

THE  
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 216, }  
NEW SERIES. }

DECEMBER, 1883.

{ No. 1,416,  
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. I. 4.

THE CALLING AND THE LEADING.

*"The sheep hear His voice: and He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him; for they know His voice."*—JOHN X. 3, 4.

BELOVED, as hinted in our last, many are the lessons set before us by passing scenes, in proof of the watchful eye and tender care of the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. For example, as we glance from our chamber-window of a morning, not only do we observe the hen as she calls her chickens to her coop, especially if danger be nigh, but the very gentle way in which she spreads her wings over them is so marked. To what a breadth does she extend those wings, and how lightly, but yet effectually, do they screen her little brood! What a precious, practical comment is this act of the hen upon the opening verses of the ninety-first Psalm, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my Refuge and my Fortress: my God; in Him will I trust. Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." "He shall cover thee with His feathers"—mark that—so light! so gentle! not the semblance of weight or burden! And yet so safe! Aye, and the tiny creatures *feel* safe, too; but could they bear pressure in order to ensure that safety? By no means. And what weight or burden could the dear child of God bear, for his security, in and of himself considered? Nought whatever. On the contrary, he would be crushed like the moth. How sweetly, then, is the kindly consideration and Fatherly care of our God displayed in this simile of "the feathers" and "the wings"!

Then, with respect to "wings," there are sundry precious portions which set forth the gracious care and keeping of our

God in regard to His people: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him" (Deut. xxxii. 11, 12). Well has it been said that, borne thus upon her wings, an arrow must first pierce the parent bird before her offspring could be injured. What a blessed statement, therefore, is that in Zechariah ii. 9, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye." Again, in his address to Ruth, Boaz says, "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust" (Ruth ii. 12). Moreover, in Ruth's answer to Boaz's inquiry, "Who art thou?" as stated in chapter iii. 9, she says, as rendered in one of our old Bibles, "Spread, therefore, thy wing out over thine handmaid." In Psalm xvii. 8, we have the Psalmist's cry, "Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of Thy wings." In both Psalms lvii. 1, and lxi. 4, the language is very emphatic: "Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in Thee: yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast"; "I will abide in Thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of Thy wings." Observe the marginal reading of the last verse, "I will *make my refuge* in the *covert* of Thy wings." Reader, is not that very precious? Such a sense of security, especially when the preceding verses of the latter Psalm are considered.

But there was a little circumstance occurred, some time since, that served at once to bring another portion of the Lord's Word forcibly to mind. One of another brood happened to venture into a neighbouring coop with the other chicks. The old hen at once recognised the little stranger, and so pecked it with her bill that it soon after died! When told of it, the words instantly were brought to mind, "I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine."

And, reader, have you not often been struck, when gazing upon a number of sheep in a field, with the lambs gambolling round and about them, to see how each little one knows its own dam?

Probably we may have mentioned the fact before. If so, bear with us, reader, as it serves so to illustrate that precious portion, "When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him: for they know His voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers" (John x. 4, 5). Once, when on our way from Bonmahon to Waterford, about midway between the one place and the other, we saw an old shepherd, who made a livelihood by the few sheep he bought from time to time, and fed by the roadside. In the course of

conversation, pointing to a lamb that was feeding in the distance, several hundred yards from where we stood, he said, "There's a lamb that has lost her dam, and I have had to bring her up by hand." He had no sooner said the words than he called the lamb. Instantly she left grazing, raised her head, and, wagging her tail, scampered off as fast as she could towards the old shepherd. "That lamb shall be mine," thought we, and, for her sake, we bought the eight or ten sheep. Anxiously was their arrival looked for the next morning, and scarcely had they been paid for, and the old shepherd taken his departure, ere we were out upon the meadow, calling for the lamb. But, alas! in spite of all our efforts, and striving to imitate the old shepherd's voice and manner in every possible way, it was all to no purpose. Not the slightest notice was taken of the new master. The lamb "knew not the voice of the stranger."

Ah! dear child of God, notwithstanding all thy fears and misgivings, thou hast a saving and a precious interest in this Gospel verity. How is it, amid all the manifold movements of the present day—the exciting scenes—the sensational discoveries—the much-talked-of progress—the springing up, like Jonah's gourd, all of a sudden, of a so-called Gospel light, Gospel liberty, Gospel peace and joy and gladness—there seems no movement in thine heart? No echo—no response—not the veriest "word in season" to thy poor, tempest-tossed, sin-burdened, Satan-buffeted soul? How is it? Hast thou no appetite for the Bread of Life? no thirsting for the Water of Life? Is there no cry in thine innermost soul, "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of Thy companions?" What meanest this sadness—this sorrow—this bitter grief of thine? Why not take the comfort? Why not avail thyself of the provision so largely proffered thee? Why halt and hesitate—tremble and trouble—weep and mourn—as thou dost? Ah! why indeed? It is because (blessed be God!) thou hast a sacred and a saving interest in that precious word, "They *know* His voice, and a stranger will they not follow, for they *know not* the voice of strangers."

The religious world (so-called) is overrun with counterfeits at the present juncture. There are vast numbers who cry (as it was foreshown by the Lord Himself should be the case), "Lo, here is Christ, and Lo, there!" But this is not whom the bride recognizes as "the voice of her Beloved." "Behold, He cometh," saith she, "leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." She may be asked, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved?" But, knowing His voice, feeling His love shed abroad in her heart, and His very life-blood flowing through every vein

and artery of her new-born soul, she exclaims, "My Beloved is white and ruddy; the Chiefest among ten thousand." "His mouth is most sweet," she exclaims; "yea, He is altogether lovely." She "*knows His voice*, and follows Him; and a stranger will she not follow, for she knoweth not the voice of a stranger."

There is an inward, home-and-heart-spoken power so sweet, so special, so sacred, that none can vie with, much less satisfy! When that voice is heard—and it can only be heard by the divinely-quickened, Spirit-taught, and Spirit-led—the blessed and the prompt response is, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend;" "I am my Beloved's, and His desire is towards me."

Touching upon that "inner" or "heart-voice" of which we have spoken, the Psalmist says, "Blessed are the people that *know* the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance;" and, again, he says, "They that *know* Thy name will put their trust in Thee." Oh, what a knowledge it is! How sacred! how special! What a distinctiveness! How materially does it differ from other voices! Such a direct appeal to the heart!

But observe, further, "He calleth His own sheep *by name*." What does this clearly imply but that knowledge afterwards spoken of, "I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine"? Yes, in very deed He does know them—aye, and, as in much earlier day it was recorded, "He knows their sorrows," too. Not a position, however obscure; not a grief, however acute; not a sorrow, however keen; no anguish, however intense; no circumstances, however complicated, with the every feature and phase of which He is not altogether acquainted—yea, in regard to which He is not most familiar. And not only so—not merely is it an absolute or God-like knowledge, but one of interest—yea, of loving and gracious design and purpose to support, sustain, deliver. The connection is as great a verity now as of old, "I know their sorrows, and am come down to deliver them."

Mark, beloved, the early or first call *by name*—"And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel" (1 Sam. iii. 10). Reader, has the Lord thus called you? and have you responded to the call? Have you said, as Samuel did, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth"? Have you heard His voice in His Word, in His various providences, His chastisements, His afflictions; in and by the ministry of the Word? In these, mark you, there has been the *outward* call. Has the one or the other proved the *inward* call, in and by the Spirit?

Observe, again, the call by name, and this under very different circumstances, in which the fulness and the freeness of grace were so sweetly and blessedly exhibited. A persecuting Saul of Tarsus was arrested, even on one of his murderous errands, by the call *by name*, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" What a blessed

proof this that there is no sinner too great, nor black, nor vile—no sheep too far-off a wanderer—for the Good Shepherd's call!

Glance for a moment, dear reader, at another call *by name*. "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him, Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto Him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master" (John xx. 15, 16). Mark the name, "Mary!" Oh, what sweetness, savour, dew, unction, power! Yes, indeed, she "*knew His voice!*" There was no mistake about it, no doubt, no hesitation; neither was there any fear, but, on the contrary, the prompt—the instantaneous—the whole soul-absorbing response, in the sweet and precious recognition, and that, too, under such critical circumstances, "Master!"

And, dear reader, be thy condition what it may; thy case however complicated; thy darkness, doubts, and dread whatsoever they may; yea, long as He may have veiled His lovely face, and "silent" as He may have been in His love, in all the dubious and darksome paths through which He may long have been leading thee, it is only for Him to speak, and thou, too, shalt "know His voice," as verily as Mary did.

Again, "He leadeth them out." Then He must be near, in order to lead. What a precious word is that in Isaiah xlii. 16: "And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

Be it remembered, moreover, that, however long they may have been detained in the wilderness, of and by themselves they will never be ought else but *blind*—aye, and *halt* and *helpless*, too. Nay, in a certain sense, as in nature, so in grace—their very age, and their long detention on wilderness-travail, will only exhaust their strength and dim their eyesight, so that they shall be even more dependent at last than at first. But (blessed be God!) the promise shall hold good, even to the very end of their race, "These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Although they may be called to travel "by a way that they had not gone with their feet," yet they shall "pass safely" (margin, "in peace"). Yea, they shall blessedly realize that precious promise, in all its rich and endearing fulfilment, "And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you."

Beloved, does not that covenant pledge, upon the part of a covenant God, exactly suit the condition of weakness and helplessness—weariness and worn-outness—of which we just now spoke?

The *carrying* and the *bearing* and the *delivering*, and that by His own almighty arm and His own omnipotent strength! Oh, how blessed to realize this, amid felt weakness, nothingness, and absolute and entire prostration; yea, under these very circumstances, to exclaim, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the LORD JEHOVAH is my *strength* and my *song*; He also is become my *salvation*" (Isaiah xii. 2).

Dear reader, whatever may be your misgivings, and however manifold your fears as to the contrary, if you are really hoping in the Lord, looking to the Lord, leaning upon the Lord, as verily as He is the faithful, all-sufficient, promise-fulfilling Lord God Almighty, you shall prove the truth of His word through every state and stage of your pilgrim-course, that, "when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them." Yea, not merely through and amid all the chequered paths of the wilderness, but into and through the Jordan, so that you shall exclaim, as myriads before you have done, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Let us, therefore, unitedly sum up for the year these our monthly words by the way with that precious testimony, that sweet song of Zion—

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

"Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid!  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I cause thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And calm with My presence thy deepest distress.

"And when through the fire thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose  
He will not, He will not, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
He'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

Dear reader, for the present year we say, farewell! May "the Lord bless thee, and keep thee." May "the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee." May "the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

So prays, yours to serve in the Gospel of peace—your brother in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,  
*St. Luke's, Bedminster.*

THE EDITOR.

### Wayside Notes.

#### A WEAK VESSEL HANGING UPON THE OMNIPOTENT STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH'S ELIAKIM.

"They shall hang upon Him all the glory of His Father's house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups, even to all the vessels of flagons."—ISAIAH xxii. 24.

AND does not the closing month of another year find us, beloved, just in that position—a "vessel of small quantity" hanging upon Omnipotent Strength—a weak vessel of mercy hanging upon Jesus? It is my condition. Is it not yours? Perfect weakness and nothingness, depending upon the Lord's goodness and mercy—contrition and conflict on the one hand; salvation and strength on the other.

I have been struck with how peculiarly this was the case with that eminent servant of the Lord, the Prophet Isaiah. He to whom so much was revealed felt his own weakness and sinfulness. In a vision of the Lord, when he "saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple," while seraphims cried one to another, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts! the whole earth is full of His glory," Isaiah tells us, "Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Mark, reader, "*then*." Yes, then, when he had felt his sinfulness, and acknowledged his unworthiness in the sight of the pure and holy God, "*then* flew one of the seraphims unto him, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he laid it upon his mouth, and said [mark the gracious words], Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." Then was he willing—made so in the day of God's power—to go where the Lord bade, and do all that the Lord willed. "Then said I, Here am I; send me."

Oh, it is when, in contrition of heart and nothingness of spirit, we come before the Lord, confessing it, and feeling it, that *then* the Lord puts strength into us, baptizes us afresh with the baptism of fire, and bids us go forward, trusting in Him, our glorious and omnipotent Eliakim! Has not this been our case again and again in this fast-closing year of our pilgrimage? Oh, I can sit on the same form with a man who feels that, in and of himself, he is undone—a sinful, unworthy worm, who is saved by sovereign grace and mercy alone—but I cannot find in my heart any sympathy with those who can talk great things, and who are always professing to trust without a doubt or fear. They seem ever on the mountain top, but we question whether it is on the top of Mount Zion. No; *man in the dust* is the first lesson of true heartfelt experience.

And did you ever notice, beloved, that the most splendid piece of Gospel is prefaced by a humiliating, yet truthful, view of what man is by nature, the Lord Jehovah Himself being the Preacher? Isaiah says,

at the beginning of his prophecy, "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken;" and here are His words—"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." Here is the truth, humiliating as it is to man's pride. But now look at the precious Gospel added—"Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The deep-dyed garments of the people of the East were well known for their richness and indelible colouring; but, though your sins be as such, they shall be as wool. Have you watched the fleece as it has been cut off the back of the helpless sheep? How pure and spotless it is underneath! So shall you be when the precious blood of Jesus has cleansed you from your sins, and as you spiritually stand in the righteousness of Christ. Though once, through sin, "red like crimson," now white as the fleecy snow, as it falls direct from the heavens. But, to know these glad tidings, and have their truth experimentally sealed home, you shall know, and acknowledge too, that by nature you are "born in sin and shapen in iniquity. There is none righteous, no, not one." Such is the way the Holy Spirit teaches, and we may well doubt all standing that is contrary to such teaching.

There can be no doubt that Eliakim is a type of Christ. God called him to be ruler over His house. He was said to be a servant of the Lord, and that the Lord delighted to raise him up to great dignity and honour. Christ was the called of the Father. He is often, in connection with His Mediatorial work, called "a servant;" and, having completed that work, and wrought a perfect salvation for His people, the eternal Father raised Him up to rightful dignity and honour.

Again, Eliakim was invested to the priestly and kingly office. So is Christ. Power and strength also were given him, and he was as a father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem. The key of the house of David was laid upon his shoulder, so that, like Christ, he could open, and none shut; he could shut, and none could open.

And what is, to my mind, especially striking in the analogy, are the words of our portion—"They shall hang upon Him all the glory of His Father's house." All the glory of the Father's house deservedly hangs upon our spiritual Eliakim; and the comforting thought I want to encourage weak ones to lay hold of is, that the "vessels of small quantity" hang as safely and securely upon Him as the flagons that have a full measure of grace, and are greatly blessed with strong faith and divine communications. Yea, it would seem that the more *tender* are the most *tended*, and the weak vessels are the special objects of a Saviour's care. The sheep may boldly enter pasture after pasture, but He carries the lambs in His arms, so are they closer home to a Saviour's embrace.

Well, now, what a mercy that, as time speeds, and years roll on, they find us, weak and helpless as we are, hanging upon the strength of our covenant God in Christ! And there are just three things in

connection with one's heartfelt experience we wish to close the year with, namely, *tokens*, *tests*, and *triumphs*.

*Tokens.* How often is it the cry of the child of God, in some distress or heart-anguish, "Show me, O Lord, a token for good!" That memorable instance in the career of Gideon comes at once to mind: "And Gideon said unto God, If Thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as Thou hast said, behold, I will put a fleece of wool on the floor; and if the dew be upon the fleece only, and it be dry upon all the earth beside, then shall I know that Thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as Thou hast said: and it was so; for he rose up early on the morrow, and thrust the fleece together, and wrung the dew out of the fleece, a bowl of water." Come, now, Gideon, is not this enough? No; the poor faithless one still wants another token: "And Gideon said unto God, Let not Thine anger be hot against me [not likely!], and I will speak but this once: let me prove, I pray Thee, but *this once* with the fleece: let it now be dry only upon the fleece, and upon all the ground let there be dew. And God did so that night, for it was dry upon the fleece only, and there was dew on all the ground." Ah! "this once" is often the cry; and, if the Lord satisfies "this once," alas! how soon we forget it, and again cry, "Show us a token for good!" It will be so, for we are ever creatures of felt need.

