

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 the same Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever. Whom to know is
Life Eternal.”

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OLD SERIES.

A SIGH AND A SONG.

“ MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.”—Ps. xxxi. 15.

BELOVED, it is just past midnight—the opening of the third day of the new year, and for hours have we been turning over the leaves of our Bible for a new subject, but we have searched in vain. We have no *new* theme to bring before you. It is the old story revived. If you are weary, you must look beyond us. “ Such as I have give I thee ;” so said Peter, and so say we.

We have paused at the threshold of the year, and we have been thinking what trials, and temptations, and difficulties, and dangers it will witness. We have of necessity brought the burdened heart and the cumbrous flesh across the boundary which separated the year that has gone from the year that has come. 1852 closed with the sigh and the song intermingled, 1853 commenced in like manner. “ We that are in this tabernacle do groan being burdened,” was often the heartfelt language of the past year ; nor do we—judging of its beginning— expect it to be otherwise with the present.

The Sabbath has just closed, and we have been sighing for the honey-drop, and the dew, and the unction, and the power. We love the whisper, “ It is I—be not afraid.” Seldom as we now hear the “ I am with thee,” it is not the less precious, when divinely spoken. To testify of the sweets of a covenant salvation with a cold heart, is hard work. “ I would rather break stones by the way-side,” once said a minister in our hearing, “ than not *feel* that in which I am engaged.” We think we can sympathize with the remark. We would prefer the veriest love-drop into the heart, than a wide field of pretty flesh-pleasing thought without it. Mere abstract knowledge “ puffeth up.”

Beloved, we are not going to disguise anything, but shall come down to-night (as the Lord may enable us) to the feelings and experience of the very least of the fold. The Lord the Spirit helping us, we will tell out the secrets of the heart in simplicity and truthfulness. Whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear, the tiniest babe in Christ’s nursery shall hear somewhat of the feelings of one who at the same time exults in covenant realities—eternal settlements—Divine immutabilities—rich, free, and imperishable consolations. We often think of Hannah’s words, “ I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit.” We feel *that*—there is a heart-echo ; and we would fain ask

sympathizingly the import of the sigh—and the cry—and the tear. And there is a feature in our Lord's character in which we feel the most special interest—"A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." This is marvellous, and so exactly suited to a poor weary way-worn traveller. There is a sympathy and an interest which causes one to pause at that blessed portion, "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the *fellowship of his sufferings*, being made conformable to his death." A measure (however feeble) of fellow-feeling with a burdened suffering Lord is sacred indeed. To tread in pensive musings the path *He* bedewed with tears—to witness his Gethsemane sorrows—to behold his Calvary sufferings—and hearken to his dying groans, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" is one key to that scripture, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddeth not with its joys."

But for fellow-feeling, Paul's language would be very paradoxical, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed: always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. So then *death* worketh in us, but *life* in you."

"I will meditate on thee in the night-watches, and in the night my song shall be of thee." Literally with one we know, it is very different. With him sleepless hours are almost invariably gloomy hours. "Thy heart shall meditate terror," more resembles his condition at such seasons. A burden—an anxiety—a certain amount of heart-sorrow.

Moreover, though in the main exulting in covenant conquest,

"Hosannahs languish on his tongue,"

Except occasionally in the public ordinances, when some sweet truth is applied, it is more the sigh than the song—more the burden than the blessing—the apprehended danger than the conscious deliverance.

Readers, is not our tale doleful to-night? We told you we would not disguise it. But now listen, these very feelings and fears do but afford a relish for covenant certainties. This "thorn in the flesh;" and, blessed be God, it is only in the flesh, lead us to make a proper and an all-important distinction, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Adam earthy never can become Adam heavenly. The Spirit cannot thrive by the pamperings of the flesh. Flesh and spirit are as diametrically opposed as heaven and hell. Christ and Belial are not more at enmity than are the old man and the new. The flesh is to be crucified, whilst the Spirit triumphs in that crucifixion. And what is our consolation amid all the fluctuations of feeling in the flesh? That fundamental truth upon which the Spirit lays hold, and triumphantly exults, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." "I the Lord change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed;" and again, "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; and this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although He make it not to grow."

"Here let the weary rest,
Who love the Saviour's name;
Though with no sweet enjoyment blest,
The cov'nant stands the same."

Ah, here is the mercy. We bless our God for it. In the utter absence of comfort upon any other ground, we have the richest comfort based upon this blessed truth. Covenant consolation grounded upon the covenant—nay, more,

upon Jesus, the source, and sum, and substance, of the covenant. Whatever our feelings, then, the covenant is signed, sealed, and delivered. The relation stands; the union abides; the bond remains; the irreversible shalls and wills of an immutable Jehovah remain as firm, and as truthful, and as blessed, as Himself and his eternal throne. Hallelujah! Hosannahs in the highest.

This brings us to that soul-comforting, all-precious, God-glorifying truth, "My times are in thy hand." But David, and David's Lord (of whom the language is typical) went down into the depths to know it—to feel it—to rejoice in it; and so must you and ourselves, reader. Look over one or two of the introductory features, and see if it is not so.

"In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust." Here is the simple acknowledgment or confession; the going out of self and all creature-confidences, and a looking to and venturing upon Omnipotence. "Let me never be ashamed." I am embarked in thy cause; I have such and such at stake; I have made profession of thy great and glorious name, and espoused thy holy cause: under these circumstances, forsake me not, nor let my soul be put to confusion. "Deliver me in thy righteousness." Thou hast covenanted so to do. I entered upon my mission upon the warranty of thy word, thy covenant, thine oath. Then in the righteousness of thy character, and in very faithfulness, deliver me. "Bow down thine ear to me." "I am so burdened that I cannot speak" but in a whisper; stoop lest thou shouldst not hear; bend and hearken—listen to and catch the meaning of the sigh and the groan. Moreover, "deliver me speedily." My case is urgent—it admits of no delay. Other trials—other temptations—other circumstances, may not have required so prompt an interference; this does. Help I need; help I *must* have—and that at once, Lord—at once. Postpone succour—put off the relief, and I am undone. * * Into thy hand I commit my spirit." I have told thee my case; "unto thee have I opened my cause;" and now the matter is no longer mine, but thine. "Into thy hand I commit my spirit," and my all. "Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." I am thine by purchase and also by possession. Leave not nor lose not thy rightful property. *

"I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy"—why? "for thou hast considered my trouble." I feel that thou hast given heed—that thou hast yielded to my entreaties—that thou hast taken my case in hand. I feel the power and the unction that accompany the assurance that such is the fact; and under the sweet renewings of hope, I remember that "thou hast known my soul in adversities." I have been in a similar condition before—I have had the like difficulties to contend with—I have had just such dangers hovering around me; and in these very circumstances "thou hast known my soul," been familiar with my case, and condescended to vouchsafe the very succour, and support, and deliverance, of which I so greatly stood in need. * * "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble." I come upon the old, and the only legitimate ground—that of mercy. I can come upon no other principle. I have no merit—no worthiness—no price in my hand; but I come simply and exclusively upon the plea of mercy—sweet mercy. Thou delightest in mercy. And I come, too, because "I am in trouble;" not expecting it merely, but am verily in it. I come of necessity. I come because I am obliged. I come, and I cannot help coming. And thou knowest the depths of my sorrow—the amount of my anguish. It is not as a mere matter of course I come. It is not out of duty or from habit, but as the result of present heart-crushing sorrows, anguish, and dismay. And now amid all—with a multitude of fears within, and a numerous host of foes without—I rejoice in one delightful conviction—that

"My times are in thy hand"

I know not what is about to befall me. I cannot tell what may be the issue of this trial. I know not to what extent this enemy and that enemy may be permitted to prevail; a heavier cross may be in reserve—deeper sorrows may fall to my lot—still more crushing may the trouble be; but, notwithstanding all, that dear truth remains fixed and immovable, “My times are in thy hand.” Thou knowest who I am, what I am, where I am, and with what enemies, both internal and external, I have to contend. Nothing has escaped, or can escape, thy notice. Naught has happened, or can happen, by accident or by chance. All is by Divine appointment—all in covenant arrangement—the whole regulated by infinite wisdom, predestined in covenant love, superintended by covenant care, and to accomplish certain ends and purposes in covenant faithfulness. And what can I want more? I cannot see into the morrow. I know not what a day may bring forth; but I know that the “very hairs of my head are all numbered;” that He hath fixed the bounds of my habitation; that He hath covenanted “my shoes shall be iron and brass, and that as my day so shall my strength be;” that “my bread shall be given me, and my waters shall be sure;” and that because He lives, I shall live also. Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

“Sov’rign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise;
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

“His decree who form’d the earth,
Fix’d my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

“He that form’d me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be,
Ordered by his wise decree.

“Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.

“Times the tempter’s power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour’s love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

“Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.”

THE EDITOR.

*Bonnahon, Ireland, Monday Morning, 4 o’clock,
Jan. 3, 1853.*

A NATURAL QUESTION.

“WHY do you not get up, dear Aunt?” said an engaging little child, “you lie in bed half the day, and my Mamma gets up so early.” “You know my love,” said her Aunt, “I am often ill, and that keeps me to my bed; if I were well like your Mamma, I would gladly get up, and not spend so much time in bed; but I desire to submit, for it is the will of God.” “And now do you call that kind of God, Aunt, to keep you always ill?” asked the little one.—Reader, if these words have not escaped your lips, has no thought like this ever crossed your mind, in reference to God’s dealings with you?

Review the past year, glance back at your life, and what do you think of every circumstance respecting it? Have you never wondered why you were pushed into such a position? why you were permitted to make such a mistake? why you were given such a cross? Why your path was so intricate? why you were entangled through other people’s perverseness? why you were left of God, and so fell into sin? What do you think of all that memory brings in review? Has the Lord reconciled you to the way He has led you, all your life long?

When you, when faith is in exercise, I am able to look at the past and

sing with ancient Israel, "He led me by a *right* way, to a city of habitation:" but when faith is low, then I question and doubt. I pick the past to bits, and say, "If I had but done this, if I had but done that;" then I get from one black spot to another, till I end like the little child, "And do you call this kind of God?"

But, friend, your smarting rods, your hedged-up way, your humbling falls, were all needful to keep you in the divine life. True, they were not pleasant, but they were profitable. Oh, how they drew you in prayer to God, how often they led you to your Bible, how greatly they embittered the world, how ashamed they made you of yourself, how distrustful of your own skill and wisdom, what useful lessons they taught you; and yet you are ready to say sometimes, "Do you call this kind of God?" Yet kindness and love presided at every step, though you knew it not. And kindness and love are still to be manifested in reconciling you to the way which God in his sovereignty chose out for you. "He led them by a right way to a city of habitation."

But perhaps soul-trouble afflicts—yes, say you, that's it. I seem to get no nearer in soul experience to a sense of interest than the first day I turned my back upon the world. I see the Lord's people called into liberty and Gospel assurance: but I am tied and bound. I pray, desire, long, thirst, but never get further than, Who can tell but God may be gracious? And how long have you been thus? supply the number of months or years. If so long in all the anxiety of suspense, what a mercy you have been kept from going back into the world; what grace that you have not made shipwreck of faith, and been consigned to the pit, where long ago you feared you must fall; why this is a mercy? No, say you, I often think I am kept up for a day of slaughter. And how does that thought work? in gloom, despondency, recklessness, misery? Then that thought came from Satan, and he is "the father of lies, and when he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own."

But do not sometimes opposite thoughts break in, a little gleam of hope—a may-be springs up, and a who can tell but God will be gracious? Now what impression does that leave? Oh, say you, there is something cheering in this; something that draws my heart to God, His ways, His Word, His people. Why this looks very like thoughts that come from God, for they lead to God; and He is the God that cannot lie, and a God that though we believe not, yet abideth faithful. This looks like an earnest penny, the first-fruits of the harvest. These are the handfuls thrown by Divine command on purpose for God's sorrowing Ruths, and such shall come with rejoicing by and by, bringing their sheaves with them. In Solomon's song we have a most wonderful description of the God-man mediator, the Husband of the Church. There it is said, "His hands are as gold rings," intimating how mysterious and circuitous are His dealings with His children; and truly "His ways are past finding out." Planned in eternity, and inexplicable to human reason, what wonder that the observer that regards them with nature's eyes, should say alike of the temporal and spiritual pathway, "And do you call this kind of God?" To sense and reason how unkind it looks to unfit a soul in feeling for this world, and keep him in the most agonizing suspense, as to his soul-interest in that eternal world above. To wean his heart from all things here below, and yet withhold from him the joys of things above, but "His hands are as gold rings." Appearances for the most part are against God in the time-state dispensation of the Church. The world bears rule, the blood-bought family are undermost. The world shines in moral lustre, while the Church, through the malice of Satan, and the force of inbred evil, falls under the power of sin. Wolves appear in sheep's clothing, and when stripped of their stolen garb, the true flock are counted as hypocrites by the haters of truth. Thus, appearances are often-

times against God in the orderings of His Church, and in the personal experience of the members, it has followed them as their shadow the whole way; God having appointed for some, that appearances—and nothing else—should be against them. How many of God's saints, since the days of Abel have carried this cross, the records of eternity alone will reveal. "His hands are as gold rings." But whatever mysterious dealings these rings may intend, they are "set with beryl," precious stones, gems, hidden from the world, but seen by the Church, with the eye of faith here, and the eternal delight of the Church hereafter. No more questionings then, no doubtful appearances, no sinister bar, and not a whisper through the vault of heaven, that breathes the question, "Do you call that kind of God?"

THE POTTER AND HIS CLAY.

(Continued from page 526).

THE potter having cast his materials into a certain mould, and raised a certain form upon them, the next step is to get them into the furnace; and we may remark, in passing, that much art is required in the erection of these furnaces; a novice could not build them, or work them when built; and so of those "vessels unto honour," to form and fashion which is the especial work of Jehovah, no power in heaven or in earth can make a furnace for any one of them, in the proper sense of the term; that is, a *place of purification*—a place where the materials are *benefited*, and not *destroyed*. The church of Rome, in her mad and ignorant zeal, has made a large furnace called the Inquisition, through the medium of which she thought she could purify, or make vessels unto honour, and burn her own image into them; but she never made one, while in her abortive attempts she has destroyed many—that is, as far as she could destroy; and, as even the living members of the living Church of Christ, carry in themselves all the incipient elements of popery, one member will sometimes try and make a furnace for another member. "I think that brother so and so would be much better if he had been more in the furnace. Why, perhaps, he is in the furnace now! I think not. Why? Because, he says, nothing about it; and I think when the shoe pinches hard, words will escape. What do you say to this: I was *dumb* because thou did'st it; still, I don't think he is a tried man. It is a great mercy to be kept from thinking at all, sometimes, and especially when we cannot be sure, that we have truth for the basis of our thoughts. But, he is so young. So was David when he came to the throne, but he had been well hunted upon the mountains for all that; so was Elihu, while yet his teaching shows far more of the furnace, than his aged contemporaries; still, I do not think he is a tried man, he has always had a good portion, health, wealth, and friends; so he may, and yet, if God could not find room for a *thorn*, where would be the badge of discipleship, or if Jehovah had never made a furnace for him, how does he appear as a vessel unto honour? he may always have possessed all these things, and yet be well acquainted with the furnace. Now who does not see the folly of this thinking where God alone can think righteously; the folly of this speaking where God alone can speak to profit; who does not see the folly of one Christian trying to make a furnace for another Christian; or, in other words, trying to do *God's work*. I'll stop supplies, says the angry Christian parent, *that* will bring them to their senses; no, it will not. It will not, as you imagine,

make a furnace, a *place of benefit*. One Christian can make another Christian sullen and angry; like begets its like. 'Tis not the amount of *heat*, but the potter's *regulating*; it is not the amount of the pressure, but the blessing of God attending the pressure. The thumb-screws of the inquisition never cleansed the conscience yet, nor will the locking up of the cash-box ever open the affections towards God. The great potter melts his materials by *love* into a more comely shape, and by love often gives fixidity to that which is comely. Yet we see Christians trying to do *his* work by very different means. The people of God will sometimes try and make a furnace for their minister, and many a poor shell-like thing have they broken in their sinful bungling attempts. Had they have taken the poor vessel to the great potter in earnest prayer, humbly expressing what they thought required to be done, if requisite, in due time, it would have been done; the vessel and its usefulness would have been spared, they themselves saved from a day of retribution, and the folly and presumption of attempting to do that which belongs to the Lord. How often do God's saints when left to the influence of evil passions, rejoice over that which pains another, forgetting that if one member suffers, all, sooner or later, must suffer with it; that the measure meted to others, is sure to be meted to them in return. It is the work, then, of the heavenly Potter to make a furnace for his vessel; he alone possesses sufficient knowledge of his vessels to do so; that which would be a furnace to one, would be no furnace to another; yet has the potter no difficulty in making a furnace for each and for all,

It is part of the potter's craft, also, to bear his work *into* the furnace, and much skill and care is required, in this part of the process, his material being brittle and easily broken, and that often in proportion to their rarity and value, and it is the work of Jehovah to bring the vessels unto honour into the furnace; as it is his work to make a furnace for them, so it is no less his work to bring them into it; others may attempt it, and destroy the vessel in the attempt, but accomplish it they cannot; it is God's especial prerogative, though different instrumentality, may be employed. "This is the sword, thine is the hand," is the testimony of every saint: and as no power in heaven or earth can bring a vessel unto honour into the furnace, without the permission of Jehovah, who must ever be received as the great efficient, whatever means may be used, so, it is utterly impossible to keep a vessel from the furnace if Jehovah has determined, and sees that the furnace is required; and notwithstanding the vessels unto honour are so fragile and easily broken, it is surprising with what ease the great Potter bears them into the furnace. In a moment—in the twinkling of an eye, they are there. Who would have thought of Brother — being in such a furnace? we thought he was above the contingencies of providence. So he was, and so he is, but not not above the God of providence, who saw, and thought it best, that he should have that furnace, and though he seemed such a way from it, his hand could not only bring him near, but into it. Some are made to find a furnace in their experience, their experimental path—some in their nerves—some in their property—some in their poverty—some in their relatives—while each vessel carries in its own constitution, not only the cause of the furnace being needed, but also the elements of which it is frequently composed—*SIN*.

We have said that great care and skill is required to get the vessels into the furnace; yes, and great care and skill is required when they are there, or the potter's labour and hopes would all be destroyed. The heat must be carefully regulated. Too much, and all is lost; too little, the

is not accomplished. How true is this in reference to the vessels unto honour? and, hence, Jehovah would not leave his furnace in the hands of the highest archangel, or all the archangels in heaven; more skill is required than they possess to regulate the heat; and let no tried saint think, that the heat is too intense to be regulated by the fingers of love; for it is so regulated; and this sooner or later shall be acknowledged from the heart, both in this world and that which is to come.

