

THE  
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

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

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TWELVEMONTHS NEARER HOME.

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"NOW IS OUR SALVATION NEARER THAN WHEN WE  
BELIEVED."—ROMANS XIII. 11.

TWELVEMONTHS NEARER HOME! Beloved, does the thought cheer thee? All the trials, and all the sorrows, and all the heart-burstings of another year, gone, and that for ever; and thou a whole twelve-months' march in advance of thy last December's position! Not one of the trials, not any of the perplexities of 1848, to be seen, much less encountered, again; but each and all rolled into oblivion! And now, let us ask the question, before we proceed, *What art thou the worse for them?* Thou hast a thousand times been finding fault with thy God and Father about them. Innumerable have been the times in which thou hast questioned the prudence and the propriety that have led thee into this and that chequered pathway;—

"Not so, my Father, oft we say,  
This cross, that pain, remove;  
Too blind to fathom wisdom's way,  
Or see 'twas sent in love."

A thousand and a thousand times hast thou *thought* thou shouldst have been overwhelmed; and many times—ignorant of the way in which thou wast dictating to thy best Friend, and thus tempting Him further to test that strength with which he would invest thee—hast thou said, "One particle more trial, Lord, without additional strength to endure it, and sink I must." Yes, even in this now rapidly receding year,

has thy strength been tested to the very last degree; all thy light and knowledge, and once-secretly-boasted-in *experience*, have given way; and but for "*Jesus only*" thou wouldst have made shipwreck of faith after all. But, blessed be God, *He* had more at stake than *thou*. *Thy* interest in *Him* was great, but *His* interest in *thee* was much greater. And surely thou dost know, by the very failure of thy wisdom, and patience, and faith (as to present realization), that it was neither the one nor the other that supported thee under those conflicts, but *Jesus only*; and that not for thy sake merely, but for his own great name and covenant oath's sake—yea, because thou didst belong to him—wert bound up in the bundle of life with him, and couldst not die, for thy life was (and is) hid with him (thy adorable Christ) in God. This, remember, was the basis of thy deliverance, and not the exercise of thy faith, hope, or love. Well may these give way in the hour of conflict, on purpose that thou mightest know that Christ, and not thy graces, were the groundwork, and the whole and sole cause, of thy deliverance.

Dost thou understand these things, beloved? If so, learn to give the honour to whom alone the honour is due; and whilst thine heart and eye are Christ-ward, let his praise occupy thy tongue. Fear not, before men or angels, to testify that *Jesus only* is the sum and substance of thy salvation, and of thine every-day and all-the-day succour and support.

*But what harm have thy tribulations done thee?* Reflect a moment, soberly. Suppose the "scourge of the tongue" hath for a season vexed and mortified thee—*hath it done thee any injury?* When thine efforts have failed to rectify and regulate—when this one has looked cool, and the other one shy; and thou hast made crooked things but more crooked, and the rough places rougher still: when at length, under this combination of circumstances, thou hast betaken thyself to thy precious Elder Brother, with a "Lord, is it I?—Is it as they say? Do they speak truth, Lord?" what have been thy emotions when he has *smiled a negative*, and, reminding thee of his word, hath said, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, *for my sake* [mark this, beloved], rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." "It is enough for the disciple to be as his master, and the servant as his Lord." What have been thy feelings, dear reader, under the Spirit's application of these precious truths? Agonised as thou mightest have been a moment previously, hast thou not sprung forth, as it were, into a new world? Has not the dungeon been transformed into a palace—the wilderness into the very garden of the Lord, where he, by his Divine communings, hath so watered thy soul, and enlivened thy heart, that thou hast blessed him a thousand times for enemies, who, by so sacred and unearthly a process, have been converted into some of thy best friends—not intentionally so, but sovereignly, by the wondrous working of thy God and Saviour, who, having by these means "purged away thy dross," hath given thee to see that whatever thine enemies may have said of thee, Jesus (the keeper of thy bosom-

secrets) could have drawn out an infinitely longer and blacker catalogue against thee than they. Under this discovery, pity for thy foes has taken possession of thine heart, which, melted at the feet of Jesus, hath echoed to his dying cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

*But have thy troubles done thee harm?* What, if a little worldly wealth has "taken wings," and fled? Is not Jesus with thee still, and hath he not by this, reminded thee that "this is not thy rest, it is polluted?" He saw thine heart ensnared; the world entwined itself; and, better far than *thou*, thy Jesus saw the fowler's handywork. The net was spread, and, with heedless step, thou hurriedst on to degradation and disgrace, had not Jesus interposed. And hast thou not both "food and raiment" now? Then be "therewith content." It is his royal command, who hath, by covenant, engaged, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and water shall be sure."

*But have thy troubles done thee harm?* Ah! bereaved? Well, not dead, but sleeping—gone home! Escaped a further journeying in a world that lies in wickedness; and now, before the throne, casting their blood-bought crowns at Immanuel's feet! And our text tells us that,

"*Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.*" That is, than when we *first* believed. Not that Christ, who is emphatically the salvation of his Church (see good old Simeon's testimony, Luke ii. 25—32), is nearer to his redeemed than he was in the first moments when saving faith was put in operation. This can never be; because, as an immutable being, he could undergo no change of either place or position. Nor could that Church, in the strict sense of the word, approach nearer or dwell nearer his heart at any one time more than at another. She is always near to him, and he always near to her. "He cannot love her more, nor will he love her less." She has dwelt in his bosom from all eternity; and all the tokens of his grace and favour, are but the emanations of that love wherewith he loved her before she had a being, and when, after that being, she lay "dead in trespasses and sins;" but the apostle's meaning is this: that "now," after so many years' walk in the wilderness, under the redeeming and revealed love, grace, and mercy of Immanuel, both himself and all those whom he addresses in this epistle, namely, "all that were in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints" (see chap. i. 7), were so much nearer the end of their journey, and the fuller and everlasting development of that salvation, in the faith's view and prospect of which they, as pilgrims, had travelled. A salvation—not merely from the condemnation of sin—for they were even now as free from the *condemnation* of it, as they ever would be (see Rom. viii. 1)—but from the very existence or in-dwelling of sin. Beloved, death will never free us from the *condemnation* of sin; that is the act of Jehovah, when he says, "Deliver him from going down into the pit; I have found a ransom;" and that blessed deliverance being once vouchsafed, can never be revoked. What our God does, he does for ever; and when he pardons, he pardons like a God; sins past, sins present, sins to come. Not by piecemeal—never by parts and parcels, but by one

act, he deluged in blood and love the whole amount of his Church's transgressions; he drowned them in the depths of his own blood, so that they should never more come into his eternal mind; and when sought for, they should never be found (Jer. xxxi. 34; 1. 20). And the precious knowledge of this, when brought home to the heart by the power and unction of the Holy Ghost, will make the saints, so taught and so instructed, both to *walk well* and to *talk well*. But, beloved, you must bear in mind the distinction between redemption itself, and the revelation of that redemption. The redemption was one act, and for the one elect Church alone [otherwise Christ hath died in vain for a multitude, and his blood, as far as that multitude is concerned, been shed in vain; and thus Christ is defeated in the greater amount of his purchase, and in consequence of the superabounding power of sin, the sinner, and Satan]; but the revelation of that redemption is peculiarly the work of the Spirit to individual sinners (according to pre-ordination and eternal choice), to whom, in immediate connexion with effectual calling, he makes known the riches of God's distinguishing grace, by the grant of full and free forgiveness. But observe, further, that though this redemption act be but once and for ever accomplished, and the revelation of it by the Spirit to individual sinners, be with a freedom of grace and goodness quite in keeping with the character of a God like unto our God; that yet a sense of it—our present realizing consciousness of it—*may vary*; and, therefore, it is for all such as have experienced forgiveness, and now doubt its validity, or by acts of disobedience are in fresh gloom and perplexity, to ask, not for *new pardons*, but for the renewed assurances and realization of that one great and glorious act of an exalted and adorable Christ, which

"Hides all our transgressions from view."

Beloved, this distinction may at first sight seem unimportant; but, inasmuch as it stands connected with the immutable act of Him, "whose gifts and callings are without repentance," it is of great moment, and is very closely associated with the fulness of gospel liberty and peace.

Moreover, the consummation of this salvation comprises an entire and everlasting freedom from SUFFERING. And is it not, dear reader, most cheering to think that, in this respect also, we are a twelvemonth nearer our journey's end? It was a distinct clause in the charter of grace—a charter drawn up and signed in love and blood, by our adorable Immanuel—that "in the world we should have tribulation." And verily it shall be. Our God will fulfil his word. It is, however, needful—absolutely so. We must, by suffering from some source or other, be stirred up to a remembrance, that "that this is not our rest." The apostle introduces the very language of our text, by reminding those he addressed, that "it was high time to awake out of sleep." He well knew the disposition of the human heart to sink into a carnal slumber, to lie down in a false ease and security, and, like the soldiers who, on their march, are roused from their temporary slumbers by the trumpet-call; so the apostle (the first to hear it), would bestir himself,

and arouse his comrades. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." What day? The gospel day? No; but the glory day—

"The day which fades no more."

That day which (like the celestial city), needeth "not the light of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." The day wherein those who have "come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," shall "hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Beloved, what think you of it? You, whose hearts, it may be, are ready to burst with the tribulations of the time-state—who find, by painful experience, that—

"Every day new straits attend,  
And wonder where the scene will end."

The trials of the past, it may be, lead you to look forward with the utmost dread to those of a new year; "another such a twelvemonth," you are ready to exclaim, "will surely overwhelm and make a full end of me!" Ah, reader! the trial will not come without the strength to endure it. Cheer up: God give thee grace to look above thy sorrows; for "your redemption draweth nigh." The fulness of complete and everlasting redemption from all sin, and all suffering, is rapidly approaching. *A year nearer!* Aye, and it *may be*—and, doubtless, *will be*, to many of you—that before another year shall close, you shall have been called into the joy of your Lord. What an unspeakable mercy! This very Number of our Magazine contains the account of some two or three that have entered into bliss. And think, dear reader, how soon—yea, how very soon—it will be *your* turn, and *ours!* Oh, the heart, in the prospect, seems bursting with emotion! It is full of joyful expectation, for there shall be no disappointment:

"My soul anticipates the day  
Would stretch her wings, and soar away;  
To aid the song—a palm to bear,  
And bow—the chief of sinners—there."

Beloved, is it not worth enduring a little (for, compared with the "eternal weight of glory," it is but a little) suffering for, serving, as it shall, to sharpen our appetite for that eternal, everlasting, and uninterrupted enjoyment that awaits us? Oh, what a motive for peace—what an inducement for *brotherly love, sympathy, and kindness*, here, in our wilderness travels. Come, come, any of you that may have your personal piques, waive them—throw them overboard—let them sail down the stream with all the trials of 1848, into the ocean of oblivion; and meet, and shake heart-in-hand, on the threshold of a new, and perhaps your last year here below, as brother-pilgrims through a wilderness, to a land, where not the shadow of a frown shall ever be stamped upon your brow, nor a single jarring note interrupt the blissful harmony of a never-ending day!

Beloved, we ask of you a favour. Sing among your little domestic circles, or in your public services, a few verses from that precious piece of Erskine's, which you will find in page 554, in the present Number. It will go nicely to the tune called "JOB," and (God willing) we will unite with you on the *fourth Sunday evening after this Magazine appears*; that is, Christmas Eve, December 24. The 1st, 8th, 17th, 18th, and two last verses, will do well for public service; and may God give us a blessed oneness in spirit that evening, in blissful anticipation of soon meeting around the throne! The thought strikes us at this moment, that if the Lord is pleased to keep it upon the mind, and open its preciousness, we will preach that night from Rev. xiv. 3,—*"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."* Perhaps some of our brethren in the ministry may be led to the same subject. Oh, that this may be of God, and that he may condescend to be present in his grace and power that evening.

Lastly, and briefly (for we have dwelt much longer than we had intended), the consummation of that salvation, to which we are hastening, shall include deliverance from SATAN. What think you, believer, of the prospect of this arch accuser of the brethren being for ever and for ever silenced—put to the rout, and that for ever? No more fiery darts—no hellish insinuations—no more vile thoughts, wishes, or desires—nothing that can pollute the pure, unsullied mind of the disembodied: but a peaceful, uninterrupted, and everlasting abiding in the immediate presence of God and the Lamb,

"Where we shall see, and hear, and know,  
All we desir'd or wish'd below;  
And ev'ry power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy."

Dear readers, farewell.

Yours, in our loving Lord,

THE EDITOR.

*Bonmahon, Ireland, Nov. 17, 1848.*

## FREE GRACE; OR, SALVATION WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE;

*Being a Sketch of the Dying Hours of Henry Sullivan, a Coast  
Guardsmen.*

FREE GRACE! it is a precious, precious theme; I hope to die shouting, "Victory, victory, by the free grace of Jesus!" Dear readers, my heart has been warmed this evening, by a narrative which, I trust, as the Lord the Spirit shall be my Remembrancer, now to bring before you.

In the early part of last year, a revenue cutter was ordered upon a neighbouring station; and, whilst there, it was the custom of A. G., the officer in charge, to read to the lads, and occasionally to the men,

in his employ. Having just been presented with a copy of Krummacher's "Elijah the Tishbite," he read this in turn. Sullivan was a man, bordering upon fifty, illiterate, and had been very profligate. He was much impressed with the contents of this book, and became very thoughtful. Soon after, he took a severe cold, and was removed to W——d, in order to be near the doctor. His wife—somewhat older than himself—was sent for, and J. G., the person from whom I received the narrative.

On this, her first visit, J. G. said, "Sullivan, you are very ill; now, suppose this illness ends in death, what is your state of mind in the prospect?" "Oh,"—closing his eyes, as if in intense agony—"horrible! horrible!" said he. "You appear to be suffering very much," it was observed; "but I suppose it is the mind." "Yes, that's it," said he; "*I think nothing of the pain of the body,*" he continued, though the big drops of perspiration were then running down his cheeks, and the doctor said he was suffering intense pain. "Had you ever any fear before this?" it was asked. "Yes," said he; "about three months ago, your dear husband (turning to his officer, then standing by) read that lovely book about the prophet Elijah." His gratitude to his officer was so great, that it was feared he was looking too much to human agency, therefore J. G. said, "THE LORD sometimes uses the meanest instruments for the bringing about his own purpose and glory,—

'He moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.'

Taking the Bible, she then read the 53rd Isaiah, 103rd Psalm, and the 15th of Luke; and then, whilst they bowed the knee in prayer, he groaned heavily, being in intense agony. The Psalm struck him much; but, unable to claim the blessedness of it himself, his distress was very great. "*I cannot bear it,*" he said; "*I cannot live in this state. Send for a minister.*" His request was complied with. A friend was sent, who found him in the same distressed state, in which he continued for a week or more. Coupled with his distress, there was great mental darkness; he "saw men but as trees walking;" and it was only upon her third or fourth visit, that J. G. found his mind had seemed to open more clearly to the simple yet precious way of salvation; and she was then astonished to find how the written word had dwelt upon his heart and in his memory. He would quote passages, with singular correctness, of which he was before in utter ignorance; and his mind appeared to have gained some partial relief.

The Lord now in great measure restored him to health; he was able to leave his room, and walk out for a few minutes in the course of the day. But there was *closer work* in reserve for him.

His wife had, for many years, made a great profession of religion; but, strange as it may appear, from the moment she was apprised of his illness, her thoughts and conversation seemed wholly engrossed with what would be her temporal circumstances should her husband be removed. Vain was the effort to convince her that, if he died, provision would be made for her by the Coast Guard service. Scarcely

had her husband left his bed, than *she* took to it, and never rose again! Meanwhile *his* conflict was great about her. Weak as he was, he would attend upon her, day and night, and strive by every means in his power to get at her state of soul; still there was no opening. All was cold. The things of the moment—passing scenes—appeared to occupy all her thoughts; and, when the danger of her situation was urged, she said, “The doctor said there was *no* danger.”

The moment poor Sullivan (who had stood by her bed-side till the last moment) saw she was gone, he exclaimed, in great mental anguish, “*Poor Mary!*” and, retiring to an upper room, he again took to his bed, which he never afterwards left.

When J. G. entered his room that evening, she found him in intense agony. The doctor, coming in at the same moment, was greatly moved at the spectacle; and, whilst he dwelt upon the unremitting attention Sullivan had paid to his poor departed wife, intimated his belief that *he* would never recover.

Rousing, as if from a stupor, he recognised J. G., and said, “*Poor Mary is gone. Is she happy?*” “You must leave that with the Lord,” was the reply. “*Do you think she’s happy?*” he urged again. G., stepping forward, said, “Sullivan, we must hope for the best. We don’t know what the Lord may have done. He may have had mercy on her.” “*Then,*” said he, pausing, “I shall see her again.”

On the day of his wife’s funeral, J. G. again went to see him. He then looked cheerful, and said, “I have been reading the 10th chapter of John, and I have had such a load taken off my mind, by thinking of that passage, that in heaven ‘they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.’” He dwelt much on this truth; it seemed to have brought that comfort and establishment into his soul, after which he had been looking; and a very visible change in his mind was apparent.

On J. G.’s last interview, two sons were present, who (sad to say), exhibited a most unnatural avarice. They urged upon their father to make a will, and quarrelled as to what should be left to each. This greatly grieved the father, who, looking up imploringly, begged that God would have mercy upon them; and, whilst those present were reproving the sons, he said, “*Ah! what was I? Those hands—my feet—my tongue—my eyes, have all cursed my God; but the love of Christ has saved me. Oh, the precious blood of Christ! When I consider such a worm as I am, saved, there can be doubt for any one.*” His eyes were fixed: to speak to him was, as it were, to call him down (says the narrator). When the will was finished, he clasped his hands, and (in his dying weakness, and amidst the struggles of a dreadful cough) said, “*Now I have done with the world; I have nothing more to do in it.*” He thenceforward seemed to be in sweet communion with God. Ignorant as he was before (says the narrator), it was astonishing, now, to listen to his language. His addresses to the Lord Jesus were most precious. He rehearsed his glorious names and titles, and was at times heard to say, “*Yes, I am coming, Lord Jesus—I am coming.*” Then (as if fearful he was impatient), he would say, “*But I must wait all my appointed time.*” To speak to him, was seemingly

to interrupt him. He was "dwelling<sup>g</sup> on high." When it was remarked how happy he was, "*Happy*,"—he said, "*yes, I can't tell you how happy.*" But I shall not go to-day. Death is near—he is hovering near me, but I shall not go yet."

When asked to take a little wine, he said, "*No—water.*" And, when thanking the attendant for it, he would say, "*Oh, that precious water that the Lord promised! It is springing up in the soul to everlasting life.*"

Upon J. G. taking leave of him, she said, "Sullivan, I may not see you again." "Not in time, perhaps," he replied; "but, if you come to-morrow, you will see me. If not (clasping both her hands in his, he added), *we shall meet in glory.*"

This was their last interview.

Her husband (A. G.), called the night before Sullivan's departure; and, upon taking leave of him, after a pleasing and profitable interview, he said, "*All, all is well.—Farewell, farewell.—God bless you.—We shall soon meet in heaven.*" And, upon the following morning, 8th of May, 1848, he fell asleep.

## WANDERING IN THE WILDERNESS.

IN travelling over part of three counties of my native land, many reflections passed the mind. A few weeks only had gone by, since I was mercifully landed from the great deep, on the shores of this highly-favoured island. During this short period, I had been passing from one locality to another, and was retracing a journey of many miles, when the reflection of being a "wanderer in the wilderness," rested in my thoughts, and led me into a train of definitions of the term "wanderer." I could very heartily accede to the truth, that the Christian could wander from the right way—wander into bye-paths—wander from the truth—wander into forbidden grounds; and all these wanderings would bring their heart-rendings. At the same time, I felt fully aware, that if the believers were judged by anything in themselves, or according to their actions, "who then could be saved?" The soul made spiritually alive, must be continually impressed with a sense of its own weakness; and I was led to contemplate the *strength* of wandering Israel—the power of a covenant God—the immutability of Jehovah—the impossibility of one of the Lord's sheep finally perishing, though it might for a season stray from the fold. The Lord's people are literally wanderers on this earth; it is not their home, it is not their rest; they are travelling to the promised land—they go from strength to strength, are sifted from vessel to vessel, are running a race—not uncertainly, but shall gain the prize—they have no abiding city, they seek one to come—pressing forward to the place prepared for them by Jesus, who will come again, that where he is, they may be also. They are subjects of an absent king; they have nought to do with the prince of this world, though he has much to do with them;

but, of his devices they are not ignorant; they bow not to his dominion and glory. In being "wanderers," pilgrims, and sojourners, as their fathers were, they have Almighty strength to uphold them—an invincible decree, which preserves them to the end—a never-changing God, whose word is yea and amen—an infallible Saviour, whose work of redemption is finished and complete—One, who once loveth, loveth for ever. Some are despised, some are forsaken, some are persecuted; but they are wanderers in a strange land; they are passing rapidly on to their Father's home, the house not made with hands; they are fed with the purest wheat, clothed with the richest garments, and shall be crowned with the crown of glory. "Wanderers," lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh; and pour out your hearts before him, for he hath done wonderful things. Truly blessed is it to feel that we are wanderers, looking unto Jesus, the Author and finisher of our faith, who has done all—will keep all—safely, to the end, and bring all his wanderers to eternal glory. Another year is nearly gone; the next may call many of us from our prison-house, to our blissful mansions, prepared for us: then, truly, shall we sing, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

A WANDERER IN THE WILDERNESS.