But again, *tokens*. In the reign of Ahaz, the kingdom of Judah was nearly ruined by the joint armies of Israel, Syria, and other nations which Assyria stirred up against them; and, what was still worse, the nation had become exceedingly profligate. At this crisis, the Lord bade Ahaz ask for a sign of deliverance. "Ask it," He said, "either in the depth, or in the height above." But Ahaz said, "I will not ask, neither will I tempt the Lord." "Is it a small thing," he said, "O house of David, that you weary men, but will ye weary my God also? Therefore the Lord Himself shall *give* you a sign." Now, mark what that sign was that the Lord would give: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call His name Immanuel." Ah! this is indeed the sign of signs, the token of tokens—"God with us."

Now, beloved, to deal with this token closer home, can we not point to it with thankfulness of heart and rejoicing of soul—Christ within the hope of glory? Weak as we are—simple, silent, and feeble as we feel—yet are we not hanging upon Jesus, and can we not hang out the token of a Saviour's love, the token of a Saviour's blood shed for us?

And here is another token—a fleece wet with the dew of the Holy Spirit. It is this. Behold—mark it well—it is my life's consolation: "God is my salvation: I will trust, and not be afraid, for the Lord *Jehovah* is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation." "God is my salvation." This encloses all, and it encircles me in the embrace of divine sovereignty, power, and love. In becoming so, not merely am I delivered from the peril and penalty of sin, but He has rendered me eternally safe in Him. "God is my salvation." Here is the work of Omnipotency. I am not trusting to any broken staff, but to the power of *Jehovah*. Oh, then, here is my strength

as well as salvation! Well may my song be, "Praise the Lord!" and He be the hallelujah of my life.

And, because of this—Jehovah my salvation, strength, and song—"therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation"—those depths of divine love and purpose, co-equal, co-eternal, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, ever Sources of springing comforts and divine consolation to the soul.

Another token is "faith." I do not mean a mere assent, but "the like precious faith of God's elect." Are you saying, "Then here I shall fail, for my faith is nowhere"? Stay a moment, and let me prove if it is somewhere. "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith." Now, here is consolation. He is not merely Author of the faith given, for saving faith is the gift of God, but He is the Finisher. If we had faith given, and then we were to have to finish it, all would be failure. But He is the Finisher. And, moreover, He is the "Substance of things hoped for;" so then our faith, in its substance, is Jesus Himself, and that is why our trust is alone Him, and in His finished work, which is the substance.

Now, then, beloved, have you not such a faith—that which rests entirely in Jesus—that which looks for nothing in the creature, but all in Him? Then, after all, you have this token, and your cry is, daily and constantly, "Lord, increase my faith!" It is *your* faith—not springing from nature, but yours as God's gift. Do you follow us?

And now with regard to *tests*. As John says, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." Well, to take a few, so that we may have evidence of our adoption.

There is the test of a *thirst for the truth of God*. How miserable we feel without it! How mortified if, in longing for it, we only have presented to us that which is of man, and not of God! "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." Yes, verily; I have enough of man in constant contact amidst worldly engagements, and verily much too much of that man *myself*. Oh, let me spring clear of all that is earthly, for my soul "thirsts after God"! Precious test! Why, there is the new creation here—the desires of a living soul!

I feel a just indignation when a so-called minister mars the truth and muddles the Word; but I could verily embrace the man in the name of the Lord who preaches the pure truth of God, and gives me a spiritual meal to satisfy my spiritual hunger. Alas! such faithful men are few and far between, and getting fewer!

*Tests*. There is the test of *sanctified affliction*, for the Lord often puts aside His children, by affliction or by bodily suffering, that the whole stay may be upon Him. Under such circumstances, there may be an entire deprivation of the means of grace—very, very little of Christian converse—and the poor soul is shut up with God. Did I say "poor"? Ah! very often such are richer in divine grace and divine growth than those who are privileged to have the flow and the flood of outward means. When the Lord takes from His own even the ministration of the Word, do they starve—do they perish? No; the Minister of the covenant whispers the secrets of the covenant, and they are kept alive by direct communications of His love and favour.

Dear reader, is it not so? You that are in health and strength, peace and plenty, may not feel these things; but yonder poor prostrate one, who, from her or his couch of suffering, can only send forth pencil communications, and that, too, under difficulty, will know experimentally the truth of our words. The Lord will sustain. For His name's sake He will comfort His hidden ones; and none can perish, however low they may be brought, whose trust is in the Lord. They shall "hang upon Him these cups of small quantity," and never hang upon Him in vain. He is as a nail in a safe place. He is their Stronghold, and will never fail them. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," are His own comforting words.

Again, there is the test of *divine leading*. We are conscious that it is the Lord's hand leading in a right way. What a splendid passage and promise is that in Isaiah, "He that hath mercy on them shall lead them; even by springs of water shall He guide them." And has it not been so, beloved, in our experience in this desert land? God has had mercy upon us. We must feel and know—ah! and constantly acknowledge—this, and by "springs of water" He has guided us. All our fresh springs are in Him, and His providences have driven us to this precious fountain, and we have been supplied with needed grace in the past days of our pilgrimage; and in future steps He will still guide and lead His vessels of mercy, even by "springs of water"—fresh supplies for fresh times of need. No words can be more gracious than those words of the Lord Himself to His Church—"I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness"—a place apart; a position away from the busy throngs of professors who press into the palace places of so-called worship in the great cities. Ah! "I will allure her, too, into a *wilderness*, where she will find nothing but barrenness, that she may find her all in Me." And then—oh, gracious words!—"I will speak comfortably unto her." If the Lord speaks Himself to the soul, oh, how it makes up for all losses! If the God of the means whispers peace, this is ever far beyond the means of grace themselves, blessed as such means may be. So, silent, secret, and hidden one, there is much in store for thee. Comfortable words which the Lord alone will speak to thee are far beyond anything man may advance. You are, you see, His special care, and He will give you special communications.

Again, there is the test of a *necessary, and withal gracious, discipline*—sometimes very, very hard to bear, and yet the promise holds good, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Most Christians can look back to some time in their career when they endured nothing short of a martyrdom of anguish from some heart-trial—a time when they thought, perhaps, that they never could outlive the distress—and yet the Lord did prove to them the truth of this assertion, "My grace is sufficient for thee." They have been brought out of the furnace that they thought must consume them, and can now look back to that deliverance with tearful gratitude.

Ah! it is marvellous how low the Lord sometimes permits some of His children to be brought—so low that they are at their wits' ends what to do, and it seems as if His mercy was clean gone. They have not brought themselves into the condition. Circumstances over which they had no control have drifted them into low water. Their course

has been consistent; and, while they have earnestly desired to walk in integrity, the worldling has become prosperous in all he has undertaken, and it seems almost as if the smiles of heaven were upon such, and that God was hiding His countenance from His downcast one. But is it so? Oh, no; far otherwise! "He waits to be gracious." Not as some would have it—"He waits for you to act—to do this and do the other—and then He will be gracious; and He cannot be gracious unless you do it." Indeed not? "He waits to be gracious"—tarries in His help, that the deliverance may be the more manifest, and the poor soul brought to acknowledge, "It is the Lord, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Nor are such lessons of the entire dependency of the poor soul on his God lost in the future. How especially grateful to the mariner has been the haven, after, in the midst of the surging waves, he has "reeled to and fro like a drunken man"! And so especially acceptable to the Christian is the peace and blessing realized in life, after the stormy and almost desperate time passed through. It has been truly said, "*We learn wisdom from failure much more than success.*"

And then, do not the Lord's deliverances in times of extremity bring one to a more quiet and trustful spirit, a mellowing of character, and a wholesome ballasting not experienced before? Boasting is now excluded; steps are more cautiously trodden; and, as deep waters are the more silent, so the depths of experience have brought into a more silent, yet more solid, walking before God.

At other times, the Lord sees fit to alter the discipline, and the promising prospect has become overclouded when only just entered upon. How often does our God bring to the *birth*, as it were, and then *blast*! We can but have noticed this, of late years, with regard to the produce of the earth. There has been a fair promise; the hearts of the English farmers have been gladdened. Genial weather has ripened the golden grain, when an unlooked-for storm has levelled to the ground the standing corn of such promise, and it has become washed out of the sheaves, and lies on the sodden ground sprouting and ruined. What is all this for? Who can doubt but what it is to remind thoughtless man that there is a God who ruleth and reigns, and that our national sins cannot be passed over with impunity? But, when we come to spiritual, other causes may lead Him to bring to the birth, and then blast. Job's false comforters attributed all his misfortune to the yielding to sin; but this was not so.

But, to bring the matter closer home, how often is it the case that, under some adverse circumstance, we pray and pray again for help and deliverance, and yet God does not answer our fervent desires! Such desires are often carried on to the night-watches, and yet our earnest wrestlings seem in vain. He has said, "Ask, and it shall be given;" and yet it is not given. How is it? Ah! beloved, see you not that all such controversy with God is on the ground of unbelief? and—

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,	God is His own Interpreter,
And scan His works in vain;	And He will make it plain."

And so He will, in His own time; and faith's waiting will never be a fruitless waiting. We want the thing as we prescribe, and at our time; but we live to prove that the Lord is not unmindful of His

child's distress. He is only tarrying, to make it the more manifest that He is omnipotent in all His ways, and will be glorified in all His workings. Wait on, watch on, friend! All must end well.

And then, how apt we are to think, in the spirit of unbelief, that the Lord is no longer mindful of us—that He has forgotten to be gracious! "But why sayest thou, O Jacob, My way is hid from the Lord?" It is impossible the Lord can be unmindful and forgetful of His own. An earthly parent is seldom so; our heavenly Father never! He has some good cause for not appearing for our deliverance as hastily as we desire, but His time will ever prove the best time; and He is constantly acting to show forth His glory. That is a sweet expression of David's, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He heard me." Oh, for the grace of patience! We are fretful, peevish, impatient, but God remains faithful.

Thus have we dwelt upon *tests* and *tokens*. Now a few words upon *triumphs*. And surely at once there stands out, in the Christian's experience, the *triumphs of redeeming grace*, "for where sin abounds, grace doth much more abound;" and the manifestation of this blessed fact, not merely when the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit was first experienced, but all along the pathway. When Satan harasses, insinuating all manner of things about our vileness, sinfulness, unworthiness, grace overcomes His temptations.

And, again, when we get into a low state, and into the land of uncertainty, fearing this and doubting the other—thinking that, after all, we may be mistaken—we are not reckoned among the children—it may be all a delusion—then precious grace melts, and, in our sinnership-need, we see the Saviour as the needed One. Yes, victories through the blood of the Lamb are of daily and hourly occurrence in the experience of the redeemed. The triumphs of redeeming grace mark the constant footsteps in the pathway of conflict. Our weakness and insufficiency for this conflict is felt and known. Grace conquers, and Omnipotent Strength is our stronghold; and often we feel, if left to ourselves, we should be undone.

I have known what great enlargement of soul has been, but the close of this year finds me a very nothing—a poor, weak worm, dependent upon my God for even a spiritual desire.\* I have borne testimony to the Word of God's grace with holy boldness and liberty, but it seems as if now the Lord would show me what a poor thing I am, and how entirely all must be of grace. He has said to me, "Go, work in My vineyard." He seems now to say, "Sit still, and be nothing." Ah! it is so, beloved, with us, that we may learn that other precious part of the lesson—that He may be "All and in all."

I have heard a modern popular preacher, in irony, exclaim, "Men talk about being poor worms of the earth. Pshaw! Worms indeed! They are men, born with dignity, and for noble ends." Well, thou mighty upholder of human dignity, if God should bring you into the place where the writer is, your dignity would be turned into dust, and your noble ends would, I think, come to grief. At all events, when the Lord brings low, it is for a wise purpose, and most probably

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\* Precious position, brother!—Ed.

to show His own the poverty of all human greatness, and the omnipotence of Him who saves with an everlasting salvation, for "grace shall overcome at last."

But, again, with regard to *triumphs*. We have dwelt upon the strength of the Church's Eliakim. The very name brings out *the triumph of that strength*, for Eliakim means *the resurrection of God, or the God of the resurrection*, or of strength. And this is a fundamental doctrine of our most holy religion, and one peculiarly appropriate to close another year with. The resurrection and ascension of our blessed Eliakim secures for us eternal gain and glory; for, if we believe, as believe we do, unhesitatingly and joyously, that Jesus Christ died and rose again, even so "them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." So then the weakest believer shall share the triumphs of his Saviour, shall walk the golden streets of the Celestial City, and drink of the pure "river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb."

Oh, joyous prospect—triumph of triumphs—secured by our Eliakim for every vessel of mercy! We shall dwell with Him in the home of rest and peace which "God hath prepared for them that love Him." May this exalted hope cheer us. Redeeming grace secures us triumph upon triumph in the pilgrimage of life, but the resurrection of Christ has secured for us a triumphant entry into the heavenly kingdom. Shall we not praise the name of Him who hath secured for us endless bliss?

What say you, then, dear reader, to our tokens, tests, and triumphs? Can you add your Amen to them, as those that you realize as you trudge onwards and homewards? We do not expect to be understood by the world, nor to receive any sympathy from the world of professors; but you "that know the joyful sound," I am comforted to think we go on together with a response of heart and soul.

And then, lastly, there is in store for us *the triumph of the calm of heaven*. Can we ever forget the power of those words, when Jesus stood up in the ship, and, in the majesty and dignity of His character and power of His voice, said, "Peace, be still; and there was a great calm"? The disciples had been in the midst of the noise and fury of the tumultuous waves. They had been at their wits' ends to know what to do; and the Master was asleep, as if unconcerned. Their faith was verily at a low ebb; but, in the extremity, they cry, "Lord, save, or we perish!" and Jesus rebukes the winds and the waves. He makes the storm a calm; the tremendous agitation ceases; the most perfect tranquillity prevails; the sea becomes a sea of glass. So shall it be presently with the tempest-tossed child of God. It will all be over soon. Jesus is near. Blessed Jesus, Thy power will silence all the winds and waves of angry care; and every blood-bought vessel of mercy shall be, in Thine own appointed time, wafted into the haven of perfect rest and eternal tranquillity. Then shall we realize the fulness of those words, "Peace, be still; and there was a great calm."

Well, then, beloved, the closing year, if one may speak for others, finds us "vessels of small quantity" hanging upon the omnipotent strength of our spiritual Eliakim—weak vessels hanging upon Jesus. But, blessed be God, we are not without our tokens, tests, and triumphs. Some of these we have enlarged upon; many more might be given.

The *token* of the precious blood of Jesus shed for us; of His divine presence, "God with us;" our salvation, strength, and song; and of faith, which is His gift, centred in Him, the Source and Substance of it. *Tests*, such as a thirst for the truth of God; sanctified affliction sent in love; divine leading in the right way; and a necessary, but withal gracious, discipline. And then *triumphs!* The triumph of redeeming grace constantly experienced; the triumph the resurrection and ascension of Christ has ensured for us; and the triumph of the endless enjoyment of the calm of heaven. God be praised!

We close this year's "Notes" with a thought and desire which at the moment rolls into our mind—

Thou blest Eliakim, extend Thy strength,  
And to Thyself, oh, closer draw,  
Till by Thy grace we tread at length  
Where fears and griefs alarm no more!

Burton-on-Trent.

G. C.

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### THE NATIVITY.

