

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."

No. 244, }  
NEW SERIES. }

APRIL, 1886.

{ No. 1,444,  
OLD SERIES. }

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.

PETER'S TRANCE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SERMON PREACHED AT ST. LUKE'S, BEDMINSTER,  
ON SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 17TH, 1886, BY THE EDITOR.

WISHES having been expressed that the sermon above referred to might be published, we will (as the Lord the Spirit may enable) endeavour to recall and note down, word for word, as it was delivered. Should fresh thoughts be presented as we write, they shall be indicated by brackets [     ].

"Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."—ACTS x. 33.

What a satisfaction it would be to every Spirit-called and divinely-commissioned servant of the Lord, could he feel that the tone of mind of the congregation he was called from time to time to address was, "We are all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God"!

Now, this was not natural, because all men by nature are careless and indifferent about the things of God. They have no interest in them. Hence, if there be concern, it bespeaks the fact that God the Holy Ghost, as the Almighty Quickener and Enlightener, has been at work with them. He has awakened in them a concern for the welfare of their immortal souls; hence, like these friends of Cornelius, their being "present before God, to hear all things that are commanded of God."

Now, as the Lord the Spirit may enable, we shall consider the subject in a three-fold light.

I. *The Revelation.*

II. *The Resistance.*

III. *The Reception.*

I. *The Revelation.* As you have already heard, from the reading of the lesson, the Apostle Peter retired to the house-top at the sixth hour (twelve o'clock) to pray. I need not remind you that the houses in those parts were built with flat roofs, which

were approached from the outside; so that persons seeking retirement could resort thither for quiet, or worship, without interruption. Whilst there, and during the time they were preparing his food below in the house, Peter became very hungry, and would have eaten, could he have done so. But meanwhile he fell into a trance or kind of dream or vision, "and saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth: wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air" (Acts x. 11, 12).

Now, this dream or vision differed from that which, in earlier day, the Patriarch Jacob had, for although, in both cases, heaven was opened, and a communication with earth made known, yet, in the former case, the access from one to the other was by a ladder, the which, as a figure, admits of no passing up or down more than one at a time. Hence the communication was *limited*. In the latter vision, or dream, however, the sheet was let down from above, "knit at the four corners," conveying the idea, as some have thought, of means for receiving from the four quarters of the globe.

Observe, it was let down from above. All communication with earth commences from above. God Himself is always the First Mover in regard to drawing the creature to Him. Mark what the sheet contained—"four-footed beasts of the earth, wild beasts, creeping things, and fowls of the air." What a mixture!

Some may think, "What has this to say to *me*? How can it apply to *my* condition?"

This just sets forth what human nature is, in its fallen and undone condition. Do you remember what the Psalmist said of himself? "I was a *beast* before Thee." If you look to your Bibles, you will see that the little word *as* is in italics, reminding us that it was not in the original. Hence the Psalmist's acknowledgment that he was a beast before the Lord.

Can *you* bear this? Does it offend? or are you prepared to admit its truth, as to your own condition, in the sight of a heart-searching and a pure and holy God?

Again, in the first chapter of Isaiah, the Prophet was commissioned to give this most humbling picture of man—"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider." Again, he saith, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment."

What a humiliating description, yet how true!

But, with respect to the contents of the sheet which Peter saw, I remember hearing a minister in London, many years ago, either

preach from the passage, or refer to it. There was one remark he made which I have never forgotten. It was, that among the creatures in the sheet were *creeping things*. Now, he thanked God for this, and so have I, numberless times; for such is the helplessness of man, by reason of the fall, that he cannot *walk*. The utmost he can do is to *creep* or *crawl*. The little child can *crawl* or *creep* before it walks; and, in a spiritual sense, what a mercy it is to be able to do this, because it is a proof of *life*. There is no movement in the dead; and all men, by nature, being "dead in trespasses and sins," are no more able to perform one spiritual act than the lifeless bodies in the neighbouring cemetery. Man, in his natural condition, has eyes, but sees not spiritually; ears, but he hears not; feet, but he walks not; a heart, but he feels not. He is dead—spiritually *dead*!

Hence, if you have desires Christward and heavenward, say not that the Lord has done nothing for you.

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,  
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek."

Well has HART said—

"A sinner is a sacred thing;  
The Holy Ghost hath made him so."

It is distinctly the prerogative of the Holy Ghost to convince of sin; and the poor soul thus convinced, although so helpless that he cannot raise a hand to grasp, much less to retain a hold upon Christ for salvation, rejoices in the fact that this sheet, so let down from above, provides for even the *creeping things*. The space between the knitted corners allows the sheet to fall upon the ground, and thus affords the means by which the poor "creeping things" may crawl into it. Yes, and that, in due time, to be drawn up on high! There is no room, you see, for creature pride or boast. A poor, creeping, crawling thing has little to be proud of.

The same truth is set forth in another part of the Acts of the Apostles. In the closing verse of the last chapter but one we read, with respect to the Apostle's eventful voyage, that "some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship; and so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." They were saved, as it were, by the skin of their teeth, reminding us of that Scripture, "And if the righteous *scarcely be saved* [that is, with difficulty], where shall the ungodly and the sinner stand?"

Depend upon it, if permitted to reach heaven at last, it will be in such a way as to leave no room whatever for fleshly boast. The Lord will humble the great "I" of the creature, and cause him to feel that it is indeed "by grace we are saved, through faith; and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."

A little incident that occurred some years ago, reminded me

preach from the passage, or refer to it. There was one remark he made which I have never forgotten. It was, that among the creatures in the sheet were *creeping things*. Now, he thanked God for this, and so have I, numberless times; for such is the helplessness of man, by reason of the fall, that he cannot *walk*. The utmost he can do is to *creep* or *crawl*. The little child can *crawl* or *creep* before it walks; and, in a spiritual sense, what a mercy it is to be able to do this, because it is a proof of *life*. There is no movement in the dead; and all men, by nature, being "dead in trespasses and sins," are no more able to perform one spiritual act than the lifeless bodies in the neighbouring cemetery. Man, in his natural condition, has eyes, but sees not spiritually; ears, but he hears not; feet, but he walks not; a heart, but he feels not. He is dead—spiritually *dead*!

Hence, if you have desires Christward and heavenward, say not that the Lord has done nothing for you.

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,  
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek."

Well has HART said—

"A sinner is a sacred thing;  
The Holy Ghost hath made him so."

It is distinctly the prerogative of the Holy Ghost to convince of sin; and the poor soul thus convinced, although so helpless that he cannot raise a hand to grasp, much less to retain a hold upon Christ for salvation, rejoices in the fact that this sheet, so let down from above, provides for even the *creeping things*. The space between the knitted corners allows the sheet to fall upon the ground, and thus affords the means by which the poor "creeping things" may crawl into it. Yes, and that, in due time, to be drawn up on high! There is no room, you see, for creature pride or boast. A poor, creeping, crawling thing has little to be proud of.

The same truth is set forth in another part of the Acts of the Apostles. In the closing verse of the last chapter but one we read, with respect to the Apostle's eventful voyage, that "some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship; and so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." They were saved, as it were, by the skin of their teeth, reminding us of that Scripture, "And if the righteous scarcely be saved [that is, with difficulty], where shall the ungodly and the sinner stand?"

Depend upon it, if permitted to reach heaven at last, it will be in such a way as to leave no room whatever for fleshly boast. The Lord will humble the great "I" of the creature, and cause him to feel that it is indeed "by grace we are saved, through faith; and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."

A little incident that occurred some years ago, reminded me

of the rescue of Paul and his companions, when, by boards and broken pieces of the ship, they all got safe to land. I happened to be passing down from Clifton by the road under the suspension bridge, when a home-bound ship was just coming up the river, gaily dressed from stem to stern. The sailors seemed in high spirits upon their return home, and greeted by scores, if not hundreds, upon the river-side. All at once, however, the ship took the ground, nor could she be got off, but was speedily, by the receding tide, left upon her side, high and dry. The next day I visited the spot, to see how matters were, when, lo and behold! there lay the beautiful ship of the preceding day a complete wreck. Of course, the gay colours had disappeared, the masts had been cut away, and the sailors were in the act of discharging the deck cargo (balks of timber), in order to lighten the ship. But even whilst thus engaged, a something happened which tended to show how little room there is for vain confidence or creature boast, upon the part of any. The ship lay upon her side, almost in the centre of the river, in which there remained—being low tide—but some two or three feet of water. In consequence of the receding tide, just as I was looking on, the ship slid some six or eight feet farther down into the bed of the river. Although it was impossible for her to turn over, or subject those on board to any further risk, the movement of the ship so affrighted the sailors—the very men that had just encountered all the dangers of the wide-spread ocean—that they scrambled for their very lives up the deck of the vessel. It was a striking lesson of the folly of *presuming* upon courage or self-confidence upon the part of the creature, in times of danger or emergency. It proved how soon a man's boasted nerves may fail him, and the more forcibly reminded me, in a spiritual point of view, of the believer's momentary dependence upon the Lord, "without whom he can do nothing." I repeat, be assured, dear child of God, if we reach the fair haven at last, it will be but as upon "a board, or broken piece of the ship." No vain boast, no great "I" of the creature. No; a thousand times no!

But I pass on to our second point, namely, *The Resistance*.

"There came a voice to him, Rise, Peter: kill, and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean. And the voice spake unto him again the second time, saying, What *God* hath cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean. This was done thrice: and the vessel was received up again into heaven."

[Observe the cleansing, and who and what? "The four-footed beasts, the wild beasts, and the creeping things." What a setting forth of the characters found in the sheet! How sweetly it harmonizes with, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind" (Luke xiv. 21). And then, with respect to the

cleansing, how effectual! What hath not the blood effected? How sweetly in accordance with another precious testimony—"And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God" (1 Cor. vi. 11). "What *God* hath cleansed, that call not thou *common*." By no means. These—before the very scum of the earth, and the offscouring of all things—have become, by the washing, and the cleansing, and the clothing, beautiful and comely in His eyes. Thus He speaks of them—"Thou art all fair, My love; there is no spot in thee." "Thou art comely with the comeliness which I have put upon thee." "The King's daughter is all-glorious within; she shall be brought to the King in raiment of needlework." His people are "His jewels, His precious treasure." They are "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." Mark, moreover, it was "done thrice." So definite. Such a fixedness of purpose. No disappointment or defeat to be encountered. Further, "the vessel was received up into heaven." Yes; no falling out of the sheet; none, even of the "creeping things," left behind. Oh, no; all there! The covenant "I will" and "they shall" ensure this, blessed be God! Heaven opened for a purpose, and that purpose graciously involved in the statement, "and the vessel was received up again into heaven."]

But now, need I remind you that this *Resistance* upon the part of Peter was just a setting forth of the prejudice of the Jews against the Gentiles? They believed that there was no salvation beyond or outside the pale of the Jewish Church, just as the Roman Catholics imagine now that there is no salvation apart from their communion. Now, it was this prejudice that the Lord Himself had to contend with in His Personal ministry, and, after Him, His disciples had to meet the same objections. The Lord, for example, said, "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." This, moreover, was what the Apostle John meant, where, in the second chapter of his first Epistle, speaking of the redemption of Christ, he says, "And He is the Propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world"—that is, the outside world, beyond the little world of the Jews, in which they so prided themselves.

For want of this distinction, and the failing to remember that the word "world" has various significations in Scripture, such mistakes and confusion arise in the professing Church. For proof of this distinction, we need not, for example, go beyond the seventeenth of John, where, in His memorable prayer to His Father, speaking of His Church, He says, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." Again, He says, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." "Marvel not that

the world hate you; ye know that it hated Me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

The honour of Jehovah should be the first and foremost consideration upon the part of every servant of God.

[We can never be too anxious in regard to the honour of Jehovah, or too susceptible lest His great name or fame should in any wise be tarnished by ought we can say or do. I think that an enviable statement of the Prophet Elijah, "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts"; and equally desirable to every sent servant of God is it to be enabled, with the Apostle Paul, to testify, "I am clear of your blood, for I have kept back nothing that was profitable. I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." The Lord declares, "Them that honour Me I will honour, whilst he that despiseth Me shall be lightly esteemed." Now, mark the testimony, in regard to the majesty and power of the Most High. What saith the Prophet? "He ruleth in heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, nor say unto Him, What doest Thou?" Again, He says, "My purpose shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure." Further, we read that "the government is upon His shoulder; and of that government there shall be no end."]

Now, then, with respect to *redemption*. I must maintain that to assert that Christ died for the whole human race, whilst, at the same time, the whole human race is not saved, is *derogatory to His honour*. Upon such grounds, He must have failed in the work He undertook. It destroys, moreover, the unity in the Trinity. If God the Father gave the whole human family to Christ to redeem, and Christ received the same from the Father's hand, in order to redeem them by His own Personal service and sufferings, and God the Holy Ghost failed to bring home the benefits of that service and suffering to that whole human race, then there could not be a oneness of mind or a unity between the adorable Trinity. By His service and sufferings, Christ proved His *desire* to save; and if, I repeat, that service and those sufferings were rendered for all mankind, and all mankind are not saved, then I contend that Christ failed in the accomplishment of His desire. What! think you that Christ died for those that are now in the bottomless pit—a Judas, for example, who, we read, "went to his own place"? Nay, nay, never!

But some call this discouraging doctrine. Say they, "Then, if Christ did not die for *me*, my case is hopeless. I can do nothing."

Nearly seven-and-twenty years ago, I gave a challenge in our never-to-be-forgotten temporary church. That challenge I repeated

at one of the crowded Sunday afternoon gatherings at the Colston Hall, some three or four years since. I stated that, as a rule, I object to names, but we are obliged to use them for the sake of distinction. Now, the challenge was this—that, if a so-called Arminian occupied one pulpit, and I, a so-called Calvinist, another, the Lord being my Helper, I would preach the most encouraging sermon of the two, and that in perfect consistency with so-called Calvinism.

Moreover, I add to that challenge this. In the thousands of pages I have written and published, during the last six-and-forty years, and the thousands of sermons I have preached in well-nigh forty years—not that I would take any credit to myself for either the one or the other. The sin that cleaves to our most holy things is too great to admit of the veriest particle of pride. But, in regard to those labours, I will defy any unprejudiced person to bring forward a *single sentence* that I have ever written or spoken which, taken in its fair connection, is calculated to discourage a poor sin-convinced fellow-creature.

So far from discouraging such, or those who may have their doubts and fears about Christ having died for them, I hesitate not to say that, if you have any anxiety or concern or desire about it, He *did* die for you. If, as you sang that precious hymn of HART's just now—

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

the feeling sprang up in your heart, “Oh, may *I* come? Will He receive *me*? Oh, that I could know He would! Full sure I am that—

“None but Jesus, none but Jesus,  
Can do helpless sinners good”—

if these, I say, are your feelings—these your desires—you *are* a *living soul*, and can *never perish!* Remember what Hannah, in her memorable song, declared—“The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich: He bringeth low, and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes” (1 Sam. ii. 6—8).

[Moreover, if you are convinced of sin, made to feel your helplessness, and your lost and undone condition, and, at the same time, are only too anxious and willing to be saved, in the only way in which a sinner can be saved, that is, by Christ, “without money and without price,” your naked souls clad in the robe of His righteousness, without a thread or shred of your own, you have been “made willing in the day of Christ's power,” and not only

shall be saved, but ARE SAVED, for this willingness thus to be saved is part and parcel of the grand scheme of redemption. No one, by nature, is willing to be saved thus, as a Mary Magdalene, a Saul of Tarsus, a dying thief. Are *you* thus willing? Are you only too glad thus to fall in with God's terms? Oh, then, all is well, and shall be to all eternity!]

Is this, I ask, discouraging doctrine?

But our time is up, and I must here, for the present, leave the subject.

[We would just add, with respect to the third point, *The Reception*, that this was somewhat anticipated in the opening remarks by what Cornelius said to Peter—"We are all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." Now, as "the preparation of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue," is from the Lord, clear indeed it was that the Lord had been at work with Cornelius and his people previous to the coming of Peter. How blessed was that readiness with which they waited to hear! What simplicity! How great their surrender! How entirely void of preconceived notions or treasured opinions! How willing to be taught! How anxious for instruction! How solicitous, moreover, that it should be the things of *God*, not of *man*! How striking all this, and how significant of the Lord's own hand! What a demonstrative proof that the Lord had gone out before His servant, and prepared the hearts of the people to receive the message of which he was to be the privileged bearer!

Moreover, what a precious endorsement (so to speak) of what the Lord had previously said to Peter, in regard to the messengers from Cornelius—"Behold, three men seek thee. Arise, therefore, and get thee down, and go with them, *doubting nothing*, for I have sent them." Ah! that was enough. How prompt was the Apostle, in spite of all he had been and all he had done before—aye, and notwithstanding his so recent objections, "Not so, Lord: for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean." At the Lord's command, and without parleying or hesitation, he goes down, and, with that holy confidence and blessed soothing power which the Lord alone can infuse, he says to the men, "Behold, I am he whom ye seek."

How like this case of Peter's objections and scruples being overcome by the word of the Lord was that of Ananias, who, when told to "go into the street which is called Straight, and enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth," said, "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to Thy saints at Jerusalem: and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call on Thy name. But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel: for I will show him how

great things he must suffer for My name's sake" (Acts ix. 13—16). How soon, yea, how promptly, after this testimony from the Lord Himself, did Ananias go and salute the very man of whom he had previously such dread with, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost" (ver. 17).

Reader, how conclusive are both the word and the work of the Lord! Wheresoever and whensoever He gives marching orders—the "Thus saith the Lord," or "This is the way; walk ye in it"—that's enough, and assuredly, sooner or later, it will be followed by the *Reception*, in proof that there has been a preparing for the message, and, in due time, the welcoming of the messenger, with a "Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."]

---



---

#### PRAYER—WHAT IS IT?

PRAYER springs from inward life,  
And has an endless flow;  
'Tis God the Spirit's special gift,  
That lives where'er we go.

The morning has no brilliant shine  
Without its sunny beams;  
The day rolls out a darkened line,  
And all discordant seems.

The night approached, we still are  
there,  
Filled with unrest and toil;  
And fear to sleep till earnest prayer  
Our restless spirits fill.

In every sorrow, care, and woe,  
This inward spring doth rise;  
It must—it cannot cease to flow  
In words, or groans, or sighs.

Go we, or do, be where we may,  
Its special grace is there;  
We cannot live unless we pray;  
'Tis life when God is near.

Unless His presence fills the soul,  
How dark's the spot and place!  
With Him in prayer, where'er we go,  
We have the light of grace.

Our strength renewed, we youthful  
feel,  
In all our course made strong;  
Though weakness is our weakness still,  
Our strength to God belongs.

Light as the hart, though pilgrims old,  
We "bound" the wilderness,  
When at God's throne our all is told  
In prayer's unfolding grace.

It gives to every line a zest,  
Whate'er that line shall be,  
Because in prayer our souls are blest  
With light and liberty.

We walk with God in close converse;  
In all His guidance seek;  
To know His will directs our course—  
The teachings at His feet.

We look and wait the last remove  
With prayer's constant plea,  
When, filled with God's eternal love,  
Our prayers will praises be.

Yeovil.

JOHN BARBER.

---



---

I WISH our thoughts were more frequently than they are upon our country. Heaven casteth a sweet perfume afar off to those who have spiritual senses.—*Rutherford*.

## Wayside Notes.

---

### THE LITANY OF THE "LESS THAN THE LEAST."

*"Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee,"* &c.—REVELATION iii. 17, 18.

MANY Christian people strongly object to the expression at the opening of the Litany of the Church of England—"O God, the Father of heaven, have mercy upon us, *miserable sinners!*" Certainly it is a matter to be deplored, that so many thousands make the assertion without feeling it. It is with them the mere expression of the lip, and not of the heart. But this, I apprehend, is not where the strength of their objection so much lies, as that it should be used at all by God's believing people; for they contend that, as Christians, we are not "*miserable sinners,*" but ought to be joyous saints.

Now, it is a question, to my mind, whether, in using the word "*miserable*" in addressing God, it does not so much mean "*unhappy and wretched,*" but rather, *worthless and unworthy*; and this must ever be felt to be the case if we recognise, on the one hand, the character of the Divine Being addressed, and the character of the petitioner at His feet.

The first appeal is to the Eternal Father—"O God, the Father of heaven, have mercy upon us, *miserable sinners!*" And should we not give the Lord the glory due unto His name, and worship Him in the beauty of holiness? Must we not fear before Him? "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" And, in the recognition of His holiness and purity, and our unholiness and unworthiness, does it not become us to sink in our estimation of ourselves very, very low indeed, and cry—

"Lord, teach us how to pray aright,  
With reverence and with fear;  
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,  
We may—we must—draw near?"