### THE LAST HOURS OF A DINGLE CONVERT.

[A DEAR friend has forwarded us the subjoined account of the dying experience of a *Dingle convert*. It will, we trust, be read with interest, inasmuch as the hand of God has been very manifest for many years in this remarkable colony. From the period above alluded to we have from time to time been favoured with most interesting particulars in reference to Dingle. Our friend was for eight years a resident there, and had an opportunity of seeing the practical effects of an *Irish Bible* upon the hearts and lives upon a previously priest-ridden people! And whilst with the mass of evidence before us, which this friend, and many others, are able to give, together with our own personal knowledge of one of its former residents, who now stands most prominently forward in the Irish Church, the bold and unflinching advocate (to use his own words) of "*covenant love—covenant blood—and covenant grace,*" and who was, until about ten years ago, a staunch adherent to Popery;\* we say with these plain matters of fact before us, it is with concern we hear that *the interest of Dingle appears to be dying*. One of its chief advocates has very recently been cut off by fever; and it would seem that the Popish party are anticipating, at last, a *triumph!*

It would be difficult for an English reader, unacquainted with Ireland and the operations of Romanism, to conceive of the very difficult and trying circumstances into which converts from Popery are thrown. In Rev. xiii. 17, we read, that "no man might buy or sell, save he

\* In looking over his old Popish uncle's library, this youth found an *Irish Bible*. Curiosity led him to read: light broke in; the errors of his system were discovered; and thenceforward he was, in a most remarkable way, led on.

that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name ;" now in this day of false charity, this language would appear far-fetched—its application to the abettors of Popery would be regarded as the very height of bigotry ; but it is really not so. There is proof of the truth of this assertion now, and the time is coming when that proof will be yet clearer. We have evidence at hand ; we need not step out of our own little sphere for proof of the truth of our remarks. Popery is so acute—its advocates so perpetually on the alert—and its altar-orations still so rife with anathemas against those who venture to *think and read and hear for themselves*, that anxiety for these suggests the propriety of withholding evidence that we *could* give. When a poor man or woman is publicly excommunicated, his or her life is considered but of little worth ; a whole host of enemies rise simultaneously against them ; and, whilst the depriving these of their natural existence would be regarded as a meritorious service done to the church, the marvel is that such iniquitous wrath is restrained. But for the signal interposition of Jehovah's hand, many would be added to the victims of Popish power.

But we beg you specially to bear in mind one fact, dear reader ; we pray you put it prominently forward, in all your thoughts upon our observations in connexion with Popery ; and that is this, that we know too much of the natural blindness and enmity of the human heart, to substitute *conversion to our common Christianity*, for that *conversion which is a new birth unto righteousness*. The distinction is as wide as the poles ; and God forbid that we should ever so deceive either our readers or ourselves, as to represent those to be *conversions to genuine godliness* which are nothing more than *conversions to merely nominal Protestantism*. This distinction is of vital importance ; and we trust in all our feeble ministrations we have maintained it. Still we cannot underrate, or be indifferent to, conversions even of this nominal kind ; because by them men renounce positive error, and are brought, more or less, under the sound of the truth. Dear friends, it does give us sincere pleasure when we see the poor Romanist (despite all the threats with which he is assailed) creep into our churches, or our school-houses, when night-fall shall have covered his approach ; it does give us heartfelt joy to place before such the simple truth, when we see them neither looking nor asking for temporal aid, but coming simply to listen to that which can never reach their ears from a Popish altar ! It does warm the heart when we hear that not less than forty poor hitherto blinded Romanists are to be found even in this immediate neighbourhood, reading their *Irish Bibles*,—in little companies,—in obscure cabins,—till two and three o'clock in the morning ! In the midst of these a stranger may walk without the least consciousness of the fact ; and being ignorant of their native tongue—the very mention of a word of which acts with an electric power upon them—much pleasing intercourse is denied us ; yet, notwithstanding this, we hear and see sufficient to encourage our belief that God has yet purposes of mercy towards poor benighted Ireland. Lord, hasten the happy day ! Lord, send thy truth in its power, and freeness, and fulness among its peasantry. Dispel the darkness—subdue the enmity—and put the

cry into the heart of many a poor Irishman, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Amen and amen.—EDITOR.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I send you a copy of the dying testimony of the Dingle convert I was speaking to you about yesterday, and wish you would have it inserted in the *Gospel Magazine*, with a few words from yourself as to the present want of funds to carry on the work, and the serious apprehension I entertain, that if friends come not forward to the help of the Lord against the mighty, this glorious piece of his workmanship may in some degree be marred. The lady to whom the letter was addressed is Miss Lamb; and that you may be clear on the subject, I will tell you why it is addressed to her. The writer of it, the brother of the deceased, is the Scripture-reader at Keelmeledar, and Miss Lamb is the assistant secretary to the ladies' committee of Dingle mission. She chose to remain there when we left in 1846, or she might have continued with us as our governess at £40 per annum. She is a person who has had £80 in different families in Ireland, but came to the Gayers some years since at £30, that she might work in Dingle; and on our leaving she devoted herself to the Lord's work in Dingle on just anything that the committee could give her to support nature. She is a most invaluable, middle-aged, English Christian lady, and every word she gives out from Dingle may strictly be depended on. Indeed, I have looked upon her as, under God, one of the most valuable people engaged in the Lord's work there: and now that dear Charles Gayer is removed, I think she is the stay and staff of the poor converts; and her work being principally with the women, much may be expected from her influence on both the mother and the wife. Remember, when I left Dingle in 1846 there were 300 converts in the town; we had not, latterly, less than 250 men, women, and children in the school; and in the several stations in the district not less than 800 souls under the teaching of God's word.

Your affectionate friend,

HERBERT CLIFFORD.

*Tramore, Waterford, 30th Aug. 1848.*

P.S. I forgot to say that when I went to Dingle in 1838, Paddy Connor, the writer of the testimonial of his brother, was just come out of apostate Rome, and had been previously a schoolmaster of the priest at Castle Gregory, and chief champion of the Man of Sin in that parish, in opposing the *truth* wherever he found a reader declaring it. His brother (*Michael*, I think was his name) was in the Anti-Christian communion, and remained so for some years, being a youth growing up under the father's eye, but going occasionally to stay with the brother Pat, who became schoolmaster at the Great Blasket Island, imbibed a knowledge of the Scriptures, and afterwards became a convert and a schoolmaster himself.

A brother (the eldest, who returned in ill health from America) also received the truth under the instrumentality of Paddy, who married

a nice Protestant young woman, who came from Dublin as a servant in the Rev. Chas. Gayer's family, and who is the Eliza spoken of in the testimonial. I believe the father of these young men also became a convert before Mr. Gayer's death; but many, I trust, have been added to the church above through the instrumentality of Paddy Connor, who, to distinguish him from another convert of the same name, who had not one word of English, we used to call *English Paddy Connor*, the other Irish Paddy Connor, the latter being the Irish reader at Donquin, opposite the Blaskets, and son of the first man who ever got an Irish Bible in that country, brought there by the present Lord Ventry about twenty or twenty-five years since, and this old man I saw on his dying bed the day before his death, when he closed his eyes in the faith of Jesus. What more need I say?

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COPY OF P. CONNOR'S NOTE.

MADAM,

I am sure the particulars of my poor brother's last hours will be interesting to you, in which you will not fail to see the power and grace of God. On the evening of the 13th he got great ease from his troublesome cough, the hoarseness in a measure left him, and after a little rest he exclaimed, "Ho, every one that thirsteth," &c. He then repeated verses of his favourite hymn—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

His voice got very clear, though his body was evidently fast sinking. He was asked early the following morning if Jesus was precious. He said, with much fervour, "Oh, yes; Jesus is indeed precious, *very precious*." He was then asked concerning his hope; he replied, "I know that if my earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He spake with much ease, and his countenance seemed to light up with anticipation of everlasting joy. We then asked him if there was any particular portion of God's word that gave him greater comfort or encouragement than another by dwelling on it. "Yes," said he, "the 11th and 28th chapters of Matthew, 'Come unto me,' &c., and he said he wished to see us all, as he knew his end was nigh. About four o'clock he kissed the children, thanked Eliza for her kindness and attention to him in his long illness, and talked a good deal to her. He then took my hand in both his, and said, "I must tell you, that I never loved any one on earth as much as you. We have lived together up to this *happy hour* in peace. We now separate for a short time to meet again in a far better place." I asked him if he was sure that death was to him an entrance into glory? He answered, with great earnestness, "I have no doubt of it; I am invited to cast my burden on the Lord—the way is plain—oh, how simple, everything is done for us, all things are ready—all we have to do is to accept this free salvation, to believe Christ is the way, &c. Oh, that I were now at the end of the way; but God's time is the best time. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man,

the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." After a long pause he addressed an uncle, who lately attends our church, but has not openly declared his faith. He said to him, "Dear uncle, I have one request to ask; I am for your good; I hope you will never die a Papist, you know it is a false way. 'Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction.' In the Church of Rome many things and many ways are offered to you to save you, and to put your trust in; but they are so many ways leading to destruction. They trust in Pope and priests, monks and friars, with many other things which can never save. JESUS IS THE ONLY SAVIOUR. He is the true and faithful Witness. He can support you in life and in death. Never hope for salvation but through him. Tell me, uncle, what you think?" I said, "Dear Michael, the Lord will give him light as he did to you." The uncle said, "I know your advice is good; I am glad your hope and confidence is so strong."

I allowed others into his room, when I saw that he was anxious to speak to all. He spake to four converts about nine o'clock. He said, "Hell is a dreadful place; but, in the strength of my Redeemer, I can trample on Satan's neck; he is a conquered enemy; his head was bruised, I have no fears." He said, "Do you think that anything can avail in the hour of death but Jesus, our Saviour?" They answered, "None. Now, and at the hour of death, trust in him, and he will not disappoint you." He turned to me, and said, "Dear Pat, I feel a burning pain inside. I can speak no longer." I replied, "I hope you will soon be better." "Oh, yes," said he, "very soon. *I shall shortly fall asleep in Jesus.*" About eleven he breathed his last, without a struggle.

*Keelmelchedar.*

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#### LINES WRITTEN ON THE PERSECUTION OF CONVERTS AT DINGLE, BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

"GAYER's no more, and proselytism's down!"  
Such is the furious boast through all the town.  
"Where now," the priest upon the altar cries,  
"Shall those vile hypocrites obtain supplies?  
Pale destitution now their camp assails,  
And woeful trembling mid their ranks prevails;  
Deserted soon their hated place shall be,  
And from this plague shall Dingle then be free."  
*Alas! 'tis true*, that he, our earthly head,  
Through whose unwearied labours we were fed,  
Is now no more!—his bright career is run,  
His toil is ended and his work is done.  
But yet rejoice not, our insulting foe;  
For, though insatiate Death has laid him low,  
Though in his mourn'd decease *we seem* to fall,  
And, in that sad event, to lose our all,  
There's yet a God in heaven, who never dies,  
And He can still continue our supplies.

Oh, Dingle! triumph not o'er GAYER's pall,  
 Nor think the cause he foster'd now shall fall,  
 Though mute the tongue and mould'ring in the tomb,  
 That here spoke freedom from the grasp of Rome;  
 Though quenched his zeal, that so superior rose,  
 O'er painful trials, and insulting foes;  
 That holy cause shall still maintain its ground,  
 And pour its tide of heavenly blessings round.

M. L.

July, 1848.

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*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

MY DEAR EDITOR,

On perusing a letter of the late Rev. John Berridge a few days ago, I was very much struck with its applicability to the present day, the substance of which I have extracted for your use. I remain, my dear Editor,

Yours, most faithfully,

SAMUEL SILVER.

Cambridge, 15 Nov. 1848.

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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE LATE  
 REV. JOHN BERRIDGE, IN THE YEAR 1777.

I regard neither high church nor low church, nor any church but the Church of Christ, which church is not built with hands, nor circumscribed within peculiar walls, nor confined to a particular denomination.

I cordially approve of the doctrines and Liturgy of the Church of England, and have cause to bless God for a church-house to preach in, and a church revenue to live upon; and I could wish the gospel might not only be preached in all the British churches, but established therein by Christ's Spirit, as well as by a national statute;—but from the principles of the clergy, and the leading men in the nation, which are growing continually more unscriptural and licentious, I do fear our defence is departing, and the glory is removing from our Israel.

Perhaps, in less than one hundred years to come the Church lands may be seized upon to hedge up Government gaps, as the abbey lands were two hundred and fifty years ago.

It is true, the Lord is sending many gospel-labourers into the Church, but when such ministers are removed by death, or transported to another vineyard, I see no fresh gospel-labourer to succeed them? This obliges the forsaken flocks to fly to a meeting; and what else can they do? If they have tasted of the manna, and hunger for it, they cannot feed on heathen chaff, nor yet on legal crusts, though baked by some staunch Pharisee, quite up to perfection.

When I consider that the doctrines of grace are a common offence to the clergy, and the Bible itself a fulsome nuisance to the great vulgar—that powerful efforts have been made to eject the gospel doctrines

out of the Church, and the likelihood there is, from the nation's infidelity, of a future attempt succeeding—there is reason to fear that, when the Church-doctrines are banished the Church, by a national act, Jesus will utterly remove the candlestick, and take away his Church-bread from those hirelings who eat it, and lift up the heel against him.

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THE PILOT.

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The lightning flash'd its vivid ray  
 And sable clouds shut out the day;  
 The mutt'ring thunder rolled on high,  
 And lowering was th' azure sky:  
 Whilst labouring thro' the dashing spray  
 A little bark held on her way;  
 As o'er the deck the billows rose—  
 Or compass'd her within their close.  
 All stood aghast! in terror wild,  
 Save one—he was the captain's child.

The seamen wonder'd when they saw,  
 In Alfred's look, no signs of awe;  
 But rather on his youthful face,  
 A sweet placidity could trace,  
 "Have you, my boy," they gruffly said,  
 "In such a scene, no fear or dread?  
 In one short moment we may be  
 Engulph'd within that raging sea."  
 Outspoke the boy with this reply,  
 Whilst confidence beam'd in his eye—  
 "Tho' ocean-billows heave and roll,  
 And deluge earth from pole to pole,  
 Yet I am safe, they can't o'erwhelm—  
 Behold! my Father's at the helm."  
 Thus, child of God, it is with thee,  
 Toss'd on life's tempestuous sea,  
 Tho' storms and waves around thee move,  
 Remember God's *unchanging love*;  
 The hand that guided Noah's ark  
 Holds now the steerage of thy bark,  
*A Father's hand!* why then despair,  
 The Church's Head is pilot there!  
 Safe in the *deep*, as on the *shore*,  
 When angry tempests rage no more;  
 Joint-heir with Christ—of Christ's own realm  
*Fear not, your Father holds the helm.*

W. E. S.

County Waterford.

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A FEW SENTENCES WHICH OCCASIONALLY DROPPED  
FROM THE LIPS OF MRS. J—— R——, DURING HER  
LAST ILLNESS.

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“I KNOW not what is the mind and will of the Lord in this affliction ; I am quite in the dark as to the issue of it, whether the Lord’s design is to bring down my frail tabernacle, or restore it to a measure of health. If I might wish, without sinning against my dear Lord, I should like to be restored, to be a further comfort to my dear husband and children, who I find cling very close to me. My children are now just the age to require the advice and counsel of a mother ; but the Lord can make up my loss to them ; for He has said, ‘As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.’ I would desire to lie passive in His hands, and know no will but his, for to be ‘absent from the body, is to be present with the Lord.’ But am I too confident? I feel to be, in myself, less than the least, and the dear Lord has said, ‘Not a hoof shall be left behind.’ I am content to be only that, so that I may enter the blissful place where sin and sorrow for ever end, and cast my crown before the King of kings. Where there is no cross, there is no crown. Shall we not join in singing, ‘Worthy is the Lamb that was slain?’

“I cannot yet say with the apostle, ‘Having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better ;’ but I can adopt his language where he says, ‘To abide in the flesh is more needful for you.’ I am not afraid of the consequences of death ; but I dread the article of death. I am such a coward at suffering, and now my poor body seems to drag down my spirit ; but how light are my sufferings compared to many, surrounded as I am by so many comforts ! The Lord is very kind ; he helps me to bear it. I desire to glorify Him in the fires that ‘I may evidence to those about me that grace reigneth.’

Upon hearing of the illness of one that she knew in former years, “Ah,” she said, “she comforted me when I was in trouble about soul matters. I think I could venture through the river with her, for she will be safely landed go when she will ; but each must pass through it alone, and I can say,

‘Only to me thy count’nance show,  
I ask no more the Jordan through.’

“I am glad to hear she finds Christ as precious as ever. What a mercy for the Christian’s lamp to burn out brightly ! Is it not singular that I should once so long for death, and used to say, ‘That should I be found dead on my knees, my soul was safe and happy in Christ,’ and the language of my heart was, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ;’ but now I feel, ‘Spare me that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen?’” It was replied, “You had not at that time so many ties to draw you to earth.” “That is it,” she said ; “but if I were asked, ‘Should you like to be raised up again?’ I think

I should say, as dear Mrs. M—— said, ‘Not now I have got through so far.’ Still the Lord knows what is best, and I must put a blank into his hand for him to fill up as it pleases him.”

One morning, a short time before her departure, when getting up, she had a sweet visit: “Oh!” she said, “the dear Lord is come. My precious Jesus, what art thou about to do with me? To take me? A little more, and I could say, ‘Lord, I am ready;’

“‘My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.’”

“What can I wish to live for, seeing I am encompassed with infirmity?” She wept, and was much overcome at the Lord’s goodness. “I cannot be mistaken; it is the well-known voice of my Beloved.” She often quoted verses of Hart’s hymns, saying they so fully expressed her feelings:—

“When brethren, friends, and helpers fail,  
On Him alone depend.”

“Yes,” she said, “and when they do not, we need Him. I am not insensible to the affection of my beloved friends, and believe that many remember me before the Lord. This I view as a great privilege—indeed, the greatest thing they can do for me. But what is even their love to the sympathy of my dear Jesus?” Upon her dear husband saying, “What a mercy in your affliction that you have a God to go to!” “Ah,” she said, “what should I do without Him?”

A favourite verse with her was,

“Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
Midst flaming worlds with these array’d,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.”

“I am not at all shaken as to my eternal state; but I should like to enjoy more of the Lord’s presence. I am so often tried lest I should not feel ready when my dear Lord sends to call me home.” Upon which a person replied, “A good man once observed, ‘A Christian is always ready.’” “That,” she said, “is a sweet remark. I have scarcely had a wish unfulfilled; the Lord has always dealt so gently and graciously with me. He has brought me through many trials, and he will not leave me now. Though I am not anxious to depart, the Lord can make me willing in a moment. Oh, my dear Lord, what happiness is there in any without thee? I feel it is a great mercy to be kept from murmuring, and can say, with the apostle, ‘I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.’ How often do I pray the Lord would not leave me! I need His help every moment.

“‘Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I every moment need.’”

She said one morning, “I have had a sweet time, for my beloved

husband and children have all been brought before me, from my first-born to my youngest; but really I can scarcely tell what is merely natural affection, and what is from the Lord's own blessed Spirit. Lord, I give it all back to thee again. Thou knowest what is good, and what is but nature. Fulfil and answer those breathings that thou createst. I desire no greater honour than to see my children walking in the truth. How many times have I carried them in the arms of faith and affection to my dear Jesus! This is rather a dark dispensation to me, not enjoying so much as in former illnesses. I am often obliged to look back to past experience. I can then feelingly say, what great things the Lord hath done for me; and

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

“ How often did Mr. Wilkinson say of the departed saints, ‘ One hour, or minute, here—the next in glory.’ What a blessed thought!

“ ‘ When thou, my righteous Judge, shall come  
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,  
Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand? ’ \*

“ It is almost too great to be believed; but I know whom I have believed, and I can but say, I feel I shall be found at his right hand. I wonder when I shall again be favoured to go to the house of God, or is it the Lord's purpose that I never should? I do not like to keep others from going; but I cannot say I enjoy these silent Sabbaths. What a blessing dear Mr. Vinall has been made to me! He has been directed many times to drop handfull of purpose for me.” One of Dr. Hawker's Portions she found very sweet to her: the text was, “ Thus saith the Lord, set thy house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live.” “ I wonder if that decree is gone out for me; but I think not. Oh that I may be found ready, with my loins girt, and lamp burning, when the Master calleth for me, whether in the morning, at cock-crowing, or at midnight.” She said these lines were suitable to her:—

“ I said sometimes with tears,  
Ah, me, I'm loath to die.  
Lord, silence thou these fears,  
My life's with thee on high.

