

THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

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

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

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

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OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

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

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

THE TREBLE "S."—THE "STRENGTH," THE "SONG,"
AND THE "SALVATION."

"The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation."—
PSALM cxviii. 14.

It is worthy of note that the word LORD, or Jehovah, occurs no less than eight-and-twenty times in the Psalm whence the above text is taken. How great is the mercy when, by grace divine, we are enabled to trace all up to Him! To lose sight of ourselves and our varied surroundings (pleasurable or otherwise) in the all-absorbing contemplation of Him from whom all our blessings—yea, every good and perfect gift—flow, is a privilege indeed. The more we are enabled to "consider Him," the less time shall we have to think of ourselves, and the more disinclined to dwell upon our cares and vexations. In a word, the contemplation of Him is "heaven begun below," for what is the occupation of the redeemed and glorified but the "considering Him" in the higher, nobler, and more enduring sense, as contrasted with what they knew and thought of Him whilst on their earthly pilgrimage? It was a notable reply of the old man to his wife's question—"Shall we know each other in heaven?" "I shall be so taken up the first thousand years in looking at Christ," said he, "that I shall not have time to think of you." Memorable answer, but by no means extravagant, for what the sight of Christ, "no more as through a glass darkly, but face to face," will be, no creature can conceive. It is part of that glorious verity of which the Apostle speaks—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Personally, we are always thankful when we hear this or that one speak of Christ as being the great Object of attraction in heaven, rather than dwelling so much, as some do, upon whom

they shall meet there. Be it remembered that we shall take nothing of the natural or the human there.

In sympathizing with our dear friend, J. W. GOWRING, upon his blindness, the late Professor DANIEL FOLEY reminded him of the soul-cheering fact of Who he would first see when fresh sight was bestowed. Upon the same principle, we have often thought of what must have been the feelings of Lazarus, when he came forth from the tomb; or Jairus' daughter, when, at Jesus' bidding, she arose, and saw Him standing by her. But still, what comparison would these sights of Christ bear to the first beholding Him, upon the part of the disembodied spirit? Lazarus and Jairus' daughter, and the widow's son whom Jesus recalled from the dead when on his way to burial, would have each to die again; and it was but natural that they should recoil at the thought of undergoing that ordeal a second time. Nothing of this, or any other kind of dread, can, however, possess the spirits of the glorified. They have passed the Jordan, never to re-cross it. They have left the wilderness, never to return. They have entered the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, to come no more out for ever. Blessed estate! Happy consummation! Glorious inheritance! Well may the Psalmist exclaim, upon the threshold of this precious Psalm, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: because His mercy endureth for ever."

Beloved, mark the ground-work—MERCY! We love this, and why? Because of our ever-constant need of it. Year by year, month by month, week by week, day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment. Yes, it has been—it is—it ever will be—a constant, an uninterrupted, a ceaseless—yea, an eternal—need of mercy! What? An *eternal* need of mercy? Yes, an eternal need of mercy! If angels kept not their first estate, but fell, shall not we, poor, redeemed, ill-and-hell-deserving sinners need mercy to keep us? Undoubtedly. But mark, that mercy will be so exercised as never to allow a doubt—a fear—a dark or gloomy apprehension—to possess one of the myriads upon myriads of the glorified, as to the continuance of their eternal safety and everlasting blessedness. By no means.

But observe, dear reader, how the Psalmist calls upon others (shall we say?) to come to his aid to this testifying of mercy—"Let Israel now say, that His mercy endureth for ever." Again, as further proof, he exclaims, "Let the house of Aaron now say, that His mercy endureth for ever." As though not satisfied, he says, by way of additional evidence, and in proof of the perfect harmony of the universal testimony, "Let them now that fear the Lord say, that His mercy endureth for ever." So that, from the retracing of the past, the Psalmist proceeds on and on up to the then present time—"Let them *now* that fear the Lord say, that His mercy endureth for ever." And do observe, dear reader,

how the Psalmist emphasizes the fact. Mark the repetition—the blessed, soul-cheering tautology—“His mercy endureth for ever.” And what a mercy that it is so! What, alas! should we do without it? Who of us that knows anything of his own heart, in its deceitfulness, its treachery, its abomination, its forgetfulness, its ingratitude, its distrust, but what feels his need of mercy, day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment? How many thousands of the Lord’s dear children have exclaimed, with the venerable WATTS WILKINSON, “I can never get beyond the cry of the poor publican, ‘God, be merciful to me, a sinner!’” What say you, dear reader? Can you endorse this dying saint’s statement? If *you* cannot, we know one who sees and feels the still greater need of it day by day, and has not a hope beyond or apart from it. Well may the poet say—

“Mercy, great God, is all I need;
Mercy’s the total sum;
Mercy till from sin I’m freed;
Oh, let Thy mercy come!”

Having thus laid the foundation of his testimony, and that in this wondrous mercy, he proceeds to furnish proof, and to describe it in detail. “I called upon the Lord in distress” (or, “out of distress,” margin), he says; “the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place.” Now, this is in precise keeping with what the Lord promised in the ninety-first Psalm, where He says, “He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him.” What an act of condescension! How merciful! how kind! how gracious! And, inasmuch as we are so remiss—so indifferent—“such fools, and so slow of heart to believe”—in the face of such loving invitations—wondrous pledges—marvellous assurances—as those with which the Word of God abounds from Genesis to Revelation, what extreme folly, as well as creature distrust and calling in question, do we betray, in that we fail to put the Lord to the test—take Him at His word—fall in with the terms, exhortations, and encouragements He so bountifully bestows in and through His precious Book. Yea, more, He furnishes throughout the same the richest, the most varied and unmistakable proof and illustration of His being mindful of His Word and true to His promise. Well indeed may the poet exclaim, when touching upon resorting to the creature, instead of simply going to the Lord—

“Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent;
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
‘Hear what the Lord has done for me!’”

Well may the Apostle James testify, “Ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss.”

“The Lord is on my side,” continues the Psalmist. What a

mercy, and how great a privilege, to be able to say, "The Lord is on my side"! The Jehovah of Hosts—the mighty—yea, the Almighty—God—the immutable I AM THAT I AM—that omnipotent Being that "takes up the isles as a very little thing," and before whom the inhabitants of the earth are but as grasshoppers—He upon the side of a poor sinner—a mere worm of the earth—prepared to take his part; pledged to defend; who hath declared, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue rising in judgment against thee thou shalt condemn." "I, even I, am He that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man, which shall be made as grass: and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor?" (Isa. li. 12. 13.) Upon such grounds as these, well may the Psalmist say, "I will not fear what man can do unto me."

Again, he says, "The Lord taketh my part with them that help me." He had been led to watch, and watching, had seen the Lord working—working, too, by this and that human instrumentality. He thus saw that all hearts were in the Lord's hands—that, whilst one man sought to injure, another was raised up to help. The discovery of this had so strengthening an effect upon the mind of the Psalmist, that he says, "Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me."

As the result of this careful observation and prayerful watchfulness, upon the part of the Psalmist, he arrives at a calm conclusion and a most decided conviction. He is no longer the subject of hesitation or doubt about it. Hence his language—"It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man." Then, as if what he had said was not strong nor decisive enough, he adds, by way of emphasis, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in *princes*." Now, to what an estimate of men and things had the Psalmist arrived! And is there not abundant evidence left upon record in proof of how and by whom, as instruments, he attained to this knowledge? How numerous and how subtle his enemies; how manifold his defeats; and yet, withal, how marked and marvellous his deliverances! Moreover, did not those deliverances bear, upon the very face of them, such striking proof of the truth of his own statements, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. [Yea] it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence [even] in *princes*?" Well, moreover, may we consider both the nature and operation of that *trust*. It is, so to speak, putting matters so completely out of one's own hands. It is such a surrender—so complete a relinquishing one's own wisdom, courage, strength. It

is such an entire and absolute confiding in Another; and, when that Other is God, and God alone, oh, how great the mercy!

Trust! How often we think how little we know about it! How seldom we exercise it! How rare our test of *trust*; that is, in a spiritual point of view. *Faith*, or *trust*, is the great matter of dispute in these days, in regard to eternal things. With respect to spiritual verities, *faith*, or *trust*, is rejected—renounced—reviled—and yet it is illustrated, in every-day life, in numberless ways. Society could not hang together without it. Business would quickly be suspended, and come to a complete stand. In social life, in commercial life, in journeyings here or there, by sea or land, in every occupation or engagement, at home or abroad, *faith—trust*—is exercised every day and all the day—yea, by night or day. It is brought to bear, more or less, in our every step and stage from dawn to sundown, and from sunset to sunrise. To enumerate would be to undertake an endless task, so varied and so numberless are its operations. As a rule, what mistress doubts the honesty or integrity of her maid, with regard to household provision? yet her very life, and that of her household, is, in a certain sense, in the power of that maid. What master but exercises a vast reliance and an unwavering dependence upon those in his employ, and that in innumerable ways, methods, and dealings? What shopkeeper that sells his wares on credit, or merchant that consigns his goods to far-off lands, but exercises a greater or less amount of *trust*, according to the extent of the transaction? Who knows but the shilling or the sovereign may be counterfeit? Who rings either the one or the other, to see if it is sound and good? Who dreams of the bank-note being a forgery? What passenger out of a hundred examines his ticket to see if it bears the name of the place he booked for? Who doubts that both engine and carriages are in order? Who questions that driver, fireman, and guard are equal to the fulfilment of their engagements? Who supposes, as he steps on board, that the ship is not seaworthy, nor amply provided with captain and crew, compass and chart? Who doubts their capacity, knowledge, or experience? Who dreams that there is not ample provision for the voyage, or imagines that steward or purser is not equal to his responsibilities? What doctor would be called in, were there not belief in his skill? What applicant at the chemist's but trusts he is being supplied from the right bottle?

Thus we may enumerate, in a thousand ways, the exercise of *faith*, or *trust*, as acted upon in daily life; and yet, alas! when asked to exercise the same principle upon spiritual, divine, unseen, and all-important realities, how such advice or exhortation is ignored and set at nought, and how the objectors will declare that they will not receive or believe in what they cannot comprehend or understand;

and yet, at the same time, what *can* they comprehend, much less explain aright, of their daily surroundings?

What a mercy, therefore, in spite of all such worldly wisdom and wretched, unscriptural dogmatism, to be willing to be "a fool for Christ's sake," and ready to abide by His Word, because it *is* His Word, knowing it is recorded that a "wayfaring man, though a fool [in the estimation of the world], shall not err therein," and rejoicing, moreover, in the fact that He "who spake as never man spake" said, when upon earth, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes: even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Well it would be if those wise ones of the earth would consider the questions addressed by the Almighty to Job, as expressed in the thirty-eighth and following chapters of his Book. Such consideration, unless his conscience is seared as with a hot iron, may lead him to the same conclusion as that to which Job was led, when he said, "Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not." Again, let such objectors ponder upon the words of Christ, when He "called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 2, 3).

The Psalmist then proceeds to describe somewhat of his experience, in regard to the conduct of his enemies. "All nations," he says, "compassed me about." This shows the extent of the opposition raised against him. "All nations." How widespread, then, the attack, and how great the conspiracy! They "compassed him about," he says, so that he was besieged and surrounded on every hand. No way of escape was left. To all appearance, he was overwhelmed. But such was his faith, even under these so critical circumstances, that he exclaims, "But in the name of the Lord will I destroy them." The repetition here bespeaks the perilous nature of his position. "They compassed me about," he says; "yea, they compassed me about: but in the name of the Lord I will destroy them." As if he had not yet given a sufficiently ample description of his position, he says again, "They compassed me about like bees." What a figure! How difficult the mode of escape under such circumstances! Who can flee unscathed at such a crisis? Nevertheless, the Psalmist adds, "They are quenched as the fire of thorns." But how? Thus—"for [mark the 'for,' reader—here was the secret—'for'] in the name of the Lord I will destroy them." The Lord was appealed to. His great name was proclaimed. "What's in a name?" says the sceptic. Ah! what indeed? Let the poor, helpless, tried, sin-burdened, and Satan-harassed soul testify. He knows, blessed

be God, what is in a name—"that name which is above every name, and at which every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess, to the glory of God the Father." This statement of the Psalmist seems, almost as a matter of course, to lead the mind to that wondrous scene when, confronting the giant of Gath, David said to the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give you into our hands" (1 Sam. xvii. 45—47).

In touching further upon his position, the Psalmist adds, "Thou hast thrust sore at me, that I might fall." Thus we discover the closeness and the daring nature of the attack. How bent was the Psalmist's enemy upon his destruction! "Thrust!" There was such venom displayed—such hatred—such a determination to destroy! "Thou hast thrust sore at me, that I might fall; but [mark the 'but,' reader, 'but'] the Lord helped me." Just in time—not a moment too soon, but by no means too late. No; succour, aid, deliverance, never, never come too late upon the Lord's part. Blessed be His name, He does ratify and confirm that precious truth—it can never be too frequently declared—that

"Just in the last distressing hour
Our God displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace."

Is it not so, dear reader? Have you not proved it again and again, whilst on pilgrimage? Not merely have you had many a hair-breadth escape in times of temptation or danger, but what marvellous rescues—what astounding succour—in this and that crisis, at such a juncture, or in the other perilous position!

At the moment of writing, a case recurs to us which, at the time our correspondent communicated the facts, we felt we durst not publish them. They were so extremely critical—yea, so momentous—that the narrative would have led to censure and abuse. Hence we withheld it. Suffice it, therefore, to state that the interposing hand of our God, at the last, and that so extreme, climax, was such as to surpass all that, as far as memory serves, has ever come before us. We have heard and read of marvellous—yea, we may say, miraculous—interpositions and astounding deliverances, but this seemed to exceed all. It could only be ascribed to Him whose

name is "The Wonderful," and who is, in accordance with His name, "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working." Ah! reader, could we tell you the case, assuredly you would exclaim—

"Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song."

But how does the Psalmist sum up all? Well, thus—"The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation." Now, do observe the order, dear reader—"strength," "song," "salvation." Mark, the Lord is absolutely the *strength* of His people before He becomes their *song* and their *salvation*; and yet there is a beautiful and blessed connection, and the one assuredly follows the other. Wherever the Lord is the *strength* He, sooner or later, becomes the *song*—yea, the *salvation* of His people. In the forty-sixth Psalm, the Psalmist says, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Again, in the eighty-fourth Psalm, we read, "Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee." Again we read, "I will strengthen them in the Lord, and they shall walk up and down in His name." It implies a borrowed strength—an imparted courage. And oh, is it not so, dear reader? Let experience and personal knowledge and proof testify. Do not numbers whom we now address know personally and experimentally the meaning of the Apostle's language, "I can do all things through Christ [or, in Christ], which strengtheneth me"? Can they not fully understand him when he says, "When I am weak, then am I strong"? What do certain trials, agonizing sorrows, bitter bereavements, most critical positions, bespeak, but the timely sustaining strength, the omnipotent arm, the wondrously-delivering hand, of the God of all grace? What would—what could—you have done without the same, dear reader? "What!" say you. "Why, I should have been crushed, ruined, utterly undone, to all intents and purposes!"

Ah! reader, we have often told the Lord, when under extreme pressure in connection with business cares and anxieties, "One half-ounce more trouble, Lord, without additional strength to bear it, and sink I must"; but, blessed be His dear and ever-adorable name, He has never, under the circumstances, laid that additional half-ounce upon us; no, never! He, as the Refiner, well knew how to regulate the heat, and when to withdraw the tiny deposit from the crucible. Long since that period, moreover, we have known what it was to feel that the promise, "As thy *days*, so shall thy strength be," would not suffice. Such was the keenness of the trial, that we needed momentary strength. We could indeed adopt the language—

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

Timely indeed was the remembrance, under those circumstances,

of the promise concerning His Church, "I will water it *every moment*; and, lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

Since we commenced this article, the eye happened to light upon a certain memorandum, under date July, 1845, the breathings of which were such as to lead us to wonder, admire, and adore, at all the subsequent leadings of the Lord; and, at the same time, we sink into the very dust of self-loathing and reproach, as we contemplate the Lord's goodness, loving-kindness, and mercy, since that long-gone-by day. Well may we, of all men, exclaim—

"For mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?"

But, as we just now said, the *strength* leads to the *song*. Sooner or later, where the *strength* of the Lord has been realized, it will end or issue in *song*. The self-same Almighty One who perfected His strength in His creature's weakness, "puts a new song into the mouth, even praise unto our God." Yea, the language of the delivered one will be, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits"; "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion; and unto Thee shall the vow be performed"; "I was brought low and He helped me"; "He hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling."