AN Infant born into a world of sin,  
Of low estate, yet heralded therein  
By angel choirs bursting the veil of  
  night,  
And with their radiance dazzling the  
  sight  
Of lowly shepherds, while a shining  
  ray  
Of light refulgent, brighter than the  
  day,  
Streams forth from heaven's window,  
  open wide,  
Ushering in the holy Christmastide.  
Then, ere the shepherds from their  
  wonderment  
At this sublime and glorious event  
Have well recovered, the calm mid-  
  night air  
Resounds with melody, and voices fair,  
Wont to fill heaven's dome with rap-  
  turous song,  
Chant airs harmonious as they wind  
  along  
Through starry space towards the  
  little band  
Of midnight watchers who in terror  
  stand,  
Doubting their vision till, in accents  
  clear,  
The angelic host bids them dismiss  
  their fear,  
And sing for joy, for they a message  
  bring  
Full of glad tidings of a new-born King.  
And while the awe-struck watchers of  
  the night

Listen with reverence 'mid the blaze of  
  light,  
The heaven-sent messengers the story  
  tell  
Of Him who came to conquer death  
  and hell,  
And break the bonds that held in  
  sinful thrall  
The human race since Adam's direful  
  fall.  
Then, soaring back towards the em-  
  pyreal dome,  
They enter once again their heavenly  
  home;  
The moon and stars regain their sober  
  light,  
Quenched in the greater glory of the  
  night.  
Then, hasting to pursue their holy  
  quest,  
Obedient to the heavenly behest,  
Their eyes yet feasting on the won-  
  drous sight  
Occasioned by the angels' heavenward  
  flight,  
The favoured shepherds run with  
  willing feet,  
The Infant Saviour of the world to  
  greet;  
And find Him, as the herald angels  
  said,  
Wrapped in the swaddling clothes, and  
  manger laid.  
Oh, inconceivable and wondrous love,  
To quit that bright and glorious home  
  above,

Though 'twere to sway the sceptre of  
our world,  
By sin and lust in dire confusion  
hurled !  
E'en though in lesser majesty and  
state,  
To reign supreme, and righteous laws  
dictate.  
Though all creation had assumed a  
mien  
Of awe and adoration at the scene  
Of the eternal God in manhood's dress,  
Mortal in outward form, God none the  
less ;  
Earth's holy Architect, in whom all  
power  
Centres and dwells, both now and  
evermore ;  
In whom all nature lives, and by whose  
might  
The sun and moon perform their course  
aright ;  
Who overrules the purposes of man,  
And shapes them to work out creation's  
plan,  
As settled in the eternal mind of God  
Ere man was formed from out the  
parent sod ;  
Who, in His loving, all-embracing  
care,  
In which the humblest of His people  
share,  
Renews each season to the grateful  
earth  
The bloom and pristine beauty of their  
birth ;  
To whose divine commands archangels  
list,  
In adoration at the voice of Christ ;  
While with hosannas loud the heavens  
ring,  
And seraphs bow the knee before their  
King.  
Though all terrestrial powers had  
conspired,  
In great magnificence and pomp attired,  
To welcome Him to earth, an honoured  
Guest,  
As One whose holy presence all things  
blest :  
The condescension of the Saviour then,  
In visiting the abode of sinful men,  
Might well have formed a never-ending  
theme  
For angel songs or poet's sacred dream.  
What language, then, is able to convey  
To man's conception e'er so faint a ray

*Brighton.*

Of that great love that brought the  
Saviour down,  
That made Him lay aside His Kingly  
crown,  
That made Him pass the very angels  
by,  
And bear the form of Adam's progeny ?  
Wise men of old, with perfumes choice  
and sweet,  
Hastened to lay them at the Infant's  
feet ;  
That new-born star, that shed its tran-  
quil light  
Over the manger, guided them aright ;  
Blest harbinger of Him who came to  
save  
His people through the portals of the  
grave ;  
Shedding along life's path a holy beam,  
To guide men to Himself, the Fountain  
Stream.  
But we who to that Infant Stranger  
owe  
Pardon, and peace, and balm for every  
woe,  
Need not to Bethlehem's humble cot  
repair  
To offer Him our sacrifice of prayer.  
Wherever those who love His sacred  
name  
Together meet, His praises to proclaim,  
There in the midst He stands, waiting  
to bless,  
And cheer their pathway through the  
wilderness.  
He who can feel for all His children's  
ills,  
The heaven of heavens with His pre-  
sence fills ;  
No more a humble Suppliant at an  
inn,  
He lives in glory now who came to  
win  
Eternal glory for His chosen race,  
The trophies of His own redeeming  
grace.  
And, like those ancient seers who from  
afar  
Followed the guidance of that sacred  
star,  
Laden with precious gifts, so may we  
bring  
An offering meet to lay before the  
King—  
An offering, like theirs, of odours fair,  
Which Christ shall prize above the  
spices rare.

STEPHEN SHARP.

## Pilgrim Papers.

## JESUS, THE CONSTANT COMPANION OF HIS FEARING BRETHREN.

"And Moses called unto Joshua, and said unto him in the sight of all Israel, Be strong and of a good courage: for thou must go with this people unto the land which the Lord hath sworn unto their fathers to give them; and thou shalt cause them to inherit it."—DEUTERONOMY xxxi. 7.

"WE would see *Jesus*," is the cry of every truly enlightened soul. Having gained the faintest glimpse of Him, the heart is ever yearning for fresh revelations of His Person, and greater and more glorious manifestations of His work, His grace, His favour, and His love. If His weak and weary bride addresses Him, she says, "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where *Thou* feedest, where *Thou* makest Thy flock to rest at noon" (Cant. i. 7); while to the watchman on the walls goes forth the anxious inquiry, "Saw ye *Him* whom my soul loveth?" (Cant. iii. 3.) Oftentimes her sad complaint ascends to His ears as sweet perfume, even through the mist and gloom of night, "I sought *Him*, but I found *Him* not." Yes, the one Object of the Church's search is *Jesus*; and what, beloved in the Lord, is God's own Book—the written Word—without the revelation of the "incarnate *Word*" therein? Blessed be God, He still continues to begin "at Moses and all the prophets," to expound unto His own short-sighted followers "the things concerning *Himself*" (Luke xxiv. 27).

The Apostle Paul, after briefly referring to the passage of Israel of old through the wilderness, adds, "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples [or *types*, margin], and they are written for our admonition" (1 Cor. x. 11). Glorious truths concerning *Jesus* are revealed to us in Old Testament types and shadows. Indeed, if He is not apprehended as the Substance of every shadow, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelation, nought but "vanity and vexation of spirit" is realized by the family of God. Eternal Spirit, may it please Thee, then, in the exercise of sovereign power and grace, to unveil a precious Christ to the waiting and wanting souls of His pilgrim people, and take them aside to rest awhile in this sweet portion, "Thou must go with this people." Each word beams with goodness, grace, and glory. The theme seems one too vast, too great, too comprehensive, for a poor finite mortal to handle, or to know where to begin to give out a few thoughts which arise in connection therewith—

"Oh, that I had a seraph's fire,  
His rapturous song and golden lyre,  
To chant the love and grace supreme  
Revealed as in the Gospel scheme!"

Moses, the most favoured servant of the Lord, who had been privileged to speak with Him face to face, was approaching the end of his journey. His mortal career was well-nigh past, and the time drew near that he must die. The unbending decree had gone forth, "Thou shalt be gathered unto thy people;" but, before he ascended the lonely "mountain of Nebo," and climbed the slopes of Pisgah, he

pleads once more the cause of his rebellious charge. "And Moses spake unto the Lord, saying, Let the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, set a man over the congregation, which may go out before them, and which may go in before them, and which may lead them out, and which may bring them in; that the congregation of the Lord be not as sheep which have no shepherd. And the Lord said unto Moses, Take thee Joshua, the son of Nun, a man in whom is the Spirit, and lay thine hand upon him; and set him before Eleazar the priest, and before all the congregation; and give him a charge in their sight. . . . At his word shall they go out, and at his word they shall come in, both he, and all the children of Israel with him, even all the congregation. And Moses did as the Lord commanded him: and he took Joshua, and set him before Eleazar the priest, and before all the congregation: and he laid his hands upon him, and gave him a charge" (Num. xxvii. 15—23).

Behold, a Greater than Joshua is here! In answer to the request of Moses, he was ordained and appointed to his office; but love—uninfluenced, immutable, and eternal love—alone could move the great Jehovah, Lord of heaven and earth, to give His Son, His Well-Beloved, "a Leader and Commander" to His people. "*A man in whom is the Spirit.*" See! "And there shall come forth a Rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots: and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord" (Isa. xi. 1, 2). In the purpose of His Father, this glorious Man was set apart, anointed, and appointed to redeem His people, and to bring them safely home. He descended, in time, to these lowlands of sin and sorrow to do His Father's will, and bears testimony to His own commission thus—"I came down from heaven, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me. And this is the Father's will which hath sent Me, that of all which He hath given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." Does the Father say to Him, "*Thou must go with this people*"? He willingly replies with tenderest grace and deep, untold affection, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I *must* bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd" (John x. 16).

"Thou must!" This is a truth most precious, as apprehended in the spiritual experience of the living family, who know so much of weakness, failure, and imperfection. As "strangers and pilgrims," redeemed from Egyptian bondage and brought into the wilderness, oftentimes their spirits fail as they see the vast expanse of desert which lies between them and their home; and the anxious questioning goes forth from many a burdened, sorrow-stricken soul, "How can I meet this innumerable company of enemies? How can I ever pass through this dreary wild?" Oh, the weary, ceaseless conflict! The din, the turmoil, the strife of battle crush the poor pilgrim to the very dust of death, and he is often wayworn, sad, and desolate. No flower-strewn path is marked out for the traveller of Zion, but every step of his homeward march is disputed by his enemies, and he is engaged in a close hand-to-hand fight. From the first moment

of his deliverance from the law, till he enters through the gates into the city of his God, the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, the enmity, scorn, and hatred of the world must be encountered, and the temptations and assaults of the devil will be felt; and, as he beholds all these pitched in battle array against him, he sighs out, "I have no might against this great company that cometh against me, neither know I what to do, but mine eyes are upon Thee."

But oh, what a precious truth—to all such, the faithful Companion and Deliverer of His people will say so sweetly, "Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not your's, but God's. . . . Ye shall not need to fight in this battle; set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you: O Judah and Jerusalem, fear not, nor be dismayed, for the Lord will be with you."

Again and again are the children of God brought into such straits that they cannot deliver themselves, and as often are they brought to exclaim, "I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings" (Psa. xl. 1, 2). "An horrible pit"—yes, "horrible" indeed. In it "a horror of great darkness" falls upon the lonely pilgrim; but, according to the marginal rendering, it is "a pit of noise." All that is known therein is the "confused noise" of battle, and the poor warrior falls, stunned, before the well-aimed blows of his skilful enemy; for the devil knows well how to buffet, to batter, and to shatter.

What can be done in such a case, poor fellow-pilgrim? Deep down in that awful pit thou dost sink in the mire. Whither, oh, whither canst thou look? Only to our ever-adorable Joshua, the Saviour of His weak and helpless brethren. Blessed be God, the Captain of the Lord's host *must* go with His people, and bring them into the land purposed, promised, and prepared for them. The Captain of our salvation, made perfect through suffering, *must* ever stand by His cast-down, trodden-down, oppressed friends. Strangers may—yea, they will—rise up against them—great and terrible adversaries unknown before—and contest with them each step of their homeward journey; while dreadful oppressors, with dark, gloomy, and lying suggestions, seek after their life, and oft cause them to cry, "Draw nigh unto my soul, and redeem it. Deliver me because of mine enemies!" "Enemies!" Yes, "they are lively and they are strong." A host of sins, iniquities, and transgressions oftentimes press upon the conscience, and drink up all the spirits. Tell me, ye who know something of warfare and daily conflict, does not accursed unbelief sometimes seem like a grim monster standing over you, and bidding you give up every confidence? And then, again, does not a feeling of terrible indifference seize you and hold you with an iron grasp?

The adversary of souls, in varied garbs, seeks after the life of the children of the Lord. With vain toys and trifles of earth he would allure them to destruction; or, if they are not ignorant of these devices, terrible blasts from the dread caverns of death sweep away every hope in eternal realities, or fiery darts from hell's dark regions oft cause the soul to quiver with fear, astonishment, and bewilderment,

and almost drive it to despair. Yet, in all this, Zion's Companion, Leader, and Deliverer is there, ready to save and nigh at hand to bless.

Dear reader, is it not blessed to know that of necessity *He must go with thee?* Powerful thine enemy is; skilful he may be; but he cannot touch thee till he obtains permission, and then he is a chained foe. See! "He is in thine hand, but save his life." Thy gracious Lord will see to it that he goes but to the length of his tether, and eventually He will cause him to be filled with confusion, and prove him a liar, as He did in the case of His servant Job.

The devil never wearies in seeking to distress and destroy the loved ones of Jehovah. He will insinuate that the family likeness is wanting in thee; and, if that fails to overthrow the faith of God's own giving, he works upon the infidelity of the carnal mind until his victim almost believes there is no home, no heaven, no rest beyond this weary world. Oh, sorrowful fellow-traveller, is it thus the arch-deceiver and father of lies seeks to taunt and distress thy trembling soul? Well, Jesus, thy Friend, thy Saviour, and thy Brother, knows well

"what sore temptations mean,  
For He has felt the same."

Wherefore, "think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are *partakers of Christ's sufferings.*" Thus saith the Lord, "There remaineth therefore a rest;" and, till thou art brought to realize it in all its fulness, thou canst not be left alone, however much Satan may suggest that the last word has been granted to thee, and the last visitation of thy Lord bestowed upon thee. All through life's weary way a precious Christ, the faithful Conductor of His own, shall be with thee, and bring thee into the land which He has prepared.

"Thou must go with this people." God's elect are "strangers scattered in an evil world;" foolish, weak, and helpless as sheep. "They wander in the wilderness in a solitary way, and find no city to dwell in." Without their covenant Conductor and Guide, it would be utterly impossible for them ever to reach their home; but with Him, all must be well. Like Joshua of old, He has trodden before them every step of the wilderness journey. Pre-eminently the "Man of Sorrows," He knows full well the trials, dangers, and difficulties of the way; while "He was tempted in all points like unto His brethren, yet without sin." Enemies of every shape and name thronged His path from Bethlehem's manger to Calvary's cross. Truly "their Governor proceeded from the midst of them," for He who had dwelt in the bosom of the Father descended to this dark vale, and was compassed with infirmity like His people. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Shame, ignominy, reproach, and scorn were heaped upon His sinless head; sorrow upon sorrow, wave upon wave, rushed upon Him, and broke His tender heart; and sighs, tears, weariness, and want must be endured by Him who upholds all worlds, and satisfies the desire of every living thing. He was assaulted by the devil as none other ever could be, and driven from His Father's

presence, to have His dwelling with the wild beasts of the wilderness. Oftentimes He cast His weary eyes homeward and heavenward, while He sighed for the accomplishment of His work, and looked forward with eager anticipation to that moment when He should cry, "It is finished!"

Oh, glorious Christ, truly Thou art able to conduct Thy people along the lonely way, and to sympathize with them in every anxiety, perplexity, and care—

"O Lord, through tribulation  
Our weary journey lies;  
Through scorn and sore temptation,  
And watchful enemies.

"Midst never-ceasing dangers  
We through the desert roam;  
As pilgrims here and strangers,  
We seek the rest to come.

"Jesus, Thou, too, once hasted  
This weary desert through;  
Once fully tried and tasted  
Its bitterness and woe.

"And hence Thy heart is tender  
In truest sympathy;  
Though now the heavens render  
All praise on high to Thee."

"*Thou must!*" Oh, what glorious certainty is ever seen in that salvation purposed and performed by Israel's Triune God for them! *Must!* It admits of no failure, it allows of no imperfection. Yea, it indicates divine necessity. Not that our Joshua could ever be under any obligation to His people, but voluntarily He undertook to accompany them—yea, He has sworn to bring them into the land He has prepared, and to plant them in the mountain of His inheritance. He has pledged Himself, by His own existence, safely to keep each jewel of His Father's choice—to bring by His own mighty power each sheep of the chosen flock securely to the fold, and every child in His Father's family in safety to the many-mansioned home. "Through much tribulation we *must* enter the kingdom." Many an one shrinks from that "much tribulation," yet they *must* each and all pass through it; but, blessed be God, "The Breaker is come up *before* them: they have broken up, and have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it: and their King shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them" (Micah ii. 13). Yes—

"The souls that would to Jesus press  
Must fix this firm and sure,  
That tribulation, more or less,  
They *must*, they shall, endure."

Nevertheless, a precious Christ says so sweetly to every member of His mystical body, "I am with you alway, even unto the end." To the end of every sorrow, every sin, every anxiety, every care, every perplexity, every doubt, every fear, every temptation, and every tribulation, "the Lord is there."