“ What means this beating heart,  
To be thus shy of death?  
My life and I shan't part,  
Though I resign my breath.”

“ We have not an high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; and I feel this affliction is from the hand of my kind indulgent Father, who can make no mistake in any of his dealings. They are inscribed with love. Yes, dear Lord, it is all in love

\* This verse was often repeated by her.

to my soul that thou hast afflicted me; for, oh, how soon does my poor heart wander from thee when things around and about me are prosperous; and thou knowest, dear Lord, I would not live at a distance from thee. It may be, the Lord may call me home suddenly, and if now the messenger is gone from him with, 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee,' Lord, what could I reply, but 'Into thine hands I commend my spirit; for Thou hast redeemed me, oh, Lord God of truth.'"

At another time she said, "I feel my mind is kept in peace, but I do not feel joy." She was often heard in ejaculatory prayer, saying, "My dear Lord, help me; leave me not—no, not for a moment. Do pray for me that I may not dishonour the Lord." It was replied, "The Lord is with you." "Yes; he comforts me at times with a sweet touch of his love; but I cannot do without him. Lord, help me by thy grace to bear whatever thou sendest to purge my dross.

"If in His crown I hope to share,  
Why should I grudge to bear the cross?"

## EXTRACTS FROM MRS. J. R.'S DIARY.

Nov. 25, 1847.—I am once more favoured to record the return of my birth-day; spared yet another year. Making this remark to my beloved husband, he seemed to feel it, and said the Lord had so kindly spared me to him so long; and, if his will, might I be spared many more years. I said, "It often seemed a trial to me when I was well; such a little desire to depart, but rather a clinging to life; but when the Lord manifested himself first to me, I felt a desire to be with Christ, which to me appeared far better than to abide in the flesh. My beloved husband replied, "The more we were enjoying the Lord, the less would all below appear." I felt, as it were, the reproof. Oh, I know my affections entwine too fondly around my dearer self and my dear children, and I have also many temporal comforts—yes, loaded with blessings; but, alas, where is my gratitude and praise; and how is it the Author of all does not hold the highest—yes, the *supreme* place, in my affections? I could not help saying, if I were asked, "And what hast thou done for God?" I must reply, "My dear Lord has done all for me." I feel, even now, if heaven has to be gained by any good in me, I am yet undone. I am like a clock, unless the good Spirit of the Lord sets my springs of love and joy in motion, there is no going forth unto the Lord in prayer or praise. I feel, as dear Mr. Hart says in one of his hymns,

"I would be holy;"

And I desire to serve the Lord more, glorify his name, and love him; so that all earthly objects may sink in comparison, so to feel that when death comes, I may be ready. A thought sometimes rushes through my mind, "Suppose I should get to heaven's gate, and then be thrust out!" Oh, the thought! not to be where my precious Jesus is! But faith lays hold, and I dare not thus conclude; for surely I must be

deceived indeed, if I have not enjoyed daily intercourse, as it were, with heaven, at least with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, a Triune God, in his office characters. My heavenly Father's love, my Saviour to redeem, and the Spirit to sanctify and quicken. I need the Lord daily—yes, all the day long, and am never so happy as when heavenly traffic is going on between my dear Lord and myself. Oh, for a closer walk still!

Feb. 12, 1848.—Spared to see another anniversary of our wedding-day. Nineteen years ago our dear Lord was pleased to permit us to enter the sacred bond of matrimony. I felt I did it as unto the Lord; and through many fears and dreads, I felt His presence with me, not only at this solemn ordinance, but ever since. He has proved better than all my forebodings—yes, a God hearing and answering prayer.

And now, my soul, wilt thou fear going through Jordan? Yes, my dear Lord, I fear still. I must hang all on thee, or I should sink—my body, soul, my kind husband, my beloved children—all fails but this when I come to die.

“Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.”

I must hang all my weight upon this Beloved of my soul; and in the river Jordan also, death's valley, He will be my all-in-all. I shall need thee, my dear Lord, or I shall never hold out, nor ever get to heaven without thee. I am generally able to go to the house of God, which is a great favour, although walking seems much to try my breathing, and my cough is troublesome. I feel these things ought to make me prepare for my last great change; but I often seem powerless, and almost prayerless, except now and then, through the day, secret ejaculations going up to my heavenly Father. I often feel my precious Saviour very near to me,\* and I sometimes fear I make too free; but I can do nothing without him. I am so hard, yet his touch softens my spirit, and breaks again my rocky heart. My beloved husband seems better in health. Oh that I could be thankful for this all day long; he is so kind to my worthless self. I often feel that only my dear Lord can reward him; blessed also with our dear children in health. Oh, I desire to praise.

March 12, 1848.—I was hoping that I might have gone to the house of God to-day; but I was not able. Some of the family are gone. I hope they will glean some ears for themselves, and me also. Oh, may our heavenly Boaz, our precious Jesus, be in their midst, and commission his servant to drop some handful of purpose for them. Yes, dear Lord, I would intreat thee to be with all thy dear servants who are to speak this day in thy great name, and bless thy people that are privileged to hear thy gospel, of a full and free salvation.

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\* And if this dear though unknown sister felt Jesus “near” to her *then*, beloved readers, how near and how dear must He manifestly be now that the body of infirmity has been dropped! No longer the common fear of “making too free” with him. Oh, no, no; but a blessed uninterrupted gazing upon his lovely countenance for ever and ever. Really these precious living and dying testimonies cause our heart to leap for joy in the like prospect.—Ed.

“For sinners, Lord, thou can’st to bleed,  
And I’m a sinner vile indeed,”  
And such thou can’st to save.”

I find consolation and support here in every time of extremity.

June, 1848.—The last time I went to chapel, at Lewes, was on Sunday, March 26. Mr. Vinall was speaking from that text, “Little children, keep yourselves from idols. Amen.” He truly traced the character of a child of God, and I could follow the dear man, and say every evidence he brought forth was mine. My soul was revived, and my spirit refreshed; and I could believe, without a doubt or fear, that my precious Saviour would present me to his Father without spot or fault. He would own me as his child, and I could say, “*My* Father, and *my* God.”

I told sister M. I felt well, and could set my seal to what I had heard as truth, and such as would do to live and die by. The secret exercises of my heart were brought forth.

She often had comfortable conversation with her beloved husband, and would say afterwards it revived her, though latterly, through increasing debility, she did not say much. She often regretted that she could not read more; but quoted a good man, who had said, “I can read my Bible without the book.” Only the night before her death she said, she did not know what the Lord’s will was, but she thought she should get better; and, with much emphasis, she said, “If not, it will be better with me either in life or death. The Lord can make no mistakes, and will perfect that which concerneth me; but I sometimes want to be prying into the future. This I know is wrong.”

The Lord dealt very graciously with his hand-maid, and, as Mr. Vinall so well expressed it, “dismissed her with a kiss of love, without her knowing she was passing through the dark valley.”

“Softly her fainting head she lay  
Upon her Maker’s breast;  
Her Maker kissed her soul away,  
And laid her flesh to rest.”

The last words she was heard to utter were, “It’s all right now.”\* Thus she sweetly fell asleep in the arms of her dear Lord Jesus. “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth,” &c.

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\* Extract from Mrs. R.—’s Diary, relative to the death of her brother, Mr. C. H.—. Feb. 28th, 1836. “My dear brother spoke very sweetly many times in the night preceding his departure. In the morning he was very composed, and thought he could get up; but those with him could see a change. Spoke most kindly to my sister; begged her not to weep. Asked Brother M— to engage in prayer for her; thanked him, spoke a few words, turned round on his pillow as if for sleep, and in a few minutes breathed his last, the persons standing around his bed scarcely knowing that he was gone. He did not like my sister should call it dying. He said it was falling asleep in the arms of Jesus; and surely this was his case indeed. Blessed and sweet ending this life! Oh, may my last end be thus gentle, if the will of my God. On the Thursday previous, Brother B. M. wrote us When he saw C. H., he said, ‘All is well! all is well!’

## GLEANNING FROM MY PILGRIMAGE—No. 6.

KEEPING in view my original design, in declaring what God hath wrought, I must here relate a dispensation of His providence, which was more trying to my faith than anything I had previously known. My only daughter, and eldest child, began to show symptoms of protracted, but mortal disease. My parental feelings were sorely tried; for she lay very near my heart. At length I was driven to the great Physician, and I verily believe he had enabled me to take hold on that promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." I called upon Him most earnestly; but he seemed determined to put my faith to the most painful trial; for she continued to get worse under all the medical treatment that could be procured. I continued to look unto Him who said he would deliver; but everything seemed darker and darker. Sometimes my faith would entwine around the promise, and I could almost say, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me;" then a little hope would spring up. Again unbelief would suggest, "Thy prayer is shut out." Sometimes that sentence, so comforting to Bunyan, would follow me for several days, "Look to the generations of old; did any ever trust in the Lord, and was confounded?" Again, Satan would tempt me to despair. At length, as if to remove the last gleam of hope, she was attacked by the scarlet fever, and under the derangement induced by that disease, having got up in the night, fell down-stairs, and was taken up for dead. My feelings, while assisting to remove her to her bed, and for a long time afterwards, I can never describe; for it appeared to me as if God was determined to take her from me, and in so doing, give me a proof that I was a self-deceiver; but, glory to his faithful, unchangeable name,

"Just in the last distressing hour,  
The Lord display'd delivering power;  
The mount of danger was the place  
Where I beheld surprising grace."

For when she recovered from the scarlet fever, it appeared that God had made that disease the means of removing the other, and she was restored to perfect health. And, to crown his loving-kindness, he has given me a comfortable evidence of her adoption into his family as an heir of God, and joint-heir with Jesus Christ.

It has been my lot to travel the most of my wilderness journey without being connected with any particular body of Christians, which I think has been the means of keeping my mind free from all party. When my attention was first called to the present series of the "Gospel Magazine," I was happy to find company suited to my taste. Those who, while they were contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, endeavoured to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace. In the Editor I have found the greatest congeniality of soul of any being I have met with in all my pilgrimage. Although pre-

cluded from personal acquaintance by the broad Atlantic, yet I rejoice to hear from him every month, and anticipate the blissful moment when our little vessels shall be filled from Jesus, the fountain ever full.

Having now finished my simple narrative of what God hath wrought, I feel it incumbent on me to record a few items of what God hath taught.

I believe that the purposes of Jehovah in creation-acts, included sin with all its tremendous consequence, as much as grace in all its triumphs; so that I think they were quite correct who said, "God, for his own glory, fore-ordains whatsoever comes to pass." The blackest crime ever committed on earth's broad surface was the crucifying of the incarnate Word; yet this was the subject of Jehovah's high decree, the most noble purpose for which this world was made. Jesus revealed it in the garden of Eden. The Holy Spirit tuned the hearts of the prophets to sing of it, in mournful strains, long before it took place; but neither was Jehovah's glorious holiness tarnished thereby, nor the actors in the bloody tragedy less guilty. This is a problem human reason can never solve; but it is a truth men reject, as Mr. Berridge observes, not for want of Scripture evidence, but for want of humbled hearts.

I believe that the law, the sum of which was declared from Mount Sinai, is that eternal rule of righteousness by which all the wicked, both of angels and men, will be judged; and that their want of conformity thereto will be their everlasting condemnation. I believe that the human nature, in the person of Jehovah-Jesus, has given that law its full demands, and rendered immortal honour to all its vast acquirements in the sight of all intelligents: so that when faith presents a Lamb without blemish, of the first year of eternity, and offers it upon an altar of whole stones, Jehovah smells a sweet savour of rest, and the weary labouring conscience finds peace. Both meet here, and walk together, because they are agreed; and the renewed soul needs no other law to regulate its conduct than the new nature given it in regeneration.

I believe that heaven is a state rather than a place; for I have enjoyed such blissful moments, while in a body of sin and death, as convinceth me that I have no need of any other being than God, who is every where, to make me completely happy.

The greater part of my connections being Baptists, I was led to investigate the subject of baptism more deeply than I would have otherwise done; and am firmly convinced that the word baptism has been generally misunderstood ever since the falling away from apostolic purity; and that from the same cause which made Israel bring the ark of the covenant into the camp, to save them from the Philistines—that is, mistaking the shadow for the substance. Although the word is derived from a Greek word, signifying to dip, or immerse in water, yet this is not its New Testament meaning, neither in type or substance. So far as water is implied, its obvious meaning is to "wash," without any reference to the mode of application; but, in connection with the Holy Spirit, it means exactly the same as circumcision of the heart.

The Scriptures no where lead us to believe that Christ was washed at Jordan, as an example for his people to follow; but to answer the type of Aaron's being washed at the door of the tabernacle, previous to his being anointed, and serving in the priestly office. I say at Jordan, because I believe John applied the water to Jesus in the same way Moses applied that element to Aaron.

There are three distinct baptisms spoken of in the New Testament: one, of water exclusively—the second, of the Holy Spirit and fire—the third, of sorrow and affliction. The last of these was the passive obedience of Jesus procuring salvation, never to be repeated—the second, the work of the Spirit, in applying salvation to the souls of the redeemed, and never to cease until every vessel of mercy is made meet for glory; but the first, like the brazen serpent, was set up by John in the wilderness, by Divine appointment, to show the necessity of cleansing by the washing with water by the word, and has since become an object of worship, and will continue to be until God raises up some good Hezekiah to call it by its proper name, which is a bone of contention. Methinks I hear some exclaim, "Oh, what arrogance!" Could so many great men be mistaken? I would just ask, did the great Saxon reformer, who was a giant in his day, tenaciously adhere to the inconsistent dogma of consubstantiation? He did, and for this plain reason, "A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven."

Sept. 1, 1848.

METRIOS.

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#### ANECDOTE.

THE PRAYING SOLDIER.—In Ireland, during the rebellion of 1798, a soldier in the army of the Marquis of Cornwallis, being observed daily to leave his quarters, was suspected of holding a secret communication with the rebels. On this suspicion he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to die. The man declared his innocence—said he was a loyal subject to the king—that he had never held any intercourse with the rebels, but often sought a place of retirement to pray to, and hold communion with, his God. That was the real cause of his absence, which now wore the appearance of treason. *This was his defence*; but it was paid very little attention to by a profane soldiery. However, the marquis having closely examined into the man's character since he joined the regiment, and finding it unimpeachable, was resolved to hear him. The man reiterated the above statement. "Then kneel down, and pray aloud," said the marquis, which he did, with such copiousness, fluency, and fervour, that, taking him by the hand, he observed, "No man could pray thus who did not live in the habit of intercourse with his God." Lord Cornwallis not only revoked the sentence of the court-martial, but raised him from the ranks, and placed him among his personal attendants.—W. E. S., *County of Waterford, Ireland.*

[We have often found the following so precious to the heart, that we cannot forbear republishing it. It is worthy of being printed in letters of gold.—Ed.]

## THE WORK AND CONTENTION OF HEAVEN.

*From Erskine's Gospel Sonnets.*

In heavenly choirs a question rose,  
That stirr'd up strife will never close ;  
What rank of all the ransom'd race,  
Owes highest praise to sov'reign grace ?

Babes thither caught from womb and breast,  
Claim'd right to sing above the rest,  
Because they found the happy shore,  
They never saw or sought before.

Those that arrive at riper age,  
Before they left the dusky stage,  
Thought grace deserv'd yet higher praise,  
That wash'd the blots of num'rous days.

Anon, the war more close began,  
What praising harp should lead the van ?  
And which of grace's heav'nly peers  
Was deepest run in her arrears ?

" 'Tis I," said one, " 'bove all my race,  
Am debtor chief to glorious grace."  
" Nay," said another, " hark, I trow  
I'm more oblig'd to grace than you."

" Stay," said a third, " I deepest share  
In owing praise beyond compare :  
The chief of sinners, you'll allow,  
Must be the chief of singers now."

" Hold," said a fourth, " I here protest  
My praises must outvie the best ;  
For I'm of all the human race,  
The highest miracle of grace."

" Stop," said a fifth, " these notes forbear ;  
Lo ! I'm the greatest wonder here ;  
For I, of all the race that fell,  
Deserv'd the lowest place in hell."

A soul that higher yet aspir'd,  
With equal love to Jesus fired,  
" 'Tis mine to sing the highest notes  
To love, that wash'd the foulest blots."

" Ho," cried a mate, " 'tis mine I'll prove,  
Who sinned in spite of light and love ;  
To sound his praise with loudest bell,  
That sav'd me from the lowest hell."

" Come, come," said one, " I'll hold the plea,  
That highest praise is due by me ;  
For mine of all the sav'd by grace,  
Was the most dreadful, desp'rate case."

Another, rising at his side,  
As fond of praise, and free of pride,  
Cried, "Pray give place, for I defy  
That you should owe more praise than I.

"I'll yield to none in this debate.  
I'm run so deep in grace's debt,  
That sure I am, I boldly can  
Compare with all the heav'nly clan."

Quick o'er their heads a trump awoke;  
"Your songs my very heart have spoke;  
But ev'ry note you here propale,  
Belongs to me beyond you all."

The list'ning millions round about,  
With sweet resentment loudly shout,  
"What voice is this comparing notes,  
That to their song chief place allots?"

"We can't allow of such a sound,  
That you alone have highest ground  
To sing the royalties of grace,  
We claim the same adoring place."

"What! will no rival singer yield,  
He has a match upon the field?  
Come, then, and let us all agree  
To praise upon the highest key."

Then jointly all the harpers around,  
In mind unite with solemn sound,  
And strokes upon the highest string  
Made all the heav'nly arches ring:

Ring loud, with hallelujahs high,  
To Him that sent his Son to die;  
And to the worthy Lamb of God,  
That lov'd and wash'd them in his blood.

Free grace was sov'reign empress crown'd  
In pomp, with joyful shouts around;  
Assisting angels clapp'd their wings,  
And sounded grace on all their strings.

The emulation round the throne  
Made prostrate hosts (who ev'ry one  
The humblest place their right avow)  
Strive who should give the lowest bow.

The next contention, without vice,  
Among the birds of paradise,  
Made every glorious warbling throat  
Strive who should raise the highest note.

Thus, in sweet, holy, humble strife,  
Along their endless, joyful life,  
Of Jesus, all the harpers rove,  
And sing the wonders of his love.

Their discord makes them all unite  
In raptures most divinely sweet;  
So great the song, so grave the bass,  
Melodious music fills the place.

[In perusing an old work upon "Remarkable Providences both of Judgment and Mercy," we met with the following. Names and places being mentioned, and our God never being at a loss in the exercise of his own sovereign grace and power, we entertain no doubt of the truth of the statement here given. One thought has suggested itself as a motive why we should not publish the story, and that is, lest any of our young readers, ensnared by natural affection only, should *presume* upon it, to unite themselves to those who are not at present manifestly the Lord's children; and use this incident as a plea that *their* prayers should also be heard. This is a snare in which, we doubt not, very many of the Lord's family are caught. We pray, however, that our readers may be preserved from such; and that the following so precious a record of the Lord's great goodness may not be thus abused; for, as admirers of God's wonderful Providence, we cannot withhold it. From a kind of *prudential squeamishness*, and an over-anxiety about *receptions* and *results*, the Lord's gracious kindnesses are often suffered to

"Lie buried in forgetfulness,  
And without praises die."

But God forbid that, in conducting this work, we should ever shrink from the refreshing privilege of proclaiming that majesty and mercy which He loves to display; and which through eternity shall bring him an unceasing revenue of praise.—Ed.]

#### A RELATION OF THE WONDERFUL CONVERSION OF A KENTISH GENTLEMAN, MR. STUDLY,

*Related to me by Mr. Knight, Minister, intimately acquainted with him.*

His father was a lawyer, in Kent, of about £400 per annum, who had built a very fair mansion-house upon the estate. He was a great enemy to the power of religion, and a hater of those that were then called Puritans. His son, in his youth, seemed to follow in the same steps, till the Lord that had separated him from the womb called him home, which was as follows:—The young man was in London, and being drunk in some company, and going in the night towards his lodgings, fell into a cellar, and in that fall was seized with horror, and thought he fell into hell at that time. It pleased God he took little harm by the fall, but lay there some hours in a drunken drowse, his body being heated with what he drank, and his soul awakened, he thought he was in hell. After that he was come to himself, and was gotten home into Kent, he fell into a melancholy, betook himself to read and study the Scriptures, and to much prayer, which at length his father perceived, and fearing he would turn Puritan, was troubled, and dealt roughly with him, made him dress his horses, which he humbly and willingly submitted to. And when at that time his father perceived he sat up late at night reading his Bible, he denied him candlelight; but being allowed a fire in his chamber, he told Mr. Knight he was wont to lie along, and read by the firelight; and said that while he was dressing his father's horses in his frock, and in that time whilst reading by the

fire, he had those comforts from the Lord, and joys that he had scarce experienced since.

His father, seeing this means ineffectual, resolved to send him into France, that by the airiness of that country his melancholy temper might be cured. He went, and being at his own disposal, by the Lord's guiding him, he placed himself in the house of a godly Protestant minister; and between them, after they were acquainted (and such is the cognation of saving grace in divers subjects, that a little time will serve for Christians to be acquainted), there grew great endearments.