But, beloved, if the song—one of the songs of Zion—be so sweet and heart-cheering *down here*, in the midst of such surroundings, and notwithstanding all that we are, in and of the flesh, oh, what will it be *up there*, when "delivered from the burden of the flesh"? And is it not a burden? What will it be when "we see Him as He is, no more as through a glass darkly, but face to face"? Well may Dr. WATTS sing, in the glorious prospect—

"There shall I see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

Furthermore, the Psalmist adds, regarding the Lord and His dealings, "and is become my *salvation*." Now, this language seems to imply a condition of difficulty, danger, or doubt. "Become" bespeaks uncertainty, as far as appearances were concerned. Hence, those very doubts and that uncertainty tend to *praise*. The *sigh* leads to the *song*. Salvation, in the main, is as sure as God can make it. As the handiwork of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, it admits not of the shadow of a doubt. It is compassed about by the covenant oath of the Three-One God. The "shalls" and "wills" of the Lord God Omnipotent emblazon, as so many brilliant stars, the grand scheme of redemption. "The Lord hath sworn by Himself, because He could swear by no greater."

Moreover, the personal claim, as here expressed—the "*my*

salvation"—bespeaks a certainty, as superseding all previous doubts or seeming uncertainty as to the matter. It is the language of holy confidence, and it is part and parcel—or the gradual development—of the whole covenant plan. It is the opening out in detail of the Lord's covenant purposes respecting His Church.

"The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation." Whatever difficulties, then, dear reader, that may stand in the way, and however your present position may seem to contradict the statement here given, be assured, in due time, you will so see the Lord's delivering hand as to lead you personally to testify to the fact. In proof of such being the case, and in proof likewise that others have preceded you in regard to difficulties, darkness, and dread, mark the language of the Prophet Isaiah—"And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation. And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon His name, declare His doings among the people, make mention that His name is exalted. Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee" (chap. xii.).

THE EDITOR.

PAST SCENES AND PRESENT REMINDERS.

ALTHOUGH upwards of twenty years have since passed, the last time I came this road was to follow my so loving and devoted brother-in-law (G. D. D.) to the silent grave. He had ended his so useful career, finished the work the Lord had given him to do, and had now gone home to receive the "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." He had been true to the sacred commission which had been entrusted to him, nor had his labours been in vain in the Lord. The contemplation of these facts can scarcely fail to stir up the most fervent and heartfelt desire that, in due time, I may be permitted, when my work is done, to be like the beloved departed—to be a "follower of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises." Oh, that I may, like him, be permitted and privileged to "finish my course with joy"! May I at last, as I have abundant reason to do now, testify to the superabounding goodness, mercy, and love of my ever-gracious God and Father. May my dying exclamation be, "He hath done *all* things well!" Lord, grant it, I pray Thee, for Jesus' sake.

Plymouth.

D.

CONTENTMENT without the world is better than the world without contentment.

Dayside Notes.

REACTION.

“Lord, by Thy favour Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled.”—PSALM xxx. 7.

OCCASIONALLY we get lifted up on a Sabbath Day in the house of prayer, where the Gospel is faithfully preached. Alas! methinks many will say, with us, it is indeed only occasionally. But when we do, and the Holy Spirit comes with His melting power, and Christ is revealed to us in His preciousness and love, oh, how sweet is the lifting up! But scarcely have we got from the threshold of the door, than something comes to annoy and perplex, and down we go again fathoms deep; or, if the savour of divine things does rest upon us throughout the sacred day, Monday morning's care and worldly surroundings again crush us.

Yes, Lord, although “by Thy favour our mountain stood strong,” now all seems gone. Thy face becomes hidden, and we are troubled.

I remember to have read somewhere of a case of what I may call *reaction*, which made a lasting impression upon my mind. It is as follows. An eminent minister of the Gospel, a man of culture and education, but, above all, spiritual discernment, became a great favourite in Scotland. Many were gathered together to listen to the words of truth which dropped from his lips. One Saturday morning he sought his study, and opening the Word of God, was anxious to be led to a subject for the coming Sabbath, when Satan set in upon him with a violent assault, insinuating, “What if the Bible is not true?” at which sceptical thoughts crowded into his mind, and he became enveloped in a dark cloud of doubt. Sunday morning arrived, but the cloud was still over him. He went into his vestry, and his demeanour was so strange that his deacons thought that he was ill. He went up into the pulpit, and still the cloud was over him. He read a chapter, but it was not removed, when, putting himself in the attitude of prayer, with hands uplifted over the vast congregation, he cried to God, in anguish of spirit, “*God, be merciful to me, a sinner!*” With the acknowledgment and sight of his sinnership, the spell was broken. He poured out his soul in fervent prayer to his God, and afterwards preached such a sermon upon “the sinnership of the sinner and the salvation of the Saviour,” that such a coming together of the “dry bones,” and refreshing to the living people of God, was realized, as was never effaced from the memory of those who were present.

Oh, how joyous it is to see Satan defeated, and the blow he meant turned into a blessing!

But, with reference to the cloud that passed over the mind of this dear man of God referred to, is it an isolated case? Nay, are there not times in the experience of many of the Lord's people when Satan assaults them, and strives to shake their faith in those things they hold dear, vilely insinuating, “Is there a God? Is the Bible true? Is not your religion vain, and your experience a delusion? Why does God permit you to pass through such trial and suffering, if you were His

child? Better 'curse God and die.' I say, are such assaults unknown to the Christian? Indeed not. But, blessed be God, they are only for a season. The dove flies again to its window of home-rest in Christ. The felt sinnership is again brought home by the power of the Holy Ghost, and in the melting, the mercy flows into the soul. My God would never have shown me the things that He has concerning Himself and His love, if I were a castaway. No. Satan, thou vile enemy of God's children, thou art "a liar from the beginning." I will believe my God and His promises, and—

"Though we are feeble, Christ is strong;
His promises are true;
We shall be conquerors all ere long,
And more than conquerors too."

Again, referring to times when our faith gets disturbed, is it not so with our *love* too? We seem to lose the love we had. We get into a cold, lifeless, and formal state, and in our weakness Satan, as ever, takes the greater advantage of us. But here is the mercy, beloved. *Christ's love never wanes for us.* It knows no reaction. It was the same "from before the foundation of the world," for He says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." It has been the same throughout our journey in life, of which He has given abundant proof; and we may depend upon it, with His own promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." His love will remain the same to the end, while the full fruition of that love will be realized by us when, safely housed in the heavenly home, "we shall see Him as He is," without a veil between.

But, further, with regard to the experimental *reaction* we are referring to, note that our divine Master Himself oft suffered reaction in His earthly career to the cross and the crown. For instance, what a significant word is that word "*then*," at the commencement of the account of His temptation—another proof of the deep import that is veiled in even single words of the Scriptures of truth. "*Then* was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." When was it? Why, it was just after His baptism, when lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him; and lo, a voice from heaven, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." "*Then* was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." Oh, how this brings out the fact that, as with Christ, so with His followers—the *greatest temptations succeed the highest testimonies of God's love.* If we have found favour of the Lord, and feel it, and know it—if our joy abounds and our mountain stands strong—then expect temptation and the assaults of Satan. Where then will be our comfort and stay? Why, in "looking unto Jesus," who has passed through the fiercest temptation for us. Yea, it was part of the mysterious plan of mercy and salvation that He should have done so—that He should have been tried by the enemy He came to destroy—"for the Son of Man was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil." Satan, aware of this great purpose, and His claiming power over all flesh, now that the Son of Man "was made flesh, and was dwelling among men," tried His power. But did he succeed? Oh, no!

"The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering" and temptation. He proved victorious in the conflict and combat, and "in that He thus suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."

Are we following in the footprints of the Master? What an honour! Never forget the weapon He used so successfully—"It is written! It is written!" This "sword of the Spirit," the Word of God, will ever do us good service in the conflict and combat by the way.

I would just, in passing, mention that many learned men have thought that the temptation of our Lord in the wilderness was but a vision. I cannot find the slightest and most distant intimation of this. Indeed, while many of the prophets and saints of God had visions and dreams, Christ Himself neither saw visions nor dreamed dreams. His were all direct communications with His Father—a proof of His superiority and Sonship. No, dear reader, it was no vision, but a reality, and so must we view it as such.

But, referring again to the temptation of our Lord, there is a point worthy of our notice, namely, that directly after the account given (although the time may not have been immediate), we have our dear Redeemer, at the commencement of His divine ministry on earth, "walking by the Sea of Galilee, and seeing two brethren, Simon, called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers. And He saith unto them, *Follow Me*, and I will make you fishers of men." And, again, "He saw other two, James, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and He called them," and they, like the others, followed Him. Is it at all unreasonable to think that this following Him was following Him in the pathway of temptation, and that, in the ministry of the Word, this was a necessary adjunct? At all events, all followers of Christ find it to be so, and that it is impossible to deal with the one without experiencing the other.

Oh, beloved, you that are thus following Christ know well enough that this is the case. Yet how necessary the discipline, and how such drives us closer home to the only Source of our support and shelter!

But, further, not merely was the *reaction* we are referring to manifested in the experience of our divine Master Himself, but so with all His followers. Indeed, we may go back to the ages before His incarnation, and find the same thing.

Peculiarly was this the case with God's ancient people, in their pilgrimage through the wilderness. Was there ever a people that had God so near them? He had brought them out of their bondage in triumph, yet how soon they forgot their deliverance, and became downcast and rebellious! If the Lord gave them bread from heaven, they thought the water would fail them. If they had the signal token of God's presence in the pillar of cloud and fire, they yet thought God would forsake them. Jehovah gave them abundant proofs that He was God, "mighty to save"; but their rebellion, murmuring, and distrust are humiliating to trace.

And can we boast of any superiority? Alas! if honest, we read our own characters in theirs, and have need to be humbled.

But to take, further, a few Scriptural cases in proof of our point.

Take the case of Elijah—one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived upon earth, and a lively type of Christ, abstracted from the world, and, for the most part, strong in faith and patient in tribulation. But mark a time of reaction even with him. Fleeing before that wicked woman Jezebel, fearful of her threats, we find him under a juniper-tree, requesting for himself that he might die, saying, "It is enough, O Lord: take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers." Nay, the Lord had better things in store for His faint-hearted servant. He did not taste death, which he had in his rebellion so desired, but was taken direct up to heaven, in a signal and marvellous way, to be succeeded by Elisha, another highly-favoured servant of the Most High.

And then we cannot forget the case of poor Job. Was there ever a man that drank more deeply into our passage, "Lord, by Thy favour Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled"? And well he might be. Brought from prosperity to poverty, stripped of everything that was dear to him, do we wonder at his rebellion and repining? Are we at all better, with only a little of stripping-work? No. More or less, we have to drink into similar experience; but we cannot boast under such circumstances of our fortitude and our faith. Bright things, however, were yet in store for him. The smile of God's favour again shone upon his pathway, and his end was peace.

Dear reader, however thickly clouds may encircle us, and heavy cares weigh us down, bright and blessed things are yet in store for us, according to covenant promises, which never fail.

Look, again, at the experience of the sweet Psalmist of Israel. At one time declaring that he would "always give thanks unto the Lord"—that "his praise should ever be in His name"—yea, that he would "make his boast in the Lord, who had delivered him out of all his fears." But mark the reaction. In almost the next breath he sighs, "Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? and why so disquieted within me?" So it is throughout the Psalms. We behold the Church of Christ in prosperity and adversity, in light and darkness, in joys and sorrows, in trials and triumphs, by turns—at one time declining and sinking in sin, then reviving and returning with singing unto Zion. It is this that makes this cluster of heartfelt experiences so precious to the children of God. What should we do in the hour of trial without "the Psalms of David"?

Look, again, at the case of the Prophet Jeremiah, who was called in his youth to the prophetic office. Look, as he grew on, at his powerful reproofs of sin, and his solemn warning of impending judgments that should fall upon the guilty ones, which were fulfilled in the destruction of the city and temple, and the captivity of Judah. And yet where do we find this bold reprover at one time, when he became himself a sufferer for his fidelity? Oh, says he, in the spirit of rebellion, to the Lord, "Wilt Thou be altogether unto me as a liar, and as waters that fail?" declaring that he "will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name." Ah! this was Jeremiah. But Jehovah comes to his aid, and pulling himself up, he adds, "But His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones: and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

Oh, beloved, what ups and downs—anon the spirit of revelation, oftentimes followed by such reaction as we have recounted.

And does Jeremiah stand alone in his experience? Nay, are there not many of the family who meet with enough to crush their religion out of them? And so it would, if it were only a surface religion. But here is the mercy—it is *within*—the life of God in the soul—which nothing can destroy; and, if we watch matters, we shall find the old declaration true, “The more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew.”

But look at another case, even that of Jonah. After all the manifestations of God's goodness to him, and his learning that important lesson in the depths, “Salvation is of the Lord,” because his will was crossed, he fainted, and wished himself dead, declaring, “It is better for me to die than to live”; and when the Lord, in tender expostulation, said, “Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd?” he said, “I do well to be angry.” Oh, what perverseness! But I ask again, Is he the only Jonah in the family?

Look, further, at the case of John the Baptist, who had boldly preached repentance—who had the hallowed privilege of baptizing our Lord, and pointing to Him as “the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world”—one whom our Lord had declared to be “more than a prophet,” and that “among them that are born of women there had not risen a greater than John the Baptist.” Mark how he, in a time of suffering, and when in prison, sunk into the depths, such was the spirit of reaction that he endured that he sent two of his disciples to inquire of Him, “Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?” Our Lord, knowing and sympathizing with the downcast one, tenderly bade them, “Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see.” Give him, as it were, fresh proofs, more tokens, that the waverer should be assured that his faith was not misplaced, and that he should be restored to his former assurance.

Oh, beloved, do we not see that revelation and reaction are no fresh line of things?

Then, again, we have the Apostle Paul telling us that he knew a man (undoubtedly himself) who had such an extraordinary revelation of the Lord that he was caught up into paradise. He could not tell whether he was “in the body or out of the body”; yet he adds that, “lest he should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given him a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, to buffet him.” This drove him to prayer that it might be removed, but the Lord tells him, “My grace is sufficient for thee: My strength is made perfect in weakness.”

And so, beloved, it is, and must be, with us all. The triumph of spirit must be succeeded by the “thorn in the flesh.” Then, and not till then, shall we give all the glory to the Lord of glory.

But just to turn to our own times. I know a standard-bearer—one who has preached faithfully and fully the Gospel of Christ, and whose testimony has been a blessing to hundreds—now brought very low. Note his words to us—“I am just now in a low place, but not forsaken. Jesus, our Emmanuel, is ‘God with us’ in the low spots of faith and feeling, as well as in the high places of covenant favour and

spiritual joy. It is a good thing for me that 'the joy of the Lord is my strength.'" Precious leadings, dear brother! We know all about it.

And then I am reminded of the similar reaction in the case of my ever-revered pastor, JOSEPH IRONS. I have seen him in the pulpit carried out in the most joyous blank verse, at the opening of a sermon, full of Gospel truth and savour, under the influence of which I have come away feeling "whether in the body or out of the body I could not tell." But, being intimately acquainted with the dear man of God, I would follow him sometimes into his home hard by Grove Chapel. Oh, it seems such a tiny house now! But there, in the little front parlour, he would throw himself upon the sofa, perfectly exhausted, and, sinking very low, would give way to sighs, looking and feeling a poor nothing at all. In the pulpit, bold as a lion; in the parlour, timid as a lamb. But God used him, and his written testimony is still loved by those who loved him.

Then I remember, many years back, putting myself out to hear that dear servant of the Lord, SEPTIMUS SEARS. I thought I should have a treat, but he seemed in the pulpit nervous and gloomy. Presently he gave out his text—"I am shut up, and I cannot come forth." Nevertheless, the Lord opened out truth to him in such a way that I remember it as a precious sermon by the way.

But all these are instances, dear reader, of *reaction*, which, if we have to realize, is only what all those who have gone before us of the family of God have realized too. Nay, "there hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

And now, beloved, we would say that all the foregoing but substantiates the experience of our portion, "Lord, by Thy favour Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled." Yes, if at any time our mountain does stand strong, it is only by the Lord's favour. We cannot command it. If we have any peace and prosperity, it is of the Lord. He can soon, as it were, "hide His face"—not in reality—no, never—but as far as our personal feelings go. Then do we go down, down. Faith and hope become feeble, and our life languid. Surely it is to show us that our frames and feelings are not to be depended upon, and to bring out the fact that our only security is the Rock of Ages—the sure foundation, the real standing in Christ—so that, while we have sometimes to lament our own leanness, yet, if we can, by the Spirit, look out of self to the Saviour, oh, in Him there is abounding consolation and comfort.

Just take one source of consolation which is, to my mind, a very precious one, namely, *the sympathy of Christ*, the best Beloved, the Elder Brother. A few words upon this comforting fact. That word "sympathy" is a telling and touching one, meaning, as we know, "to be affected by what happens to another." It is precious to receive from a true friend or brother such tenderness, but how much more when the Elder Brother, who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," tells us of His compassion and love! Why, we remember that He was anointed, not merely to preach the Gospel to the poor, but to "heal

the broken-hearted." He is the effectual Comforter. And how marvelously He manifested His compassion to all sorts of sufferers! To the "weary and heavy-laden," for instance, He said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy burdened, and I will give you rest"—words of comfort that have been blessed to thousands of His redeemed since He uttered them.

Look, again, at His sympathy for the weak ones and little ones of His flock. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arms."

"A bruised reed shall He not break,
Nor quench the smoking flax."