"*With* this people." That is a glorious word. It tells of union, communion, salvation, grace, and glory. *With* them in covenant, when He betrothed them to Himself for ever; *with* them in time, when He descended to the depths of their degradation, sin, and shame; *with* them He walks through this waste, howling wilderness, until they enter into the joy of their Lord, when they shall be *with* Him throughout a long eternity. To His sinful, erring Jacob He appeared in richest

grace, and said, "I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. . . . I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." *With* Daniel in the lions' den He stays to shut the lions' mouths. *With* Joseph in the Egyptian prison He dwells, and all things prosper. *With* Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, He walks the fiery furnace and communes. His presence *with* His eternally-loved ones is their only safeguard. Moses is sent to confront Pharaoh, and to bring out God's captive Israel from the land of Egypt; but all his power and fitness for the office is summed up in this sweet communication, "Certainly I will be with thee" (Exod. iii. 12). Gideon is raised up to save Israel out of the hand of the Midianites; but, feeling his own utter helplessness and weakness, he exclaims, "Oh, my Lord, wherewith shall I save them? . . . . And the Lord said unto him, Surely I will be *with* thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man" (Judges vi. 16).

This was the secret of David's confidence as he stood before the giant of Gath—"The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, *He* will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." Yes, Jesus has ever been *with* His people as they journey through this vale of tears. Poor tempest-tossed child of the living God, love—eternal, uninfluenced, unchanging love—forbids Him ever to forsake His blood-bought own. All men may forsake thee, that thou mayst have fellowship with Him in that spot of darkness and desertion; yet will *He* not forget thee. Mists and darkness may envelop thy frail barque, as it tosses to and fro on the ocean of life; the Sun of Righteousness may be obscured from view by the "cloud that cometh betwixt" (Job xxxvi. 32); yet He will bring thee to acknowledge, "Notwithstanding, the Lord stood *with* me, and strengthened me; . . . and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion. And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom."

"He bringeth the wind out of His treasures" (Psa. cxxxv. 7). "Can it be that each cold, biting wind which sweeps across the wilderness—the wind that chases me as dry stubble before it, withers every hope and casts down every stronghold—the wind which sweeps my loved ones from before mine eyes into the silent tomb, and carries away all that I hold most dear in this dark valley—is this from the 'treasury' of my Father?" sighs the anxious, broken-hearted, desolate pilgrim. Yes, that very wind, beloved in the Lord, which tosses thee hither and thither on life's tempestuous sea, and oftentimes seems "to beat thy frail boat backward from the longed-for harbour"—*this* is a treasure from His gracious hands—

"He bids these waters swell. In His good time  
The last rough wave shall bear thee on its bosom  
Into the haven of eternal peace.  
No billows after!"

God's wind a treasure? Yes; because it drives thee nearer *home*; it chases thee to thy Father's arms for shelter, and thy Father's heart for sympathy; it teaches thee that short, but hardest of all lessons for His child to learn, "*Christ is all*;" it brings thee to His feet, and

draws forth from thy breaking heart the earnest, child-like cry, "Lord, save me, or I perish!"

In this sin-stricken vale, clouds will surround the pilgrims of Zion. Thorns and briars will oftentimes cause them pain; crooked and rough places will fill the aching heart with anxiety and care; deep waters of affliction will flow across the pathway; fierce fires of temptation, persecution, and tribulation will be their lot; and, in bitterness of spirit, the tried children of the Lord will oft groan out, "*Now He hath made me weary.*" Yet in all these the Lord Jesus will soothe every throbbing heart and each sad spirit with the gracious communication, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. . . . Fear not, for I am with thee." Yes, He maketh "the weight for the winds; and He weigheth the waters by measure" (Job xxviii. 25). Each blast, come whence it will, is weighed by Infinite Wisdom, while each deep water of affliction, sorrow, or distress, is measured out by boundless, unchanging, and eternal love. See—

"It needs our hearts be weaned from earth,  
It needs that we be driven  
By loss of every earthly stay  
To seek our rest in heaven."

The Lord, in tender mercy, will keep His beloved ones from settling down in these cold regions of the faded leaf. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone does lead them," and all this to make them "press toward the mark," "looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God."

"With them!" Yes, the Captain of their salvation cheers them onward with words of purest grace, and bids them "endure hardness," as good soldiers, and consider how He, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, and despised the shame, being "straitened" until His baptism of suffering, unequalled and unknown by mortal, should be accomplished.

"Thou must go with this people." Such is the commission to our ever-blessed Jesus, and, blessed be God, from this adorable Person there can be no separation. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"*Unto the land.*" The land of Canaan was one of temporal blessing, typical of the Gospel land of light, life, love, and liberty. To it Joshua was commanded to lead the Lord's chosen. That was a land of plenty and a land of blessing, but bears little analogy to the heavenly country to which Jesus will—yea, must—lead His own. It

flowed with milk and honey, but the Canaanite dwelt therein, and many an enemy had to be driven therefrom after God's Israel were brought within its borders. But see! There is a city where the redeemed of the Lord shall walk; where songs and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads, and the days of their mourning shall be ended. Even unto this land Jesus shall guide and lead His tempted brethren. His presence down here is the one thing for which His weary children sigh. Again and again they groan out, "I am not able to bear all this burden alone, because it is too heavy for me; and, if Thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray Thee, out of hand, if I have found favour in Thy sight, and let me not see my wretchedness." And then oftentimes the anxious question arises, "How wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?"

Unto the promised land their precious Saviour and Succourer must go with them. When flesh and heart shall fail—when they shall hear the solemn words, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore"—yes, poor faint-hearted one, in that dread moment a precious Christ shall "begin to be magnified in thine eyes." In that very spot He will stand with thee, even in the midst of Jordan; and, as His feet shall touch the brim of the deathful river, the waters shall be divided, and thou shalt enter within the veil, leaning on the arm of thy Beloved, owning and acknowledging, "He led me on safely, so that I feared not, but the sea overwhelmed mine enemies. He brought me to the border of this sanctuary, even to *this mountain*, which His right hand had purchased."

"Unto the land." It was this gracious assurance made the now-glorified TOPLADY write so sweetly—

"Shudder not to pass the stream;  
Venture all thy care on Him;  
Him whose dying love and power  
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

"Safe is the expanded wave,  
Gentle as a summer's eve;  
Not one object of His care  
Ever suffered shipwreck there."

"The land." Here human thought and imagination entirely fail. No finite mind can comprehend in any measure or describe the glories of "Immanuel's land." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit" (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10). "It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2). "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now we know in part; but then shall we know even as we are known" (1 Cor. xiii. 12). Much that is mere speculation is taught in these days of departure from the truth, concerning the state and abode of the justified spirit after it quits this clay tenement. "Ye make the Word of God of none effect by your tradition" might well be inscribed upon most of these theories. What saith the Scripture? "Absent from the body, . . . present [or at home] with the Lord" (2 Cor. v. 8). Indeed, we need wander no further than the words of our ever-gracious Companion and Friend to the thief expiring by His side. At the eleventh hour this eternally-loved one is snatched from the jaws of death. He prays, and, in answer

to that God-given petition, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom," words of richest grace and most affectionate tenderness flow from the lips of his dying Lord and Friend, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise" (Luke xxiii. 43). Presumptuous professors seek to interpret the meaning of that word "*paradise*," but broken-hearted sinners see bliss, glory, and unceasing happiness inscribed upon those precious words, "*with Me*."

What is heaven? Reader, listen to the words of the sainted JOSEPH HART—

"Heaven is that holy, happy place  
Where sin no more defiles;  
Where God unveils His blissful face,  
And looks, and loves, and smiles!"

What is glory? Is it not sweetly described in the language of the poet—

"The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear Bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace.

"Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His pierced hand;  
*The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land*?"

"*With Me*." Dear reader, is not this sufficient? "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." Hast thou ever obtained the faintest glimpse of the Person of Jesus? Dost thou know ought of the bride's glorious description of Him given in the Canticles? (ch. v. 10—16.) Hast thou ever sat at His feet, leaned on His breast, heard His voice, or received one of the sweet kisses of His mouth? If so, no explanation of the words, "*with Me*," is needed. If not, to thee there can be no solution of them.

*Heaven!* It is the land of light, of rest, of love! Love beams in every eye, and glows on every face, while endless adoration and praise unceasing flow from every tongue to Him who ever and anon is opening up new glories to the astonished gaze of His redeemed, and they drink deeper and still deeper "draughts of bliss unknown, and 'Hallelujah!' sing." *Heaven!* It is the Father's home, where He will have His children gathered round about Him throughout a long eternity. It is the resting-place of Jesu's bride, where she has nought to do but gaze for ever on His face and feast upon His love. It is the everlasting dwelling-place of the Spirit-taught family. Far from the temptations of Satan, freed from the burden of the flesh, and for ever shut in from a proud world's scorn, *they rest!* "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest"—

"While Jesu's name swells every song  
A whole eternity along!"

Oh, yes, the white-robed throng, led onward by the God-Man, shall gain the promised land—

"Brought home by rich and sovereign grace,  
From every nation, tribe, and tongue,  
They bow before Jehovah's face,  
And join the everlasting song;  
Without a sorrow, fear, or doubt,  
'Salvation to our God!' they shout.

“ Arrayed in robes of righteousness,  
 With glorious crowns and harps of gold,  
 Among them Jesus dwells to bless ;  
 His matchless glory they behold ;  
 And, as they gaze, repeat their songs—  
 ‘ Salvation to our God ’ belongs.”

“ *With Me.*” Well might the Apostle write to the Philippian Church, “ I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.” Many of His fainting brethren now groan out, “ In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness”—yes, thus they wander on and sigh for *Christ*; and in deed and in truth, this is a blessed token for good, showing that they are not at home, but “ pilgrims and strangers.”

Beloved in the Lord, it is written, “ Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness.” Human nature objects to this, and would say rather, “ Blessed are they that are filled.” Well, here Zion’s pilgrims *do* hunger and thirst; yonder, “ they hunger no more, neither thirst any more.” Here, fiery serpents and scorpions bite and devour the travellers through this “ great and terrible wilderness,” and “ fiery darts of the wicked ” are hurled against the life of God within; yonder, no sun shall light on them again, nor any heat. Here, many a heart is sighing for the presence of the Shepherd of Israel and the rich pastures of His grace; yonder, “ the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them to living fountains of waters.” Here, they “ serve the Lord with many tears and temptations,” while “ bread of tears ” and “ tears to drink in great measure ” are their appointed portion; but yonder, “ God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” On Mount Zion stands the Lamb, and with Him an innumerable company of blood-washed sinners, “ having His Father’s name written in their foreheads.” With Him they walk in white; upon Him their hungry spirits feed for ever; in Him they *rest* unceasingly where the gloomy shades of night are unknown, sorrow’s voice is for ever hushed, pain is eternally banished, and all curse is done away. Well may we sigh—

“ Oh, sacred rest, for thee we groan,  
 And bid the wheels of time roll on,  
 To bring that hour when we shall rise  
 To endless glories in the skies.”

In these lowlands of sin and sorrow, no true satisfaction is known, save for the few short moments when a precious Christ, the Leader of His pilgrim people, is pleased to reveal Himself; but, in His Father’s home, the land which the Lord hath sworn to give His children, is “ abundant satisfaction,” and He will “ make them drink of the rivers of His pleasures ” (Psa. xxxvi. 8). “ Unto this land ” Jehovah-Jesus *must* come with His weary brethren, and He “ shall cause them to inherit it.” He is *with* them in life and *with* them in death, and to all eternity they shall be “ in His presence,” where is “ fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.”

Dear reader, language all fails as we attempt to speak of that holy land. All we can add is, that it is “ an inheritance incorruptible, and

undefiled, and that fadeeth not away, reserved in heaven for those who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time;” and there the kept ones shall stand in the immediate presence of Him whose smile to them, down here, is heaven below. They shall “see His face,” and “serve Him day and night in His temple,” from which they shall go out no more for ever.

May these few contemplations serve to cheer a few of the lonely wanderers along the dreary way, and enable them, in blissful anticipation, to sing—

“There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.”

The Lord grant it, for Christ's sake. Amen.

K. B.

“THE MASTER SAITH.”

“Come to Me, thou heavy laden,”  
Bending, weary, 'neath thy load;  
Other help hath failed to lighten  
Burdens which the soul have bowed.

“Come!” for I will ease thee wholly;  
“Rest” bestow beyond thy reck;  
“Learn of Me, the meek and lowly;”  
Put “My yoke” about thy neck.

“Easy yoke,” 'tis love's glad labour;  
“Lightest burden,” joy to bear;  
He who knows His Saviour's favour  
Finds a precious resting there.

Hitherto, thou faint and “thirsty,”  
Thou hast tried, and proved it true;  
Earthly sources—aye, they fail thee;  
Here are joys for ever new.

“Living fountains,” never failing,  
Streams shall yield of rich supply,  
For thy thirsty soul's refreshing  
In a desert land and dry.

Wandering ones who, in life's journey,  
Grope in darkness worse than night,  
Hither turn, with longing weary,  
For “the Way, the Truth, the  
Light.”

Pitying eye, it long hath watched thee,  
Seen thy longings for the light;  
“Light of the world” Himself would  
guide thee,  
Breaking on thy wondering sight.

Oh, what precious invitation  
Doth the blessed Master give!  
Fraught with holiest benediction  
To the soul that will receive.

Yet a word of grave condition,  
Hark! He speaketh unto thee—  
“Mine who are must, no exception,  
'Take the cross and follow Me.”

In a path beset with danger,  
Foes surrounding all the way;  
List His accents, wise and tender,  
Thou hast need to “watch and pray.”

Travellers nearing death's dark valley,  
Hear His sweetest, tenderest word—  
“I that way do go before thee;  
I, thy Master and thy Lord.

“Yonder, place will I prepare thee,  
When thy journey's end shall come;  
There shalt thou be ever with Me,  
In that blest, eternal home.”

S. E. BANCROFT.

If poor sinners were not fearful of falling, they would not hold so fast by Christ. You may pull some people's heads off before you can make them let go their hold when they are in danger of falling from a great height. I pray God the danger you are in may make you hold fast by Christ.—Hill.

## SUNDAY GLEANINGS.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 PETER v. 7.

WHO is without a care? No one. This world is a world of cares. Every one has them—cares for themselves, for their health, reputation, provision, success, &c.; and cares for others, for relatives, parents, children, dependents, or friends. Some have so many cares that they seem to be almost overwhelmed with them. Like Martha, they are "careful and troubled about many things." Even the truest believer has them. He may not, perhaps, have the cares of the worldly man, but he has other cares; and he may not, perhaps, be full of cares, but still he has some cares. He has cares for his soul, cares for the right use of the talents committed to him, and cares for the souls of others, and for the honour and glory of God.

Now, with respect to these, there is given here a charge—"Casting all your care upon Him;" and this charge is based upon an assurance, namely, "He careth for you." This charge is plainly addressed to believers, as we learn from the preceding portions of this Epistle; and it includes both a duty and a privilege. It includes a duty, for the Apostle does not say, "You may cast your cares upon Him"—the Lord Jesus—"you are permitted so to do, if you like;" but he speaks of it as a command, and he says, as it were, "You are to do it." Is there not good reason for this command? How exceedingly injurious are cares to the believer! They interfere with his usefulness, and they rob him of peace. They are, as the Saviour intimates, "thorns," which choke the good seed, and check its fruitfulness. They are burdens, and the believer, as a runner in a race, needs to get rid of them. And this charge also includes a privilege. Imagine a weak and ailing person carrying a heavy burden up a long, steep hill. He almost faints beneath its weight; but presently, a tall, strong man overtakes him, to whom that weight is as nothing. He accosts the poor ailing man, and says, "Give me that burden; I will carry it for you." How gladly is the offer accepted! Is there not such an offer practically included in these words, "Casting all your care upon Him"?

But we may ask, "How can we practically avail ourselves of this privilege, and fulfil this duty?" Perhaps we earnestly long to get rid of our cares, and yet they cling to us still. The answer is, *By faith*. "All things are possible to him that believeth." Faith in God; faith in Him as our Father, our Saviour, our Friend; faith in His wisdom, power, and love—this is the true remedy for cares.

Other considerations may perhaps help us, *e.g.*, paying more attention to the things of the present than to those of the future; allowing the morrow, in very deed, to "take thought for the things of itself;" for, cares, generally speaking, refer far more to the future than to the present. The remembrance, too, of the frequent occasions upon which cares have been needless—when we have been anxious about something which we afterwards knew we need not have been anxious about. We feared that some trouble was coming, and, after all, it never came; or, if it did come, circumstances were so much altered, or we were, by divine loving-kindness, so well prepared for it, that it was no trouble at all.