Great progress he made in speaking the language; and his father, expecting an account from the gentleman with whom he sojourned of him, of his proficiency in speaking French, he sent it to him; but soon had orders to return home, and the father directing it, or he intreating it, the landlord with whom he had sojourned, came into England with him, and both made very welcome at his father's house, he not knowing he was a minister. At last the father found the French gentleman and his son at prayers together, and was angry, paid him what was due to him, and sent him away. Then his father, having an interest in a person of honour, a great lady of Whitehall, whose courts he, as a lawyer kept, and his son, by his now past education, accomplished for such an employ, prevailed with that lady to take his son for her gentleman, to wait upon her in her coach. He thought by a court-life to drive away his melancholy (as he called his son's seriousness in religion). The lady had many servants, some given to swearing and rudeness, whom this gentle young man would take upon himself to reprove with that prudence and gravity, that sin fell down before him. And if any of the servants had been ill-employed, and they had heard him coming, they would say, "Let us cease, or begone. Mr. Studly is coming." After a year's time, the father waited upon the lady to inquire of his son's carriage. She, not being instructed to personate anything, answered as it was, that she was glad she had seen his son's face, for he had wrought such a reformation in her family, she that had formerly been troubled with unruly servants, by his prudent carriage, was now as quiet in her house as if she had lived in a private family in the country. After this the father stormed. "What, will he make Puritans in Whitehall?" He told the lady that was no place for him; he would take him with him, which, to her trouble, he did.

When he had him at home in Kent, as his last refuge he thought of marrying him; and to that end found out a match which he thought fit for his ends. To stifle the work of religion in his son, he bade him one night put on his best clothes in the morning, and ordered his servant to make ready his horses and himself to wait upon them. When they were riding on their way, he bade the man ride before, and spake to his son to this purpose, "Son, you have been a matter of great grief to me, and having used much means to reclaim you from this way you are in to no purpose, I have one more remedy to apply, in which, if you comply with me, I will settle my estate upon you; else you shall never enjoy a groat of it. I am riding to such a gentleman's house, to whose daughter I intend to marry you."

The son said little, knowing that family to be profane; but went with his father who before had made way there. They were entertained nobly. He had a sight of the young lady, who was a great beauty, and the young man fell much in love with her. When they had taken their leave, on the way his father asked him what he thought of her? He answered, "No man living but must be taken with such a one." He feared she would not like him. The father, glad the snare had taken, bade him take no care of that. The wooing was not long. At three weeks' end they both came to London to buy things for the wedding. The father had charged that in the time of wooing in that gentleman's house there should be no swearing or debauchery, lest his son should be discouraged. Wedding clothes were bought, and the day came—the young couple were married. At the wedding-dinner at her father's house the mask was taken off. They fell to drink healths, swearing among their cups, and, among others, the bride swore an oath, at which the bridegroom was amazed, took occasion to rise from table, stepped forth, went to the stable, took a horse (none observing, all were busy within), he mounted, and rode away. Not knowing what to do, he bewailed himself as he rode along as undone, deservedly, for that he had been so taken in love, and the business so hurried into design. He said he had at that time restrained prayer, and slackened his communion with God; whereas, in that grand affair of his life he should have been doubly and trebly serious, and so might thank himself that he was utterly undone. He sometimes thought of riding quite away. At last, being among the woods, he led his horse into a solitary place, tied him to a tree in his distress, and betook himself to his prayers and tears, in which he spent the afternoon. The providence of God had altered his argument of prayer, which was now for the conversion of his newly-married wife, or he was undone. This he pressed with prayers and tears a great part of that afternoon, and did not rise from prayer without good hope of being heard. At the bride-house was hurry enough. Horse and man, after they missed the bridegroom, were sent every way. No news of him; he was wrestling, as Jacob once at Peniel.

In the evening he returned home, and inquiring where his bride was, went up to her, and found her in her chamber pensive enough. She asked him if he had done well to expose her to scorn and derision all the day? He entreated her to sit down on a couch by him, and he would give her an account of his doing what he had then done, and tell her the story of his whole life, and what the Lord, through grace, had done for him. He went over the story here above mentioned, with many beautiful particulars (no question here omitted), not without great affection and tears, the flood-gates of which were opened in the wood; and ever and anon in the discourse would say, "Through grace, God did so and so for me." When he had told her his story over (and, by the way, this was the apostle Paul's method, by which many were converted, to tell the story of his conversion), she asked him what he meant by the words, so often used in the relation of his life, "through grace," so ignorantly had she been educated. And she asked him, if he thought there were any grace in God for her,

who was so wretched a stranger to God? "Yes, my dear," said he; "there is grace for thee, and that I have been praying for this day in the wood; and God hath heard my prayer, and seen my tears; and let us now go together to him about it." Then did they kneel down by the couch side, and he prayed; and such weeping and supplication were on both sides, that when they were called down to supper, they had hardly eyes to see with, so swelled were they with weeping. At supper, the bride's father, according to his custom, swore. The bride immediately said, "Father, I beseech you swear not;" at which the bridegroom's father, in a great rage, rose from the table. "What!" says he, "is the devil in him? Hath he made his wife a Puritan already?" and swore bitterly. He would rather set fire, with his own hands, to the four corners of his fair-built house than ever he should enjoy it; and accordingly he acted, made his will, gave his son, when he should die, ten pounds to cut off his claim, and gave the estate to some others, of whom Dr. Reeves was one, and not long after died.

Dr. Reeves sent for the gentleman, paid him his ten pounds, told him he had been a rebellious son and disobliged his father, and might thank himself. He received the ten pounds, and meekly departed. His wife (the match was so huddled up in a design) had no portion promised—at least that the young man knew of, who relied on his father; so that she was also deserted by her friends; and having two hundred pounds in her own hand, that had been given her by a grandmother, with that they took and stocked a farm in Sussex, where Mr. Knight had often been, and seen her who had been highly bred, in her red waistcoat, and milking her cows, and was now become the great comforter and encourager of her husband's exceeding cheer. "God," saith she, "hath had mercy on me, and any pains-taking is pleasant to me." There they lived some years, with much comfort, and had the blessing of marriage—divers children. After some years, he was met in Kent on the road by one of the tenants of the estate, and saluted by the name of "Landlord." "Alas!" said he, "I am none of your landlord." "Yes, you are," said he; "I know more than you of the settlement. Your father, though a cunning lawyer, with all his wit, could not alienate the estate from you, whom he had made joint purchaser. Myself and some other tenants know it, and have refused to pay any money to Dr. Reeves. I have sixteen pounds ready in my hand for you, which I pay to your acquittance, and that will serve you to wage law with them." He was amazed at this wonderful providence, received the money, sued for his estate, and in a term or two recovered it. "He that loseth his life for my sake and the gospel, shall find it." His blessed wife, in the midst of blessings, enjoying a loving husband, divers fine children, a plentiful estate, in the midst of these outward blessings, fell into a way of questioning the truth of her grace, because of outward prosperity. This was her sin without doubt, for which Mr. Knight rebuked her. But it was a severe rebuke that the Lord gave her for her unthankfulness. A fine boy, about three years old, fell into a kettle of scalding wort, and was taken out by the mother and died. This she looked on as the Lord's discipline for her unthankfulness, and was instructed.

## FRAGMENTS BY A REDEEMED ATHEIST.

## XLI.

*"I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord."*—"Yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities" (2 Cor. xii. 1, 5).

WHEN about to leave the abode last mentioned, as my soul was deeply exercised concerning many matters, the Lord was graciously pleased to give comfort and strength by a view similar to that which He gave the servant of the man of God, and I distinctly saw, in the spirit, "and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round-about." For three or four months after this event my life was spent in the battle-field. Almost every enemy that can attack a regenerated soul was suffered to come out against me; and but for the adorable Jesus, who daily girded me for the fight, I must have fallen, to rise no more. During this contest many choice pieces of Scripture were sent for my deliverance, or support; in particular, I recollect—"The Father himself loveth you because ye have loved me, and have believed I came out from God;" and, "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood"—"Jesus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil"—"The Spirit driveth him into the wilderness"—"Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost, was led by the Spirit into the wilderness"—"A merciful and faithful High Priest"—"For in that himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."

It soon became evident, that the sword of the Spirit was cutting a way for me to approach nearer to the Lord's beloved person than I had yet done. His sacred back and cheeks were, to the eye of faith, manifestly revealed, as described by the prophet—"I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair." Oh, miracle of miracles, that the person of the living Jehovah should be subjected to such indignities, and such tortures! Herein indeed is love! He first loved us.

The Holy Ghost also, at this period, showed me the precious Redeemer extended on the cross; and this view was repeated several times, as if to satisfy my soul that all my sin had indeed been borne by Him in His own body on the tree. He was pleased, moreover, to favour me with a view of Jesus in His official character, as the Great High Priest of God—higher than the heavens, and clad in His priestly vestments. And finally, to close this marvellous series of revelations, the hallowed Redeemer unveiled to me, in the dark, before sunrise, the brightness of His glorious countenance, which was exactly "as the sun shineth in his strength." Before His sovereign will vouchsafed this revelation, the storm of temptations had brought me very low; and I had made up my mind to perish in the conflict, having experienced the exquisite agony of feeling totally deserted by him, when I cried

for help—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Divine answer—"In a little wrath have I hid my face from thee, for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

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## XLII.

*"Jesus hath God exalted, with his right hand, to be a Prince and Saviour" (Acts v. 31).*

*"Stephen, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." (Acts vii. 55).*

Simultaneously with the manifestation of the Saviour's lacerated person to the eye of faith, my soul was caused to pray earnestly that He would employ me to call out of the world that lieth in wickedness, some of the ruined beings for whom He shed His precious blood, that so He might see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. The fervour of this petition was so great as to leave an impression that he designed to make use of me in His ministry.

It was in answer to this prayer that the sublime person of Jehovah's Great High Priest was conspicuously revealed in the heavens; and two days afterwards, while in earnest prayer, a cloud full of rosy light, descended on my head, and a voice, in the Spirit, proclaimed the name of the Lord Jehovah. This glimpse of "the Holy One of Israel, our King"—"The Exalted One, chosen out of the people" (Ps. lxxxix. 18, 19)—was followed by sharp exercises between flesh and spirit, and waves of circumstantial and temporal afflictions rolled, one after another, so fast, that, from sheer necessity, I was driven to cling to Christ as a limpet clings to a rock in a storm.

As these trials drew towards a close, the Lord was pleased several times to manifest His supporting presence in a way He had done once before at the beginning of these sorrows. His Spirit would lead me to seek His aid in prayer, and immediately He would come down in the midst, in the appearance of a dusky figure in a whirlwind (Job xxxviii. 1), and thus assure my heart, that His loving hand still guided the bark through the tempest.

On more than one occasion, when a loved object was seized with sudden pain, or sickness, the spirit of prayer was infused into my soul, the Lord appeared in the shadowing manifestation now described, and the affliction was immediately alleviated, or removed, by His power. On other occasions, when He did not see good to remove the distress immediately, his dusky presence seemed to tarry in the midst with fond compassion, in accordance with His revealed character—"In all their afflictions he was afflicted."

In the midst of this great fight of affliction, it was His pleasure to open to me some lovely views of Immanuel's land afar off, where I frequently saw the Lord of Hosts reigning before his ancients glori-

ously. It would be wrong to say that I was a volunteer; there was a necessity laid on me to seek the kingdom—woe was me if I turned aside. It was even thus that the Lord led His people out of Egypt through the Sea, and across the wilderness, to Canaan—always pursued by enemies, from whom they were obliged to flee to Him for refuge.

The desire to serve Him in the ministry was still uppermost in my thoughts, when what appeared to be an open door was presented in the course of His providence. In the upshot it turned out that He had no such design with regard to me at that time, nor in that place to which I was induced to repair, while waiting a fuller development of His almighty will. While journeying thither it was His pleasure to support my tried heart with a brilliant manifestation of His glorious person as God-man, lifted high above all worlds, standing in the centre of His universe, and blazing with radiancy like unto the lustre of a solid diamond statue of majestic human form. This manifestation was very distinct, and graciously saluted the wondering eye of faith for a considerable length of time—"Above the firmament that was over my head was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone; and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it" (Ezek. i. 26, 28). "And I saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as if it were the body of heaven in his clearness" (Ex. xxiv. 10).

These Scriptures certify that similar manifestations were vouchsafed of old. The throne and the appearance of the sapphire stone were not shown to me—unless these be figures for celestial altitude—what I saw was the GOD OF ISRAEL.

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### XLIII.

*"When he the Spirit of Truth is come, He will show you things to come."  
"He shall glorify ME, for he shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you" (John xvi. 15).*

While waiting, in much weakness, upon the Lord, to see if it were His will to give me the inward call of His Spirit to the work of the ministry, it was His good pleasure to regale my soul with a variety of pleasant and beautiful manifestations of Himself. Not only was my spirit illuminated to see His hand guiding my every movement; but He made many a sweet revelation, to the eye of faith, of the things remote and eternal. The following are most prominently recollected:—Walking by the sea, towards nightfall, in prayer and meditation, and humbling my soul in His presence, and imploring Him to guide me with His eye, and make my way clear, or to this effect, He suddenly opened a view of His happy home, where I saw Him, as Master, in the midst of His family, and though Master, yet He wore the aspect of a Brother, and though surpassing all in grandeur and majesty, it was the superiority of patience and invincible fidelity that constituted the

charm of His person. The character of the view was sober and humble, less dazzling and astonishing than the former ones ; but as it now comes back to memory, exceedingly endearing to the heart.

Some considerable time after this, when the question about the ministry was decided in the negative, I was alone in prayer, at mid-day, by the sea, on which the sun shone with brightness, when suddenly the Holy Ghost presented to the eye of faith a momentary glimpse of the lovely shoulder and breast of Jesus of Nazareth, our crucified God and Brother. The flesh of the incarnate Son of God, as thus revealed to my view was more white, pure, and delicate, than that of an infant, and the purple veins more lovely than any seen in the loveliest of His creatures. In comparison with His skin, ivory, frosted silver, drifted snow, or lilies, are dull ; and the azure of the heavens gives but a faint idea of the beauty of the veins that distinctly marked the disclosed portion of His hallowed person.

Again, being in prayer on a cliff by the sea, in the forenoon, in clear sunshine, there burst forth a bright spiritual light on the verge, as it were, of the watery horizon, such as might well be supposed to prelude the immediate coming of the Lord ; and although I did not see His person on this occasion, it was hardly concealed behind the effulgent robe of celestial light. As the vision came and went, the Spirit of God spake to my soul, with power and joy, the words in the prophet Habakkuk, "God came from Teman and the Holy One from Mount Paran"—the words of the blessing of Moses, "The Lord shined forth from Mount Paran, and He came with ten thousand of His saints : from His right hand went a fiery law for them ; yea, He loved the people."

These discoveries to a worthless worm were made in the midst of much soul-conflict, and generally at the very moment when the golden cable of faith, stretched to the utmost by the trial, seemed about to snap, and suffer the vessel to be broken on rocks, or swept into the vortex of some spiritual Maelstrom. It is, indeed, true that man's extremity is God's opportunity ; and it seems to be a settled plan, in the counsels of eternal love, to endear the Lord Jesus to His God-born people, by sending Him to deliver them from the assaults of the world, flesh, and devil, at the precise moment when they feel in danger of perishing through weakness—"We which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh" (2 Cor. iv. 11).

In the midst of these marvellous manifestations I was often led in prayer, by the Spirit, into amazing views of the humanity and humiliation of the Lord Jesus Christ—the realities of His sufferings as an individual man—the incomprehensible extent and depth of those sufferings—their abundant sufficiency to atone ; not for the whole human race alone, but for the whole universe ; and yet the limitation of their efficacy, by the Divine will, to the election of grace. The inconceivable depth of man's ruin in Adam, the silliness of his wisdom, the rapidness of his depravity, the hopeless helplessness of his state, and the certainty of eternal misery to all but Christ's elect (truths which I had long known and believed) were opened up afresh to my

soul, by God the Holy Ghost, with awful distinctness. It was, moreover, manifested with equal plainness, that the elect escape only because Jesus volunteered to suffer what they otherwise must have suffered in hell. The Holy Sufferer was shown to me, a mere man in outward aspect, more needy, desolate, despised, and destitute than the most wretched beggar in the streets of the condemned world. Nor is it possible to describe the views that were disclosed of His sacred person in the deepest depths of His humiliation. There are unutterable wonders known only to God, and to thyself, thou precious Redeemer!

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EXTRACT FROM THE "GOSPEL MAGAZINE," Oct., 1848.

PAGE 470, SIGNATURE "E. S."

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"SIN is a mystery." "The first manifestation of sin appears to have taken place with the angels, who kept not their first estate; thus sin commenced *its* attack in the immediate presence of God, he being the object of *its* inveterate, deadly hatred. *Its* birth-place may have been the heart of Satan; but Satan could have no power to mould and fashion the *creature* so produced; he might nourish and cherish it in his bosom, but could not prevent *its* becoming his tyrant and oppressor. Nor could he ever deliver himself from the galling yoke of this insatiable tormentor. If Satan be the author of sin, he must be so in a very subordinate sense, for he does not possess independent free-will, or creature-power. Sin can produce nothing contrary to *its* own nature, nor can it deliver *itself* from that vigorous law by which *it* is governed; *it* is an adverse power, continually aiming at the supremacy of God."

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Can it be believed that this writer ever prayerfully read God's word on this subject, or knows anything of the evil of sin in his own breast, or felt condemned for committing sin. He, like too many, I fear, suppose sin to be a created something that was put into Satan, or found its way into Satan; and, of itself, worked and operated without the devil having anything to do with it. Oh, yes! he does say, "Satan might have nourished it in his breast, yet," he adds, "he could not prevent its becoming his tyrant and oppressor." Now if this were true—but it is not—Satan is an object of pity, and not of blame; instead of this, *sin* is not condemned by God for being in Satan, but *Satan* is *condemned* for originating sin. Sinning is a departing from the truth; and this Satan did—"He was a liar, and abode not in the truth." Lies, falsehood, evil, sin, Satan is the father of; he begat it, originated it in himself, conceived it in his own imagination, and carried it into action by manifest rebellion; but how that was manifest the Scriptures are silent about, but for which he and his colleagues were cast out of heaven. It was PRIDE, but how evidenced we are not told—"They kept not their first estate (which was holy), but left their

own habitation," or employment of serving God, Satan aspiring to be God himself; and this constituted him a sinner.

Sin was, and is, the transgression of a law that was given by God, and that law must be *right* and holy, God being its author. No question, the first act of *sin* was disobedience to the revealed will of God—to the spirits that fell, if not to all the angels—and it was this that constituted them sinners; but what that revelation was we are not told. We do know Adam sinned, by disobeying the revealed will of God, "For sin is the transgression of the law." Adam was holy till he disobeyed; not, as some say, till sin took possession of his breast—no, no! Sin could not take possession of him without his sinning; that act affected the whole of his person, as his will was in it—soul and body. Sin is not a something that *exists* apart from the creature, and that an intelligent one; sin is not the elements of wind, or water, or earth, or fire, or fire, &c., any more than is holiness, its opposite; it is a quality, a principle, a disposition to err: the devil was, and so also is man, capable and liable to it, it is evident, or they would not have erred; and they were also capable of continuing to obey, or they could not be condemnable for disobedience. I think it is to this subject Paul refers in Rom. ix. 20, "Why hast thou made me thus?" that is, CAPABLE of sinning; Paul could not mean, Why hast thou made me a sinner? for God never did. "He made man upright;" so he did the fallen spirits—they made themselves devils, and man himself a sinner; the only difference is, man was tempted by the devil, the devil tempted himself.

Satan had no sin infused into him, as E. S. insinuates; if he had he is an object of pity, and not blame, I repeat; and Satan could not infuse sin into Eve nor Adam; if he could, they would be objects of pity, and not blame—he could only tempt to sin. And the Scriptures represent man as his own destroyer—"Oh, Israel! thou that destroyed *thyself*," &c. It is true what E. S. says—but not of *sin*, but of the sinner—that there is no reinstating of ourselves in holiness, and regaining a disposition to obedience; once a sinner and we remain so, unless Jesus (sin's atoner and destroyer) rescue us; this he does for *his* people, but not the devil's, nor those called his children, therefore they must remain at enmity: they, the children of disobedience, make the devil's and Adam's sin their own, by loving it, and practising it, as they did; but when grace change the heart we are made to hate it, and feel it our enemy, and treat it as such; and though it dwells in us we may say, as Paul did, "It is no more I that do it (because we do not do it), but sin that dwelleth in us;" and John says, "In this the children of God are manifest, for he that liveth in sin is of the devil, for he (*not it*) sinneth from the beginning."

I therefore think, E. S. errs; it is not scriptural to say, "Sin is that *adverse power*, that does so and so against God," and that *it* is governed by a *law* that is irresistible. Pray what *law*, but the devil himself? But take the Scriptures, and say, as the Holy Ghost does (not *it*, sin, does so and so), but the devil does it—"He is a liar, and the father of it," that is, the begetter, or author of it. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh his own; nor can he charge it on another,

or to anything but himself; nor is it anywhere written in Scripture that he has made the attempt to do so.