Nor was our blessed Lord unmindful of the *tried and tempted*—"For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted"; and no burden is too heavy for Omnipotence. How sweetly, too, was His divine sympathy manifested to the *afflicted and sorrowful*! The touching scene of the widow of Nain at once comes to view—"Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother." Oh, what divine sympathy! It seemed as if Jesus could not bear to see that weeping mother bereft of her all in her widowhood state, but must restore to her that only son who must have been so dear unto her, and the joy of her life. This was just like the divine Master Himself—always so kind, so tender, so loving, so compassionate!

Then what proof we have of Christ's compassion and sympathy in suffering, in the case of the bereaved family of Bethany! Jesus loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus; and now the two sisters have lost their main earthly stay. Lazarus is dead, and said Martha unto Jesus, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that, even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee." Where didst thou get that knowledge from, Martha? Certainly "flesh and blood did not reveal it unto thee." "Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again." Martha again gives proof of a spiritual knowledge beyond what any person by nature can recognize. She says, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Then our blessed Lord declares the truth to her, in the revelation of Himself—"I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?" Yes, she did believe it. But with all this looking beyond the grave, with a blessed hope so precious, yet nature will feel, and hence comes in the sympathy of Jesus, as well as the manifestation of His resurrection power. "When Jesus therefore saw Mary weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and

said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto Him, Lord, come and see. Jesus wept."

Oh, there is a whole volume of divine sympathy in those two words, "Jesus wept"! Precious Elder Brother, with all Thy people in their times of bereavement and sorrow, may we have comfort in the recognition of Thy loving sympathy, and fly to Thee as our supreme Source of comfort and uplifting.

And then, beloved, our Lord's sympathy did not end with His earthly career, but is still carried out in His Mediatorial office before the throne above. He is the High Priest who "hath compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way," which fact encourages us greatly to approach the mercy-seat. "For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

But I must draw to a close. You see, dear reader, that the pith and point of our tracings at this time have been that, in divine experience, and as led by the gracious hand of the Holy Spirit, *reaction follows revelation*, and *the greatest temptations succeed the highest testimonies of God's love*. And we shall mostly find that, where the Lord's servant has sounded the Gospel trumpet loudest, after the breathing of the Holy Spirit has been expended, the trumpeter is left to feel his own weakness and nothingness. When the Holy Spirit shines into the soul, all is life, love, and liberty; but how the Christian subsides when left to the workings of his own evil heart! Truly has it been said that God's people are travellers. Sometimes they are in dark lanes and deep valleys; sometimes on the hills of joy, where all is light and cheerful. It must be so. It ever has been so.

Little incidents by the wayside sometimes strike us. I was leaning over a railing, watching a stream beneath as it eddied and circled onward in its course. Presently I observed a light and feathery substance borne upon its surface. It went on rapidly enough for a time, but very soon it was caught in an obstacle of twigs and rushes. It struggled to get at liberty, and at last succeeded, and then on and on it sped its way, to meet with other obstacles no doubt, yet still onward to pursue its course. "Oh," I thought, "this is just like the child of God—just my own experience! Borne on the stream of life—now rapidly, in heartfelt experience joyous and light; anon, caught by some care or trouble, twisted round and helpless. Again set at the liberty of the children of God, on we speed our way, *revelation* succeeded by *reaction*."

And so it will be, beloved, with you and me to the end; but the end will be all right—the haven no false one. JOHN NEWTON embodies my thoughts and experience in those lines, with which I will close—

"Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then Thy grace was all my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

“When my friends have said, ‘Beware!
Soon or late, you’ll find a change,’
I could see no cause to fear;
Vain their cautions seemed and strange:
Not a cloud obscured my sky;
Could I think a tempest nigh?”

“Little then myself I knew;
Little thought of Satan’s power;
Now I find their words were true;
Now I feel the stormy hour:
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has changed my day to night.

“Satan asks, and mocks my woe,
‘Boaster, where is now thy God?’
Silence, Lord, this cruel foe;
Let him know I’m bought with blood:
Tell him, since I knew Thy name,
Though I change, Thou art the same.”

So it is, beloved. “All’s well that ends well,” and the Christian’s course must “end well.”

Burton-on-Trent.

G. C.

MORNING TEACHINGS.

ON rising from my bed, a few mornings ago, the following precious truths were sweetly read into my soul, I trust, by the blessed Comforter and Remembrancer—

“To save from sin Christ shed His blood;
He died to bring us near to God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love could show.”

The blood of Christ turns the flaming sword of divine justice into an olive branch. “Made nigh by the blood of Christ.”

“So nigh, so very nigh, to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the Person of His Son,
I am as near as He.”

The blood of Christ removes sin—that which separates God and man—entirely out of the way, so that now the Father can manifest forth His great and wonderful love towards His children in blessing them indeed. “In blessing, I will bless thee.” Nothing but blessings remain for them now.

It was a cup full, running over. Oh, how I greatly needed a word from Himself! The conflict had been very severe the day preceding. Will it please Thee, Lord, to grant me such sweet teaching by the blessed Comforter often? Thou knowest, if there is one poor, ignorant worm needs it more than another, it is

G. H.

THE more God empties your hands of other works, the more you may know He has special work to give them.

Pilgrim Papers.

AN EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS PROMISE.

"Thou shalt call Me, My Father."—JEREMIAH iii. 19.

(Concluded from page 22.)

BUT look, dear reader, at the next sweet word, "*call*"—"Thou shalt *call* Me." The promise is not simply that this backsliding one shall never be alienated from the Father's house or heart, but there shall be the blessed realization of the fact in the soul. "Not only shall he know his near relationship to Me," saith Jehovah, "but his faltering lips, which Satan would stop with a sense of utter unworthiness, shall acknowledge it—"Thou shalt call Me, My Father!" This can only be as the Holy Ghost witnesses with our spirits that we are the children of God. It is the revelation of our oneness with the Lord Jesus Christ which creates the full assurance of faith in the soul. When He says, "I ascend unto My Father and your Father, to My God and your God," we are "satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord." Oh, how many of His people are sighing—

"My God! My Father! Blissful name!

Oh, may I call Thee mine?

May I with sweet assurance claim

A portion so divine?

"This only can my fears control,

And bid my sorrows fly;

What harm can ever reach my soul

Beneath my Father's eye?"

Perfect peace is the lot of all those who, without presumption, can breathe that hallowed word. Whenever His children are enabled to call Him "Father," they receive from His hand whatever He is pleased to send, knowing it must be best. Then they learn the truth of that sweet verse—

"Since Thou, the everlasting God,

My Father art become;

Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,

And heaven my final home,

I welcome all Thy sovereign will,

For all that will is love;

And when I know not what Thou dost,

I wait the light above."

This brings us to notice the glorious Person whom poor, hell-deserving sinners are permitted to address thus—"the everlasting God." "Thou shalt call *Me*." Oh, beloved, when we are led to contemplate the greatness, power, and glory of the Lord of Hosts, it seems too much for poor, frail mortals, such as we are, to believe that we may enter into His very presence, and hold converse with Him. Yet He hath said, "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee." Yea, more—"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that

is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones" (Isa. lvii. 15). Oh, there is something very precious—yea, soul-inspiring—in the thought that this "high and lofty One," the eternal, unchanging, Almighty God, is ours!

The Prophet Isaiah seemed lost in admiration, as the Holy Ghost led him to meditate upon His greatness. He sounded out to the cities of Judah the divinely-communicated message, "Behold your God!" He tells of His strong hand and mighty arm, His reward which is with Him, and His work before Him. He speaks of His tenderness in "gathering the lambs with His arm, and carrying them in His bosom," and how gently He leads "those that are with young." Then He breaks out in magnificent strains concerning His infinite wisdom and boundless power—"Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being His counsellor hath taught Him? . . . Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, He taketh up the isles as a very little thing. . . . All nations before Him are as nothing; and they are counted to Him less than nothing, and vanity."

Well might the Apostle exclaim, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Blessed be His name, "He fainteth not, neither is weary." He watches over His people night and day. His ear is open to their cry; yea, their feeblest whisper comes up before Him. He provides for their every want. He protects from every foe, as it is written, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."

How blessed it is for a poor sinner to be enabled to say, without presumption—

<p>"By faith in Christ I walk with God, With heaven, my journey's end, in view; Supported by His staff and rod, My road is safe, and pleasant too.</p>	<p>"I travel through a desert wide, Where many round me blindly stray; But He vouchsafes to be my Guide, And will not let me miss my way.</p>
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"With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me."

Oh, look, poor worthless worm, at this—

"Great as He is, I dare be free."

Go through the Scriptures of truth, scan thine own history, and say, has He not revealed a little of His great power and tender love to thee? Has He not divided the sea, and made a way for thee to pass through? Has not thy bread been given, and thy water been sure, all along the wilderness way? Has He not guided thee with the skilfulness of His hands? Has He ever failed to meet thee in thy necessities? Ah! when thou hast sought water and found none, when thy tongue has failed for thirst, He hath heard thy cry, and not forsaken thee!

Oh, what a great and glorious God is this, who says to His forgetful, erring child, "Thou shalt call Me, My Father." Yes, He who commanded the ravens to feed Elijah—He who shut the lions' mouths, that they hurt not His servant Daniel—He who stood by the three captives as they walked the seven-times-heated furnace, and preserved them from all harm—He says to His feeble, faithless ones to-day, "Thou shalt call Me, My Father." Surrounded by a great host, they may cry, "We have no might, neither know we what to do!" But He fights for them, and delivers them. He bids them say, "My Father!" Oh, the bliss, the hallowed peace, the calm serenity, which possess the soul then! Thrice-blessed is that one who can, with the Spirit's witness, utter the precious words, "The Lord is *my portion*, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him."

Dear reader, canst thou say, "*My Father*"? Canst thou, with the Apostle James, say, "Of His own will begat He us with the Word of truth"? If thou art indeed "born again," thou mayest lisp the words, "My Father." Is there in thy poor heart one desire heavenward? Yea, is there a "thought upon His name," and a longing to claim Him for thine own? Then there is life—divine life—in thy soul. Being "born again of incorruptible seed," these living desires, these heartfelt yearnings, prove thou art a child; and in due time thou shalt receive "the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." "Because ye are sons," saith the Apostle, "God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

"My Father!" Oh, what a sweet and tender relationship! As a Father, Jehovah *carries* His people—"The Lord your God which goeth before you, He shall fight for you, according to all that He did for you in Egypt before your eyes; and in the wilderness, where thou hast seen how that the Lord thy God *bare thee*, as a man doth bear his son, in all the way that ye went, until ye came into this place" (Deut. i. 30, 31). As a Father, He *pities*—"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust" (Psa. ciii. 13, 14). As a Father, He gives them every *needed* good—"If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" (Matt. vii. 11.) As a Father, He *corrects*—"Thou shalt also consider in thine heart that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee" (Deut. viii. 5). And as a Father, He *s pares* His serving child—"They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him" (Mal. iii. 17).

Oh, when any poor sinner is enabled thus to say, "My Father!" there is nothing upon earth to desire. Then he exclaims, "My Father loves me, and sends all that is for my good. My Father cares for me, and can make no mistake. My Father's power is boundless, and His purposes can never fail."

"What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:

'Tis enough that Thou shouldst care;
Why should I the burden bear?"

How precious are the words of Jesus, who has indeed revealed Him to us—"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." And again, He cheers the hearts of His fainting ones with the gracious communication, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Be it ours, then, beloved in Him, to have this precious promise continually applied by the Eternal Spirit. Then shall we be enabled to heed the injunction given through the Apostle Peter—"Casting *all* your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

"Now our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our *Father*, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work" (2 Thess. ii. 16, 17).
K. B.

MOSES' WISH FOR THE ISRAELITES.

No man knew God as His servant Moses did, for God had highly favoured him with a revelation afforded to no other human being. We need not wonder, therefore, that Moses desired for his brethren that they should enjoy "the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush" (Deut. xxxiii. 16).

The circumstance referred to in the above words was connected with the remarkable history of Moses, and if we search the Scriptures, we shall find no history more remarkable and wonderful than his. It is not always that we are able to trace a great career from the cradle to the grave, but in Moses' case, his very infancy is painted in marvellous colours; so we learn that he was saved alive when, according to Pharaoh's command, he ought to have been slain. He had godly parents, who obeyed God rather than man, so that they were not afraid to disobey the king's ungodly command. They realized the truth of those beautiful lines—

"Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make but His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care."

Moses comes before us as a little babe committed in an ark of bulrushes to the waters of the Nile. Who is there who does not care and feel for a little child? Hence there is great power in a little forlorn babe to enlist the sympathies of even the strongest and most athletic among men. Our Lord Jesus conferred the highest dignity upon childhood by becoming a Babe—the Babe of Bethlehem—and upon all occasions manifesting a singular interest in little children, by welcoming their approach, and using them as illustrations of what it was necessary we should become, if we would enter the kingdom of heaven. God intended, by presenting Moses as a helpless infant to Pharaoh's daughter, to move her interest and affections in his salvation, and so it happened. Thus Moses became the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and we

might naturally expect that such a marvellous childhood would ripen into a grand history of the grown man—and so we find it. He was educated in all the learning of Egypt, and might be said to have every worldly attainment within his grasp. Yet, when the hour of trial came, we are told that he “chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.” Brave man! Happy choice—the fruit of faith! He never regretted it, though he had to flee from Egypt and take upon himself the humble occupation of a shepherd, which the Egyptians so greatly despised.

It was upon one occasion, when he led his flock to the back of the desert, that he was so affected by the sight of a bush burning with fire, yet not consumed, and about to turn round to discover the cause, that the Lord called him by name, and revealed Himself as “the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,” and gave him to know that He had selected him to be the deliverer and leader of His people Israel. We need not wonder that, in the final blessing and dying words of Moses to the children of Israel, this glorious event is remembered, and the highest blessing which Moses could think of or desire was, that the tribe of Joseph might have and enjoy “the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush.”

Ah! brethren, if we have had a revelation of God’s mercy and grace, though it may have occurred to us years ago, yet, depend upon it, we shall never forget it, and the remembrance of it will ever be a source of peace and encouragement to our anxious and earnest spirits, for it was a time of love, never to be forgotten. Happy when we can say from our hearts—

“Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart!”

If we think of God’s wonderful and majestic Person, His “good-will” must appear to us a great blessing. He towers above all beings. He is a Giant among dwarfs. Do we speak of His power? It is almighty power. Of Him, and Him alone, it can be truly said, “Nothing is too hard for Him to accomplish.” Do we speak of His wisdom? He is the only Fountain from which all wisdom comes. Do we speak of His goodness? His very name is Love. Do we speak of His life? In Him “we live, and move, and have our being.” Do we speak of His justice? He is the only righteous and holy One. Do we speak of His dominion? There is no spot in the whole universe which He has not made, and therefore belongs to Him of right. The stars are the lamps in His vestibule, the porch of His temple. The beasts of the forests, the cattle upon a thousand hills, the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, all the races of mankind, as well as the mighty hosts of heaven, are His, so it can be truly said, “Who is a God like unto Thee, who doest what Thou wilt in the armies of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth? and none can say unto Thee, What doest Thou?”

“His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.”

“The good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush” becomes invaluable

when we consider that He is the Fountain of all temporal blessing. "He openeth His hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." When we think of the multitudinous wants of God's marvellous creation, we are astounded at the abundant provision which He has made to supply their wants.

Brethren, where would all His creatures be without His "good-will"? He has only to turn away from them, and they would all perish, and the universe itself become a huge sepulchre. God's children are taught to receive all temporal mercies as the result of His "good-will." Thus Jacob could say on his dying couch, "The Angel that fed me all my life long." Our Lord taught us to pray for "our daily bread" to Him who alone can supply it.

Brethren, let us beware of enjoying our temporal mercies and comforts while we forget to thank Him whose "good-will" supplies them all. Well might the Psalmist sing, "His favour is better than life." I fear there are some Christians who look upon temporal supply as beneath their petitions. But this should not be, for Paul tells us, "In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." If we do so, we shall not only have the blessings we need, but the happiness of knowing that they come direct from Him whose "good-will" is the source of them all.

Ah! brethren, what a joy we realize in earthly blessings when we taste God's goodness in them! It produces "a contented mind, which is a continual feast," for, as our Lord said, "A man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." The rich are seldom happy. Care, disappointment, monotony, and other things take away their relish, so that they often envy the poor the hearty enjoyment of their scanty means. But when we receive all our comforts as from the hand of Him to whom "it is more blessed to give than to receive," oh, how sweet they become! We then have no difficulty to cry out, with the Psalmist, "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places: yea, I have a goodly heritage." "Thou spreadest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." And this blessed experience causes us to say, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life, and we will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

If we have "the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush," we have that which is better than all temporal blessings. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," said our blessed Lord, "and all these things shall be added unto you." God's love includes every inferior good. It conforms us to His will, enabling us to say—

"Good when He gives, supremely good;
Nor less when He denies."