"I have many things to tell you (said Christ to his sorrowing disciples) but ye cannot hear them now;" this is written upon every furnace however hot it may be. The same loving and gentle spirit which dictated these words, lives in the heart of him who was wasted amid the flames of penal wrath for our sins; that he might put them away, and make all the affliction of life but as a furnace through which he purifies us and fits us for the enjoyment of himself. How can that furnace be too hot over which a bleeding Saviour presides? how can those flames burn too fiercely, amid which he walks? The hand which was pierced is upon the fire, its flames come through his fingers, and are filtered by the palms of his hands! while the eyes that wept in Gethsemane, are fixed upon each vessel, and never sleep; and hence the most tried saint often makes the furnace to be a place of enjoyment as well as instruction and purification.

Oh, says faith, who would mind going into the furnace to see such a one? to have such companionship? to have the flames so directed as that they rob me of nothing but my bonds? Better to find Jesus in the furnace, than not find him at all; to meet him in the flames which love contemperate to purify, than in the penal fire which burns to eternal death.

But why does the potter bring his vessels into the furnace? why is the fire needed? To give fixidity, durability to the *form* which has cost him so much labour; to *burn in the figures* and various forms he has skilfully inscribed upon them; to make their usefulness and beauty *permanent*; and why does Jehovah bring the vessels unto honour into the furnace, but to burn in something of the image of the Son of God upon the soul, and to give fixidity to those truths which love has sketched upon the heart; to write the truth, as it is in Jesus, in indelible living characters upon the soul. "This is the covenant I will make with them in those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts." How many contend for the doctrine of sanctification, in the present day, who make light of the means by which we are sanctified; who, in *drift*, if not in positive statement, make light of those exercises of mind, which stand connected with that which in *epithet* they maintain, who speak as though to be tried and exercised were almost a crime, as though, the light of the present age ought to exclude those exercises which used to characterise saints. Such things are good in the old divines of by-gone days, but ought to have no living personal existence in this, and when such exercises come before them, how frequently are they traced to second causes—physical causes—disarranged system, &c.; now that a believer's mind *is* affected by those causes there can be no doubt, but to trace *all* exercises of mind, *all* spiritual phenomena, (so to speak,) to such sources, will often add to the affliction of those whom God has afflicted; and exhibited a spirit more worthy of a sceptical * physician than a man of God; many err, no doubt, on both sides; but it is best to err on the side of *life*, by attributing too much to God than too little. Granting that many of the exercises of saints do arise from physical causes, is not

* It has been observed by one who stands high in his profession, as a physician, and

God the author of our physical being?—my nervous system was moulded by his fingers; may he not have designed, that I should be exercised through that medium? and cannot he make that system the centre of a furnace for my purification, and the impartation of the Spirit of Christ? Is not *severe discipline* needed now as much as ever? and is not that discipline *felt* and made efficient through the ordinary afflictions of life—trouble, arising out of body, mind, and circumstances? whatever difference may be given to great names, in doctrine or experience, unless the *heart* touches the lip, damage is sure to be done to some; we have systems of doctrine, and experience too is very *systematic*, but a system made up of doctrinal facts, or experimental facts, unless received in an humbled heart under the teaching of the Spirit, will only harden the heart, tire the conscience, and give a harsh, bitter, presumptuous, dogmatical spirit to the mind, as unlike the Spirit of Christ as any thing can well be; a clear system and the Spirit of Christ do not always go together; the former may be had as an effort of intellect, the furnace alone can give the latter. Those who do not stay to hammer out their own system, prayerfully, in the fear of God, severing his truth at every step, may move on swiftly upon a system made to their hands, and be very angry with those who differ from them and the idol they have selected, but this procedure is of little advantage, seeing that no system of man's originating is perfect, a locomotive moves swiftly upon the rail laid down to facilitate its onward course. but we see little to interest or instruct, a *dead level* meets the eye all the way, and it is difficult to stop it though a living man should come in its way and be nearly crushed by its speed. A coach is an old-fashioned affair, its movements more slow and laborious, but we see more as it rolls on over hill and dale, through cities vast, or piny solitudes, and it has this advantage, that it can pull up too, upon an occasion, to pick up a poor lame traveller, though somewhat out of the beaten track and iron trail. Men gather around men in the present day as the representatives of certain systems, and learn the shibboleth of their respective party in a very short time, whether it be doctrinal or experimental; but what of personal godliness? what of receiving the whole truth as a little child? while many are calling out their party shibboleth the Christian should point to the furnace, and ask what of personal godliness? many contend for sanctification (and it cannot be too much contended for), but omit the furnace, (as though the sinner was sanctified by epithets) make too light of the truth *by* which we are sanctified, and of the experimental path which stands connected *with* sanctification, as though human nature had now become more plastic in the hands of the potter,—more susceptible of a divine impress, or needed less rough usage to cast it into a Christ-like mould. Still it is a solemn truth that man's fallen nature is possessed of so little affinity with the truth, that it must be burnt in, in order to his retaining it; he must go into the furnace in order that the truth may enter into him and have an abiding place in his heart. However little, therefore, may be said of the furnace in the church of Christ, in the present day, it is "still in Zion," nor will the march of intellect, or systems of men high or low, doctrinal or experimental, supersede its use, while the people of God continue to be "by nature children of wrath even as others." The furnace puts no new truths into the world, but brings the *meaning* and *intrinsic value* of truth into the mind, and the Spirit of its great Author too; and *so* brings them, that just as the figures raised upon a vessel when baked in the furnace become a part of the vessel itself, so the christian in the furnace is so assimilated to the truth, and to him

who is its sum and substance, as, that though he may be broken and burnt for the truth's sake, they can never be finally separated.

Thus we have endeavoured to trace out Jehovah's work in relation to the vessels unto honour; should we be asked in what respects they are said to be vessels unto honour; we would observe, they are vessels unto honour.

1. *In reference to the form they bear*—being predestinated to be conformed to the image of Christ, and this will take in the body as well as the soul, for although each and all of these vessels are to be broken and blended with the clods of the valley, yet they shall be brought forth again, and both without and within bear the image of the heavenly, even as they have borne the image of the earthly.

2. *Participation.* In what do they participate? In all that Christ is and has. In his spirit: "he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit," his nature, "being made partaker of the divine nature," said also to be bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Is not this an honour? but this is not all, they are destined to share in all the glory which he has procured and which belongs to him as the [mediator of the everlasting covenant, being with him "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ."

3. *Work.* What is that? to exhibit the truth as epistles of truth known and read of all men. And is not this an honour, to have something of God's truth written upon us; to hold forth that lamp whose cheering rays scatters away the darkness of moral death which envelopes us, and shows poor sinners the narrow path that leads from the confines of hell and despair.

4. *Ultimate position and use.* What is to be the ultimate position of the vessels unto honour? an honourable position, an exalted position. They are to form a part of the furniture of the palace royal of the King of kings and Lord of lords. They are the golden vessels of creation, for which creation is, and continues to be, though here esteemed as earthen pitchers, and hence, as the golden vessels under the law were preserved as sacred in the most holy place, so these vessels unto honour are in that temple above, of which Christ is the light and glory for ever and ever. And what is to be their use there? to be filled with the love of Jehovah] and reflect the glory of Christ. Oh what a sight it will be to see all these vessels gathered around the great white throne, each reflecting the glory of Christ, while Christ reflects the glory and beauty of the whole. More of God will be seen in these vessels than in all the material expressions of his power besides; each vessel will be a kind of golden letter in God's great name of LOVE, for ever exhibiting it to the wondering intelligences above, while so glorious will they then appear that even amid the streaming effulgence of heaven itself, they will sparkle and spangle as the prime workmanship of God. Nor shall they only passively exhibit the glory of Christ, but while they think of the miry clay from whence the Potter's hand uplifted them, the loud peeling anthem shall burst spontaneously from every heart and tongue: "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, amen."

While that which adds the climax of worth to all this is, that exalted as is the position and work of the vessels unto honour, they shall never fall to be broken and defiled in the mire of sin again. Say then, reader, while you contemplate all this as belonging to the saints of God, if he is not properly designated, "a vessel unto honour!"

(To be continued.)

THE EDGES OF THE CLOUDS.

ONE pleasant afternoon, not long ago, I had a long walk to take, and was accompanied for part of it by my father. We walked on very quietly, seldom speaking, my mind being occupied with very gloomy thoughts; circumstances from which I had hoped much, seemed to be bringing nothing but disappointment, and I, unmindful of the undeserved mercies I enjoyed, was murmuring and discontented. Just as we parted my father called my attention to the sky, and said, "You will have a beautiful edge to that cloud presently." I looked up, a cloud was just coming between us and the sun (behind which it appeared to be setting), and answered, that the sun was going down covered with a cloud. My father remarked, that it was but a small one; and then I continued my walk alone.

The sentence, "You will have a beautiful edge to that cloud presently," recurred very forcibly to my mind; and I saw how it might apply to the cloud upon which I was mentally brooding, and reflecting that this too was sent to me by an all-wise, all-seeing, and all-merciful Father, was led to trust all things to the keeping of him to whom all things are known. I looked again at the cloud which had come to me from His appointment; and although there seemed no hope of a bright edge being visible soon, yet remembered it was sent in love, for I was wayward, and inclined to seek for happiness in creature comforts: and perhaps my Lord meant to draw me more to himself by interposing a cloud, where I had in imagination built a pleasant resting-place, or may be, thought of a *dwelling* place on earth. He would desire to convince me that it is neither in fellowship with his people, or anything else short of heaven and the presence of Christ, perfect peace is to be found. Oh, truly the Lord our God is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working." Oh that we could trace all things concerning us, both the clouds and the sunshine, as coming from him, the Lord of hosts. Occasionally he gives us a view of the beautiful edge encircling the clouds he sends us even now in the wilderness; and shows us how needful it is that we be tried and purified from the dross of earthly affections, that all our desires may mount heavenward. At times, too, we find the clouds that look so black and threatening at first, are the means employed for bringing us to a quiet haven of rest in the midst of our pilgrimage, and then how lovely their edges appear. Could we but realize the presence of our glorious Immanuel, in full faith we surely should not fear as we enter the cloud, especially after the promise which shall never be negated, for in Christ it is yea and amen—"all things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose." The question then, for each of us individually is, have I been called? Have I heard the voice of Jesus? For all the elect are like Paul, "chosen to see that Just One, and to hear the voice of his mouth" (Acts xxii. 14). Here then is a mark by which to try whether we are the called. Has the Eternal Spirit opened our eyes to see the King in his beauty, and our ears to hearken to him? Do we know that "never man spake like this man?" Then when any cloud darkens the heavens around and above us, we shall be enabled if faith be in exercise, to see the hand of our Lord disposing every event, and to hear his cheering words, "What I do thou knowest not *now*, but thou shalt know hereafter." Yes, should we never on earth see the brightness of the clouds, or comprehend the mysterious ways of our heavenly Father, yet when we see Him as He is, and know even as we are known; when from those eternal heights we look back to the chequered pathway we trod in the days of our pilgrimage, we shall see the clouds that once looked so

black, with such beautiful edges, that we can scarcely believe them to be the same under which we trembled, and tracing the wonderful love of the Triune Jehovah in sending them, for the promotion of our eternal well-being, we shall praise, wonder, and adore. Oh, with what brightness and beauty will those clouds be arranged, which were commissioned to wean us from the idols after which, if left to ourselves, we should have gone, and make us cleave to our Immanuel, crying out with Ephraim, "What have I to do any more with idols? I have seen him and observed him." Oh then it behoves the regenerated children of God to wait patiently for the time when, having entered into their rest, they will have a view of the beautiful edges of the clouds that overshadowed them, when alienated from home, and join with the ransomed of all nations in ascribing glory, honour, and majesty, to Him who fed them all their life through, who instructed them, kept them as the apple of his eye—who guided them with his counsel, and at length received them to glory. To Him be all the praise. Amen.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

"*The Spirit and the Bride say come! And let him that heareth say, come!*"—Rev. xxii. 17.

THAT He who in the beginning was with God and was God, but "in the fullness of time," for the love He bore to those of Adam's race, whom in the councils of eternity He had betrothed unto Himself for ever; took upon Him man's nature, came down from Heaven, tabernacled in this lower world, magnified the law and made it honourable, and died at last upon the cross of Calvary, "the just in the place and stead of the unjust;" and then, having met and satisfied the utmost demands of God's violated law, and gloriously vindicated the eternal equity of God's moral government, burst victoriously the bands of death, rose from the dead, and ascended into Heaven where now He sitteth at the right hand of God. That this Mighty and Holy One of God, we say, shall *come again*, as it is generally and vaguely expressed "to judge the world," is a truth broadly revealed in the word of God, and universally received and acknowledged by "all who profess and call themselves Christians."

Yes, *Jesus will come again*, to this *general* statement we all agree, for not only is the fact reiterated in scriptures, but it is embodied in the confession of every Christian Church:—"He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead" (*Nicene Creed*). But then, *How* will he come?—*What* will He come to *do*?—*When* will he come? About these *particulars* we do not all agree; nay, on these points there is a very great diversity of opinion among us. Of course our final appeal in this controversy, as in all controversies in which God's truth is involved, must be to God's word. "*To the law and to the testimony*, if we speak not, on any subject, according to this word "it is because there is no truth in us."

Reader, let us see what the scriptures do say—let us endeavour to ascertain what *is* the mind of the Spirit on this important subject? But oh! if we really desire to derive profit and instruction from them, let our investigations be undertaken in a humble, teachable, childlike spirit; let us approach the sacred Oracle in the spirit of the Psalmist when he said, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak (Psal. lxxxv. 8); let us open the blessed page with the cry of "the child Samuel" upon our lips—"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth" (1 Sam. iii. 10).

Oh! blessed Lord, who hast caused *all* thy holy scriptures to be written for

our instruction ; give unto us (thy poor, erring, ignorant, people), thy enlightening Spirit, that we may not only hear, and read, but also mark, learn, and inwardly digest them. O ! give unto us a keen spiritual appetite for thy blessed Word, and a strong spiritual digestion, that we may not only be kept alive by its " sincere milk," but strengthened and edified by its " strong meat ;" that we be not always children ever learning and never coming to the knowledge of the truth, but strong men having thy word abiding in us, and so able to overcome the wicked one. We know, for Thou hast told us, that *all scripture* is given by inspiration of Thee, and is *profitable* ; O ! show us the *preciousness* of those things in it which we have *disregarded* ; open up to us the *fulness* of those things in it which we have but very *partially* understood ; that by the patient study, infallible instruction, gracious encouragement, and sweet comfort of thy Holy Word, we may walk in the light of thy truth in this life, till we attain to the perfect light of everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

We propose then, beloved, to furnish a brief and strictly *scriptural* answer to these three most interesting questions :

I. *How* will Christ come again ?

II. *What* will He come to do ?

III. *When* will He come ?

At the outset, however, we must observe that it is one of the most important rules for the right interpretation not only of prophecy but of all scripture, that we should always take the *literal* as the *primary* sense,* except in cases where either the language is evidently symbolical, or a literal interpretation would involve an absurdity or contradict some other plain passages of Holy Writ. Thus, for instance, when we read in the 26th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel (v. 26), that " as they were eating Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat ; *this is my body.*" Where the Saviour's meaning evidently is, this bread is to *symbolize* or *represent* my body. Or again, when it is said, " If thy right eye (or right hand) offend thee, *pluck it out* (or cut it off) and cast it from thee" (Matt. v. 29, 30). Or, once more, when St. Paul tells us (1 Tim. ii. 4), that " God *will have all men to be saved*, and to come to the knowledge of the truth ;" for reason and revelation alike forbid us to take this literally, seeing that all men are not saved, and that Scripture elsewhere declares that God " worketh all things after the counsel of his own will" (Eph. i. 11). But with these and similar exceptions, which instead of invalidating, only confirm the rule, we do most strenuously contend for the *literal* interpretation of scripture.

This being premised, we proceed to inquire,

* Mark, I say, the *primary*, not the *exclusive* sense ; for it is freely admitted that not only has a great part of scripture, especially prophecy, a *secondary* sense, but that this is to us often the deeper and more important sense. Thus, for instance, when we read in Matt. iii. 6, " I am Jehovah, I change not ; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed," I believe that this most precious declaration is made *primarily* to the *Jews*, the literal seed of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. And I cannot look at a Jew without seeing this declaration verified, and a monument of God's faithfulness and love to Israel as a nation. But is this all ? No, no ; the passage has also a *secondary* application to the spiritual seed of Abraham, who, as the apostle says, being possessed of like precious faith, " are blessed with faithful Abraham" (see Gal. iii. 7—9, 29). So that we, as Gentile believers, may still appropriate the declaration to ourselves, and enjoy all the assurance and comfort which it is calculated to afford. Thus we see how language first applied to the literal Israel, and still applicable to that nation beloved for the fathers' sakes" (Rom. xi. 25—29), is at the same time transferable to the spiritual Israel, the chosen of God, redeemed out of every kindred, and nation, and tongue, and people, and grafted into the Jewish olive tree.

I. *How*, or in what manner, will the Lord Jesus Christ come again? To this we reply, that—

1. *He will come personally.* When we find the Lord Jesus Christ himself saying, "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately" (Luke xii. 35, 36). "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh" (Matt. xxiv. 44). "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh" (Matt. xxv. 13). We are not to suppose that he is speaking metonymically of death, but of his own second advent. Why should this language refer to death? What scriptural evidence can be adduced in favour of this unliteral interpretation? None, actually none. Why should it *not* refer to his own personal coming? What scriptural argument can be brought against this literal interpretation? None, actually none. The very same Jesus who has gone into heaven, will come again from heaven; as truly as he went, he will come again; as in his own true and proper person he went, so in his own true and proper person he will return: and depend upon it, beloved, wherever in the New Testament you find "the coming of the Lord," and "the coming of the Son of Man," spoken of, it is this glorious event, and nothing else, that is alluded to. What saith the scripture? We read in the first chapter of Acts, that as the disciples after the ascension of the Lord, "looked up steadfastly towards heaven, behold two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? *this same Jesus* which is taken from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven" (Acts i. 10, 11). Yes, for it is "*the Lord himself*" that "shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God" (1 Thess. iv. 16). As it is written again, "Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him; and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, amen" (Rev. i. 7).

2. Again, *He will come in power and great glory.* Once the Lord Jesus Christ came to suffer and to die; but then he will come to triumph and to reign. Once he came to seek and to save his poor sheep scattered by Satan in the cloudy and dark day; then he will come to destroy his enemies, and stain all his raiment with blood (Isa. lxiii. 3). Once he came as a lamb to be led to the slaughter, and as a sheep before its shearers, not opening his mouth; but then he will come as "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," terrible in his wrath. Once he came "to preach the acceptable year of the Lord;" when he comes again, it will be "the day of vengeance of our God" (Isa. lxi. 2, compare with Luke iv. 19).—Once he came in the form of a servant; when he comes again it will be in the royalty of a king. Once he came in humiliation—to be mocked, despised, and crucified; when he comes again it will be in glory, preceded by the divine proclamation, "Let all the angels of God worship him" (Heb. i. 6).