It is a pity that when E. S. had read his own piece on Sin, in the September Number, and acknowledged he was convinced he had written that which he understood not, he did not desist; for if he did not understand it how could he explain it, or enlighten others upon the subject? I have no idea he intended to make an excuse for sin, but I think his manner of stating it does, and is calculated to strengthen the hands of evil-doers and hypocrites, and certainly bewilder the weak in faith of the Lord's family.

Nor do I think that *sin* ought to be treated as a mystery, when every regenerated person knows, painfully, what it is; and the Scriptures are plain on the subject. We read of the "mystery of iniquity," but not the mystery iniquity. It refers to its various ways of working, or by which it is made manifest. We read, the "heart is deceitful," &c.—that is, the sinful heart—and also of the deceitfulness of *sin*; but we are not to separate Satan from it, any more than we are to separate holiness from Christ, and the Holy Spirit, who is the author of it, and the maintainer of it, in the believer. We ought to seek a correct scriptural view of sin, and its author, as well as a correct view of him who is its destroyer, and the way he accomplishes it; for this reason, that we may know when we do sin, and when we may *justly* say, as Paul could, "It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." David was a believer as well as Paul, a regenerated man; but in the matter of Bathsheba he did not say to Nathan, the prophet, "It is not I that did it, but sin," &c.; but, "I have sinned" (2 Sam. xii. 13)—"Against *thee*, *thee* only, have I sinned" (Ps. li. 4).

It is to be lamented, but there are many that hold the doctrines of free grace, that are always ready to make excuses for sin in themselves and others, and I conceive your correspondent's view of the subject is calculated to justify, or strengthen them in their error, though I hope not designedly. But as Mr. Palmer, of Chatteris, says, in his work on Sovereign Goodness, &c., "But to know the forgiveness of sin is far better than to understand the philosophy of sinning; and he who knows, by experience, what it is, will find little difficulty in admitting, that though it is committed by the *will* of man, it can be pardoned only by the *will* of God."

Dear Mr. Editor, may this be our happiness, and the happiness also, of the readers of, and the writers in, the *Gospel Magazine*.

J. P.

### HYMN TO THE TRINITY.

How can I love THEE for thy love to me,  
 Oh, gracious, holy, and Eternal THREE?  
 My FATHER, how thy love can I declare?  
 How thine, JEHOVAH-JESUS, and thy care?  
 And thine, which, glowing now, o'erwhelms my breast—  
 How celebrate, O HOLY GHOST! my guest?

M.

## THE BATTLE-FIELD.

*"And when Judah looked back, behold the battle was before and behind, and they cried unto the Lord, and the priests sounded with the trumpets; then the men of Judah gave a shout, and as the men of Judah shouted, it came to pass that God smote Jeroboam and all Israel before Abijah and Judah."*—2 Chron. xiii. 14, 15.

THE chronicles of the kings of Judah and Israel, like those of other nations, might have acted as a hand-book to the historian of successive ages, and nothing more thought of it; but the man of God, who reads this record with a grace-taught heart, and eye directed to what the Spirit saith unto the churches, discovers the design of the Holy Ghost therein, to be evidently twofold. First, in preserving a faithful record of the house of David, in regard to him who is both the root and offspring of it, and to whom the dying patriarch devoted attention, in his remarkable prophecy, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come" (Gen. xlix. 10). Secondly, the keeping up that line of demarcation between the Church and the world, wherein is made apparent that, though passing through it, they are chosen out of it.

Nothing can be more demonstrated than the subserviency of the whole of nature to that of grace; hence those adhering properties, without the principle of affinity, in the development of the great scheme for the exaltation of the Lord Jesus, and the salvation of his Church by him; nor do we offer any violence to truth, or wrest the meaning of the Holy Ghost, when we urge the necessity of looking out in these ancient records, for him, of whom Moses and the prophets did write—him, the prospect of whose day being seen through this dark dispensation, rejoiced the hearts of the ancient people (John viii. 56).

From the Scripture at the head of our paper, we are brought into that period of Judah and Israel's history, after the revolt of the ten tribes, in the days of Rehoboam—unto that man of impious notoriety, Jeroboam, upon whose crest the Holy Ghost indelibly engraved—"The man who made Israel to sin." War between the two houses of these men could only be expected, seeing from whence it is these things arise; yet, on what different grounds do they meet! The one had set the "Lord God of Israel at defiance;" had desecrated his worship, discarded his ordinances, and set up the dunghill deities of calves, and taught the people idolatry. The other, in a powerful and animated address, points out the awful state in which they stood, in having cast off the true worship of the God of Israel; and then adverts to his own and people's position as it relates to this matter, drawing the conclusion, as it were, from the Lord's goodness of success—"As for us, the Lord is our God, and we have not forsaken him,"—draws attention to the superiority of their worship, declaring his firm belief in God being with them as a Captain, and warning them against fighting against the Lord God of their fathers.

What a debt of gratitude is due unto the Holy Ghost, who should so far cause, in the recital of this historical circumstance, so much to be recorded that should tend to the comfort and consolation of the militant Church of the Lord Jesus. Alas! how much do we lose in the too general act of slighting those early records of men, who evidently spoke as they were moved by him, and wrote under his guidance for our instruction. And who amongst us, in the least acquainted with the great "battle-field," in which, throughout the whole time state, we are found upon, with all and every ambushment of the enemy, must and will rejoice in the sure prospect of being made more than conquerors, through him that "loved us, and gave himself for us."

For the furtherance of our knowledge and understanding of the things pertaining to the Scripture, we shall first view the position of Judah; secondly, their conduct under it; and lastly, the happy results which arose; and once for all, be it observed, we entirely lose sight of the kingdom of Judah, confining ourselves wholly to the spiritual Judah, as standing in union with Him whom his brethren shall praise (Gen. xlix. 8).

First—"the position of Judah." In these lowlands of a time state, the Church of the Lord Jesus is known to be a militant one, engaged in warfare, doing the business of an army, acting on the defensive, against a company of aliens, whose strength never fails them in the war, and who have never been known to ground their arms, or feel the least intimidation, except from one, "Jesus of Nazareth" (Mark i. 24). Thus, to us the warfare is unceasing, and extends over the whole period of our lives, the principle of war only ceasing when the "battle-field" is no longer in existence; yet how slow and tardy are we in learning the art of this warfare, or submitting to the necessary discipline! Its distinction from all other warfares precludes the possibility of its becoming general; so truly does the apostle state—"We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness (or wicked spirits) in high places" (Eph. vi. 12), which Paul more accurately describes under the "flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one unto the other" (Gal. v. 17); hence, not only is the citadel capitulated, but ambushments are laid all around, and every time the child of God has breathing time allowed him to look around him, he fully discovers the "battle is before and behind," and the armour being once buckled on, is never taken off until the warrior retires into the grave, there to rest, the thrilling sound of the trumpet announcing, "Death is swallowed up in victory." There is an indescribable blessing in the sweet anticipation of this event, which often cheers, as we are now found with the warlike weapon in one hand, and a useful instrument in the other (Neh. iv. 17, 18): so truly do we prove, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds" (2 Cor. x. 4), with the destruction of every ambushment of the enemy. Yet this battle differs altogether from those which are carried on with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, seeing it is with burning and fuel of fire (Isa. ix. 5); nor can we be strangers

(if belonging to the army of Judah), to that fuel of the human heart, which requires destruction by the spirit of judgment (Isa. iv. 4).

The continuance, or rather the successive scenes which present the battle before us, oft cause the spirit of the warrior to die within him, and draw those hasty conclusions which are never realised. Thus, notwithstanding the many assurances to the contrary, how prone are we to inscribe the banner, "I shall one day perish,"—"All these things are against me." "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small." So purblind are we as not to see the Lord's motto upon his people's banner, is, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me!" One word, by way of proof. Let us call to remembrance former days, and the way we have been led from the first act of time towards us, in our being emancipated from the darkness of nature, and having crossed the Red Sea of the blood of atonement, were allowed and brought into the wilderness of the people. We need not—it is impossible—to identify every extreme point to which we have been brought, and from which we have looked back—not as Lot's wife, who became a pillar of salt—not as the Benjamites, who looked with amazement, and saw the evil that was come upon them (Judges xx. 40, 41)—neither as those who draw back unto perdition, in whom the soul of God has no pleasure (Heb. x. 38). We have looked from the borders of the sea—from the wilderness, Hermon and Mizar, with and under all the noise and din of the battle-field, and we have found, however we might have progressed onwards, the battle—though in some sense left behind—was still before us; within was the magazine, producing fear; without was the host, setting the battle in array, which indicate the conflict is not over; and even to-day, while we pause to take a further view of the road we have passed, we are still led to see we are still in the midst of trouble: for "behold the battle is before and behind;" what is to be done?—to recede is impossible, we then fall into the enemy's hand; and for going forward we have no strength. Let us follow the example of Judah: "They cried unto the Lord, and the priests sounded with the trumpets."

Secondly. The conduct under the circumstances so apparent, with the "battle before and behind," they cried unto the Lord. What noble and praiseworthy conduct, and how forcible does it convey to us their knowledge and confidence of what he was able to do, "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee;" and well is it for all those who, like them, can put forth their cry upon similar grounds, "But as for us, the Lord is our God, and we have not forsaken him," (ver. 10). Time would fail were we to attempt to bring before you the many instances on record of a hearing God answering a crying people. The indorsement of the Christian warrior's articles of war, delivered unto him when entering upon the "battle-field," runs thus, "This poor man cried unto the Lord, and he heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles" (Ps. xxxiv. 6); not that we place any virtue in the cry abstractedly, we contend more particularly for the life of the cry, there being of necessity a sense of danger ere the cry for help can be put forth; and such is our case, that we do not merely want the cry heard, but attended unto, and the thing desired granted; which,

by the Lord's promise, we are fully to expect: "And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer, and while they are speaking I will hear" (Is. lxv. 24). Israel upon the borders of the sea were brought to a stand, such as never before had fallen to them; it was almost their first encampment on the "battle-field," and well would it have been had they never gone beyond in their hasty remonstrance with Moses. Before them—a sea which defied all the engineers of that day either to throw a bridge across, or excavate a tunnel beneath it; behind them—a people fiercely pursuing to overtake them, Kneading-troughs were but sorry weapons for a "battle-field." What means can be adopted? "The children of Israel cried unto the Lord" (Exod. xiv. 10), and the Lord wrought a miracle in causing a cloud, which gave light to Israel, to produce darkness unto the Egyptians, and ultimately to divide the sea, so that they went over dryshod, saved from this mountainous difficulty. They anon meet with a comparative mole-hill in the bitterness of Marah's water, at which they fall a murmuring, demanding of Moses what they should drink. The grace-taught man carried it to the Lord, and cried unto him, when he was shown a tree, which, upon being cast in, sweetened the water (Exod. xv. 25). In the day when the judges ruled—the "battle-day"—for Israel was great; yet when they cried, they were delivered. David cried from out of the depths (Ps. cxxx. 1), and Jonah from "the belly of hell" (Jonah i. 1, 2). What encouragement to those who this day behold the battle before and behind—who amidst all their anxiety to be found in the footsteps of the flock, overlook some of the way-marks, tribulation, bonds, and affliction. Are the Trinity presented by the world to those who travel through it, not merely to be acknowledged as a creed, but to be considered as a daily portion dealt out to them under the king's direction, and which is made known by the priest sounding the trumpet. The cry and the sounding going together—and if an uncertain sound were given, who could prepare for the battle?—the priests blew, and the people shouted, in the day that the walls of Jericho fell down (Josh. vi. 20). Nor can we overlook the solemn address given unto the Lord's Israel when going forth to battle, "Hear, O Israel, ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies; let not your hearts faint; fear not, and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them. For the Lord your God is he that goeth with you, to fight for you against your enemies, to save you" (Deut. xx. 3, 4).

Lastly, the happy results which followed: "The men of Judah gave a shout," expressive of their confidence in him who is the Lord, mighty in battle (Ps. xxiv. 8); and, like their brethren, they were helped, for God was entreated of them, because they put their trust in him (1 Chron. v. 20). For, as the men of Judah shouted, ere the sound had died away, "it came to pass that God smote Jeroboam and all Israel before Abijah and Judah," making it plain the battle was not theirs, but the Lord's. What say our own souls, so far as we have been led in things of this nature? Have we not to record, that when beholding "the battle was before and behind," scarcely one trial removed ere another comes with full force; the triumphs of a vanquished

temptation hardly sounded, before its successor makes its appearance. Faith hath been enabled to dismiss a messenger who brought heavy and sore tidings; but, to our great discouragement, another demands an audience, to deliver unto us that which not only made the ear tingle, but also the heart to tremble; the whole strength of battle was to all appearance against us, and our cherished hopes that "we had reached the land of peace," were prostrated; for, in looking back, the "battle-field" was to be seen, and it is no less in looking forward; we have not yet passed the bounds of the enemy's country, we are still going up harnessed, as in the day we first came out of Egypt: "faint, yet pursuing," for even in Judah things are going on well (2 Chron. xii. 12). "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One in the midst of thee."

What say you, fellow-soldiers, are you weary of the war, and longing to hear the "roll call," when each one shall enter into rest? Well, well, let patience have her perfect work, lacking nothing. Know ye not, that the ransomed of the Lord, in returning, "shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of war, and they shall march every one in his ways, and shall not break their ranks, neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path; and when they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded" (Hosea ii. 7, 8). Impossible, then, for any to be slain in battle; like the warrior of Job, they say among the trumpets, Ha! ha!—smelleth the battle afar off, the thunders of the captains, and the shoutings (Job. xxxix. 25).

We readily admit the strength and liveliness of your enemies, with all their skill and craft in causing ambushments to be laid; yet, bear in mind withal, it is but a "battle-field," in which the Captain of the Lord's host is always at his post. Let your eyes be upon him, cry to him, shout, and join the sounding trumpets when it causes hills and valleys to resound—"Israel shall be saved." Much of the battle is left behind, and you are preserved; what is before must be entered upon and passed through: Ephraim, being armed and carrying bows, might turn back in the day of battle; but Judah, who still ruleth with God, will be found faithful with the Most Holy (Hosea xi. 12).

Once more, we say, be of good cheer; the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; those that tarry at home divide the spoil, and the lame take the prey (Ec. ix. 11; Ps. lxxviii. 12; and Isa. xxxiii. 23). Let no elder brother judge harshly, and say, that in the pride and naughtiness of my heart I am merely come to see the battle-field; for my heart is even as thy heart, and it is not the first time thy fellow-soldier has been in the trench, when the hosts went forth and shouted for the battle (1 Sam. xvii. 20); and he still lives in the full expectation the children of Judah shall prevail, "because they rely upon the Lord God of their fathers" (2 Chron. xiii. 18).

A STRIPLING.

*Newick.*

## THE LORD'S PRAYER, FOR THE LORD'S PEOPLE.

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[The following pieces coming to hand simultaneously, seemed to us a pleasing confirmation of 1 Cor. xii. 4, "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit," a truth which, if more duly studied by the Church of God, would prove an antidote to the bickering which, alas! so prevails among its members.—ED.]

THIS sacred prayer is universally repeated, but cannot be appropriated by any that do not belong to the family of God. It is the Lord's Prayer, and not the world's prayer: and therefore can only be a prayer for those who are the Lord's own peculiar people. Is it not, then, a fearful fact, that in the day in which we live, there are professing thousands, who, Sabbath after Sabbath, arrogantly and indifferently take the name of the Most High God in vain, by daring to address him as their "Father, who art in heaven," but who serve with greater satisfaction the father of lies—who are not concerned to have his kingdom within them, neither do they desire that his will may be done in directing their footsteps; who demand daily bread, but know not by blessed experience that the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life eternal (John vi. 33); who repeat, "forgive us our trespasses," and yet would deny they had ever trespassed against him, being "vainly puffed up in their own fleshly minds" (Col. ii. 18); who exclaim, "Lead us not into temptation," but who never resist the tempter, that he may flee from them (James iv. 7); who ask for deliverance from evil, but wallow in it with delight, being under the bondage of sin; and who granting, in word only, that God hath entire power, conclude with an emphatic Amen, of habit, to the form only, of this perfect prayer. The condemnation of those "who use vain repetitions, as the heathens do" (Matt. vi. 7), is fearfully promised in the sacred pages of Holy Writ: two out of the seven things which are abominations unto the Lord, are "lying tongues," and "false witnesses" (Prov. vi. 16); and while the Lord delighteth in the prayer of the upright, he hateth the sacrifices of the wicked. "The congregations of hypocrites shall be desolate, and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery" (Job. xv. 34). To mock an earthly parent is a crime of such magnitude, that this awful judgment is pronounced upon such: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it" (Prov. xxx. 17). What, then, must be the terrible sentence that awaits those who dare to mock the Eternal God? A vain hope will the hypocrites' be, at that solemn period when they will cry, "Lord, Lord, open to us!" and the banishing reply will be, "Verily, I say unto you, I know you not" (Matt. xxv. 12).

But, dear reader, has the Lord's Prayer truly been thy prayer?—and what think you of Christ? Some think of him so ignorantly that they deny his divinity; darkness hath blinded their eyes indeed.

Others think of him so degradingly, that they deny his power to save, without the union of their puny aid ; they do not join David in his exalting song, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty ; for all that is in heaven and in the earth is thine ; thine is the kingdom, O Lord : thou art exalted as head above all" (1 Chron. xxix. 11). Others think of him so awfully, that they would drag him, if they could, from the eternal throne, and place him at the feet of the Virgin Mary, bidding us, when ye pray, say, "Holy Mother of Jesus, bless us." Cursed fallacy—away with it ! Our precious adorable Lord himself commanded, "When ye pray, say, Our Father:" ye who are "children of the Highest," ye who are brought out of the bondage of sin, redeemed by my blood, sanctified by the Holy Spirit ; ye who are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with me, appointed by God as children of the promise, thou shalt neither invoke saints or angels, but when ye pray, thou shalt call me "My Father," and shall not turn away from me. Dear reader, can you appropriate this language, and claim "the Great Eternal, immortal, invisible, and only wise God" as your Father? Have you not been within the prayer-consecrated closet, "the cleft of the rock," the quiet corner, and, falling on your knees, felt overwhelmed at your position, at a throne of grace, about to lisp out the solemn, wonderful, soul-rejoicing and endearing claim, "My Father—my Father, who art in heaven?" If so, tell me, is not this your language and experience? At the expression "My Father," you seem to have struck such a heavenly note, that you want to dwell on it for ever, and think you know what spiritual melody in the heart is ; its overpowering sweetness is increased by the second breathing, "Hallowed be thy name ;" for the uppermost desire, after pronouncing, to your soul's exceeding joy, the supreme claim, is to hallow and praise his holy name. Then steps in unbelief, with a chilling question—But how can you, a poor finite creature, hallow and praise an infinite God? And you are led to exclaim :—

Alas ! alas ! could I pourtray  
Each thought, and every deed,  
The thoughts that upward tend would be  
A scatter'd few indeed.

For seldom do my actions prove  
That I desire to be  
Unchain'd from this sad wilderness,  
Uplifted, Lord, to thee.

How shall I praise thee, then, dear Lord,  
With love my heart inflame,  
To cry, My God, who art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name.

While then, O "my Father who art in heaven," because of my unworthiness, I would hide myself in the dust for fear of the Lord, and the glory of his majesty (Isa. ii. 10), strengthen faith, that through Christ my intercessor, I may gain free access and boldness to approach thee, forget my poverty, and leave behind the beggarly elements of

this world, under which we are in such bondage, and know what it is to have the kingdom of God within me, which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," serving Christ, and being accepted through him, by God the Father.

"Hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done." Here, again, my soul paused. O Lord, all my thoughts are known unto thee, for before thee all hearts are open; therefore, if I confess not, thou knowest, that in pronouncing this desire of thy blessed prayer, faith is so weak within, that I tremble to cry unto thee "thy will be done." It is an easy thing to express it, but requires strong faith to truly desire it. In the sunshine of prosperity, when domestic and temporal experience is gliding smoothly along, we can say, with no small degree of confidence, "thy will be done;" but let the hand of death snatch from our fond embrace an object of our warmest affection, let the gloom of solitude be felt thereby, and then the conflict between old Adam nature and the new creation begins; an under current of unbelief arises, and we are ready to join David in his intercession for deliverance from a judgment of God—"Lord, thou hast showed me a hard thing." Oh! why didst thou thus plunge me into the depths of sorrow? Why didst thou suffer this heavy affliction to come upon me? Why not have spared me this cup of bitterness? Such is the language of unbelief, and nothing but the almighty power and keeping of a wise God, the love of Jesus shed abroad in our hearts with zealous warmth, and the Holy Spirit causing faith to be in supernatural exercise, can keep us from murmuring at some of the dark dispensations, "hard things," and deep afflictions it pleases God to subject us to in our pilgrimage Zionward. Ask the weeping Christian widow if it is not so—the heart-broken husband, bereaved of his beloved partner, if he can say "thy will be done" without a sigh, or wish that it had been otherwise. It is only when strong faith is set up as a bulwark against unbelief, that we can meet the full force of an affliction with calmness and peace, then and then only the language of our souls is—

Resign me to thy blessed will  
Until thy kingdom come;  
Through life may I submissive be  
Till thou shalt call me home.