It enables us to rejoice when "the fig tree does not blossom, and there is no fruit in the vine." It makes us think more of spiritual blessings than earthly comforts. We then look at the things unseen by worldly men and the eye of sense, and by faith we "see the King in His beauty," and catch a glimpse of the land afar off. It calms us

in the hour of trial and sorrow. We know our Father is at the helm, and that He has told us in His Word that "all things shall work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose."

Oh, brethren, in this world, which becomes to us more uncertain the longer we live, nothing but God's "good-will" can sustain and comfort us! Do we wonder that persons destitute of it commit suicide, lose their reason, or sink into the vortex of the giddy world, the end of which is everlasting death?

Blessed be God, the believer can never be happy away from Him! We might as well expect the fruit to ripen without the sun, or ships to sail without wind or water, as for our souls to be peaceful and joyous without His "good-will." Our Lord knew all this, and therefore said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"I may not ask that no rough wind
Upon my head may blow,
Yet I may pray that I shall find
Strength in the day of woe.

"The sun may shine through all the day,
Or clouds may hide the sky;
But while God's love lights up my way,
I know His hand is nigh."

And such will ever be the lot of those who possess "the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush." E. W.

THE SAINTS' SECURITY.

"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand."—JOHN x. 27—29.

How consoling, condescending, and kind, that our dear Lord should proclaim such gracious words as these to all who are in the covenant of grace! To the tempest-tossed one, oh, what a mine of wealth and comfort does this gracious declaration afford, and especially so to those who are called to pass through a very tried pathway; for the exercised soul is often ready to write bitter things against itself—and this is not surprising, as they are ever experiencing the motions of sin, in the conflict between corruption and grace. But what a blessed security is expressed in these words! You can have no greater security, for it rests upon the oath of Jehovah Himself. It is He who gives you "eternal life," and says, "You shall never perish"; and this covenant which He has made with you, believer, is an *everlasting one*. Our Lord Jesus Christ, the "great Shepherd of the sheep," "laid down His life" to accomplish it, and He has fulfilled all that He engaged to do. On condition of Christ making His soul an offering for sin, He was to see His seed, the travail of His soul, and the pleasure of the Lord was to prosper in His hand (Isa. liii. 10, 11).

Now, if Christ was acquitted and discharged from all the sins of

the whole election of grace, which the Father laid upon Him, and was raised up from the power and dominion of death, and openly acquitted and justified by the Father on His resurrection, on the footing of His own blood-shedding, then His finished work must be all-sufficient for His Church. It is an everlasting acquittance and discharge. We are as truly saved, being believers in Jesus, as our God can save us. Our sanctification in the blood of Christ is a most important truth; and to be completely saved in Christ from all sin, and for the Father to behold them in Christ—this must be complete sanctification; therefore, all the elect of God stand before Him as Christ does. They are what Jesus is; and until the Lord beholds sin in Christ, He will never see sin in His people, so as to charge it on them. "Thou art all fair, My love; there is no spot in thee" (Sol.'s Song iv. 7).

Believer, do you doubt it? My Bible declares it. And when we are favoured with such apprehensions of these precious truths, it delights, lifts up the soul, and creates a divine satiety. It lifts us up above all that is earthly. Oh, for more of these blessed seasons, that the renewed mind may be wholly taken up with them! We cannot be without sin in the conscience, in its guilt, nor without the love of it in our hearts, nor shall we be delivered from the dominion of it in our lives, but as we live a life of faith on the Son of God. May He lead us to apprehend how completely all our sins, inward and outward, are abolished out of the sight of God our Heavenly Father, by the obedience and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ! As we believe these precious truths, so shall we have actual fellowship with Him; and in real fellowship with Jesus consists the very life of Gospel sanctification. So far as we have the real Scriptural knowledge of these important truths, so far shall we believe in Christ, who is Truth itself. Our union to God is founded on our union to Christ.

The language of our most glorious Christ will be, when He introduces His beloved into the kingdom, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Our Lord never forgets His union and relation to His people, nor does He ever leave out His Father's interest in them. They were everlastingly precious in His Father's sight, and will be everlastingly so in Christ's.

Christ, as God-Man, is the foundation of our union to God. Our glory, both of sonship and possession, of our being "the sons of God," and being "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ," is founded upon union to Christ. All perfection and essential blessedness and fulness are in Christ, for the fulness of the Godhead is in Him. Oh, for deeper spiritual meditations on this glorious subject! May the Holy Ghost thus direct us, and that we may "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." Oh, what depths of wisdom God explored to furnish redemption, and to find a Person competent to accomplish it! He appointed a plan, fellow-sinner, from all eternity by which, consistent with His holiness and His justice, thou mightest be saved.

When we look at ourselves, and see what we are, and what our salvation cost—Jesus, the "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," and made higher than the heavens—He who knew no sin must be made sin; who never merited wrath must be made a curse—all this for sinners,

rebels, enemies—nay, my soul, for thee, if you have been called by His grace—is it not a wonder?

Some of us are nearing the end of the journey. Those who are, are generally conscious of it, especially those with a diseased body. It is to those specially that the Lord is pleased to open up the precious truths of His Gospel; and the very fact of their being sorely tried, these glorious truths are made such a comfort and consolation as to quite compensate them for all their suffering here, whereby God's love is revealed to the poor sinner, whose love is infinite; and when He has raised such hell-deserving sinners, and made them to feel their interest in His precious truths, and to realize their personal interest and security in them—I say, under such circumstances, my language is, that He may cause my cold heart to grow warm in the contemplation of them, and thus daily realize “the breadth, length, depth, and height, and to know the love of God, which passeth knowledge,” that I may be “filled with all the fulness of God.” It is a felt sense of nearness that the believer desires, and which, in a measure, he enjoys as *He* is pleased to impart it; and when we are most weak in ourselves, then are we “strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.”

“Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.” Not only is this perfectly true, but “He will keep the feet of His saints.” Yes, amidst all the ups and downs—joys, trials, and temptations—there will be a keeping of the soul unto salvation. God's guardianship is assured, and the day will come when we may see cause to bless Him for all we have passed through.

If there is a poor, hell-deserving sinner that especially feels his need of God's keeping, it is the writer; for, what with the treachery of the heart, and the struggles for the mastery within, I should have discarded the truths of God long ago, if I had not been mercifully kept; although I well know, if we are God's saints, we are as sure of being kept as that the Lord is on His throne. The oath, the covenant, the faithfulness, the power, the love and wisdom, are all His, and what He has engaged to do He will assuredly accomplish, and this the mind desires to be assured of in the warfare between corruption and grace.

And now, dear reader, I feel all that I have said falls so short of what these precious words proclaim. Our covenant God has provided for your eternal safety, and His promise cannot fail, because there is no power equal or greater than His to destroy it, neither is it left contingent upon the creature, in any measure whatever, to accomplish or mar it. He has promised to you eternal life, and eternal life you will have. Nothing can hinder you from receiving it. Look at the links in the chain of His salvation. Is there a faulty one? I cannot discover it. If there was, we should, after all, perish; but this cannot be. He has chosen you to eternal life, and His choice is your security; and the Word by Him who is Truth itself says, “none can pluck them out of His or His Father's hand.” You can have no better security than this. Remember, trembling one—

“The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.”

And here I am reminded of what were almost Joshua's dying words, and it will not be out of place to repeat them here—"And, behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts, and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof." Is this not a faithful testimony? I put it to you and myself, dear reader. Cannot you render a similar one to God's faithfulness, and notwithstanding all your unfaithfulness to Him, and rebellion, and all the harsh thoughts that we have uttered in our troubles and afflictions and temptations? Yes, we must ever come to the one conclusion—that *He is a faithful God.*

May the gracious Spirit make Jesus increasingly precious to us, as we get nearer the end of the journey, so that, when death comes, we may have nothing to do but fall asleep in the arms of Jesus.

Lee.

G. A. N.

"HE LEADETH ME."

"IN pastures green"? Not always; sometimes He,
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm, and soft, and bright;
Out of the sunshine into darkest night:
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright

Only for this—I know He holds my hand;
So, whether led in green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by "still waters"? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say—
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day.
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

SIN may rebel, but it shall never reign in a saint. It fareth with sin in the regenerate as with those beasts that Daniel speaks of, that "had their dominion taken away, yet their lives were prolonged for a season, and for a time" (Dan. vii. 12).—*Brooks.*

THE MINISTRY.

TO A DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, UPON THE EVE OF HIS ORDINATION.

MY DEAR ALFRED,—Had time and health permitted, nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have attended your ordination. Apart from my own, I never witnessed that sacred service but twice. In the one case, it was when my early friend and companion, J. D. LANE, was ordained; the other, when Mr. CONRAD FINZEL underwent the same solemn ordeal. I adopt these terms, for, indeed, I found it to be so; nor can I ever forget the holy fervour with which my dear old Bishop, Dr. DALY, knelt in the midst of the candidates, just as we were about to leave the palace for the cathedral service. Oh, how earnestly he prayed that he might never be permitted to lay his hands upon the heads of any whom the Holy Ghost had not called and sent forth as His messenger to the people! Dear servant of the Most High, how is his memory enshrined in my heart! Never, never can I forget him. Oh, had we such devoted bishops as he was, how very different would the Church of England be to what, alas! it is! He was jealous for his Lord and Master. Hence a special blessing attended him and his ministrations.

But now, let me first congratulate you, after your successful college course, upon the servant of God who has given you a title, and with whom you are about to be associated in the ministry. You are known to each other, which is a matter of great importance. He is not only a man sound in the faith, doctrinally, but he has had the personal experience of the truths he proclaims. As one, therefore, of a chastened spirit, he sympathizes with others, and hence, upon personal grounds, is enabled, under God, to "speak a word in season to them that are weary"; and this is an all-important and most distinguishing feature in the ministry. This is what knits heart to heart and soul to soul. Where this is once realized, nothing can uproot it. It is laid deep in a soil which neither the summer's sun nor the winter's blast can affect. This, I repeat, is a special feature of experimental preaching. I have been wont to say to this and that one of my helpers, "Aim at the heart, not at the head merely." When the poor boy saw the priest throw his Bible into the fire, he exclaimed, "You cannot burn what I have here," placing his hand upon his heart. A notable fact that, and may well stimulate as a watchword. Moreover, a practical suggestion was that of another poor converted Romanist who had been so taught to read and to value the Bible as to reply, when *reasoned* with upon this or that particular dogma, "I don't find it in the Book." Oh, my dear Alfred, God, of His great mercy, grant that you, in like manner, may take your stand upon the Word of the living God! May that solemn portion be engraven upon your inmost soul, as your starting-point and your abiding standpoint—"To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them."

THE BIBLE THE MINISTER'S AUTHORITY.

Remember that the express terms of your ministerial commission are these—"Thou shalt speak My words unto them, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear." This was said to the

prophet Ezekiel, and equally forcible was what the Lord said to Jeremiah—"Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak."

What could be plainer, and what more encouraging than this? Like Moses, long before him, the Prophet had been pleading his total unfitness for the fulfilment of so grave and great a commission—"Ah! Lord God, behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child." Such was his humility—such his self-distrust! But mark, in accordance with the Lord's reply both to Moses and to Jeremiah, who more jealous for the divine glory, and who less afraid of man, than these servants of the Most High? Whose histories were more demonstrative of that precious verity—"Out of weakness made strong"? And do observe that their success was wholly attributable to their strict adherence to the counsel and commission of their great and glorious Lord and Master.

Be it yours, my dear Alfred, to think much of this; and, as I have said, may the Lord, of His great mercy, make it both your *starting* and your *standing* point.

May He, moreover, arm you against the varied sophistries and the different "schools of thought" of the day, by men seeking to be wise above what is written, and who are too proud—too self-sufficient—too closely allied to the world—to be willing to be accounted "fools for Christ's sake." Remember the words of Him "who spake as never man spake"—"I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes [simple ones]; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

RECONCILED TO THE REPROACH OF MEN.

Notwithstanding all the human and scholastic advantages in which the Apostle Paul had been trained, how little stress he laid upon them, and how willing was he to become one of the weak and frail and most dependent ones! "For whom," said he, "I have suffered the loss of all things"—his name and his fame as a learned man among the rest of his sacrifices—"and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

Observe, moreover, how emphatic was his advice to his son Timothy. "Be not thou, therefore, ashamed of the testimony of our Lord," said he, "nor of me His prisoner; but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel according to the power of God." The Apostle's Epistles to Timothy afford a brief but most clear and comprehensive view of the duties and responsibilities of the ministry. On the one hand, he suggests what to avoid; on the other hand, what to follow. Moreover, the testimony of the Apostle, as contained in these Epistles, has a most marked bearing upon the times in which we live. The "latter times," the "last days," the "perilous times," of which he speaks, are most assuredly upon us, and well indeed will it be for us to be aware of it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." Observe, therefore, in regard to this forearming, how great the stress which the Apostle lays upon the "giving no heed to fables and endless

genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifying which is in faith." He would have him "refuse profane and old wives' fables," the "avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called." "Foolish and unlearned questions avoid," said he, "knowing that they do gender strifes." On the other hand, how earnestly did the Apostle exhort Timothy to abide by "the Word and the testimony." "Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine." "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine." And where was he to learn this? Where but from the source of which he again speaks? "Continue thou," says the Apostle, "in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. iii. 14—17). Again he says, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth" (2 Tim. ii. 15).

The day in which we live, dear Alfred, is notorious for its opposition to the Word of God. So far, however, from its nullifying or weakening the force of that Word, it is only confirmatory of the same, for the Lord Himself, as well as His servants Paul and Peter, clearly foreshowed that such opponents should arise. Take, for example, the declaration of the latter—"Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation" (2 Peter iii. 3, 4).

THE NEED OF A SIMPLE, CHILDLIKE FAITH.

I remember an instance of a young man, who was assailing and seeking to set at nought the Scriptures, being answered by this very passage. "Your very opposition proves their genuineness," was the reply, "because they declare that such objectors should arise." In your contact with your fellow-men, seek ever to be willing to be accounted "a fool for Christ's sake." Never mind however much they may reproach you for what they term your folly, for standing by that which you can neither understand nor explain. Remember that *faith* (the very thing they condemn) is the believer's stronghold. Correspondingly endeavour ever to bear in mind that the natural or unenlightened man ever has apparently the best of the argument upon merely human grounds, inasmuch as he can only judge after the flesh, and what is congenial thereto. Never overlook the plain teaching of the Word—"The carnal mind is enmity against God: it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Upon these principles, I should ever decline to argue with a rejecter of the sacred Word. Though deemed a fool by my poor fellow-fallen man for such a determination, nevertheless I am content, the more especially as it is recorded, in regard to the interpretation of the Word, "A wayfaring

man, though a fool [in the estimation of his fellow-men], shall not err therein."

In taking these grounds, dear Alfred, be it yours, nevertheless, ever to keep in view the *effects* of a belief in, and a rigid adherence to, "the law and the testimony." See the sceptic, or the quibbler at the sacred Word, in trouble, in difficulty, in peril. Ah! what is his bearing then? What becomes of his assumed fearlessness—his bravery—if danger suddenly overtakes him? What indeed? Ah! never shall I forget a visit to a dying parishioner—a publican. "One quarter of an hour more, Lord! one quarter of an hour more!" Terror-stricken! Afraid to die! Craving for life to be prolonged even a quarter of an hour. I was, as it were, struck dumb! I knew not what to say! The crying for mercy was all I could suggest, whilst the appeal for it, under the circumstances, seemed the merest mockery. Oh, how forcibly it reminded me of that solemn reproof—"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of My counsel: they despised all My reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices" (Prov. i. 24—31). A few such agonizing examples as this stamp the conduct of the despisers of the Word with a feeling of awe that no vain arguments, however congenial to our poor fallen nature, can ever erase. On the other hand, mark the peace—the calmness—the joy—the supernatural expectancy—that possess the believer, not only in times of trial and affliction, but in the immediate prospect—yea, in the very article—of death! What myriads upon myriads of poor pardoned sinners have, at their death, and when flesh and heart have been failing, taken up the language of which the Apostle gave the key-note, when he said, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing" (2 Tim. iv. 6—8).

THE SPHERE OF LABOUR.

I rejoice, dear Alfred, in that your lot is to be cast among the poor. You remember one of my favourite mottoes, and which is carved over the entrance porch to dear St. Luke's—"Unto the poor the Gospel is preached." You remember it was said of the preaching of Jesus that "the common people heard Him gladly." How forcibly does the Apostle James write upon this subject! Mark his language, in regard to the rich, in contrast to the poor. "Hearken, my beloved brethren," he says, "hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?" (James ii. 5.)