And then the next appeal and acknowledgment is to the spotless Saviour—"O God, the Redeemer of the world, have mercy upon us, *miserable sinners!*" Is it too deep an acknowledgment if we recognise in that Redeemer the One who is holy, free from spot or stain, or the least mixture of sin, while with us sin is mixed with our most holy things? How much must there be, then, in our unholy things? "For who can say, I have made my heart clean: I am pure from my sin?" Who, indeed?

It is also, you see, in the recognition of the Second Person in the glorious Trinity as our Redeemer that we must ever feel our unworthiness. Think of the price it cost to redeem us, to buy us, and bring us back to God! His own most precious blood! He gave Himself for us, that He might "redeem us from iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people," &c. Get a faith's hold of that stupendous work

of grace and mercy, and methinks we cannot fail to sink fathoms deep under a sense of our unworthiness.

And then the further appeal and acknowledgment is to the Holy Ghost—"O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" If we look upon the Holy Ghost in His character of the Sanctifier of the Church, how suitable the appeal on behalf of a poor sinful creature! How experimental the cry, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." I know personally I find that, although it is over forty years since I first realized a change of heart, I am obliged to adopt still such pleadings as the foregoing at the throne of grace.

And then, in the recognition of the glorious doctrine of the Trinity, each Person co-eternal in majesty and co-equal in glory and power, the appeal and acknowledgment is to the Three-in-One and One-in-Three—"O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, Three Persons and One God, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" I own I feel that there is no inconsistency in such a standing. We come before the great Searcher of hearts, and when we know that He has set our iniquities before Him, and our secret sins in the light of His countenance, the confession may well be one of deep humility and lowliness of heart. Nor, to my mind, shall we get the comfort of forgiveness and pardon till we are brought sincerely, secretly, and searchingly to feel the depth of our sinnership—

"Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak;  
 Regard my heavy groans;  
 Oh, let Thy voice of comfort speak,  
 And heal my broken bones!"

So then, putting these things together, is not the acknowledgment that we are "miserable sinners," unworthy and undone, to bring us to a feeling sense of what we are by nature, both sinner and saint? If so, this is in keeping with the angel's address to the Church at Laodicea, wherein he warns them that, while they think themselves to be "rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing," in point of fact they are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," and they know it not nor feel it not. Puffed up with spiritual pride, they think themselves something when they are nothing. They have need of that humbling and crumbling which brings them to nothingness of spirit, that Christ may be honoured and glorified in their experience.

Then, if our condition be one of felt misery, that is, felt unworthiness, mark this point—at the throne of grace it is *misery coming in contact with Majesty*. It is sinner and Saviour nigh to each other. Will He turn from us in our sinnership? Far from it. He "came not to save the righteous, but sinners," who feel their need of Him—they helpless, He "mighty to save." If our position is that of a petitioner, full of wants, His position is one of fulness that can supply our every want; and if we are Christ's, we shall have wants the

worldling knows nothing of—wants that can only be met out of His fulness.

And, dear reader, with all the crossings and tossings of the Christian life, would you be otherwise than a Christian for ten thousand worlds? I would not. No; we can take our stand beside the faithful Moses, of whom it was said, "He chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."

There is a passage which has just greatly comforted me. It is this. Our Lord, on one occasion, said, "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." It is evident our dear Lord had, in this contrast, the thought of possessors and professors, for just afterwards, in His reference to "the broad way" throng, He adds, "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven. Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name have cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity!"

Now, the comfort that comes to me is this—"Then I cannot be of this number, for, although I have prophesied (or preached) in His name, and testified of His preciousness and love, I can never find it in my heart to talk of the wonderful things I have done in His name." Far, far from it! If blessings have followed—and, blessed be God, they have—oh, the shrinking from the feeling that an atom of the work has been mine! No, it has been all His work, and I have desired Him to take all the glory. It is He alone that can do "wonderful works." We are only instruments, and, at best, poor ones. Salvation and all its blessings are of the Lord; so we say we are comforted, for we are not among those who are found saying, "Look on me! See what I have done!" but among those who are saying, "See what the Lord has done!" attributing our personal knowledge of divine things to the Spirit of God, and honouring His manifestations and ministry.

Another thing which comforts me, in the character our Lord draws of the professor, is, He calls them, "*workers of iniquity*." Oh, beloved, we can declare that we are not *workers of iniquity*! It is the truth of God we love. It is He who is the truth we adore. Iniquity is just the thing we hate. It is to honour and glorify the pure and holy Jesus we crave more and more.

But again. "God, be merciful unto us, miserable sinners!" If Christians, this will surely often be our experience. Our pathway will be no pathway of roses, and the Lord, in His inscrutable wisdom and unchanging love, will often bring us to "drink of the wine of astonishment." "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" will be a frequent exclamation, and the why and the wherefore of much will be difficult to understand. Things too often seem so peculiarly adverse to the child of God. Crosses and losses seem to fall singularly to his lot.

"I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked," says David; and really, when one sees the briskness of the worldling—never a fear and never a tear—all brightness—while we drag on so heavily, anxious about this thing and the other, we do become envious, at all events, of their peace and prosperity. But not so when we draw near to God's presence, and view things in the light of eternity. Not so when we consider what will be the end of each course. Oh, no! Then do we feel our adversities are all right and all light. The wicked may appear like "a green bay tree," and we like a lowly shrub with drooping leaves, but the difference lies here. They are living only for this world—we for a brighter and better. Which will stand in the great day of reckoning? No, no! "I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness." I would rather sing the Litany of the "less than the least" than the vain song of the worldly great. I would rather be "less than the least" in divine things, than the greatest of the great in earthly vanities.

Then, again, there is so much that we must ever meet with in this world of conflict that will bring us into felt misery of soul—

"Innumerable foes  
Attack the child of God;  
He feels within the weight of sin,  
A grievous, galling load.

"Temptations, too, without,  
Of various kinds assault;  
Sly snares beset his travelling feet,  
And make him often halt."

Beloved, if you and I had not sometimes feelingly the Lord Jesus Christ as our Friend and Support, methinks we should be of all men most miserable. It is secret communion with Him—it is a throwing oneself into His care, with a "Lord, undertake for me!"—that keeps us from sinking. There is so much we meet with here calculated to depress and cast us down that, but for this solace, we should indeed give up in despair.

I am not at all sure that the word "miserable," in its common acceptation, is not oftentimes a word that describes our condition; but there is another word that lifts us up, and that word is "mercy"—mercy, mercy, all mercy! Put both in the balance, and, after all, mercy far outweighs our misery. Is it not so?

"My soul, thou hast, let what will ail,  
A never-changing Friend;  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
When brethren, friends, and helpers fail,  
On Him alone depend;  
His mercy is for ever sure."

Again, I pray you mark who it is that acknowledges himself to be "less than the least"—"To me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ"—the Apostle Paul, a man gifted by

nature and gifted by grace, who said truthfully, "Though I might also have confidence in the flesh. If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more." He could boast of his pedigree and circumcision—"an Hebrew of the Hebrews; touching the righteousness of the law blameless"—and yet, laying his pedigree, his talents, his uprightness in the flesh, at the foot of the cross, he could say, "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ; yea, doubtless, I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." This is what I can admire and understand. He felt, in the review of his former opposition to Christ and His followers, that he had been indeed a "miserable sinner"; and now, taking no high ground, he still, with all his gifts and attainments, acknowledges himself to be "less than the least of all saints"—as if he would say, "If others feel so undeserving, how much more must I, who am such a monument of God's grace and mercy—'a chosen vessel unto the Lord'?"

Perhaps there is no case we could point to where a man has had more afflictive providences, to bring him to feel his own nothingness and sinfulness before God, than that of Job; and the Lord evidently gave it as a very early lesson for His Church to learn from the beginning, for Job is supposed to have lived between the death of Joseph and the death of Moses, and his life to have been written by the latter. It is well to mark the steps in the Lord's discipline with him. We have him first described as in a state of great prosperity, eminent for his uprightness of character, and happy in the midst of his family, benevolent to the poor, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to the distressed. Satan, the great adversary, envied his happiness, accused him of only being a professor, and as all the while of a mercenary spirit. God, no doubt for an all-wise purpose, permitted this vile adversary to tempt and try poor Job, to afflict him in his prosperity, to take away his property, to strike down his loved ones, to permit his wife to turn against him and his God—in fact, to afflict him so in soul and body, that he was reduced to the most pitiable distress. World-like, all his former companions shirk him but three. They come to visit him in his affliction. They weep over him in much sorrow; but, alas! for human comfort, they increase his distress rather than bring him consolation by their words. They endeavour to persuade him that he must be a hypocrite, as God's judgments are more severe on the unfaithful; therefore, they advise him to repent and humble himself, that the Lord's displeasure may be removed. Job maintains that severe afflictions do not prove a man to be wicked or a hypocrite, and refuses to condemn himself on that score. He confesses that, as a sinner, he dares not contest with God, and yet bursts forth with intemperate complaints at God's severity; and the debates with his false comforters only plunged him into increased sorrow. Young Elihu has sat in silence for a long time, but at last a fire kindles, and he gives vent to the strong feelings of his mind against the three who have taken wrong ground against Job. Still, it always appears to one that his language is anything but comforting,

for he blames Job for his eagerness to justify himself, and for his irreverent conduct towards God. It is all very well talking and condemning others. If brought into like circumstances, should we do a whit better?

At last, God Himself speaks to Job out of the whirlwind, manifesting, in the most sublime and incomparable language, His majesty and glory, till Job, humbled before Him, declares, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

This was the lesson it was all to bring about—the very point we are enlarging upon—"God, be merciful to me, a miserable sinner!" Nor does the Lord leave him here. He confutes Satan, gives Job increased prosperity—indeed, twice as much as he had before—raises him to honour and happiness, and glorifies His own great name.

I own I tremble at the severity of the discipline, but some require very rough handling to purge the heart of creature pride and self-righteousness, and to bring them to nothingness of spirit before God.

But, further, "*less than the least.*" Yes, dear reader, we may depend upon it that one of the deep lessons the Holy Spirit will teach God's people, one and all, is this—that, when it comes to spiritual things, they are nothing, and can do nothing. With some it will take a good deal of sharp discipline to temper their hearts and lives, to bring them to it. There is so much of creature greatness and heart-pride clinging to them, that it must be a fiery ordeal to purge them of such dross.

I have been much struck with the way in which Moses was brought by the Lord to such nothingness of spirit, as He trained him to become the leader of His people through the wilderness. We are told, "the child grew, and he became the son [of course, by adoption] of Pharaoh's daughter." Here he was the subject of courtly favour. His surroundings must have been brilliant indeed. An Egyptian palace—and one possessed by such a king as the tyrant Pharaoh—must have been rich with works of art and everything pleasing to the flesh. But was Moses' heart in all these things? Far from it. His position was that of many of the Lord's people. Their lots in life are far from congenial to their spiritual desires and feelings. "And so it was that, when he was grown, he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens." Fired with indignation, he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his own brethren, and looking this way and that way, and seeing no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. Thus he commenced his work as a deliverer with the forcible use of an arm of flesh. Of course, for this act Pharaoh sought to slay him, and he had to fly from his presence; and so, cast forth from all the splendour of an earthly court, he becomes a fugitive wanderer. His next act was performed by the force of an arm of flesh again. The priest of Midian—the land into which he had fled—had seven daughters, and they came and drew water to fill the troughs, to water their father's flock. But the shepherds came and drove them away; but Moses stood up and helped them, and watered their flocks—an act which commended itself to Reuel, their father, and found him a home and a wife.

And now what a changed life! Forty years of singular training was

in store for him. But mark how the Lord brings him from the mighty man of valour to the meek Moses. While keeping the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, he was induced, no doubt by the secret guidance of the Lord, to lead them to the back side of the desert, to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. Here God, in all the majesty of His glory and greatness, reveals Himself to him in the burning bush—tells him of how the cry of His cruelly-treated children had come up before Him, and He knew their sorrows; and mark the word of Jehovah—"And I am come down to deliver them." Here the strength is changed from an arm of flesh to the arm of divine power and sovereignty, and Moses, feeling this, trembles at God's command to go to Pharaoh, exclaiming, "*Who am I, that I should go and bring forth the children of Israel?*"

Here, then, is our point. He began by striking with an arm of flesh. The Lord meant to show him his nothingness, and that it was His arm alone that bringeth salvation. We say, then, with us all, if there is anything like confidence in the creature, the Lord will bring about that discipline which shall bring us to the sweet experience of the Apostle Paul, "To me, who am *less than the least* of all saints, is this grace given." All of grace—all of the Lord.

"Lord, make me feel that I am poor,  
And helpless, and distrest;  
Supply my wants from covenant store,  
To make me truly blest."

This, I think, will be the position taken by every Spirit-taught soul—felt poverty, helplessness, and distress—and, with such feelings, a looking up to the fulness of Christ, for Him to supply from His covenant store, according to covenant promise.

And then, with regard to this uplifting of the heart to God, under a feeling sense of unworthiness, and of being the character described as "less than the least," a portion has come to me with great power and unction. It is this—"Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord" (Psa. xxv. 15). I could not help exclaiming, when I read this, "Yes, that they are! This is my case and experience." Oh, is it not so with the Christian? He rises in the morning. Whatever burden there may be upon his heart in waking moments, yet his eyes are up toward the Lord. There is a secret going forth to the throne of grace; and, when assembled with the family, if the privilege of family prayer is enjoyed, again and again it is, "I will look again towards Thy holy temple." But he rushes anon into the world's care. Matter upon matter presses upon him. Yet, in the midst of it, all he can say is, "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord." Something crosses him that is annoying and perplexing. It seems as if all his spirituality of mind and desires for fellowship were gone; and sometimes the temper that rises proves that the old man is within still; and yet, with it all, bad as things in the world may be, he can say, "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord." Sometimes he takes up a newspaper, and reads of wars and rumours of wars, of national sins and calamities, of home depression in trade, of class set against class, and he says, "Some tell us the world gets better and better, and that we are going on to perfection. It seems to me the world gets worse and worse. These papers, teeming with bad things,

make my heart sad and sorrowful." But, as he drops his paper and sinks into thought, the uppermost one will be, "Well, 'the Lord reigneth,'" and involuntarily will he again have the experience, "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord." And, when the day's pains and pleasures, ups and downs, are over, and he again retires to rest, true, the pressure of the day may be heavy upon him, yet, in his repose and rest, the calm of upliftings of heart to the throne of grace is realized—"Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord."

Or, it may be the Christian has not to go into the world's battle, but rather, from affliction and suffering, is laid aside and little known by the world. Ah! yet, for all this, there will be battling within, and plenty of the world will creep into the hidden chambers of the heart. Still, for all this, where life divine is implanted, there will be the constant looking upward to the Lord. The expectation will be from Him. And, in some rare cases, where afflictive providences have been greatly sanctified, and the solace of heavenly joys realized, the full force of the truth we have enlarged upon is largely manifested by the suffering one—"Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord."

Well, beloved, it will be as it ever has been with the children of God—songs and sighs, sorrows and joys, throughout their pilgrimage—sometimes singing joyously; at other times sighing, "Well, this exigency is beyond me! It must be, Lord, Thy business, not mine, for I am helpless, and Thou art almighty." Trial brings one to silence, and it is for the Lord to work gloriously on our behalf. Nay, He brings into trial for the express purpose of teaching us our impotency and His omnipotency; and it is to the "less than the least" He shows, by His deliverances, that He is the *Great of the greatest*.

But let it not be thought by the foregoing that our religion is a dull, dreary thing. Oh, *the happiest persons in the world, after all, will be the children of God!* They have joys the world can neither give nor take away.

Dear reader, in whatever form sorrow or misery may come to us, we shall not be without a silver lining to the cloud. We shall not be without our seasons of clear sunshine after rain. That is a cheering word—*sunshine*.

A tradesman known to us has been a great sufferer. He has been laid down during the winter months with rheumatic fever, and the cold and inclement weather have been greatly against him. Seeing his condition, one dear to us remarked, "Ah! what he wants is the sunshine." His wife responded earnestly, "Yes, that's what he wants—the sunshine." "Ah!" thought I, "that's just what I want. I so often sigh for the sunshine of a Saviour's presence."

Well, dear fellow-pilgrim, we shall have yet some bright gleams of the Sun of Righteousness across our pathway. Lord, grant us more *sunshine*, to cheer us onward in life's rough way.

But we must lay down the pen; our paper is full. Bear, beloved, with a closing testimony upon the matter we have enlarged upon. It is as follows. For many, many years I have been privileged, amidst life's battlings and cares, to walk with God. Sometimes I have had special manifestations of my Saviour's love and favour, recognizing His distinct Personality, and sitting at His feet with admiring love and

gratitude. At other times, I have had special unfoldings of the Personal Holy Ghost. Yet, for all this *favour and fellowship*, I feel compelled to use still the Litany of the "less than the least," and acknowledge myself "the chief of sinners."

"How sore a plague is sin  
To those by whom 'tis felt!  
The Christian cries, 'Unclean! Unclean!'  
E'en though released from guilt."

Burton-on-Trent.

G. C

### "THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES OF CHRIST."

Would ye hear of priceless treasure,  
Far beyond all human thought,  
Freely given, without measure,  
Unto those whom Jesus bought?

Worldly pleasures are but fleeting;  
Earthly riches fade away;  
Only bringing for the seeking  
Disappointment and dismay.

But Christ's riches are eternal;  
Moth and rust can do no ill;  
Neither thieves nor fiends infernal  
Can on these e'er work their will.

Rich men buy themselves fine dwell-  
ings,  
And 'mid comforts seek their ease;  
But how soon, their dreams dispel-  
ling,  
They must die and leave all these!

Far surpassing all *their* grandeur  
Are those mansions of the blest;  
Nought there known but holy rap-  
ture,  
And an everlasting rest.

Earthly wealth obtains fine clothing,  
To bedeck the outer man;  
Yet we this regard with loathing,  
When the robe of Christ we scan.

That, the garment of His weaving  
For His bride—the Church's dress—  
She His beauty thus receiving—  
'Tis her Lord's own righteousness.

(He has told us to consider  
His fair lilies how they grow;  
Even Solomon's fine raiment  
Could not equal glory show.

They of purity the emblem;  
Typical of His elect;

With His righteousness upon them,  
They appear without defect.)

Money will procure in sickness  
Skilful aid for those we love;  
But oftentimes we have to witness  
This will unavailing prove.

But behold the balm of Gilead,  
And the Good Physician there!  
He can never meet with failure;  
Unremitting is His care.

That sweet balm, the blood of Jesus,  
Is to sin-sick souls applied;  
From the law's dread curse it frees  
us;  
Justice by it satisfied.

Dainties on a rich man's table  
May be spread before his sight,  
Yet his wealth is never able  
To command an appetite.

But there is a Bread of Heaven—  
Manna from the skies sent down—  
This to hungry souls is given,  
And this Bread is Christ alone.

Hark! all ye that thirst in spirit,  
Who possess no earthly stores,  
Come, buy wine and milk and fatness;  
*Without money*, these are *yours*.

Then we read of "heavenly places,"  
Where Christ all His treasures  
shows;  
These, His life, His love, His graces,  
On His people He bestows.

All the books that could be written  
Would not space enough afford  
To set forth the glorious riches  
Which in Jesus Christ are stored.

## Pilgrim Papers.

## DEW-DROPS.

*"And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."*—MATTHEW xiv. 12.

THE hearts of his disciples are sad on account of the cruel death of their teacher and prophet, John the Baptist, whom Herod has caused to be beheaded, in order to please his niece, the daughter of Herodias, and perhaps also to ease his own conscience (if that were possible by such means), for John had said unto him, concerning his brother Philip's wife, "It is not lawful for thee to have her," and this had offended Herod.

It was very natural that they should at once resort to Jesus, to tell Him of the death of him whose life had been so closely connected with that of his Lord's. Joy and gladness were to accompany the birth of the babe destined to be the forerunner of Christ. Greatness and power were the promises made unto his mother's cousin concerning Him whom she was to bring forth as a Son, and "call His name Jesus."