To see thy heavenly will perform'd  
By angels round the throne;  
Whose endless happiness it is  
Thy sovereignty to own.

"Give us day by day our daily bread." Dearest Lord, I would desire to feel grateful to thee, that thou givest me, day by day, food for my bodily support: but thou knowest I want to be spiritually fed also: and having blessedly experienced that "thy flesh is meat indeed, and thy blood drink indeed;" thou knowest also, my soul requires it perpetually.

Oh! from thy blessed covenant store,  
All treasured up in thee,  
Dear Jesus, let my soul be fed,  
For there's enough for me,

In that ne'er-failing treasury,  
Which is so richly stored,  
For those who plead, "Give us this day  
Our daily bread, O Lord!"

"And forgive us our trespasses"—Like Ezra of old, dearest Lord, "I am before thee in my trespasses" (Ezra ix. 15). Long indeed is the list of them, great indeed is their magnitude; but here is my confidence, they are imputed to my merciful Saviour, whose blood cleanses from all sin, and who forgiveth me my trespasses.

Here there is comfort, oh, my soul!  
Thy sins no longer laid on thee;  
But borne by Christ, thou art in him,  
Perfect to all eternity.

What love! what mercy! Worms of earth,  
Their trespasses and sins forgiven—  
Made one with Christ by second birth,  
And placed at his right hand in heaven.

Oh, may I, day by day, hallow and praise his holy name! May I consider that every wish I concede to the world is a trespass upon the honour I ought to render to him. Great is his mercy! Nothing can be more opposite than a perfect spotless Saviour, and a poor guilty sinner; yet it is written, "Ye who were dead in trespasses and sins hath Christ quickened *together with him*, having forgiven you all your trespasses" (Col. ii. 13).

"Lead us not into temptation"—

Lord, from this world's temptations lead,  
On all sides they abound,  
And let salvation's solid walls  
Protect me all around.

And by thy strength make me o'ercome  
The tempter, that he flee  
In every conflict. Oh, for faith!  
That I may conqueror be.

"And deliver us from evil"—Deliver me from the fowler's net; deliver from falling into the pit of unbelief; deliver my feet from slipping into the bogs of doubts and fears; deliver me from evil imaginations that rise within; deliver me from the vanities of the world, and from the society of its votaries; deliver me from every evil work, and preserve me unto thy heavenly kingdom, "for thine is the power, and the glory thine, for ever and ever!" One pause more, my soul, to dwell upon these blessed closing notes, "for ever and ever!" An inheritance for ever (Joshua xiv. 9), giving thanks unto God for ever! shouting victory, through the blood of the Lamb, for ever! surrounding the throne of God, which is for ever and ever! taken from this world of sin "to dwell with him for ever and ever, in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures evermore, to whom be glory for ever and ever! Amen!" (Ps. xvi. cxvi.)

The God of heaven is my Father—Hallelujah, hallelujah!  
Jesus Christ is my Redeemer—Hallelujah, hallelujah!  
And the Holy Spirit is my teacher—Amen, and amen!

Gilded on walls, throughout the land,  
 This sacred prayer may be ;  
 And, reader, read and read again,  
 Each Sabbath day by thee.

But if thou canst not prove thy right  
 To that all-glorious claim  
 Of Abba Father ! Lord, my God,  
 You mock his holy name.

But if thou hast been cleansed from sin  
 By Jesus' precious blood—  
 Joint-heir with him—you then may cry,  
 Thou art "my Father," God !

G. C.

October 23, 1848.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

HOLY SCRIPTURE is, as St. Austin has observed, "a sea of such infinite depth, that though it be drawn from to all eternity, it will still furnish an undiminished supply."

Perhaps no part of Holy Scripture more strikingly illustrates this remark, than the instructions which our Lord gives to his disciples on the subject of prayer (Matt. vi. 9—13, and Luke xi. 2—4). Here is summed up, in about sixty words, all that we have to ask of him who created us, and on whom we are dependent for all that we are and have.

The 5th and 6th verses of Matt. vi. teach that prayer is a service totally independent of form or ceremony, of time and of place. It is a secret appeal of the SPIRIT to the "Father of our SPIRITS." The "shutting the door and being in secret" may be as complete when "walking by the way," or when engaged in the occupations necessary for providing for the wants of the body, as when in the closet with the door actually closed.

The 7th verse is humbling ; it sets strongly before us our ignorance. In that respect we are as bad as the heathen ; we ask according to the desires of our hearts that which *we* would have. But the 8th verse tells us not to ask what we think good ; but to *trust* our Father, who "knows what we have need of before we ask ;" and, "therefore," that is because he knows what ye have need of, say (v. 9 to 13). First acknowledging him as "OUR FATHER." As the only access for our prayers is through the censer of our Great High Priest, we pray, not as individuals, but as members of His mystical body, the Church. "OUR Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Our first petition is that he will be pleased to manifest his holiness and his glory, to exalt which is the end of our being. "Thy kingdom come : " we pray that, to perfect the manifestation of his sovereignty, He will be pleased to "accomplish the number of his elect, and hasten his kingdom," as it is expressed in the Church of England Burial Service.

And then the manifestation of his sovereignty being perfected—his “WILL be done on earth as it is in heaven;” for all things that offend being cast out, and his WORD having accomplished that whereunto he sent it, there “shall be time no longer,” and the vision which John saw (in Rev. xxi. 3) will be consummated.

The next petition is, “Give us this day our daily bread,” or, “Give us for the day our bread.” This means, not the bread that perisheth, but, that this day we may be supplied with our portion of the bread of life, to support and strengthen us to do the work allotted to us in the vocation wherewith we are called. For the calling of all God’s people is, to come out and be separate; and each in his station, and according to his talents, to raise the standard of the cross; and this petition is for strength to do the work whereunto we are sent.

“And forgive us debts, as we also forgive our debtors.” So much has been forgiven us, that we cannot take account of the little offences committed against us; and, as we daily need supplies of heavenly food to strengthen us to the Lord’s work, so do we daily need forgiveness for the coldness with which we set about it, and for the numerous and great backslidings whereby—so far as his purpose may be crossed—we “let and hinder” his good pleasure, for the accomplishment of which we pray in this very prayer.

“And lead us not into temptation.” God tempts us not; we are led and enticed of our own lusts. Our Lord, in another place, says, “Pray that ye *enter* not into temptation.” And, as “the Lord is our Shepherd,” we pray him not to suffer us to stray into temptation, but to “deliver us from evil.” And the conclusion shows, that even this last petition is not dictated by personal motives: we do not pray to be delivered from evil for our own sakes; but that God’s sovereignty, faithfulness, and truth, may be displayed in the protection of his Church, and in the fulfilling that which he hath engaged to do.

“For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever.” *The kingdom, the power, and the glory*; that is, thine—and thine only—is the only power, the only kingdom, and the only glory. And “So be it,” since so it seemeth thee.

And, although the object of this prayer throughout is, primarily, the glorification of God, without regard to the creature, except as manifesting and magnifying God’s dominion, power, and glory; yet “he knows what we stand in need of before we ask;” and if men know how to give good gifts to their children, how much more will our heavenly Father give abundantly unto His children? And so—such is the fulness of this, God’s own form of words, in this prayer—the Church asks of God everything of which it stands in need.

It does not follow that we are not to come to Christ with our burdens, and pour out before him our souls when afflicted and heavy laden. This is not the “much speaking” which is condemned; neither does the so doing at all impugn the fulness and all-sufficiency of this, **THE LORD’S PRAYER.**

T. W.

## NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

THE lofty king of Babylon, endued with kingly power, and enriched with royal magnificence, exalted in his own estimation, and flattered by surrounding courtiers, was altogether blind to the solemn truth, "A man's pride shall bring him low" (Prov. xxix. 23). When the Almighty Revealer of Secrets was pleased to make known to him, by his servant Daniel, the dream which had been impressed upon his mind, with the interpretation thereof, vain-glorious pride hid from his view the lessons of wisdom contained in the prophet's words; he felt not his obligation to the God of heaven who had "given him a kingdom, power, strength, and glory," nor could he foresee the end of his grandeur, when "the gold" as well as "the iron, the brass, the clay, and the silver" must be broken in pieces by the stone which was cut out of the mountain without hands. But the words, "*Thou art this head of gold,*" were not so easily forgotten; pride fed upon the acceptable sentence year after year, until it brought forth the mighty monster that was set up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon. The profusion of gold lavished upon this dumb idol—the assemblage of all the nobility of the kingdom, "princes, governors, captains, judges, treasurers, counsellors, sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces"—the royal proclamation to the "people, nations, and languages" to fall down and worship the golden image—the enticing sound of "the cornet, flute, harp, sacbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music." Add to these things the imposing influence of example, when "all the people, the nations, and the languages fell down and worshipped the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up;" these allurements on the one hand, and the torture of a burning fiery furnace on the other—who could stand proof against the overwhelming current? None but those "who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation," whose names are written in "the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

Nebuchadnezzar appears in the height of his glory; but that glory is about to be eclipsed. The Lord is pleased to strengthen three of his servants, who boldly declare that the God whom they serve is able to deliver them from the burning fiery furnace; or if such should not be his holy will, they prefer to suffer rather than to dishonour his sacred name. Thus did they set at nought the whole of this gorgeous exhibition; but they had no power to calm the fury of Nebuchadnezzar, which now raged to the utmost. The furnace must be heated "one seven times more than it was wont to be heated," not for the purpose intended by the angry monarch, but in order to destroy the mighty men who should presume to lay hands upon the only remaining witnesses for God; the moment this was accomplished, and the bonds of his servants consumed, the Lord himself appeared as "a wall of fire" round about his beloved ones, and a "glory in the midst" of them. The natural element had no power either to singe a

hair, or to change the smell of their raiment. Marvellous transition ! the music is silent—the herald is mute—the image disregarded ; while the miraculous deliverance of these faithful men attracts the eyes and thoughts of all present. But, behold, another wonder ! The Lord of glory not only comes to deliver his faithful few, but he condescends to reveal himself to the impious king, whose outrageous fury and blasphemous intentions had risen to so great a height. His wrath had been made to praise the Lord, and the remainder is now restrained. In an agitation of feeling before unknown, he exclaims with astonishment, “Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt ; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.” The attraction of Immanuel draws him to the very spot where the mighty men of his army had been consumed, and brings him to acknowledge Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego to be the servants of the most high God, by the trust they had placed in him, and the deliverance which had been wrought on their behalf. But pride takes an exceedingly deep root in the corrupt soil of nature ; the lofty monarch who vainly imagined that his decree could compel men to honour the God of heaven, was himself unable to control the mighty foe within ; his heart became lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride ; he congratulated himself upon the great things he had accomplished “by the might of his power, and for the honour of his majesty ;” but the Watcher and the Holy One, who had seen him and observed him, was waiting for the appointed moment when he should be banished from the sons of men, and sent to learn a lesson of seven years’ length concerning his affinity to the beasts that perish, causing him to dwell with wild asses, and to feed upon the grass of the earth like oxen ; nevertheless, the memorable decree of Jehovah, as “a band of iron and brass,” preserved his soul in life, whilst the tender blades of grace in the field of gospel truth, were nurtured by the gentle dews of the divine blessing, until the repenting culprit was brought to a full acknowledgment of the Lord’s supremacy ; that he, the Most High, ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will, and setteth up over it the basest of men. Then the Lord put forth his resurrection power, raised Nebuchadnezzar from the depths of irrationality into which he had fallen, restored to him the use of his understanding, gave him grace to bless his holy name, and to acknowledge that, whether arrayed in kingly majesty, or degraded to a level with the brute creation, “all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing” in his presence.

When Nebuchadnezzar was brought to hold his throne in subjection to the King of kings, he could truly say that “excellent majesty was added unto him ;” conscious of the Lord’s upholding hand, he felt himself “established in his kingdom ;” nor could his councillors and lords resist the power with which he was endued ; and while he was thus sustained in external dignity, a *faithful inward monitor* kept him continually in remembrance of the valuable lesson he had learned, and which he was brought to repeat before all the world, “THOSE THAT WALK IN PRIDE, HE IS ABLE TO ABASE.”

Brighton, Oct., 1848.

E. S.

## THE DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY; OR, GRACE TRIUMPHANT IN A DYING HOUR.

### I.

How resplendently doth the absolute sovereignty of the Triune Jehovah shine forth in all his ways to the children of men! He is wise in heart (Job ix. 4), wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working (Isa. xxviii. 29); ordering all things, both in heaven and earth, by his never-failing providence. Angels of light and the spirits of the just made perfect in glory, constantly celebrate the divine sovereignty in rapturous strains, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created" (Rev. vi. 11). Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight (Matt. xi. 26), will satisfactorily solve all questions touching Jehovah's dispensations to rebel men, "Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things." "His kingdom ruleth over all." "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." "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord" (Rom. xi. 36; Ps. ciii. 19; 1 Sam. ii. 6—8; Prov. xvi. 4).

The cause of the wide difference which exists in the temporal and spiritual state of men is, the good pleasure of Jehovah's will. Why were we born and bred in Britain's favoured isle, where no superstitious altar, bearing the inscription, "To the unknown God," arrests the eye of the traveller; and not on dreary Africa's shore, where gross darkness prevails, and the people are laden with the spells of witchcraft, and covered with the charms of their Fetish worship? Because so it pleased the Lord of Hosts, who "hath made all things for himself; yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." Why have we, rather than others, been called out of the darkness of our nature-state into the marvellous light of God's sanctifying truth, and taught to fear his great name? Because so it seemed good in the sight of the Highest, who has hidden the sublime mysteries of the gospel from the wise, the scribe, and disputer of this world, and revealed them unto babes and sucklings, to still the enemy and the avenger (Matt. xi. 25; 1 Cor. i. 19, 20; Ps. viii. 2). In every age of the world Jehovah has made a society of witnesses for himself, to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and to show forth his praise. A sweet writer, speaking on this subject, says, "As God, in the natural world, has never left himself without a witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness (Acts xiv. 17); so in the Church, which his right hand hath planted, he has never failed to produce lively tokens of his sovereign grace, and glorious trophies of redeeming mercy. These monuments of divine love, and fruits of the Redeemer's toils, are collected from the various tribes of the earth (Rev. v. 9), and the different denominations of men.

Jehovah, infinitely exalted by nature and essence above the human race, strikes out a path for himself in the gathering in of his sons and his daughters (1 Cor. i. 26—28). He is not dazzled by the majesty of the palace, the grandeur of the court, or the gorgeous retinue of the prince. He is not drawn by the precious treasure, by the rubies, the fine gold, or the choice silver. The man of profound learning and extensive acquirements does not charm him, nor does the most accomplished artist attract him. Moving on his path of grace with sovereign sway, he enters the stately dwelling or the humble cottage (Rom. ix. 15). He takes the young or the old as he pleases, and having stamped the divine image upon the soul, he, in due time, carries the spirit in triumph to everlasting habitations.

It is no less the privilege than the duty of the faithful, to record the instances of the divine sovereignty, which fall under their immediate observation. The royal Psalmist, and the saints of the olden time, were peculiarly observant of them. And why should not we? "The works of the Lord," saith the Psalmist, "are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." The merciful and gracious Lord hath so done his marvellous works, that they ought to be had in remembrance" (Ps. cxi. 2, 4). His works of grace, inasmuch as they reveal unspeakably more of his name and attributes than his works of creation and providence, challenge the most devout acknowledgments of his saints. It is impossible for faithful ministers to be indifferent about the success of their ministry, for they are commissioned "to teach, and to premonish, to feed and to provide for the Lord's family, to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for his children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever." Accordingly, every display of sovereign grace, in the conversion of sinners, is hailed with the liveliest demonstrations of joy, and regarded as an occasion of devout thanksgiving to the Father of mercies (Eph. i. 15—17; Col. i. 3, 4, &c.; Rom. i. 8).

It is with mingled emotions of gratitude and praise, that a brief account of the happy experience and death of a young female is given, in illustration of the leading truth of this article.

JOSHUA LAYCOCK.

*Harewood, near Leeds, Nov. 1, 1848.*

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## II.

### THE TRIUMPHS OF DIVINE GRACE.

HANNAH LOPHOUSE, the subject of this brief sketch, was the daughter of respectable parents in the humble walks of life, residing at the village of Harewood, near Leeds. From her earliest years she was privileged to attend upon the highly evangelical ministry of the Rev. R. Hale, one of the first contributors to the *Gospel Magazine*. As may be expected, the vital truths of the gospel of Christ were constantly brought before her in the most striking and impressive

manner, and by the power of the Spirit they made an impression upon her youthful heart, which nothing could efface. But, as she was naturally of a timid and retiring disposition, she did not, after the example of the Psalmist (Ps. xxvi. 7, lxvi. 16), publish to others what she knew and felt of the good word of God, till she was laid upon the bed of suffering and death. Grace, however, cannot long escape the observation of the saints. According to the measure in which it is vouchsafed, its effects are truly wonderful. As a small spark by a breath of wind, growing into a flame, may fire and consume a spacious and stately building, so the weakest grace, by degrees, shall have strength to triumph over all difficulties and impediments.

Hence, the subject of this imperfect sketch, prior to the good confession she ultimately made, was irreproachable in her walk and deportment. Her kindly attentions to her friends and others will not be readily forgotten. She belonged to my Bible class, and was accustomed to meet me once a-week for religious instruction. The keen interest with which she listened to my Scripture expositions, and the great anxiety which she felt to return satisfactory answers to the queries proposed to her, furnished pleasing evidence that the Lord had opened her heart, as he did Lydia's (Acts xvi. 14), to receive with meekness (James i. 21) the engrafted word, which was able to make her wise unto salvation (2 Tim. iii. 14), through faith which is in Christ Jesus. The Lord accomplishes his saving purposes in different ways. There are diversities of operations; but it is the same God which worketh all in all (1 Cor. xii. 6). As, saith a writer of sweet odour, "Though every sinner must feel his want before he will either seek or accept relief at the hand of grace, yet the Lord has various ways to make his people willing in the day of his power. Some he enlightens in a more gradual way, and draws them to Christ by gentle means, as it were with the cords of love (Acts xvi. 14, 12); while he strikes conviction into the minds of others, as with a voice in thunder (Acts xvi. 25—35, ix. 7—21), and sudden as lightning. They are brought to the very brink of despair, and shook, as it were, over the bottomless pit. Nor have we any business to inquire into the reasons of this difference in the Divine conduct. As the Lord saves whom he will (Ex. xxxiii. 19), so he may bring them to the knowledge of his salvation (Dan. iv. 35), in which way, and by what means, he pleases."

It was by gentle means, and in an unobtrusive manner, that the subject of this sketch was brought to the knowledge of God, as her covenant God and Father in Christ. Though the period of her sojourn in this world was short, yet so rapidly was the work of grace carried forward in her heart, that her Heavenly Father soon made her meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. True, her Christian experience was summed up in a brief period; and yet, so quickly and effectually did the Spirit perfect his work in her, that her language and prayers forcibly reminded me of the Psalmist's declaration—"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger" (Ps. viii. 2). It has been well observed that, wherever faith is possessed, God in his providence will take an opportunity of proving it (Matt. xv. 22; Luke vii. 2—10); and as it is divine in its origin and

nature, it shall not only abide the test, but come forth strengthened and purified from the trial. This was the case with those eminent patterns of faith enumerated by the apostle Paul in the 11th chapter of his epistle to the converted Hebrews; and it was also the case with the subject of this sketch. The Lord saw meet to visit her with much bodily suffering for three days, before he granted her a sweet dismissal from this sinful world. From this time there was a marked difference in her manner; her faith was brought into lively exercise, and as her heart was captivated with the transcendent loveliness and beauty of Christ, the fire kindled; and at the last she spake with her tongue, declaring how great things the Lord had done for her. The firmness of the Christian was now combined with the simplicity of the child. This was the work of God, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Sweet contentment and perfect resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father, formed an interesting feature in the character of this young sufferer. From the commencement of her illness she looked upon it as sent to her by God, for wise and gracious purposes, and was persuaded that she should never rise from her bed again. It was delightful to observe that she had a strong desire (if the Lord willed) to depart, and to be with Christ, whom she loved, with all the ransomed powers. Seeing her friends weeping around her, and observing their intense solicitude for her recovery, she remonstrated with them, addressing them to the following effect:—"Why make ye this ado, and weep? I fear not death, for its sting has been extracted by the Captain of my salvation. I am going home, and would you detain me in this waste-howling wilderness, when my Saviour bids me arise and come away?" Sweet creature! that moment I felt that I could address her departing spirit in the spirit-stirring words of the sainted Toplady:—

"Deathless principle, arise!  
Soar, thou native of the skies!  
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,  
To his glorious likeness wrought:

"Go, to shine before his throne,  
Deck his mediatorial crown:  
Go, his triumphs to adorn,  
Made for God, to God return.

