by many, and I am exceedingly glad has been given to the public.

Westbury Park, Bristol, March 1st, 1882.

H. D.

While some of the pieces possess considerable merit, all are filled with Scripture truth and sentiment, and indicate the earnest aim of the writer to exalt the Saviour. The book can hardly be read without profit by any devout person.

Cardiff, March 3rd, 1882.

ALFRED TILLY.

APPEAL TO JESUS.

"Be Thou the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

Now that heart and flesh are failing,
Saviour, be my strength and stay;
Now that earthly stars are paling,
Sun of glory, gild my way.

Leave me not, but smiling, shining,
Come my solitude to cheer;
Whilst upon Thy breast reclining,
Wipe away the falling tear.

Ah! dear Saviour, let me glory
In the cross for Thee I bear;
Then in heaven above the story
Of Thy love I'll still declare.

Let the hope Thy grace imparteth,
That I s'on shall be with Thee,
Heal the heart, for sin which smarteth
Thou my skilled Physician be.

May I ne'er by murmuring grieve Thee,
Though my spirit oft be sad;
Let Thy tender love embrace me,
And Thine accents make me glad.

Art Thou now my heaven preparing?
Dost Thou beckon me from earth?
Gladly I, my passport bearing,
Quit these scenes of mundane worth.

Holy Saviour, fashion, mould me,
Blend my interests with Thine,
Till in glory I behold Thee,
In Thy likeness there to shine.

Cardiff.

J. P. C.