In process of time, we find John fulfilling his mission, preaching in the wilderness of Judæa, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight"; and baptizing many who came to him from Jerusalem, all Judæa, and the region round about Jordan. But "wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth," that the Son of the Most High should thus, in wondrous humility, come from Galilee to Jordan *to be baptized of John!* Well may John respond, "I have need to be baptized of Thee." But, since it became his precious Lord and Master thus to fulfil all righteousness, he suffered Him. John's disciples would come to Jesus to tax Him with questions, whilst Jesus would send them to tell John those things which they both saw and heard. Our Saviour declared he "came in the way of righteousness." He was observed by Herod to be "a just and an holy man." He was "sent from God," and, having his record from on high, could "bear witness unto the truth." He fulfilled his course, accomplished the Lord's purpose for which he was sent, and, like the One Greater than he that should follow him, was put to death for no just cause. In the loving, unerring, hidden purpose of the Father, He would one day make all these mysteries of His will manifest to His children. Thus John is beheaded, "and his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."

We have briefly traced the character of their late prophet and teacher. Let us now glance at the character of Him to whom they resorted in their sorrow. But oh, beloved, this is indeed treading on holy ground! May the Lord the Spirit help our infirmities, and give us true humility and grace to trace the sweet spirit of His holy life, as shining forth in His Word, who was the Sun and Shield, the grace and glory, of His people, His upright ones, as concerns their standing in Him in whom His soul delighteth. He was holy, righteous, faithful, and true; and spoken of by Paul as "that Just One." Foretold

by the inspired Prophet Isaiah, in the fifty-third chapter of his Book, we have all the earthly object of His life and love given. See the real mercy and pity He bestowed upon any poor, sin-bound, way-worn child that came to Him, and how He delighted to raise the dead and cure the sin-sick soul. His compassion was so great as to cause the Incarnate Man to weep at the grave of His friend Lazarus. Read the twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew, where you cannot fail to be touched with His true humility, meekness, and long-suffering to His enemies. How evident He made His love to be known amongst His disciples, to cause John to write, having experienced the same—"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples" (very near and dear posture that, beloved) "*whom Jesus loved.*" And He could pray the Father to forgive them who had so cruelly wronged, persecuted, and crucified Him. His perfect manhood and spotless purity, whilst in our nature, taught His divine and glorious Being with and from the Father from all eternity; and, whilst His mission below was to fulfil His Father's will, and accomplish the purpose wherefore He was sent, one of His offices must needs be forgiveness to His enemies—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

" Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's, sin."

So that these disciples of John were doing just what was meant them to do, if they had learnt at all of Jesus as their Sympathiser, Consolation, and Friend. They took their trouble to the Fountain-Head, in whom all the qualifications of love, eternal, unchangeable, and never-failing nor fluctuating, were embodied. They took their sorrow to the "Man of Sorrows," who had been acquainted with every sorrow and grief. It was weakness betaking itself to Omnipotent Strength. It was little-faith going to the Fountain-Head for divine support, and for trust to know that all the why and wherefore and the needs-be was in His sure and faithful keeping who had ordered all things from the beginning. It was human sorrow seeking the only right place for the compassionate sympathy that never failed. "Let the people renew their strength; let them come near; then let them speak; let us come near together to judgment."

And He meets us in the way to bring about His purpose of love. He meets us in our wants, in order that He may have the delight of supplying them. He is our Melchisedec, King of Salem, who brings forth the bread of life and the wine of the Gospel wherewith to bless His people. He is always near enough to hear His people's cry—always to be found in the way of their coming unto Him. He must sit on the well, in order to meet and teach that poor Samaritan sinner the need of the water of everlasting life. A storm must rise, whilst He is asleep in that little tempest-tossed vessel, so that He may show His disciples the omnipotent power of His "Peace, be still!" It is He who "received the people, and spake unto them of the kingdom of God, and healed them that had need of healing." Yes, there is a "needs-be" for all we experience below.

And where is He now in your estimation, beloved? Has He not proved the faithful Promiser and Performer of all things in your life's journey up to this hour? Is He not "made of God unto you wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption"? Can you answer with the poet—

"If asked what of Jesus I think,  
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor,  
 I say, 'He's my meat and my drink,  
 My life and my strength and my store;  
 My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend;  
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall;  
 My hope from beginning to end;  
 My Portion, my Lord, and my All'?"

Then take your smallest care and your greatest burden to Him, and rest assured of the help, strength, and support of your "Brother born for adversity."  
 R.

---

TRACINGS.—"NEVERTHELESS."

"*Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His.*"—2 TIMOTHY ii. 19.

THIS precious portion was made sweet to the soul lately, while meditating upon it, and it may be the blessed Spirit will graciously enable writer and reader to rejoice together over the unspeakable mercies contained therein; but, without that divine blessing, preaching, writing, reading, or any other exercise is, to the living children of God, but mere barrenness.

History informs us that, at a very early period of the Apostle's ministry, an error crept into the Churches respecting the resurrection, Alexander, Hymeneus, Philetus, and others declaring that the only resurrection promised by Christ consisted in a spiritual resurrection from ignorance and error to a higher morality, governing the tempers and dispositions of men. Hence the masterly defence of Paul, in 1 Corinthians xv., concerning the resurrection of the body, aptly and blessedly adding, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." But Alexander and his companions may err, as thousands do at the present day. "*Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His.*"

Before meditating on the verse, allow me to call your attention, dear reader, to a few most precious *neverthelesses* in the Word of God. The thought was sweet to the mind, a few hours since, that, while some of those portions have reference to the literal Israel of old, the record is not simply made to inform us of the Lord's dealings and mercy to them, but for the encouragement and strengthening the faith of His spiritual Israel, as they journey through the wilderness of time.

The Psalmist, in the 106th Psalm, after praising the Lord for His goodness and mercy, and urging the prayer that thousands of the redeemed have offered at the throne of grace—"Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people: O visit me

with Thy salvation"—in the sixth verse makes confession—"We have sinned with our fathers, we have committed iniquity, we have done wickedly. Our fathers understood not Thy wonders in Egypt; they remembered not the multitude of Thy mercies; but provoked Him at the sea, even at the Red Sea. *Nevertheless* He saved them for His name's sake, that He might make His mighty power to be known." And, in the forty-third verse, "Many times did He deliver them; but they provoked Him with their counsel, and were brought low for their iniquity. *Nevertheless* He regarded their affliction, when He heard their cry: and He remembered for them His covenant."

Cheering testimony, fellow-weakling, that, destitute as we are of all goodness in self—prone to evil as we feel and find ourselves to be—sometimes, as dear MEDLEY writes—

"I have, as I seem, when left in the dark,  
Of light not a beam—of love not a spark;  
And though thus in pain for an evidence clear,  
I can't wait in vain—the Lord will appear"—

yet, amid all the provocation, rebellion, waywardness, and sin of our daily lives, the Lord's *nevertheless* is most precious; and, when bowed down under a sense of our unworthiness, a gracious, loving, Triune Jehovah listens to the cry of the poor and needy, and regards the prayer of the destitute.

There is another very blessed *nevertheless* in the eighty-ninth Psalm, where God the Father, speaking of the spiritual David, the Lord Jesus Christ, says (ver. 30), "If His children forsake My law, and walk not in My judgments," &c., "I will visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. *Nevertheless* My loving-kindness will I not utterly take from Him, nor suffer My faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of My lips."

Beloved, this is the religion my soul delights in; and, if you have been made a bankrupt, and stripped of all, you, too, will delight in the unalterable *neverthelesses* of a gracious God over and beyond your sins and iniquities.

"No heights of guilt, nor depths of sin,  
Where His redeemed have ever been,  
But sovereign grace was underneath,  
And love eternal, strong as death."

Again, in Proverbs xix. 21, there is a *nevertheless* which you and I, if we are the children of God, will have to bless Him for throughout eternity—"There are many devices in a man's heart: *nevertheless* the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand." We live in a day when professors of religion are full of inventions and devices, and one has to look back to a time when we were caught in the net of the old fowler—caught in the device of free-will and human effort—knew of no other way, and obstinately refused to be taught better, even in the letter of truth, and declared we never would believe it. But the Lord knows how to deal with and manage obstinate rebels. His eternal counsel shall and will stand against all the devices of men and artifices of Satan. The pride of man shall be abased, and his haughtiness levelled to the dust, and the Lord

alone exalted. Is it not a boundless mercy to have all our foolish and preconceived devices scattered to the winds—our vain imaginations and supposed power to obey the righteous and holy law of God—our righteousness exposed to our view as filthy rags, and, from sheer necessity, to cry for mercy, and be led to plead the precious blood and righteousness alone of the Lord Jesus Christ, and sing with the poet—

“My hope is fixed on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But only trust on Jesus' name :  
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand ;  
All other ground is sinking sand” ?

There is both a solemn yet blessed *nevertheless* recorded in 2 Chronicles xix. 2, 3, when Jehu, the son of Hanani the seer, went out to meet Jehoshaphat after his affinity with Ahab, and he proposes the question, “Shouldst thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord. *Nevertheless* there are good things found in thee, in that thou hast taken away the groves out of the land, and hast prepared thine heart to seek God.” Worldly associations—relative ties—warm affection to those around us—are frequently great and besetting snares to the Lord's children. Worldly company has tripped up many of the Lord's redeemed. “Suffer the word of exhortation” from one who has suffered. Avoid as far as possible the society of all who as yet are in nature's darkness. “How can two walk together unless they be agreed?” Remember, unless a man be born again from above, he is dead in sin, and an enemy to God by wicked works. Is such an one a fit companion for an heir of glory? By all such companionship, guilt of conscience, leanness of soul, darkness of mind, a want of spirituality of thought, are sure to follow, and wrath upon thee from the Lord; yet not in anger, but from His dear covenant love. The word of the Lord to thee is, “Come out from among them, and be ye separate.”

Those are solemn words of “Him who spake as never man spake” (Luke xiv. 26)—“If any man come to Me, and hate not his father, wife, children, brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple.” If one's little comprehension can grasp the dear Redeemer's meaning—that the tenderest ties upon earth must not intervene between the eternal God and our immortal souls. The divine injunction runs, “Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.”

These solemn portions make the writer tremble while the words are traced down; but there they are, beloved, on the sacred page, and cannot be obliterated. But, amidst all the sharp exercises such portions produce, may we entertain the hope that there are some good things found in us? If so, the Lord hath put them there. May His mighty grace keep us from loving them that hate the Lord, and seek only the company of the excellent of the earth. And the Lord, by Malachi, declares that, as such speak together, He hearkens, and keeps a “book of remembrance,” and says, “They shall be Mine in that day when I make up My jewels.”

“ In His remembrance book  
The Saviour sets them down,  
Accounting each a jewel rich,  
And calls them all His own.”

We have, again, a very precious *nevertheless* in the seventy-third Psalm, when Asaph, having been sorely exercised relative to the prosperity of the wicked, having more than heart could wish, with no bands in their death, their strength firm, neither plagued like other men, he comes to the conclusion, by reason of the unbelief of his heart and Satan's temptations, that he has cleansed his heart in vain, and washed his hands in innocency—plagued every morning and chastened every night. But he went into the sanctuary of God, and the Lord graciously revealed to him the end of those whom he had been envying, and may-be, dear reader, like you and I, foolish enough to wish he were in their position. But, when poor Asaph understood the slippery places those ungodly ones were in—how they were “brought into desolation as in a moment, and utterly consumed with terrors”—his heart was grieved, and, pricked in his reins, he falls down in contrition of soul and heartfelt confession, acknowledging, “I was as a beast before thee. *Nevertheless* I am continually with Thee: Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.” How boundless the grace—how immeasurable the love—that, amid all our rebellion, waywardness, disputings with the Lord relative to His dealings with us in His providence, and our envy of the ungodly, the Father's hand still holds that of His silly child's with a grasp that neither sin nor Satan can unloose!

When good Nehemiah was moved to repair the walls of Jerusalem, he was soon confronted by enemies. Sanballat and Tobiah the Ammonite began to mock and jeer, with, “Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall”; and they and their companions conspired together to come and fight against Jerusalem, and to hinder it. But the man of God *nevertheless* made his prayer unto his God, “and set a watch against them day and night.”

What a mercy, beloved, it is for you and me that the same prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God who listened to Nehemiah is “the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever”! “His arm is not shortened, that He cannot save; nor His ear heavy, that He cannot hear”; although unbelief oftentimes suggests that your poor feeble breathings are disregarded, or that the Lord, having never imparted to you spiritual life, your prayers are only the sacrifice of the wicked, which is abomination to the Lord. “Would it not be better to give up altogether your profession of being a Christian?” These are some of the Sanballats and Tobiahs that mock the children of God. May the Lord enable writer and reader to follow Nehemiah—to make our prayer unto God—and not only so, but to set a watch against our many foes, internal, external, and infernal, by day and by night. We stand in need of it. There is constant need of the Lord's gracious and upholding hand as we travel through an enemy's land, beset with snares and dangers from within and from without. And, alas! our greatest foes are those of our own house—the tabernacle in which the

life of God dwells. "In me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing."

"Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean;  
Sprang from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all."

But how precious is that *nevertheless* that Ezekiel tells us about in the sixteenth chapter and sixtieth verse! After the Prophet has been enumerating the awful wickedness and filthiness of the children of Israel, even after the Lord's wonderful displays of His love, mercy, and grace, he blessedly adds, "*Nevertheless*, saith the Lord, I will remember My covenant with thee in the days of thy youth, and I will establish unto thee an everlasting covenant."

Dear reader, can you do without a covenant religion? Let us hope not, for, if so, your religion is in the flesh.

"With David's Lord and ours  
A covenant once was made,  
Whose bonds are safe and sure,  
Whose glories ne'er shall fade:  
Signed by the sacred Three-in-One,  
In mutual love, ere time begun."

Take away the covenant of grace, there only remains the covenant of works; and Paul declares, and the Lord's redeemed people experimentally know, that "by the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified." No hope for a sinner like me but in covenant love and mercy.

In looking over these precious *neverthelesses* in the Word of God, one's little faith has been raised to a hope of interest in them. There are others the soul loves to cling to, but space forbids, notwithstanding the kindness of our dear Editor in receiving the "tracings" of

*Eccles.*

W. W.

#### THE EDITOR'S SECOND LETTER TO HIS CONGREGATION.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I find that my visit to this my native place serves, under God, to "bring to remembrance"; yea, it reminds me forcibly of that striking Scripture which, you know, I often quote—"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments, or no."

When I look out upon this shore, as the waves roll in upon it, and remember that, some sixty-eight years ago, I used so to tremble as I came in sight of it, lest, whilst bathing, I should be drowned, I now see that that was the result of the deep convictions of sin and the dread of the wrath of God as revealed against it, which were working in my mind at that early day. Now, these convictions, under God, I ascribe entirely to the early training of my godly parents. Strange as it may seem, I do not remember the time when I did not see and feel that I was a poor lost sinner, and that, if God had not

mercy upon me, for the sake of Jesus, where He was I could never come.

Now, dear friends, I lay stress upon this fact, with the view of seeking to encourage such of you as are parents or teachers to go on "sowing beside all waters"—yea, to take heed to God's Word, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

As in *my* case, *you* may have no idea of what the present or the after-effect of your seed-sowing may be. I am persuaded that my parents had not the least thought of what was working in my youthful mind at the time they were so anxious about my soul's real and eternal welfare.

When, upon the eve of my leaving the parental roof, at thirteen years of age, my dear mother said, "You are leaving home, but we are clear of your blood," she little thought that those words pierced like a dagger to my very heart's core. Yet neither then, before, nor long afterwards, could I give the slightest hint of what was passing in my mind. At that very season, and long, long before, I was asking God to convert my soul. Many a Sabbath morning have I risen with the heart-cry, "Oh, that this may be the day of my conversion!" HART has exactly described my then condition—

" We pray to be new-born,  
Yet know not what we mean ;  
We think it's something very great—  
Something that's undiscovered yet."

Moreover, dear friends, in retracing the path through and by which I have been led so many years, I can but acknowledge the marvellous hand of God, in His so merciful and gracious leadings. Oh, how little was I at the time aware of how He was leading, guarding, guiding! Hence those lines have long been endeared to me, because of their significant description of my then state and circumstances—

" When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps, I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man."

Ah! His arm was unseen indeed, yet, notwithstanding, how mercifully and how marvellously was it outstretched! Oh, how wisely and how wondrously was He leading, guarding, guiding, and that, too, when I had not the least suspicion of the fact!

Moreover, there are certain spots here, in my native place, that serve to recall vividly to my recollection the wonderful protecting and delivering hand of God. I was looking to-day, for example, at a place where, on two occasions, in my very early life, there was "but a step betwixt me and death." On the one occasion, whilst standing as a youth looking at some cricketers, a ball struck me in the nape of the neck, which, had it been the temple instead, must have killed me in an instant. [As it was, the agony caused by the blow was intense. At another time, at the very same spot, I nearly lost my life in consequence of a spark falling upon the ammunition bag which a

soldier, standing in the rear of the field-piece which had just been discharged, had slung over his shoulders. Had this reserve exploded, we, as spectators, must have been all blown to atoms! At another time, very near the same place, the stick of a rocket, which had been fired too perpendicularly, and not sufficiently pointed towards the sea, fell hard by me. Had it fallen upon my head, instead of a very few feet away, I must have been killed on the spot.

I mention these simple facts, my dear friends, with the view of "stirring up your pure minds," as the Apostle says, "by way of remembrance," hoping to be instrumental thereby in leading you back in review of the past, and thus bringing to your recollection instances and examples of how the Lord has again and again, and that in various ways, proved to be your Preserver and Deliverer. Oh, but for His watchful eye and His gracious care, what would have become of us, my dear friends, long, long ago? Looking back, especially upon the days of our unregeneracy, may we personally and gratefully contemplate the language of the Apostle, "preserved in Jesus Christ and called."

Then, as most of you are aware, my dear friends, I have on several occasions since my connection with Bedminster, come here in times of affliction and bereavement. Hence this place is thus associated with the supporting and sustaining, as well as the delivering, hand of our God. I want thus to call your attention to the fact of His all-sufficiency, as well as to His strict adherence to the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be"; and "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; and God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

In reference to the past, my dear friends, I cannot forget that, within a short distance of where I now write, in the month of February, 1834—just fifty-two years ago—I stood by the open grave of my dear father. I felt as one desolate and forsaken indeed. My hopes and prospects in regard to the future were seemingly, as in a moment, crushed. At this juncture, in the most unlooked-for way, the words, "A Father to the fatherless," were spoken to my heart. Instantly my sadness was dispelled. Hope was revived; and, blessed be His name, my God has ever since proved a Father and a Friend indeed, insomuch that if I, of all men, did not speak well of His name, the very stones might justly cry out against me.

Again, I am reminded that, within a short distance of this place, between eighteen and nineteen years ago, I was so overwhelmed by the trial with which the Lord had seen fit to visit me, that I felt the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," did not meet my case. The language of my heart was—

"Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Strength I every moment need."

I felt that indeed I wanted strength moment by moment, in order that I might be sustained and upheld; and I thought, "Is there a promise in the Bible to meet such a state of things?" when that precious word was at once presented to the mind, "I will water

it every moment; and, lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

Now, my dear people, having realized these things in personal and heartfelt experience, I am the more anxious to speak as a living witness for God, in these days of declension and error, and to commend Him to you as the faithful, forbearing, forgiving Lord God Almighty. Oh, be it yours to test and to prove Him as such!

Oh, my dear friends, suffer me to appeal to your own personal experience! Has not this been a fact in regard to yourselves? Has the Lord ever, in a single instance, laid upon you this or that, however painfully or afflictively, without corresponding strength to bear up under the same? It may be that you were only "helped with a little help"; still, was there not that little help? Enough, although none to spare.

Oh, then, that we may have grace from above to recognize and acknowledge His hand as to the past—to testify, as it behoveth us to do, of His faithfulness and divine all-sufficiency! Be it ours to set up our "Ebenezer," as the prophet did, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us"; as the Apostle testified, "Having obtained help of God, we continue unto this day." And may the Holy Ghost, in the riches of His mercy, vouchsafe to us a simple, child-like faith, that we may again declare with the Apostle, "And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

I am, my dear friends,

*Southsea, Feb. 22nd, 1886.*

YOUR AFFECTIONATE PASTOR.

### THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY AND HIS MOVEMENTS.

MY DEAR —,—According to promise, I wish to tell you in this letter something about my first missionary visit to the country. It may be well, however, to let you understand that all the missionaries in connection with the E. P. Mission located in Formosa have their homes at Taiwanfoo, and from this city, as a centre, they are able to manage the country stations which have sprung up on the north and south and east of the city. Nearly every Sabbath some of the missionaries are at some of the country stations. For example, the Rev. Mr. THOW is just now away to the east coast, the Rev. Mr. THOMSON is visiting north stations, and the Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL is away nearly every Sabbath, visiting the stations nearer to the city.