"Lo, he beckons from on high!  
Fearless, to his presence fly;  
Thine the merit of his blood,  
Thine the righteousness of God!

"Angels, joyful to attend,  
Hovering round thy pillow, bend—  
Wait to catch the signal given,  
And escort thee quick to heaven."

I read the whole of this beautiful poem to her, and it was by no means difficult to see that the sentiments which it breathes met with a ready response in her heart. During the last two days of her sickness I was frequently summoned to her bedside, to expound to her the Scriptures of truth, of which she was very fond. She could unite with

Jeremiah, in his address to his heavenly Father—"Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart; for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of Hosts" (Jer. xv. 16).

The doctrines of grace—and especially that of the Divine sovereignty, as exemplified in the choice of the heirs of salvation—were cordially received and acknowledged by her. Like the saints at Thessalonica, she knew her election of God, by the manner in which the gospel came to her (Thess. i. 4, 5); for it came not to her in word only, but also with power, and with the Holy Ghost, and with much assurance. Thanks be to God, who enabled her to receive the gospel of her salvation with the fullest assurance of its Divine truth and excellence, and with joy in the Holy Ghost.

The day before she fell asleep in Jesus, she requested that her school companions might be sent for, and, after telling them what great things the Lord had done for her, she took leave of them in the most affectionate manner; and entreated them not to weep for her, as she was about to enter into the rest which remaineth for the people of God (Heb. iv. 9). The firm trust which she was enabled to repose in Christ, as an all-sufficient Saviour, may be expressed in the following paraphrase upon 2 Tim. i. 12, which she repeated after me:—

"Jesus, my Lord! I know his name—  
His name is all my boast;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

"I know that safe with him remains,  
Protected by his power,  
What I've committed to his trust,  
Till the decisive hour.

"Then will he own my worthless name,  
Before his Father's face,  
And, in the new Jerusalem,  
Appoint my soul a place."

While I was opening to her the Scriptures, she exclaimed with unwonted energy of manner,—“There, there they are—Jesus and his bright angels, come to fetch me away from this vain world. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and receive my spirit; into thy hands I commit it, where alone it will be safe.”

Often did she express her gratitude to Immanuel for his redeeming love, in the following simple lines:—

"Glory to Jesus, who died on the tree,  
Who purchased salvation for sinners like me."

During her whole illness, there was but one occasion when she felt, as it were, a dark cloud come over her bright prospects of heavenly glory; and she had to walk in darkness for a short season. This occasioned her a temporary depression of spirits. Now she told me that she longed for the comforts of the gospel; and accordingly I explained to her the sweet doctrine, that God does not charge his people with sin

(Num. xxiii. 21 ; Isa. xliii. 25 ; xlv. 22), as he hath laid all their iniquities on Christ (Isa. liii. 6 ; 2 Cor. v. 21 ; 1 Peter ii. 24), who hath discharged them, and who hath given him good satisfaction for them. She listened with deep interest, and prayed most earnestly for the full assurance of faith, saying, " Lord, look not thou upon me, for I am most vile and loathsome ; but look upon the face of thine anointed, Christ Jesus, and, for his sake alone, cheer me with the assurances of thy pardoning love, and sanctify me wholly by thy Spirit, that I may be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." The Lord heard and answered her prayer : the dark cloud passed away, and she saw the Sun of Righteousness shining in meridian splendour.

The day on which she died, she requested that she might see Mr. Hale, in order to take her leave of him, and to assure him how blessed she was in Christ Jesus. Despite his lameness, Mr. H. ascended the flight of steps leading to her apartment, and was compensated for his trouble by witnessing a striking manifestation of redeeming love, and of the efficacy of Divine grace, in cheering the mind and comforting the heart, in the near prospect of dissolution. Alluding to his interview with the subject of this notice, Mr. H. said on the subsequent Sabbath, " If death is to come to me in the same inviting shape as it came to her, the sooner it comes the better." Faith in her was remarkably strong ; indeed it amounted almost to vision. So far from being disquieted at death's approach, she rejoiced at it as a welcome messenger, sent to set her free from the bondage of corruption, and introduce her to the presence of the King of kings. She could triumphantly say, with the apostle, " O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law ; but, thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. xv. 55, 56, 57).

In this blissful frame of mind she continued till the welcome messenger arrived, when calmly she breathed her soul away, and immediately sunk into the arms of death :

" A smile divine illumed her face,  
And then a radiance round her bed ;  
She triumphed in the strength of grace,  
And softly sunk among the dead.

Thus died Hannah Lofthouse, on the 22nd October, 1848, at the early age of fourteen. " Precious in the sight of the Lord Jesus is the death of his saints." Their very dust is dear to him ; he seals it unto the day of redemption, when he will claim it as his own. None shall be able to pluck it out of his hands, and he will raise it up at the last day. " If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words" (1 Thess. iv. 14, 18).

JOSHUA LAYCOCK.

*Harewood, near Leeds, Nov. 4, 1848.*

[With us nothing seems to find such ready access to the heart, as the records of God's distinguishing mercy, in the final triumphs over sin and Satan, death and the grave, of any of his dear children. Here is religion (as it is termed) put to the

test: in this is its *vitality* proved. Whilst reading the foregoing account, we have found the heart begin to glow with a holy warmth, not merely on behalf of the dear child that is now removed from all sin and suffering, and is now casting her crown at the feet of Immanuel—(blessed, thrice blessed employ!)—but we have regarded it as so timely a mercy—so special a boon—towards Mr. Hale, amid his present anxious exercises from the action at law that is now pending. May Jehovah be his support, as well as his all-wise and unerring Counsellor! He has neither grown old nor weary since he listened to the Psalmist's prayer, and "turned the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness." He is as able—aye, and as willing—to do it now. Our heart unites, we trust, with many more, to beg Jehovah Jesu's special interference in behalf of Mr. Hale and his colleague, at this very critical juncture. "Nothing is too hard for the Lord," is a dear watchword to the tried, the tempted, the persecuted saints. Things may appear to go against the Lord's children, and the wicked may seem about to triumph, but our wonder-working God

"Can, in the last distressing hour,  
Display his interposing power;  
The mount of danger is the place  
Where we shall see surprising grace."

Let us, therefore, "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle; set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you. . . . Fear not, nor be discouraged. . . . The Lord will be with you."—Ed.]

### DARKNESS VISIBLE IN THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S PRIMARY CHARGE TO THE CLERGY OF HIS DIOCESE, 1848.

THE thinly-scattered blossoms of the almond-tree, which now adorn my care-worn brow, will be a guarantee to Samuel, "Bishop of Oxford," that I wish nothing disrespectful to him in my entering a *caveat* against the late charge delivered to the clergy of the diocese of Oxford. Nothing can be further from my thoughts than "to speak evil of dignitaries;" and, old as CRISPIN is, he would give place to no one in the warmth of his "stall-breathings,"—that it would please God "to illuminate all bishops, priests, and deacons"—for surely the hemisphere of our Church, our National Church I mean, was never found answering the solemn declaration of the prophet more than at this day, "And when I shall put thee out, I will cover the heaven, and make the stars thereof dark. I will cover the sun with a cloud, and the moon shall not give her light; all the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over thee, and set darkness upon thy land, saith the Lord God" (Ezek. xxxii. 7, 8).

One, of whose judgment we cannot doubt, has said, "A true witness delivereth souls" (Prov. xiv. 25). But in what part of your elaborate charge, in which you have set forth "the true and lively word," as yet I have not been able to discover. The venial press, in the locality of your diocese, have pampered to their own sycophantic views, and lauded it as the very acme of perfection, which must have surfeited every unbias'd mind; for, as far as I have seen, not one has had the honesty and candour to tell you, the office of a bishop is wholly

spiritual; consequently, at variance with the drift and tenour of your late charge. Modern manners may have frittered away the spirituality of the office in its exhibition of character, yet I would they were still in remembrance, and that the bishops of our day felt concerning the ministry, as Paul felt, when he said, "The glorious gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust; and I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry" (1 Tim. i. 11, 12).

I am not altogether ignorant of the peccadillos of old men, which but few of our juniors will cast the mantle of love over; yet the absence of these essentials in your charge will surely plead for one who, like the captive Jews, weeps, when beholding "the glory departed;" for who could for a moment have supposed, that in any period of the Established Church of this country, men, both as bishops and of the inferior orders, would be found to enter her ranks with a mere secular view, and thus make merchandise of her, so that, in our bishops' charges, we hear more of the kingdom of this world than the kingdom not of this world; the bishop's eye, with those of his clergy, directed more to means of securing this world's goods, than the blessings of another; and even our visitation discourses pointing to things temporal rather than those eternal. These are the onus of my present feeling, after wading—with the assistance of spectacles and the "six-flat candle"—your very wordy charge; and finding nothing therein comporting with the things which "become sound doctrine," or "sound speech, that cannot be condemned" (Titus ii. 1, 8); yea, without one single shade of differing in the least from the commandment of men—allow me to say it, without the charge of that plethora common to "old men"—it is a body without a soul—a sunless firmament—a fulsome panegyric upon the character of what political bishops now are, in the exercise of worldly authority, and not far behind the notorious and dogmatical Laud, who caused the noble-minded Prynne to be placed on the pillory but a short distance from the spot whence you so recently delivered your charge.

"Honour to whom honour is due;" and with all readiness do I yield submission to the *congé de lire* of our sovereign, which commanded your being made bishop; but I cannot overlook, the "steward of God" must be a blameless bishop, one whose object should be solely directed to the Divine glory, the tendency of whose ministry was to win souls, and not seek fame by a studied eloquence, to gain the applause of men. We are told by the learned Bradwardene, that while in the unrenewed state of a carnal mind, when he heard of Paul's epistles, he exclaimed, "*Dedignabar esse parvulus*"—I disdain such little things; but when the Lord, in the after circumstances of his life, taught him their blessedness, he esteemed them more than his necessary food—he then understood what Paul had said, and with him could, and would adopt his sentiments, to speak "five words in the Church" with his understanding, that by his voice he might teach others also, to be more blessed than "ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." Would that, ere the flickering lamp of CRISPIN was quite gone out, he could see the same evidence shown by the bishops of our

Church, whose uniform subject of all their "charges to their clergy" should be, the great truths of God, both in cause and effect—the glorious plan of salvation, by Christ, the one object everlastingly kept in view, making him what God in his three-fold character of person made him, the Alpha and Omega of everything that is blessed—were this to form the *articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ*, of our present-day clergy, it would tend far more than open pews (so great a desideratum with the Bishop of Oxford), to counteract the habit of going to dissenting places. The major part of our established congregations, it is to be feared, can be only considered in the nonage of nature, while those who have reached the manhood of grace, are constrained to leave the semi-Romanism of our reading-desks, and the full-toned Arminianism of the pulpit.

Paul, that prince of bishops, with the exception of him who is the bishop of souls, could, in his charge to both clergy and laity of his extensive diocese, declare with boldness, that "By the grace of God he was what he was;" and that grace was not bestowed in vain, as testified from the abundance of his labours. "Samuel of Oxford," like the orator Tertullus, when flattering and feeding the pride of Felix, has said truly, when ascribing his elevation to the mitre unto providence—for the bishop's bench in the House of Lords is a gem of the first water—with the powers that be, and instances too many we have on record, that bishops made so providentially, are the reverse of what a spiritual bishop is and should be; and when, in the elevation of modern bishops, have we found a parallel case with good old Bishop Cowper? "God was pleased," says this grace-taught prelate, "to open for me a door, in calling me to the charge of the churches in the southern part of the kingdom; it was his majesty's pleasure to present me to that benefice due to the office whereunto the Church had called me. God knows that this was done without my knowledge or seeking, directly or indirectly; for I could have been content all my days with a private life, resolved to give honour and obedience in God to such as were called to those places." And he further adds, "I was neither guilty of ambition or haste in embracing it, for between the date of his majesty's presentation and my acceptance there intervened eighteen weeks. In this estate, the bishopric, do I now live, with my soul in my hand, always ready to be offered to my God, whensoever the Lord shall call me." How much more becoming the character of a bishop, than the breathless anxiety evinced in modern times for advancement upon the bench; indeed, the death of a bishop is of more moment than his whole life.

The prolixity to which these preliminary remarks are subjected, remind me of the words once used to Lewis of Bavaria, emperor of Germany—"Domini Imperator, defende me gladio, et egote defendam calamo"—Lord Emperor, defend me with thy sword, and I will defend thee with my pen. Dear Editor, find me space, and defend me from the impatience of your readers, and I will endeavour to do justice to this bishop's work, so that the credit of the "stall" may still be maintained, and CRISPIN not be minus of a job, as long as his arm retains sufficient strength to draw a thread.

It is impossible for the imagination to form a more lovely sight than that of a venerable bishop, surrounded with nearly seventy of his clergy, who, for themselves, had one and all declared, at their ordination, they had been moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon them the sacred office; nor can we suppose, in one solitary instance, they would degrade this holy call, by possessing a game certificate, or patronizing the midnight ball. It hath been justly observed, by one of the greatest and truthful sons of the Church, "that a convocation of this kind hath in it what the schools of old called, *benedicere-alicui*, when the elder, as a father, was looking up to God for blessings on his child; and there is no less, on the other hand, the *benedicere-aliquem*, when the younger wished well to the elder, looking also to the same God for his blessing upon him." A bishop and his clergy viewed in this truly spiritual engagement, would bring before us, in some degree, what is said to have taken place in the early days of the Church, when under the Spirit's influence, "They continued daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people."

In the exercise of that "charity which is the bond of perfectness," we should conclude not only the primary visitation of the diocesan, but every subsequent one would be in strict accordance with the solemn charge given to each candidate for holy orders at their ordination, in which they were reminded that, "The Church and congregation whom they must serve is his spouse and his body," and they were "to seek for Christ's sheep that are scattered abroad, and for his children who are in the midst of this naughty world," and to imagine that these momentous concerns could be at these seasons overlooked, would be to imagine the bishop lost to every sense of conscience, honour, and integrity; surely the thing is impossible. But let the Bishop of Oxford's charge speak for itself, and I would we may find the truth of Luther's maxim—"Ruat cælum potius quam una mica veritatis pereat"—Let heaven pass away rather than one crumb of truth should perish.

Onerous has been the task, to one with my infirmities, in going through the copious address of the "Bishop of Oxford;" and though assisted by my neighbour Dollond's No. 10, to which I often applied the "wash-leather," lest I should overlook any part that was of intrinsic value, to my great mortification, this charge, which the trumpet of the press has sent forth the length and breadth of the land, is one of the most fulsome, self-adulatory dogmas that ever emanated from the "bench" of bishops, since the day when the notorious Laud threw the darkness of Popish and unmeaning ceremonies on the Church. It is a mere shade of what a bishop's charge ought to be—a political twaddle, after the manner of a do-everything candidate upon the hustings, rather than a spiritual charge from a Christian bishop, in the sanctuary of the Lord of Hosts.

Could anything have been more painful to that part of the clergy present, who were able to "approve things that are excellent," than to have no alternative than sitting there for nearly three hours, and not a solitary sentence drop from the lips of their diocesan, of Him whose

they were, and whom they serve in the gospel of his Son. I confess, old as I am, my trembling frame would have soon quitted the place.

Was it not reasonable to suppose that in this, his first public interview with his clergy, "the bishop," especially awakened by the Lord to a lively apprehension, and a personal enjoyment of his own interest in the great work of salvation, would feel desirous of making it known to others; that being warmed in his own heart by the love of God, like the heated vapour from water, which, without warmth, would rather gravitate than arise—now excited by a Divine flame, ascends upwards, and thus "prelate and clergy" would have both experienced a burning of heart while the Scriptures were opened, and like branches formed on the same stock, would grow up together; or, as expressed by an old divine, "*in unum concreescere vel coalescere*"—bound and increasing together; then would they fully enter into the nature and design of their work and office, feeding the Church of God with knowledge and understanding, and be "instant, in season and out of season, to reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."

The very babe in the school of Christ, well knows the only possible means of admission into his kingdom, is from a change of heart by regeneration; and this will remain the standard of decision, the "criterion of character" to the end of time. Of these things the Bishop of Oxford says nothing, whatever he might know. His charge, after you have abstracted its political bias, partakes somewhat of the nature which might be called (for want of a better term), clerical ethics,—absorbed, by the bishop, into baptism, confirmation, and a partaking of the Eucharist. Suffering, as I do, from a myopes—to me it appears very plain that, from the wary and undecided way in which he has dealt with that "enemy to all righteousness," baptismal regeneration, he has felt no desire to purge out the Oxford leaven of Puseyism, but has done much in publishing the banns between "Littlemore" and "Cuddesden." The Bishop of Oxford by some might be termed a good logician; but his logic, like his divinity, will not do for old Crispin. Very clear it is that whatever view of the subject might be held by the clergy of the diocese of Oxford, it will not be a matter of importance with the bishop, who, in his intercourse with them, will always exhibit the "all-right light" of his globular lamp; baptismal forms or baptismal conversions, in the bishop's view, being one and the same thing; but where the heart is not right, no wonder the head is always showing wrong. Thus we, so far advanced in the nineteenth century, are for the first time informed that we are all "pell-mell" handed over to the good bishops whenever we are thus baptized. I quote the Bishop of Oxford's own words from this charge: "The clergyman should treat his children as he received them from Christ at their baptism." Is this the orthodox of Scripture, that cannot be contemned; or is it the orthodox of that church in which he holds the rank of bishop? I trow not. The memory of those men is too dear to me to allow such a construction to be put upon their labour of love, in compiling the "Articles" and "Homilies" of our Church, which from their days to the present have been, or should be, the standard of the doctrines which constitute the established religion of our country. It is to be lamented that, from the

setting-in of the tide of Popery, in the days of the imbecile and time-serving Charles, to the Oxford tide of Puseyism, a sense directly opposed to the plain and genuine spirit of the "Articles," hath been advanced by many, although to this hour the Establishment herself still remains unaltered and unrepealed in all her legitimate principles. Yet, what affinity can be found existing between the bishop's charge of 1848, and the leading sentiments on theology, maintained by the Reformed Church of this land—or from which of the apostles has the unsound tenet been handed down, so strenuously insisted upon by the bishop—of our being handed over in baptism to the clergy? Alas! alas! were it so, what an everlasting disgrace reflects upon the whole body of the clergy, for the gross neglect of those children, so very apparent in the denizen of our city, or the rustic of our village—facts which would lead a mere common observer to conclude that our own England was, like Israel of old, "For a long season without the true God, and without a teaching priest, and without law" (2 Chron. xv. 3).

It would be invidious—elevated as Dr. Samuel Wilberforce is, to the mitre—to suppose him unacquainted with those orthodox standards of the Reformed Church of our Land—the Catechism, by way of distinction, called "Bishop Ponet's," so much admired and approved of by the young King Edward VI.; and those Articles, expressly drawn up for the purpose of giving clear apprehensions of the faith "once delivered to the saints," which bears this remarkable subscription of Archbishop Whitgift: "I know them to be sound doctrines, and uniformly professed in the Church of England, and agreeable to the Articles of religion, established by authority;" and the no less attestation of Archbishop Hutton, who returned them to the Palace of Lambeth: "*Hæ theses ex sacris literis vel aperte colligi vel necessaria consecutione deduci possunt;*" *i. e.* "Those points are gathered from the holy Scriptures, either expressly or by necessary consequence;" hence the derivation of the name, "Lambeth Articles." Neither these, nor the famous Synod of Dort, give the least countenance to the Bishop of Oxford's Baptismal commitment, which if proved, would inflict a greater stigma than already rests upon our neglectful clergy. I must now allow my readers and self a little breathing time, ere I lay bare the Bishop's fittings of confirmation and the Eucharist, which in my humble view, form no part of the gospel "shoe," nor to entitle "Samuel of Oxford" to be esteemed for his work's sake.

CRISPIN.

From my "Stall," Amen Corner.

[To how many preambles, both from the pulpit and the press, do the words of the prophet (Ezek. xxxvii. 2) apply, "Lo, they were *very dry*."—ED.]

## TO THE ELECT.

"The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people; for ye are the fewest of any people; but because the Lord loved you" (Deut. vii. 7, 8).

Not for works that we have done—  
Not for works that we can do;  
But for Jesus Christ His Son  
Loves Jehovah I and you.

As a bridegroom loves his bride,  
Every other far above,  
For no other cause beside—  
Loves because he likes to love.

So the mighty Son of God,  
In His passion fond and free,  
Gives His precious life and blood  
For the like of you and me;

Brings us back from sin and hell—  
Makes us His beloved spouse—  
Brings us home with Him to dwell,  
In His Father's glorious house.

All our goodness is but shame—  
All our merit specious dust;  
Both *imputed* in His name  
Constitute us good and just.

See the curse that weighed us down,  
On His mighty shoulders borne;  
Dread Jehovah's awful frown  
Changed to sweet redemption morn.

Damned, and cursed, and bathed in  
woe!  
Butt of God's revealed wrath—  
All Almighty power could do,  
To avenge, He suffered hath.

Few this blessed knowledge have—  
'Tis the love which souls doth win;  
Jesus buried in His grave  
All demands of God for sin.

