

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."

SECOND CENTURY.

No. 1,
NEW SERIES. }

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OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

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

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

A WATCHWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR, AND THE
COMMENCEMENT OF THE SECOND CENTURY OF
THE "GOSPEL MAGAZINE."

"*He giveth more grace.*"—JAMES iv. 6.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN CHRIST,—Doubtless you can in some measure understand the feelings with which we take up our pen to address you, not merely upon the opening of another year, but upon the commencement of a new era—yea, of a second century—as far as the existence of this Magazine is concerned. If numberless thoughts crowded in upon the mind at the close of the last month, whilst reflecting upon all the changes which had marked one hundred years, scarcely, if in any wise, less is one's heart engrossed with the contemplation of the momentous realities which must, of necessity, attend the period now about to open upon our view.

If, beloved, as creatures, we know not what a day, nor even an hour, may bring forth, how absolutely ignorant must we be of what a year, or a year a hundred times told, shall witness. It lies not within the power of man to say whether the century now dawning upon this Magazine shall ever see a close. To our own mind, it is a matter of considerable doubt. As we have before intimated, we believe that we are much nearer the Saturday night of time than most imagine. We make no profession to prophetic light. We have no sympathy with the extravagances in which many have indulged upon so grave and important a subject. At the same time, we are—and long have been—among those who believe that events of the most startling character are at hand. That Christ will come again—and

that this is the very climax of all blessedness—is our most thorough conviction. We give place to none in this our confidence and this our hope. But we add, that into the time, or place, or manner of His coming we presume not to intrude. In patient faith and joyful hope we wait the fulfilment of His promise to His disciples, “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;” “Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin unto salvation.” Of the time, however, of His coming “knoweth no man, no, not even the angels of heaven.” But we believe that, prior to His coming, there are great things to be accomplished. Antichrist is to be destroyed, and the Jews are to be brought in with the fulness of the Gentiles. Now, if “a nation is to be born in a day,” and since “all things are possible with God,” and “nothing is too hard for the Lord,” what may appear to us in the far distance and seemingly impracticable, God can accomplish with the same ease and irresistibility as that with which He spoke the world into being, and maintained it in being unto this very present hour.

If, then, beloved, we may venture to intrude upon you with the state of our own mind upon this all-important subject, we would say, we are personally not so anxious to pry into futurity, so as prematurely to foresee its disclosures, as we are to give heed to what the Lord said to the prophet, “But go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.” Instead, therefore, of indulging in vain speculations as to details which may or may not be verified, we would pray rather, whilst on the one hand, sitting loosely to earth and earthly things, on the other, to be found diligent “followers of them, who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises”—yea, “stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord.”

But now, as a watchword for the year—yea, for the residue of one’s life—the language of our text has been impressed upon the mind. “He giveth more grace.” Looking back, and retracing all the way by which the Lord has led us, we cannot, beloved, but be impressed with the fact what debtors we have ceaselessly been to rich, and free, and sovereign grace. No words can more become such recipients of divine bounty than—

“Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I’m constrain’d to be.”

The longer one lives the more is one impressed with the sense of Jehovah’s marvellous longsuffering and mercy—His patience, His forbearance, His wonderful goodness—through all the chequered scenes of the wilderness as thus far passed over. But, beloved, there is another thought that forces itself more and more upon the mind, and fixes itself more indelibly in the heart; it is the thorough conviction that such is our state, and such the actual impossibility of any improvement in the poor Adam nature, that as we *have been* debtors to rich, and free, and sovereign grace, so *shall we continue to*

be, even all the journey through. Time was, beloved, with us—and no doubt it was so with you—when we anticipated an improved state of things, as far as our poor fallen nature was concerned. We had hoped to have gained the mastery over this iniquity, and the dominion over that corruption. Old Adam, it was thought, would *die out*; but, alas! we have lived to know better. We have lived to see more fully into the dear Redeemer's words, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." There is no change in the nature of either. The heart of unbelief is as verily the same at the last as at the first. *Checked* it may be, *changed* never; that is, as to its own intrinsic nature. The promise runs: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh" (Ezek. xxxvi. 26).