Oh, what a dread have I had, throughout my ministerial course, of

preaching to a fashionable congregation! Inasmuch as *fear* is such an ingredient in my character constitutionally, and nourished as it was through a mistaken early training, one of my most marked and foremost petitions, ministerially, has been that I might be delivered from the fear of man; and I speak it to the praise of my ever-adorable Lord and Master that, whatever may have been my previous recoilings in the near prospect of preaching, when the time has arrived, and I have been called to stand before the people, all fear has been completely removed, and I have felt, blessed be His name, "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might"; and now, in my old age, and when I do indeed feel that heart and flesh verily fail, among my pleas at the mercy-seat that the Lord should abide with me, and still be my strength and my shield, is the argument with which the mercy-seat was plied by the Psalmist—"I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, Thou knowest. I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation: I have not concealed Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth from the great congregation" (Psa. xl. 9, 10). And depend upon it, dear Alfred, that, after all, the world likes honesty. They, in their very heart of hearts, whatever their merely complimentary language, despise the man that fawns and flatters—that seeks to *please* rather than to *profit*—to *entertain* instead of *edify*. And what an awful day of reckoning awaits those of whom the Lord speaks—"The prophets prophesy lies in My name: I sent them not, neither have I commanded them, neither spake unto them: they prophesy unto you a false vision and divination, and a thing of nought, and the deceit of their heart. . . . They have healed the hurt of the daughter of My people slightly, saying, Peace, Peace; when there is no peace." "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united."

I once visited a doctor, in his last illness, and with whose most active habits I had been familiar for many years. Among his many lamentations—and he wept much—was, that he had failed to do all he might have done, in regard to his patients. Now, I felt that, if this were such a source of regret to one whom I had well known to be most patient and painstaking in his visits to the sick and suffering, and to whom, at most, he could but render the temporary help that their poor *bodies* might require, what about those who professedly administer to the well-being of the immortal *soul*? In importance, what comparison will the one bear to the other?

(To be continued.)

THE humble Christian, who can talk only of God, who sits silently in the great congregation, pleading in his heart for the descent of the Holy Spirit while the Gospel is preached, may be as instrumental in working these modern miracles of grace which we will call "conversions," as the most eloquent preacher. Said a successful pastor to an aged and paralytic Christian, who sat for years in a cushioned corner of the church, but was about to go away, "I shall miss you sadly. Indeed, I don't know how I shall be able to preach without you. You have no idea how much you have helped me."

FAMILY SECRETS.

(Continued from page 26.)

WE pass on to consider another family secret together, dear reader—the *new birth* I mean. Ah! how this secret is set at nought in the present day! Gorgeous churches and chapels are reared, and thousands upon thousands of pounds are expended in the useless decoration of them. Religious machinery is set in motion on every hand. Every device of a respectable character which Satan can suggest to men's minds is put forward on purpose, first, to attract, and then to persuade men and women to become members of Churches. Great zeal is shown in every quarter, and excitement and novelty are the order of the day. Profession abounds, but, alas! alas! where is the evidence of real possession of the fear of the Lord? Men will tolerate almost everything in the way of preaching, and men are to be found in abundance who will preach almost anything except the necessity of the new birth, accomplished by the sovereign power of God the Holy Ghost. Morality, good works, sincerity in what is believed, even though it is most flagrantly opposed to God's Word, is put forth as all that is necessary to please God, and get to heaven at last. Go into our churches, and chapels, and meeting-rooms, where the precious is separated, ministerially, from the vile, and compare the attendance with what is found at the places where "another gospel" is preached, and I venture to say that it will be far greater at the latter than at the former.

Well, shall those who have been made acquainted with that family secret, the new birth, be dismayed or discouraged because they are in a great—yea, a very great—minority? No, no! They feel sure that the Lord has "a remnant," even at this time, "according to the election of grace." They are solemnly persuaded that there is no way to Christ experimentally here, and no such thing as reaching the realms of everlasting bliss, except through the strait gate of regeneration. For this they contend as being a part of "the faith once delivered to the saints," notwithstanding what their fellow-men may either think or say of them. They know that it is "not him whom man commendeth that is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth," hence they seek "that honour which cometh from God only." They know that they had no hand in the quickening of their own souls into spiritual life, but are experimentally acquainted with the words, "And you hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins."

Reader, what say you to the matter? Personally, I trust I can say from experience that the new birth is God's own work, and that man can neither forward it nor retard it. I believe with all my heart the testimony of the Word of inspiration on the subject—"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (John iii. 8). Who can tell how and where the wind is generated? or where it retires to after it has blown, whether it be in a gentle breeze or a mighty hurricane? Man, with all his attainments, has not at present been able to determine, and it is very questionable if he ever will. What fitter emblem could the Lord have made use of for setting forth the irresistible and sovereign operations of His Spirit

in the heart of a poor sinner than the blowing of the wind? But the dear children of God are all, in due time, made to experience the secret of the new birth. And as there is no birth takes place in nature without pain, so, I am sure, it is in grace. Every soul at the new birth feels, in some measure, what the poor publican felt when "he stood afar off, and would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, and said, God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" Sure evidence this of being "born of the Spirit," of having "passed from death to life," of being on the highway to glory. "Old things," with such an one, "are passed away; all things are become new." He is the subject of desires after the Lord Jesus Christ—desires to which before he was a total stranger. He desires to realize that his sins, which so press him down, were all atoned for by Jesus; that he is interested in the substitution of the Lamb of God; that His blessed righteousness is his; that he is a partaker of that hope which is "as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast"; that his poor, broken cries are the fruit of the Spirit's indwelling; that the precious promises of the Word are his, and that Christ is his Friend, and will be, in life, in death, and to all eternity. He wants to feel the precious blood applied to his conscience, purging it from dead works, to serve the living God; to feel sweet access at the mercy-seat; to say feelingly, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His"; "I know whom I have believed"; "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." He now loves the company he once disliked, and dislikes that he once loved. His former associates are no longer his companions, and their pursuits he has no relish for. God's Word is now read eagerly, and many a sigh and groan goes out of his heart for light upon it. Nothing of earth can satisfy his immortal soul. Let him be where he will, the things of eternity lie with solemn weight upon his conscience, and the following words substantially express the feelings of his heart of hearts—

"Gracious Lord, incline Thine ear;
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry—
'Give me Christ, or else I die!'

"Wealth and honour I disdain;
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy;
Give me Christ, or else I die!

"Lord, deny me what Thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt:
Suppliant at Thy feet I lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die!"

The truth embodied in these verses is as suitable to my poor soul's feelings now as it was more than twenty years ago. I feel my need more now of free mercy to save me from sin and all its consequences than I did even then—at least, I believe I do. And I am more convinced now than I was then, that the new birth is a family secret—a secret that is revealed only to the elect of God.

That my views are regarded by some with disdain I know, and that I am shunned on account of them I believe, but of that I take but very little notice. I trust I can say, with Paul, "that the Gospel which is preached of me is not after man; for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ" (Gal. i. 11, 12); and, "I am *not ashamed* of the Gospel of

Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek" (Rom. i. 16). The Lord enabling me, I will insist, and that in no apologetic terms, upon the absolute necessity of the new birth, through the power of the Holy Ghost, as long as I have my being. Bastards may deride, free-willers may condemn, legalists and moralists may jeer, and mongrel Calvinists, as they are called sometimes, may oppose, but so long as I have the witness within my own heart, and the witness of God's holy Word in my favour, it will not deter me from proclaiming in the ears of my fellow-mortals that the new birth is, as before stated, a family secret, known exclusively by God's quickened children. All such find their experience correspond with what Paul wrote—"By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."

But let us consider another family secret, dear reader. The inspired Word informs us that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath *revealed* them unto us by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God" (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10). The knowledge, then, of the things of God is a matter of revelation by the blessed Spirit, and is a secret with which the quickened family alone is acquainted. A few verses further on in the chapter from which the previous quotation is given, are these significant words—"But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." How these portions of Holy Writ exclude most completely all creature power, wisdom, and research, as being helpful in the leastwise in the knowledge of the things of God! All, all flows from revelation by the Spirit of God. Science, with all its extensive discoveries—and they have been most extensive during the last few years—cannot boast of having brought to light anything which has, in the smallest degree, weakened the above Scripture testimony respecting the absolute necessity of divine revelation in connection with the things of God. I know well that there are many who will disagree with this statement, but I care not for that. I am satisfied that, instead of scientific discoveries tending to weaken the statements of Holy Writ on the point in question, the tendency is exactly the opposite way. Generally speaking, as far as I can understand the results of scientific discoveries of late years upon the minds of men, they may be said to have increased infidelity, rather than to have helped in its removal. I do not speak thus because I am an enemy to scientific research, as if I were afraid it might impair the testimony of God's Word. True science cannot do this, I am persuaded. But when men begin to speculate—and they generally do this when they can get no further—and their speculations are in the main opposed to the inspired Word, I fall out with them entirely, being quite unwilling that science should judge the Word, for I believe most thoroughly that

"This is the judge that ends the strife
When wit and reason fail;
The guide to everlasting life—
To that within the veil."

It is not a little surprising to find, with very few exceptions, the professed ministers of the Gospel listening to the teachings of science, falsely so-called, in the present day. Why, not long ago, a minister at one of the largest and most fashionable chapels in Coventry said it would be best not to have anything of a *definite* doctrinal character inserted in the new Trust Deed because they were about having made for the new chapel, for they did not know what *new discovery* of truth might be made! Dear me! And this, too, from a B.A.! How applicable the Apostle's language to all such men as these! He says, "We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, *even the hidden wisdom*, which God ordained before the world unto our glory: *which none of the princes of this world knew*: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory" (1 Cor. ii. 7, 8). How confirmatory the testimony of Christ Himself is, in proof of the family secret we are now touching upon being only known by revelation! "At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight" (Matt. xi. 25, 26).

(To be continued.)

LEANING.

"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?"
—SOLOMON'S SONG viii. 5.

COMING up all safely
From the desert dim;
Clinging close to Jesus,
Leaning hard on Him.

Passing through the shadows
With a spirit bright;
Singing songs of gladness
In the gloomy night.

Heeding not the tempests
That are sweeping by;
Gazing calmly upward
At the cloudy sky.

Looking for the city
Where the angels wait;
Oft by faith discerning
Its celestial gate.

Having peace and calmness
Mid the bitter strife;
Spirit-rest and quiet
In the toil of life.

Finding joy in suffering,
Flowers upon the cross.
Sweetness in the gall-cup,
Gain in every loss.

Holding sweet communion
With the Heavenly Guide;
Happy in His friendship;
Wanting none beside.

Hungering for nothing,
Perfectly sufficed
With the Living Presence,
And the love of Christ.

Leaning hard on Jesus
In the desert wide;
Therefore safe and peaceful,
Glad and satisfied.

Leaning, ever leaning
On the Friend divine;
Attitude most blessed;
Oh, may it be mine!

ISA.

HOPE is like the wing of an angel soaring up to heaven, bearing our prayers to the throne of grace.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

SHORT NOTES OF A SERMON,

PREACHED BY DR. DOUDNEY, AT ST. LUKE'S, BEDMINSTER, ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17TH, 1889, THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 PETER ii. 7.

AS many of you know, I preached from this text my so-called trial sermon, at St. Matthew's Church, Kingsdown, thirty-one years ago. I could then testify of divine faithfulness, divine forbearance, divine long-suffering; but how much more since that time! Oh, what infinite forbearance and long-suffering have been shown me!

In connection with my text, I would ask you to consider—

I. *To whom is Christ precious?*

II. *Why is He precious?*

I. *To whom is Christ precious?* Is He precious to all? By no means. What! not such a loving, gracious Being precious to all? Oh, no, no, for the language of every human heart—mark it, every human heart—is, "We will not have this Man to reign over us." Naturally, we do not desire to know Him. We say, with Pharaoh, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey Him?" With all the pretensions of the present day, I do not believe there was ever a time when there was more enmity to God than there is now. Bear with the words of an old man. The so-called service of the present day is, for most part, a *mock service*. There is nothing really spiritual. No vitality. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

But those who would once have plucked Him from His throne have, by grace, been brought to "know Him, and the power of His resurrection." Instead of wishing to avoid Him, they now desire to know Him as their Redeemer, Friend, Saviour. Oh, what a difference! And how is it brought about? By that which, in the present day, is so much despised—*by faith!* Thus they know Him, and love Him, and this faith is the gift of the Holy Ghost. We would not substitute *faith* for its *Object*, but oh, what a precious gift it is!

Have you not often thought—I have—if you had lived when Christ was on earth, you would have received Him? You would not have been among those who rejected and crucified Him. Ah! but it would have been otherwise. Unless specially shown of God as to Who and what He was, you and I would have rejected Christ even as others. He would have been to us, as it was foreshown would be the case, "as a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness, that we should desire Him." But when faith is given, we see things so differently. It is only under the precious influence of *faith* and the power of the Holy Ghost that we are brought to love Him, and to desire to know more of, and to follow Him.

In Hebrews xi. 1, the Apostle says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"; and in the same chapter

we see the evidences of it. "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." I want to lay stress on this, because we all desire something tangible, whereas it is an *unseen Lord* we have to do with. You remember Christ's loving words to Thomas—"Because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have *not seen*, and yet have *believed*." And Peter says, "Whom having *not seen*, ye love; in whom, though now ye see *Him* not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

The dear children of God are so prone to overlook what He has done for them in this respect. When a poor sinner is brought to realize the value of his immortal soul, and is led to put that soul into the hand of an invisible Being, how that glorifies God! We lived not when Christ did, but by *faith* we know Him, we love Him, and we follow Him.

In John v. 24, we read, "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life." *Hath*—mark it. I know of nothing more encouraging than such a passage to the poor trembling one who, through anxiety about his never-dying soul, is perhaps saying, "Oh, that I had never been born!" I know one who has said that—aye, even since he last stood in this pulpit. Do you say, "Have *you* been exercised thus?" Yes, indeed; nor do I think any one has been more deeply tried by dark and painful exercises than I have.

But let us now consider—

II. *Why Christ is precious.* Oh, He is precious on account of what He *has done*; He is precious for what He *is doing*; He is precious for what He *is going to do*!

To those who know Him, He is infinitely precious for what He *has done*.

"He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!"

Oh, can He but be precious, when we remember how He stopped us in our road to hell, or when, as the prodigal, we were led by Him to say, "I will arise, and go to my Father"? And can He but be precious when we consider how He received us in our lost, guilty, and undone state? Jesus *delights* in His poor and needy ones. I think we are too apt to look on one side of the matter. We think only of the joy of the poor sinner when he knows Christ. But Jesus is *more pleased* to bestow than even the poor sinner to receive. "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." "Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame." What was the joy? It was the saving poor sinners! Look at the Pharisee and the publican; and when we are brought to see ourselves as sinners, and really mean it when we say—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

then shall we know, too, that He is indeed precious for what He *has done*.

Then He is precious for what He is *doing*. I speak to many who are sorely tried and troubled. Many of you have lately gone through deep anxiety and bereavement. But has the Lord been true to His word or not? "My grace is sufficient for thee." "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Has He been true? Have you any fault to find? Have not "the everlasting arms" been "underneath" you? Has He ever sent one trial more than He gave strength to endure? "He hath delivered, He doth deliver, in whom we trust that He will yet deliver."

And He is precious for what He is *going to do*. "And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am." He *will* be true to His word. He *must* be true to His word: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." "Thy bread shall be given thee; thy waters shall be sure." "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." "In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Now my time is gone. I must leave these few broken thoughts with you, for you to think them out, and say, "Christ is precious on these grounds—what He *has done*; what He *is doing*; what He *has pledged Himself to do*."

F. S. F.

TO THE INMATES OF THE PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES AT WOOD GREEN.

A FEW LOVING WORDS FROM THEIR HON. CHAPLAIN.

MY DEAR AGED FRIENDS,—I sincerely congratulate you upon the close of one, and the entrance upon another year. I have so pleasing a recollection of my former visit to your peaceful and comfortable retreat at Wood Green, that I know of nothing which would afford me greater pleasure than personally to repeat it. Gladly would I shake you each by the hand, and wish you "A Happy New Year" in the highest and best sense of the word.

Our mutual friend, Mr. COLLINGRIDGE, informs me that the motto set up in your council chamber is, "GOD IS OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH." I think it a most suitable and appropriate portion with which to step over the threshold of the new and untrodden year. I wish, therefore, to offer you a few plain and practical remarks upon it.

Now, first, there is *the claim*—"God is our refuge and strength." Ah! my dear friends, that is a wonderful thing to be able to say of the great, the gracious, the glorious God of all the whole earth—that Mighty One "in whom we live, and move, and have our being." When Moses asked the Almighty who he should say sent him to the people of Israel, "God said unto him, I AM THAT I AM. Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you."

Now, in regard to these remarkable words, it has been said that, whatever might be brought before the Lord Jehovah, as it were, by question or challenge, as to His being this, or that, or the other, His answer is, "I AM THAT, THAT I AM." If you would form some idea of the greatness, and the majesty, and the power of God, my dear friends, as set forth in His Word—and that is the right standard to appeal to and stand by—read the first chapter of Genesis, then the few last chapters of the Book of Job, and then the fortieth chapter of the Prophet Isaiah, where He declares that He "hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." He declares "the nations to be as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, He taketh up the isles as a very little thing." Again, it is said that "He sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; He stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." And yet we read of this great and almighty Being—His own testimony concerning Himself—"For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, *with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.*"

Next, my dear friends, how cheering is the consideration that, upon these grounds of a revelation of Himself, the Lord Jehovah takes so gracious and merciful an interest in us, poor sinners! Jesus declared that, "before the mountains were settled," His "delights were with the sons of men"; and, in the fulness of time, He left the bosom of His Father, took upon Him our nature, so that in that nature He might *serve and suffer in our room and stead.* "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." How great, then, is the mercy, if what the Apostle says may be applied to us—"You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins," and thus for us to have been "born again," as Jesus Himself said to Nicodemus, and made "new creatures in Christ Jesus"! Then indeed are we privileged, upon Scriptural grounds, to lay claim to this marvellous and most gracious relationship—"This God is *our* God for ever and ever; He will be *our* Guide even unto death."