The station selected for my first missionary visit, in company with Mr. EDE, the teacher of the Middle School, was a station north of Taiwanfoo, called Hoan à Chhân. In order to reach a station, even at a comparatively small distance from the city, it is necessary to start rather early in the morning, as the only mode of travelling is by a sedan chair. There are no railway trains here to carry us over a mile a minute, nor can we even make use of a wheeled vehicle of any kind. The main roads are very narrow, and sometimes for miles together our paths lie through rice fields and sugar plantations, sometimes across sandy wastes, sometimes across rivers, and not unfrequently, a narrow path leads us across the edge of a precipice.

It is necessary, in these circumstances, to adopt the only mode of travelling in Formosa, namely, by chair, carried by three bearers. Besides engaging chair-bearers for our country journeys, we require to engage burden-bearers also, to carry our provender, and bed-clothes, and medicines. It is true that there are stations all along the way, at which our chair-bearers and burden-bearers eat, and sometimes the Missionaries eat at these stations too. But so filthy are the Chinese in their mode of cooking, and, indeed, in everything, that one feels safer in carrying one's own provisions. But to carry one's own provisions involves us in the necessity of having with us also some one who is acquainted with our style of cookery. The cook is chosen from amongst our own servants, and is expected to perform the manifold duties of cook, waiter, general servant, and overseer of baggage, so that he is, altogether, a man of no mean importance.

On the evening of Friday, December 4th, we busied ourselves preparing for our journey and our work. Pills and powders in abundance had to be got ready and packed. Clothing, food, and cooking utensils were also packed up; and on the morning following, at a quarter-past seven, we set out from the Mission Compound, our company consisting of twelve persons, all told. Our procession formed in line thus—first, my chair and three bearers; secondly, Mr. EDE'S chair and three bearers; thirdly, two burden-bearers, bearing bamboo poles on their shoulders, with baskets, bags, &c., hanging from either end of the poles; fourthly, the youngest hospital assistant and one of Mr. EDE'S servants, as cooks and general attendants.

The journey from Taiwanfoo to Hoan à Chhân—Savage Fields—is twelve miles in length. At every point of our journey we met with Eastern customs, from which many Bible illustrations are taken. The yoked oxen we saw in the fields, ploughing, with the  $\Lambda$  yoke on their necks, reminded us of the words of Jesus—"Take My yoke upon you, for it is easy." The gleaners we saw in the fields, gathering the rice stalks, which had already been threshed, but which still contained a few grains of rice, reminded us of Ruth, the gleaner, and all the more so, as nearly all the gleaners were women. A procession of mourners for the dead, dressed in sackcloth, passed us on the way. They kept up a continuous lamentable wail as they went. The sad, sad sight made our hearts yearn all the more after the poor heathen, who have no comforter to whom to go in their day of affliction. One object in particular attracted our attention. He was a poor swineherd, whose duty it was to go about some fields, carrying a long bamboo in his hand, and keep watch over the numerous pigs that roam about the rice-fields. One could scarcely think of a more undesirable occupation. None but the poorest outcasts, we should think, would undertake such work. The sight gave us a new, but a sadder, light on the story of the poor prodigal. Many other sights we saw by the way which had voices to tell of the days when our Lord lived amongst men, and taught them concerning His kingdom, drawing on the customs of the Easterns for many of His lessons.

About half-way to Hoan à Chhân, we reached another town. All here was full of life. The people seemed all engaged, as they always are in a Chinese town, buying and selling, cooking and

eating, in the open streets. Our chair-bearers put down our chairs just at the door of a Buddhist temple. We entered the temple, accompanied by a host of men and boys, who seldom see foreigners in these parts, and are filled with a curious interest when one puts in an appearance. One of the priests came to the temple, and gave us the names of the various idols which stood in the centre and on either side of the building. After naming the idols, he hurried off, and returned bearing two tiny cups and a tiny teapot. One cup he gave Mr. EDE, the other was put into my hand, and we both partook of the Buddhist's hospitality, for which he, in return, gladly accepted a few cents. As I drank from my tiny cup, I noticed some little Chinese boys look at me and smile. I could not understand what could be the cause of that smile, but all was explained when Mr. EDE told me I was transgressing Chinese custom in conveying my cup to my lips with one hand only.

Time had come for our having a mid-day meal, and that Buddhist temple seemed to be the best place we could find in which to enjoy a meal, and, in a few minutes, we were in the full enjoyment of coffee and biscuits. I had never before dined under such circumstances. Around us were gods of wood and stone, priests who served at their altars, and people who worshipped them. Mr. EDE improved the opportunity by speaking to the people about the true God, and distributing amongst both priests and people copies of the Lord's Prayer in Chinese.

When our meal was over, we sallied forth into the streets, and intimated our desire to give medicine to any sufferers who might apply. A shopkeeper offered his shop for our use, but we declined his pressing invitation to go inside, and stood outside his door to dispense our medicines. We had just commenced, when our friend became so angry with the people for crowding about his door, that we deemed it desirable to pack up our medicines; but, before leaving the town, distributed amongst a few sick folks remedies suitable for their various complaints.

About five o'clock we reached Hoan à Chhân. The chapel we found to be part of a small rice-farm. When visiting those country stations, the preachers often take up their quarters in the chapel. Here, however, there is a room off the chapel, furnished with a bed, and adjacent to the chapel, two rooms, which we chose as our apartments, one as a bed-room and the other as a sitting-room and dining-room. These rooms were built of bamboo and mud, with mud floors, and were furnished thus—bed-room, one bamboo bed; sitting-room, one table and two chairs. Our boys were to have the room off the chapel, but they preferred making that their kitchen, and the chapel their bed-room.

In the evening, Mr. EDE conducted worship in the chapel, at which there would be about twelve persons. We slept very comfortably in our strange abode, wrapped up in a Chinese quilt, with a piece of cotton wadding, which I had brought for the benefit of our patients, as a pillow.

The Sabbath Day was one of the happiest I have ever spent. The people here have no clocks, and only know the time by the sun, so that there is no definite hour for worship nor anything else.

When the people are ready, or if they hear the drum, which is used here as a substitute for our church bells, they come, and when a sufficient number have assembled, worship begins. The first service was held about nine a.m., the second about two o'clock, and worship in the evening at sun-down. After the afternoon service, an opportunity was given the people to get medicines for their ailments, and was taken advantage of by about forty people. For more than two hours I was kept busy extracting teeth, dispensing quinine to the fever subjects, and various remedies to others for their several complaints.

On Monday morning, we again formed in line, and went on our way to Tousia. By the way, we turned into a little farm, owned by one of the deacons of the Tousia Church, and in less than a quarter of an hour, his room was filled with sick people from the surrounding district, wanting medicines, which we supplied as far as our stores would permit. One mile further on, we got to our station, guided by the deacon, and, while we enjoyed a hearty meal, he went to the surrounding houses and told of the arrival of the foreign doctor, or, as they call me, "Lêng" (my Chinese surname) "I-sien" (Doctor). In the afternoon quite a number of patients came, and had their diseases attended to. After our day's work, Mr. EDE and I strolled forth for a short walk, and, on our return, found more patients anxious to have medicine, to whose wants we also attended.

We had hoped to start for home on the following morning, about half-past seven; but, as early as half-past six, the people commenced to come for medicine, and before half-past seven we had quite a congregation. We brought all the people into the chapel, and, after singing one or two hymns, Mr. EDE told them the story of Jesus and His love to men. Our medicine-box was subsequently opened, and till nine a.m. we were kept busy hearing the complaints of the sick, and prescribing for them.

On our way to Taiwanfoo, we entered another town, and stopped to dine. We had no place to which to go, but, in Chinese fashion, had dinner in the open air. The Chinese crowded around until I am sure there were not less than 150 men and boys about us, amusing themselves by discussing our ages, making remarks on our dress, &c. One said I often visited them; but they had not seen Mr. EDE before. Mr. EDE took advantage of the opportunity, and distributed Scripture cards to those who could read. In two hours more we had arrived at the Mission Compound.

This first missionary journey was to me not only a time of real interest, but also, I hope, a time of real profit. It served to give me a deeper insight into the needs of the people of this island. Although mission stations are planted in many parts of the island, the missionaries can only go to each station twice a year. The people are thus left very much to themselves, and cannot be expected to make great advances in divine knowledge, having no one to instruct them. Formosa alone could give work to as many missionaries as there are in the whole of China.

There is one station on the east coast that has not been visited by a missionary for four years. It is being visited just now by the Rev. Mr. THOW, who has had to pass through the territory of the savages

to reach the station. On his way a most interesting incident occurred. A man came to him carrying with him a cap. The cap had been left there, four years ago, by the Rev. Mr. BARCLAY, when he paid them a visit, and for all that time the poor heathen had kept the cap carefully until another foreign Bok-su (minister) should come that way.

Indeed, in the course of any missionary journey, while much is seen calculated to depress one, much is also seen which cheers and encourages us to go on in the good work the Master has given us to do, and pray that many more may speedily be thrust forth into this great harvest-field, to labour for Christ and the spread of His glorious kingdom, until "all the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

I remain, your sincere friend,  
*Taiwanfoo, Formosa, December 15th, 1885.* JOHN LANG.

#### THE EDITOR'S SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

IN our last Number we stated that, if spared till the eighth of the month, we should have reached our seventy-fifth milestone. To that we were permitted to arrive; and it was, we are thankful to say, recognized by both our congregation and readers in a way for which we personally were by no means prepared. We returned from Southsea on the Friday evening, through mercy, greatly improved in health, the Lord having kindly blessed the means used and the complete rest we had taken. Our dear Son joined us on the following day, and preached both morning and evening on Sunday, the 7th ult. Outlines of his sermons we hope to give in a future Number. Preparations having previously been extensively made, a tea-meeting was held on the Monday evening, when the lower large school-room was filled to excess. The greatest possible taste had been displayed in decorating the room. The Scriptural mottoes and notable "Welcomes" were most tastefully executed, proving at a glance the painstaking and labour bestowed by the many willing hands engaged in the work. Apart from all other considerations, the building itself spoke in the most practical and, to our own heart, the most grateful language. It was a spectacle never to be forgotten; and, when coupled with by-gone days and past scenes and events, might well lead one mentally to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" We could not forget our first tea-meeting in that room, some five-and-twenty years before. That remembrance, moreover, was associated with another scene which had vividly been "brought to remembrance." A few evenings before, we had attended a meeting at the Circus schools at Portsmouth. The old Circus church was closely identified with the setting up of our temporary wooden building at Bedminster, that proving the nursery to the more permanent church. The labours of our friend and brother, the Rev. J. C. MARTIN, at Portsmouth, and our work at Bedminster, commenced simultaneously; and, of the Lord's great goodness and tender mercy, have been carried on ever since by both the instruments then and there called to the work.

When entering the room on the recent evening, and receiving the many congratulations on all sides, with the hearty shake of the hand, and

the repeated good wishes that we might have "many happy returns of our birthday," we could but smile, and say, "How can you wish it?" At a subsequent part of the evening, however, when we found what had been accomplished on our behalf, we could but honestly say we felt that these repeated gifts were such a tax upon our friends, that we quite wondered at their wish for a repetition of these birthdays, as far as *we* were concerned.

At the close of the tea, which all seemed thoroughly to enjoy (the more especially as the day had been most sunny and cheering, after the late so severe and gloomy weather), the first hymn was sung with great heartiness. These, selected by the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and specially printed for the occasion, were most appropriate. Mr. WELCHMAN (who occupied the chair till the arrival of Mr. INSKIP) then called upon our beloved son to offer prayer. This was followed by Mr. WELCHMAN'S address, and the presentation, which (as stated elsewhere) took us altogether by surprise. We were by no means prepared for it; and we can honestly say, words utterly failed to express what we felt at such a practical and generous proof of recognition of our poor and imperfect labours. The kindness and the liberality of the gift were the more marked when the extreme depression of the times is considered.

Moreover, as we sat there—as we had done in the church on the previous day, listening to the testimony of our dear son—one's heart must have even been colder and more thankless than it is, had not one been moved by the contemplation of the Lord's marvellous doings. As he occupied both pulpit and platform, and as precious truths flowed from his lips, we could but recall sundry scenes; among them, as will be found in the pages of our book, "*Retracings and Renewings*," our standing together by the open grave of his sainted mother—he then a little boy of three-and-a-half years of age—and, with an agonizing look at his bereaved father, saying, "*Not going to bury me, papa?*" Ah! twice that touching question was asked—first, at the churchyard gate, and then when taking a last look into the open grave. Again, another scene was re-presented, when, in delicate health, in Ireland, that same beloved son lost considerable blood, and we were greatly apprehensive of his speedily following all those of our first family. Oh, what mercy, then, in contrast, had we now to contemplate! Again and again and again might we well exclaim, "What hath God wrought?"

As Dr. COUSINS had cautioned us against speaking much at present, as, if we did, he said the throat would again be affected, we said but little on the present so interesting occasion; but, as one friend had begged that we would not speak of our age, we could but be reminded of Solomon's words, when he exclaimed, "I am but as a little child." Now, that was, and is, just our feeling—a little child! A mere child in wisdom, knowledge, strength, courage. The longer we live, the less we seem to know; the more we learn, the more we feel to have to learn; the more formidable our enemies, the less our strength; the greater the wisdom needed, the less we seem to have; so that we are brought down into the dust of nothingness, and are but a little child indeed—*very, very young*.

But there was a thought to which we gave utterance, and which has

been, since we heard the statement we are about to make, most cheering and consolatory to our own mind. It was this. During our recent absence from home, our dear friend, the Rev. G. HEWITT, of Brighton, told us that, the afternoon before leaving for Africa (where recently, it is almost certain, he has been cruelly put to death), Bishop HANNINGTON said he had, during his previous absence from home, received many letters, but none gave him such pleasure or satisfaction as one that he had received from his youngest child, a little girl. It simply contained these words—"Dear father, *may God bless you!*" "It was smudged and soiled," said the Bishop, "but I didn't mind that, because it came from my child!" In like manner we took comfort from the thought that, although our services were so poor and imperfect, still they were acceptable to God, *because we are His children!*

Yes, dear readers, we have felt much sweetness from that thought since. "Little child" as indeed we feel ourselves to be, and so frail, so imperfect, so worthless our services, in and of themselves considered, yet they are acceptable to God, because, by grace divine, we stand related to Him as children! He is our Father! Oh, would that we could but continuously claim Him as such! "Doubtless Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer: Thy name is from everlasting."

When Mr. INSKIP arrived, and took the chair, he spoke, in his own forcible way, upon the blessings of a pure and unadulterated Gospel. Happily, he is one among the comparatively few who are not ashamed of the term *Protestant*, in these truth-diluting days. He abides, and delights to do so, by "the old paths," despised and forsaken as they are.

He was followed by our dear friend, the Rev. W. SAUNDERS, who spoke with great warmth and power, urging the congregation to seek to wrestle ardently with the Lord, that He would send us a true and efficient helper in our parochial and pulpit work, our recent assistant having been compelled, through ill-health, to resign his sphere of labour.

Our dear son next spoke, going back in review of the last five-and-twenty years, dwelling upon its matchless mercies and boundless benefits; and then carrying us on in anticipation of what would be the unfoldings of the like period—the next five-and-twenty years. As he spoke, we could but feel that not merely ourselves, but how many then and there present, would have "gone the way of all the earth" long before the anticipated five-and-twenty years had passed away!

Next followed the Rev. JAMES ORMISTON. It was an interesting fact to him, as he stated, that three of those who then occupied the platform had formerly laboured under the same diocesan, the late so beloved and lamented Bishop WALDEGRAVE. Our dear brother's address was deeply spiritual, in which he dwelt with sweetness and savour upon the union and identity of the Bridegroom and His bride, as set forth in the Song of Solomon.

Mr. ORMISTON was succeeded by the Rev. R. J. WALLACE, who dwelt at large upon the relationship of the Church of God, and setting forth the need and desirableness of "endeavouring to keep the

unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," as children, fellow-citizens, servants, "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ."

Our dear and venerable friend, the Rev. HENRY BARNE, had quite intended being present, but was prevented through illness, as was our dear friend, Colonel NEWBOLT, who is only two months our junior.

Mr. SALE (one of the congregation) having requested to say a few words, gave a most pleasing and grateful testimony, stating that, some twenty years ago, when under deep trouble and bereavement, he was led to St. Luke's, and there God was pleased to meet with him under the preached Word. The morning text was, "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments, or no" (Deut. viii. 2); the evening subject, "And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them" (Isa. xlii. 16). We were little prepared for so marked a testimony as fell from the lips of the speaker, and we could but mentally bless God for it.

After that precious hymn, "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing," had been heartily sung to one of our good old tunes, as started by our friend Mr. SAUNDERS, a vote of thanks was proposed by the Chairman to Mr. and Mrs. WELCHMAN, and all who had so vigorously and successfully united in the work connected with that large gathering, and well indeed were they entitled to such thanks; nor could any be more indebted, or be under greater obligation, than their old and feeble Pastor.

Telegrams and congratulations were received from Mr. Alderman DE KEYSER, Mr. W. H. COLLINGRIDGE, and the Inmates of the Printers' Almshouses, Wood Green, London.

The annexed appeared in the Bristol papers:—

#### PRESENTATION TO DR. DOUDNEY.

Yesterday—Dr. DOUDNEY'S seventy-fifth birthday—the congregational tea-meeting of St. Luke's, Bedminster, was held at the schools, and was very largely attended. The room was festooned with strings of evergreens, and mottoes were displayed on the walls. Amongst the inscriptions was one worded, "God bless our dear Old Jonathan!"

Mr. G. WELCHMAN, who took the chair till the arrival of Mr. JAMES INSKIP, said they were met to congratulate their much-loved Pastor on his attaining his seventy-fifth birthday; and, as a proof of the love and affection of his congregation and his readers, he had great pleasure in offering Dr. DOUDNEY a birthday present. He was sure that present would go with their earnest prayers and best wishes for their Pastor's future health, happiness, and usefulness, both to his hearers and readers. The present consisted of a Bank of England note for £100.

Dr. DOUDNEY said he had been on many occasions taken by surprise, but never more than that night. He could find no words to express his indebtedness for their continued appreciation of his poor and imperfect labours. They must take the will for the deed. He did most heartily thank them, beyond the power of words to express.

Mr. JAMES INSKIP expressed the pleasure it gave him to come amongst those to whom the old-fashioned Gospel was preached, and to whom Dr.

DOUDNEY had devoted the best part of his life in giving good Protestant teaching. He trusted the responsibilities that such a prolonged ministry laid upon them would not be overlooked. They were now in dangerous times, and he sometimes wondered if, at the present rate of advance—or he might call it going backwards—they would find any men, or many men, made of the same sort of stuff that provided the martyrs of old. He trusted Dr. DOUDNEY would continue to be amongst them for many years, and that his work would be greatly blessed.

The Rev. W. SAUNDERS and others afterwards addressed the meeting.

---

## Protestant Beacon.

---

### ANOTHER WARNING TO ENGLAND TO BEWARE.

SINCE our last, a document has been published far and wide, that may well rouse the nation to a sense of its perilous position. Assuredly, not merely our common interests and privileges are at stake, but our very constitution, as a Protestant people, is in imminent peril. But, alas! we fear that such a judicial blindness has befallen us, as a nation, that all the cautions and admonitions, defeats and distresses, will fail to convince, and lead to a retracing our steps as a people, before we are hurled over the fatal vortex. A strange infatuation has taken possession of the public mind, in spite of the mismanagement and consequent reverses, involving the sacrifice of human lives to the tune of scores of thousands, the most extravagant expenditure, an almost unexampled depression in trade, and heavy taxation, together with a restlessness, a dissatisfaction, a determination, that threaten to culminate in a terrible rebellion. We say, notwithstanding this state of things, the G. O. M. is still the idol of the people, by whose fascination, fluency, and marvellous aptitude for concealment and compromise, the multitude are carried on and on as by a fatal spell, the which (unless the Lord God omnipotent interpose) will lead—to what? Doubtless to the ruin of this long-favoured but guilty nation.

We entreat the reader to well consider the annexed letter to the *Times*, upon the subject of Home Rule:—

SIR,—I should be glad, with your kind permission, to place before the public a few extracts from a correspondence which, when a Roman Catholic member of the House of Commons, I had with some eminent ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome, and which may now be useful in the discussion of the vital question of a separate Legislature for Ireland.

What led to the correspondence was the receipt of the following letter from Archbishop MANNING:—

“April 23rd, 1872.

“MY DEAR LORD ROBERT,—I much wish to see you on a matter relating to yourself and the next election. Could you come to me on Thursday morning, before one o'clock?