But whilst justification is a momentary act, and, by adoption or calling, a sinner sovereignly taken in hand by the Holy Ghost does in one moment manifestly pass from death unto life, and is translated from the "kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son;" yet there is a sense in which this changing process is a long and greatly protracted one. The old heart may be said to be but by degrees—very, very gradually—taken away. And this not in a way of progressive sanctification, or, as some vainly imagine, the gradual improvement of the old Adam nature. No; this, as we have said, can never be improved. What it was, it is. Subdued, but not improved. But the change of which we now speak is this—the Lord the Spirit by little and little drawing back the curtain in which the old heart was enshrouded, and gradually discovering (just as the soul of His quickened one is able to bear it) the hidden, inherent vileness, and venom, and desperate sin and deformity of which it is composed. Thus there is more light and a deeper insight into the real condition of the heart, and proportionately less disposition to confide in or trust to it. Now whilst there may be—and, blessed be God, is—a more scriptural view of how things really are, this light or increased knowledge does not in the least wise prove any improvement in the abomination itself. If it be discovered to us that there is a serpent in the house, the which we were not aware of before, surely that knowledge of ours does not in any wise alter the nature of the serpent. It is a serpent still, although it may be more wary in consequence of its having been discovered. Again, with the serpent still in the house, we should not be disposed to content ourselves with the fact that we had by some means attained to the knowledge that it was there. So a sight of ourselves as poor, lost, hell-deserving sinners, and the possession of "a heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," affords no ground for self-gratulation; the more especially as we are indebted to Another—that Other none less than God the Holy Ghost—for the knowledge of so humbling a fact. We say, therefore, reader, that upon these grounds there is no cause whatever for a poor sin-convinced sinner—yea, or a poor pardoned rebel—lording it over other poor sinners; for "what has he that he

has not received?" Here is the great secret, in one of its many phases, why a child of God cannot boast. Hence, then, as things are, and must be as we have attempted to show—no change in our poor Adam nature—no improvement in our poor fallen flesh; and, as of necessity, we must as long as we are in this wilderness continue to be the same poor helpless dependants upon divine bounty, and divine forbearance, and divine mercy, as ever, how sweet is the thought, "HE GIVETH MORE GRACE."

Ah, beloved, what would become of you and ourselves were it otherwise? Oh, how sweet is the language of the blessed TOPLADY upon this precious subject:

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing:
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring.
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from
view.

"The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet:

Things future, nor things that are
now,
Not all things below and above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

"My name from the palms of His
hands
Eternity will not erase;
Imprest on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorify'd spirits in heav'n!"

Here, then, is our mercy, beloved; whatever we are, or whatever we may need. As respects the *future* even as it respected the *past*, "He giveth more grace." Grace! What is it? Free favour, distinguishing mercy, boundless love. All and everything that is kind, gentle, tender, loving, merciful, and considerate to the last degree is bound up in that little but momentous word—*grace*. And it takes into account whatever we may need day by day and moment by moment, through all the months and years of our pilgrimage. In the covenant of grace entered into by a covenant God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, before all worlds, the every minute circumstance in all its varied and diversified bearings, of the every child of the covenant, was taken into account. Ample provision was made for the every difficulty and the every danger of the every such child of the covenant. The wisdom, and the goodness, and the love, and the mercy, and the power of Jehovah in covenant, were all engaged for, and on the behalf of, the every such child. So that nothing that an absolute and immutable God could do for the well-being of His adopted ones was forgotten, overlooked, or neglected. Reader, if a believer in Jesus—as there has not been in the past, so neither can there be in the future, a single position in which, either in providence or grace, you may be placed, which was not eternally foreseen and eternally provided against in the settlements of that ancient and ever-blessed covenant which was "ordered in all things and sure." Oh, then, come life or come death, come prosperity or come adversity, what real ground have you to fear? None, none whatever. Have you, beloved, any reason to

find fault with your Lord and Master in regard to the past? Has there been any failure of His wisdom or strength, or any forfeiture of His word? Can you dare say otherwise in respect to His past dealings than that "He hath done *all* things well," and that, too, in spite of your many fears, ten thousand times over, to the contrary? Why, then, may we not venture, in simple hope and childlike trust, to leave the future in the same blessed hands? Is He grown old or weary? Has the Unchangeable changed? Has He less wisdom, less strength, less love, to grapple with what is to come, even as He so mercifully, and so lovingly, and so successfully, guided and governed all that is past? Oh, then, be it ours to "trust and not be afraid." "He giveth more grace." And, mark you, He *giveth* it. We do not merit, or purchase, or procure it by any effort of our own. It is a gift—rich, and free, and sovereign. Beloved, we shall want that grace—indeed we shall, day by day, and moment by moment, through all the year, if permitted to see its close, aye, throughout our pilgrimage, be it long or short. But observe, as we shall *want* it, so we shall *have* it. Why? because it is treasured up in a precious Christ, in readiness for our necessities—on purpose to be supplied—and because it is left on record, by His express direction, "He giveth more grace." That Divine testimony must be verified and fulfilled, "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Beloved, what can be more consoling—what more cheering and strengthening—in the prospect of stepping over the threshold of the dark, the (humanly speaking) doubtful, unknown future, than the sweet, precious, Divine declaration, so exactly suited to such poor, helpless, needy worms of the earth as are we,

"HE GIVETH MORE GRACE?"