Oh, my dear friends, to be born a prince and heir to an earthly throne, with the prospect of ruling a kingdom, will not bear comparison even for a moment with what it is to be made a child of God and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. Earthly monarchs are but dust, and unto dust they must return; and when a prince and pauper are mouldering in the clay, after a little, but for the way in which they were committed to the earth, you would not be able to distinguish which were the relics of the prince, and which of the pauper. But oh, how great the mercy—how vast the boon—how distinguishing the blessing—upon the ground of the new birth, to be able to exclaim, with the Apostle, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day"; or with the afflicted and man-forsaken Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth,

and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

I have thus touched, my dear friends, upon the durability and eternally-abiding character of this claim; but it has, moreover, blessed be God, a present and a precious application—that which appertains to our time-state and condition—this world, as well as that which is to come. Mark—*is our refuge and strength*. Now, this Psalm has been called LUTHER'S Psalm, because that dear servant of God was wont, when in any fresh trouble, to say, "Let us read the forty-sixth Psalm." He knew personally and experimentally the truth of that Scripture, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." He had proved again and again the preciousness of another portion of the sacred Word—"Thou hast been a *strength* to the poor, a *strength* to the needy in his distress, a *refuge* from the storm, a *shadow* from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."

Let us glance, dear friends, at these different figures, and see how they bear, in their suitability, upon each pressing case and necessity—"a *strength* to the poor; a *strength* to the needy in his distress; a *refuge* from the storm; a *shadow* from the heat."

As I must limit my address to you, let me urge you to turn to your Bibles at your earliest opportunity, and read for yourselves what more is said upon this all-important subject, in the twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh chapters of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah. In those chapters, how beautifully and blessedly is brought out the great and the glorious fact that "God is a *refuge*—a *strength*—a very present *help* in trouble"! What a combination! How much it expresses! or rather, what does it not express? What more can we need than is here embraced? Come what may—let us be placed in whatever circumstances—let the state of things named in the very next verse come to pass, namely, the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea—though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, and the mountains shake with the swelling thereof—well, and what then? Why, "God being our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," we "will be still!" We will seek to remember "that He is God"—that "His way is in the sea, His path in the mighty waters, and His footsteps are not known." His province it is, and not *ours*, to "make the darkness light, the crooked things straight, the rough places plain." These things He has pledged Himself to do, "and not forsake." Hence we will seek to "wait upon the Lord, to be of good courage, that He may strengthen our hearts; yea, we will ever wait upon the Lord." We know not what may befall us this New Year. We know not what may be even on the morrow. But we take comfort from His Word, and, upon His divine authority, we continue to remind Him of it, for He hath said, "Put Me in remembrance; plead with Me." For our encouragement, then, in our declining years, and when our flesh and heart faileth, through weakness and frailty and infirmity, He hath said, "And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have

made, and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you" (Isa. xlv. 4).

That you, my dear old friends, may feel the power and the preciousness of these promises is my heartfelt desire. My earnest prayer on your behalf likewise is, that you may face the New Year, with all its unseen changes, and trials, and afflictions, with faith's exclamation, "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble."

Yours affectionately,

D. A. DOUDNEY.

Correspondence.

TEACHINGS AND TESTIMONY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you sincerely for the kind gift you sent us, in the parcel of books and *Old Jonathans*, when you left Southsea. The Lord has, I am sure, accompanied you to Bristol, and He will be there with you, I am certain. His presence of itself is a mystery. We must remember He said He would dwell in the thick darkness. This was Solomon's first word on the glorious occasion of the dedication of the temple. The Lord Jesus was not known on the lake, when walking on the water, nor walking to Emmaus; and how utterly His dealings at Calvary—the death, burial, and resurrection—were unknown and misunderstood by even His nearest and dearest Apostles! "His way is in the sea, His path in the deep waters, and His footsteps are not known."

You will find this, my dear friend, probably on returning to Bedminster; but you have now learned, and I trust I have somewhat too, to trust Him, though in the dark. Nay, the mystery of our own personal condition and soul-concerns is so great, that we cannot fathom this; but the Lord knows.

How marvellous is the existence of indwelling sin, the power of the flesh, and at times the apparent swamping of all grace and religion in the heart! But here again (as for the other matters) it is a blessed occasion for trusting in an unseen God, and casting all our care upon Him.

How very kind the Lord is to give us some good, simple word—a promise upon which we can rest! "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," has been a word of much comfort to me. We find every trial, whether temporal or spiritual, makes us to "labour and to be heavy laden." Then there is no context to this passage to qualify it, but it simply says, as a character, "labouring and heavy laden." Here not even is the question of one's being a child of God brought in. Then a command of God—"Come unto Me"—and "all ye." This includes you, myself, and all under this simple character. Then the sure promise, "I will give you rest."

May the Lord keep us thus resting, whatever may occur in the daily

experience of life, and may He give you much peace and blessing in returning to your own sphere of Gospel labour again.

Yours very affectionately,
BEN. H. KEY.

Bethesda Mission, Southsea, November 18th, 1889.

REPLY.

How little is that word heeded, dear brother, "No chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby." I am sure that, when the Lord's "afterward" is ripe, it discloses some blessed details, which we failed to see whilst in the darkness and under the trial. Oh, that we could trust Him at all times and under all circumstances, fully assured—as, indeed, we well may be—that all would issue in the end to His glory and our good! How does the perverseness of our poor fallen nature appear, when results have invariably developed this fact of the well-working of all things; and yet, in spite of our knowledge and experience of it, we are so continuously calling in question how this, that, or the other can possibly be to our advantage, and minister to the divine glory.

I was greatly struck on Sunday evening, when about to occupy St. Luke's pulpit for the first time, after a year and seven months' absence, with the singing of the annexed hymn, which had been chosen for the occasion without my knowledge—

"I know not what awaits me;
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward
way
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

"Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose;
And every hour, in perfect
peace,
I'll sing, 'He knows! He
knows!'
And every hour, in perfect
peace,
I'll sing, 'He knows! He
knows!'

"One step I see before me;
'Tis all I need to see;
The light of heaven more brightly
shines
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence
comes
His loving 'Follow Me!'
Where He may lead, &c.

"Oh, blissful lack of wisdom!
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right
hand,
And will not let me go;
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.
Where He may lead," &c.

Oh, to be able to say—

"So on I go, not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.
Where He may lead," &c.

Your affectionate friend,
THE EDITOR.

BEDRIDDEN FOR TWENTY YEARS, BUT BLESSED
NOTWITHSTANDING.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—If you remember, I told you I had been bedridden for twenty years, and was dependent on our covenant God for everything, and how good He had been to me all those years. I wanted to add my feeble testimony to the Lord's faithfulness to His promises, and His all-sufficiency, as you, dear sir, often exhort us to do in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. Again and again during my long, painful, and lonely journey, when my faith and patience have been tried to the utmost, then, in adoring wonder and gratitude, I have had to exclaim, "Thou hast magnified Thy Word above all Thy name" (Psa. cxxxviii. 2), when He has "turned again my captivity, and filled my mouth with laughter and my tongue with singing." Oh, He is a most lovely Being, and I am a most worthless, vile sinner! "In my flesh there dwelleth no good thing," only evil, evil, and that continually.

How painfully I feel the truth of what you say on page 570—"Flesh never helps, but always hinders, a child of God," &c. But do you not think that we are too apt to forget that comforting truth expressed by Paul, in Romans vii. 25—"So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin"?

Some years ago, when I was much tried because I could not cease from sin, Romans viii. 3 was brought to my mind, and comforted me.

"He saw us ruined by the fall,
Yet loved us notwithstanding all."

I so enjoyed your thoughts on Joseph and his brethren. I was very much tried, and soon after, had a very bitter disappointment, and wondered why the Lord had permitted it. And your remarks, "The cup was found in Benjamin's sack," Joseph could but have foreseen how keen would be the anguish, and how intense the grief. And so I felt that the Lord saw how keen would be my anguish; and yet He permitted it for wise and gracious reasons; and afterwards He showed me—oh, so tenderly!—the why and the wherefore, and I could but thank and adore His precious name for it. I saw it was a special love-token in disguise, and also that I might have a little fellowship with Him in His sufferings.

The first portion brought to my mind after the trial was, "Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despised the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of God."

I hope you may be able to reprint Mrs. FILE'S narrative in book form. Many would read that who would not read a "dry book." I was so much cheered by the brief account of her happy death, and felt a sweet hope that, at the end, I should gain the victory also.

Last April, those lines by dear HART were brought to my mind—

"Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand through Him,"

with Isaiah l. 7—"I have set my face like a flint," &c.; and the Lord

wrought a great deliverance for me afterwards in temporal matters, and gave me such courage to speak.

Please remember me at the throne of grace. I often pray for you by name, and I know that God is dealing with you in mercy and love, however painful to the flesh.

With Christian love and very kind wishes, believe me, dear Dr. DOUDNEY, to remain,
 Yours very sincerely,
 SARAH KENNETT.

Ramsgate, September 21st, 1889.

COMMENTS.

Twenty years bedridden! Ah! how often are we reminded of how little we know of the trials and temptations, the sufferings and sorrows, of others! Moreover, we often feel that, did we know them, and were we to compare lots with *others*, we should be sure to fall back upon our *own* position as preferable. We should wish by no means to exchange positions, did we know all that was involved in those positions, as far as *others* are concerned. Hence we see the wonderful wisdom of the Lord in His arrangements regarding His children. Not only so, but how considerate and Father-like would all their appointments appear! We get occasional glimpses of this even *down here*, and amid all the bewildering circumstances with which we are more or less familiar; but oh, how will it be, by-and-bye, *up there*, when we shall have fully and finally seen the end or purpose of the Lord concerning us? Then we shall indeed discover what, alas! for most part, we now fail to see—that is, His *preventing* as well as His *preserving* and *providential* mercies. Oh, the hair-breadth escapes, of which we are now in perfect ignorance, that will come before us in most vivid and astounding review! We shall be amazed as we gaze at the precipices upon the very edge of which we stood, or the deadly depths along which our pathway, although most unsuspected, lay. We shall marvel at the plots which were laid for our feet, and the ensnarements and entanglements that we had so narrowly and mercifully escaped. How little do we now imagine the why and the wherefore of this disappointment or defeat—this vexation or privation—this crook or the other cross! We see it not now! We are in ignorance here! But it will not be so by-and-bye. *Down here* and *up there* makes all the difference! But even *here* there are times and seasons in which we catch a glance—although it may be but momentary—of the wisdom that has devised, the Arm that sustains, the bounty that provides, for our every step and stage through this vast wilderness! Ere long, however, without the shadow of a doubt, without the semblance of an exception, and in all the fulness of our hearts, we shall testify that “He led us by THE right way, that we might go to a city of habitation.” Yea, as with Israel of old, so with us—

“He led their feet far wandering round;
 ’Twas the right road to Canaan’s ground.”

THE EDITOR.

A MAN may hide God from himself, but he cannot hide himself from God.

COMPARING NOTES.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I have been so poorly of late that it has been a trouble to me to do the smallest thing, therefore could not take to my writing. My poor and needy and often cast-down soul desires to rest upon such eternal verities as the absolute security of the saints. In fact, my whole mind almost is absorbed by it, and the more I am led to view it, the more I see the love, the wisdom, of our wonder-working God. We could not enjoy any comfort if we thought that our salvation depended in the smallest measure upon ourselves. Our Christianity must lay the creature in the dust, and exalt the Lord alone, otherwise it is not of the right sort. "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

The doctrines of grace are held up to contempt in the present day. No wonder the people are falling away.

My covenant God has given me in times past, and does now, if I had but eyes to see it, many signal intimations of His love to me; but this poor, weak, diseased body sadly hinders my enjoyment. It is our mercy to know that whatever comes to pass is the result of His will towards us from everlasting, consequently, any affliction is part of His original plan, and are all ordered in number, weight, and measure. He has condescended to tell me that the very hairs of my head are numbered, and not a single hair can fall to the ground but in consequence of His determination. Hence, I know my distresses are not the result of chance, but they are designed by Him in the accomplishment of His purposes towards me, and designed to answer some wise and gracious end; nor shall my afflictions last a moment longer than God sees meet. Yet how impatient at times I am! He that brought me into trouble has promised to support me under it, and carry me through it, and all shall work together for my good and His glory. Oh, that I may commit myself and every event more to Him whose purpose cannot be overthrown, whose plan cannot be disconcerted, and who, whether I am resigned or not, will still go on to "work all things after the counsel of His own will."

Time is rolling us along to the vast ocean of eternity. We shall soon be entering into and upon another year. Everything is so uncertain; but it is a mercy to know that He worketh all things. "The Lord knoweth!" "The Lord liveth!" "The Lord reigneth!"

I have no better report to send you from the sick-chamber. We have been both very poorly, but "it is well."

With our united Christian love and kind regards to all the household of faith, hoping you are better, and dear Mrs. DOUDNEY well, I remain,

Yours affectionately in Him,

Lee, December 27th, 1839.

GEORGE A. NORTHOVER.

COMMENTS.

I think it somewhat remarkable, dear brother, that you and I should be so similarly exercised at the present time. No words could express what I pass through, even did I deem it wise to publish it. Could

I, however, take a seat by your side, I have no doubt we should find a great resemblance in our experiences. I am quite prepared for the oft-repeated remark, "Oh, it's physical!" Admitted that there may be much truth in such observation. Still, my reply is, we can no more manage the physical than the mental. The connection between mind and body is so close that what affects the one does, more or less, affect the other. It behoves us, however, never to lose sight of the fact that the Lord does, in the most marked and gracious way, cause the sickness and suffering, the frailties and infirmities, of our poor human nature to subserve His heavenly purpose in the making His strength perfect in our weakness. In other words, He brings out into blessed prominence the striking statement of the Apostle—"Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong" (2 Cor. xii. 9, 10). And thus is developed that precious secret, "Unto you it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake."

There is one feature in this Fatherly discipline—for such it is, dear brother—that I think we are prone to overlook, and that is, the seeming *strangeness*, and the want of being able to *explain* or to *account* for this or that fresh exercise. Hence this very peculiarity constitutes in no small degree the trial itself. Well does the poet say—

" Could we see how all were right,
Where were room for credence ?
'Tis by *faith*, and not by *sight*,
Christians learn obedience."

Now, that this is no new path to the dear children of God is clear from what the Apostle Peter states. In his first Epistle he says—"Beloved, think it not *strange* concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy" (1 Peter iv. 12, 13). This "partaking of Christ's sufferings" harmonizes, moreover, with the Apostle's statement in Colossians, where he speaks of "filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church." And again in Philippians, where he testifies of "the fellowship of His sufferings." Now, were we not the poor creatures we are, we should deem such a state of things to be a privileged condition indeed. The idea of suffering *with* Christ and *for* Christ is in reality a marked distinction and a high favour.

Again, as to the seeming *strangeness* of the path, how is *faith* or *trust* to be exercised in any other way? What should we know of *dependence* upon an unseen Hand, or *trust* in the fulfilment of a promise, or *confidence* in a certain engagement, if so be we had to do with a present tangibility, or this or that we had in immediate possession? We can entertain the fullest belief and the most undoubted conviction that the Lord will be true to His word—"And if I go and prepare

a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Now, we have not the shadow of a doubt, nor the veriest approach to a fear, about this; and in what striking contrast stands this precious exercise of faith (for such it is) to the scoffers' inquiry, of which the Apostle Peter speaks! "Where is the promise of His coming?" say they, "for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Ah! that promise we have, and in that promise we exult. We are simply waiting for its fulfilment, and that, in due time, we know we shall have. Meanwhile, we may tell the sceptic or the infidel, our true sorrow and our ardent grief arise from the fact that our faith is so imperfect and our distrust such that we cannot trust our God as we would if we could, for all the details and the developments, the leadings and the guidance, of the pathway that must ultimately lead to so blessed and satisfactory an issue—so complete and happy a result. Now, there is the secret of our sorrow and the ground of our lamentation, in a nutshell.

Is not this the case, dear brother?