We have known, probably, such a case as the following. A lady,

mother of a large family, was intensely anxious about her children. She had a delicate husband, and she expected that she would long survive him. What would she do then, she asked, when he was taken away? and what would become of her family? How would they be provided for, and settled in life? That was many years ago. She has been long dead, but her husband still survives, and her children are all comfortably settled and provided for. How needless were her cares!

Such was the Psalmist's case. How needless were some of his cares! "I shall one day perish," he said, "by the hand of Saul;" but he forgot the divine promise which guaranteed his safety, assuring him that he should succeed to Saul's throne, and become the king of Israel. And what did his cares do for him? They led him into danger, difficulty, and sin.

Another helpful consideration is the inquiry—Has it not been well in the past? so we may be sure it will be in the future. Has not our heavenly Leader proved Himself to be wise and faithful? So He will for ever. Has He, in our experience, broken one of His promises? Never; and He never will—

"His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

And yet another consideration may, in some cases, be helpful, namely, Do we not often allow ourselves to be worried about mere trifles—things which are utterly unworthy of the worry? And will not some, at least, of these things go on much the same, whether we worry ourselves about them or not?

Such considerations as these may, perhaps, help us; but, after all, the true remedy for cares is FAITH—faith which looks through things temporal to the things which are unseen and eternal. We sometimes sing—

"O Lord, how happy should we be,  
If we could cast our cares on Thee,  
If we from self could rest;  
And feel at heart that One above,  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best!"

Why can we not do so?

"Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lightened cheer;  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famished raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear!"

But, again, we observe that this charge is founded upon an assurance, namely, "He careth for you." Do we need proof of this? Think of what He has done for us, if we are indeed His reconciled children—given His dear Son to live and die for us, enrolled our names in the book of life, loved us with an eternal love, blessed us with innumerable blessings, watched over us, kept us, guided us, patiently borne with us, heard and answered our petitions, caused His good-

ness to pass before us. Care for us? Has He not shown it in a thousand ways? How can we doubt it?

Think of His promises. Listen to some of them: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but My loving-kindness shall not depart from thee." "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." "I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine."

Oh, let us not distrust Him for a moment! We honour Him in trusting Him; we dishonour Him in distrusting Him. Be it ours to bring all our cares, and cast them upon Him. Tell Him all about them, and leave them with Him. ALL our cares—cares for the body, or cares for the soul; cares for time, or cares for eternity; cares for ourselves, or cares for others; cares for temporal things, or cares for spiritual; cares for great things, or cares for small; and cast them all upon Him, believing that, unworthy though we are, "He careth for us."

D. A. D., JUNR.

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### Protestant Beacon.

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#### "THE ESCAPED NUN" AT COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL.

ON Tuesday, November 6th, Miss EDITH O'GORMAN, better known as "The Escaped Nun," having been for six years a nun in St. Joseph's Convent, New Jersey, delivered the first of a course of three lectures on conventual life. The lectures have been delivered in many other places, and have excited considerable interest. The subject of the present lecture was "Life in a Convent—The Romish School System—The Romish Priesthood." The chair was taken by the Rev. J. ORMISTON, M.R.A.S.

The chairman, having offered prayer, said they had assembled to hear a lecture on the subject of the conventual system. He wanted to say one or two words on the subject of convents themselves. He had been looking that evening into some statistics upon the subject of convents in their own country. They were aware that, in 1829, an Act of Parliament was passed which made illegal conventual institutions for men; but convent institutions for women were not included in the Act of Parliament. However, experience had proved to them that these institutions were wholly un-English in their character, altogether anti-social, and, at the same time, clearly opposed to the teaching of God's holy Word. They therefore took their stand upon the platform of God's Word, and the highest interests of the commonwealth of their beloved land. In the year 1851, according to returns which had been furnished, there were 53 Roman Catholic convents in England and Wales, whereas in 1883 there were no fewer than 341, an increase of 288. That evening they were to hear something about the inner life of these institutions, and he trusted the practical outcome of that meeting would be that they would do all they could to bring these institutions under the

surveillance of the law of our country. They were no doubt aware that these institutions were generally surrounded by high walls, and were barred by very strong gates. If they were such holy institutions as the Church of Rome and the Ritualists would have them to believe, why should they be enclosed as prisons?—a subject for a satisfactory explanation, but that explanation, so far, had not been forthcoming. The Church of Rome had never furnished them with any satisfactory evidence that the inner life of its convent system was a life of purity. If a death took place inside the walls of a convent, no inquest was held, according to the laws of our country, and which obtained outside. This, to his own mind, was a most unsatisfactory condition of things, because, in the first place, many thousands, it appeared, of their fellow-subjects were immured within the walls, and, in the event of any foul play taking place, there was no inquiry, and the public remained in absolute ignorance of what took place; and, on the other hand, those who desired to escape from them had no possible means of obtaining their freedom. That, again, was un-English, and he hoped the meeting would heartily protest against the principles which underlay these Roman Catholic institutions. They were aware, he supposed, that some of these convents were to be found within one hundred miles of that building. He was bold to say that there was a close alliance between the Church of Rome and the Ritualists in their country, and they were really serving each other, in the hope of securing a common result, and that result, the re-subjugation of England to Papal rule. He held in his hand two or three facts which had been furnished to him within the last twenty-four hours, and they were an illustration of the statement he had just made. He should not mention the name of the Bristol parish where it took place; but he might say that it was within the suburbs of the city. A poor woman lately died in that particular parish to which he referred. She left several children, and one of them was a girl eleven years of age. A lady who conducted a Bible-class in connection with the Church wrote out a certificate, or prepared a paper, by which the Roman Catholics of a convent received that child within their walls. This proved that there was an alliance between the Romanists and Ritualists of Bristol in regard to those conventual institutions. He then introduced the lecturer, who, he said, would no doubt throw some light upon these suggestive facts.

Miss O'GORMAN, who was received with cheers and some hisses, said the monastic teachings of the Romish Church were opposed to the laws of nature, and held its followers with the doctrine that, in order to be perfect, they must live and die in direct opposition to the laws of nature, and required that divine laws should be trampled upon, while the human laws of blind fanatics took the precedence. Embracing that life, they beheld impulsive young creatures of both sexes sacrificing home, friends, wealth, position, all the blessings that God had given them, and devoting their young lives to a perpetual crucifixion of the nature with which God had endowed them. Auricular confession was the most potent means by which the Church of Rome gained her ascendancy and retained supreme control over individual minds and bodies. But for the system of the confessional, the Romish

Church would be a huge, inert mass, deprived of its great power and energy. The lecturer having stated that, in October, 1862, she made the terrible sacrifice that her religion demanded, and entered a convent in New Jersey, proceeded to describe the ceremony of taking the veil, the taking of vows, the system of penance, and various phases of life within the convent. Before concluding, she said that not a single statement in her book or her lectures had been refuted. In her book she had given names and places, and, if they had been false, she would have been imprisoned for libel and slander. Miss O'GORMAN, who is a fluent and impressive speaker, was frequently cheered, and hisses from opponents were now and again mingled with the cheers when some striking statement was made.

At the close Dr. DOUDNEY proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and said his contact with Romanism, when he had the charge of a parish in Ireland, ratified and confirmed the statements which had been put before them. He was glad the lecturer had distinguished between the system and its votaries. He once heard this remark from a Roman Catholic national schoolmaster—"I never read a page of the Bible in my life. You know what would be the consequence if I did." In the parish where he was located for nearly eleven years he gave a challenge—"If your priest will give permission to you to read your own Roman Catholic Bible, in one fortnight I will furnish him with fifty copies gratuitously."

The chairman seconded the vote, which was carried with acclamation.

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### A CHRISTMAS HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN.

HAPPY, happy Christmas !  
 Yes, it comes once more ;  
 Boys and girls assembling,  
 Singing round our door :  
 They sing the old, old story  
 Of Jesus and His love ;  
 Of how He left the glory—  
 His own bright home above.

Happy, happy Christmas !  
 Christ was born to-day ;  
 Hark ! the church bells chiming ;  
 List to what they say—  
 One, two, three, four,  
 Seek the Church's open door ;  
 Five, six, eight, seven,  
 Hear of Christ the way to heaven.

Four, one, three, two,  
 Hear the message, 'tis for you ;  
 Five, six, four, one,  
 God has given His own dear Son ;

Seven, eight, nine, ten,  
 A Saviour free for guilty men ;  
 Three, one, five, four,  
 Sent to open heaven's door.

Seven, eight, one, two,  
 Sinners, Jesus died for you ;  
 Six, five, four, three,  
 Died to set the guilty free ;  
 Five, six, eight, seven,  
 Christ the only Way to heaven ;  
 Two, one, nine, ten,  
 Angels join the loud Amen !

Enter now the church, and kneel ;  
 Hear the organ sweetly peal—  
 "Hark ! the herald angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King ;  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild ;  
 God and sinners reconciled."  
 May this Gospel message sweet  
 Bring us to the Saviour's feet !

AUNT LUCY.

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HOWEVER full the soul may be of trouble, God can find room to deposit a drop of comfort therein.—*Wakeling.*

## DIVINE LEADINGS.

*(Concluded from page 669.)*

WE had many severe trials and much privation to endure after our removal to Haslingden. I could not get on with the cotton weaving very well at first, having before done nothing but woollen; and I believe I must have given it up but for the help of a woman who wove in the same factory, who had often heard me preach at Haslingden for some years, but I never knew her personally. She would come every day and help me out of any difficulty I might be in, and show me how to do it; and thus, by her help, I was enabled to persevere.

Within a year after this she was taken ill, and expressed a wish to see me. I at once went to her, and had much sweet communion with her. I was the unworthy instrument of bringing peace to her poor, troubled, sin-burdened soul on this her dying bed. She died triumphant in the faith. I wrote an obituary of her, which appeared in the *Gospel Standard* in August, 1879. Her name was ALICE TRIPPIER.

On the 1st of January, 1878, Mr. ALEXANDER WORSLEY, of Duckworth Clough Mill, Haslingden, having heard of me, sent for me to come and work for him. I left my other place and started for him, and have worked here ever since, it now being July, 1883. He liked me from the first, and our harmony as master and servant was only broken by his death, which occurred on the 4th of June, 1881. Since his death, his widow, Mrs. GRACE WORSLEY, has continued the same kind feeling toward me. She has often said that, as long as she and I are both alive, I shall have work here as long as I wish for it, on account of my late master's attachment to me.

In June, 1878, he had a house empty here on the mill premises. He asked me to remove into it, which I did, and have lived on the mill premises ever since.

On the 11th of November, 1878, as I was leaving the mill for dinner, the great watch-dog, which was very much attached to me and mine, suddenly fell upon me, and bit me in my cheek and hand. He had gone mad. He was at once fastened up in his kennel, but he went so bad that no one durst go near him, and he was shot the next night. I cannot describe my state of mind, nor that of my poor wife and child, knowing the fatal results which often follow in such cases from hydrophobia. My master and his family were no less concerned about me. One evening he came in and said, "I have just heard of a clergyman, Dr. VERITY, of Habergham, near Burnley, who has an antidote for hydrophobia. Go to him at once, and whatever he charges I will pay." I went and got the antidote, and took it as directed. Some days after, I broke out all over my body in a rash, which, for a fortnight, was intolerable from itching, when my leg, which had been well for seven years, broke out into a wound, and continued running with blood and matter for nine months. Nothing would stop it, and it seemed that it would run my life away. My master was very kind. He allowed me to work when I could, and stay in the house when I could not.

In that state I continued till June, 1879, when I could no longer

stand at my work. I gave it up and went home, as I and all at the mill thought, to die. I then wrote to a friend in London, with whom I had frequently corresponded for some years, and told him exactly the state I was in. By return of post, he sent me a cheque for £5, and told me to make use of it at once, in any way which would do me good. Hope at once sprang up in my soul. I decided to go home into Somersetshire, which I did in July, and spent a fortnight there, in the places where I had been born and bred, and spent my early days. The result was, my body broke out in large boils. I then went to Cardiff, in Wales, and spent eight days there with a friend who had invited me. While I was there my leg healed quite up; all the boils went away, and my strength began to return. At length I came home, quite restored, except a weakness in the nervous system, from the great shock which it had received. It was while passing through Bristol, on my way to Wales, that I had an interview with our beloved Editor, Dr. DOUDNEY, at his house, which precious interview is not forgotten yet.

I had been prayerfully watching the Lord's hand for some months with regard to a removal from my then position, hoping against hope, at times ready to give up in despair, yet hoping and praying still, when the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for May came to hand; and on page 2 of the cover was an advertisement, "Wanted, a Layman," &c. At once the words came sweetly, "This is the way, walk ye in it." I read it to my wife, and said, "Will that do? Shall I apply for it?" She said, "Yes, do so at once; it may be God's will that we get it." I at once applied for it, not knowing or thinking what part of England it might be in. I received a reply from the clergyman who advertised, and how great was my surprise and joy to find that the place was within a few miles of the places where I received my first and second births. In fact, after seventeen years' absence, I was to return home again, or, at least, very near the place of my nativity; for the result was, I got the situation, and (D.V.) I shall be there before these lines will be read in this Magazine.

How wonderfully has the Lord fulfilled His promise given to me on that memorable journey from Liverpool to Huddersfield, seventeen years ago, "And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of" (Gen. xxviii. 15). Blessed be His dear name, He has done it, for not one thing has failed which the Lord my God hath spoken.

Now, my dear Christian friends and readers, my narrative is ended. I have proved by experience in my eventful life that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose" (Rom. viii. 28).

Farewell, beloved. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit, now and evermore. Amen. So prays,

*Haslingden, July, 1883.*

AQUILA CLARK.

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THOUGH God may seem to frown in His providences, yet He always smiles in His promises.

## TO "A PARTICULAR BAPTIST MINISTER."

THE pages of this Magazine, during our connection with it, will, we trust, prove that we have uniformly sought to cherish the feeling of brotherly love and concord of which you speak in your *private* letter to us. Were we, however, to publish the letter which accompanies it, it would tend to *frustrate*, rather than to *foster*, the very spirit you wish to cultivate. Moreover, we believe that, were you to see the said letter in print, none, upon calmer reflection, would regret its appearance more than yourself. Upon the re-perusal of Mr. CLARK'S remarks, we are quite ready to admit that, upon the face of them, they appear sweeping, and to take a range which we cannot for a moment imagine he intended. Our own opinion was, that he meant his statement to bear upon those with whom he had been more immediately connected.

Our opinion in this respect was strengthened from the fact that he mentions the name of one whose letters, addressed to this Magazine, some thirty years ago, were of the warmest and most brotherly character. When certain members of the Particular Baptist denomination refused to subscribe to the new edition of Dr. GILL'S Commentary, because it was about to be published by a Churchman, "THE COLLIER" (as Mr. CLOUGH signed himself) took up the subject, together with others, in a thoroughly becoming spirit. Singular to say that, within the last few days, a correspondent at Brighton wrote to us upon this very subject, being anxious to purchase the volume of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE which contains those identical letters. It is a remarkable fact, however—and we can in no way account for it—that all communications had long ceased before Mr. CLOUGH was called hence. These pages were always open to him. We never remember to have declined a single letter. Hence, we were the more surprised at his withholding them, and could only ascribe it to the influence of some third party, as expressed by Mr. CLARK.

We have merely to add that, if his remarks have been regarded in any other light than that we have just expressed, and that, in consequence, pain and discomfort have been felt, we are sorry that this Magazine should have formed the channel through which such discomfort should have been conveyed. To the utmost of our feeble ability, we have sought, according to the motto which we set up in 1840, to "endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Through the boundless mercy of our God, we have been privileged to succeed to an extent which calls for our adoring wonder and gratitude. We are, therefore, the more anxious, in the present disturbed and distracted state of the professing Churches, to avoid ought tending to bitterness of spirit or needless disputation among those whom we believe to be real members of the household of faith. Such an issue to our imperfect but greatly-protracted labours would indeed sadden the closing up of our Editorial career, which cannot possibly be much longer delayed. As far as *we* are concerned, the Master must be at the very door. We are anxious, therefore, to render an account of our stewardship with joy, and not sorrow.