“Yours very truly,

“+HENRY EDWARD, Arch. of W.”

Acting upon this invitation, I waited upon the Archbishop, who gave me a copy of Mr. M'CARTHY'S book on Home Rule, and, at the same time, urged me to obtain a seat in Parliament for some Irish constituency at the next election. This was with the view of supporting Home Rule, which he

considered would be highly beneficial to the Roman Catholic Church. This led to protracted negotiations with Mr. BUTT and others.

On the 11th of June, 1873, I received a letter from Father GALLWAY (at that date the Father Provincial of the Jesuits in England), in which, *à propos* of the question whether Home Rule was desirable in a religious point of view, he observed:—

“My own opinion is that, if it can be gained, it would certainly be a great step towards the destruction of Protestant ascendancy; and, from what I have heard, I imagine that Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE would not feel themselves bound to oppose it, if they saw sufficient earnestness in the cry for Home Rule.”

On the 21st of June, 1873, I received another letter from Father GALLWAY, in which he says, “I think it is very probable, from what I hear, that a good move for Home Rule is the only way to get fair play for Catholics.” A letter from Father O'REILLY, the Father Provincial of the Jesuits in Ireland (enclosed in that of Father GALLWAY to myself) was to the same effect. “I should think,” writes Father O'REILLY, “a majority of the bishops—perhaps a large majority—and a considerable body of sound men, would think Home Rule a very good thing to get, and a thing to be tried for, if there were a good chance of getting it.”

No information was afforded me as to the precise nature of the communications with Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE which led the Father Provincial of the Jesuits to conclude that the Liberal leaders were favourable to the concession of Home Rule for Ireland; nevertheless, a careful perusal of Mr. GLADSTONE'S speeches on November 8th, 1877, and November 27th, 1879, will sufficiently satisfy any candid mind that he was prepared even then to concede the fundamental principle of Home Rule in order to relieve the Imperial Legislature from the pressure of “Irish obstruction” and “the weight of enacting measures of local government,” so as “to liberate Parliament for the consideration of Imperial concerns.”

It is also noteworthy that Lord GRANVILLE, in the House of Lords, February 5th, 1880, expressed himself in favour of transferring to local government in Ireland a portion of the business transacted by Parliament, in order, as he said, “to relieve the members of the House of Commons from the intolerable burden that now presses upon them.”

These remarks drew from Lord BEACONSFIELD the memorable words which I now subjoin. He said:—

“I do trust that England will understand what is the issue at the present moment on this subject. I wish the country to understand that it means nothing else but the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. I do not care where a man sits in this House—whether opposite me or on my own side—those who favour such a policy are false to their Sovereign and to their country, and will live, I feel confident, soon to regret the responsibility which by their conduct they are incurring.”

I need scarcely point out how remarkably what is now occurring illustrates Lord BEACONSFIELD'S prescience and sagacity.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

41, Queen's Gate, London, S. W.

ROBERT MONTAGU.

In reference to the foregoing, the *Bristol Times and Mirror* says:—

Comment would be superfluous on these pregnant words of rebuke and warning. It has not, however, been elucidated how it was that, in 1873, the Jesuits should have had such strong faith in Mr. GLADSTONE as they professed to have. The right hon. gentleman had not then even struck his first blow at “Protestant ascendancy,” by disestablishing the Irish Church. He had, it is true, passed a confiscatory Irish Land Act; but he had never publicly expressed an opinion in favour of Home Rule. The Jesuits knew

their man well, that is certain. They were right in counting on him; for, since 1874, he has done their work, and he is doing it now.

We often think of the memorable words of Lord ELDON, as he spoke, and when he shed tears, upon the eve of the fatal Emancipation Act, in 1829. How have his words, as well as the warnings of other statesmen, been verified! Alas! alas! for poor priest and Jesuitically-deceived once Protestant England!

After writing the foregoing, the eye happened to fall upon the annexed, which appeared in this Magazine, as supplied by an old correspondent, five-and-twenty years ago:—

PROTESTANT DECLARATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE  
DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

*House of Lords, Thursday, February 19th, 1828.*

MY LORDS,—I never rose to address your Lordships with more painful feelings than upon the present occasion.

Nothing but my duty to my God, my country, and myself, could have induced me to take a part in opposition to His Majesty's Ministers. But, in the peculiar situation in which I stand, it is due to the country that I should distinctly avow my opinions—opinions which I have resolutely maintained for thirty years, and which I will never forego.

As an honest man, I cannot conceal my sense of the nature of this measure. I cannot refrain from doing what, in my soul, I believe to be right. My Lords, the question upon which we shall be called on to vote is neither more nor less than this—IS THIS COUNTRY, FOR THE FUTURE, TO BE A PROTESTANT OR A POPISH COUNTRY? (Cheers.) I say, my Lords, that is the question. My conscientious and deliberate opinion is, that the moment a Roman Catholic sits in this House as a Peer—the moment a Roman Catholic is admitted into the other House of Parliament—THAT MOMENT THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND IS CHANGED, AND THIS WILL BE NO LONGER A PROTESTANT COUNTRY.

In expressing my sentiments thus decidedly, let it not be supposed that I am an enemy to religious freedom. Though I am for toleration in its widest sense, yet I will never give my consent that Roman Catholic Peers shall sit in your Lordships' House—that Roman Catholic representatives shall ever sit in the other House of Parliament—and still less would I consent that Roman Catholics should fill the offices of Lord Lieutenants, Ministers, or Judges. These, my Lords, are my opinions—they ever have been my opinions—and once more I distinctly declare my sentiments to have undergone no change on this great question. (Cheers.)

So far for the measure of political power to the Roman Catholics—so far do I deem it necessary to speak, and no more. I bear no hostility to His Majesty's Government. I hold in the highest respect the noble Duke at the head of that Government. No man can appreciate more fully than I do how painful it must have been to the members of administration to bring themselves to propose to Parliament to enter upon the question of Roman Catholic claims. I am sure, my Lords, I shall receive perfect credit with your Lordships when I repeat that I should most gladly have avoided coming to this statement, so opposed to the sentiments of those whom I value and respect, on a question involving the Constitution of England. My Lords, I could not have avoided coming to it, standing in the situation in which I do; and, especially as a member of the family to which I have the honour to belong, it is impossible that I could have remained silent. Entertaining the sentiments which I do, I could not but give them utterance.

## TO THE PROTESTANTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE following important address, from the Committee of the National Club to the Protestants of the United Kingdom, has just been issued :—

Regarding with grave anxiety the political situation, and the perilous measures which may at any moment be introduced by the Government—measures calculated to endanger, not only the stability of the Constitution, but even the integrity of the Empire—the Committee of the National Club feel it to be their imperative duty to address their Protestant fellow-subjects at the present crisis.

Seldom in the history of this Protestant country has the aspect of affairs been more alarming. In the greater part of Ireland, the condition of society is one of “veiled rebellion.” The law is held in abeyance, and an unrepressed system of terrorism dominates the land. Disloyalty and treason are openly preached. Crime and outrage are the recognised instruments for enforcing the demands of unscrupulous agitators, who, subsidized by alien foes, openly preach a policy of plunder and confiscation—their avowed aim being the dismemberment of the Empire, the overthrow of the Protestant Constitution of Great Britain, and the ruin of her envied prosperity and power.

To effect the dissolution of the British Empire, a demand for the legislative independence of Ireland is now preferred—a demand not only comprising the right to levy taxation, and to regulate all commercial relations, whether with England or foreign countries, but also to legislate on all questions of religion, education, and justice. Such powers, if conferred on those who make no secret of their intense animosity to England, would place the loyal inhabitants of Ireland at the mercy of the disloyal, thus inflicting the gravest injury upon those whose rights have been guaranteed by the Legislature, and who, rather than surrender them, would not shrink from the horrors of civil war.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that an Assembly elected mainly by Irish Roman Catholics would never rest until it had practically endowed the Roman Church in Ireland, and established, under priestly control, a costly system of Romish education, whereby the rising generation in Ireland would be trained in principles of hostility to Protestantism and hatred of England—always regarded as an heretical country—nor would there be any respite from agitation until the constitutional liberties secured by the Act of Settlement were surrendered.

It must also be remembered that the control of the police by an alien Legislature would place in the hands of the Irish Government a disciplined and well-organized force, which might be made a fitting nucleus for training the population to arms. Such a force, increased in numbers, and from which every Protestant element had been wholly eliminated, would become a formidable instrument, ready to be placed at the disposal of the enemies of England whenever an emergency should arise. Ireland, from its position on England's flank, would be gladly seized as an effective base for the operations of an invading

army, while her harbours would afford convenient shelter for the rendezvous of a hostile fleet.

In order to avert the realization of this infatuated policy, the Committee of the National Club now appeal to their Protestant fellow-subjects; and they call upon all loyal citizens to uphold unimpaired the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, as vital to the maintenance of the Constitution and the protection of individual liberty.

It was with the view of facilitating such action that the National Club was founded, some forty years ago, on the lines which are thus set forth in its existing constitution, namely, "to promote Protestant principles, and to encourage united action amongst Protestants in political and social questions, by establishing a central organisation to obtain and spread information on such questions, by affording facilities for conference thereon, and by providing in the Metropolis a central place of meeting, to devise the fittest means for promoting the object in view." Therefore, having regard to the urgency of the present crisis, the Committee of the National Club earnestly invite the co-operation of all Protestants, in order the more effectually to resist impending dangers, secure the tranquillity of the United Kingdom, and, under the blessing of Almighty God, maintain the stability of the throne.

HERBERT MEYER, *Secretary.*

*National Club, 1, Whitehall Gardens, London.*

---

#### BIBLE COUNSELS AND CAUTIONS.

"*And Joshua, and all Israel with him, took Achan, the son of Zerah, and the silver, and the garment, and the wedge of gold, and his sons, and his daughters, and his oxen, and his asses, and his sheep, and his tent, and all that he had: and they brought them unto the valley of Achor. And Joshua said, Why hast thou troubled us?*"—JOSHUA vii. 24, 25.

FROM Achan's fearful end  
May we admonished be;  
Oh, Lord, Thy Spirit send,  
That we Thy truths may see!

From what Thou dost withhold,  
Lord, turn our hearts, we pray,  
To covet not the gold,  
Nor tread the worldling's way.

Oft let us call to mind  
Our Saviour's life below;  
In Him our Pattern find,  
Humility to know.

The lowest place He took,  
And left His home above;  
A throne in heaven forsook,  
That we might taste His love.

To save our souls from shame,  
He bled on Calvary's tree;  
Our Substitute became,  
To bring salvation free.

Contentment with our lot,  
Lord, teach us day by day;  
So shall we murmur not,  
But all Thy will obey.

Though lowly be our task,  
Do Thou Thy blessing grant;  
For more we would not ask,  
Since this is all we want.

AUNT LUCY.

---

I FIND it most true that the greatest temptation is to live without temptations. Standing waters corrupt.

## Correspondence.

## WORDS FROM BEYOND THE SEA.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR BROTHER IN HIM WHO IS THE ONE "ALTOGETHER LOVELY,"—Little did I think, a few days over a month ago, that when I would send you my subscription for the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, which is over-due for more than a year, that I should have the sad experience which you have realized through the course of your pilgrimage—the loss of a dear wife, after nearly fifty years of wedded life, hoping that possibly God would spare her a few months longer, so that we could celebrate our fiftieth anniversary. But it seemed that the Master was come, and called for her; and gently, without any struggle whatever, she closed her eyes with a smile, which she retained in death's cold clasp, and her spirit passed away, "safe in the arms of Jesus." As soon as I have a spare moment, with your permission, I should like to write a short letter respecting her life and character. In a good old age—eighty years—the good Lord bade her "Come up higher!" I will not take up your time to speak of my loneliness. My loss is her gain. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!"

Enclosed you will receive five dollars, two of which will pay for the last year and *Old Jonathan*, and one to be applied to the present year. The balance I shall have to trouble you to send to A. WILCOCKSON, Hull, for duplicate numbers. It is too bad to put you to pains; but, as I wished to remit you three dollars, I thought it best to send it in one bill.

I want to send you some letters from WM. LITTLETON, Richmond, Indiana, U.S. About a year ago, I read in your GOSPEL MAGAZINE a letter from him, desiring that some friends in England would favour him with some old numbers of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. I at once sent a postal card to him, offering to supply him with what numbers I had on hand, and other works. He replied, and I supplied him up till the good Lord called him home. His letters are interesting, and I will send them to you shortly. He died about four months ago.

Dear Doctor, have you any paper published in connection with your Soup Kitchen? The good Lord put it in my heart, last February, to offer a basement front room and my services free for one month, to establish a Soup Kitchen, where poor families could come and take away a gallon of good rich soup and meat every day. An English gentleman gave one hundred loaves, which, with other gifts, came up to one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty the six days of the week. We had from thirty to thirty-five families supplied, and we continued it up to the 1st of May—ten weeks—which proved a blessing to many. On the 1st of February I shall, with God's help and blessing, commence it again. This time I shall look to the Lord, and not to man. The first quarter of beef and the first hundred loaves I will give in memory of her who so willingly assisted me last year, and who expressed herself to her granddaughter that she hoped Mr. MERCKELL would again open his Soup Kitchen, as it proved such a blessing to many. Many poor, worthy English families have I helped,

and they are the last who would accept charity, if they could do otherwise. I thought you might have something printed respecting the manner in which you carry it on. Of course, I never refuse a bowl to any one coming in, but our aim is to help the needy families.

Yours truly,

J. H. MERCKELL.

Chicago, January 17th, 1886.

#### REPLY.

Our readers will see, by the foregoing letter, that one who has been so great a sufferer, and whose letter appeared in the February Number, has been called to his eternal rest. We rejoice on his behalf, and shall be glad to receive the promised correspondence in regard to him. The writer of the foregoing epistle has, moreover, himself been called to the surrender of the companion of his many years' sojourn in the wilderness. Half-a-century, or thereabouts, is a period not often granted to companionship in this vale of tears—this land of death and dying. To our own mind it appeared strange that, in the act of opening our correspondent's letter, our first impression was, that it was to announce the bereavement of which it speaks. We can only add our sincere wish and prayer that our friend and correspondent may not only be upheld and sustained under so keen a trial, but that he may be likewise cheered and comforted by the remembrance of how soon—yea, how very, very soon—he and his departed one will meet in that upper and better and brighter world, where neither sin nor sorrow will ever be either felt or feared. There is such a marked difference between severances in early and in latter life. In the one case, there are commonly so many, many years to pass in the wilderness in a state of comparative loneliness and solitude. The very same post, for example, which brought our correspondent's letter brought one from another personally long-known one who, five years since, encountered a shock by the suddenness of a bereavement from which she has suffered intensely ever since; nor do we wonder at it. By no means are we surprised that she still lingers—shall we say?—under an open, bleeding wound—yea, such as only the great and good Physician can heal. He—and He alone—can, with His own loving, tender hand, “bind up the broken-hearted, and heal their wounds.”

We shall be truly glad to receive the promised particulars of the closing days of our correspondent's departed one, hoping that they may serve to give fresh proof of divine faithfulness and all-sufficiency, and help to strengthen and stimulate the faith of the weak and the doubting.

We can most thoroughly participate in the pleasure and satisfaction experienced by our correspondent, in the means he has adopted for the temporal relief of his poorer neighbours. We have often remarked that, but for our Soup Kitchen, we much question whether we could have continued to bear the weight and anxiety connected with our populous parish. The help, however, thus afforded to the many poor and needy ones has given us indescribable comfort and satisfaction during the last eighteen winters. We are just about to go down to the Mission Hall and Soup Kitchen, to meet our teachers and friends, when a second meat tea for the season (29/1/86) will be given to 100 men out of

employment. The opportunity thus afforded for speaking to these poor men upon their eternal interests, as well as to sympathise with them in their troubles, is of the most grateful description. Moreover, when, from time to time, we see about 150 poor little ones partaking, twice a week, of a good basin of soup and a thick slice of bread, we are ready to shed tears of gratitude for the help thus rendered; and the heart sends forth many an earnest plea that the Lord would be pleased to adopt these little ones—yea, that He would cause them to hunger and thirst after the bread and water of life, and that He would nourish them, in His own sovereign and gracious way, with Himself, the heavenly Manna.

THE EDITOR.

---

### LOVE-GREETINGS.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

BELOVED BROTHER IN THE LORD,—It is some time since I availed myself of the privilege of writing you a few lines, a natural diffidence, coupled with much depression, which so often prevents my writing, even to those to whom my heart is most drawn, being perhaps one of the principal reasons. Certainly it is not that the productions of your pen have been less soul-helpful and comforting. Far from this. Ever since the direct blessing of the Holy Spirit upon your writings to my soul, in connection with the ministry, there has been that sacred bond felt and enjoyed that death itself can never break. Break? No; but rather bid it enter into the fulness of that union so longed and sought for, but which we know will never be attained until

“Sin, our worst enemy before,  
Shall vex our eyes and ears no more.”

Often, when turning over the pages of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, *Retracings and Renewings*, and *Credentials, Call, and Claims of the Christian Ministry*, do I find my very soul melted and spring upward to the Lord, with the sincere prayer that the beloved Editor and Author may long be spared to blow the Gospel trumpet he has so long sounded; and, when the messenger does come from the “Captain of our Salvation” to His soldier of the cross, to take him from the very height of his engagement in the field, that it shall be a speedy flight to the realms of rest, to receive the crown you will so readily cast at the Giver’s feet, and cry, “Crown *Him*, crown *Him* Lord of all!” Nor can the day be far distant, as the growing infirmities and increasing weaknesses declare.

But you will be wondering what fresh matter has caused me to write to you at this time. After reading your article in the December number, “Jehovah and His People One,” I felt I must send a line or two, so many were the scenes of the past to which it led me. Such a review of the goodness and mercy of my God sprung up, and my hardened heart so thawed under it, that, knowing the value of a cheering word by the way, I cannot refrain from communing with the brother who has thus been communing with me.

It was the mention of the name of JOHN WARBURTON that kindled the

smoking flax, and your remarks upon his ministry, and that of every called and qualified sent servant of the Most High God, in contrast to the "yea and nay" sound of a gospel.

It must be now more than fifteen years ago that I used to walk miles to the Surrey Tabernacle, to hear the late beloved JAMES WELLS, often weeping as I went, and often fighting with my soul as I returned, and charging it to bless and praise the Lord for the hope of salvation. But in vain did I charge it. "It is not for me—not for me!" was my continual groan; and yet, at the same time, saying, "If I have no part or lot in the matter, why should I thus wish ever to be where those are who love and fear the Lord, and feed on things divine?" Then did I truly cry—

"Encompassed with clouds of distress,  
Just ready all hope to resign,  
I pant for the light of Thy face,  
And fear it will never be mine.

"Disheartened with waiting so long,  
I sink at Thy feet with my load;  
All plaintive I pour out my song,  
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

"Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease;  
The blood of atonement apply;  
And lead me to Jesus for peace—  
'The Rock that is higher than I.'

"Speak, Saviour! for sweet is Thy voice;  
Thy presence is fair to behold;  
Attend to my sorrows and cries,  
My groanings that cannot be told!

"If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
My hold of Thy promise to keep,  
The billows more fiercely return,  
And plunge me again in the deep.

"While harassed and cast from Thy sight,  
The tempter suggests with a roar,  
'The Lord hath forsaken thee quite;  
Thy God will be gracious no more.'

Oh, how sincerely then did I cry (would that I felt more such heart-cries now)—

"Yet, Lord, if Thy love hath designed  
No covenant blessings for me,  
Ah! tell me, how is it I find  
Some pleasure in waiting for Thee?

"Almighty to rescue Thou art;  
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;  
Come, Succour, and gladden my heart;  
Let this be the day of Thy power."

It was under such soul-conflict that I sat and heard for the first and last time the JOHN WARBURTON of whom you write. He was preaching at the Surrey Tabernacle. Text and sermon I know not. All have gone but one remembrance, and that will live till I cease to think. He made a pause in the sermon, and, with striking emphasis, exclaimed, "Oh, friends, my dear father told me I was a sinner *many and many a time*, but it went in here and out there [putting his fingers to his ears]; but *the Lord* told me I was a sinner *once*, and it went here [placing his hand on his heart], and it has been here ever since." Never shall I forget it. Though I again left that hallowed building (hallowed from the sweet association of living souls who have there wept and sung) still thirsting for the joys of salvation, his words deepened the hope that my heart-trouble was of *the Lord*, causing me to believe

“That day would surely come  
 When I should clearly see,  
 Not only that He shed His blood,  
 But died for *even me*.”