So in his solemn warning to his disciples (a warning to which we shall all do well to take heed), Jesus said, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, *when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels*" (Luke ix. 26). And again in his prophetic description of the close of this dispensation, he declared, "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken: and then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of

the earth mourn, and *they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory*" (Matt. xxiv. 29, 30). So, too, when abjured by the high-priest to declare whether he was "the Christ, the Son of the living God, Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said: nevertheless, (or rather, moreover) I say unto you, *hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven*" (Matt. xxvi. 65, 66). Then shall the prophet's glowing vision become actual, "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphims; each had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is Jehovah of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory" (Isa. vi. 1—3). For "these things said Esaias, when he saw *His* glory, and spake of *Him*" (John xii. 41). Oh may we not take up the language of the hymn, and say,

"I long to behold Him array'd,
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty display'd,
His majesty, terror, and love."

3. Again, *He will come accompanied by all his saints—the dead who have died in the Lord*. So "Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, Behold the Lord cometh *with ten thousands of his saints*, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him" (Jude xiv. 15). And so also did Zechariah declare, "Jehovah my God shall come, and *all the saints with thee*" (Zech. xiv. 5). Hence the apostle Paul, when comforting the bereaved members of the Church of the Thessalonians, says, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so *them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him*" (1 Thess. iv. 4, 5). Among that blessed multitude shall be found Abel, the real proto-martyr; Enoch, who "walked with God;" and Noah, the "preacher of righteousness;" Abraham, "the friend of God;" and Isaac, in whom the seed was called; and Jacob, who was surnamed Israel; Job, the personification of patience; and Moses, the meekest of men; and Samuel, the called of the Lord; David, the man after God's own heart; and Isaiah, the evangelical prophet; Daniel, a man greatly beloved; Malachi, the last of the prophets; and all the Old Testament saints. There, too, shall be seen the beloved John, and the impetuous Peter, and the guileless Nathanael; and Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles; and Mary, the mother of Jesus; and Mary Magdalene; and the elect lady to whom John wrote his second epistle. There, too, shall be found the saints of later days, the venerable Polycarp, the evangelical Augustine, the Protestant Vigilantius; Wickliffe, the morning star of the Reformation; and Huss, and Jerome of Prague, the betrayed and murdered; and Luther, that lion of God, whose roar awoke a slumbering world; and Calvin, the great theologian of the Reformation; and the uncompromising Hooper; and Ridley, and Latimer, our noble English martyrs; and Knox, the great Scottish Reformer; and Bradwardine, the prince of divines; and Usher, the model of a bishop; and Bunyan, the glorious dreamer of Elstow; and Crisp, in whose sanctified heart Christ alone was exalted; and Gill, the soundness of whose creed was only exceeded by the holiness of his life; and Whitefield, the prince of preachers; and Toplady, of seraphic memory; and Romaine, the unwavering champion of God's truth; and Hawker, of whom a reviling world was not worthy; and Irons, and Krause. Yes,

beloved, and the pious father whose memory you revere; and the holy mother whose prayers are your noblest earthly inheritance; and the faithful partner whom death has torn from your fond arms; and the little child who fell asleep yesterday with the name of *Jesus* on its lips. *All* shall be there; none lost or left behind—all sleep in *Jesus*, and all shall come with *Jesus*: for them which sleep in *Jesus* will God bring with him. Yes, *they are all coming with Jesus*—this rejoices and comforts our hearts; but oh, *Jesus is coming with them*—this is our greatest and most exceeding joy.

4. Once more, *He will come attended by the holy angels*. Angels attended Christ on his ascension into heaven. Moses departed mysteriously, no one knew how; nor can “any man tell where was his sepulchre unto this day.” Elijah was snatched away in a whirlwind, in a chariot of fire, and with horses of fire. But *Jesus*, while conversing familiarly with his disciples, and pronouncing his parting benediction upon them, rose up by the exertion of his own Divine power from the earth, and a cloud received him out of their sight.*

Inexpressible amazement filled the minds of the apostles, as they beheld their Lord’s wondrous ascension into heaven, accompanied by a multitude of glorious angels; but even in this hour of his triumph, Christ was not unmindful of the wants and feelings of his people upon earth, and two of these celestial guards were despatched to calm the agitation and confirm the faith of the disciples. For we are told (Acts i. 10, 11), that while they looked stedfastly towards heaven as he went up, *behold, two men stood by them in white apparel*; which also said, “Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven; this same *Jesus* which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.” Implying that as they had seen him ascend to heaven in a cloud of glory, and attended by this splendid guard of mighty angels, even so would he appear again at the close of the dispensation.

Of the ministry of angels at the ascension of the Lord *Jesus*, we have further proof in the 68th Psalm, where, referring to Messiah, the Psalmist exclaims, “*The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels; the Lord is among them*, as in Sinai, in the holy place” (v. 17); and that he is here speaking of the ascension of Christ is evident from the following verse, which proceeds, “*Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them*” (v. 18, compare with Eph. iv. 8—10).

Thus we see that, to use the words of the poet,

“They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Spread their triumphant wings, and sang,
The glorious work is done.”

And as he ascended, so will he descend, attended by the holy angels. So we read, “The Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, *with his angels*” (Matt. xvi. 27). And again, “The Son of Man shall come in his glory, and *all the holy angels with him*” (Matt. xxv. 3). And again, “Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father *with the holy angels*” (Mark viii. 38). And once more St. Paul tells us, “The Lord *Jesus* shall be revealed from heaven, *with his mighty angels*,” &c. (2 Thess. i. 7). Then shall be brought to pass our Lord’s promise to Nathanael, “Verily, verily, I

* Dr. Hammond thinks the cloud was a cloud of angels; as their appearance is frequently described in scripture as a cloud (see Dan. vii. 13, &c.)

say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and *the angels of God ascending* (this was accomplished at the ascension) and *descending* (this will be accomplished at the second advent) *upon the Son of Man*" (John i. 51). Oh how glorious will be the sight! The Lord Jesus Christ invested with all the glory that burst upon Isaiah's enraptured sight, that overwhelmed the favoured three upon the holy mount, and that struck Saul of Tarsus to the earth, accompanied by the ten thousands of his saints, and all the air peopled by angelic legions!

"Lo he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign."

SO SHALL HE COME.

[In a future paper we propose considering the second inquiry, viz., *What will the Lord Jesus Christ come to do?*]

Liverpool.

M. M.

MEMORIAL OF A GODLY FATHER.

"*The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.*"

It is not because he is my father that I desire to speak of the deceased, but because "he died in faith," and as such I can testify to the goodness, mercy, and faithfulness of God to him, as did Paul of so many patriarchs of old who were the participants in life and death of the "like precious" blessing. Truly was the loving-kindness of the Lord great and marvellous to this aged saint for two and seventy years; but there was a time, a "set time" too, when this was manifestly so, when as David saith, "the Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming from *this time forth* even for evermore."

From short memoranda made at the time, it appears this "day of the Lord of Hosts" upon his soul, wherein the pride of his heart was humbled, and the haughtiness of his spirit was brought low, was spread over two years and a half of anxious concern for his soul; till by command of Israel's antitypical Joshua, the sun of righteousness, in the firmament of the "new heavens," stood still over the testimony of God's four sermons preached by the Doctor Rippon; two are especially recorded, the texts of which were: In the morning of the Lord's day, January 18, 1807, "Thou meetest him that worketh righteousness, those that remember thee in thy ways." Afternoon.—"This year thou shalt die."

So true it was, that the Lord did meet him, in the meeting-place for the sinners of his people, prepared by God from all eternity, for a saving recognition of the seed of Christ; and that he "died unto sin" this year. This work of the Lord was not evinced in the glowing colours of a startling captivating profession, that which with deceit of heart, courts human applause, and seeks to prevail only with the tongue; but was manifest in fear and humility, in simplicity and godly sincerity, as was evident by his meek and lowly life; and his great aim now to glorify God, or as the text says, "to remember him in his ways." To this end he hastened to the sanctuary of God, "Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, to the testimony of Israel, to give thanks to his name:" and after bearing witness to

the blessings he had received, was baptized by Dr. Rippon, at Old Carter Lane Chapel, Tooley Street, January 29th, 1807.

Here he continued a member for about eleven years, till the ministry of the Doctor, dwindling as it did, into the degeneracy of the Galatian Church, (Gal. iii. 3), fell short of the growing desires of his expanding soul after enlarged developments of the ever-increasing glories of precious Christ: when he found himself being "entangled again in the yoke of bondage," and though having "begun in the Spirit," that he was now (preachingly) being made perfect in the flesh. So that he needed a purer atmosphere than the purlieu of Bermondsey afforded, for the healthy respiration of his soul; and stronger meat than the doctor supplied to support him in his walk and warfare. Therefore as Jonathan said unto David, "Whatsoever thy soul desireth I will even do it for thee," so in like manner the Lord said unto him, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted." To effect which he was led of the Spirit to a little Chapel at the corner of Cold Harbour Lane, Camberwell, where the then young Joseph Irons was first pitching his tent in that neighbourhood: and it was under the sermon preached from that text, "Loose him and let him go," (recorded in pages 42 and 43 of the recently published "Memoir of Joseph Irons") that he felt the full liberation of his soul from legal fetters, and was enabled to rejoice in the liberty wherewith God makes his people free.

Thus did the Lord, as it were, put his hand a second time to the work; performing his promise to one who was to be sanctified through the truth and word of God, "I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy fire." And here he shall speak for himself:

"In looking back upon the past (says he), I cannot but view with astonishment and gratitude to God, the wonderful manner in which the Lord has been pleased of his goodness and mercy, to lead, guide, uphold, and preserve me in his ways to the present moment. In the early part of my experience, I was working hard to *do* something by which I might merit the favour of God; and sometimes bolstering myself up in the supposed excellencies I had attained. At other times the heavens were as brass above my head, and my prayer was shut out. Then I thought the Lord had altered his mind towards me, and my language was, "Is the mercy of the Lord clean gone for ever? Will he be merciful no more?" Thus did I go on for years, between hope and despair. I was indeed like John Bunyan's Christian with the burden on his back, which I carried till the the Lord was pleased to bring me under the ministry of Mr. Irons. Never till then did I so fully see the Lord Jesus Christ, in the beauty of his Person; in the perfection of his work; in his justifying righteousness, and complete redemption: and that my salvation was all of God in Christ Jesus from first to last. Now having the witness within that I am born of God, I see that I had been working *for* life, instead of *from* life: now I rejoice in the record God hath given to me, even eternal life, and that this record is **IN HIS SON.**

"Stoke Newington, April 9, 1837.

JOHN COWELL."

From the time of Mr. Irons's first entry into Camberwell, he became a constant attendant on his ministry, which he continued for upwards of thirty years, till the reminding finger of death touched the poor body with paralysis. The Lord made the message delivered at "the Grove," the word of life, truth, peace, love, comfort, and joy, to his soul: and that he might not be a "forgetful hearer," his habit was to write the sermons down at the time, then to take them home, and make them subjects of meditation and prayer; adding to them suitable hymns, and the reflections of his own soul. This constant practice was adopted, as he said, "to store his mind with scripture truth." And the number of such sermons he has left behind is immense.

For forty-six years he maintained by grace an upright walk with God; adorned with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, yet marked by great

concern for his soul, being the subject of many severe conflicts within, and incessant attacks from the enemy without. But he lived to prove the sufficiency of the grace and strength of God, which supported him through all his sufferings, afflictions, and sorrows. And truly these were great and mighty, bereaved as he was of a heaven-born helpmeet, when manhood was in the zenith of its native glory; and having a dependent family of nine young children to drag through the eventful times of our great commercial difficulties. But the Lord was with him, he who had said "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," was present to help in all his times of need: and though the sufferer of much adversity of soul, and called to pass through many trials, troubles, dangers, and distresses, in life, causing him to be the man of many prayers and of much intercourse and communion with God, yet was he safely brought through them all, and thus constrained to magnify, bless, and praise the name of the Lord his God.

But there was none of that affected sanctity and assumed devotion before men, which always excites a suspicion that the reality is lacking before God. He that is so publicly religious, is most deficient in private. The dear departed bore a better testimony of belonging to God, than is to be gathered from outward show. There was the image of God in the inner and hidden man of the heart; he possessed the spirit and mind of Christ: loving Him that begat, he loved them also that were begotten of Him: he took up the cross and followed the Lamb; he died unto sin and lived unto God. He "separated himself" from the world and through the "desire" of his heart, and longing of his soul after Christ, he sought, like the man of proverb, to "intermeddle with the wisdom of God," (Proverbs xviii. 1.)

Of late years it pleased the Lord so to lay affliction upon his loins whilst in the country, as to confine him entirely within the precincts of his own chamber. But as a "living epistle" he was known and read of all men even there: the glory of the Lord in the souls of his saints, shining forth as the sun, and His righteousness in their hearts as a lamp that burneth. Though the physical strength of "three score years and ten," was much subdued by the labour and sorrow of age, and like the house of Saul waxed "weaker and weaker;" yet his spiritual strength, like the house of David, which "waxed stronger and stronger," was renewed and increased every day, until merging from time into eternity, it retired to rest in all the glory of a setting sun. The honour of hoar hairs was his, and not only was he crowned with a patriarchal resemblance and deportment that inspired the beholder with profound respect for his venerable Jacob like appearance, but there was a weight and power of wisdom's words, that made the "house of mourning" so profitable a place to be in. His speech was always "with grace seasoned with salt," proving a time of solemn learning, and a season of much refreshing, to visitors at the chamber of death. For now had the "time to die" arrived; but to him it was the "time to live," for he lived more at his death than in his life, his soul increased with the increase of God as eternity opened upon him. "The path of the just is as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Now was to be proved that which he had written many years ago, as follows:

"I know not," said he, "how it may be with me when I come to die, but the Lord has been pleased of his infinite goodness to take away from me the fear of death, by assuring my soul that He hath conquered death for me and taken away its sting. So that instead of looking forward to that period with *dread*, I contemplate it with *delight*, knowing that by

the door of death, I shall enter into that rest above, which through grace I have had a sweet foretaste of here upon earth. Therefore, 'when 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 shall comfort me.'"

Reader, do you think he was disappointed? Did ever God lead a soul in the firm persuasion of faith to rest upon him, and then leave that faith without his accompanying soul-satisfying, self-glorifying works? No—

"The work which wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes."

Therefore for the benefit of those poor distracted souls (and many such there are in Zion) upon whom the "terrors of death" have fallen, I will relate to the praise of the Lord what took place when this aged saint really did walk through the "valley of the shadow of death."

Truly it was but a shadow; to him it had no substance; the "bitterness of death" being passed from all those for whom the "suffering of death" was endured by Jesus upon the cross. Therefore, I would not say my father died, (for he is only planted in the likeness of it) but that he has fallen asleep on the bed prepared by God for the time-worn body, whilst the soul has gone to see about its mansion and its crown. Do you ask then, and how did he meet death? I answer, as one friend meets another—with a welcome—for since Jesus hath used death as a means of redemption (Heb. ix. 15), God hath turned the curse into a blessing; and thus as Haman did homage to Mordecai, so death is made to wait upon and serve the Church.

In him there was a full display of the power of Christ, by which a soul in the prospect of eternity is enabled to triumph over death—so that when death came to him to plague him, he could say "O death, I (through Christ) will be thy plague." Or "O death, I will plague thee to death." This is the victory that overcometh the world and swallows up death, which was so entered into and realized by my father through faith; that instead of death tormenting him, he vexed, disappointed, and plagued death. To him therefore it had no sting, and the grave no victory. By faith he was leaning upon the top of his staff, and worshipped, dying.

The eye upon Christ is a sight the devil hates. My father was "looking unto Jesus:" and he is now realizing in uninterrupted bliss, that which he wrote in his pocket book when he anticipated the termination of his warfare, namely—

"The shout of victory on his tongue,
The palm of victory in his hand,
The crown of victory on his head."

But he was not to grasp the glories of heaven without a struggle. 'Tis fighting, to the very last. Satan is permitted to touch all that we have, but our life: and thus he was allowed to attack this patient saint, trying to becloud his bright evidences of grace, by a suggestion the work was all a cheat. "Delusion," said he, "Delusion."

It was in this state the writer found him on his visit, when the following conversation took place:

Son—"Do you know me, dear father?" Father—"Oh yes." Son—"And do you know 'Him' too, of whom 'Moses and the prophets did write?'" Father—"Oh yes, and feel an union to him." Son—"And enjoy communion?" Father—"They cannot be separated."

Thus he caught me up in my questions, so short—so sweet. But said he, "I am sorely tried; though I feel firmly built and established upon

Christ 'the Rock of ages,' a foundation that never gives way (this was his theme through life,) "yet," said he, "the devil tries to make out that the whole work in my heart is *confusion*." I then asked him if the work, nevertheless, *abided*—for since the "foundation of God standeth sure," so does the building he erecteth thereon: therefore I quoted to him this scripture: "if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, or stubble, the fire shall try it, and the day shall declare it." This day to him had arrived, therefore I asked him, "doth the work *abide*?" when he gave full evidence that the fire did not consume it, but the more clearly revealed it. Thus his faith, so sorely tried, was nevertheless found, (like gold tried in a furnace of earth), and that, unto praise, honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

The suitable word of comfort the Lord gave him to nullify the suggestions of Satan, was this; "God is the God of *order*." Nor was there any confusion in his mind about the matter after this; for Babel and Antichrist were utterly banished from his heart, so that when one of his daughters asked him if his resting place in Jesus was made sure, he immediately replied, "Oh yes, God is the God of *order*."

The writer is free to confess that he never before saw the work of God more manifest upon the soul of another, than upon himself, to this day. But it helped, nevertheless, both to help and to instruct him in the way of the Lord; and, blessed be God, in the searchings of heart it created, I found after all, I could, through the goodness of the Lord, say to *my* soul, keep pace with the desires and delights of the dying.

But to proceed to a second interview which was a service of solemn worship, as near to heaven as ever I have been. The word of God read, was from the 5th of Job, beginning at the 17th verse; where the man is pronounced to be "happy whom God correcteth," and exhorted to "despise not the chastenings of the Almighty." For though (in justice) he maketh sore; (in mercy) he bindeth up: though he woundeth (in judgment) he healeth (in love). After reading the promise of God to deliver in six troubles and also in seven: in famine to redeem from dying, and in war from the power of the sword, (upon all which truths the aged saint, with an occasional lifted up hand, feasted upon portions peculiarly his own) the following suitable declaration is made, "Thou shalt not be afraid of destruction *when it cometh*." Nor is *this* enough. The soul delivered from fear is destined to *triumph over* its enemy of dread: therefore it is added "at destruction and famine thou shalt laugh." My reader, is this true or false? It is the word of God, who is the God of truth, and was verified in my father's soul. Destruction from God is a terror to the wicked: but destruction and death being themselves destroyed by him who triumphed over them both, and the grave; the Lord's Beloved is delivered: and that not only from fear, but from the very fear of fears (Prov. iii. 25). And it was thus this ransomed one revelled in the achievements of the cross, rejoicing in the victory of Christ.