With respect to "walking in darkness, and having no light"—mark, still *walking* and *going onward*, although in the dark—I remember, many years ago, I was walking over a foot-bridge in the darkness of the evening. The bridge was very narrow, and there was a deep dock on either side. All at once I heard a voice shout to some one who had passed, or was passing, near me, "Is that you, father?" or, "Are you there, father?" "Ah!" thought I, "that's just what I shall want to know by-and-bye, when crossing the river of death! 'Is it You I hear in the distance, Father?' 'Father, are You there?'" Well, is it not the same now, brother? Oh, how I cry to Him, in the strangeness of the pathway—in the newness of the trial—in the special sinkings and shrinkings of which I am, more or less, the subject, day by day—"Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me!" "Father, is it You? Are You here, Father? Oh, tell me! tell me! Whisper, 'Fear not; it is I!'" Oh, how I cry—

"Do not I love Thee, dearest Lord?
Oh, search this heart and see!
And from my bosom tear the part
That beats not true to Thee."

This may appear a strange and a contradictory experience to those who imagine that the believers in so-called "high doctrine" can't be thus exercised. Ah! but such is the case; and but for this "high doctrine," or these covenant decrees, and unalterable settlements, and immutable verities, I know not what such poor, fickle, helpless creatures as the deepest-taught and the most highly-favoured would possibly do. The fact is, they are spoiled for the world. They live "on high." Christ is their "All and in all." Nor can they be satisfied merely *prospectively*—that is, when they shall go home to "see Him as He is," and to dwell for ever in His immediate presence; but they want Him *now*—to be "coming up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the Beloved," in sweet, endearing, and blessed companionship.

THE EDITOR.

GOSPEL BOOK MISSION TO THE ARMY AND NAVY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—It is truly encouraging, the many testimonies we continue to receive of this good work in various parts of the world, and to watch the way the Lord provides for its necessary means. To serve the cause of God and truth is a privilege of the highest kind.

FROM BARBADOES.

"I have been remiss in not having answered your very kind letter before, and have to thank you very much for your beautiful packages, so punctually sent every month. I trust you will be able to continue these valuable tracts."

FROM BRIGHTON.

"Many thanks for the books, safely to hand, for the use of the beacon light men."

FROM A LAY HELPER.

"I have received your welcome parcels quite safely, for which I thank you very much. You have been exceedingly kind to us in sending us the monthly packages. I do not know what I should have done without them. I have distributed them round about the parish, and on board ship, with a prayer that God would bless them to the readers. I must tell you that the 'Home,' 'Walks and Talks with Jesus,' 'Looks To and From Jesus,' and other works you have sent have, I believe, been a blessing to many."

FROM LONDON.

"We beg to tender you our thanks for the books you kindly sent, namely, Dr. DOUDNEY'S 'Walks and Talks with Jesus,' and Mrs. PEDDIE'S 'Christian Family Annual.'"

FROM IRELAND.

"I am truly obliged to you for your kindness to me during the past year. I have had much pleasure in distributing your kind contributions amongst the soldiers. They were gladly received, both in hospital and barrack-rooms."

FROM A CHRISTIAN WORKER.

"I have again to thank you for the two parcels of books and tracts, which came safely to hand."

Dear Dr. DOUDNEY, please accept the enclosed £2 as a thank-offering, and will you kindly send the amount in "Walks and Talks with Jesus"?

I am, dear Dr. DOUDNEY, yours in His service,

ANN E. BRIDER,

Widow of the Founder.

Mission House, Salisbury, January 13th, 1890.

P.S.—I am requested by a friend to acknowledge the receipt of £3—£2 for Mission Fund, and £1 for personal use—which we do with heartfelt thankfulness.

DEW-DROPS.

"My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch."—JOB xxix. 19.

JOB is recalling the time that is past, the times of his prosperity, the days when he outwardly flourished; and in a despondent mood, forgetful that "the day of adversity is set over against the day of prosperity," he cries out, "Oh, that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when His candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness," &c. Is it so dark, poor Job, that you cannot discover the light that is leading you through and out of your afflictions? Yet, since the promises of God cannot fail, nor His faithfulness cease, because "the Lord shall be unto you an *everlasting light*," the light must be there, whether your poor faltering faith perceives it or no. Take just five of these precious promises of divine presence, and, in consequence, preservation, and put thy seal to them that God is true, as Jacob, Moses, Joshua, Paul, and all His saints have proved. "And the Lord said unto Jacob, Return unto the land of thy fathers and to thy kindred; *and I will be with thee.*" And when Moses fears to go unto Pharaoh, and to be the leader of the children of Israel out of Egypt, he hears the promise spoken home to him, "Certainly I will be with thee." This promise is transferred to Joshua after the death of Moses—"As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." The same word comes to Paul in a vision, when thus spake the Lord to Paul—"Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee." Yea, whilst faith soars upward to her hidden Strength, and cries, "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory," the promise of His presence, protection, and power comes to each and all, "Lo, *I am* with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The *afterwards* proves to Job the faithfulness of his God to His promises, when Job is brought forth from the furnace as gold purified, and "the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning," whilst His poor mistaken servant would have been for choosing backwards, and have the beginning of his career over again as his best time. Oh, what wonderful lessons he learnt, and how burnt into his heart, to force from him, after it all, those wonderful words, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; *but now mine eye seeth Thee.*" Yes, amidst all the bitter experience into which he drank so deeply, his life was hid and preserved by Him who had pledged Himself to its care. "Touch not his life" had been the mandate, and Satan was powerless. Nay, moreover, the life of God in the soul was sustained and nourished by this very experience. The gentle influence of heavenly dew was yet upon his branch (though Job forgot the fact that it is there to keep alive, as well as cause to grow), and thus his inner life suffered not.

So it is with all His children, and it is for their comfort that the writer desires to direct their attention to this precious portion of God's Word, leaving it to the Great Husbandman, who sows His precious seed, to see that it bring forth "much fruit"—"My root was spread

out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch." We have several references of trees growing and flourishing by the waters, as descriptive of the Christian. "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." The Lord has planted them as "trees of righteousness," and He has also chosen the place of their planting—"by the waters"—that they may grow, flourish, and yield fruit.

Now, Job speaks of his *root* "spreading out by the waters." Oh, what a mercy to realize a well-grounded root-hold—to claim the promise in our experience, that we shall "take root downwards, and bear fruit upwards," and to know Him who is the Root and Stem, the Sap and Life, of our union in Him!

"*Spread out.*" I take that to indicate a spreading and growth—an increase in the knowledge of the former hold, in all that pertains to spiritual life and godliness. There should ever be a growing, as ROMAINE so sweetly puts it, "downwards out of self, and upwards into Christ"—a growth in grace and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus; an increase of love to Him, and to those begotten of Him; a love to the Gospel; a love of God's ways.

Oh, beloved, does your soul cry out for this flourishing condition? Are your "roots spreading out by the waters," and is your leaf green? Have you perceptibly grown this year, this month, yea, even this day, in divine things; that "growing up into Him in all things," in your daily and hourly experience, desiring spiritual food whereby the soul is nourished, and "grows in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ"? And depend upon it, the more you do grow in these things, the more you will desire to grow; the more you know of Him, the more you will desire to know. Pray, then, that this may be a special growing-time with your soul, and I am persuaded you will not then be content with a stunted growth in your experience in the future.

Then, His "*dew lay all night upon my branch.*" The waters have been watering the roots *below*, and now the dew lays upon the branch *above*. Oh, what care and consideration does He bestow upon the trees of His right-hand planting!

But mark the season—"all night." It is night-time often with the child of God. He is a child of light walking in darkness, groping his way under dark clouds of adversity—night seasons of sorrow. Now, that is just the time when the dew comes. It is that imperceptible moisture—a precious boon from the Creator's hand—which supplies what is wanting when showers are withheld. It sustains, waters, keeps alive, yea, causes a growth which is oftentimes imperceptible to the recipient. Eastern travellers tell us that, but for these heavy dews, the earth would parch and the fruits wither; so it is an emblem of spiritual blessing. "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, My speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass."

And "growth" means prosperity. Oh, may you know what it is to have been brought "through fire and water into a wealthy place"! May you know the blessed, fruitful *afterward* out of the trial, in which

God was preparing you for future blessing, and polishing His gem for its fitting in His crown. We do not always feel this growing influence at the time of affliction, and in the waves of adversity. But if the trial be sanctified of the Father, it must have been a growing-time, as the *afterward* proves, when it "yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." No fruit without growth; and no growth without the planting, digging about, watering, pruning, and care of the husbandman. Therefore, He who has promised to be as the dew unto His spiritual Israel shall claim the glory of their growth, for "from Me is thy fruit found." R.

Triumphs of Grace over Death.

OBITUARY OF THE REV. F. H. MYLIUS, LL.B.

FOR many months the Rev. F. H. MYLIUS, LL.B., Rector of Elmdon, Warwickshire, had been failing in health—in fact, it was in November, 1888, that his wife and children first noticed a change. Nothing serious, however, except great thinness, appeared until the beginning of June, 1889, when he was laid low with pneumonia and pleurisy, and the doctors had great fears that he would not get through. He was quite calm and happy during this illness, and was quietly waiting God's time, knowing that what He did would be best for him. He rallied wonderfully from this attack, and was able to preach on Sunday morning, July 7th, taking the last clause of Psalm cxvi. 6, and dividing the subject into two parts—first, how men are brought low; secondly, how God helps them.

After this, he went away for a change to his married daughter's at Hampstead, and returned to regular work in the beginning of August. But in the end of September, the doctors found there was great weakness of the heart, and he was advised, for a time at any rate, not to perform the full services alone. He seemed, however, gradually to lose ground and grow thinner, and about the 14th of November, he was again laid low, and the doctors had but little hope of recovery. He rallied somewhat, and though never again able to go to church, he was able to come downstairs, and dined with his family on Christmas Day. At Christmas-time his family thought him looking better, and were surprised to be summoned so soon to his death-bed.

In the beginning of January, he was again attacked with breathlessness and weakness, and his second son was summoned from London to see him, and to take his duty (this son was coming home altogether as his curate), as he said, "Why can't they let my lad come and help me till I go to the kingdom?"

On the morning of January 4th, he spoke to his wife and second son, telling them that he knew that his end was drawing nigh, and that he would soon have to "depart and be with Christ." This sad news was confirmed by the doctor on the same day. He received the summons to leave this life as an old soldier called by his superior officer to perform some duty, obeys without a murmur, believing his

commander knows what is best. He arranged many little parish and family matters, asked after many friends, and quietly waited for his departure.

During these last few days, it was very wonderful to see the comfort which he found from quietly repeating some beautiful passages of Scripture, and very many were the passages he quoted, with quiet and firm voice, during these last few days of his life. He thought of his two absent sons in America, and sent word that he prayed they might have an interest in the righteousness of Christ, which would enable them to bring forth righteousness in their lives.

He thought, too, of his people, and sent them this dying message—"Tell them that 'he that believeth in Him shall not be confounded.'" There was no ecstasy, no excitement, but a calm confidence in God's Word and Christ's work, knowing that what God said must be true. When asked by his dear wife if he had any fear of death, he said, "It is not pleasant to flesh and blood, but Christ has passed through it before, and I can now say, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

He enjoyed prayer at his bed-side, and always joined in it; and it was a happy time for his family to gather each night (as they did in all his illnesses) around his bed, whilst his ordained son led them in prayer to the throne of grace. His confidence in God's grace was very wonderful, and he used often to quote that verse in 2 Timothy i. 9—"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began," and many others of a similar character.

On the evening of his death, he said to his son, "Have you settled on subjects for Sunday?" and his son said, "No, father; but if you are taken before then, and I have to preach, I shall take your dying message to your people—"He that believeth in Him shall not be confounded.'" "No," said he; "why should they? They are on the Rock." About eight o'clock, when his wife, his two daughters, and his second and fourth sons were watching around his bed-side, they perceived a depression in his breathing. They knelt around his bed, and while his ordained son was praying (and he seemed to know it) that God would be with him in "the valley of the shadow of death," his spirit quietly and peacefully departed to be with Christ, who had loved him, and revealed Himself to him.

[No sooner had we read the foregoing interesting particulars of our dear departed friend, than the words of the Psalmist were presented to the mind, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—ED.]

(From our eldest Daughter, Mrs. H. O. Adams.)

DEAR FATHER,—I know you will be interested in hearing about dear Mr. MYLIUS' funeral, which took place last Saturday. He has been ill for a long time, and it was known his strength was failing,

but no immediate danger was apprehended. He felt he was not strong enough to undertake the sole duty every Sunday, and, to his great delight, his son, the Rev. JOHN MYLIUS, was appointed to help him. But on the day after Christmas more alarming symptoms revealed themselves, and he never rallied again. Although he suffered greatly, his last days were most peaceful and happy.

But what I want to tell you was what I saw last Saturday, of the affection and love shown by a bereaved people to their beloved pastor. It was a most touching scene, and one long to be remembered.

You know what a lovely, secluded spot it is at Elmdon—the little church and vicarage situated in the park, all so hidden by trees that a passer-by would scarcely be aware of the existence of such a spot; and yet here for twenty-six years the late beloved minister passed his life, preaching faithfully to his people the glad news of the Gospel, and carrying out in his life the truths he preached.

He had been in his earlier days an officer in the army, and one could always recognize in him the traits of a Christian officer. I often met him at our little country station, and as we travelled to town together, he always inquired so lovingly for you—one of his fathers in the faith, he always called you. How little we thought then he would be the first to be called home!

As my friend and I walked up to the rectory on Saturday, she gave me so many particulars of her beloved minister, of his kindly interest in his flock, even down to the smallest member of it. Her little girl was called Alice Drusilla. He baptized her hurriedly when very ill, and from that day always called her Drusilla, and took such a special interest in her. "Ah!" said the mother, "she little knows what a friend she has lost!"

Every one was remembered in his last illness, even to the little school-children, who all were to have something to remember him by.

We wended our way to the church, to await the sad procession. The quiet of the scene blended so harmoniously with the sorrowful faces one saw on all sides. Presently the service began, and the loved remains were brought in. The coffin was borne by strong men—sons of toil, who had evidently loved him. They carried him shoulder high, in military fashion. No signs of the dread presence of death were anywhere visible, except in the mourning dresses of the people. A plain oak coffin, covered with flowers—no funeral trappings or signs of woe were anywhere present. Even the simple Christmas decorations had not been taken down, by his order. The contrast of the red berries of the holly and the glossy ivy leaves with the white flowers on the coffin, was very beautiful. And I shall never forget the rendering of the funeral service by Mr. FLEMING, of Chislehurst. His voice rang out in almost triumphant tones, as he wound up that grand old chapter—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." How true those words sounded in this case! It was more like a triumph than a funeral. "More than conquerors through Him that loved us."

Oh, what a witness that now silent one was bearing to the truth he had always preached! What a testimony to the power of the Gospel!

This dear servant of God went to his rest, and one rejoiced as we heard the words, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." Even on that chill winter's day there were signs of it. The birds were singing, and the snowdrops beginning to bloom again, as if the winter were already past; and as we turned away from that grave, it was with a feeling of deep thankfulness in our hearts "for all these Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear," and we mentally exclaimed, "May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his."

Your ever-loving daughter,

Eleaston, Moseley, Birmingham, January 15th, 1890.

E. E. A.

COMMENTS.

The departed was among those whom we loved in the Lord so specially for their work's sake. Mr. MYLIUS we ever considered to be placed in a position the claims of which could only be met, in a truly spiritual point of view, by such as were very specially prepared and qualified of the Lord for such position. By comparison, how often have we thought how utterly unfit *we* should be for the place *he* was called to fill. What would have seriously affected others, appeared to have no such influence upon him. There is no doubt that his military standing and experience, prior to his entering the ministry, had much to do, in a preparatory sense, for the sphere of labour to which he was afterwards called. Hence we see how the Lord turns to account, in their after-experience, what His servants had previously seen and known of the world. Therefore, such teaching and such practical knowledge is not lost, because the Lord Himself is the Instructor.

As with the blessed KRAUSE, who was likewise in the army before he was engaged in the great battle of the King of kings, there was the most marked military bearing, and yet coupled with the simplicity and the gentleness of the veriest lamb in the fold. We had nearly said, it was scarcely possible to resist the influence by which men were drawn to these servants of the Most High. Both the one and the other, even in their outward deportment and general bearing, practically expressed a personal knowledge of the claims of their fellow-men to their deepest sympathies. They were gentle, yet firm—ready to defend their Master and advocate His cause, in a total indifference as to themselves and their own personal interests. The zeal, the courage, the unflinching advocacy of truth which, as a rule, is so lacking in our day, was what pre-eminently shone in these dear men of God, KRAUSE and MYLIUS. We repeat that there is no question their early training, although in the army, conduced, under God, to such happy and successful after-results. As to the courage of which we have spoken, we might quote facts in illustration which have come before us, but we forbear details. These facts, however, have only tended to confirm us in the conviction that the Lord does place His children—His ministering servants especially—in a course of training that does so exactly adapt them for their after-course, and that the attempt upon the part of the creature to reverse or interfere with that course ends in failure.

Some years since, when we last occupied the pulpit of our mutual friend, the Rev. PHILIP BROWNE, of St. George's, Edgbaston, if we

mistake not, Mr. MYLIUS was present. Our subject, upon that occasion, was, "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death" (Rev. xii. 11). Both these men of God have since personally realized this precious verity. These champions for truth have become victors in that glorious warfare in which they were then engaged. Both in their day faithfully and fearlessly served their Lord and Master, and both have since been called to their great reward—the reward of rich and free and sovereign grace.