Oh, what shall I render to my God for all the goodness, mercy, and grace He has made to pass before me since that day? I often feel I can fully understand why He should cast me from His presence and send me to the lowest hell; but *why* He should ever give me such tokens of His love and mercy—such glimpses of glory—this is beyond all comprehension—“*past finding out*.” He does because He will. He loves because He delights in mercy. Ah! Lord, why me? why me?

“Whom, though I cannot comprehend,  
*Feeling* Thou art the sinner's Friend,  
 I love Thee and adore.”

Your remarks that I have alluded to are these, which brought up the *heart-testimony* of JOHN WARBURTON at the Surrey Tabernacle:—

“There is a warmth and a power that render his testimony peculiarly sweet and savoury. There is so much *heart* about it, and this it is, under the seal of the Holy Ghost, that finds the echo and response in other hearts. It is, in a word, that which speaks from *heart to heart*. Hence its hold—its grasp—upon the inner man. *No mere letter preaching will do this*. There may be ability, and so the attention may be arrested, and a certain interest awakened in the contemplation of that ability. But the *savour*, the *dew*, the *unction*, the *power*, the *seal*, the *intermingling of heart with heart, soul with soul*, oh, that is quite another thing! The ear listens, the heart feels; and there is a vast distinction between *hearing* and *feeling*. One word dropped into the heart prepared by the Holy Ghost to receive that word, is attended with a weight and an influence as distinct as possible from the mere nominal or external hearing. Nor can it be erased or wholly forgotten. It abides. It cautions or comforts, consoles or confirms, according to the mind of the Holy Ghost, and as the heart or soul of the hearer may need.”\*

You will readily see, my brother, how these telling remarks would bring up the season and remark I have named; and the truth of that remark—*sinner'ship* written in the heart by the Holy Ghost—is the key to the *heart-work* of the ministry of our fellow-labourer. Alas! for that religion which is *taken up by the creature*, rather than *wrought in by the Holy Spirit*. The first is pliable, and goes but a little way—withers up for want of depth of earth—the other lives under every opposition, and brings its possessor off “more than conqueror, through Him that loved us.” Oh, for more of this discrimination in the public ministry to-day—a discrimination the *dead formalist* shuns, but the *living soul* seeks with a continual “Search me, O God!” Who indeed can value the glad tidings of the Gospel but *sinner's with heartfelt needs*? Who shall rejoice in the light, but they who have mourned in the dark? value the blood, but they who have crimson stains to be cleansed? prize the robe of righteousness, but the destitute and naked who come to Him

\* See GOSPEL MAGAZINE for December, page 735.

for dress? partake of the joys of salvation, but those who have wept over the sorrows of sin? feed on heavenly bread and wine, but those who prove the world and its store a barren land, that yields them no supply? Who shall sing of such release from debt as those who have "nothing to pay"?

Oh, to hunger more, for He will feed! May the many spiritual readers of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE ever value the fare set before them, and "feed thereon and grow."

Pardon my trespassing thus much on your time. The heart warms, and the pen will run. Grace, mercy, and peace ever surround you till, overwhelmed in the ocean of everlasting bliss, faith lost in sight, and the song sung without a tear, you meet Him whom your soul loveth, prays,

*Laxfield, January 12th, 1886.*

Yours, in covenant bonds,

EBENEZER MARSH.

"He led them on safely, so that they feared not." Yes, *He* leads—leads *safely*—and so does it that He takes away their every fear. Bless His name!

#### DEATH OF "OLD SARAH."

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—I write a hurried line to tell you—and through you the many friends of the departed one—of the removal of Mrs. HAMMOND, known to your readers as "Old Sarah." The aged pilgrim shared our home from September, 1883, and has now exchanged her earthly tabernacle for an eternal home, and has gone to be "for ever with the Lord."

I am not able to write a lengthy account of our friend's life. She was, I believe, called by divine grace at the age of sixteen, and thus followed the Lord for about seventy years. Early in life she was taught the sweet doctrines of sovereign grace, and to her latest days these truths were her theme. It is indeed blessed when Gospel truth has a mellowing influence upon the life, and when grace so enlarges the heart as to constrain the lips to "speak the truth in love." Were I to say that our departed sister at all times sought to maintain truth without a noticeable acrimony of manner, her dearest friends would hardly give me credit for sincerity; yet it is the mercy of grace-taught sinners, that He who writes His truth in their hearts knows all about their earthly frames, and remembers that they are dust. Grace shall triumph over all our frailties, and the spotless robe of our Redeemer's righteousness shall cover all our infirmities.

Mrs. HAMMOND often told us of her early days, of her acquaintance with Dr. HAWKER and EYLES PIERCE, and of sermons preached by these and others of God's witnesses long since gone up higher. Her husband, Mr. JOSEPH HAMMOND, to whom she was united in 1849, had been the secretary of the *Gospel Tract Society*, under Dr. HAWKER. He was a godly man, and only survived his marriage about five years.

After 1854, Mrs. HAMMOND experienced many vicissitudes in her pilgrimage, finding a home in several places successively, until her lot was cast in London.

Her entrance into my home was entirely by her own desire, and my reply was sent within a few minutes of the receipt of her letter. Previous to this, we were perfect strangers to each other, and she had only known my name as that of a publisher of truth. After our first conversation, she repeated KENT'S couplet—

“And every day's declining sun  
Brings Israel's great deliverance on.”

She could repeat most of JOHN KENT'S hymns, having treasured them up in her memory during her youth, and took great delight in reciting them.

Mrs. HAMMOND enjoyed remarkably good health, and had great vigour of body, as well as vast activity of mind. Had she received an education, she would doubtless have been an author.

We first noticed a change in her during the severe weather in January. Her breath failed, and even near a large fire she was not able to keep warm. Yet she was present at every meal, and appeared as cheerful as usual, until about ten days before her death. She then felt unable to rise until the afternoon, and in a day or two kept her bed. On the last evening she stayed down to supper, I said to her, “Well, Mrs. HAMMOND, the outward man appears now to be decaying rather rapidly.” I said this because she had expressed her belief that she would recover when the weather changed. But she replied, “Yes; I begin to think it is so. But my credentials are clear—all signed and sealed; and, whenever it comes, I have a good home to go to.”

After this, having to attend the interment of a beloved relative in Wiltshire, I saw Mrs. HAMMOND only once or twice to speak to her. She was quite conscious to the last day or two, though she said very little.

On Monday morning, February 15th, a greater change appeared. The doctor said that nature was decaying more rapidly. In the afternoon she was partially conscious, and once opened her eyes upon my dear wife, and said, “*I'm gone home.*” These were her last intelligible words, as she was not able after this to articulate clearly. My wife replied, “I think you are very quickly *going home.*” She continued thus, without pain, until eleven on Monday night, and then very quietly breathed her last, in her eighty-sixth year.

Her remains will be buried in Hampstead Cemetery to-morrow afternoon, the 19th.

I have to thank you for your kindness in assisting the departed to realize the bounty of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society last year; and perhaps you will allow me here to thank those friends who have so kindly ministered to the temporal wants of one who, for so many years, was “a widow *indeed.*” “My Lord is faithful,” she often said, “and knows all I need; and He will never leave me, nor forsake me.”

May we be favoured, in life and death, to realize the faithfulness of Him who has said, “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

Believe me, dear Dr. DOUDNEY, sincerely yours,  
West Hampstead, London.

WILLIAM WILEMAN.

THE NATION'S PERILS; OR, PENALTIES FOR PANDERING  
TO POPERY.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—The writer thinks the heart of every true Englishman, who loves our beloved Sovereign, must feel grieved for her sake in reading "What Next?" page 39, January Number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. Who that loves her but would warn against nursing a serpent whose deadly bite only waits an opportunity to inject its poisoned fangs? We firmly believe that her and her family's most subtle, deadly foe is Popery.

If England's history is not enough to arouse her sons and daughters against in any way countenancing any introductions within her borders of what has proved, and still proves, in neighbouring countries, their most despotic, deadly foe, let them think of Oxford, Smithfield, and other places, where the blood of martyrs still has a plea for vengeance on this guilty land.

Would to God the beautiful language, "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee, O God," was fully understood and respected by the thousands who sing it, because of the choice music set to it!

We feel sorry the reign of one who has been such a long blessing to our much-loved country should have the dark cloud of countenancing Papal Mass to obscure its brightness. Alas! alas! for the disgrace attached to other names!

Where is the coronation oath? We pray the Lord to preserve our dear Sovereign from evil advisers. On good authority, we have been informed that she does not allow a Puseyite to preach twice before her. Allowing it so to be, the inference is, that it cannot be her wish to favour Popery, of which Puseyism is but the spawn.

Oh, that professors of Protestantism, high and low, throughout England could feel their perilous position in nursing Popery and infidelity! It requires but little observation to see the eclipse drawing over the Church of Christ. The life and spirit of the Gospel of Christ, as exhibited in the true believer's life of faith upon the Son of God, receives ridicule, or is margined as a thing of the past, so little understood that few believe it.

Blessed be the Lord, His "secret" is still "with them that fear Him," and He will, by His Spirit's teaching, "show them His covenant." "The foundation of God standeth sure," and He "knoweth them that are His."

I have found much savoury meat in the January Number, and been much refreshed in my shut-up position, not being able to attend the ordinances of the Lord's house. "Retracings and Renewings" has been very profitable, proving how the Lord has and does still deliver.

Many thanks for the two portraits in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, January Number. On the part of my grandchildren, I thank you for the present of books, through Mr. VARDER, for their learning "Little Talks with Teacher," &c.

May the Lord's especial favours still strengthen, support, renew, and make you equal to all His righteous pleasure sees best for you in your undertakings. So prays,

Yours, for the truth's sake,

*Yeovil, January 28th, 1886.*

JOHN BARBER.

## LOVE-GREETINGS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I was too ill to go by the train in the morning, which will account for the man not seeing me. I am sorry to hear that you are still a prisoner. I hope that the Lord may soon enable you once more to go forth in His name, “preaching peace by Jesus Christ: He is Lord of all.”

I am glad to find that anything in my magazine has been made of any use to you. “It is the Lord’s doings, and marvellous in our eyes.” He sends by whom He will send, gets the glory to Himself, puts the creature in the dust, and makes him say, “Behold, I am vile!”

To what an age the Lord has brought you! No one in the city of Bristol has greater cause to say than have you, “Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.” And oh, the mercy, my brother, that—

“A few more days and *you* shall rise  
To take your portion in the skies,  
And sing, without a throbbing breast,  
‘All things were ordered for the *best!*’”

We often cannot see it to be so, but we know that it must be so. Jesus said to the Pharisees around Him, “Ye fools, and blind!” but I question exceedingly if the words would not quite as well apply to *us*. Well might His Majesty say, “Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.” We must have, not once or twice in a lifetime, but frequently, the fleece wet, the ground wet, and the cake of barley bread tumbling into the camp of the enemy, or we lose all heart, and, like Samson shorn of his locks, become as any other man.

“He must work to will and do;  
Bring us safe to glory, too.”

And well we know that “Lord, increase our faith!” means, “increase our troubles”; and oh, such cowards are we that we turn pale as death at the very thought of trouble! Yet—

“What is all our pain?  
How light compared with Thine!  
Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;  
Choose Thou the way, but still lead on.”

“Oh, that closer we could cleave  
To Thy bleeding, dying breast!  
Give us firmly to believe,  
And to enter into rest:  
Lord, increase, increase our faith!  
Make us faithful unto death!”

My dear brother, farewell! With our united best love to both yourself and beloved companion in life,

Believe me, affectionately yours,

Hull, March 5th, 1886.

A. WILCOCKSON.

[Yes, indeed, dear brother, you may well say that the words which Jesus spoke to the Pharisees of old would apply to us—at least they would to *me*. I feel ashamed of myself, beyond all that I can attempt

to express, at my ungrateful—yea, cruel—calling in question His goodness and mercy for *the little future*, after He has vouchsafed to me such a superabundance of kindness and compassion for so many, many years. The distrust of former days seems as nothing when contrasted with that of the present, because in the interval there has been nought but one continuous train of goodness, kindness, bounty, and love; and therefore, to doubt and fear now, in the face of all that one has seen and known in personal experience for so many, many years is, I repeat, base and vile in the extreme.

Oh, brother, how that passage cuts me to the very heart's core, "Is this thy kindness to thy Friend?" and then another, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip?" It seems to speak to me personally and individually thus—"What! have I so long led and fed thee, supported and sustained, guarded and guided thee, and that amid so many perplexities, cares, sorrows, distresses; and yet hast thou not known Me? What! still fail to see that it is *My* hand, *My* leading, *My* guidance, *My* power, and that with a certain aim and to a definite end and purpose, even at last to bring thee off more than conqueror?"

Oh, brother, when the Lord reasons and remonstrates with me thus, I am, as it were, struck dumb before Him, and I fall in deepest self-abasement, yet adoring wonder, at His blessed feet! And how does one, at such times, long to be rid of this "vile body"—this corrupt flesh—this thankless heart! And, at such seasons, how little disposed one is to talk of others! Then it is that dear TRIGGS' words recur so forcibly about "too much to do with the *home department* to engage in others' matters." Ah! yes, it is a verity.—ED.]

---

## GOSPEL BOOK MISSION TO THE ARMY AND NAVY.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I hope that you have received further help towards sending me *Walks and Talks with Jesus*. I am overstocked with *old* magazines, notwithstanding the thousands sent away by us every month. Many of our agents have well supplied the men with these, hence the felt need of increased *new* matter. The first week in every month we send off to 150 home and foreign helpers about five cwt. of current literature. The Mission is too weak in this extended and extending branch of usefulness. I should be glad, therefore, of some monetary help to procure suitable matter. To serve the cause of God and truth is a privilege of the highest kind. "This honour have all His saints."

"Do what you can, being what you are;

Shine like a glow-worm, if you cannot like a star;

Work like a pulley, if you cannot like a crane;

Be a wheel-greaser, if you cannot drive a train."

Macedonian hands for reading are stretched out to us from various parts of the globe, and to supply them taxes our time and resources. Two of these have been served with large grants during the past month—one at Bombay, with a box of volumes, magazines, and tracts,

weighing two cwt., which was taken out free of freight by the Admiral-Superintendent at Portsmouth; the other, a similar box, was sent to Barbadoes by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company at half the usual rate of freight. The subjoined letter will show its reception in the West Indies:—

FROM A MISSIONARY IN BARBADOES.

“MY DEAR MR. BRIDER,—Since I wrote to you in acknowledgment of the receipt of your box, laden with precious things, I have your more than kind letter, which has fully set my mind at rest as to the contents of the box being intended only for my soldiers. Let me, however, assure you that, abundant as they are, they are not one too many; and were you now to see the turned-up box, you would be surprised at the gap which has already been made in it. With regard to the beautiful books I have, in distributing, used some discretion, for, excellent and beautiful as they are, to present them indiscriminately would be only casting pearls before swine; but I am thankful to say that I have met with a few Spirit-taught men, who know how to value such precious literature. These bless the Lord for raising up such men as yourself, who are willing to spend and be spent in His service. I cannot but repeat my wish in my first letter, that the good Lord would be pleased to spare you many more years, to be the blessing that you have been and are to the Queen’s men. You say truly when you write that “His Word shall not return to Him void, but shall accomplish that which He pleases.” His Word can never return void to Him, but will assuredly be to all souls either ‘a savour of life unto life, or a savour of death unto death’; and it is for His people to pray that it may more and more be the former, to His praise and glory.

“DR. DOUDNEY I know of old. His GOSPEL MAGAZINE is well-known among a certain few here, and heartily appreciated.

“I propose placing some of the bound volumes on the tables of the Recreation Room and United Service Home, the latter of which is much frequented both by soldiers and navy men. The eye of some re-created child of God may chance to see them, and his soul be refreshed and strengthened thereby.”

FROM A MISSIONARY IN BOMBAY.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am now engaged in working among the seamen in this busy port, where, I am glad to inform you, a good work for our Lord and Master is being accomplished. Let me thank you for the monthly parcel, duly received at my old station, and if you could give me a large grant here, as you sent me a few years ago there, I should be glad. A constant inflow and outflow of seamen and soldiers coming here compel me to ask this favour of you.”

FROM A SERGEANT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

“DEAR MR. BRIDER,—I received your precious packet of books for December last, and I feel that I cannot sufficiently express my thanks in words for your continued remembrance of me. I am coming to England again some time next month. The exact date has not been fixed, owing to my having to wait for a sergeant coming out from the

depôt to relieve me. I shall be glad to get home again, as I have my wife and children still in Plymouth, and they have been very unwell. But, bless His holy name, He has watched over them and kept them safe, and I have many reasons to bless Him for His mighty, keeping, satisfying love; and, like David, I would that my mouth were filled with His praise and honour all the day. I will write to you on my arrival in England, and, although I may not have the pleasure of seeing you in the body, I shall ever bear you up on my heart at the throne of grace. May He indeed bless and reward you for your many labours of love; and, if you cannot perhaps see much of your work, by-and-bye will be the harvest."

FROM A WIDOW.

"DEAR SIR,—I write to inform you of my sad loss—the death of my dear husband, who died on the 4th inst. I thank you in his name for the parcels you kindly sent monthly, and which he gladly received and distributed. They were much approved of by the men. My dear husband was out in his work when he was struck down by paralysis and softening of the brain. As soon as he came home, he was put to bed, and was never able to leave it again, as his mind had given way, and he was not able to help himself in the least. The respect that was borne to him, by rich and poor, was shown by the numbers that visited him in his illness and attended at his funeral. My loss is great, but I feel his gain is greater. He had no fear of death, and was most patient in his illness. Never one murmur escaped his lips, which, to me, is a very great solace in my trouble. I thank you once more for your kindness."

Any help towards this good work will be received most gratefully by me, at the Old Gaol Chapel, Salisbury, and duly acknowledged by official receipt.

March 13th, 1886.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES BRIDER.

[We thankfully announce the annexed additional subscriptions towards sending "Walks and Talks with Jesus" to the above Mission:—  
—, 4s.; Miss Wilson, 1s.; M. R., 2s. 6d.; A Soldier's Three Little Boys, R., J., and S., 3s.; Mrs. Fielder, 10s.; M. W., 20s.; Mr. Elgar, 5s.]

---

SEED-SOWING IN EARLY LIFE BEARING FRUIT IN  
AFTER-DAY.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

MY DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—Though unknown to you in the flesh, I have felt constrained to send you, in a few words, a narration of an incident which has come under my own notice, believing that He who said, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," would have such incidents noted by us for our instruction. The incident I allude to I felt would be calculated, through the medium of your Magazine, to encourage and stimulate the hearts of godly parents and others interested in the spiritual welfare of the young, to induce them to store their memories with the Word of truth, and the poetic effusions of Christ-loving hearts.

I have felt a little of the pride of a father's heart, in having one of my own beloved children, seven years of age, among the few in our Sunday School here who succeeded in committing to memory your piece, "Little Talks with Teacher," and I was stimulated to encourage the child to persevere in it by the circumstance I am about to name.

When at Cheltenham, a few months ago, I visited a poor, dear Christian man, who was lying upon a bed of sickness. He told me he had for a long time been in a very dull and almost indifferent state of mind respecting soul-matters, and had believed in his conscience that the Lord would bring something upon him to rouse him out of that state, and so He did by the affliction he was then suffering; and then, whilst lying upon his bed, with the rod of his God upon him, the Lord communicated His sweet, heart-melting, and heart-healing mercy, by bringing to his remembrance two verses of a piece he had learnt *when a child*. There it was, lodged in his memory from childhood, until about threescore years and ten were reached, and *then* brought up from the mysterious recesses of memory's deep to administer divine consolation and holy joy to his heart, buried though it had been beneath the thousands of things which had passed through or lodged in that mind since then; yet *now* the hand of power divine bids memory disclose one of her hidden treasures, and bring it forth to the light, and aids her in her timely service. The words were these—

"When I forget my God, and sin,  
I've but one way to take—  
To ask forgiveness for my guilt,  
For my Redeemer's sake.

"Then humbly at my Saviour's feet,  
I earnestly implore  
He'd draw me closer to Himself,  
That I may sin no more."

As they recurred to his mind, he was overwhelmed with a sense of the greatness of the mercy that gives poor wandering sheep of Christ that "one way," ever open to them, by which to return again and again to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls; and he could not refrain from "weeping to the praise of the mercy he had found," as he related it to me. It was not until yesterday that I obtained from him a copy of the piece, or I should have written to you before, that it might not, as a fragment of some worth, be lost. I subjoin the whole piece hereto, which may be familiar to you, but was new to me. If new to you, you might find a use for it.