Thus he beheld his last enemy's approach with the utmost composure of soul, saying, as he repeatedly did, "all the days of my appointed time will I patiently wait, till my change come:" when like the full ripe ear of corn that gently waves to the kind autumnal breeze, he bowed his head to the stroke of God's decree. Having put his house in order; made every arrangement for his funeral, entering into the very minute of proceedings; and, like Joseph, had given commandment concerning his *bones*, with the true resignation of a will-less saint, he realized the blessedness of

me." It was indeed a grace-glorifying sight, to behold the peaceful man of God on his dying couch, his heart gladdened at the prospect of the glory shortly to be revealed, and (invisibly) laughing with spiritual mirth in the joy and gladness of his heart at, and over, the destruction that awaited his body. Respecting which he rested perfectly satisfied with the promise of God concerning it, as contained in the 24th verse (and which was the last scripture I read,) "and thou shalt know that thy tabernacle shall be in peace."

To awake the strings of sacred song in his heart I then turned to that sweet hymn of dear brother Mote's, the 257th in his "Hymns of Praise," called "The Bosom Friend," which the dying patriarch dwelt upon with ecstatic delight, whilst I read

"Fountain of everlasting love,
To thee the knee I bend:
Adoring thy eternal grace,
Who art my Bosom-Friend.

"The sweet communion of thy love,
My soul from earth doth rend,
For all my heav'n's in thine embrace,
My Lord, my Bosom-Friend.

"When all the strings of nature break,
And flesh and spirit rend;
Then let me drop in thine embrace,
My Lord, my Bosom-Friend.

"Then raised to all the heights of bliss,
Eternity to spend;
At thy dear feet the crown I'll cast,
My Lord, my Bosom-Friend."

The reading of this hymn and a few remarks upon the text, "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good:" seemed refreshing to his soul. His poor body also revived, and on my return to his room I found him sitting up in his easy chair. And here it was that he said his last words to me, and which I shall never forget. The solemnity of his death-sayings are indelibly fixed on my heart. There was no mistaking the reality of his religion then.

"If," said he (as well as he was able, being in the last stage of Asthma), "if my suffering here, even more than I have already done, would tend to the glory of God, I can say, 'Thy will be done:' if not, I am ready to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. I DESIRE THAT CHRIST MAY BE MAGNIFIED IN MY BODY, WHETHER IT BE BY LIFE OR BY DEATH."

The weight and power with which these words fell upon my ear, made me speechless towards others, but I said within myself, Lord, it is enough, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word." I then leant against the wall, and looking stedfastly at him as for the last time, I thought, what more can I do? I have heard your testimony both in life and in death, and am satisfied. I have loved you, prayed for you, and now, as Joseph did unto his dying father Jacob, I have fallen upon your neck and kissed you; what more can I say, think, and do? The time is up that I must go, good-bye in the Lord. Was off by the train a distance of fifty miles, but had not long reached home before the following announcement was received from a sister:

"The happy spirit of our beloved parent has taken its flight to the realms of glory. He fell asleep in Jesus, at twenty minutes past five this afternoon.

"Ware, December 7, 1852."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

The sleeping dust was conveyed to the silent tomb under Maze Pond Chapel, Southwark, December 16, 1852; on which occasion a savoury and soul-reviving address was given by Mr. Richard Luckin, our beloved brother, and the pastor of Woodbridge Chapel, Clerkenwell. He dwelt

directing the hearts of the mourners (among whom was beloved Mr. Mote), from the tomb to the throne.

Thus endeth the whole matter of my father, as far as time is concerned. His soul has entered its eternal rest, "safe in Jesu's hands:" and as to his sleeping body, that also abides in security and peace, till disturbed by the glorious commotion of the final judgment, when the reviving trumpet of God shall sound at the second resurrection, the same word of command which the "Voice" did with such blessedness at his first resurrection, "*Loose him and let him go.*"

Releas'd! he's gone
To be with God;
The body left, of life bereft,
Lies cold and still in earth that's cleft,
His soul is with the Lord.
As dust, he must
Decay and die,
That Christ may raise, his name to praise,
A frame of immortality.

Then cease to mourn,
The ransom'd gone,
Nor longer look on clay forsook,
And in dishonour sown.

But see his spirit
Doth inherit,
Glory's place among the race,
Sav'd from their demerit.

Chelmsford, January 2, 1853.

In Jesus sealed,
And by him heal'd,
Who knows how bright, the heavenly light,
To his glad heart revealed.

The "ark-bound" dove
Now rests above,
Where Jesu's face, lights up the place,
And all is peace and love.

No more, no more,
Of sin and war;
The conqueror's brow is crowned now
With vict'ry's laurels o'er.

At his decease
'Twas "FAITH" and "PEACE."
And now since he, doth Jesus see,
How satisfied his soul must be,
Nor shall it ever cease.

JOSIAH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BETHESDA.

[This extract of a lecture of dear Mr. KRAUSE on the High Priest's dress, I am induced to send you, I have latterly, alas! so fully experienced its truth.—K. S. H.]

WHAT shall we say of the Bells and Pomegranates, which were at the bottom of this robe?

I do not wish to bring before you any thing that might be thought fanciful or speculative, but it suggests to me that as the bells were heard, whenever the priest moved, as he went to minister before the Lord, many an Israelite who could not see the high-priest as he performed his ministrations could hear the sweet sound of the bells. And so it is (whether this be under the surface of the type or not) with the preaching of the Gospel, whenever the full and free Gospel of the grace of God is preached, the sound brings comfort to the children of God.

When those who have known the truth, and loved the truth, have been deprived of the preaching of a full and free Gospel—they have often found it to be a privation for which *nothing* could compensate, in the way of ordinances. The preaching of the Gospel is God's ordinance, and it is very precious to his people; many a child of God who has been thirsting for fuller and clearer views of covenant mercy, who has been in bondage to the law all the week, has found liberty and joy on the Lord's day—under the faithful preaching of the Gospel.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I know you are no admirer of controversy. It is not well for the people of the Lord to strive; and your resolution to exclude the captious from your pages is a good one. But occasionally I can detect the head and shoulders of some spiritual *athlete* therein, and thus I am led to hope you will not refuse me a corner; not for the purpose of exhibiting my strength, but to give my opinion and ask a few questions of—or rather to throw out a few suggestions—to some of your champions.

You must know I most religiously believe in the second Advent of our glorious Lord Jesus Christ; and do most vigorously protest against the *spiritualizing* of the mass of passages in the New Testament bearing upon that topic. It is sweet, passing sweet, to be enabled to pierce the surface of the word and extract the marrow that the Lord has there hidden for his loved ones; but to deliberately place every passage upon Procrustes' bed, that is, either too long or too short for our preconceived notions I cannot consent to do. Mark you, dear Brother, I am now speaking of passages in the New Testament, I am not alluding to those under the veil of figure or metaphor in the Old. Multitudes of those, I believe, every man to be ignorant, as to their real meaning. By the way, Peter's interpretation of one of them in the 2nd of Acts ought to be a salutary check upon *literalizers* (if you will allow me to coin a word). But I am speaking of the plain, simple, homely, matter-of-fact asseverations of the Apostles with regard to the second coming of the Lord, and of the clear and unmistakeable declarations of the Lord himself and his angels concerning it. Now first of all, I would submit a few of those plain texts to the consideration of some of your *spiritualizing* readers—

Matt. xxiv. 30 and 42; Matt. xvi. 27, and xxv. 31; Mark viii. 38, and xiii. 26; Luke xxi. 27; John xiv. 3; Acts i. 9—11; 1 Cor. i. 7; Phil. iii. 20; 2 Tim. iv. 8; Tit. ii. 13; 1 Thess. i. 10, and iv. 13—18; 2 Thess. iii. 5; James v. 7 and 8; 2 Pet. iii. 3—12.

These Scriptures to my mind are so clear, so incapable of a second meaning, that I am verily inclined to think that the man who would venture to spiritualize them into a coming of the Lord, *into the heart*, or *at death*, would undertake a voyage to the moon upon a beanstalk! But say some, "There is so much mystery in the Lord's address in the twenty-fourth of Matthew, so much that may be interpreted of the destruction of Jerusalem, &c., that we know not but that the whole may refer to that event." I reply to this by referring to the first and last chapter of the Revelations, where "the Coming" is still spoken of as *future*, twenty-five years *after* Jerusalem's destruction!

That all these passages cannot mean a spiritual manifestation to the soul of the believer, is clear from the fact of "*clouds*," and "*mighty angels*," and "*crowns of glory*," &c., being incorporated in the description.

O my dear Brother, I fear the Church of the present day is too negligent in holding up prominently this glorious revelation. It most unquestionably was the lamp of hope, and expectation of the primitive followers of the Lord Jesus. And is it because some weak-minded Christians have bedizened it with a lot of rubbishy garlands, that we, sober-minded men, are to repudiate its light. Is it because some silly sentimentalists have been carried away from the sublime to the ridiculous, and (according to your valuable correspondent G. C. L's account) have imagined that Christ will "Take tea with one, and walk arm in arm with another," at his next visit. Is it because of this drivelling of senility that *we* are to be scared away from a contemplation of this

“In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men,” exhorts the Apostle, let us have no such nonsense as some of the Plymouth folks delight in, but whilst eschewing folly, let us take care that we incur not the charge of *scoffing*, 2 Pet. iii. 3. The Lord will assuredly come again “in glorious majesty,” and come bodily, personally, really; and may the Spirit “stablish our hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all his saints!” 1 Thess. iii. 13.

One word more. Some of God’s people ask, “*To what good does this doctrine tend?* Won’t *death* release us from these wretched bodies of sin, and shall we not then enter upon the fulness of joy?” &c. To this objection I reply, first of all, it is not becoming in the Saints to suggest *another* motive to watchfulness, prayer, perseverance, mortification, good works, &c., than that which the Lord himself and his inspired Apostles have thought proper to fix. The attentive reader of the New Testament finds that this *coming again* of the Lord Jesus Christ is invariably the hope held out for the encouragement of the Saints, and the motive to urge them to obedience. Shall we be wiser than the Lord? Secondly, (and here I fancy the whole mystery of some of the Saints’ reluctance to entertain this subject lies concealed); secondly, neither Scripture nor reason permits us to believe that the Saints’ happiness is *complete* at death. That there will be a bodily resurrection is a revealed truth, acknowledged I should suppose by all believers, (we know there are some who deny this, but this is not new; the Sadducees of old ridiculed it, and were rebuked by Jesus for their infidelity. Hymeneus and Philetus were branded as heretics by one who was wiser than any of us for *spiritualizing* this plain truth, 2 Tim. ii. 17, 18. And Professor Bash of America has written a book to prove its utter impossibility *on scientific principles*; but only to prove the truth of the Apostle’s observation, that “The world by wisdom knew not God).” The fact of the resurrection is a clear evidence to my mind that there is *more glory* in store for the dead Saints, and that consequently their happiness cannot be *complete* at death. Our own Church confesses this in her burial service, *that* resurrection will not take place until the second coming of Christ. Why then not long and pray for the speedy coming of the Lord?

Have we not here a powerful incitement to urge our covenant-keeping God to hasten the coming of his glorious Son, that we, with all the redeemed, may enter upon the *full fruition* of that enjoyment that he has secured for them that love his appearing?

Pardon this lengthy epistle; if you will permit me, perhaps on another occasion I shall be more explicit upon this sweet theme: but I cannot take leave of you without throwing out one more warning to your readers and writers, viz. whilst we take care not to be wise *above* what is written, let us see that we are wise *up to* what is written.

Yours in the Lord Jesus,
W. PARKS.

Openshaw, Dec. 14, 1852.

THE VALLEY OF BACA.

“*Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them. Who passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well, the rain also filleth the pools.*”—Psalm lxxxiv. 5, 6.

This blessed man of whom the Psalmist is speaking, can be no other than the Lord Jesus Christ; for, on referring to the prophet (Isaiah xlix. 5),

his servant, to bring Jacob again to him, though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength."

In the fulness of time, "the Lord was made flesh," Christ our ransom "took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man." Our ever blessed Immanuel was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" he was taken from prison and from judgment, he was cut off out of the land of the living. But though our blessed Lord made "his soul an offering for sin," he was to see his seed, and prolong his days, and see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied; for in him, mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissed each other. He is now therefore sat down at the right hand of God, as the ever living Intercessor, Prophet, Priest, and King to his church, whom he has neither forsaken, nor forgotten, for he says, "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me." He was himself, as our merciful and faithful High-Priest, made perfect through suffering, being tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin; so that he can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and bears on his heart and affections, all his blood-bought children; and as the omniscient Jehovah, He knows all their ways while passing through the valley of Baca. He binds up the broken-hearted, relieves the distressed, succours the tempted, feeds the hungry, and satiates the thirsty soul. By his prophet Hosea, this blessed man, speaking of his church says, "Behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her, and I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope."

The way to the heavenly Jerusalem is through much tribulation; the quickened sinner soon finds that he is a stranger and pilgrim in this world; that it is indeed a waste howling wilderness polluted by sin. But though the valley of Baca is not his home or inheritance, he must pass through it before he can arrive at the healthy place; there is a needs be for his passing through the valley to the city of God. It is here, "we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world; He chastens us for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. The Holy Spirit applies the hammer of his word, and breaks our stony hearts in pieces; "for by fire and by his sword will the Lord plead with all flesh; and the slain of the Lord shall be many." The heaven-born soul is brought under God's holy and just law; judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; our hearts and consciences are convinced of sin, guilt, and condemnation; our filthy ways of self-righteousness are stripped off, and our nakedness and misery exposed. In the valley of Baca, we are made to feel the plague of our own hearts, their chambers of imagery are opened to our view, while the enmity of God, and the leprosy of sin, are discovered in the very walls and foundations of these houses of our pilgrimage. Here also we are taught the lesson of humility, and our proud hearts are humbled; we are made to feel that in our flesh dwelleth no good thing; that our own strength is perfect weakness; that we cannot even think a good thought of ourselves; that without quickening grace from this blessed man, we can do nothing, for his strength is perfected in weakness. "The meek will he guide in judgment; and the meek will he teach his way." But notwithstanding all the trials and sorrows the poor sinner has to pass through in the valley of Baca, his thirsty soul will not die for want of living water; no, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift;"

his salvation. This blessed man has told us, that though we have tribulation in the valley, in him we shall have peace; for he is a well of living water for all sensible sinners quickened by the Holy Spirit to thirst after the righteousness of the Son of God, who came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, and him that cometh, he will in no wise cast out. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

Poor, tried, afflicted, and broken-hearted fellow sinner, you that feel your need of living water to keep your soul alive unto God, come to the water of life; make this blessed man a well; and if like the noble Bereans of old, you search the scriptures to see if these things be so, you will observe in the margin of your Bible, the reading of this verse to be "Him" a well, as the water he gives the sinner, will be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. He is the resurrection and the life; one mighty to save to the uttermost all self-condemned sinners that come unto God by him; one that sticketh closer than a brother, a friend who loveth at all times without variableness or shadow of turning. Pour out your hearts before him, tell him all your complaints, trials, and griefs; confess your iniquities and unbelief; for "if we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself;" and "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And it follows, if, of free sovereign grace, you are enabled to make Jesus the Saviour, a well of living water to your thirsty soul in the valley of Baca, you will experimentally feel and know, that "the rain also filleth the pools," by receiving in your heart of his fulness, help and strength in every time of need, and grace for grace; for "with him is plenteous redemption;" he comes down upon the thirsty soul as rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth; and opens the door of hope in the valley of Achor.

Thus, as it was under the law, all the Jews were commanded to appear before the Lord in his temple, at least three times a year; and in order to go up to Jerusalem, they had to pass through the dry and barren valley of Baca, there being no other way to the holy city; so is it now under the Gospel; the sinner who is a Jew inwardly circumcised in heart to worship God in the spirit, to rejoice in Christ Jesus and to have no confidence in the flesh, must pass through the waste howling wilderness of this world, and suffer affliction with the people of God, before he appears before the Lord in his Father's house above. It is in that valley the awakened sinner, under the influence of the Spirit, is taught the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith in Christ Jesus, by whose obedience he is made righteous. Whilst the blind Pharisee, the formalist, the mere professor of religion, left unregenerate of the Holy Spirit, trusts in his own heart, and omits the weightier matters of the law; but that he may appear outwardly righteous unto men, pays tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, as all the works he does "for to be seen of men." Woe unto the self-righteous sinner, that is wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him.

But ye, poor, tried, and afflicted fellow-sinners, if of the Lord's mercy, ye are enabled to make this blessed man a well in this vale of tears, "with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation;" for his name is "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace."

A FELLOW-SUFFERER'S REPLY TO A CONFLICTING
ENQUIRER.*

"DARKNESS and conflict!" yes, I know them well;

Pen cannot trace, nor language ever tell,
The depths of grief of those dark midnight hours,

In which I've wrestled with satanic powers:
Let loose as if by legions 'gainst my soul,
To harass, wound, and vex without control—
With weapons forg'd in malice deep below,
And foul design my faith to overthrow,
Even with the deadliest shafts of hell,
Brother or sister—yes, I know them well.

Intent on other points, I op'd that page,
When, lo! thy question all my thoughts engage;

A chill stole o'er me as I read thy tale,
As line by line thy conflicts did unveil.
It sent me back through many and bitter years,

From *veriest youth* "my couch was wash'd
with tears;"

Bereavement, trial, disappointment, grief,
Have been apportioned to a course but brief.
"Deep call'd to deep," and wave on wave has
roll'd—

Oh what a *depth* of woe could I unfold!
How early was I call'd into that field,
Where it were death—'twere ruin for to yield.
But the most precious hours I've ever spent,
Where when in darkness and in combat bent;
Yes, dearer to me, I can almost say,
Than when beneath his smile I've kneel'd to
pray;

Because I felt tho' worlds to me were given,
*Without Himself, e'en heaven would not be
heaven:*

And thus his value, thus his worth were
prov'd,

"The chief among ten thousand," "the Be-
loved."

A little late in childhood first impress'd,
One thought which never since has been
eras'd;

To wait for no amendment, but to bear,
Straight to the Lord our ev'ry sin or care.
For, coming through the blood, we're sure of
peace;

The soonest coming, soonest finds release.
And since I've known his grace, through
life I've tried,

In grief or joy no thought from Him to hide.
"Despair," you speak of, on its *verge* I've
been;

E'en there I knew that still an eye unseen
Was *watching* o'er the conflict—still an arm
Was *reigning* in the powers that will'd me
harm.

Oh, did I say they warr'd *without control*?
I spake of what appear'd to my sad soul;

But faith, God's precious gift, tho' sorely tried,
Amidst the battle's strife that arm descried.
"Thus far, *no farther*"—oh that sov'reign
word!