Bedminster, Jan., 1866.

THE EDITOR.

"THE LOT IS CAST INTO THE LAP."

PROV. xvi. 33.

THE lost is cast where I am to go,
 And what I am to do below,
 With all the steps I am to tread
 Till I arrive with Christ, my head.
 The lot is cast by love divine,
 Then why, my foolish heart, repine?
 God's mind is fixed both firm and sure,
 And, like Himself, it will endure.
 The lot is cast, and, in His light,
 I see it is both just and right,

And sure He may the same dispose
 Without my asking what He does.
 The lot is cast, 'tis very plain,
 And all my murmurings are in vain;
 Then may I sit submissive down,
 Rejoicing Jesus wears the crown.
 Lord, may this be my motto still,
 "The lot is cast," and, at Thy will,
 Whether the same's adverse or not,
 I with Thy own shall have my lot.

They need to be goaded by the law who are unsuaded by the grace of the Gospel.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

CARE.

"Martha! Martha! thou art careful and troubled about many things."—
LUKE x. 41.

BELOVED, through the good providence of our covenant God, the porch door of 1866 has been opened for us. Some tell us that it is an ominous year, and predict all manner of things concerning it. We can well leave all times and seasons with the Lord, and feel satisfied that the appointed time for the fulfilment of His will is the best time, and that whatever may be ahead of us is among the all things that work together for the good of His people. But, beloved, we fear most of us have passed through the porch door of the new year, stooping under the weight of those four iron letters—c-a-r-e. Now we know full well that each day as it unfolds will bring its full cup of care; but we want to discriminate between casting it, and being cumbered with it, and so, beloved, would now draw your attention to our dear Lord's tender rebuke to the care-worn Martha: "Thou art careful and troubled about many things." And, beloved, suffer us to say in writing about "care," that we do not sit in an easy chair and write theoretically. No; with the responsibilities of a heavy business, the providing (humanly speaking) for a large household, the incessant claims and wants of a growing family, an extensive correspondence with friends thinking it unkind one does not quickly respond; with speaking in the name of the Lord "in the villages," and writing for eternity, we can assure you we have our share of care, and need to practice what we pen; that depend upon it, what we say to one's fellow we say to one's self. But away from self to the Saviour. Picture Him, beloved, issuing, as most probably He would, from Zion's gate of the city of Jerusalem, and crossing the valley of Hinnom, and passing through the village of Siloam, and by the southern height of the mount of Olives, He would come to Bethany. Often must His sacred feet have pressed that path, for it was a favourite place of resort; because in Bethany lived a little group whom our dear Saviour loved: for "Jesus loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus." And now entering the house of these loved ones, Martha received Him. Soon did she begin to busy herself in spreading for Him a repast, and getting out doubtless her best things for His use. Mary thought only of communion with her Lord. She sat at His feet, and drank in every word that dropped from His dear lips. This offended the anxious Martha, so cumbered as she was about much serving, and she came to Jesus, angrily exclaiming, "Dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me." But our Lord lovingly and tenderly responded, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her." This, then, beloved, is the simple yet touching narrative. Think, first, of

THE CUMBERED ONE.

"Martha was cumbered about much serving."—Verse 40.