Art thou, drunken and unclean—  
Bad—so bad, that men recoil;  
Foul without—profane within;  
Yea, thy thoughts a mass of soil!

Not because thy filth is great;  
But, o'ertopping all thy guilt,  
Jesus, slain, doth ready wait  
To receive thee when thou wilt.

Come then, needy, lewd and vile;  
Come, poor harlot, knave, or fool;  
Come, who once did Christ revile;  
Come, and learn in mercy's school.

God, who formed thy ruined soul,  
Opens wide His door of peace,  
Sheaths His vengeance, makes thee  
whole,  
Signs from Satan thy release.

Come, ye trembling pilgrims, too,  
Haply spared from deeps of sin,  
Who daily ask, "What shall we do?"  
Mighty grace commands you in.

Want of guilt, or want of good,  
Shuts not out from Jesu's face;  
All is free, the gift of God—  
All is favour, sovereign grace!

It may be, for ought ye know,  
Ye are one with Christ the Lord,  
Saved by Him from endless woe,  
Gems of the incarnate Word.

Not for works that ye have done—  
Not for works that ye can do;  
But for Jesus Christ his Son  
Loves Jehovah such as you.

M.

[Our correspondent's address at the head of the foregoing paper reminds us of Hart's lines—

"Tho' God's election is a truth,  
Small comfort there I see,  
Until I hear, from God's own mouth,  
That He hath chosen me;"

and persuaded we are that this—and this alone, will give a Divine relish, or sanction, or submission to God's eternal election of every individual member of His Church.—ED.]

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

Will you favour me by inserting in your valuable Magazine, a few lines to my Brother Lane, and "Zenas," whom I suspect to be a brother in the Lord, though veiled by a feigned signature? I wish to say they have both mistaken my reasons for refusing communion in the Church of England. I considered I should be acting in direct opposition to the principles I profess to hold, were I to take the communion in the Church from which I have separated. To "Zenas" I would say that, when I refrained from going to the table at a church, where I happened to be present when the sacrament was administered, the thought of carnal persons had no influence on my mind. Out of eight persons I think I *knew* and *realised* two as renewed souls, and, although they differed from me on the point which some think should precede the Lord's Supper, I would gladly have joined them—the minister, too, being a dear brother in the Lord; but I have separated from the Established Church upon *principle*, not *prejudice*, and, unless the Lord give me to see that I am in error, I cannot comfortably join the communion in it. Another word to "Zenas." I cannot but think that joining the communion, where the minister held those palpable errors, was a sort of *sanction*, which we are bound to avoid; but let every one be persuaded in his own mind. It is likely "Zenas" would not thus do now.

Will you insert the accompanying letter from our Brother Lane? I think it so precious that I am anxious to give it to the brethren. Accept my unfeigned love, and may every spiritual blessing a covenant God may be pleased to bestow, rest upon you abundantly.

A RECLUSE.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER IN THE FAITH OF JESUS,

Grace and peace be with thy spirit. Amen. shall throw overboard all and every expression, as far as lieth in my power so to do, that might tend to raise in your mind the least inclination to objection or controversy, believing that nothing of soul edification can ultimately be derived therefrom; nothing but Christ Jesus, and him crucified, is worth talking or writing about; none, but Jesus, can do helpless sinners good. Unto you which believe, he is precious; yet none can believe until precious faith is wrought in the soul; by this precious object, it is *then*, and not till *then*, that a precious *form* and comeliness appears in a precious Jesus; it is then the heaven-born soul *finds* and feels his affections and desires go out after Christ, and Christ becomes increasingly *precious* to the believer. In him it is then his PERSON, *offices*, character, life, death, resurrection, ascension, intercession, kingly reign—gracious visits from him as Head, Husband, Rock, Refuge, and portion of the soul—who becomes precious indeed!—precious in his *fulness* of grace, from which every true believer derives a rich supply (John i. 16; Phil. iv. 19) of comfort, consolation, peace, and satisfaction; the whole of which is constantly flowing from this ever-overflowing fountain. *Sanctification, justification, meekness, fitness, completeness, acceptance, &c.*, are all blessed streams from this deep and fathomless

river (Ps. xlvi. 4), this boundless ocean of Divine love in Christ Jesus!—this precious, glorious, ever-loving, and ever-living Lord!—whom to know is life eternal; to die without such knowledge is eternal death. I hope these lines will find you both *living* and *lively*—*living* a life that can never die, and yet dying daily (Phil. i. 21; 1 Cor. xv. 31); and as long as it may please my Divine Master to continue me below, I shall always find a secret pleasure in writing to you, on the subject of our precious Jesus. What tale so interesting!—what portion of our existence so profitably spent, as when we are speaking and writing on Divine things!—*i. e.*, touching a God in Christ Jesus—the substance of all gospel truth, and the glory of Christ our only end? Even were we driven to a desert, where we could have no living being to converse with, or tell our feelings unto, or to unbosom our concerns; still, to possess the use of our limbs, the proper exercise of our senses, with *pens, ink, and paper*, coupled with an inclination and opportunity to correspond with those we love and esteem in the Lord, is a privilege of no small importance in my estimation, especially when the subject of such correspondence begins, is carried on, and finished, about the dear Lord Jesus. I ask, what theme is so delightful, and what exercise so sweet, as to write and talk about Jesus, and him crucified? Jesus lived for me, that I might live, and never die in him; he was crucified for me, that I might be crucified in and with him; thus, being *loved* and *chosen* in him, before time (Eph. iv), I never could be out of him, or finally, in time (Jude i). Born in him in his birth, grew up *with* and *in* him in his growth, circumcised *with* and *in* his circumcision, baptised *with* and *in* him, at his baptism (Matt. iii. 17; Rom. vi. 3—6; Col. ii. 11, 12); obeyed every precept of *law* and *gospel*, in his *obedience*, or with and in him, as my Surety and Mediator; buried *with* and *in* him in the tomb; *rose with* and *in* him, in his resurrection; ascended *with* and *in* him in his ascension; seated *with* and *in* him, in heavenly places; and shall descend with him, when he comes in the glory of his greatness and matchless power, to be glorified and everlastingly admired by all them who, in this time-state, were made to believe and love him—whom to know is life, everlasting blessedness.

“O, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!  
We shall be near, and like our God;  
And ev’ry power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy!”

Oh, my dear friend, what a Christ have we to look to, and rest upon, while travelling home to God! What are other objects worth? His person, his word, his work, his blood, his righteousness, his love, his goodness, his mercy, his faithfulness, his truth, his justice, his *fulness of grace*, his promises, and his soul visits, and lasting comforts, can never be estimated or sufficiently prized, by any or all of his dear followers!

“Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.”

The eternal God be with you, and underneath his everlasting arms; so prays, in everlasting bonds, &c. AMEN. SAMUEL LANE.

God bless thee, and keep thee, and cause his face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen, Amen.

## THE REMONSTRANCE OF A CORRESPONDENT ABOUT THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

FULLY receiving you as a Christian brother, from the communion I have had with you in your writings, I, in common with many others, much lament and grieve over, what appears to us, a great inconsistency in your public capacity as Editor. I refer to the very worldly and inconsistent advertisements that appear on your wrapper. Your constant defence, or rather palliation, is, that you have given your wrapper up to the printer, and that *he* alone is answerable. Now, this seems to me like the foolish conduct of the ostrich, who, when it hides its small head, fancies that its much larger body will also be hid. Your excuse, put into plain English, is as follows:—The printer will print the wrapper for me for nothing, provided I allow him to put what advertisements *he* likes; *i. e.*, in order to get a little more money in my pocket. Though I desire to honour God in the pages, yet I will let the devil have his share in the wrapper.—Mind, I do not say you have such thoughts, but, take the varnish off your excuses, and what else remains?

The lesson for last Sunday morning (Dan. iii.), struck me as rather applicable. No doubt, many Jews fell down and worshipped the golden image; so likewise, many magazines allow of all kinds of advertisements, because of the advantage; nevertheless, we cannot but admire the grace of God, as displayed in those who refuse to conform to what they know in their consciences to be evil. You never attempt to justify the advertisements as right in themselves, but merely put forth the plea, that it would be a great loss to *you*.

Now, we know for a certainty, that the kind of advertisements that you admit, *have* prevented and *do* prevent the circulation of the Magazine; and I have heard repeated complaints from many, who say that they are *ashamed* to have the Magazine on their table, because of the kind of advertisements; and especially, when it is a well-known fact, that some of them are the flaunting puffs of those who grind down the face of the poor. Granting, for the sake of argument, that these complainers are *weak in faith* (though I am not willing to acknowledge it), still, in what—according to this—is laid down in Rom. xiv., you ought not to grieve such, for the sake of the probable loss of a few pounds. However, should you be led to refuse improper advertisements, because of the weak consciences of very many of your readers, I feel no doubt that you will, in the end, be no loser whatever; for God says, “Them that honour me, I will honour.”

We certainly should be careful to avoid giving offence, except it be for the truth's sake; and again, if we are to avoid even the appearance of evil, the GOSPEL MAGAZINE ought certainly to set an example in *everything*.

I have spoken out thus plainly, because I esteem you highly for your work's sake, and hate this spotted and defiled garment, in which you wrap up the precious truths of God's Word. May the Lord give you an understanding in all things, that you may weigh what is written in the balances of the sanctuary, and take an upright course, regardless of *all* consequences.

My own opinion is this: let nothing but what has a gospel character appear on the four pages of the wrapper itself; other advertisements—but always of an unobjectionable character—on a fly-leaf; so that, if wished, the weak believer may even tear these out.

Your calling seems, in many respects, to be that of comforting the weaklings of the flock. Then why administer an *emetic*, at the same time you *give* the *cordial*? for, I tell you plainly, your wrapper *disgusts many*. Now, do not speak harshly against such objectors; but, as you often say that you would not grieve or offend one of the *little ones*, why not listen to their intreaties, and purge out this leaven? Besides, it gives occasion to the men of the world to speak, many of whom, having a high sense of what is usually called moral rectitude, call out against the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, patronising a system which is denounced in Jer. xvii. 11. This is my *last* effort on this subject; and, if it does not succeed, I must consider you *incurrible*. Believe me, notwithstanding this friendly reproof on this one point,

Yours, very faithfully and lovingly in the Lord,

ONE WHO IS CONSCIOUS OF THE BEAM IN HIS OWN EYE.

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THE EDITOR IN REPLY.

In answer to the foregoing, we beg to say,—

1. That it has no lack of *plainness of speech*.
2. That we are quite ready to give our correspondent credit for the honesty of his intentions, though there are some few *words* (at least) which betray rather an unjustifiable *warmth*.
3. That we consider our correspondent has greatly overrated the number who decline supporting this Magazine, on account of its advertisements; for, as they contain but a few (and but a few) of those which appear, with scarcely an exception, in every other periodical, the same excuse would apply to such objectors refusing to take those publications also.
4. We think that, were our correspondent to substitute "*few*," in the place of the word "*many*," which he has several times used, he would write with more correctness; and that, were he then thoroughly to investigate the motives of the majority of that *few*, he would find that the *price*, rather than the advertisements of the Magazine, was the *real* objection to it.
5. That as it has been repeatedly said, that the GOSPEL MAGAZINE can never become popular with religious professors generally, inasmuch as it is written for the household of faith, we are of opinion that, where

there is really *liveliness of soul*, or a *hungering and thirsting* after the *bread and water of life*, these secondary considerations would be waived.

6. That a Magazine cover is but a public medium of information or notice, the which is necessary for the support of the Magazine itself.

7. Our correspondent, in the warmth of his remonstrance, appears to speak but with an offhand indifference of the *proceeds* of our work; he would seem to imply (*though we could very soon prove to the contrary*), how well "a few pounds" might be spared from those proceeds; whereas the expenses on the Magazine are so heavy that, as a matter of "pounds-shillings-and-pence speculation," it would be but a sorry affair. Indeed, we may add, that, but for the generous conduct of some few of its supporters, we know not how either the Magazine or its Editor would have stood their ground. It is painful for us thus to write; but the very hard expression of our correspondent, attributing to us the practical language,—"I desire to honour *God* in the pages, yet I will let the *devil* have his share in the wrapper," has called for this explanation.

8. We may add, that we are not so "incorrigible," but that we have written to the printer, giving strict injunctions to withhold these so objectionable advertisements in future; and trust that thereby our correspondent, and the "*many*" friends, to whom he refers, having their wishes thus gratified, will be induced thereby to use increased exertion for the circulation of the Magazine; and let those who really know and love the truth, not be satisfied to take in the Magazine, *in company*, but let *each* subscribe for *himself* or *herself*; and, if such hearts are still further opened in a spirit of love to their neighbours, let them try a 6s. 6d. annual subscription, in order to procure a copy for their poorer brethren.

Finally, we may remark, that whilst some of our happiest moments have been spent in connexion with the pages of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, and that its discontinuance, or the Lord's ceasing to employ us as its Editor, would be the greatest possible trial of which we can conceive, that yet neither the one nor the other diminishes either the care or the responsibility which that Editorship entails. So *great*—so *continuous*—so *unceasing* is it, that we think that not a *single* waking hour in the whole year passes without the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, and some one or other of its readers occupying more or less the thoughts of that hour; and with how much *care*, and *anxiety*, and *prayerfulness*, *God only knows!* Touchingly and truthfully does WALTER ROW (of blessed memory) describe it, where he says (in his Preface for 1838), "Our publication, from its first appearance has been carried on under great disadvantages and many privations; NOR WILL IT BE KNOWN UNTIL THAT DAY, WHEN THE SECRETS OF ALL HEARTS SHALL BE OPENED, THE NUMEROUS ACUTE FEELINGS IT HAS PRODUCED." And to this, in the same Preface, he adds, "A contemporary, putting out of the account the prejudice and malevolence of party, well describes our situation, when he tells us—'I know,' says he, 'how a monthly periodical will wear down your exertions. In itself it appears *nothing*, the labour is not *manifest*; nor is it the labour itself, *it is the continual attention it requires*. Your life becomes, as it were, the magazine. One month is no sooner corrected

and printed, than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an *endless repetition of toil, a constant weight upon the mind, a continual wearing upon the intellects and spirits*, demanding all the exertions of your faculties, at the same time you are compelled to do the severest drudgery. To *write* for a magazine is very well, but to *EDIT* one is, as it were, to condemn yourself to slavery."—See GOSPEL MAGAZINE, Preface, 1838.

### Reviews.

*A Selection of Scripture Texts for Every Day in the Year.* London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Pp. 43.

SUCH little works as these, containing only the word of God, have often been helps by the way to the weary traveller. They, therefore, speak for themselves, and need no recommendation.

*A Memoir of J. W. Lashford, late a Pupil in the Brighton and Sussex Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.* By W. SLEIGHT, Master of the Institution. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., Paternoster Row. 12mo., pp. 100.

AN interesting account, as showing the gradual development of the mind of a deaf and dumb youth. We trust, also, that there is good reason to hope that the Holy Scriptures that he was taught to read, made him, through faith, wise unto salvation, and that he died rejoicing in Christ.

*Sketches.* Part I. Joseph Lancaster and his Contemporaries. Part II. William Allen, his Life and Labours. By HENRY DUNN. London: Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster Row. Pp. 145.

THERE are two ways of viewing the events of history or bygone days. The one is, what hath the Lord wrought? i. e. viewing God in history; the other is, what hath man wrought? The latter is the plan usually followed, and, consequently, the individuals referred to in history are either praised or blamed, according to the peculiar notions or tenets of the writer. If the former plan be followed, the creature will more be dwelt on as an instrument in the hand of the God of providence, for the accomplishment (it may be unwittingly) of the Lord's great and eternal counsel. Still, however, even in this view a judgment should be passed upon the actions of men, as weighed in the balances of the sanctuary.

The three individuals brought before us in this book—viz. Joseph Lancaster, Dr. Bell, and William Allen—afford, indeed, the greatest diversity in natural character, and yet, in the links of God's providence, they were evidently united in forwarding that great scheme of educating the people, which has claimed so much attention in the present century. It is on this account we recommend this work to those who are desirous of being acquainted with the rise of these educational schemes. Though the writer talks about religion, we have in vain sought for anything like the traces of vital godliness. William Allen is by far the most estimable character of the three, and in many ways he was most useful to the generation that he served; but whether he

was a truly Christian man or not, the sketch before us does not afford sufficient evidence. The writer has evidently taken the second view we refer to, and, consequently, he is unbounded in the praise he bestows on William Allen, who belonged to what is called the Society of Friends, or Quakers.

The present *liberal* age seems to us to attribute far too much to the education of the people, as if education were capable of renewing the heart, and obviating all the evil consequences of the fall of man. However, we feel no hesitation in branding such an opinion with the mark of infidelity, and we very much fear that this thirst after knowledge—not of God, but of his works—is but hurrying men further and further away from the God of the Scriptures; for men do not like to retain the knowledge of God in their hearts, but turn away their ears from the truth, and are turned unto fables.

We fully agree with what George III. said,—“It is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible; I will do anything you wish to promote this” (page 11). Had the educational movement been confined to this object in a general way, and had further instruction only been given in those cases where the general conduct merited it, we conceive far less evil would have been the result. We speak, as looking at the consequences on the whole; whilst we are fully willing to admit, that in individual and scattered cases, a great blessing has been vouchsafed. As far, then, as man is concerned in the origin of this movement, we (taking a gospel stand, as we are called to do), see nothing to praise, either in J. Lancaster, who was guided by a reckless ambition, or in Dr. Bell, who seems rather to have been guided by a *sordid* and *covetous* ambition. But, in viewing what God hath wrought, we cannot but see that he hath overruled the plans and councils of the devil, and of the devil’s children; and by the means of this education has, in many places, sent forth his light and his truth, to lead his outcasts and dispersed ones, unto the holy hill of Zion (Ps. xxix). Unless brought into the Father’s school (John vi.), the best and most refined human education will avail nothing whatever to the saving of the soul; but “a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein,” when the Lord graciously condescends to teach him to know himself, and then to know Christ as the Saviour of lost, ruined, miserable self.

*Bunhill Memorials.* An account of nearly three hundred ministers, who are buried in Bunhill Fields, of every denomination, with inscriptions of the tombs and gravestones, and other historical information respecting them, from authentic sources. Edited by J. A. JONES. In this great cemetery, the mortal remains of many of the blessed living-dead “rest in hope.” London: JAMES PAUL 1, Chapterhouse Court.

WE are most thankful to find, that Mr. Jones has altered his title, which we described in our former Review as so very objectionable. The title-page, as it now stands, gives a correct description of the work. There is, perhaps, no place of burial which contains the precious re-

mains of so many eminently famous men in the Church of Christ, as Bunhill Fields; and the reader will, no doubt, be gratified with the short but interesting accounts of those men, with whose names he has, perhaps, been familiar, as among the *giants* of former days; for thus George III. correctly described the Puritan divines.

Mr. Jones, the editor of this work, was well known for many years, as a contributor to this Magazine, under the signature of "Andrew;" and he has also been in many ways an unflinching advocate of God's truth. We are, therefore, most thankful that he has been led, beside altering the title, to add notes, in which he most decidedly repudiates the slightest leaning to such damnable heresies as Socinianism, &c. There is, however, one sentence which we regret to find, viz., "Of the eternal state of man beyond the grave, he dares not decide" (page 43). It seems to us that the Scriptures decide, that as the tree falls, so it will lie; and that there is no repentance in the grave. We hope this has been an inadvertent slip of Mr. Jones's pen.

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TO "ESAU."

ESAU, if thou art a SEEKER, change thy signature; for Esau has no hope, and verily thou hast no right to the title. "Esau despised his birthright;" thou art sighing and crying for thine, and my heart is drawn out to thee (if indeed thou art really in troubled waters), and the only doubt I have is thy signature. What, heard of the city, and believed the report? The "dead in trespasses and sin" do not so. Well, poor trembling soul, thou citest Job xxiii. 10, as thine own experience. With Job, dost thou know thy Redeemer liveth? Dost thou believe the record which God gave of his Son? If so, struggle on. Job's last days were his best. God's adopted family must have trouble; line upon line—precept upon precept—here a little, and there a little. Hard borne down by sin, it oppresses thee like a mountain. So I have read in the Missionary reports, a poor New Zealander felt a mountain of sin crushing him; he beheld "a drop of blood" fall on that mountain, and it vanished; for it was the "blood of God," which cleanseth from all sin. Talk not of "your religious duties." Poor sinner, what canst thou do? NOTHING; and nothing is required of thee; for Christ the Saviour—not of Esau, but of Jacob—HATH paid the sinner's debts, and set him free. Go, read the Word of God;—go to Calvary;—"Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Believe (God enable thee to do so) on Jesus, and VERILY thou shalt be saved. "The wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err." It is so simple. Thou owest debts—thou canst not pay: "Christ, the Christ of God," hath paid the sinner's debts. He died for the burdened debtor. Thou art one. Tell him so; persevere to call, though even his disciples forbid thee; press through the crowd of fears, sins, and all hindrances, and it shall be well with thee: and I thus write, believing thou art a "quickened soul," for the "still-born" do not cry.

W. A. M.