Hell's hosts obeyed reluctant, when they
heard;

And dared not on the weak and wounded
tread,

For close around the wing of love was spread.
Yea, more—a voice was whispered from the
throne;

The tempted caught its sound—'twas not
unknown.

It said, thou weak one, "I have pray'd for
thee,

Thy faith shall *fail not*," tho' it tried must be.
Well might these words sink deep into the
breast!

Sweet was the healing power they possessed;
They told of sympathy, they told of love—
The words of Him exalted now above.

But once *himself* a grieved and tempted soul,
Over *His* head what waves and deeps did roll.

Brother or Sister, thou hast warfare known,
Sad was thy tale—distress hast cast thee down.
Why do I tell thee of *my* night of woe?

But that "heart answers unto heart" I know.
Some little cordial it may prove to thine,
To bring forth what has cheer'd and solac'd
mine.

A word in season in the trying hour,
Oft calms the breast, and nerves the soul with
power.

I can no splendid list of conquests boast,
'Gainst fiends of darkness, and their legion'd
host;

But I can glory in that *faithful* Friend,
Whose grace and loving-kindness knows no
end—

And can rejoice that e'en from early youth,
My soul clung to that thought—the *God of
truth*.

Oh, yes, I knew though heaven shall pass
away,

His word stands *sure* to be His people's stay,
And He has said, tho' foes may war and rage,
His children's safety He will still engage.

Though storms may toss and rack their little
bark,

The night be long, be cloudy, and be dark;
Safe to the port they'll come, tho' waves beat
hard—

Immutable His purpose and His word.
Head of His Church! how often has that
thought,

Sweet consolation to my spirit brought.
When faith has view'd Him high upon the
throne,

Angels, authorities, and powers bowed down;

His pleasure to subserve, obey His will,
 Yok'd to His chariot wheels, His word fulfil.
 Head of His Church! her course did He ar-
 range,
 Beyond the reach of circumstance to change.
 And think not thou the malice of His foes,
 Shall counteract His plans, or discompose
 Those purposes of wisdom and of love,
 Fram'd in eternal counsels held above;
 In which the blessed and the cov'nant Three,
 Ordered all things, and undertook for thee.
 Chance or contingency no place can find,
 While power, and grace, and truth, are inter-
 twin'd.

Thou canst not meet Him—oh, be not
 dismay'd,
 One stood unanswer'd, but still *on she*
pray'd;

Disciples urged she might be sent away,
 Whether in love or not—yet faith said *stay*.
 She pleaded next her grievous helpless lot;
 Her prayer was heard as if succeeding not.
 On children's bread intent to share a crumb,
 Her faith in vigour would not be struck
 dumb;

With dogs resign'd to take the lowest state,
 At last with joy she hears—*thy faith is*
great!

The boon was granted, when the grace was
 prov'd:

Not in displeasure, but because He lov'd—
 Yet more—because He would bring forth to
 view,

That which in time should comfort me and
 you.

If all were sunshine bright, and all were day,
 Oh when, dear child of God, when would'st
 thou pray?

Thou'st read in sacred writ of troubles deep,
 But what of these if on thy post thou sleep?
 How alter'd now thy reading of the Word!
 How alter'd now the prayers which God has
 heard!

What life, and energy, and depth, and power,
 Call'd forth by nothing short of such an hour.
 And how could'st thou thy faith and love now
 trace,

Had He not pleas'd to exercise each grace?
 The inwrought* prayer of His own Spirit,
 pour'd,

But asks for blessings which in grace were
 stor'd;

And thus availeth much, that He would be,
 Inquired for that He had *design'd* for thee.
 Sympathy too, how oft might it decline,
 If trial and affliction ne'er were thine.

Where were thy feeling for another's woe,
 Were thou the path of suff'ring ne'er to go?
 While to support thy faith and hope thou'rt
 told,

Such* are thy brethren's sorrows from of old.
 Nor think 'tis for *thyself alone* thou'rt taught,
 The time may come when thou in turn art
 brought,

* Rendered "effectual," James v. 16.

To speak sweet comfort to some griev'd heart,
 From truths thine own *experience* can impart.
 Then *do* or *suffer* as He please, His will
 Is to direct—'twill glorify Him still;
 Nor wish it otherwise than He ordains;
 His wisdom plans, t' unveil it still remains.
 But in the mean time trust Him as a Guide,
 Bright days shall come, He will not always
 chide.

Brother or sister, hear another word,
 Thou hast to witness for thy blessed Lord;
 Before satanic hosts of cruel foes,
 Or men on earth—too oft resembling those.
 Thou hast to fight for *truth*, to hold it fast,
 Let men or devils taunt thee to the last,
 That thou on his bare word canst hang thine
 all,

Thus Satan would seduce thee to thy fall.
 But bid them hence!—in darkness or in light,
 Believe Him truth—in that assurance fight.
 Tho' all around, and all within deceive,
 Unchanging Truth He is—let man believe.
 But even then deem not thou art alone,
 The eye of Him who sits upon the throne,
 Is watching with a look of fix'd intent,
 While to the cry of faith He's list'ning bent.
 Spectators many we conceive there are,
 Viewing a hand, or gazing from afar;
 And ministering spirits sent to bless,
 Pity thy contests, and thy strength* increase.
 But in this strife, yield not an inch of ground,
 Victorious in the Lord thou'lt soon be found.
 Triumphant thou shalt rise o'er every foe,
 Because that He has willed it shall be so.
 Grace, which has from the world selected thee,
 Shall shield thee safely to eternity.

A book is written of remembrance kept,
 For those who've thought, and feared, and
 pray'd, and wept;
 Those tears are treasured† to be gathered then,
 As precious gems, when He shall come again.
 And *tried* faith, of value more than gold,
 Shall be brought forth, that value to unfold.
 While honour, glory, praise, from all be His,
 Who kept it safely midst assaults and foes;
 As in a garrison preserv'd secure,
 Fed by His grace, and guarded by His power.
 And His dear people, one with Him while
 here,

In honour, glory, praise, with Him shall share.
 Yes, for the righteous light is sown e'en now,
 Eternal gladness then shall crown his brow.
 That day may we who've been in warfare one,
 Rejoice together at the Saviour's throne;
 Releas'd from sin, temptation, fear, and woe,
 A doubt to grieve, or one conflicting foe.
 Oh, if communion here on earth be sweet,
 What shall it be when the whole family meet!
 Meanwhile may you and I be oft in prayer,
 Plead for each other, and each burden bear.

L—, December 22, 1852.

* 1 Pet. v. 9. Rom. xv. 4.

† See Luke xxii. 43. † Ps. lvi. 8.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE;
SPIRITUAL EXERCISES FROM EARTHLY DIFFICULTIES.

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To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR EDITOR,

One of your brethren who has recently had to do "business in deep waters," as regards temporal trials, presents you with a few notes of the passage, thinking they may be blessed to the strengthening of the faith of some of the Lord's dear family.

Affectionately yours,

Z.

Sunday—Preached with much enlargement and comfort to my own soul from a portion of God's word, which shows that all the powers of sin and Satan must fail to injure the believer, seeing that he has the wisdom, power, and love of God combined and engaged on his behalf. Great was my confidence and joy in the Lord; and if I may judge from their appearance, the joy and rejoicing of many of my people were equally great.

In the afternoon the sacrifice of Christ, and its superiority over all other sacrifices, formed a very blessed subject to expatiate upon, and my soul was most blessedly at ease through the all-sufficiency of the Redeemer.

Evening—a paper is put into my hand, a summons to appear in the *Bankruptcy Court* at ———, on Wednesday next, to be examined as to my reasons for not paying £380, due to the assignee of ———, a bankrupt. My first impression or idea was, "This is too bad, it is more than a year's clean income from every source. If I am compelled to pay this, I am ruined." "Nay," said my soul, "that cannot be; God is on my side, he may try my faith, but he cannot suffer his own faithfulness to fail; he will not leave nor forsake:" with that I addressed to him an earnest prayer for help, and had a sweet assurance that in some way it would be granted.

But you will say how came you to owe this great sum of money? and that constitutes the chief ingredient of bitterness in the cup. In the year 1848, a friend who was embarrassed in his circumstances, had employed the bankrupt to raise a sum of money by mortgage of some property, and meanwhile had had advanced to him the above sum, upon bills signed by himself, and me, and another party, as a temporary accommodation; the bankrupt having authority to retain the amount out of the mortgage money. Not being able to raise the sum on mortgage, my friend and the other party to the bills, executed assignments of their respective estates for the benefit of their creditors. In 1849, the bankrupt then in flourishing circumstances, or supposed to be so, assured me that I should never be asked for the money (knowing that I had done what I had from pure disinterested kindness) but that he would receive the dividends from those two estates, and lose the difference whatever it might be. But, alas! the instability of human hopes, the bills were of course left in his hands, to enable him to claim the dividends; this he omitted to do, those estates are wound up, and all the assets divided; the wealthy gentleman is become a bankrupt, and the bills are fallen into the hands of his assignees, who claim payment from the only solvent party. My lot is most peculiar in this respect, over and over again have I been obliged to pay other person's debts; but as since 1849 I have looked more carefully after my own and my family's interests, I had fondly hoped this source or species of trouble was at an end.

Monday—Having commended my cause to my Divine Master, I went to see the bankrupt on this unpleasant business; he received me kindly, and behaved very properly, acknowledged all that I said to be correct, but lamented that all was out of his hands, but he would state the case to the assignees, (as indeed he had done) and do what he could to induce them to compromise the matter. This in itself was but poor consolation; but the Lord kept me looking to himself, and satisfied that the result must be right.

Tuesday—Much in prayer as to the issue of to-morrow's appearance in court; still, for the most part, quite composed.

Wednesday—On my way to the town, called on a friend. He said an attorney had told him yesterday, that he believed under the circumstances, I should not be compelled to pay anything; that he, the said attorney, would meet me at his office, and go with me to the official assignee. As I walked on, I thanked the Lord for this encouragement, without at all depending on the issue being so favourable; arrived at the attorney's office, I sat there till within a few minutes of the time appointed for my attendance at the court, but no attorney appeared; this was very tantalizing, but I was enabled from time to time to remind my gracious Lord, that He must be my Advocate; I durst stay no longer, but went down to the court. What mingled feelings occupied my mind as I entered this gloomy room crowded with anxious faces; but I was alone with the Lord. After a while a clerk came to me, looked at my summons, and took me to the Solicitor for the Bankruptcy. He examined me, and I told him my tale; the bankrupt came up and confirmed my statement, but suggested that I should make an offer, and that they should release me on my paying a sum to be agreed on. I craved permission to go and look for my attorney, and that he should act for me; this was granted, and again I went to his office, but with no better success; sent to his house, but he had been out all the morning. In his office, in mental prayer, I had this assurance, that whatever I might have to pay the Lord would provide it by the time it was required. With this feeling I went back to the court, and after a few more words of explanation, it was agreed that if I paid £25 by four quarterly payments, I should be released from all further claim; but failing in any one of these, they would recover the whole sum. I came away blessing and praising God for peace of mind, and for the assurance that he will enable me to fulfil the engagement.

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR EDITOR,

I think a great deal of a believer's discomfort arises from a mistaken view on this subject. The tried believer is often apt to say when under the pressure of some outward cross, Surely if I were a child of God I would not be thus afflicted? The Hebrew Christians fell into this mistake; and what does Paul say to them? He reminds them of all the Old Testament saints, who suffered as much, if not more, than they did; and far from unchristianizing them on account of their sufferings, he tells them, "If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons;" for he says, "the Lord speaks to you as unto children. My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him." Oh, how this declaration should console the tried ones in God's family. He is

dealing with us as a loving and covenant Father ; all our crosses are mercifully appointed ; their nature, their weight, their duration, all is fixed by love, and is but the carrying out of God's gracious designs. As there are no uncovenanted mercies, so there are no uncovenanted crosses. Well, says some tried one, I know all this is true, but I have done wrong, and God is angry, and is punishing me. The apostle tells us, "There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." God is never angry with his people ; the very last drop of indignation and wrath was poured on the devoted head of Christ. He made an end of transgressions, put away sin, and obtained eternal redemption for us ; therefore it would not be just in God to visit us for sin already atoned for. This adaptation of the punishment to the sin, proceeds from that legal spirit which is in us all ; we know we can *do* nothing to save ourselves, but still we think we can at least suffer something by way of expiation.

The believer is often prone to think when beset with temptation, surely if I were a child of God sin would not be so strong in me ? Our Reformers knew better ; they tell us that the corrupt nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated. And the beloved disciple, when writing to Christian people, to those who were the sons of God, says, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." We are all too apt to forget that the flesh is one thing, and the spirit another ; and that these are contrary one to the other, so that we cannot do the things that we would. This indwelling corruption is no evidence that we are not believers, far from it ; if we were not quickened by the Spirit, we would not feel sin. Paul once thought himself righteous ; but when he viewed his heart by the light of the Gospel, he found he was carnal, sold under sin ; and after having travelled long in the Christian course, he still says, "The good that I would I do not, but the evil that I hate that do I." And does not experience corroborate this ? We know prayer is our privilege ; and yet how often do we approach the throne of grace as a slave performs his duty. We know the Scripture is given for our instruction ; yet with what little relish we study it. We wish to act consistently ; yet there never is a day we have not to confess we have offended against thy holy laws.

The devil often tries to shake a believer's confidence, by insinuating that he cannot be a child of God, as he has prayed for the removal of some cross, and has been denied ; if we would only reflect a moment, we would see this is not the case, but that the cross is often sent in answer to prayer. We ask the Lord to increase our faith ; He does it by putting us in the furnace of affliction, and then when all help fails, we are obliged to stay ourselves wholly on Him. We ask Him to enable us not to overvalue instrumentality ; He does it, perhaps, by removing the minister through whom we were brought to a knowledge of the truth ; perhaps by depriving us of the privilege of attending the ordinances, and thus by drying up the streams, constrains us to draw our comforts entirely from Himself, who is the fountain of living waters. We ask for more fervour in prayer ; He answers us by placing us in such difficulties that we are obliged to go to the throne of grace to obtain help in time of need. We ask to be weaned from the world ; He effects it by frustrating our plans, disappointing our expectations, and thus leads us to see this is not our rest, and to seek a better country, which is a heavenly. We ask for humility ; he allows us to act inconsistently, to show us that in our flesh dwelleth no good thing ; and having thus humbled us, enables us to live near Him, and daily to beg of Him not to lead us into temptation, but to deliver us from evil. In this way we find that those petitions to which we think the Lord has turned a deaf ear, have been answered in the most effectual way, namely, by trial and temptation.

If we would only realize the indissoluble union between Christ and his Church, it would send such a flood of comfort into our souls, that our mountain would indeed stand strong; neither the outward nor the inward cross can separate us from Him. No matter what difficulties we are in, Jesus by the tenour of a covenant ordered in all things and sure, and sprinkled with his own blood, has engaged to guide us even unto death.

Perhaps some babe in Christ may say, Well, I have never met these sad experiences. If the Lord brings you on your way rejoicing, bless him for it. Do not wish for clouds; but if clouds do come, do not wish them unmoved till He pleases. You cannot tell how the Lord's glory is interwoven with your deepest experience.

I remain, Sir, yours affectionately in Christ,

M. B.

 MY WALKING-STAFF.

This family staff I call my own,
My Father gave it me;
And said, My son lean hard thereon,
If thou would'st happy be.

I tried to walk with it, and found
It was the very thing
To help me over fleshly ground,
And all the filth of sin.

This staff is not for form and show,
Nor will the strong folks choose
To walk with such a staff below,
My staff they will not use.

This staff is of eternal date,
And formed by love divine;
For pilgrims in this low-land state,
And this strong staff is mine.

Thousands have used it heretofore,
And all agree in one;
That it would bear ten thousand more,
Were they to lean thereon.

This staff more sound than cedar wood,
Is suited to the old;
And though the bark is flesh and blood,
The staff itself is gold.

Without this staff I would not be,
For all this world could give;
The staff of life it is to me,
The staff by which I live.

Without this staff I soon should fall,
And fall no more to rise;
But bless'd with this, I conquer all,
And fleshly props dispise.

If dogs, or swine, infest my way,
My staff will make them flee;
With this, no savage beast of prey
Dare venture near to me.

This golden staff will never break,
Nor is it known to bend;
It bears my weight, and still is straight,
And easy to my hand.

All other staffs are deaf and blind,
But mine can hear and see;
The road of truth can always find,
And also talk to me.

We talk together by the way,
Of things already done;
And sing with pleasure every day,
Of joys that's yet to come.

Mysterious staff, and yet so plain,
That he who runs may read;
And find it will his soul sustain,
In every time of need.

Old Jacob found this staff was strong,
Stronger than Esau's rage;
With joy and pleasure lean'd thereon,
Throughout his pilgrimage.

Contented with my staff of grace,
I also trudge along;
And walk upright, with steady pace,
Nor think my journey long.

I've us'd it now for many years,
Nor does it wear away;
But far more useful it appears,
Than at a former day.

I know its worth, and highly prize,
This gift of gifts to me;
In thankfulness lift up mine eyes
To Him who is to be.

I took to it whilst very young,
And now for very age
I lean thereon, and feel more strong,
In this my latter stage.

When I pass through the vale of death,
This staff shall comfort me;
When I yield up this fleeting breath,
I'll lean, my Lord, on thee.

Thou art my staff, my only prop,
While on this earthly ball;
My solid Rock, my living hope,
And my eternal ALL.

SHUNNING THE CROSS.

“WHAT a pity,” said a husband to his wife, as she sat cutting out an article of apparel for him, “what a thousand pities to tear up that beautiful piece of linen into so many small bits! better take those two long sides and sew them together, for there’s the shirt made!” The wife smiled, and so may you, reader, but the husband’s idea of jumping out of one trouble into another, is only natural to us all. As Christians we talk a great deal about the grace of patience—its perfect work—its useful discipline, and that our strength is to sit still; but as soon as the trial arrives, how often the distrustful question comes with it, “How shall I get out of this trouble?” Some years ago, there arose a terrific storm, which greatly alarmed the inhabitants of Weymouth. A family were just settled in a house by the sea-side. During the night, from the overflowing of the tide, the waters streamed in, and although next day the storm abated, and all danger ceased, to stop another night *there* was impossible; so to an Hotel the alarmed family went: but in the middle of the night they were awoke from their sleep by the cry of “fire! fire!” and rushing from their beds, they wished themselves back again in the house they had left, saying, “We should have done better if we had stopped where we were.” Thus in attempting to step out of one difficulty, where no way is opened, and leaving the appointed path, we often get into a more trying one, and in avoiding the stones which cut our feet, fall into the quag-mire, from which they cannot get loose. “But as for me my feet were almost gone, my steps had well-nigh slipped,” may the believer say as he reviews the shunning of the cross, and the by-ways into which his impatient feet have often led him, from the one narrow path where alone he was safe. Jonah, when he rose up from Tarshish to flee from the presence of the Lord (Ps. cxxxix. 7.) paid dearly for his flight; cast into the sea and then swallowed by the fish (although God permitted it all for the fulfilment of his own purposes), the son of Amittai has stood for ages, and will stand to the last; a beacon to the church, to warn her of the danger of shunning the cross. Like Jonah, it is actually from the presence of God we fly, when trying to escape the arrow which his own loving hand is aiming at us; for the Lord never sends a trouble upon his people unaccompanied by the promise of his presence through it (Ps. xci. 15, Isa. xliii). Again, the rebuke of the Angel to Hagar when she had fled into the wilderness from a cross, bitter enough, is very remarkable, “Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands.” Yet marvellously and graciously does Jehovah overrule for his glory and their profit, the backslidings and false steps, the slips and falls, the waywardness and unfaithfulness of his people. Jonah’s disobedience was the cause of all his misery, yet how sweet a song grace taught him to sing when the depths closed round about him; *salvation is of the Lord*; no apostle ever preached the Gospel more fully than did Jonah when he said *that*. Hagar became a wanderer in the wilderness, when she fled from her appointed path; but what blessing the church of God got through her mistake! to how many a soul have those four words which Hagar learned in her affliction, come home with power, *Thou God seest me*. Oh for grace to keep where our Leader has placed us! Oh for wisdom to avoid every path but the one of God’s appointment! “Guided by the skilfulness of his hands,” and kept by his mighty power, we shall safely reach at last the city of God.