Oh, what an eternal mercy it is that for such "prone to wander" ones there ever is that "one way" open to us still!

I had been, in my simple way, testifying the Gospel of the grace of God yesterday at Cheltenham, and as I read those lines again, after they were given to me in the evening, they seemed to preach the Gospel to my own heart in return. I seldom fall asleep for some hours when retired to rest on a Sunday night after preaching, and last night, as I laid awake for a few hours, the sweet Gospel contained in those lines drew forth an oft-repeated gush of sweet tears from my eyes, having their spring in my very heart—tears of penitential joy—the tears of one who could "repent and sing, rejoice and be ashamed." I could enter still more deeply into my friend's heart-melting joy to whom I have alluded.

The first time I heard you preach was about thirteen or fourteen.

years ago, in St. Nicholas' Church, Bristol; and you read the first chapter of Isaiah, and remarked how astonishing it was that the Lord should have to make such solemn complaints against His own chosen people, as in that chapter, to whom His eternal love had been made known! Well might He call upon heaven and earth to witness with astonishment His complaints against them! "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against Me"; and yet, after setting their great and many sins in the light of His countenance, He turns unto them and says, "Come now," after all this of which I thus so justly complain—"Come now," notwithstanding that heaven and earth may well become spell-bound in amazement at your base requitals of My mercies—"Come now," though laden with iniquity—"and let us reason together: for, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Oh, how would our life, since we have known the Lord, bear reviewing, if His unwearied long-suffering, His untiring goodness, His unabating mercy, did not run side by side with all our unmindfulness of Him, all our heart-backslidings, all our base folly?

How many, many things recur to the mind, even in reviewing our pathway since called by grace, that make us hide our heads for very shame! But, whilst shame pervades our mind, and the deep blush of confusion dyes our cheeks before the Lord, at each repeated sight in this retrospect, yet at every turn we behold how, by that "one way," we have proved that mercy triumphs over guilt, and grace superabounds over sin. It is said of Jehovah's dealings with Israel of old, that "many times did He deliver them"; and have not we to record the same in our experience of His saving goodness? But though many, many times it has been that we have proved the faithfulness of His delivering hand, yet each of those many, many times it has been by bringing us where we deeply feel that we have "but one way to take," and I feel I shall need that one only way open to me to the end.

But I must curb my pen. I have trespassed over the bounds of what this letter was intended to convey; but, before concluding, would just give one proof to you that the "Little Talks with Teacher" have not been merely learnt to be at once forgotten by all who accomplished that task.

I was rather struck, after returning home to-day, upon being told by my dear wife that our beloved boy, only last night, after getting into bed, said—"Mother, it was Jesus that said—

"Over those sins My blood shall flow,  
And make them even white as snow,"

"wasn't it?" You will recognise the lines as part of "Little Talks with Teacher," which, without anything being said to lead him to think of them, recurred to his little thoughts. Oh, may he, and many more who learnt them, know the blessed experience of it through grace!

Yours affectionately, for the truth's sake,

*Cardiff, March 15th, 1886.*

SEYMOUR FARMER.

[The foregoing letter has afforded us no small degree of grateful

pleasure. The fact named by our correspondent brought at once vividly to our recollection what occurred when we were very, very young. Under promise of a reward of threepence from our dear father, we learnt the following lines—

“God loved His Church, and gave His Son  
To drink the cup of wrath;  
And Jesus says, He'll cast out none  
That come to Him by faith.

“The happy gates of Gospel grace  
Stand open night and day;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.”

Not for the sake of the verses, but for the reward, we committed them to memory. Although, however, not valued then, they have served to cheer and refresh, in a Gospel sense, hundreds of times since.—Ed.]

---

### THE PRESENT CRISIS.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—As a subscriber to the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for many years, and a great lover of those precious truths it always contains, I have taken the liberty of writing to you at this most solemn period of our nation's history.

It occurred to me that many subscribers might unite together for prayer to our covenant God, to confound the enemies we have to contend with on all hands, and to implore Him not to allow poor Ireland to fall into the hands of the Papists and infidels of the day. Oh, what could our dear, loyal Protestants do, if Ireland should again be under the tyranny of the “mother of harlots” and all abominations?

Let us all, in the strength of the Lord, unite together and form a little faithful army, like that of Gideon of old; our name, “No surrender”—our principles, “No peace with Rome or Arminian teaching”—our companions, all soldiers of the cross—our banner, “Jehovah-Nissi”—and our glorious Captain, Jesus, the Lord of Hosts—then victory is certain, for He always wins His battles.

I feel intensely the solemn crisis, the aspect of the times, and the general defection from “the truth as it is in Jesus.”

With much love, in Gospel bonds,  
*Weymouth, March 20th, 1886.*

T. B.

[In reply to our correspondent and his suggestion, with respect to prayer at this most critical crisis of both the Church and nation, we may state that it is a matter which we are led, day and night, to lay before the Lord. With intense ardour and importunity—at times, at least—we plead with Him that, notwithstanding our sinfulness and ingratitude, as such a long and highly-favoured people, He would be pleased, “in the midst of deserved judgment, to remember mercy,” and to spare the land for the blessing that is in it. We pray Him to “turn the counsels of the Ahithophels” of our day “into foolishness”; to frustrate the designs of the Horonites, Sanballats, and Tobiahs.]

If not the Protestants of England, at least those of Ireland are virtually, in our view, at the present juncture, in the perilous position of the Jews of old, when the wicked Haman conspired against them. There can be no reasonable doubt that the idol of the nation—the ambitious, self-admiring G. O. M.—has before him a scheme which, if carried, will seal the destruction of the Protestants of Ireland, and give over the country at large to the Papacy. That he is himself a Papist at heart we have long entertained no doubt. His every act bespeaks it. The question, then, with us is, Will the Lord allow such a man to obtain his guilty ends? Shall he succeed in his ill-devised plans? Can the abettor of Bradlaughism and Jesuitism prosper, whilst the word of the Almighty Jehovah still holds good—“Whoso toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye”? Hence we entreat the Lord to be mindful of His promise, and mercifully to fulfil it—“For the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord, and will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.”—Ed.]

---

THE LINES, “LITTLE TALKS WITH TEACHER; OR, ‘CAN THERE BE HOPE FOR ME?’”

IN presenting our readers with the list of the names of those who have committed the above to memory, we can but express our deep gratitude to the Lord, that we were permitted and enabled of Him to place before so many little ones the simple scheme of salvation. Of His great mercy, in contrast to the many delusions of the day, rendered in various ways so alluring and attractive, hundreds have *learnt*—and we pray God it may be imbedded in their *hearts*—the simple, Scriptural setting forth of *ruin* in the first Adam, and *rescue* and *recovery* in Jesus, the Second Adam.

We had intended to have quoted from the vast number of letters we have received, with a view of giving a reason for the hope we entertain that the truths embodied in the hymn have, in very deed, been brought home to the *souls* of the little ones—yea, and some of the elder ones, too—by God the Holy Ghost. This, however, would occupy too much space. We are compelled, therefore, to forego this pleasure.

The language of very many letters, in regard to the lines, and in acknowledging the books given as rewards, is such as to bespeak something far beyond or deeper than the mere surface. There has been such an *earnestness* and *heartiness* about the letters as lead us hopefully and thankfully to believe that the Lord the Spirit has in very deed been at work.

Hence, in the present aspect both of the professing Church and the world, it is to us a source of no small comfort and satisfaction to feel that we have been permitted to spread the truth, in this simple and unaffected way, on behalf of the rising generation. It does rejoice us to think that, when we have “gone the way of all the earth”—and this must very soon be the case—so many through the kingdom have learnt that which, we doubt not, will abide by them throughout their after-lives, and, we trust, bring forth fruit to the praise of the glory of His grace. That such may be the case is our fervent prayer.

NAME.	AGE.	PLACE.	NAME.	AGE.	PLACE.
Edith Maltock ...	11	Martock	Hannah Baker ...	20	St. Luke's Schools, Bedminster
Arthur Murch ...	11	Buckhurst Hill	Naomi Baker ...	17	
Ernest Rose ...	8	Hammersmith	Jessie Foogle ...	19	"
Ada Mand Mills ...	12	Upminster	Ellen Masoli ...	14	"
Joseph Webber ...	10	Bridgwater	Eva Gilbert ...	14	"
Leonora Higgs ...	8	Bletchley	Caroline Boon ...	15	"
Annie Hughes ...	13	London	Florence Pitman ...	16	"
Florence A. Green ...	—	Derby	Polly Coates ...	17	"
Arnie Foud ...	11	Lewes	M. A. Bryant ...	16	"
Winifred Hobday ...	14	London	Emma Baker ...	15	"
Alice Keene ...	—	Near Swindon	Rose Huish ...	14	"
Mabel R. Levesley ...	8	Wigston Magna	Rose Lillingston ...	9	"
Emily Smith ...	17	Wellington	Ebrena Webb ...	9	"
Lilly Jefferies ...	13	Devonport	Kate Mason ...	17	"
Anna E. Churcher ...	12	Wellington-on-Tyne	Annie Lockyer ...	15	"
— Morris ...	—	Donegal, Ireland	M. Bruford ...	14	"
Edith Corke ...	12	Wadhurst	Etiza Toop ...	15	"
Beatrice Winfield ...	13	Wallingford	M. Dummett ...	12	"
Charles Cockram ...	15	Lower Norwood	M. Culverhouse ...	16	"
Mabel James ...	9	Stonehouse (Glouc.)	H. Duckett ...	15	"
Louisa Hoare ...	9	Dorchester	Maude Smith ...	13	"
Mary Birtwistle ...	—	Crawshaw Booth	Ellen Eve ...	13	"
Harriet Garrett ...	—	Hammersmith	Alice Broad ...	13	"
Lucy Poole ...	12	Wellington	Mary Jane Shorley ...	13	"
Samuel Parsons ...	10	Langport	Kate Brackstone ...	13	"
Archd. A. Robertson ...	10	Banbury	Florence Fowler ...	13	"
Agnes M. Herbert ...	—	New Cross	Hetty Eve ...	11	"
Kate Allan ...	—	Billinghay	Letitia Poolen ...	13	"
Mercy Baker ...	—	Sturry	Blanche Allen ...	11	"
Katie Baker ...	10	"	Kate Webb ...	13	"
John Wood Prior ...	7	Chichester	Rose French ...	11	"
Frank Bailey ...	—	Roscrea, Ireland	Annie Cockbaine ...	13	"
Rachel Randle ...	—	Foleshill	Lizzie Carter ...	13	"
Georgina Tavinner ...	14	Kingswood	Gerty Eve ...	12	"
Ferdinand Riche ...	12	Cambridge	Kate Ghey ...	11	"
Charlotte Day ...	16	Mortlake	Tillie Wilkens ...	9	"
H. Culy ...	—	March, Cams.	Elizabeth Dudbridge ...	10	"
Lizzie Anne Bailey ...	—	Roscrea	Bessie Brackstone ...	12	"
John Wm. Peaman ...	—	Sheffield	Gerty Godfrey ...	11	"
Susan Arnold ...	—	Hertford	Alice Whean ...	10	"
Beatrice Mortimer ...	—	"	Laura Treenway ...	7	"
Emma Sophia Golding ...	13	Oakington	Kate Bridges ...	9	"
Ellen Washington ...	15	Winchmore Hill	Maud Bartlett ...	16	"
Kate Allan ...	—	Ballinghay	Carrie Bartlett ...	22	"
Hannah Firth ...	12	Waterban	Emily Porter ...	12	"
A Girl in Miss Cooper's Class ...	—	Southampton	Florence Birt ...	11	"
Ellen Wolfe ...	—	Olanakilty	Lydia Tidman ...	12	"
Bessie Wolfe ...	—	"	Maud Rice ...	10	"
James Duke ...	—	Southwark	Lizzie Woodbridge ...	10	"
John Duke ...	—	"	Agnes Sanson ...	13	"
Louisa Dew ...	13	Trowbridge	Martha Bruford ...	11	"
Florence E. Long ...	15	"	Minnie Burgess ...	10	"
Rose Brown ...	12	"	Alice Carter ...	12	"
Rosa Millard ...	11	"	Ada Perring ...	13	"
Lily Randall ...	14	"	Susan Webber ...	12	"
Mary Lois Gore ...	13	"	Eva Palmer ...	13	"
Annie L. Smith ...	15	"	Edith Lock ...	10	"
Alice L. Long ...	15	"	Polly Burton ...	12	"
Florence Collins ...	7	"	Polly Ashley ...	12	"
Bertha C. Stainer ...	13	"	Rose Hutchings ...	7	"
Samuel Linzey ...	11	"	Lottie Phillips ...	7	"
Minnie E. Stainer ...	14	"	Ellen Cridge ...	10	"
Annie Linzey ...	12	"	Amy Nash ...	12	"
Sarah Ann Howell ...	—	Bridlington	Lillie Shepherd ...	12	"
Edith Dobson ...	—	Sattlethwaite	Florence Smith ...	11	"
Edith Budgeon ...	12	Tunbridge Wells	Louisa Street ...	12	"
Gertrude Allen ...	9	Sheffield	H. H. Webb ...	11	"
Annie E. Farmer ...	10	Leicester	F. W. Coates ...	14	"
Emily Jennings ...	9	Isle of Man	Mark Pitman ...	8	"
Edwin Coombs ...	14	Yatton	A. W. Harding ...	11	"
Alic Smith ...	8	Brixton	Percival Hancock ...	11	"
Dudley Smith ...	6	"	G. Giddings ...	9	"
Mrs. Pitman ...	35	Bristol	E. Giddings ...	8	"
Mrs. Birt ...	47	"	George F. Smith ...	12	"
Mrs. Jones ...	45	"	Albert Porter ...	10	"
Mrs. Tanner ...	30	"	Walter Giddings ...	14	"
Mrs. Atkins ...	42	"	Thos. Hill ...	12	"
Mrs. Baker ...	39	"	T. J. Lloyd ...	12	"
Mrs. Giddings ...	36	"	E. Watts ...	13	"
Mrs. Boon ...	42	"	E. J. Tarbet ...	12	"

NAME.	AGE.	PLACE.	NAME.	AGE.	PLACE.
— Newman ...	13	{ St. Luke's Schools, Bedminster.	Phoebe Morris ...	—	Tunbridge Wells
Geo. Bowness ...	11	"	Gertrude Rose ...	9	Hammersmith
Fred. Burgess ...	8	"	Gertrude Smith ...	10	Chichester
Arthur Smith ...	9	"	Lizzie Bumstead ...	—	Highgate Road
E. S. Stephens ...	8	"	Ada Bumstead ...	—	"
E. Boon ...	13	"	Kate Richmond ...	12	Hull
Joseph Pitman ...	15	"	Emily Wilkins ...	—	Bridgwater
Wm. Hancock ...	6	"	Alice Short ...	10	Guernsey
May Watson ...	8	"	Mabel Potter ...	8	"
May Atkins ...	10	"	Emma Hampton ...	8	Pennington
Mabel Atkins ...	6	"	Mary Hannah Twiss ...	—	"
Alice Denty ...	8	"	Elizabeth West ...	20	Coventry
Rose Ace ...	8	"	Edith R. Copson ...	18	"
Kate Bruford ...	8	"	Lucy M. Copson ...	16	"
Daisy Lillingston ...	8	"	Mersey E. Burton ...	15	"
Bessie Birt ...	9	"	Elizabeth French ...	13	"
Clara Perry ...	8	"	Dorcas West ...	12	"
Nellie Perry ...	10	"	Eliza Knapp ...	—	Wrexham
Amelia Birt ...	11	"	Elizabeth Knapp ...	—	"
Bessie Atkins ...	7	"	Susannah Meadows ...	13	St. Ives
Mabel Atkins ...	4	"	Annette D. Brooks ...	10	Williton
Lizzie Pattison ...	11	"	Mary Jane Norman ...	—	Coates
Maggie Lloyd ...	7	"	Frances Vickery ...	—	Wellington
Mary Jane Baker ...	9	"	Annie Harrison ...	—	Coventry
Bessie Toop ...	10	"	A. Brazell ...	12	Bledlow
Nellie Arnell ...	10	"	Mary Jane Bawden ...	11	Brislington
Fred. Boon ...	7	"	Sabina Cripps ...	—	Powsey
E. Giddings ...	6	"	Tamar Masters ...	—	Shedland
Amy Broad ...	8	"	Sarah Ann Howell ...	14	Brislington
Alice Hutchins ...	10	"	Louisa Chown ...	10	"
Elizabeth Boon ...	12	"	Edith Smith ...	15	Brierley Hill
Phoebe Pitman ...	14	"	Lillian Le Lievre ...	—	Offspring
Rose Biggins ...	14	"	Edith Knight ...	—	Brighton
Mabel Biggins ...	12	"	J. Blake ...	13	Holloway
Emily Fox ...	9	"	M. Morrow ...	—	Stranishar
Florrie Greenway ...	9	"	Mary Ann Cleal ...	—	Crewkerne
Gertrude Hanks ...	11	"	Alice Lane ...	12	London
Lucy Bartlett ...	15	"	Gertie Taylor ...	—	Scarborough
Amy Bartlett ...	11	"	John W. Prior ...	7	Chichester
Archie Bartlett ...	12	"	Charlotte Gay ...	16	Richmond
Emmie Pearce ...	11	"	Kate Knight ...	—	Cardiff
Elizabeth Treebury ...	11	"	Lilly Asbury ...	—	St. Helens
Lilly Self ...	10	"	Isabella K. Black ...	—	Ballina (Co. Mayo)
Martha Stanger ...	12	{ St. Luke's Ragged School	Susan Arnold ...	—	Hertford
Eliza Coveney ...	10	"	Minnie Sully ...	—	Badsworth
Elizabeth Reed ...	12	"	Annie Sully ...	—	"
Sarah Warren ...	10	"	Lillie Wickens ...	—	Tunbridge Wells
Annie Dart ...	9	"	Annie Bentley ...	16	Bacup
Kate Stanger ...	7	"	Betty Hill ...	16	"
Sarah Turner ...	12	"	Ada Howorth ...	—	"
Robert Reed ...	10	"	Agnes Brown ...	15	"
Henry Meek ...	11	"	Beatrice Hoyle ...	15	"
William Burt ...	13	"	Mary Ann Holt ...	14	"
William Hawkins ...	12	"	Mary E. Mercer ...	14	"
Henry Hodder ...	11	"	Ann Ellen Ray ...	13	"
Maria Brooks ...	11	"	Maggie Marshall ...	15	"
William Rossiter ...	13	"	Ada Marshall ...	8	"
Bessie Moon ...	13	Wellington.	Lilly Marshall ...	10	"
Bessie Bird ...	14	"	E. A. Shackleton ...	—	"
Bessie Bull ...	14	"	A. Hoyle ...	13	"
Mary Pearse ...	14	"	S. J. Pickup ...	—	"
Jane Mere ...	13	"	E. Maiden ...	—	"
Eliza Milton ...	11	"	M. E. Townend ...	—	"
Annie Parker ...	11	"	Edith Hobson ...	—	Satterthwaite
Alice Owen ...	16	Backwell	Thomas Henry ...	—	Kilcorman
Leticia Owen ...	13	"	Henry Henry ...	—	"
Mary Lyles ...	14	Dewsbury	Samuel Henry ...	—	"
Maria Dillon ...	—	Desborough	Margaret Arthurs ...	—	Dunston
Rosa Dillon ...	—	"	Katie Shoesmith ...	—	Midhurst
Alfred Shaw ...	—	Astley	Maggie Hart ...	9	Mendlesham
Edith Vigor ...	—	Horley	Harriet Cawhill ...	—	Hull
Alexander Fox ...	8	Drumart (Clare)	Annie Wilkinson ...	9	Leigh
Jemina Ebbs ...	13	Shillelagh	Robertha Walker ...	11	Old Sodbury
David Bryant ...	—	Ashwell	Agnes H. Walker ...	8	"
Martha Bryant ...	—	"	Lucy E. Walker ...	6	"
Lilly Bumstead ...	—	Highgate Road	Maggie Broadhurst ...	8	Doncaster
Minnie Dellar ...	11	Oakington	Annie Lichmarsh ...	10	St. Ives
Annie Filmer ...	—	Willington-on-Tyne	Elizabeth Adams ...	12	"
Clara Alice Marsh ...	10	Devizes	Mary Jackson ...	13	Wrexham
			Jessie Barber ...	12	Whitecrop
			Felix Lawson ...	13	"