## Correspondence.

## BUSINESS TURMOIL AND MINISTERIAL TRAVAIL.

*(Concluded from page 690.)*

IN the evening I preached from the words, "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. vii. 25). I had selected these words to speak from in the evening before I had the conversation with the lady previously referred to. They were singularly appropriate. Whether any blessing rested upon the testimony, so far as she was concerned, I know not; but of one thing I felt sure, and do so now—that she was, and is, a vessel of mercy, and will be found at last among the glorified at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

What a standing refutation a case like this is to the notion so much entertained by poor fallen man, that he possesses a latent power, which he can exercise or not at his pleasure or caprice! Here was a poor sensible sinner, convinced that all her righteousnesses were nothing better than filthy rags in Jehovah's sight; convinced that, living and dying without an interest in Christ's blood and obedience, she must sink to hell; convinced that the invitations and promises of the Gospel were absolutely unconditional; convinced that the Lord would confirm every promise and fulfil every threatening; and yet she felt, and had done so for more than fifty years, that she could not lay hold without enabling grace, could not realize anything satisfactorily without divine application, could not with confidence say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." Faith, in the gift of it and in every after exercise of it, is of God. Until He speaks with assuring power, no assurance can be felt worth possessing. Every breath of prayer, every outgoing of love, every budding forth of living desire, is the fruit of the Holy Ghost's operation in the heart of a believer. In measure, there is a sweetness and preciousness now and then experienced by all the Lord's dear Little-Faiths in connection with the work and Person of Christ. The blessed Spirit draws, and then they run; He warms their previously cold heart, and then they revive as the corn; He waters their parched soul, and then the buds of hope, love, joy, and peace show themselves; He lifts the veil which hides Christ from view, and then, for a few moments, the soul is melted with divine goodness. And thus it is with a great number of the chosen generation, the royal priesthood, the holy nation, the peculiar people, to whom, as Peter tells us, Christ is precious.

I have seen the lady referred to in the foregoing since the interview alluded to, having been again to Wolverhampton to preach. The same quiet, serious, grave, anxious, Christ-craving spirit was evidenced by her in conversation which characterized our first meeting. Never, to my recollection, have I ever met with one whose case has awakened greater interest in my breast than hers has. This may arise, to some extent, from her unassuming manner, and from her age, and from the long time she has been seeking and hungering after Christ, and the clear and full manifestation of His salvation.

When I meet with an aged saint, on the shady side of three-score years and ten, and hear them testify of divine goodness and mercy, I feel, generally, a disposition to be still, and listen to their testimony. Naturally, I feel a reverence for, and a deference to, old people, especially Christian people; hence it may be that, upon these grounds, more than ordinary interest has been felt in my heart in this case. But, beyond all this, it has served, when I have thought of it in the pulpit, to inspire me with a stronger determination, if possible, to combat the fleshly, free-will notion that faith may be brought into requisition at the bidding of mortal man. From personal experience I know that I cannot believe when I like, for, if I could, I would, if it were only to save myself from those terrible sinkings of heart which often I am the subject of. Such is the ease-loving disposition of my flesh that, if faith could be exercised by me at my pleasure, I should have it at hand upon every emergency—I should not suffer one hour's trial or distress for the want of it. But I find that, when storms arise, when tempests blow, when foes and fears assail on the right hand and on the left, I sink down in a moment. Faith seems gone, love appears as if it had died out, hope is almost ready to take its last breath, and my soul is filled with gloomy fears respecting the past, and the future, too. My experience accords with what NEWTON says—

“When sin revives and shows its power,  
And Satan threatens to devour;  
When God afflicts, and men revile,  
We draw our steps with pain and toil

“When thus deserted, tempest-tossed,  
All sense of former sweetness lost,  
We tremble lest we were deceived  
In thinking that we once believed.”

I cannot always adopt the language of the last verse and say—

“The Lord first makes the sweetness known  
To win and fix us for His own;  
And, though we now some bitter meet,  
We hope for everlasting sweet.”

I am not always confident that all things work together for my good. I know that they must for all the Lord's children, however their feelings and the unbelief of their heart may try to give the lie to it; but I cannot always see my signs, nor can I always wait patiently for the Lord. No, no! Often I am as impatient as it is possible for any poor mortal to be; as full of fretfulness and repining as if the Lord had never bestowed one single favour upon me. Under these circumstances, my rebellion sometimes rises up to such a fearful extent as that I feel nearly ready to adopt Job's wife's advice, “Curse God and die.”

Often I start from home on the Saturday to fulfil my preaching engagements with just about as much preparedness for it, according to my feelings, as a poor heathen who has never heard the name of Jesus—or, to speak the full extent of my heart upon the matter, as the devil himself. Again and again have I trembled lest I should

be left to my wretched state. I am troubled and burdened on every side. I have business burdens as well as soul burdens. I have the burden of my many sins, infirmities, and unbelief of heart, in addition to the burden of the Word of the Lord. How I get through is sometimes a matter of astonishment to me.

Last Saturday, while travelling into Staffordshire for the purpose of preaching, I rode part of the way—to Birmingham—along with a brother minister. He, like myself, is acquainted with the path of tribulation. We entered into conversation together. After a pause, he asked me if I felt prepared for the morrow. I replied, "If having a good heavy burden upon the shoulders is any qualification, then I am prepared." We compared notes, and found that there was an agreement between us as to the effect of tribulation upon the heart, both without and also with grace in exercise. We were of opinion that trials harden, except as the grace of God, which bringeth salvation, is realized in connection with them; hence, abstractedly speaking, they are no qualification whatever, but otherwise.

It is sanctified trial that meetens and humbles a poor sinner in the dust before the throne of grace. It is the supporting, sustaining power of divine love that enables the soul to sing—

"How light, while supported by grace,  
Are all the afflictions I see,  
To those the dear Lord of my peace,  
My Jesus, has suffered for me!

"To Him every comfort I owe  
Above what the fiends have in hell;  
And shall I not sing as I go,  
'My Jesus does everything well'?"

The train stopped at Birmingham, and we took leave of each other. He was going one way and I another. I had to wait a little time before resuming my journey. When I arrived at my destination, I told one or two of the friends of my conversation in the train, and of how I felt, personally, in respect of the three services before me upon the coming day. I said that, according to my feelings, the best thing that could be done with me would be for Mr. — (referring to one of the deacons of the chapel, who is an engine driver at one of the collieries hard by) to let me down the shaft, and keep me there all day on Sunday. One of them smiled, and said that, if they were to do according to my suggestion, I should, perhaps, cry out with the Psalmist, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name." I said it might be so, but I feared it would be otherwise.

I retired to rest with a heavy heart. I slept moderately well. The morning dawned; still my wretchedness remained. No relief could be felt in prayer. About half-past nine I started for a walk in the fields opposite the house I was staying at. Here no access could be found at the mercy-seat. Everything a blank. The time of service drew near. I went to the chapel with a heaving, throbbing breast, wondering what would be the result of the morning service. I ascended the pulpit crying for the Lord to appear to dispel my

gloom—to again visit my poor soul with the light of His countenance. I read a chapter, and prayed; still, there was not that liberty which one was longing for. I gave out for my text the first two verses of the eighth chapter of Solomon's Song. These words served me for the whole of the day. I was favoured with considerable freedom in speaking, especially in the afternoon. My soul was sweetly refreshed during the services of the day. My cares were lost sight of for a season. I "went forth in the dances of them that make merry," and inwardly blessed the Lord for all the way He had led me.

How these surprises—love-surprises—endear the Lord and His free Gospel to my heart! Why, I feel sometimes that, if I were to cease testifying of its freeness and preciousness, the very stones might indeed cry out against me! Upon personal grounds I love to say, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare unto you what He hath done for my soul." Oh, that is the testimony which reaches the heart, which flows from the heart! That is the message which is attended with divine savour and heavenly unction, which the man has to travel through the deeps to obtain. I care not whose lips the Word may be proclaimed by, unless they know by personal experience what it is to do business in the deep waters of sanctified affliction and perplexity, there is a lack of dew and power in connection with their utterances. They may *preach* the truth, but it needs something more—they must *feel* the preciousness of it within, or there is a want of moisture, a dearth among the hearers.

Instead of returning home on the Monday, I stayed to preach on the Monday night. Notwithstanding that I had had a good day on the Sunday, I was down again in my soul's feelings on the Monday morning. The burden of Saturday returned upon my heart. And what was that burden? Why, just this. I had been expecting for some days a cheque from one of my customers for a hundred and fifty odd pounds, and it had not arrived. It was some days over-due, which was quite an unusual thing for the house in question, they being most regular and prompt in their payments. On the Saturday, I had waited until after the evening post, and had been at the trouble to go to the warehouse just before I left home for Birmingham, as before stated, to see if it had come; but no! Away I must go, with this hundred and fifty pounds burden upon my heart. The Lord, to some extent, graciously lightened the burden respecting this matter again and again on the Sunday, but on the Monday it lay upon my mind once more with all its weight. Go where I would, or do what I might, still the hundred and fifty pounds was before my eyes. To make matters worse, if possible, it was a very rainy, dull, depressing day. Moreover, a Mr. S—, from Liverpool, who is in the ministry, had been preaching some anniversary sermons at a Particular Baptist cause, not far from where I had my lodgings. Knowing that I was there, he came on the Monday morning to make my acquaintance. After he had been in the house a short time, he found out that I was to preach at Spring Meadow Chapel in the evening. He told me he should be a hearer, and expressed a hope that the Lord would furnish me with all I stood in need of, so that

I might have a profitable time in speaking, and the people—himself among the number—a good time in hearing. When dinner was over, he left. Shortly after, I retired to my private room. It was too wet to go out of doors, or I should have done so, as I prefer walking into the fields to read the Bible and meditate, rather than to sit in the house. From two to three hours I was alone, turning over the leaves of the Bible here and there, backwards and forwards, but all to no purpose. Being, as I have just now stated, a very wet day, with no prospect of its clearing up, and, as a consequence, I could not expect but a small attendance at the chapel; anticipating the parson, a much older man than myself, for a listener; and the hundred and fifty pounds into the bargain, made together a pretty fair weight to carry, especially as no access could be realized in prayer, or a single word be fixed upon from which to speak in the evening. The inmost feeling of my heart was akin to Jacob's when he said, "All these things are against me." I wished that I had gone home in the morning. I had tea, after which I again retired. I besought the Lord to direct the mind in the selection of some word, and give me a little light upon it, in speaking from it, if not in meditation. There seemed no answer to the desire. Ultimately I decided in my perplexity to speak from the words, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8), and to treat of them under the following heads: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" in, first, the complexity of His glorious Person; second, in His substitutionary work; third, in His Priestly office; and fourth, in His immutable love.

I started to chapel through the pelting rain with a sad, a sinking heart, fearing I should have only a very poor company, that I should be left to my own miserable feelings, and that the service would not be productive of any spiritual benefit to a single poor soul that might be there. Singing ended, I read and prayed. A little access was experienced, a little melting was felt. I was conscious, to some extent, that the Lord was listening, so to speak, to my complaints. This inspired me with a hope. It begat a "Who can tell" in my heart "but that the Lord will graciously appear at the needed moment, and prove Himself, as He has done many times before, my Supplier, my Strengthened, my Fear-Remover, my Rock, my Refuge, my High Tower, yea, my All and in all?" I resumed my seat. A second hymn was sung. I rose with a trembling heart, and read the words, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Scarcely had my lips began to move after reading the text than my fears began to fly like chaff before the wind. In a very short time my bonds and fetters were all snapped asunder, and, while I treated of "the complexity of the glorious Person of Christ," first as Jehovah-Jesus, the Creator, Maker, Upholder, Regulator, and Governor of all things, visible and invisible, and then as the Man of Sorrows, as the Weary One (John iv. 6), as the Weeping One (John xi. 35), my tongue, my heart, my affections, all seemed to vie with each other in extolling, in exhibiting, in proclaiming His deathless name and fame.

Just before, my poor soul was in the valley, now it was upon the mount; then it was in the prison-house, now I was walking at large

without any let or hindrance; then I was sad and weary, now I was realizing the truth of the words, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint" (Isa. xl. 31). Then I was poor, now I was rich; then I was empty, now I was full with the blessing of the Lord; and, like Naphtali, was possessing, spiritually speaking, the west and the south; then I was far off, now I was brought by the King Himself into the banquet-house of divine favour, and His banner over me was love.

Oh, blessed transition! "Who," thought I at the time, "has greater reason than I have to declare, without one iota of reservation, that 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever'?" I could say—and sing, too—in my heart before the Lord—

"Though all things change, He changes not;  
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot;  
Jehovah-Jesus is His name,  
His love's eternally the same."

Into my second head, the substitutionary work of Christ, and the blessings resulting therefrom, my soul was most sweetly led. By faith, I trust, I had a precious sight of Him and His work, as He is brought before us in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. The following language bespoke the feelings of my heart—

"Great God, from Thee there's nought  
concealed,  
Thou seest my inward frame;  
To Thee I always stand revealed  
Exactly as I am.

"Since I can hardly therefore bear  
What in myself I see,  
How vile and black must I appear,  
Most Holy God, to Thee!

"But, since my Saviour stands be-  
tween,  
In garments dyed in blood,  
'Tis He instead of me is seen,  
When I approach to God.

"Thus, though a sinner, I am safe;  
He pleads before the throne  
His life and death in my behalf,  
And calls my sins His own.

"What wondrous love, what mysteries,  
In this appointment shine!  
My breaches of the law are His,  
And His obedience mine."

The substitution of Christ is the central doctrine of the Gospel. It is a subject but little understood, even by those who love a free-grace salvation. The whole-hearted despise it altogether, but the sin-smitten, the law-condemned, the Satan-haunted one prizes it. He sees and feels his own emptiness and helplessness, and, as a consequence, looks to Christ and His eternally-finished work with longing, admiring eyes for deliverance from sin, death, and hell.

My third head, Christ in His Priestly office, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," was to my soul, at this sacred season, a delightful theme. The superiority of Christ's one offering, "by which He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified," and of His having "not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us" (Heb. ix. 24), was sweetly realized and

insisted upon. Moreover, I saw that "Christ, being come an High Priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood, He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us" (Heb. ix. 11, 12), was presenting and pleading that blood on my account before the throne of the Majesty on high. With peculiar warmth could I enter into TOPLADY'S beautiful hymn—

"Awake, sweet gratitude, and sing  
The ascended Saviour's love;  
Sing how He lives to carry on  
His people's cause above.

"With cries and tears He offered  
up  
His humble suit below;  
But with authority He asks,  
Enthroned in glory now.

"For all that come to God by Him,  
Salvation He demands;  
Points to their names upon His  
breast,  
And shows His bleeding hands.

"Eternal life, at His request,  
To every saint is given;  
Safety on earth, and, after death,  
The plenitude of heaven.

"Founded on right, Thy prayer avails;  
The Father smiles on Thee;  
And now Thou in Thy kingdom art,  
Dear Lord, remember me!"

When I came to my last head, Christ in His immutable love, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," I felt that no words of mine could set forth the subject in the way it deserved to be. I referred my hearers to the latter part of the eighth chapter of Romans. There Christ's immutable love is set before the Church of God in all its richness, freeness, fulness, and glory. Oh, matchless theme! Oh, blissful subject! Oh, soul-securing, soul-elevating, soul-ravishing love! Men have expatiated upon it in all ages of the world, under the anointing of the Holy Ghost. Tongues have been fired by it, hearts have been warmed by it. Every power has been called into requisition to set forth its sublimities, to fathom its depths, to scale its heights, to traverse its lengths, and to penetrate its breadths; but all, all have been, and are still, in vain, for, as BERRIDGE says—

"Living tongues are dumb at best;  
We must die to speak of Christ."

Oh, boundless love, we hail thee, we delight in thee, we would lose ourselves in thee! We cannot tell what we feel at times towards thee, thou boundless, shoreless, bottomless love, flowing from the infinite fulness of Jehovah-Jesus, who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Oh, Eternal Spirit, Revealer of Christ's immutable, imperishable love, make this a matter of increasing importance to our souls—to "know Him and the power of His resurrection;" to know Him as our Portion, as our Redeemer, as our Substitute, as our "Brother born for adversity," as our Defence, as our Hiding-Place, as our Supporter, as our Supplier—yea, as He who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," our "All and in all."