THE GERMAN TRACT.

“My servant man is very deaf,” said my kind host to me, the Pastor of a village near the Baltic, while conducting me to my room in the evening, and wishing me a good night’s rest after my long and fatiguing day’s journey. Next morning, the young man alluded to came to call me, and I soon discovered that there was but little chance of making myself heard by him. After that, I merely saw him a couple of times, till on the morning of the second day, he was directed by his master to accompany me to the coach-office, situated at the opposite end of the long and straggling village. I was pleasantly musing on the kindness I had experienced at the house of my Mecklenburgh friend, and meditating on some interesting conversation we had had together concerning those unseen, but eternal realities, which, in this wilderness of life, so often refresh the heart of the heaven-born and heaven-bound child of God. My soul was rejoicing in my Saviour, and looking at my companion, who respectfully endeavoured to keep behind me, I thought I should like to know whether he had experienced anything of divine grace and love; but remembering his deafness, I gave up the idea, and we walked on in silence. After a few moments had elapsed, my companion looking up to me, said in a very mild voice: “Ich habe gehört, dass Sie ein Engländer sind?” (I have heard that you are an Englishman). I nodded assent, when he continued: “und dass Sie für die Sache des Herrn reisen,” (and that you travel for the Lord’s work). This remark led me to think that “the Lord” was not unknown to him, and I cheerfully nodded another affirmation. He now began to tell me that he had been deaf for many years, that it was a great affliction to him, and that at church he could scarcely hear anything. I should then gladly have put some questions to him, but knowing how little probability there was of his understanding me, I adopted another plan, and taking out my pocket-book, I gave him the German translation of a little tract, probably well-known to the readers of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, “Are you Clean?” by J. W. G. When I handed this to him, he stood still a moment, and while reading the German question, “Bist du rein?” I saw his eyes filling with tears, and looking at me, with a sweet and loving expression beaming on his countenance, he exclaimed, “Oh! when I read that it makes me cry out, ‘Lord be merciful to me, a sinner.’” My heart was filled with joy, for I did not doubt that I was with one of those who, though corporally deaf, had spiritually experienced the fulfilment of the generous promise, “the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped,” that he was one of “the deaf that have ears,” and I rapidly pointed to the passage concluding the first phrase of the tract, “Thou art all fair, my love: there is no spot in thee.” The young man now looked very happy, and though we could not speak together, and had by this time reached the coach-office, yet both of us, I doubt not, felt that we were members of the same body, partakers of the same hope, subjects of the same redemption, and fellow-heirs of the same glory—the glory of our Jesus. When he handed me over my travelling-bag, and the coach was about to start, I most heartily shook hands with him, rejoicing greatly at this short, but to my soul, sweet and pleasing meeting.

Since then I have frequently thought of my deaf friend near the Baltic, and hope, by the grace of our ever-blessed Redeemer, soon to meet him before that throne where all the Lord’s dear people shall be for ever united and meet to part no more. And now, my beloved-pilgrims, *you* can understand my feelings, and appreciate the enjoyment I experienced at the meeting just described. The little tract above mentioned, full of the marrow of the gospel, was the means of procuring me this pleasure, and I could give you other instances be-

sides. Have you your pockets stored with good gospel tracts? Are you a bearer and a distributor of these little olive leaves? Do you scatter abroad the precious seed which by the vivifying power of the Eternal Spirit will produce fruit unto eternal life? "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Reader, are you clean? "*Clean every whit?*" Can you rejoice in Jesu's "*eternal redemption?*" Gospel tracts not only bring saints together occasionally, they will, if it please the Lord our God, be the means of awakening sinners and leading them to the knowledge of the Redeemer, the Good Shepherd, the Prince of Peace, the Everlasting Saviour, the Captain of Salvation, who bringeth many sons unto glory. Go then and

"——— ————
Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour you have found;
Point them to his redeeming blood,
And say, behold the way to God!"

NATHANIEL.

From my Colony, January 5, 1853.

The Protestant Beacon.

THE CASE OF THE MADIAS.

WE have hitherto been silent upon this case, not from a want of sympathy, but from a belief that our readers were already in possession of the facts, and from a wish to watch the results. These two persons—man and wife—were (as our readers are aware) peremptorily arrested, separated, and doomed to a lengthened imprisonment—for what? simply,—and for no other cause,—for *reading the Bible!* For this—and for this alone—they were seized at the instigation of that tyrannizing power which boasts of being unchanged and unchangeable. Yes, in the middle of the 19th century, we have this clear and undoubted proof that what Rome was, that she is, and such she ever will be until she hath filled up the cup of her wrath, and Jehovah in his righteous indignation, consigns her to that hapless doom that awaits her; when "the Lord shall consume her with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming;" when "her plagues shall come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly destroyed with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her."

For the darkness, and the bigotry, and the superstition of the country where our lot, in God's Providence, is cast—for priest-ridden Ireland to connive at and to countenance these modern Inquisitorial enormities—we are prepared; but for England, with all its light and all its liberty, to have fostered, and still to foster, within its very bosom, the promoters and the upholders of these diabolical doings, is to our minds, at least, the most lamentable proof of her being given over, either to judicial blindness or to a supineness, or a powerlessness, which shall speedily involve her in the most perilous of circumstances.

In our visit to London, last week, what did we behold? In spite of the indignation expressed by the multitude against the cruel case of the Madias—in spite of those acts of the legislature which had professedly controlled the Papal power as far as the British dominions were concerned—in spite of the

day ; London is thickly and audaciously placarded with huge bills, announcing high mass at the Popish Cathedral, and a programme of some ten or twelve lectures by their celebrated Dr. Cahill, among which stands prominently the bold, unscriptural, and Popish dogma of " the Bible, as interpreted by private judgment, being no rule of faith." Thus at the very moment that every right-thinking mind is sympathizing with the victims of Florence, in a spirit of daring—if not of bravado—Rome (nurtured as she is by a mis-directed charity in the very heart of the land of light and liberty) justifies proceedings which are, to say the least, a disgrace to our common humanity.

We subjoin two leading articles from the journals to which we have above alluded. By the scriptural views that are taken, and the strong language that is employed, in these articles, will be seen a confirmation of the ground we have uniformly occupied, namely, the utter uselessness of all protestations when once the enemy has got a footing. There is the satisfaction, certainly, of having done what one could ; but, after all, in point of successful resistance, it is like beating the air.

Subsequently to the publication of the articles we are about to quote, the rumour of the death of one of the Madias was contradicted. It occurs to us that the report of his death was a piece of Popish policy, in order that with the refutation of his death, they might represent themselves as the maligned party, and assert how ready Protestants were to take advantage of them. Whereas, whether the Madias is dead or not, is of little moment as far as his punishment is concerned. That he is the victim of an intolerant bigotry—that he has been incarcerated in a dark and dreary dungeon by a tyrannizing and unlawful usurpation of power—that he is a living testimony of what Popery is when and where she can show herself undisguisedly, is beyond all doubt ; but, whether his sufferings be brief or protracted is altogether another matter, not in the least interfering with the evil influence in question.

THE EDITOR.

Bonnahon, January 25, 1853.

*From the Morning Advertiser of Tuesday,
Jan. 11, 1852.*

THE Church of Rome has had another victim. To the endless list of those whose lives she has exacted, there is now to be added one of the two MADIAS, FRANCISCO, who has just expired in the prison of Florence, through the combined effects of the closeness of his confinement in the dungeon to which he was consigned by Popery, and the severity of the labour to which he was subjected. Nothing short of his death would satiate the vengeful spirit of the Romish Church, nor is it likely, unless some strong political pressure from some of the European Powers be applied to the Grand Duke, who is the veriest slave of the priests, that the surviving wife will ever cross the door of her dungeon a living woman.

Our readers are aware of the " crime" for which the MADIAS were doomed, the wife to forty-six, and the husband to fifty-four months' imprisonment and hard labour. That crime was neither more nor less than the simple reading of the Bible in the privacy of their own humble abode. For that offence, the husband has paid the penalty of his life. He paid it cheer-

fully. He never murmured nor repined at his cruel doom. That Divine power which endowed him with strength to renounce the errors of Romanism, enabled him, with a calmness and resignation which have never been surpassed, to suffer and to die for his principles. The vengeance of his priestly persecutors followed him to his dungeon, and clamoured loudly until it got his life, but in the midst of all his sufferings, and in the hour of dissolution, he was happy—happier far than the Ducal Prince, or any of his Ministers, at whose instance the sentence was passed.

It may not be known to all our readers, that the MADIAS were imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon *ten months* before the sentence was passed on them, and that during all that time, as well as in the intervening months, they never were permitted to see each other. To show the spirit in which these poor pious people met the fate to which the relentless spirit of the Church of Rome subjected them, we reprint the following letter, written by ROSA MADIAS to her husband, on the 7th of June, the day before the sentence of 46 months' imprisonment, in a dark and dismal dungeon, with hard

labour, was passed on her, and 54 months' imprisonment in a similar dungeon, with hard labour, passed on her husband:—

"My dear Madiai,—You know that I have always loved you, but how much more ought I to love you, now that we have been together in the battle of the Great King—that we have been beaten, but not vanquished! I hope that, through the merits of Jesus Christ, God our Father will have accepted our testimony, and will give us grace to drink, to the last drop, the portion of that bitter cup which is prepared for us, with returning of thanks. My good Madiai, life is only a day, and a day of grief. Yesterday we were young, to day we are old! Nevertheless, we can say, with old Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

"Courage, my dear, since we know by the Holy Spirit that this Christ, loaded with opprobrium, trodden down and calumniated, is our Saviour; and we, by His holy light, and power, are called to defend the Holy Cross, and Christ who died for us, receiving His reproaches, that we may afterwards participate in his glory. Do not fear if the punishment be hard. God, who made the chains fall from Peter, and opened the doors of his prison, will never forget us. Keep in good spirits: let us trust entirely in God. Let me see you cheerful, as I trust, by the same grace, you will see me cheerful. I embrace you with my whole heart.

"Your affectionate wife,
"ROSA MADIAl."

To make any observations on such a letter would only weaken its force. Who can read it without emotion—more especially now that he to whom it is addressed is no more, while she by whom it was penned is still in chains in the loathsome dungeon from which it was written?

The blood of the martyrs, we are told, is the seed of the church. The Papal power will, we doubt not, soon be furnished with a striking proof of this. The blood of the MADIAl has been shed, under circumstances of cruelty of which a demon might well be ashamed. Not only was no crime of any kind—always excepting the crime of reading the Bible—proved against the MADIAl, but they were not even charged with any act of criminality. Two more inoffensive, harmless, amiable persons were not to be found in the Grand Duke's dominions. But that mattered not to the Romish Church. They did not belong to her, and that was enough. They might have committed every other crime under heaven—the greatest atrocities of which we have any record in history,—and these would all have been forgiven by the Church of Rome; but to renounce the errors of Popery, and betake themselves to the reading of the scriptures, were crimes

too great to be forgiven by the Romish Church, in this life, and, if she could help it, they would never be forgiven in the life that is to come. Not satisfied with exacting the earthly life of one of the MADIAl, the Church of Rome rejoices with fiendish joy in the idea, groundless though it be, that her imprecations will follow him into the world to which she had sent him.

But the malignant spirit of the Romish Church has carried matters somewhat too far. She has overdone the thing. The blood of the innocent man whom she has deliberately murdered, will cry aloud throughout the whole Protestant world, against the demoniacal spirit by which that Church is actuated. Those who have until now entertained the opinion—which we for a long time were anxious to entertain—that the progress of civilisation had considerably modified the persecuting spirit of Popery, will now be convinced of their error. The conviction will be forced upon them, that their charity was at variance with the fact. They can no longer resist the force of evidence in support of the position that the Church of Rome is just as deeply imbued with the spirit of persecution as ever.

The great cause of the error which prevails so largely in this country with regard to Popery is, that we do not see it in its true light. The Church of Rome is on her good behaviour in Great Britain. She is not herself. She is not allowed to show herself in her true colours. Here she is kept in due subjection. What she is, therefore, with us, is a very different thing from what she would be, were she the mistress of her own actions. Why does not Popery act in London as it does in Florence? Is it because the difference in the latitudes of the two places, makes a difference in the character of that system? Assuredly not. The reason why our prisons are not full to repletion with persons charged with the crime of reading the scriptures is simply this,—that the Church of Rome is not in the ascendant here. Give her the same power in London as she possesses in Florence, and we shall have Protestants dying in their dungeons in the metropolis, because they have been found with a copy of the Bible in their possession, just as we have seen the poor MADIAl expiring, under the effects of confinement and hard labour, in one of the cells of Florence. It will be a great point gained when this view of the real character of Popery shall have made its way to the minds of those who were not prepared for its reception. In this way the martyrdom of FRANCESCO MADIAl, will be of unspeakable service to Evangelical truth.

The death of FRANCESCO MADIAl, brought about by the slow lingering process of close confinement in an unhealthy dungeon, and incessant hard labour—of all deaths the

most appalling to contemplate—will create a feeling of intense horror throughout the civilised world. Martyrdom at the stake or on the scaffold, as in days of yore, when Popery, being in the ascendant in our own country, kept Smithfield in a perpetual blaze, is not nearly so formidable as the daily death for more than six months to which the poor **MADIAI** were subjected. So that, in reality, the Church of Rome, instead of becoming less cruel, has of late refined in her cruelty. Yet this poor pious man, never for one moment wavered in his resolution. He shrunk not from the certain death which stared him in the face. He met his doom with the courage of a martyr blended with the meekness of a confessor. The future was not only disarmed of all terrors to his mind, but was arrayed in the most radiant hues. This was the fruit of his faith. So far as nature was concerned, his position and the prospect of dissolution, must necessarily have been appalling. Viewed through the usual medium, therefore, the fate of **FRANCESCO MADIAI** must everywhere excite emotions of mingled indignation and horror. Even some of the Roman Catholics themselves must, we are sure, shudder at what their Church has in this case done. It will inflict a heavy blow on Popery. It is a momentous fact—one pregnant with meaning. It will do more, and go farther, to open the eyes of the public to the real character of the Romish Church in the second half of the nineteenth century, than years of discussion on the theology of Romanism, or of thousands of volumes written on the Protestant side of the controversy. And never let the great fact be forgotten, that what Popery has just proved itself to be in Florence, it is everywhere. And if the fruits or manifestations of the system are not of the same kind, the modification is to be solely ascribed to the restraints which the civil institutions of the country impose upon it.

(From the Times, January 13.)

DEATH has at last terminated the sufferings of **M. MADIAI**, and set a mark of infamy upon his persecutors which no time will efface. We have seen in the last few years many events to make us question the progress of mankind, and even to doubt the security of the noblest conquests of liberty, of knowledge, and of toleration. The progress of free government has been brutally arrested by anarchy and by despotism. The most cultivated and energetic nations of Europe have shrunk into so servile a condition that liberty is denied to every power of society, except to the arrogant pretensions of spiritual domination. But, in the long list of these follies and crimes, we have read of nothing more extraordinary than that a humble and inoffensive Christian man should have been brought to a lingering death, by the will of

his Sovereign, because he dared to profess that evangelical faith which is the sacred consolation and firm hope of the most religious and educated portion of Europe. The Sovereign on whom the ultimate responsibility of this atrocious consequence must fall was not originally a severe or a cruel ruler. On the contrary, till a recent period, his dominions were the freest and happiest portion of Italy, and the acts which have since rendered Florence the scene of persecution and oppression are attributable, in great measure, to the terror caused in the mind of the **GRAND DUKE** by the revolution, and the bigotry with which he is taught by the Romish clergy to regard the circumstances of his restoration.

The **POPE** and the **VIRGIN MARY** are, in his estimation, the authors of that miraculous event, and his gratitude to these supernatural patrons is expressed by a stupid persecution of those who place their religious faith upon the promises and the protection of a purer faith. For this reason **MADIAI** and his wife were selected to be the first victims of what must be called the Florentine Inquisition, for the whole proceeding was in its nature and its results identical with the jurisdiction of that most holy tribunal. The law itself, under which they were charged with impiety, was wrested from its true meaning, for the Leopoldine code was designed by its authors to be the barrier of the religious liberties of Tuscany, and not an instrument of Romish persecution. These unfortunate and innocent persons were judged with intolerance and condemned with extreme severity. The object of the Court, or rather of the priests who investigated the prosecution, was to make an example of them, and, if possible, to strike terror into those who, in this age and in the heart of Italy, are compelled to gain access to the Bible and to the offices of Christianity with as much secrecy and peril as the early disciples. The result of that trial astonished and shocked every thinking man in Europe. It seemed as if the whole battle of bigotry and toleration was to be fought over again, if such acts as these could be done by a Grand Duke of Tuscany in the middle of the 19th century. The strongest personal appeals were made to that Prince, especially by the Courts of England and Prussia. A body of eminent, pious, and conscientious men, deputed by large multitudes of their countrymen, in England, France, Germany, and Switzerland, proceeded to Florence to plead for innocence, if not to remonstrate against injustice.