Now, beloved, there is lawful care, which will be accompanied by the blessing of God. For instance, the anxious mother who is fulfilling her domestic duties, and caring deeply for the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of her children, must be perfectly right in so doing; and the Lord

will bless her in her strugglings day by day. And the father who goes about the business of life with a provident care, having the interest of his family at heart, is perfectly right, and the Lord will bless him in his labours. And the Christian in any station of life in which he is placed, who strenuously carries out his duties with prudence and diligence, will be blessed of the Lord; all such care is an act of wisdom. It is never meant that we should fold our arms and say, "The Lord will provide." We are to labour lawfully and diligently, casting all care of success upon God, to whom it belongeth, expecting a good issue upon the use of means, yet resolving to submit to His will, whatever the success may be. Our dear Lord, therefore, never meant His rebuke for lawful and constant care. Mark, it was not for serving, but for much serving. It was not for being careful, but for being "careful and troubled about many things," that He so tenderly rebuked the anxious Martha. It is unlawful or inordinate care then, beloved, as practised by the children of God, that needs checking. And such inordinate care will assume a variety of forms. For instance, there is excessive care often induced from

Calculations as to the future.—"Ah," says the child of God, "it has been well with me till now; but what will it be by-and-by?" Perhaps he may have a large family dependent upon him; their future lot and welfare presss heavily upon him. Now, beloved, will a covenant God alter by-and-by? What makes Him more of a covenant God in the past than in the future? Has not the past witnessed wonderful openings and marvellous orderings? And why not the future? And if this be so in providence, why not in grace? Will Jesus fail? Is He a broken cistern, whose waters will run out? Oh then, beloved, away with those fears and forebodings, and honour a covenant God, and honour a precious Christ, and honour the blessed Spirit, by trusting Him fully. And then "care" with the children of God will often assume the form of

Misgivings as to salvation.—They may not doubt as to the efficacy of Christ's blood, the sufficiency of the atonement for sin, or the completeness of His salvation; but is it mine? am I His? Do I really love Him? Oh, beloved, what a strange inquiry is this latter one? Has the husband any doubt about his love to his wife? or the wife any misgivings as to her affection for her husband? None at all. Well now, you know whether you love Christ or not; and if so, your love to Him springs from His love to you. And whom He loves He died for; and whom He died for must be saved; and whom He saved must be glorified. Why, then, is not salvation yours? But then, again, care will be increased often by making

Calculations concerning things which belong to God.—Just as Judas (not Iscariot) asked our Lord, "How is it that Thou dost manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" Jesus did not answer him. And so, beloved, in many cases, if we, in puzzling our heads about matters, were to think, Why really this concerns God, not me: I am trying, with my little finite mind, to fathom infinitude; I can safely leave that with God, we should often get ease and comfort instead of distress and disquietude. But chiefly, beloved, care manifests itself in constant worry about the things of this life; and mostly about the little things rather than the greater. We may often see the Christian become calm when the flood-gates of some real trial breaks in upon him, while anxiety is at its height when the matter is of little moment either one way or the other. Beloved, these things should not be; and we will proceed to give several reasons why the child of God should cease from such excessive care and worry.

I. *Because of God's providential goodness.*—"Behold," says our dear Redeemer, "the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" (Matt. vi. 25-34). And our blessed Lord at another time, addressing His disciples, said unto them, "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, "Nothing." Thus, beloved, have we the testimony of Jesus concerning the providence of God, and the testimony of His disciples, that throughout their journey that providence was so over them that they "lacked nothing." Here, then, is a strong reason why we should trust, and not be afraid to trust. But take, beloved, a second reason why we should not give way to inordinate care.

II. *Because of God's promises.*—Ah, so many of them, and so precious! the Author of them being "the faithful promiser." Look what our God has said to Jacob, and to all his spiritual seed, "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." What a blessed promise! And the apostle Paul, recounting it to the Hebrews, says, "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have." Why, Paul? Oh for this strong reason, "for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." And you know, beloved, we could fill this paper with similar precious promises. But another reason why we should not be overweighted with care, beloved, is,

III. *Because Jesus is the Burden-bearer.*—We never can carry ours. He is ready, He is willing, He is able to carry them for us. We are told in the history of Moses that when he and Joshua fought with Amalek (that great type of Satan, whose hand the marginal reading tells us is against the throne of God, Exod. xvii. 16), that "it came to pass when Moses held up his hand that Israel prevailed, and when he let down his hand Amalek prevailed; so that his hands being heavy they took a stone and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people, with the edge of the sword." Here, then, was a representative of the people who on account of the infirmity of the flesh was obliged to have his weary arms and hands stayed. Our Jesus is never weary. He was during His earthly walk weary, but now He is the risen Strong One, whose hands are ever up as the Intercessor for His people. He is the Strong One able to carry *all* their burdens—yes, "ALL." What does

that precious passage say which has so often been a comfort to God's *feeling ones*. "Casting ALL your care upon Him?" Think, beloved, "ALL." Care of every form and feature; business care, counting-house care, Christmas-bills care, domestic care, family care, soul care; and for this strong reason, He careth for you. Roll, then, your burden, beloved, upon the Lord. Yea, more than this, *roll it, and leave it*; for He is the Strong One whose hands are ever up, and whose arms are never weary. And further, beloved, another reason why we should not suffer ourselves to be bowed down with so much care is,