While speaking upon this, to me, ever-memorable occasion, I forgot

all about the wet night, the minister who was listening to me, and the hundred and fifty pounds—that is to say, I did not feel the slightest concern, so as to be cast down, or troubled, either about the one or the other. I felt that all was well, come weal or come woe; that my soul's eternal interests, and my time matters too, were in His hands who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

In dismissing this subject, I may say that there was a congregation far in excess of my anticipations, my fears were once more knocked on the head; and, to crown all, when I reached home my mind was soon set at rest about the expected cheque, for my wife, with a smiling face, held up a letter, saying, "It is all right; it came yesterday morning." Who had greater reason to say than I had, after such a time of heart-sinking, after such displays of divine goodness—

" Here I raise my Ebenezer ;  
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home " ?

Should I ever reach the land of light and joy above, none will have more cause to join in that endless song than I shall, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion both now and for ever. Amen" (Rev. i. 5, 6).

Well now, dear brother, I drop the pen. I trust my heart has been somewhat warmed while writing this epistle, and I hope yours may be, too, in the reading of it, if the Lord will. This is the desire of,

*Foleshill, near Coventry.*

Yours in the path of tribulation,

J. BURTON.

[Precious training, dear brother, for the sacred service of the Lord of hosts. Invaluable lessons those which are set before us—and learnt—in the depths! the depths! This is no mere ideal—scholastic—matter-of-course kind of thing, but deep and real! As such, moreover, they are lessons that will stand the test to which afterwards they must be submitted; and why? Because they have, as it were, been burnt into the innermost soul, and hence can never subsequently be either eradicated or erased. In such instruction, and in these blessed, although flesh-and-blood-mortifying, positions, is given a precious personal insight into that sacred declaration, "Thou hast known my soul in adversities." Ah! yes, there has been an unbosoming—an intimacy—a pleading—a wrestling—an arguing—an importunity—a Jacob-like, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me"—which none but the Lord's own well-disciplined, but highly-favoured, servants experience, or can personally and practically understand.

In other cases, it is merely theoretical—guess-work—borrowed! Never really felt nor experienced. Hence, with such testimonies, there is no power; no unction; no dew; no savour; no sealing home, as flowing from heart to heart! It is "in the letter," and not in or from the Spirit! How different, however—yea, how great the contrast—when the messenger comes forth, not with an old, dry

lesson gleaned from books and others' experiences, but himself just rescued by a divine hand from some fresh flood or flame, there and then to tell out of a full heart of the wisdom, the love, the grace, the strength, the patience, the forbearance, the long-suffering, the faithfulness, of a good and gracious God in covenant, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

What boldness then! What fervour! What holy zeal! What steadfastness! What indifference about man's opinions! What a sacred jealousy for God and truth! What a blessed personal insight into that glorious verity, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts"!

Oh, dear brother, these things are easily talked of or written about; but oh, to feel—to know—to realize—to go down into the depths to prove, or into the furnace to understand—how different this! But mark, as we have said, they are abiding lessons—deep, inwrought—and must, in the Lord's own time and way, turn to account; yea, bring forth fruit, both in lip and life—both by testimony and example—to "the praise of the glory of His grace."—ED.]

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On our way into town, after posting the foregoing, we met an elderly gentleman who, with a deeply-dejected countenance, expressed the *time-liness* of our meeting. As stated in this work, we had some four or five times met, as men say, casually, in about as many years. On each occasion, this stranger (we don't even remember his name) said he was in the depths of trouble. He is the same to whom we referred, some time since, as saying, "I have lost three fortunes, amounting to £100,000, but now I have found the title to an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." When we met, in a tram-car, some months ago, he had a bundle of legal documents in his hand, expressing at the same time the very greatest anxiety. Our advice upon the occasion was, that he should seek not even to *think* what to do, or how to act, but endeavour to look up to, and leave it with, the Lord, for Him, and for Him only, to work. When next we met, he said, "I have been engaged in a law-suit for nine months, and it comes off to-day." At the same time he said, "I have been thinking of making even greater concessions to my opponents." In reply we said, "Don't. Now that certain steps have been taken, endeavour to leave it with the Lord. Let *Him* work." Within two or three hours of giving him that advice, we received a letter from him to say that his opponents had been on to him, to tell him that they had "telegraphed to London to stay proceedings." Could anything have been more marked of God? Was it not His own blessed hand?

Well, when we met again to-day, he, as previously intimated, expressed his surprise at our meeting at such a juncture. Turning aside for a quiet spot, with his heart surcharged with grief, he said he was at a perfect loss to know what to do. A meeting was to take place at one o'clock, to which, we presume, he was then going; and he was evidently in the very extreme of anguish and distress. We reminded him of how the Lord had appeared, and that so marvellously. We reminded him, likewise, of our previous advice of striving to avoid

even *thinking* of what he should do, but to seek to commit it to, and leave it with, the Lord. "*Stand still,*" said we, emphatically, "*and see the salvation of the Lord.*" With those words we separated, and we shall not easily forget the marked effect this simple counsel and that precious Scripture had upon that anxious servant of God. It seemed to rouse—to animate—to cheer. He went on his way with apparently renewed hope and expectation.

Now, dear brother, here was the point. The meeting and the greeting were upon the part of those who were personally familiar with the self-same path. *We* personally understood *his* distress, because we had been in similar depths; therefore it was real communing; it was the fellowship of hearts. Hence the weight—the power—the coming home with freshness and hopefulness, and the "Who can tell but the Lord may again appear for me as He hath aforetime, and as He has done for the friend with whom I have been conferring?"

Now, no mere study (however well in its place), or book-gleaning, or hearsay, will produce this power—this supernatural uplifting—this peacefulness—and this "I will look again to the hills whence cometh my help." It is the seal of the Spirit, in His own divine unction and dew and power, as based upon what had previously been felt—known—experienced—of those divine and blessed verities.

Hence, dear brother, your business trials, and your family trials, and your soul-anguish and conflict, will all turn to profitable account, from time to time, as the Lord leads you on, and brings you forth, in the ministry of the Word. Not a crook nor a cross will you have had more than was absolutely necessary, in order to qualify you for the work, and for your well-being in that work. *You* will thank God, as *we* do, for all the cares and anxieties, depths and distresses, sorrows and sufferings, as essentially and indispensably necessary for the service to which, in due time, you were to be called.

Scarcely had we parted with the gentleman above-named before we met with an aged minister, one who is within some three months of completing his seventy-second year, and who for considerably more than half that period had been engaged in the Lord's service. We stopped and commented a little upon the present aspect of the times. He testified that those who adhered to the "old paths" were now set at nought. When lately speaking upon the present state of things, he asserted, "There was as much fraud, in the so-called religious world, at the present time, as in the commercial world." Nothing could be truer. He then spoke with marked sorrow of the noisy, clamorous proceedings, even upon the Lord's Day, and in the public streets, of the so-called "armies."—ED.

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BELIEVERS must be fitted for their inheritance. Many a labouring man has been proved by a cunning or skilful lawyer to be the heir to some large estate, and he has afterwards taken possession; but his sudden riches have proved sudden misery, simply because the man was out of his element. So would the sinner be in heaven, were he not first made "meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light."

## GOSPEL BOOK MISSION TO THE ARMY AND NAVY.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

DEAR FRIEND,—Whilst infidel and other writers are flooding the land with their writings, and making their proud boast in print that “the atheistical pamphlet is fast taking the place of the Methodist tract,” this Mission is quietly and prosperously pursuing its way among the thousands of our army and navy and mercantile marines. Letters of testimony and applications for fresh reading continue to reach us from various parts of the earth, a few extracts of which are given below :—

## COASTGUARD STATIONS.

Already we have had the privilege of sending 205 copies of “RETRACINGS AND RENEWINGS” to as many stations. The following inscription has been written in them—“*To the coastguard men of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, as a token of sympathy with them in their lonely stations.*” The touching replies from these men are of the most heart-warming nature. With so many letters before us, it is difficult to quote solitary instances; but the following letter to hand this morning is a specimen :—

“DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you, on behalf of the men at this station, for your kind thought of them in their lonely occupation. I trust that the book, ‘RETRACINGS AND RENEWINGS,’ may be used with benefit by all who may read it; and more especially so in these perilous times, when men are going up and down in this poor world, trying to catch the simple-minded with their pernicious doctrines, the traditions of men, and casting aside the simple Gospel of the grace of God. Surely those who love the Lord, and are looking for His coming, have need to be very jealous for His Word, and we need words of truth to counter-balance the evil that is circulated. May the dear Lord arouse those who are being beguiled, and make us like the noble Bereans of old, who searched the Scriptures daily, to see if the things they heard were true or not.

“May the Lord bless you abundantly for your labour of love in sending forth the testimony of a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.”

## FROM A LIGHTHOUSE.

“DEAR FRIEND,—Words of mine will fail, and that utterly, to convey you our thanks for your disinterested kindness in providing us with so many different publications, and that monthly, without intermission. Certainly it is the Holy Spirit that has moved you to provide us with such reading matter; and we, one and all, I believe, thank and bless God for thus influencing you in this laudable work. Every time that your prize parcel arrives, conscience accuses me for not being more forward with my little donations, for I see so plainly that some one certainly contributes towards strengthening your hands, and we reap the toil and moil of others whose shoes we are not worthy to unloose. I shall be (D.V.) on shore in about three weeks’ time, and I will from there drop you a line. I must mention, we enjoy your periodicals immensely; and, in reading them, we are almost persuaded we actually

know some of the leading individuals. We are now experiencing dreadful weather, yet there is nothing dreadful about it, for not one puff of wind passes by, nor yet one sea strikes our house, without all being foreordained and known to Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand, and meted out the heavens with a span. Yet He loves us—you and me included. Were it not for His omnipotent Word, it would be more than we could believe; but He does, nevertheless.

"With renewed thanks, and accept our united esteem and regard, believe us, in the best of bonds."

FROM A GARRISON TOWN AND SEAPORT IN INDIA.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Your very kind and truly Christian letter of 29th June duly reached me; and it was pleasant and refreshing to have sympathy and encouragement from you, a fellow-labourer in the good cause of our dear Lord and Saviour. Like cold water to a thirsty soul was your good news from a far country.

"On unpacking the box, I made an inventory of its contents, which I communicated to Colonel —, secretary to the Army Scripture Readers' Society in this place, and he, as well as myself, beg to return you our very best thanks for the valuable box of books, magazines, tracts, &c., which you have so kindly sent for the use of the men stationed here. As I formerly wrote, I could not expect you to send so many of the 'Historic Stones' without making you some return for them, so will you please accept the enclosed draft for £5, and apply it in the manner you may judge most beneficial to the Gospel Book Mission, which may God continue to prosper. By mail, arrived here on the 21st of September, I received, per book post, a parcel of monthly magazines, which I will thank you to continue. 'Wayside Words' are much liked; and I would be glad to receive some suitable matter for the New Year. Your 'Historic Stones' are eagerly read on all sides. One soldier, a devout man, like the centurion's servant, told me that, when he had commenced, he could not stop until he had read it through, and said he had never met with a publication so suitable for soldiers."

FROM AN OLD MAN-OF-WAR MAN.

"DEAR SIR,—With heartfelt gratitude I acknowledge the receipt of your parcel of GOSPEL MAGAZINES and *Old Jonathans*. The old and bed-ridden people that receive them derive much spiritual comfort. I hope you and your family are quite well. I must tell you that the wound that I received in China, twenty-four years ago, has broken out again. It makes me very low-spirited, but God will heal it again I trust."

FROM AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

"DEAR MR. BRIDER,—Many thanks for box of books, safely received, and now in progress of distribution in this large hospital."

FROM A LARGE MILITARY CAMP.

"DEAR SIR,—The last box of books, &c., you sent me are all distributed, and I should be very pleased if you could send me another box. The men are specially delighted with the *Old Jonathan* and all those

little 'Nothing to Pay' tracts, as well as 'Mornings with Jesus,' 'Boatswain's Mate,' &c. I must not forget to thank you for what you have sent in the past. They have, to my own knowledge, done a great deal of good, and have been the means of leading the men to better lives. I should feel especially favoured if you could let me have a few more copies of 'RETRACINGS AND RENEWINGS' by Dr. DOUDNEY."

With our heart uplifted to the Lord in gratitude, we still look to Him for the necessary means to carry on this labour of love. There need hardly be any limit to the amount of wholesome truth circulated, as we have such numbers of agents waiting to receive it, and always using it among a willing-to-read community.

Contributions in money and clean books will be thankfully received by me at my address, Old Gaol Chapel, Salisbury.

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES BRIDER.

November 13th, 1883.

### A VOICE FROM THE DEPTHS.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—I have longed to write a line to you, for I have thought much about you since you were here with dear Mr. SAUNDERS. You asked me to write a short piece for the Magazine, but I have been utterly incapable, having had, for the most part, to pass through deep waters of mental and bodily suffering, so that I have despaired of life, spiritual and natural. The enemy has indeed come in like a flood, and I could not realize the loving Lord lifting up a standard against him, although I think He must have been with me, though unperceived, otherwise I must have sunk in the trial. My bodily pains have been most excruciating, and Satan has taken advantage of them to intensify the agony a thousand-fold. When writhing with pain, and trying to cry for help and mercy, he has come in with the most horrible expressions and injections that I have been struck dumb with amazement, sorrow, and trouble; and, when there has been a little respite, how I have cried to the Lord to save me from the fierce lion of hell, and not to suffer him to rend my soul in pieces when there is none to deliver!

Some wise men after the flesh—and, indeed, some professors of religion—argue that there is no devil. If God only let loose the enemy on them for a moment, they would then see, poor creatures, whether there is a devil or not. Painful, intensely painful, though it is to have the arch-enemy opposed, and bitterly opposed, to the soul, oh, how much better is it than to be lulled asleep by his infernal wiles! I have tried to make it an argument, in pleading with the Lord for help against this mighty one, that it is not only hatred and enmity to my poor soul that prompts his cruel persecution, but more especially bitter enmity against the work of the blessed Spirit on the soul. He hates the poor seeking soul, but he more intensely hates the image and work of the Lord on the soul. It is that he mainly seeks to mar, and, if he dared, destroy; therefore, it is a great encouragement to wrestle

with the Lord, on the ground that it is the work of His own hand that Satan is malignantly set against, and that His honour is engaged to protect and defend it. The adversary dared to hurl his fiery darts against the Lord of life and glory; and, if he hurled them against the Shepherd, will he fail to assault the poor, timid, trembling sheep? And, poor things, how often they think they will be swallowed up! But help is at hand, even when they do not realize it; and not one—nay, not one—shall ever be finally overcome.

I was a little disappointed at not finding a piece in this month's Magazine by your correspondent "K. B." Whoever that dear one is, I hope she will be led to continue her contributions, for they bear the sweet, deep stamp of the Spirit's teaching, and I am sure are specially calculated to comfort and encourage the exercised people of God. My wife and self have enjoyed her articles very much, and not only enjoyed them, but have, I trust, been profited and comforted by them. May the dear writer's bow abide in strength; may she continue to be sweetly taught of God, that, through His grace, she may be a medium of teaching and encouragement to others; and may she be kept very lowly and humble at the Master's feet, for it is a solemn fact that the poor, frail heart is too oft

" uplift with God's own gift,  
And makes e'en grace a snare."

I feel thankful that you were led to insert that short extract in this month's Magazine, commencing, "So surely as Jesus has gained the victory over thy proud heart," &c., bottom of page 704. My soul was sorely cast down within me, when one day my wife read the little piece at my bed-side. The words were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." A sweet hope for the time being sprung up in my troubled breast, and I could not help hoping that I was the character therein described. A word fitly spoken or written, how good it is! Were it not for these helps by the way, my poor fainting soul would, to my feelings, droop and die.

Oh, what a mercy that the life of the poor believing sinner "is hid with Christ in God"! Were it not so, it would speedily be extinguished. And what a mercy it is to be laid low, and kept low, at dear Emmanuel's feet! I am sure there is no spot on earth where the soul, when led aright, so much desires to be. It is my earnest, yearning desire to be blessed with Mary's grace and Mary's place down, down at Jesus' feet, to wash them with the gushing tears of brokenness and love.