All these exertions were vain, for the keys of the **MADIAI**'S prison were held in the grasp of superstition itself; and the Tuscan Government affected a revolting insensibility to the public opinion of Europe. Hopes of pardon were still entertained at the season which

closes the year, and might dispose even the Church of Rome to forgiveness. Yet the **MADIAI** themselves supplicated for no indulgence but the recognition of their Christian rights, and they awaited their liberation from the Power which guides the issues of life and death. In that form, to one of them at least, freedom came. The husband **MADIAI**, less strong in body and less vigorous in mind than his wife, but not less constant in his faith, expired a few days ago in captivity. It is satisfactory to know that within a short time of his departure he received the visit of **M. COLOMBE**, a Swiss pastor, who administered to him the consolations of that faith for which he died, and that the unceasing efforts of Romish priests to obtain his recantation entirely failed. The trials and the virtue of martyrdom are not common in this age, for the greater liberty of professing the truth has lessened the danger and the honour of adhering to it. But the examples of this firmness and fidelity under persecution are but the more inestimable when they are contrasted with the frivolity and indifference of modern society. The strength which enabled this poor Italian courier to resist the authority of an unjust Court, and to die under the rigour of persecution, is the same which reformed the church and changed the face of the world. We know not with what feelings **LEOPOLD**, Grand Duke of **TUSCANY**, received the intelligence that his victim was beyond the control of human laws, but henceforth the name of **MADIAI** is indissolubly associated with his own. It was to satisfy his personal bigotry and superstition that he allowed the course of justice to be turned aside, the source of clemency to be sealed, and the remonstrance of Europe to be repelled. The Church of Rome, acting through his authority and mistress of his will, has shown herself as unrelenting as in the worst ages of her dominion; and this **GRAND DUKE** stand last in the detestable list of those rulers who have taken away the lives of their subjects for conscience sake.

This, then, is the state of Italy. We confess that the occurrence of such an event under the Tuscan government, supported by Austria and directed by Rome, is more ominous and intolerable in our eyes than all that we have heard of political repression. But we can conceive no greater infatuation than that of the Italian Governments, which have done nothing since their restoration but heap up the materials for another and a more destructive crisis. The consequence is, that all hope of improvement, or even of toleration for the progress of public opinion under such rulers, is at an end—that they are viewed with feelings of unmingled detestation by their subjects—and that, with the sole exception of Piedmont, which is prosperous and contented, because it is free, even the invasion of a foreign enemy would

be regarded as an era of joyful liberation. Such, too, is their ignorance and impolicy, that at the very time when they have most to apprehend from the uncertain designs of France, these Governments have done everything that could degrade themselves in the eyes of England, and to render us indifferent, if not hostile, to their wretched existence. The Papal Court has ventured on an act of audacious impertinence to Great Britain; the Tuscan Government allows British subjects to be cut down with impunity, and punishes men and women for reading the Book of Common Prayer; the Neapolitans relax none of their severity towards prisoners whose sufferings have excited the compassion of all Europe; and Marshal **RADEZKY** carries into effect more capital executions for political charges than he ventured upon after the great rising of 1848. We know not whether these States may ever stand in need of the countenance of England, but assuredly they have a long score of past offences to wipe off before they will obtain it; we view the fate of their victims with sincere commiseration, and we doubt not that those who have had the weakness and cruelty to govern by such means as these will one day pay the penalty of the rights they have outraged and the authority they have abused.

CRISPIN'S LAMENT FOR HIS COUNTRY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

THE warm affections of a warm heart greet thee, my brother, and the good Lord strengthen thee for the work that is before thee in the perilous times that have already begun to appear amongst us; a time in which the true worship of our God is trodden under foot, and the traditions of men set up: *for the mystery of iniquity doth already work*, and that to no small extent, even in the churches of what was once termed the Reformation, but of which, alas, only the mere shell remains!

The late event which raised the fervour of our nation far beyond *boiling heat*, must have reached even the distant shores of the almost secluded Bonmahon; but you can have no conception of what really was the scene and effect for many days in all the vicinity of St. Paul's: and it is even impossible when the *host* paraded old Paternoster and Ave Maria Lane in the days of the renowned Mary, more devotees could have been seen, than was when our Protestant nation was so absorbed in the Wellington mania, as to forget all other things. Why, we were all exonerated from our thrice going of a day to the Cathedral; so much more important was it considered the burying of the dead body of a *hero*, than the prayers of a nation to Him who only had the power of staying *the bottles of heaven*.

Why, to such lengths did the infatuation of men run, that everything must fall before it; and hence the *pulpit* was desecrated on Lord's days, by lectures on the life and death of the Duke of Wellington. Was this dealing out the bread to the hungry? I am not contending against anything regarding the man, but the awful signs of the times in which we live, and the near approach to the full reign of the man of sin in our own beloved land.

Released from attendance at St. Paul's, a certain disposition for going abroad and viewing somewhat how things were going on at different places within the diocese of my own bishop; and it was somewhat remarkable that my first hap was to light, not in one of the fields of Boaz, but in the far-famed Church known as St. Barnabas, of which so much has heretofore been heard. It is quite impossible for me to describe the tremour of soul which came over me when I first entered this apparent *sepulchre*, for it was as dark and gloomy as the *grave*—the smallness of the *gas* tended only to make *darkness visible*; and with some difficulty could I find the *aisle*, or see where to obtain a seat. It was the afternoon service of the Lord's day; and after gaining a seat, and somewhat recovered from that indescribable sensation, I perceived that we were so arranged that the males were on one side, and the females on the other. There were a goodly number clad in white surplices within the chancel part of the church, by whom the services were chanted and intoned in such a manner, that to my old ears, which have so often been delighted in hearing our beautiful *Liturgy* in my mother tongue, the noise was anything but pleasant. Nor could I tell what was either piped or harped. There were various shiftings about from place to place, by those who were the officiating ministers; and no movement was made without a turning to the east, an apparent pause and inclination of the head, bordering very much upon the *genuflexions* in dumb show of the Romish priests when offering mass. A new feature in this *English Popery* was observed by me, upon every movement from the *lecturn*—a turn was made, similar to the others; and at the repetition of the *gloria patria*,^a a bending forward by many in the congregation was observed, and universally by the clergy, choir, and children of the school. You often make me smile, dear Editor, when you report the looking in of a Roman Catholic now and then upon you; but here were scores evidently under the garb of Protestants, in a so-called Protestant Church, and upon the confines of a Protestant bishop's episcopal residence.

At the close of the second lesson, the younger branches of the choir, with some more little boys from the school, were gathered round the lecturn to be catechised; and what do you think was the leading question? First, what season do we commemo-

rate? Answer—*Advent*. Upon what feast does it fall? St. Andrews. And then it was run into questions about the fathers of the church, the whole drift being to make the natural conscience the ground work of religion; and its purification an act of the Church. About fifteen minutes finished this innovation upon divine worship, as it ought to be attended unto in a Protestant church. The remainder of the prayers was gone through in a way by no means reverential, and the close arrived. I fully expected to be able to make a quick retreat, as far as the darkness would allow; but all was *statu quo* until the three officiating clergy, with the *singing boys*, were paraded out of the chancel, and then, the brass gates were shut, to prevent the unholy tread of the *laity*. Two of the clergy wore the vestments of a M.A. of Oxford; and never in my boyish days did I enjoy my liberty from church more than on this day, for I really was ashamed of my company. Oh England, thy priests within thee, are as the prophet saith, ravening wolves, and thy national honour and glory will depart from thee, because thou hast forsaken the Lord God of thy fathers!!

Yearning, as my bowels do, over my truly bewitched and captivated country, and fearful of what is *looming in the future*, I was willing to see how much farther it was possible that Protestant clergy could approach towards Rome; and the duties of the *stall* not being interfered with, upon the morn of *St. Andrew's day*, I wended my way from the busy city to a church at the west end, dedicated to that saint, and where some extra service, with a sermon, was to be preached in honour to the said *Andrew*. The lower part of the building was in a crowded state, and in consequence I repaired to the gallery, and was favoured with a printed paper headed thus—"FEAST OF ST. ANDREW THE APOSTLE, 1852. MATINS AND HOLY COMMUNION." I read this strange document, the programme of the performance announced for the morning service; and then looked around to see whether I had not mistaken my own church, and got within that of Rome. All that I could discover, the least tending towards Protestantism, was the costume of the clergy, which were four in number, three of whom were of Oxford.

The unmeaning vagaries were more carried out than at St. B—; and during the reading of the Communion Service, the reader stood in the front of the table, and two of the priests knelt upon the second step of the flight in front, and the third on the left side, with their backs to the congregation. Prayers being ended, and the usual bow being made towards the east, the following was sung, and which appeared to savour more of *Rome* than Jerusalem:—

INTROIT—(ANCIENT HYMN.)

"Oh King supreme, of boundless might,
Who orderest Nature's laws aright;
And dost thy gifts, divinely bright,
Within believing bosoms write.

"With these as precious gems elect,
A diadem of beauty decked;
We would with praises nobly meet
Thy saint, the holy Andrew greet.

"Who on the cross of suffering slain,
Hath won a rest in heaven's domain;
Nigh God's imperial throne to reign,
A fellow with the saintly train.

"Laud, honour, virtue, glory be,
To God the Father, Son, to thee;
And to the holy Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite. Amen."

The sermon which followed was delivered by Mr. Archdeacon —, who after the bow towards the east, crossed the chancel, and ascending the pulpit in his *surplice*, muttered forth some sentence in which "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," were alone audible, at which the general part of the congregation made the usual response, by the bending of head and body—he read his text, the four last verses of Luke's gospel, which contained much in praise of St. Andrew, and a commendation of the splendid edifice dedicated to him, in which they were assembled; and endeavoured to prove that the splendid decorations and the delightful *music* were all necessary to incite the soul to the act of worship. In short, dear Editor, it was nothing less than inculcating the doctrine of worshipping images, upon the Romish feasibility, that representations fixed the mind more upon the object. One sentence of this archdeacon's *rigmarole*, *sermon*, as no doubt it was thought to be, deserves to be *stereotyped* as a specimen of that sort of theology which is promulgated, from such falsely called Protestant churches—"THE LORD COULD NOT SAVE SINNERS NOW BECAUSE MAN WOULD NOT HELP HIM;" and this help was to be by building and decorating churches similar to the one wherein they were, and for which their pious benevolence was now required. This was followed by the offertory sentences being read by one, and the others kneeling at the different places before-mentioned, while some gentlemen in *black*, visited each person in the church with fancy worked bags to receive their donations (and I should have said this was done also at St. Barnabas), which when returned, was received by the priest upon a *salver*, and laid upon the *table* with great care. Fully convinced as I already was that all this was one of those attractives, which for want of a better name I call *dissolving views*—for surely their little Protestantism will end at Rome—still I lingered to see the last remains for this *English Mass* for good *St. Andrew*.

For some time all was dumb show, while

the man at the table was putting the sacramental elements in due order, all was as silent as when the Romanist is about to exhibit the host; and were it not for the nature of the vestments worn, I should have concluded it was so. After a considerable time had elapsed, the *elements* were partaken of by the *officiate* himself, then given to the other three, and afterwards to three or four gentlemen who had proceeded from the body of the church; none others attempting to approach until this *routine* was gone through. There was a goodly number of communicants, but it was so far different from anything I had before seen in my beloved *Alma Mater*, that good old Jacob's language was a solace unto me, "My soul, come thou not into their assembly, mine honour be thou not united."

The Communion being over, the congregation withdrew; but not *Crispin*. He felt a persuasion in his mind there was yet a *finale*, and so it was; for when all was apparently gone, the four clergy also moved one by one, making a very low obeisance towards the cross in the east end of the church, and withdrew into the vestry. Thus ended this religious vagary, and that in one of the *churches* in the metropolitan diocese of England.

The afternoon service, at which I did not attend, was thus announced—EVEN SONG—VERSES, PSALMS, CANTATE, DEUS MISEREATUR, ANTHEM.

You will pardon an old man if he goes too far, but you cannot maintain your second title, *Protestant Beacon*, if you only show up the errors of Rome in her own domain. We are aware of its existence, and are not surprised to find it there; and if your schools were visited by thousands instead of solitary ones, it would not surprise us. It is in these lurking holes of the enemy in the garb of professed friends, the *poison* is infused; and here it is that all your force should be brought to storm the *citadel*, and the outworks will fall in time. Let us not think so much of the *Church of Rome*, but direct attention to the Romish Church growing up within the Reformed Church.

Yes, *Crispin* will stop, and it might be for ever, as he is too old to bend and be pliant when danger is near; and it might be that your young and aspiring correspondents are of opinion that his work is too home-made to suit bishops, and those who are in authority. Be it so, if I never have another customer call at the *stall*, still should its old walls resound with the sonorous sound of hammer and lapstone, "from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, good Lord deliver us."

My dear Brother, entering into what the difficulties of an Editor are, and wishing not to press you beyond measure, should this my caveat against the Romish customs in our churches meet its rest in the *waste basket*, it will be right. Only allow me, in taking

farewell of my worthy colleagues in the Magazine, to say I love them still in the Lord, and my grateful and prayerful acknowledgments are due to the beloved "Philippian" for a copy of "Gill's Commentary," and the no less esteemed "Gershom," for a large print Bible, presented unto me for the purpose of enabling me to read with more ease to my defective sight, the precious word.

The Lord have thee in his holy keeping, preserve you from the idolatry of the world, of the church, and of self. Look out for, depend upon, the judgments of God are already begun with our much-loved country. Do you ask for a sign, *the apostasy of her Church* from bishops down to curates.

CRISPIN.

From my Stall, Amen Corner.

The Family Recorder.

"GRACE BE WITH ALL THEM WHO LOVE OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN SINCERITY."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

TO MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER, FRIEND, AND COMPANION, IN THAT PATH OF TRIBULATION, THROUGH WHICH ALL THE CHILDREN ARE CALLED TO PASS,

It will soon be twelve months since you were led to proclaim the Gospel's sound in our barn at B———! That place (endeared to me by many pleasing recollections) is now no longer my home. The hand of oppression has driven me from it, and my present residence is at S——— near C———, about ten miles south west by south of Grantham.

The providential dealings of the Most High towards Ireland these last five-years have been terrible and mysterious indeed, yet we sleep securely on, saying (as a nation) "I sit as a Queen, and shall see no sorrow." What would be our lot were it not for the few names in Sardis? and they are counted the scum of the earth. I have been tossed about like a locust this spring, at my wits' end again and again; reeling to and fro, and staggering like a drunken man, doubting, fearing, trembling, halting; whenever a door appeared to open it shut again, and all closed but this place, which when offered, perplexed me not a little. I had long entreated the Lord to go before me to choose my inheritance for me, not to suffer me to ruu at an uncertainty or fight as them that beat the air, but to make my way plain in all things. Well, how do you think I behaved when he brought me here—to my shame be it spoken: so far from being grateful (for a home and a comfortable one, too) I felt as though I was going to be transported, and the language of my heart was: Lord, is *this* the place? I am sure I don't like it; I think I looked upon it in the same light as Hiram did the cities which King Solomon gave to him. But that which appeared and does still appear the darkest part of the path of Providence to me, is my separation from a united and choice people, at the village, where we met on the Sabbath, (Hough-on-the-Hill), about three miles from B———: here the Lord had met with and blessed us from time to time, yea, often when reading the pieces at the commencement of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, has He come down on our souls as the showers which water the earth;

and the refreshing seasons enjoyed there again and again will never be forgotten by many of us; nor will the visit of yourself and brother to the barn; it was consecrated those two nights by the Bishop of our souls. There are few, if any, but would be glad of the like opportunity again. The last evening I met those people I can never forget; when our service ended, an old professor got up and said, "I suppose this is the last time we are to meet you here." I replied as well as I could, and said a little to them, as the Lord enabled me, and as they shook me by the hand and retired, I was led to think of Paul, "what mean ye to weep and break my heart," &c.; that separation I keenly feel to this day; nevertheless there are a few of the excellent of the earth scattered around this place, and we gather together twice on the Sabbath, in an excellent room, occupied by a good woman, about a mile off, at a place called B———. I have named our new place, Jehovah Shammah, for surely the Lord has been there more than once; I have already found here and there a berry, a grape or two left. The thought has just occurred: I am not talking to a Barbarian! No. Nor not a people or a person of a fierce countenance or of a deep speech we cannot understand? No. Our dear old Pastor sometimes says, "We know we are come to Mount Zion, by the unity of faith, the unity of judgment, (one heart and one way being given, and a pure language turned to us), the unity of the Spirit, in the bonds of peace and love." And of all bonds under Heaven what are like these? what a people are we; wherever we see the family-features we fall in love with them; and this love is supernatural! Love is of God, and he that loveth is born of God and knoweth God: for "God is love." That blessed man of God, Joseph Hart says:

"Love all defects supplies,
Makes great obstructions small:
'Tis prayer, 'tis praise, 'tis sacrifice,
'Tis holiness, 'tis all."

No two men in this country ever stood higher in my judgment and affections than Joseph Hart and William Huntington. From

first to last they contended for *life and power*; stuck to *heart-work*, and as the invaluable old Tinker says of those professors mentioned in his golden treasure:

"How Talkative at first lifts up his plumes. How bravely doth he speak! how he presumes

To drive down all before him; but so soon As Faithful talks of *heart-work*; like the moon, That's past the full; into the wane he goes; And so will all, but he that *heart-work* knows."

I see you have heard of the loss sustained by my friend, R. A. B——; his wife was one of the choicest women I knew! How blessed the memory of the just is.

I heard our old parson, sweetly, some time ago, treating upon the daily conflict between the old man and the new—he spoke beautifully of the accuser of the brethren accusing God to us, stirring up hard thoughts of him, and then turning round and accusing us to God of being such perverse rebels, &c. It just suited me, as I am seldom in one spot long together; going in and out, sometimes cast down, sometimes lifted up. And my greatest cause to grieve is that sin will to me cleave, under its detestable power I daily groan more or less, and if I have not a righteousness, perfect, divine, everlasting, in another, I must perish eternally. I should make a poor Arminian, for so far am I from perfection that I feel myself covered on every hand with imperfections and failings; vows and promises are not worth a straw to me, as if tempted to make them it would be only to break them. I am compelled to fall down and stand still—I find no help from any but God, and when he does appear in my behalf, I am confounded and covered with shame. O what a riddle is my soul! I have a principle within me that loves and delights in sin—captivates me, and at times seems to bear down all opposition. Again there is another principle within me which hates and abominates it, and myself on account of it, and would, if I could, never sin more either in thought, word or deed! Sometimes I am a perfect rebel, anon as calm, placid, and quiet as it is possible to be; "Oh! I love to lose my will, and cease contending, to let him do as he pleases."

And believe me ever yours in Him,

T. S.

[Nor shall we ever forget the barn, Brother! nor the Lord's faithfulness, in inclining us to go thither. Dew dropped upon the heart—sweetness, power, love—in immediate response to thy invitation. We ventured—we hung upon the Lord—and (blessed be His name!) neither then, nor ever under similar circumstances, did He forsake. Oh, yes, how sweet—how sacred—is *heart-work*! How precious the droppings of the honey and the

honey-comb. How unspeakably precious the love-assurances of Jesus. And generally they come [do you not find it so?] when least expected, and when, according to feeling, least deserved? So sovereign and so free! So chiming in to the tune of free-grace. "Not of works (indeed) lest any man should boast."—Oh, what mercy—what grace—what faithfulness, have we just again proved. We have put Him to the test anew; but he has proved faithful indeed. In some of our love-moments—so full are they, and so satisfying, and so precious—we are ready to think we are having our heaven upon earth; our portion here; that surely it is too much to think of equal—to say nothing of greater bliss—beyond the grave. *That* seems out of the question—*that* altogether too much to expect. And yet can anything short of Himself—Himself—satisfy? Oh, how we long at times to have done with earth, but more particularly with self and sin, and to go into the marriage-supper of the Lamb, to gaze face to face upon Him for ever! We write thus, and yet at the moment, it seems too much—even for faith itself to calculate upon, still 1 Cor. ii. 9, comes in to encourage us "not to cast away our confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."—EDITOR.]