IV. *Because it hinders spirituality of mind.*—If the things of time are allowed a superior place in our thoughts, and we permit them to be uppermost, they become like weeds that entangle the corn and hinder its coming to maturity. Hence our Lord, after illustrating careless hearers, and shallow hearers, describes worldly-minded hearers, as receiving the word among thorns, the thorns spring up and choke the precious seed. He also that receiveth seed among thorns, is he that heareth the word; and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful." And this is precisely what we see with so many Christians who are careful and troubled about many things; they wonder at their barrenness; they envy the brighter experience of others: they point to others as more favoured by God than themselves, and are led often to doubt whether they belong to His family at all. And all this arises from their letting worldly care get the mastery over them. They, like Martha, lose communion with Jesus by over care; they think more of spreading an earthly table than living upon spiritual food, and the result is a barren heart, a dearth-like experience, and a stunted growth in divine things. And then, beloved, another evil arising from inordinate care, and which shows how we should avoid it, is

V. *Because it is a stumbling-block to the weaker ones of the flock.*—If they see an advancing Christian excited under every little difficulty, worn down with cares of the way, and absorbed with worldly concerns, they naturally say, "We cannot make it out, such an one manifests as much of the spirit of the world as worldlings; we cannot see much difference." We should gather out the stones from the way of the little ones, and testify by our calm deportment and lively trust in God the reality of the religion we possess. And then, beloved, the last reason why we should not suffer earthly care to crush us is,

VI. *Because of the fading character of earthly things.*—After all they are little worth—very fading, very transitory; at their best only like the flower or grass. It is folly to set one's mind upon them when life is so short and eternity so certain. Now, beloved, we leave these reasons with you, why we should not suffer inordinate care to prevail. They are worth our consideration if we would have more communion with Jesus. Don't be so cumbered—because of God's providential goodness; because of His precious promises; because Jesus is the Burden-bearer; because it hinders spiritually of mind; because it is a stumbling block to the weak believer; and because of the fading character of earthly things. Martha was over careful to entertain her guest, and attend to His bodily wants, while Mary sat to hear her Lord, not bearing to lose a word that dropped from His sacred lips.

"Thus Mary chose the better part;
Her Saviour's words refreshed her heart:
While busy Martha angry grew,
And lost her time and temper too."

And now, beloved, notice a second point in this precious narrative, viz.,

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

“*One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part.*”—Verse 42.

Now we are not to suppose that Martha was not a Christian. She was truly a child of God, but a cumbered one. If Martha was to be cast off, oh, how many would be cast out of the Lord's family in the present day. Do you wish for proof of her being a Christian? Notice then: (I.) Her reception of Jesus. This was her way of expressing joy at the presence of her Lord. It was a mistaken way; it was a natural, instead of a graced way. Still it was perfectly genuine, and testified her love. The difference between the sisters is so sweetly expressed by dear Newton:

“The one to feast the Lord was led,
The other waited to be fed.”

And then, (II.) The statement of the word of God showed that with all her care she was yet a Christian; for we are told that Martha had a sister who *also* sat at Jesus' feet. That little word *also* shows that they were one in spirit, one in love, and one in faith, and that both were truly penitent—for it is only such who sit at Jesus' feet. And then afterwards she gives full proof of her love; for, when she heard that Jesus was coming to Bethany to sympathize with them in their deep sorrow at the loss of their beloved brother Lazarus, Martha was the first there to go out and meet Him, but “*Mary sat still in the house.*” And, more than this, she manifests a true and substantial faith; for when she meets Him she exclaims, “*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.*” Here then is sufficient to show that Martha was truly a Christian, though a cumbered one. And we dwell upon this, that the careworn ones may not be discouraged. Our aim is far from the wish to make them write bitter things against themselves; it is a desire to dissuade them from inordinate care which hinders their spiritual prosperity; for one thing is needful, even Jesus. He is the good part (or portion) of His people. Oh, to care most for His glory! To care most for fellowship and communion with Him. To care most to grow like Him. To care most to be conformed to His will. To care most to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus. Paul and his fellows in the faith cared more for the glory and name of Jesus than for their own lives, honour, and welfare. And look how rich was their experience, how deep their knowledge of Christ, how happy they were in the Lord, and how meetened for heaven they became. And now, beloved, think lastly of

THE COMFORTING ASSURANCE.