I know how extensively and constantly you are engaged, and feel it would be selfish to ask you to come and see me; but I hope, if you are at any time passing this way, you will kindly look in. I do not think my time here will be much longer. Last night, I scarcely thought I would see the night through. To-day it has pleased God wonderfully to revive me, and to remove the agonizing pain. "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind;" and, though the poor soul oft thinks it must sink, He lays not on it more than He enables it to bear. Oh, to be privileged to lose sight of one's own sufferings in holy, sympathetic contemplation of the sufferings of the Man of

Sorrows! What are all our sufferings to His? What heart can conceive what He passed through to redeem a lost and rebel race?

What a happy entrance your dear sister has had into the kingdom and joy of her beloved Lord! What a contrast to the sorrows and sufferings of the wilderness!

“Happy songsters!  
When shall we their chorus join?”

I am unable to write more now, having to do it prostrate on my bed. My dear wife unites with me in kind love to self and Mrs. DOUDNEY. Praying God to bless you in your soul, in your labours, and in your family, and to make you a blessing,

I am, dear sir,

Yours in the path of tribulation,

*Bristolington, November 9th, 1883.*

D. M'PHERSON.

[Our dear and sorely-afflicted friend and brother is thus permitted, in his intense sufferings, to be a witness for Jesus! From his bed of anguish and agonizing pain he is a living example of what the Lord not only *can do*, but *DOES*, and that in these sceptical days. Neither our dear brother SAUNDERS nor ourselves will easily forget our last interview with our afflicted friend, nor his testimony as to the vain and worthless character of so much of the so-called religion of the day. In his personal familiarity with the “needs-be” for that “heaviness” attendant upon “the trial of faith, . . . though it be tried with fire,” it was sweet to listen to his testimony in vindication of divine faithfulness and covenant all-sufficiency. How great was the contrast of such testimony to the flippancy and the vague talk of the merely nominal and untried professors of these times! Cast into such a furnace as that with which our afflicted friend has been so long personally familiar, we fearlessly assert that such superficial or hearsay faith could not stand a single hour! Nought but the faith of God's elect, and that as maintained by its divine Author, could stand the test of either flame or flood; but (blessed be God!) such faith *must* stand, because its omnipotent Begetter has both His name and fame identified therewith. Yea—

“The weakest saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.”

Ed.]

#### A PHILANTHROPIC NOBLEMAN.

THE following appeared in the *City Press* of November 7th. The late Lord CONGLETON married the daughter of one of our oldest subscribers, a personal and much-valued friend. We believe the bereaved Lady CONGLETON to be one in spirit with her late husband and her beloved mother; and we sincerely sympathize with her in the great loss she has been called to sustain:—

*To the Editor of the City Press.*

SIR,—It has occurred to me that the death of Lord CONGLETON deserves more than a passing announcement. Thirteen years since the late Dr. HUGH P. FULLER asked the deceased to subscribe to my

district in Lisson Grove. He willingly responded, and has continued annually the £5 until his death. None would, however, have known, unless I record the fact; for this humble-minded man never let his left hand know what his right hand performed. Lord CONGLETON gave me ten shillings a-week for a poor man named ACLAND, living in Salisbury Street, Lisson Grove, until he died, and paid the funeral expenses afterwards. He was one of the most humble-minded men I ever knew. If speaking at a meeting with the most humble individual, he invariably accompanied any reference by calling him "My dear brother," thus imitating his Master, who is "not ashamed to call His disciples 'brethren.'" The London City Mission has therefore lost a substantial friend, and one of my objects in taking up my pen is to induce some friend to fill up this gap in our list of subscribers, and help a district which was, I think, the first occupied by the London City Mission. I observe that, during the past year (with the exception of Lord CONGLETON, who gave £10 annually for thirteen years), there are only two others who subscribe to the Nightingale Street district. If any reader of your valuable paper feels disposed to aid in keeping upon the same district a missionary who has been thirty-seven years occupied as one of the agents of the London City Mission, I shall not have written this letter in vain.

I am, &amp;c.,

112, *Elgin Road, St. Peter's Park, W.*

W. H. MASON.

[Our correspondent, it may interest our readers to be informed, was one of three persons who met in "an upper room in Goswell Road," and there founded the Ragged School Union, which has since proved itself to be so great a national benefit that its value needs no comment here. Mr. MASON was in the chair, and one of his remarks was, "We have no money nor influence, but, if the cause is good, it will not lack support."—ED. C. P.]

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#### DEATH OF MISS SHEKLETON.

THE annexed was sent to London for insertion in last month's number, but was, by some means, overlooked:—

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF

MARY SHEKLETON,

*Secretary of the Invalids' Prayer Union,*

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, SEPTEMBER 23, 1883.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."\*

"When my Jesus face to face I see,  
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,  
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,  
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,  
My soul shall sing."

THE members of the INVALIDS' PRAYER UNION are affectionately invited to unite in praising the Lord on Sunday, October 21, on behalf of their home-gone Sister and late Secretary.

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\* See "*Handfuls of Purpose*," Sunday, September 30, 1883.

It has been a dark, a very dark, evening-tide, of almost unequalled suffering, physical and mental; but "at evening time it has been light," and we have seen it. We have caught the faint reflection of "the perfect day," the eternal day, which, after years of patient waiting, has at last dawned for our beloved. It was a ray of heavenly light which shone upon her weary way when, amidst much mental aberration, a few days before she entered into rest, she looked wistfully at her sister, and said—it seemed inquiringly—"I've no guilt to wash away." Her sister replied, "No; the precious blood of Jesus has cleansed you from all sin." "Hush!" she said; "hush! Jesus only can say that to me." And then, in close meditative communion with Himself, she repeated over and over again, "No good to claim—no guilt to wash away. White!—white!—white!"

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

"Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who ought to my charge can lay?  
Fully through Thee absolved I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame."

Wearied with the repetition of these verses, she closed her eyes and said, "Oh, the rest! the peace! the rest!" A little foretaste it seemed of the promise which is now in all its fulness hers—"They"—the righteous—"shall enter into peace; they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness" (Isa. lvii. 2).

[The deceased was a most remarkable character, and, of the Lord's great mercy, was long engaged in a glorious work. The INVALIDS' PRAYER UNION doubtless, under God, originated in sympathy for the suffering which her own so lengthened affliction served to awaken. If we mistake not, for some thirty years she was an intense bodily sufferer, and yet, in spite thereof, was (to use the words of a loved member of the family) "the very light of the household." Her correspondence, in consequence of the establishment of the INVALIDS' PRAYER UNION, was very large, extending to some hundreds of cases of sick and suffering ones. Her printed addresses to these were fraught with sweetest, deepest Gospel teaching. A goodly number of these addresses have come into our hand, and we have been abundantly refreshed in the perusal. They will speak to many a troubled heart, even though the writer has passed on to her eternal home, and entered upon that blessed estate where "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick; and the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." Whilst we rejoice on behalf of the departed one, we deeply sympathize with her bereaved sisters. May all needed grace and strength be vouchsafed to them.—ED.]

A CORRUPT heart is like an ants' nest, on which, while the stone lieth, none of them appear; but take off the stone, and stir them up but with the point of a straw, and you will see what a swarm is there, and how lively they be. Just such a sight would thy heart afford thee, did the Lord but withdraw the restraint He has laid upon it, and suffer Satan to stir it up by temptation.

## THE LUTHER COMMEMORATION.

WE gladly copy the annexed from the *City Press* of the 14th ult. The facts there recorded lead us to hope that a reaction may have set in, in connection with the recent widespread movement in regard to the memory and the glorious work of the immortal LUTHER. England has been roused from her apathy. May God, of His great mercy, grant that it shall prove something more than a mere transient matter, but that, in very deed, she may awake to a practical sense of the way in which she has been sacrificing her dearly-bought Reformation privileges, and, with a becoming zeal and devout steadfastness, seek to retrace her mistaken policy :—

## THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S BOOKS ON LUTHER.

In the literature connected specially with the present commemoration of the great Reformer's birth, we have seen no books of greater interest and value than those published by the Tract Society. They are well adapted for young and old, for those who have all about LUTHER to learn, as well as those who know his story well, but whose recollection of dates and facts may have become somewhat rusty. We are glad to learn that the "Life of Luther," the "Luther Anecdotes," the valuable "Table Talk," and the Rev. Dr. STOUGHTON'S "Homes and Haunts of Luther" have gone out from the publishing department so rapidly, and that the demand for them has taxed the energies both of printers and binders. The "Luther Broadsheet," which is specially designed for the use of Sunday and day schools, and contains the dates of the chief events in the Reformer's life-work, has been demanded at the rate of thousands per day. On the first day of issue, about a fortnight ago, no less than ten thousand copies were taken up, and for the last fourteen days the sales have not been less than twelve thousand copies per day. It has scarcely been possible to print the "Life of Luther" fast enough, eighty thousand of this cheap and popular edition having been sold. Dr. MACAULAY'S valuable selections from the "Table Talk," and the Rev. Dr. STOUGHTON'S interesting volume, have also been largely in demand. The Society may be heartily congratulated upon the success of their effort in connection with the Luther commemoration, which needed just such books as they have issued to make it of abiding interest and value.

That there are traitors in the camp may be gathered from the following, which appeared in the *Bristol Times and Mirror* for November 15th :—

## THE LUTHER COMMEMORATION.

The following, we are informed, was the synopsis of this event given at the close of his sermon last Sunday evening, at one of our city churches, by the vicar of the parish—"The sixteenth century," said the rev. preacher, "produced three leading impostors. First in order, TITZEL, who offered for sale the indulgences and pardons of the Pope at as low a rate as half-a-crown, inclusive of 'benefits for wife and family.' Then arose LUTHER, second in order. 'Away with indulgences,' he cried, 'and give the half-a-crown to your wife and family! Only, Believe.' Last of the trio came CALVIN. 'Do nothing whatever,' said the latter; 'everything has been done for you, and everything has been settled for you long ago, even before you were born.' Such were the three impostors of Century XVI."

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HE can never truly relish the sweetness of God's mercy who never tasted the bitterness of his own misery.—*Dr. Goodwin.*

## Reviews and Notices of Books.

*Old Jonathan; or, The Parish Helper.* London: W. H. and L. Collingridge.

ANOTHER volume of this work being completed, the Editor begs to call attention to it, as so suitable for Christmas and New Year's gifts or prize-books. Of the character of its contents he need not speak, it having been for so many years before the public. If, however, a description of the work were needed, one word would express it; that word would be—EXPERIENCE. In this character, therefore, it puts forth its claims for the support of those who really have the welfare of their fellow-creatures—especially the young—at heart.

The annexed is the Preface for the new volume:—

It is with great pleasure that the Editor greets his readers upon the completion of another volume of this work. To the Most High be all the praise! In this ever-changing world, with all its daily occurrences to prove its variable and uncertain character, it behoves us ever to keep before us the utterance of the Psalmist, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake."

Remembering, as the Editor does, the circumstances under which this work was commenced—namely, in an obscure village in the south of Ireland—he feels that it behoves *him*, of all men, to testify to the fact that it has been of the Lord Jehovah's goodness and mercy that his labours, entered upon as they were under so deep a sense of creature weakness, have been perpetuated for so lengthened a period—yea, even for well-nigh eight-and-twenty years! And, whilst contemplating the numberless vicissitudes which have marked the course of these years, the Editor cannot but record with gratitude the numerous testimonies which he has received from time to time, in proof that his humble labours have not been in vain in the Lord.

Whilst making this acknowledgment, he feels at the same time that it behoves him to enter his protest against the spirit of the age, which is, to attribute to the *creature* that which alone belongs to his *Creator*! In the facilities which in so many ways are now afforded for intellectual progress and advancement, as contrasted with a by-gone period, there is a growing disposition, if not wholly to set aside the plain teaching of God's most Holy Word—the only basis of all true enlightenment—at least to treat with a comparative disregard that most emphatic injunction, "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them" (Isa. viii. 20).

Equally emphatic is the counsel given—"Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord, which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord" (Jer. ix. 23, 24). Too little, however, is it heeded in these days of such boasted intelligence. The fact, nevertheless, cannot be controverted that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence" (1 Cor. i. 27—29).

The great aim of this work is, to set before its readers the *realities of life*, that so, upon the ground of the personal test and experience of some,

others should take heed as to the *avoidance* of the one course, or the *adoption* of another, that may have led to the injury or contributed to the well-being of their fellow-creatures, in a world beset with numberless dangers and entanglements.

At his advanced age—having well-nigh completed his seventy-third year—the Editor cannot presume upon any lengthened continuance of a service which has been attended with considerable pleasure, as well as responsibility. As long, however, as it pleases the Most High to vouchsafe him strength and ability, he hopes to do his utmost still to provide his readers with that entertainment, counsel, or suggestion that, in connection with his lengthened and imperfect labours, they have been pleased to receive at his hands.

The Editor cannot close this his brief annual address without tendering his warmest thanks to those who, by their contributions, have rendered him such efficient and most acceptable aid in his onerous but pleasant duties.

*Rome: Pagan and Papal.* BY MOURANT BROCK, M.A. (formerly Incumbent of Christ Church, Clifton), author of "The Cross: Heathen and Christian;" "Short Chapters on the Sacraments," &c. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE appearance of this work is most opportune. The country at large has been stirred by the recent memorializing the four hundredth anniversary of the immortal LUTHER. We trust that at least a measure of the apathy concerning Popery will be followed by a becoming investigation of its character and operations, and an ardour excited to resist the further encroachments of a deadly usurper of the government and authority of the Most High, and a corresponding effort to subjugate the rights and privileges of the people, and bring them under the tyrannizing and despotic power of the Papacy.

The late venerable MOURANT BROCK was eminently qualified to undertake such a work as is here presented to the public. Not merely was he a man of a greatly-extended age, and of prolonged observation and experience, but his frequent continental travels, and habits of careful investigation and research, furnished him with material of immense importance in producing such a volume as that before us. It is fraught with facts of the most telling character. Its whole testimony bears the stamp of truthfulness and sobriety. Its illustrations, which are very numerous, are calculated to throw considerable light upon the facts recorded.

It was our privilege to enjoy the personal friendship of the talented author. But a few months before he was called to his rest, we had several refreshing interviews with him, and are most thankful that his great wish that this work should be ready for the press before he was taken hence was realized. Many who love his memory, for his character and his work's sake, will be glad to avail themselves of this volume, that by it they may have proof of the fact that "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

*A Packet of Illuminated Text Cards with New Year's Greetings.* Packet B. London: W. Mack.

THESE cards are admirably designed and beautifully got up. They must necessarily command an extensive sale, the which they richly deserve.

*Memoir of Sir Charles Reed.* By his SON, CHARLES E. B. REED, M.A., Author of "The Companions of the Lord." London: Macmillan and Co.

A WORK of profound interest, and which will necessarily be extensively read, as illustrative of the life and labours of so leading a man. One striking feature of the work is, the domestic character of him of whom it treats. Notwithstanding the prominent and very pressing nature of his engagements as a Member of Parliament, Chairman of the London School Board, and his own business requirements, there was throughout his eventful career a marked heeding of the claims of social and domestic life. We attribute this, in no small degree, to the fact that, in very early life, his affections centred in the young lady who, in after-day, became his wife—his bosom-companion and the mother of his so greatly-attached children. To that early engagement we consider might be instrumentally attributed the prompting and the stimulus in his onward course which was so aptly and prominently rewarded, as the fruit of application and dogged perseverance. If Sir CHARLES shone as a politician and as chairman of so important a body of men as the London School Board, he unquestionably no less shone as a husband and father. Amid the painful affliction of one member of his family, and the so sudden removal by accident of another, the two-fold character so essential to happiness in domestic life was most strikingly exhibited.

*Convent Life Unveiled.* By EDITH O'GORMAN, known as the Escaped Nun. For Six Years a Nun in St. Joseph's Convent, New Jersey. London: Lile and Fawcett.

AND what an unveiling! Truly the disclosures in this work are enough to chill the blood in one's very veins. Horrible! horrible! We would urge such of our readers as may have the opportunity to avail themselves thereof, for the purpose of hearing the lecturer. She is a most fluent and agreeable speaker. Moreover, her testimony bears the stamp of truth upon its face. No heed whatever should be given to counterfeiting statements. Indeed, these have been again and again challenged, but her narrative has never been refuted. We trust that these lectures and this book will prove of immense value at the present crisis, when those in authority are doing their utmost to bring England once again under the Popish yoke, the which may God, of His great mercy, never permit.

END OF VOLUME XVIII.