NAME.	AGE.	PLACE.	NAME.	AGE.	PLACE.
Margaret Parker ...	24	Whitecrop	Jane Fulcher ...	—	Holderness road
Harriet Creasey ...	—	—	Walter Bentley ...	8	Leicester
Walter Brain ...	—	Warnley	Charlotte Davies ...	12	Reading
Katie Brown ...	—	—	Alice Elderfield ...	—	Wheatley
Martha Brown ...	—	—	Mary Ann Sutt ...	—	—
Winnie Brain ...	—	—	Mary Mutt ...	—	—
Bessie Allen ...	11	Truro	Lizzie Sharp ...	—	Northampton
Fanny Moore ...	—	Stranisar	Grace Beby ...	—	—
Rosie Spickernell ...	—	Lovedean	Maria Sharp ...	—	—
Louie Taylor ...	—	—	Edith Martin ...	—	London
Margaret Creasey ...	—	Sleaford	Ruth Foord ...	—	Lewes
Jane Bell ...	—	—	Lizzie Shaw ...	—	—
Kate Creasey ...	—	—	Agnes Venns ...	—	Lewis
Nelson Warr ...	10	{ St. Gabriel's Schools, Bristol	Rosa Foord ...	—	—
George Stephens ...	11	—	Edith Black ...	9	Bedford
Albert Wm. Popham ...	9	—	Naomi Brown ...	9	—
Archibald Nott ...	9	—	Meroy Voller ...	—	Petersfield
Rose Stocker ...	15	—	Seymour J. Farmer ...	7	Cardiff
Charlotte Everett ...	11	—	Beatrice Cose ...	10	—
Nellie Thomas ...	11	—	Wm. Arbon ...	—	Stanham
Alice Jenkins ...	10	—	Albert Hart ...	—	—
Lily Bracey ...	13	—	Nathan Chadwick ...	—	Tyldesley
Alice Gorton (blind) ...	13	—	Florence Bailey ...	—	Baldock
Alice Nelson ...	14	—	Lilly Bailey ...	—	—
Edith Gorton ...	10	—	Winifred Wickham ...	—	Nailsea
Florence Trig ...	11	—	Edith Wickham ...	—	—
Nellie Sage ...	13	—	Ellen Blencowe ...	—	Leicester
Annie Popham ...	7	—	Florence Bentley ...	—	—
Ada Popham ...	11	—	Alice Mills ...	7	London
Florence Nott ...	11	—	Elizabeth Corry ...	—	Tandragee, Ireland
Carrie Gorton ...	15	—	Thomas Balser ...	—	Bristol
Annie Summers ...	12	—	Julia T. Hansford ...	—	—
Emma Palmer ...	11	—	Selina G. Butler ...	—	—
Mabel Evans ...	11	—	Fanny Wightman ...	—	—
Nellie Warr ...	8	—	Harriet Williams ...	—	—
Rose Hall ...	14	—	Emma Rich ...	—	—
Lily Ford ...	9	—	Ellen Merrett ...	—	—
Florrie Wood ...	9	—	Nellie Smith ...	—	—
Mary Emily Fawcett ...	14	{ St. John's School, King's Lynn	Annie Wright ...	19	{ Circus Schools, Portsmouth.
Bessie Bouch ...	15	—	Kate Griffiths ...	18	—
Jessie Reddie ...	15	—	Lizzie Griffiths ...	17	—
Bertha Brown ...	9	—	Emily Ball ...	15	—
Ethel Green ...	12	—	Edith Price ...	13	—
Edith Pratt ...	15	—	Caroline Richards ...	12	—
Lilly Register ...	9	—	Annie Baker ...	13	—
Clara Doble ...	10	—	Elizabeth Kinch ...	12	—
Caroline Dorer ...	14	—	Emily Hillman ...	13	—
Elizabeth Bone ...	15	—	Annie Frampton ...	11	—
Elizabeth Dawson ...	12	Spalding	Harriet Jackson ...	9	—
Susan Hunt ...	—	Heame	A. Duke ...	15	—
Josiah Holme ...	12	Leek	E. Stubbings ...	12	—
Beatrice Worthy ...	13	Manchester	E. Lampard ...	11	—
John Ernest Worthy ...	11	—	F. Weib ...	11	—
Edith Worthy ...	9	—	Emma Stubbs ...	14	—
Lydia Foster ...	10	Guildford	Annie Nossiter ...	12	—
Fred. J. Chaplin ...	—	Bristol	E. Pratt ...	12	—
Barbara Henderson ...	—	Dunstan	Alice Richards ...	9	—
Isabella Henderson ...	—	—	Ada Simpson ...	11	—
Thomas Lindfield ...	—	Walstead Common	Maud Simpson ...	9	—
Elva M. Head ...	10	Guernsey	Mary Shergold ...	10	—
Alice Short ...	7	—	Kate Schulken ...	13	—
Aline Potter ...	9	—	Nelly Spencer ...	8	—
Mabel Potter ...	10	—	Lottie White ...	14	—
Florry Goss ...	8	Devizes	Nellie Hillman ...	16	—
Ada Parkinson ...	—	Astley	Minnie Spencer ...	14	—
Rachel Parkinson ...	—	—	Nellie Rogers ...	16	—
Ada Shaw ...	—	—	Laura Palk ...	15	—
Fred. Shaw ...	—	—	Eliza Watson ...	10	—
Bella Knight ...	11	Bridgwater	Louisa Wilkins ...	13	—
Harriet M. Burton ...	12	Coventry	Fanny Parlett ...	12	—
Samuel T. Burton ...	13	—	Lizzie Toop ...	10	—
Laura J. Westwood ...	12	—	Ada Medlaud ...	7	—
Sarah J. Hill ...	13	—	Esther Limming ...	14	—
Joe Jenkins ...	—	Shenley	Celia Savage ...	13	—
Florrie Stewart ...	—	Leicester	Emma Gale ...	16	—
Florence Hodgkinson ...	12	Brighton	Alice Andrewarthur ...	16	—
Caroline Balham ...	9	Chichester	Eliza Richards ...	15	—
Bessie Wilkes Merry- weather ...	9	Sheffield	Mary Ann Thomas ...	18	—
			Rose Blackman ...	16	—
			Sarah Buxey ...	20	—

NAME.	AGE.	PLACE.	NAME.	AGE.	PLACE.
Sarah Smith	13	Circus Schools, Portsmouth	Laura Young	12	Yeovil
Lucy Heath	15		Minnie Hellar	—	Oakingham
Alice Martin	12	"	Emily Smith	10	"
Jane Holland	15	"	Mary Hyllard	20	Bristol
Ruth Dye	7	"	Emily Williams	17	"
Lucy Woods	12	"	Elizabeth Baker	20	"
Lydia Godding	12	"	Alice Farmer	—	Canterbury
Emily Kimber	9	"	Isabella Hutchinson	9	Gillingham
Alice Edmonds	17	"	Thomas Balson	—	St. Silas', Bristol
E. Ward	17	"	Julia I. Hansford	—	"
Amy Morley	16	"	Selina G. Butler	—	"
A. Spencer	13	"	Fanny Wightman	—	"
A. Crawford	13	"	Harriet Williams	—	"
Mildred Lambe	10	"	Emma Rich	—	"
M. A. Downing	9	"	Ellen Merrett	—	"
N. Raggatt	12	"	Nellie Smith	—	"
F. Griffiths	11	"	Charles May	13	St. Luke's Schools, Plymouth
K. Wield	11	"	Robert Henry Hawker	13½	
A. Green	13	"	Nugent Shepherd	10	"
E. Goodman	10	"	Charles Pennington	13	"
A. Harris	15	"	Fred Lewis	8	"
Albert Thomas	11	Southsea	Fearnley Lewis	4	"
Frederick Medland	11		Charles Mutten	6	"
Samuel May	17	"	Louisa Pennington	14	"
H. Medland	7	"	Ida Oates	14	"
George Newman	8	"	Hetty Coles	13	"
Leonard Medland	7	"	Lily Lewis	16	"
Richard Broad	15	"	Olive Piner	14	"
Alfred Bayne	13	"	Annie May	14	"
Alfred Blackman	13	"	May Lewis	14	"
Edwin Pratt	14	"	Ethel Lewis	13	"
Walter Thornton	8	"	Mary Odam	13	"
Albert Toop	8	"	Rhoda Yelland	15	"
John A. Ford	11	"	Hannah May	13½	"
Walter Thomas	9	"	Annie Harris	11	"
E. Morley	10	"	Clara Coaker	11	"
Samuel Morley	8	"	Kate Simpson	9	"
George Downing	7	"	Bertha Baple	8	"
Sybella Hutchinson	9	Sittingham	Maud Baple	7½	"
Nelly Gore	8	Malmesbury	Clara Bolt	8	"
Hartey Courts	—	Faversham	Rosie Mutten	8	"
Kate Simmonds	9	Midhurst	Amy Baple	7	"
Mercy Amelia Mills	9	"	Rhoda Lewis	6	"
Bessie Rogers	14	"	Edith Purdy	7	"
Ellen Robinson	16	"	Annie Varcoe	8½	"
Florence Kelsey	17	"	Eva Dingle	7	"
Alice White	18	"	Annie Winsor	8	"
Ellen Boxall	19	"	Polly Winsor	6½	"
Mary Louisa Othen	18	"	Florence Gregory	7	"
Florence Slyfield	12	Hounslow	Lily Clatworthy	6	"
Hilda Hooper	11		Eliza Hellings	6½	"
Harold Denby	11	"	Allan Winsor	7½	"
Mabel Denby	10	"	Marian Knight	14	"
Mary Ann Okey	—	Attleborough	Mary Hawker	11½	"
E. Rimmington	14	Wigston Magna	Millie Driver	13	"
Eliza Rimmington	12	"	Alice Hallett	13	"
Sarah E. Biddles	14	"	Jane Lethbridge	11	"
Annie Eveline Barber	12	"	Dotie Waddy	11	"
Laura Anna Shipp	12	"	G. Hodge	8	"
Cecil Vernon Levesley	10	"	Kate Tromans	13	"
Mabel Rosa Levesley	8	"	Priscilla Hill	13	"
George Bishop	16	Yeovil	Ann Shaw	12	"
Willie Bishop	12		Mary Taylor	12	"
Joseph Barber	11	"	Martha Downing	13	Addresses mislaid
Nellie Barber	12	"	Martha Smith	12	
Alice Bishop	14	"	Laura Lenton	15	
Alice Seymour	13	"	Bertie Lenton	12	
Bessie Seymour	11	"	Elizabeth Hull	13	
Eda Seymour	8	"	Joseph Hull	10	
Eleanor Summers	13	"	Sarah Hill	9	

[There is such a spiritual tone and prayerful spirit in the annexed lines, that, plain and simple as they are, we cannot withhold them. Heartily do we join in the petitions which they breathe throughout. May many a parent's and teacher's heart be stirred up in like manner.—Ed.]

WITH the Doctor's request in this month I comply,  
And to tell you the names and the ages I'll try  
Of the girls that have learnt the lines that you penned,  
And received the rewards you so kindly did send.

The first is KATE TROMANS—her age is thirteen;  
And many a worse little girl I have seen;  
With nice curly hair, and a sweet, smiling face;  
And oh, may she be a partaker of grace!

PRISCILLA HILL is the next, and she is thirteen;  
And since she was put in my class, she has been  
Both attentive, and punctual, and willing to learn;  
And oh, may she ne'er to the paths of sin turn!

The next is ANN SHAW, and she's not quite thirteen,  
But from a young child her burden has been  
A poor sickly mother, though a partaker of grace,  
But this often gives Ann a care-stricken face.

MARY TAYLOR comes next—she was twelve last birthday—  
And oh, may she live until she may say  
That the prayers for her sake have not been in vain,  
But what has been prayed for, oh, may she obtain!

Then comes MARTHA DOWNING—she's nearly fourteen,  
And in her I hope some marks I have seen  
That the Lord has implanted a love to His Word,  
And that the prayers of her parents for her have been heard.

MARTHA SMITH is the last, and she's not quite thirteen,  
But the prayer of her father very often has been  
That the Lord would implant His fear in her heart,  
And that from His ways she may never depart.

And may Jesus, that loved Martha and Mary of old,  
Love each one, and bring them all safe to His fold;  
And oh, may I join in the anthem and raise  
A song to my dear Immanuel's praise!

And may He reward you for the love you have shown,  
And may more of His mercy to you be made known;  
And may He brighten your pathway all down to the tomb,  
And then I am sure He will take you safe home.

Safe home to your Father—ah! what's in that word?

Ah! what is *not* in it?—safe home with the Lord;

Safe home with the Saviour you loved while below;

Safe home, and for ever His glory to know.

## NOTES.

1. We have endeavoured to render the List of Names as complete as possible, but a few we have been compelled to omit, in consequence of their not having been clearly given. Among these are some learners residing at Southampton, Oldham, Whitchurch, Stranisar, Brentwood, Little Dunham, Sheffield, Biggleswade, and Northampton.

2. The Head Master of one of the London schools speaks as follows of two of the children who had learnt the verses—"Both said it with such extreme accuracy that I was fairly astonished." A number of the ministers or teachers who have written for the prizes state that the lines were repeated with so much feeling upon the part of the children, that they could but reasonably hope that the Lord had instilled the truths they were repeating into their hearts.

3. In some cases the lines have been said, at certain anniversaries, by one or more of the children.

4. At our own School Meeting, and that attached to the Circus Church, Portsmouth, at both of which we were privileged to be personally present, the scene was most interesting. In each school a great number of the children had learnt the previous hymn of six-and-thirty verses.

5. At St. Luke's Ragged School, after repeating in class a large proportion of the present hymn, the Mistress, without any previous intimation, called upon the children to repeat the former hymn, which they did with the greatest readiness; hence it was clear that what they had learnt some considerable time before, they had thus retained. And this is our hope, in a general point of view, in regard to what has recently been committed to memory. We cannot but indulge the hope that the Lord may fix the simple Scriptural truths embodied in the verses, not merely in the *memories*, but likewise in the *hearts*, of the dear children, to bring forth fruit in after-day to the praise of the glory of His grace. Take, for example, the case mentioned by our correspondent, in his letter at page 244. One correspondent, writing from Shefford, says—"Who can tell to what an extent these lines may be blessed? I have no doubt that God's blessing will attend them, and I hope also the reading of the books you so kindly sent as rewards."

This, this is our hope and fervent prayer, and to His ever-adorable name shall be, as is most justly due, all the praise and the glory.

THE EDITOR.

---

### Reviews and Notices of Books.

*Fifty Years in the Church of Rome.* By Father CHINQUY. Chicago: Craig and Barlow.

WE are reading with painful interest this long-looked-for book. Coming as it does from the pen of one who for half-a-century was enthralled in the hapless meshes of Popery, it speaks with the greater force and authority. The unbiassed reader, as he peruses this work, will be at no loss to account for the destruction by fire of the establishment whence it emanated. We trust, however, that even this will be overruled for good. Not only is a new edition announced by Messrs. Banks and Son, but at a little more than one-third (namely, 7s. 6d.) of the cost of the volume now before us. We hope, therefore, that our readers will be among those that will at once bestir themselves, and do what they can to subscribe and to obtain subscribers for this highly-important work. It is pre-eminently calculated to open the eyes of the thoughtless and unsuspecting, and to give them a true insight into the real character of the Papacy. Moreover, it is of the more vital importance at such a crisis as the present.

Oh, that the Lord may once more make bare His mighty arm, and, in spite of our misdeeds as a Church and nation, spare the land, and preserve His people from the dread destruction which seems to hover round and about us! Truly we live in momentous times. The issue of the present state of things the Lord alone foresees.

We gladly give insertion to the annexed letter from Father CHINIQUY himself :—

*Ste. Anne, Kankakee Co., Illinois, February 18th, 1886.*

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—Please allow me, through the columns of your valuable journal, to give voice to my cry of distress once again, and to thank you for past generosity and kindness.

Rome has again visited and persecuted me in the night, between last Saturday and Sunday, by setting fire and destroying, with her incendiary torch, all the electrotype plates of my book, "The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional," with a large number of volumes of the twenty-seventh edition, which were ready to be sent to different places. I was to begin the twenty-eighth edition of that book this week, when this new calamity struck me; for though there was some insurance, you know how tardy these insurance matters are of settlement, and seldom cover half the losses and expenses of such disasters.

This new calamity, coming so soon after the other, does finish my ruin, for the little help which a few kind friends in England and America sent me had been employed to the last cent in trying to raise my volume, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," from its fiery grave. More than two-thirds of that book was already in plates. I had gone to Chicago to revise and correct the proofs, of which 450 pages were ready, when, during that very night, the entire establishment of my publishers, Messrs. Craig and Barlow, with all their valuable stock and material, and the plates of my two books, were destroyed by fire, the origin of which the press describes as "very mysterious."

Will I be discouraged by these losses and daily renewed persecutions? No! More than ever I put my trust in our merciful heavenly Father. He has promised never to forsake those who trust in Him. With the Prophet of old I say, "God is our Refuge and Strength; a present Help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

Will I be discouraged by these new efforts of the foe to break me down? No! A true Christian soldier is never discouraged by the surprises of the enemy, for his trust is not in himself, but in Him who is the Lord, strong and mighty in battle. He is the Christian's Strength!

When, at the invitations of the Christians of Canada, I went some years ago to attack publicly the Church of Rome, and battle against the mighty fortress, several thousand furious slaves of the Pope were sent many times to demolish the churches where I spoke. They surrounded me on every side. They struck me with sticks and stones—several times I was wounded. So it has been in many places that it has pleased my God to call me to preach the Gospel of His love.

One of the prominent ministers of the Gospel asked me if I were not discouraged and frightened by so many obstacles and dangers, and added, "Would it not be wiser and more prudent to withdraw from such a terrible conflict?" I answered him, "My dear sir, so long as I know that my God is above my head, and millions of Christian brethren are praying for the triumph of Christ's cause and kingdom everywhere, and for me, His poor and humble servant, I have nothing to fear." And I was correct. More than thirty thousand converts from Romanism since live to testify to the truth of my assertion.

Some friends have told me to-day—"You ought to give up the combat. Do not publish your book. Rome is determined to destroy you. You are penniless. How can you continue such an expensive work?" I answered again—"So long as I know that there is a God above me to tell me, 'Fear not!' and that there are millions of Christians in Great Britain, Canada, Australia, the United States, and elsewhere, praying for the coming

of the kingdom of righteousness, and for the glorious work of enlightening the nations as to the nature of Romanism, and that His old servant may be enabled to make many turn from the errors of Popery, I shall never fear. They will give a fallen crumb from their table to cheer me up and strengthen me for the conflict; therefore I cannot give up an inch of the ground we have gained in this glorious battlefield. I will work, pray, and fight till I hear the noise of the crumbling walls of Romanism falling down everywhere. I will fight till the Captain of our Salvation gives us a complete victory."

The millions of Christians everywhere, and the dear co-soldiers in Great Britain, who know and love me, and whom I know and love there, have but to move a finger to repair our losses, heal all our wounds, and confound the enemy; and there is not one in their midst who will allow their aged servant and co-labourer to fall under his burden without making some effort to rescue and save him.

Truly yours in Christ,  
C. CHINQUY.

P.S.—In the name of our common Saviour, I ask the Christian press of Great Britain to reproduce this letter. Let my brethren pray our merciful God to deliver me from this burning furnace of tribulation and misery, as He saved Daniel in the days of old.—C. C.

*Protestants from France in their English Home.* By S. W. KERSHAW, F.S.A. London: Sampson Low and Co.

IN glancing through this work, which must necessarily be a book of special interest to Christians, the eye fell upon the following:—

"The good principles which had formerly guided the exiles did not forsake them in their daily life. Of this special *trait* in their character we recall an incident of past times. An English gentleman was travelling through France, and, in going through a valley, his horse nearly ran over a child. He fell into conversation with the bystanders, and found they were Huguenots, and that they had with them a single copy of the Scriptures, with which they had refreshed their faith. On going through the factory of the firm with which he had business, he inquired after these people. 'They are a silly sort of people, but we never have to weigh their silk. They brought their silk for sale, and their account was always received.'"

Well does the author add—"Although the world may call such a 'silly people,' they are the bone and sinew and moral strength of any country."

*An Everlasting Proof of the Falsehood of Popery; being a Relation of the Fearful Estate of Francis Spira.* Reprinted from the edition of 1662. London: J. Gadsby.

UPWARDS of fifty years have passed since we read this awful account. The impressions that reading made upon the mind have never been obliterated. Reader, it is a fearful and a most hazardous thing to tamper or to trifle with convictions. How deeply solemn is that Scripture, "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy"! "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting" (Gal. vi. 7, 8).