The last time we saw our dear friend, Mr. MYLIUS, was a day or two after preaching for him in his so picturesquely-situated church. We met at the railway station, a short distance from his rectory; and, as we had been taken ill somewhat suddenly after our preaching engagement, he, in the most tender and sympathizing way, spoke upon the subject of health, and made special reference to himself, in regard to his improved condition. How little did either of us imagine, at the moment, that he, some eighteen years younger, would be the first to be called home; and how little did either contemplate the painful ordeal of the long illness that awaited him before he was taken hence! In the case of our mutual friend, the Rev. PHILIP BROWNE, he passed away, it is supposed, in his sleep, inasmuch as in the morning he was found dead in his bed.

The contemplation of these facts naturally leads to the thought, especially at our advanced age, "How will it be with ourselves at the last?" Oh, how constantly the cry of our inmost soul is, that the Lord would graciously grant we may "finish our course with joy, and the ministry, which we have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

THE EDITOR.

Protestant Beacon.

MR. GLADSTONE AND "MERRY ENGLAND."

THE editor of "Merry England" (a periodical with a decidedly Roman Catholic bias) has republished a paper by Mr. GLADSTONE, written forty-five years ago, on "Ellen Middleton," a novel written many years since by the late Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON. The article in question expresses approval of auricular confession, and its unearthing has naturally caused great annoyance to Mr. GLADSTONE.

The *Tablet* has also reprinted this early production of Mr. GLADSTONE, and heads one of the paragraphs, "The Need of the Confessional." Further on in the same article, Mr. GLADSTONE describes the Gospel according to JOHN WESLEY in such a way as cannot fail to excite the indignation of every Methodist. Hence Mr. GLADSTONE'S evident anger at the unauthorized reproduction of that which he wrote at the age of thirty-five.

In the face of the above fact, which has been going the round of the papers, and which so unmistakably shows what Mr. GLADSTONE'S

Romish tendency is, the following appears in the *Record* for January 3rd :—

DR. PARKER'S "CHRISTMAS CARDS."

The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., preached to a crowded congregation in his chapel—the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, London—on Christmas morning, and at the close of his sermon read the following Christmas messages from himself to various persons, more or less distinguished :—

TO THE QUEEN.

God bless your Majesty! Why do you not recognize your Nonconformist subjects, and openly express your opinion that their long-continued and splendid service entitles them to every recognition due to sound conviction, heroic fortitude, and patriotism which has survived the bitterest religious persecution? This would be the most glorious feature in the reign of your Majesty.

TO THE DEAN OF PETERBOROUGH.

God be thanked for your glorious deliverance on the subject of Church unity to the people of America. You have said that you recognize the validity of the Sacraments, though administered by non-episcopal ministers. You have told the American people, in the words of IRENÆUS, that where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church. Your words have filled me with holy delight. They will be heard throughout the many sections of Christendom with grateful joy. Why do you not take one step further, and occasionally occupy a Nonconformist pulpit?

TO MR. GLADSTONE.

Many happy returns of December 29th. God be thanked for your long and splendid service to the country and to the world. God be thanked that your character is greater even than your genius. Never did you stand so strongly in the love and reverence of your countrymen as you stand at this moment.

TO MR. BALFOUR.

The good Lord have mercy upon you! Personally and academically, I am proud of you; but your Irish policy I hate with my whole heart. It is resentful, narrow, sceptical, and self-defeating.

TO MR. PARNELL.

Blessings on you for your patience and self-control. Even if it were only as a tribute to these personal virtues, as shown by yourself and the Irish people who are with you, I should certainly grant Home Rule to Ireland, even if, in the first instance, it were only for a definite experimental period.

TO RELIGIOUS EDITORS.

Let brotherly love continue. I thank you for the most generous service man ever rendered to man. At the same time beware, lest in unguarded moments, ye bite and devour one another. Yours is an unrivalled sphere for doing real and lasting good. May God give you understanding of the times!

TO MY BROTHER MINISTERS.

You have been good to me in an overpowering degree. I thank you in the divine name. The Lord prosper you in your ministry, and make you the true leaders of the new age. The daily press hates the pulpit, therefore let the pulpit inquire how far it is itself responsible for that dislike. How magnificently the press and the pulpit might co-operate!

Now, what can be thought of this popular Dr. PARKER by any right-minded man, after such statements as the foregoing? Where is his

Protestantism? Where his zeal for God and truth, whilst he can fraternize with such men as Mr. GLADSTONE and the man (PARNELL) he once denounced, and, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, announced his incarceration with such glee and self-satisfaction? How can any man that knows the character of the Irish priesthood and its priest-ridden people, advocate Home Rule, in the face of the facts which have of late been so widely published, and the which has been further illustrated by the annexed letter that has just appeared in the London *Times*?

THE LAST THING IN BOYCOTTING.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—I have received a letter from my friend, Mr. EDWARD PHILLIPS, of Thurlesbeg House, Cashel; and the round, unvarnished tale that he delivers throws more light upon Ireland than any amount of the windy rhetoric which is so plentifully displayed on Parnellite and Gladstonian platforms. Mr. PHILLIPS writes as follows:—

"I hold 270 acres from Mr. SMITH-BARRY, at a rent of £340, under lease and tenant-right, which, with my improvements, I value at £1,000. The Land League have decided, thinking to hurt Mr. SMITH-BARRY, that all tenants must prepare to give up their farms by allowing themselves to be evicted. They are clearing off everything, and because I refuse to do this, and forfeit my £1,000, I am boycotted in the most determined manner. I am refused the common necessities of life, even medicine, and have to get all from a distance. Blacksmiths, &c., refuse to work, and labourers have notice to leave, but have not yet done so.

"Heretofore people were boycotted for taking farms. I am boycotted for not giving up mine, which I have held for twenty-five years. A neighbour of mine, an Englishman, is undergoing the same treatment, and we alone. We are the only Protestant tenants on the Cashel estate. The remainder of the tenants, about thirty, are clearing everything off their land, and say they will allow themselves to be evicted."

I think this requires no comment. Public opinion is the best protection against tyranny, and your readers can judge how far the above narrative is consistent with the opinions expressed by Mr. PARNELL and others, as to the liberty and toleration which will be accorded to the loyal minority when the Land National League becomes the undisputed government of Ireland.

Clonmell.

Your obedient servant,

P. BAGWELL.

Would God it were His pleasure that some CROMWELL or LUTHER should rise fearlessly and zealously to protest against the practices of our times.

We contend that expediency and the Hezekiah-selfishness, "There shall be peace and truth in *my* days," characterize the present state of things. But what about those who come after? What about our children, and our children's children? Shall we have no concern about them? Shall we be content to leave them in once liberty-loving and Bible-esteeming England, a prey to priestcraft, and all the treachery, the abominations, and the diabolical, persecuting, and murderous determination and blood-thirstiness of Rome? God forbid! Hence, as the most we can do, we will at least enter our protest, weak and poor as it may be; and those who come after us shall hear the echoes of our dying breath, "From the tyranny of the Church of Rome, and all her detestable enormities, good Lord, deliver us!"

THE EDITOR.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

The Jesuit Conspiracy. The Secret Plan of the Order Detected and Revealed by the Abbot Lecree. London: Chapman and Hall; Portsmouth: Protestant Institute.

THIS important pamphlet is edited by M. VICTOR CONSIDERANT, Member of the National Assembly of France, and of the Municipal Council of the Seine, and translated with the author's sanction from the authentic French editions. The work before us gives in brief terms a truthful and comprehensive insight into the deceitful, treacherous, and desperate character of the boasted Order of Jesuits—an Order, as the translator well describes, "whose constant thought is a thought of universal sway, and which ceases not to strive after the possession of influence, of position, and of conscience, by the audacious employment of every means; men detached from every social tie, from every obligation of ordinary morality, reckoning as nothing whatever is not of their Order, to which they remorselessly sacrifice everything."

And yet, in the face of the fact of what the so-called principles and despicable practices of these wretched conspirators against the general welfare of the community are—in spite, moreover, of their being expelled from other Roman Catholic lands—they have been received into England (thanks to Mr. GLADSTONE), and are spreading themselves through the length and breadth of the kingdom. Unless a Divine Arm interposes, their presence and their pernicious and destructive power will ere long be felt, to the detriment, if not to the absolute destruction, of the realm.

Report of the Proceedings of the Twenty-seventh Clifton Conference of Christians of all Denominations, held in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, October 1st to 3rd, 1889. Bristol: W. Mack.

HAPPY and profitable as was the large gathering at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, of which the Report gives such copious and interesting particulars, its usefulness was by no means confined to those who were then and there assembled. Far from it. By means of this publication, the addresses given on the occasion (as taken down in shorthand) will be spread through the length and breadth of the United Kingdom—yea, we doubt not that some copies will be sent to far-off lands. For ourselves, we may state that we have read what was spoken at the Conference with deep interest and profit. Reflecting upon the harmony of the testimony, as given by the speakers from various parts of the kingdom, one is forcibly reminded of the words of David, as expressed in the 133rd Psalm, where he says, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." What a precious utterance this—"there the Lord commanded the blessing"! And what a command is that, and how blessed and satisfactory! What can compare with the Lord's blessing, come to whomsoever it may!

We feel that we cannot better close this short notice of these so delightful and so soul-refreshing gatherings, than by quoting the closing remarks of our dear friend and brother ORMISTON, the convener. Thus he speaks:—

Our time has now almost run out. I wish, therefore, to say, to the praise of our beloved Master, that I have been very conscious of His grace throughout these precious days, and also, in anticipation of these great gatherings, I am sure I have been supported by the prayers of very many of the Lord's people. Physical strength has been imparted to me, and also guidance in many perplexities. You may quite believe that, in the conduct of meetings such as these, there are times when one feels thoroughly at a loss to know what to do for the glory of God and the well-being of His dear people; and I have been brought into these straits, from time to time, in connection with this Conference. But I must say, to my Master's honour and praise and glory, this morning, that He has not left me. He has shed light upon the path, and I want to testify publicly, at the end of these meetings, that I realize as, perhaps, I have never done before, the blessedness of having this God—this Triune God—Father, Son, and Spirit—for my own God, and the further blessedness of knowing He will be mine for ever and ever. That, too, is the position of every one of God's children to-day.

Modern Methuselahs; or, Short Biographical Sketches of a few Advanced Nonagenarians, or actual Centenarians, who were Distinguished in Art, Science, Literature, or Philanthropy. By JOHN BURN BAILEY, formerly Editor of *The British Mail*. London: Chapman and Hall.

THESE "Sketches" are very interesting, and contain a large amount of information, which may be very useful to those who wish to live to a good old age, particularizing things which are apt to shorten life, and others which, from a human point of view, have a tendency to lengthen it. Amongst the latter, the author does not fail incidentally to notice the effect of true religion.

Rest and Reaping. A Monthly Record. Edited by CHARLOTTE MASON. London: Morgan and Scott.

A VARIED and deeply interesting work. We are glad that the Editor has given a clear indication that the establishment which is here so ably advocated is so perfectly distinct from one in the locality so notorious for its Romish sympathies. The Editor of *Rest and Reaping* distinctly defines the character of the institution with which she is connected. She writes as follows—"I feel it incumbent upon me, as the Lord's steward, to state that the House of Rest in Cambridge Gardens, Kilburn, is in no way connected with the High Ritualistic church in the neighbourhood. . . . To those who know me," she adds, "or who are at all acquainted with the House of Rest, no disclaimer is necessary; but for the information of many others, I find it is absolutely necessary to emphasize the fact that the House of Rest is for the benefit of all Protestant Evangelical Christian workers, belonging to any Evangelical denomination, and that, whilst residing in the House, they are at liberty to attend their own place of worship. (Signed) CHARLOTTE MASON. *House of Rest, 7 and 8, Cambridge Gardens, Kilburn, N.W., April, 1889.*"

We repeat that we were glad to read the foregoing, because we doubt

not that, in common with many others, when first we saw the address—Kilburn—and ere yet we had noticed the names of the respected publishers, Messrs. MORGAN and SCOTT, we were at once under the impression that the work had to do with the notorious Ritualistic place before referred to. As already intimated, the book before us, *Rest and Reaping*, contains an immense amount of most readable and refreshing matter.

Francis Pool; a Name which is Written in Heaven. Memorials of a beloved Father, by his Daughter. With an Introduction by the Rev. D. A. DOUDNEY, D.D. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge; W. Wileman.

THIS work is pre-eminently calculated to minister to the comfort and edification of the deeply-trying and sorely-exercised of the one family. After a lengthened experience, and a deep, heartfelt knowledge of divine truth, the subject of these pages—a very father in Christ—was laid aside by severe bodily illness. In that condition, and under altogether altered circumstances, he was to learn fresh lessons from the same Divine Teacher; and they were lessons indeed, but taught in love, and accompanied with the strength, the upholding, and the tenderest sympathies of his Divine Instructor. There was a feature, however, of the illness and its attendant teaching, of the most grateful character. It was, that the well-ordering hand of the Most High should be so brought to bear upon all the circumstances, that this most striking testimony should be noted down, preserved, and now published, so that others, far and wide, may be instructed and edified, and thus have demonstrative proof and the clearest evidence of what our God can do—and does—in these days of apathy and indifference, or the most delusive and destructive teaching. Sure we are that a very special blessing will attend the perusal of this work. We consider its appearance at the present juncture to be most timely. It will lead, we believe, on the one hand, to the encouragement of many an anxious and perplexed believer, as he contemplates leadings and teachings so thorough, so practical, and yet so in opposition to the counsels and customs of the religious profession of the day. On the other hand, we hope it may lead to deep searching of heart, and the anxious inquiry, on the part of many, "Would *my* religion bear such tests as those here shown?"

The Little Gleaner and The Sower. London: Houlston and Sons. Blackheath: E. Wilmshurst.

THESE monthlies, in their annual attractive binding, maintain their claim as most suitable and desirable gifts for the young. They contain a vast amount of valuable material for the instruction and permanent interest and welfare of the rising generation, differing vastly from what now pours forth from the press, and that so destructively.

Teaching Talks; or, Experience and his Similitudes. By EBENEZER WILMSHURST, Author of "The Morte Stone," "The Sack and its Treasure," &c. London: E. Wilmshurst.

BOTH teaching and telling; admirably calculated to instil into the youthful mind habits of thought and observation.

The Christian Portrait Gallery; consisting of over One Hundred well-executed Portraits of well-known Christian Men and Women of the Present Day. London: Morgan and Scott.

A MOST admirable book. The portraits are exceedingly well executed, and accompanied in each instance by a biographical sketch. The work will become a household treasure, inasmuch as so many—nearly one-third of those represented—have already passed away, and others, of necessity, must speedily follow. Hence the work will be handed down from generation to generation, in remembrance of those who laboured for the Lord in life's little day. They being dead, will yet speak for their Lord and Master. The book altogether is got up in the most beautiful and attractive style, and is admirably adapted for presentation.

Isabella Macpherson: the Story of a Devoted Life. By her Brother, the Rev. JOHN MACPHERSON, Dundee. London: Morgan and Scott.

FROM the persevering, most laborious, and self-sacrificing efforts of the subject of this memoir, it is evident that her mind was deeply imbued with the conviction that she was "not her own, but bought with a price." Hence she sought to "glorify God in her body and in her spirit, which were His." With respect to those who are living in the narrow boundary of self and self-interest, with such an example as that presented in this narrative, how well may it be said, "Go thou and do likewise"! The deceased was a noble pattern of living, not for *self*, but for *others*.

The Garden Oracle. An Illustrated Floricultural Year-book, 1890. By SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Conductor of the *Gardeners' Magazine*. London: *Gardeners' Magazine* Office. Price One Shilling.

THIS is the thirty-second year's appearance of this so useful work, and still retains its claims for that research and those comprehensive details for which the talented conductor is so proverbial.

Cheering Words Annual. Edited by WILLIAM WINTERS. London: R. Banks and Son.

THIS work maintains its character for variety of subjects, Scriptural truth, and matter of solid interest for both old and young. With its striking frontispiece, and numerous portraits, it is a very cheap shilling's-worth.

The City Diary. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge, 148 and 149, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price One Shilling.

ALTHOUGH so many years have marked its career, it loses nought in a way of usefulness and matter of deepest interest far beyond as well as within the City boundaries.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EDITOR'S THANK-OFFERING FOR RESTORATION TO HIS PARISH.—Mrs. Pendock, 5s.; F. Elgar, £1 1s.; Miss Luscombe, £1; Mr. Inskip, £10; Miss Taylor, £1; Messrs. Denham, £10; P. Ward, 1s. 6d.; Miss Shekleton, 4s.; E. Langworthy, 10s.; Miss Jobins, 3s.; A Little One, near Lewes, 2s. 6d.; Miss Shaw, 4s.; Thank-offering from Southsea, 10s.; Miss Lynn, 5s.; "Hitherto," 5s.; Miss Richardson (Elgin), 10s.; Mary Hill, 3s. (up to January 23rd).