Bonmahon, Jan. 25, 1853.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I hope you will not deem my present communication amiss, though it seem to be out of the usual track. In all my offerings to the Magazine, I have studiously avoided every thing that appeared to militate against the spirit of your mottoes; but on this occasion, I feel constrained to trouble you with my thoughts, as though they should seem to do so, as your excellent periodical is the only medium of which I can avail myself.

You are probably aware, that most strenuous exertions are being made in America, to have the authorized English version of the Scriptures revised, and to render the word βαπτίζω, and its cognates, invariably *immerse*, and if possible to bring it into use and so supersede King James' Bible. Now I, for one, would deeply regret the accomplishment of such a design. First, because it would tend to confirm, and propagate an error, already destroying the peace of Zion. Secondly, because the spiritual meaning of the ordinance of water, or John's baptism, would be thereby completely concealed.

Now the term, and its derivations, occur about one hundred times in the New Testament; but I cannot find one place wherein the idea of dipping is conveyed; but very many where the adoption of that version would make sheer nonsense: and the reason is obvious; for it is not used to convey the notion of a manual act, but a spiritual change,

or a doctrine taught. For proof let us see a few passages. Unto what then were ye dipped? and they said, unto John's dipping. Then said Paul, John verily dipped with the dipping of repentance—And when they heard that, they were dipped into (*eis*) the name of the Lord Jesus (Acts xix. 3.) John did dip in the wilderness, and *preach* the dipping of repentance for the remission of sins (Mark 1, and 4.). That word, I say, ye know, which was published throughout all Judea, and beyond from Galilee, after the dipping which John *preached* (Acts x. 37.) When John had first *preached* before his coming, the dipping of repentance, &c., (Acts xiii. 24.) The mind sickens at such puerility. But now let us search for the mind of the Spirit, according to the analogy of revelation. Unto what then were you *instructed*? and they said unto John's *doctrine*. Then said Paul, John verily taught the doctrine of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him who should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus. When they heard this, they were converted unto the name of the Lord Jesus. John did *teach* in the wilderness, and preached the doctrine of repentance for the remission of sins. That word I say, ye know, which was published throughout all Judea, and beyond from Galilee, after the doctrine which John preached. When John had first preached, before his coming, the doctrine of repentance.

Now how sweetly does this rendering agree with other places where the word is used, viz.

And were all converted unto Moses (*ev*) by the cloud between them and the Egyptians, and the opening of the sea, they were completely converted to Moses, or convinced of the truth and legality of his mission (1 Cor. x. 2.) Go ye into all the world, &c., he that believeth and is *converted* shall be saved (Mark xvi. 16). Repent ye therefore, and be converted that your sins may be blotted out (Acts iii. 19). Then said Peter, Repent and be (*Βαπτισθητω*) converted, every one of you (*επι*) upon the name of Jesus Christ, (*eis*) unto the remission of sins (Acts xi. 33). And now why tarriest thou? arise and be converted, and wash away thy sins, &c. (Acts xxii. 16). And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose and was *converted*, (*εβαπτισθη*) (Acts ix. 18.). Go disciple all nations, converting them (*eis*) unto the NAME of the Father, &c., *i.e.*, disciple them, not to Moses, or to John, but to the whole revelation of Jehovah, in his Trinity of Persons, contained in those glorious names (Matt. xxviii. 19). Know ye not that so many of us as were converted unto Jesus Christ, were converted into his death. Therefore we are buried with him by regeneration into death, &c. Read the whole chapter, and see how this rendering agrees with the apostle's subject (Rom. vi. 3). The eight persons in the ark were saved by water as the (*αυτων*) antitype receive

ration doth not save us (not the *ανθρωποις*, the removal of filth of the flesh, as the ceremonial ablutions did), but the *επερωρημα*, humble demand of a good conscience to God, through the resurrection of Jesus Christ,—*for he was raised for our justification* (1 Pet. iii. 21).

John's use of water in his baptism or doctrine was "An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," and as no intimation is given as to how he used the water, we must look at the antitype for explication; for the visible sign should precede the spiritual grace, or else we sever what God had joined. Now the thing signified by the application of water, was an entire change of heart, accomplished by the Holy Spirit, through the word. And how is he said to come upon us? Behold, I will *pour out* my Spirit unto you, *I will make known my words unto you* (Prov. i. 23). I will *pour water* upon him that is thirsty,—I will *pour my Spirit* upon thy seed, &c. (Isa. xlv. 3). And Joel ii. 28, I will *pour out* my Spirit upon all flesh. Now it is worthy of special regard, that the fulfilment of these promises is said by Peter, under plenary inspiration, to take place on the day of Pentecost; and not to be peculiar to the Jews, or to that age of the church, but the blessed privilege of all whom the Lord God should call. Wherefore being by the right hand of God, exalted, and having received of the Father the promises of the Holy Ghost, he hath *shed forth* this which ye now see and hear. And this very *shedding forth*, is called by Christ, the baptism (see Acts i. 5). Now if we use water as an emblem, we should be very tenacious of the mode, or else we mar the symmetry of the temple of truth.

I seem to stand upon the banks of Jordan; I see the clouds clustering around the teacher sent from God; I hear him say, "you have long been looking for justification before God by an external observance of the Mosaic ritual, but I proclaim the approach of the kingdom of heaven,—soon those glorious things predicted by your prophets, shall be realized; when the Lamb of God's own providing, shall be offered to take away the sins of the world; and the Holy Spirit *poured out* upon all flesh: therefore I *pour water* upon your heads, who feel yourselves to be sinners, in token of the necessity of cleansing by Messiah's blood.—I, indeed, thus instruct you by a sign, but he shall effectually teach you by the Holy Ghost.

But let us follow the new version a little further. "Why dippest thou then, if thou be not the Christ," &c.? Now what does the reader understand by this question? Just nothing at all. What then did they mean? let us inquire. John's popularity attracted the attention of the Jewish authorities, and they send a deputation of their most religious sect, to ascertain if possible who he was. And

when he declares himself to be only the herald to announce the coming of Messiah, they ask him, Why do you proselyte, or make disciples then? Now this was a most reasonable question; therefore John takes the utmost pains to draw off their minds from himself, to Christ, assuring them that he was not worthy to loose Messiah's shoe latchet; and proceeds to declare what testimony the Father had given of Jesus, on the occasion of his baptism; for this was after John had fulfilled that part of the legal righteousness which answered to Aaron the typical high-priest's washing at the door of the tabernacle, by pouring water on the Saviour's head.

But I forbear to intrude upon your space any further, but conclude by praying the great Father of lights, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, to shine upon his own work in the hearts of his people, and give them to see that by *one Spirit*, not by the same water,—they are all baptized into one body, under him the glorious Head, to whom be glory for ever and ever, amen.

I know of no man in the present age, who more fully obeyed the Saviour's injunction to his ministers, than the late DR. HAWKER; for in all his ministrations, he did indeed baptize *unto* the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

ΕΡΥΑΡΤΗΣ.

Land of Gospel liberty,
October 3rd, 1852.

—
Letter to a Friend.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Great grace be with you from the Lord, who is our Covenant Head, and Husband, Jehovah Incarnate, Immanuel, God with us, in us, for us, our Rock, Refuge, strength, hope, portion, and glory for evermore, Amen. What can you possibly want more in time, or through vast eternity?

His love is one immense eternal ocean, rolling its vast tides of abundant consolation into the broken hearts and contrite spirits of his humble ones, causing their souls to overflow with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Our God, our gracious glorious God, our everlasting God, in his adored Trinity of Persons, is the vast united source of all our blessedness; and as the eternal Son of the eternal Father, hath united our nature to the divine, and this by personal assumption. He who is true and very God, became true and very man; yet not two but one Christ; and so in union of the two natures, viz., the Godhead and manhood in his most glorious Person, will remain both God and man for evermore; through this most blessed channel, we have access at all times, in all places and cases, by one Spirit unto the Father. O wonderful mystery! O rapturous thought! a truth, yea, mysteriously grand and infinitely glorious.

I am thū God; so he speaks and so he was,

rounds, the Father loved us in Him, chose, blessed, adopted, and accepted us in Him before the world began; the Holy Ghost anointed us in Him, and with him, as members of his mystic frame from all eternity, in glorious oneness with, and eternal union to, his wonderful Person, see Psal. cxxx. 13—16; also Is. lix. 21.

So is he no less our God in time, amidst all our troubles, trials, doubts, and fears, engaged in covenant to bring us through, and will remain our God for evermore, Amen.

O my brother, my soul at times is quite absorbed in this vast and all interesting subject; but it is too high, we cannot attain unto it; nevertheless this is our glory, our incomprehensible God will be our incomprehensible subject of wonder and blissful amazement through everlasting. Very many thanks for all your kind letters to me. I perceive by your last, you have made me your debtor, so that I hasten to pay off as fast as I can; when the cruse runs, to scribble is easy, but when not, neither writing nor speaking is very pleasurable.

You complain of darkness; your Lord is teaching you a lesson to which flesh and blood is, and ever will be opposed, and fight against, viz., to live by faith, and not by sight; you are called upon by your Lord to live out of yourself wholly, and solely on himself alone; and whoever bid so high for your affections as himself, who hath everlastingly betrothed you to himself, and hath actually tied the marriage knot, and put on you the wedding robe, the which you are to wear in his presence for ever, together with the ring, jewels, bracelets, ear-rings, chains, crown, &c.—his gracious design by the whole is, to make you a perfection of beauty. All defilement for ever buried in the ocean of his precious blood, sin completely put away by the sacrifice of himself, for ever forgiven and for ever forgotten; so then, to live by faith, is to reckon yourself all this, even when you feel yourself to be in yourself, that is, in your flesh, nothing but a mass of corruption; nature never did, nor never can be reconciled to this, therefore to live by faith, is wholly of the Lord, and wholly supernatural: it is to renounce self in its every form, and to live wholly out of all you see or feel in yourself, on your precious Lord Jesus; what He is, you are all that in him, by virtue of ancient oneness and eternal union.

“One with Jesus,

By eternal union one.”

Whether you do live this blessed life or no, affects not relationship, or your state in the Lord; for if ye believe not, yet He abideth faithful; but it would be for your comfort, indeed it would, and your peace, and I am sure you desire happiness, and this is the will of God your consolation; may you therefore be enabled thus to live, thus to reckon your-

I am aware the Lord's chosen are too prone to be poring over, and looking at what they are in their poor selves, and judging of their state by what they feel, instead of judging righteous judgment; but who doth not see this to be the effect of the legality of their minds, and that it is undoubtedly wrong.

"Though with no sweet enjoyment blest,

The covenant stands the same."

May the Lord of all lords continue to instruct us in the dear knowledge of his Almighty Majesty, his amazing love, blood, and boundless salvation, and enable us to drink deeper, and still more deep, into its fathomless wells, and so to be favoured with hallowed communion from day to day with himself amid the sorrows of the wilderness, until mortality is swallowed up of life.

So desires, and so prays your affectionate brother in the Lord our righteousness,

W. BIDDER.

Oct. 5th, 1852.

BONMAHON INFANT SCHOOL.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I too would gladly avail myself of the opportunity of showing what "free-grace" is in *practice*, by sending you a mite for your "Infant School." Enclosed I forward you two Prussian thalers (value 6s.) which I trust you can dispose of by means of some friend in London, as I know no other method of transmitting this small sum. It is partly the result of a collection at a little meeting where *free-grace* is proclaimed to *poor sinners*. Please enter it under the name of "Nathaniel."

Praying that the Lord may help you in your manifold labours, and highly comfort you in all your tribulation, and bless the work of your hands to his glory, and the salvation of sinners,

I remain, in Jesus,

Most faithfully yours,

Cologne, Jan. 5, 1853.

Reviews.

Who is right? London: W. H. Collingridge.

A MOST valuable tract, in which is clearly, and scripturally, and powerfully, discussed the question of *Which is first in the matter of salvation—God or man?* Free-grace and free-will resolve themselves into this simple but all-important inquiry. In this tract is accurately portrayed the heart under the operation of grace, and humbled by Divine teaching, and the heart in its natural alienation from that grace, and as yet a stranger to Divine tuition. This is an admirable tract for distribution; we most strongly recommend it.

The Riches of Divine Grace, as displayed in the conversion of J. V. HALL, Author of the "Sinner's Friend." London: W. H. Collingridge.

PRECEDED by a sound and clear-sighted preface is an account (as given by himself at a Public Meeting) of the writer of that far-spread little work, "The Sinner's Friend." We have never read it, but as far as we can judge, its Author did not tell out *all* he knew. However, be this as it may, in his own account of himself, he stands forth as a living and striking example of Divine sovereignty. He was one of a group of twelve young men (eight of whom (he says), died under the age of forty, without a hope beyond the grave, and three others were reduced to the most abject poverty;" whilst he (the twelfth) after his "heart had been brought down by labour," and he had been "answered" by "terrible things in righteousness," was brought personally to know

letter of the Author's appended to his narrative, exhibits much and deep Divine teaching.

We read this and the previously-mentioned Tract "Who is Right," whilst travelling a few days since between Southampton and London. Our opposite passenger—an extremely delicate-looking young man—was, he informed us, on his way to London for the purpose of embarking, two days after, for Australia. At one time he would sit counting his gold—at another speak with some amount of anxiety of his expected voyage—at another of the fortunes which he had known adventurers to make. We felt much—said little—but at parting [parting for eternity, reader!] shook him by the hand, and asked him to read the two tracts, "Who is Right?" and "The Riches [not of Australia or California, but] of Divine Grace." We shall not readily forget that young man's countenance as he glanced at those tracts, and responded to our farewell. May Jehovah (if it be his sovereign will,) bless the perusal to his soul!

Gospel Magazine and Gospel Tracts. London: Aylott and Jones.

WE always reproach ourselves if we venture abroad without a packet of tracts. We are believers, yea, rejoicers in covenant settlements, we are equally believers in those covenant methods Jehovah, as a Sovereign, employs for the accomplishment of those settlements. Travelling a few months ago by train, directly opposite sat an old Military officer. His fine open countenance, his easy, gentlemanly deportment arrested us. Upon stopping at one of the stations, a gentleman stepped into the carriage, who at once recog-

put by the stranger; the officer's countenance fell; and the deepest weight, anxiety, sorrow sat upon his brow. Our curiosity was aroused, but we spoke not. Presently a something occurred—we forget what—but the officer spoke. Silence once broken, we talked freely. "You are, I presume, a clergyman?" Yes. "You saw that gentleman enter the carriage just now. We are old acquaintances, but have not met before for some years. He asked after my wife, and she has been dead twelve months. It was the heaviest blow I ever had. I could not rally. I knew not what to do, or how to get over it. But it has done this for me. I used to be a dreadful blasphemer—I have left it off entirely now." The foregoing was the substance of what the officer said. Having traversed the same path of affliction, bereavement, and solitude, sympathy was no effort. This awakened interest, and we talked with freedom and unreserve. The Bible had been our solace, the Bible was recommended to him. There was no satirical smile—no turning of the lip—at mention of that old-fashioned, but blessed book. No: he received our feeble counsel well. And, at parting, with a few words of renewed sympathy, we placed in his hands a packet of tracts, "A glorious Gospel," "Tears of Joy," &c. &c., with a request that he would read. Cordially he received them, cordially we parted, with the breathing at least in one heart, that God would apply his word when and where, and as He saw fit.

Reader, it is on account of such circumstances as these—and many similar we have met with—that we so strongly advocate the circulation of such tracts as those now before us. The "*Gospel Magazine Tracts*" are, for most part, of a deep doctrinal character; they are highly instructive, and invaluable to the Divinity student. The *Cottage Tracts* are diversified, and more adapted to general distribution. They contain weighty truths under popular and attractive titles.

The Good Sayings of Good Men, for every day in the year. London: Collingridge.

Good sayings indeed!

Portrait of the Rev. J. J. WEST, M. A., Rector of Winchelsea. London: Collingridge.

WE have not seen our brother WEST for these six years; we recognize him most readily in this portrait; but it bespeaks his being six years older than when we saw him. Skirmishes with the Devil, a perpetual warfare with the Flesh, and a ceaseless contest with the World, tell upon the natural constitution—obliterate the elasticity and vigour of manhood—and in some cases introduce prematurely, the characteristics of old age. But of what consequence is this, whilst 2

Sermons by the late Rev. W. H. Krause.
Vol. 1. Dublin: G. Herbert, 117, Graf-ton-Street.

INVALUABLE Sermons! The first edition of 1000 copies ran out in a week or ten days! We thank our God for it. We thank Him also for overruling the mind of her to whom three Volumes of M S S. Sermons were entrusted, to allow of their publication. They will speak—aye, through the length and breadth of the land—whilst the preacher, though in one sense silent in the grave, is singing before the throne the hallelujahs of God and the Lamb!

Dr. Gill's Commentary on the Scriptures.
Vols. I. to III. London: W. H. Collingridge.

VOL. II, completing the New Testament, (being the Third Volume issued from the Bonmahon Industrial Printing School) contains the following Note:

"ANOTHER Volume calls for another acknowledgment of the goodness, grace, and mercy of a covenant God. By his good hand upon us, we have been enabled to accomplish our undertaking thus far. The present Volume completes the New Testament. We now resume the Old Testament; and trust by May 1, to issue the Second Volume of it; the Third on the 1st of Sept., and the Fourth and concluding Volume, by Christmas, 1853.—We would ask the reader to unite with us in beseeching the Lord to condescend to continue to smile upon our feeble efforts, and to afford us step by step of our progress, the undoubted evidence of his Divine sanction and approval; that so, if spared to see the close of another year, we may unitedly look upon the Six Volumes of DR. GILL'S Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, as a demonstrative proof of what Jehovah can accomplish by the weakest of instruments, and feeblest of means.

"Dec. 18, 1852."

A Call for National Humiliation. Aylott and Jones, London.

THE Writer of this Tract is becomingly impressed with a sense of the deeply-solemn times in which we live. This pamphlet is worthy of an attentive reading.

The Christian World Unmasked. By the Rev. JOHN BERRIDGE, A. M., late vicar of Everton. To which is prefixed a Recommendatory Preface with Portrait and Life, of Berridge, by the Rev. SAMUEL SILVER, M. A. A New Edition. London: Aylott and Jones.

THE "Christian World" to the life; but when "unmasked," how great the exposure! How flimsy the covering—how sandy the foundation—how valueless the mere "Christian name!" Berridge is quaint, but without how searching, how truthful! Reader, submit to the test! It will not injure thee—it