“*Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.*”—Verse 42.

We shall never have true peace of soul until we lay hold by faith of God's verities: God's shalls and wills, God's covenant promises—they are unmistakable; as clear as if written by a sunbeam. And, beloved, it would be no unprofitable study for us to meditate upon the various figures used and language uttered in God's sacred word to set forth the believer's safety for eternity. For example, therein we have Jehovah declaring, “*I will make an everlasting covenant with them; I will not turn away from them to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that*

they shall not depart from me." Therein we have Jesus declaring "that all that the Father hath given Him shall come; "that His sheep hear His voice; that He has given them eternal life, and they shall never perish. Therein we have the testimony of all God's prophets and disciples. Thus David declares, "In His favour is life; and they shall go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appearing before God." And Paul exultingly exclaiming, "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." "Henceforth, therefore, 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 that love His appearing." And the beloved John speaks of the Lamb who shall overcome all the enemies of the saints of God. Thus in a variety of ways are we assured, beloved, of our security in Christ; who in the narrative before us has put it in this forcible way. His loved ones have a portion *that shall not be taken away*. We leave then this subject with you, beloved, for your prayerful consideration. If pressed down with inordinate care, take thy burden at once to the Lord. Do not continue to make a thousand calculations in creature strength, but rest at the feet of Jesus. Watch His hand, wait His will. This is only doing as He bids; for He has said, "If ye shall ask the Father anything in my name, I *will do it*." Ah, let His "I *will do*" be before thy "I *will do*." His you can depend upon; thine you never can. And you will find that the development of His will is marvellous, and relief will come in a way probably least expected. Beloved, our desire towards you may be summed up in four words: Worry less, wait more. Dear Toplady realized the security we have referred to when he wrote—

"My name from the palms of His hands,
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

Beloved, commending you to God's grace we remain yours in the communion of saints,

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

SACRED MAXIMS.

ORTHODOXY may, and often does, exist where there is no religion; it is like a beautiful statue, wanting nothing but life—and, wanting that, wanting everything. Heterodoxy from main truths clearly shows the absence of all religion.

God's goodness is God's glory.

The apprehensions and fears of God's people do not endanger, though they distress them.

There can be no dedication to God without a previous separation from the world.

It is the removal of the enmity of our hearts which we need before we can be brought nigh to God.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

"The preacher sought to find out acceptable words."—Ecl. xii. 10.

GATHERINGS BY THE WAY.

ROUNDING THE POINT.

In the course of his parochial visits a dear servant of God, the Rev. G. R.—, called upon a man of upwards of eighty years of age. In talking to him of his never-dying soul, said the man, "I'm rounding the point, sir." Upon the minister's inquiring what he meant, he said, "Well, sir, I can't tell what your text was, but some time ago, in your sermon, you said that once there was an old sailor who, when sick, and asked how matters were, said 'I'm rounding the point.' Now *I'm* rounding the point." The minister then recollected the story of the old sailor, who at first said, in nautical terms, "There's land ahead." When next asked how he was, he replied, "I'm rounding the point." Upon the last inquiry, he exclaimed, "Let go the anchor." His frail bark was just entering the fair havens.

Some short time after the visit above referred to, other engagements called the minister to a distance; but, during his absence, tidings came to him from his dear wife that the old man had "let go the anchor."

THE DEBT PAID.

As the dear friend above referred to and I were walking, I saw he was discouraged by reason of the trials and difficulties of the way. I, therefore, took occasion to say, that when we were most disposed to say "Who hath believed our report?" the Lord (though in an unseen way) was often working in a marked and merciful manner. It seemed to touch a chord in my dear friend's heart, and, among other facts he named, was that of calling upon an old man, of more than eighty years of age, whose mind was as dark as midnight. He attempted to put before him the plan of salvation, saying, "Suppose now you owed a hundred pounds——" The old man of a sudden interrupted, and, whilst looking at him in a marked manner, exclaimed emphatically, "I don't owe but twopence half-penny." "But suppose now you did owe the hundred pounds," continued my friend; "and that on the bill were the items of £10, and £15, and £20, until at length it came to the £100: but at last you saw written down in the corner of the bill '*paid*.' Now we are dreadfully in debt—our sins are debts—but Jesus has paid the debt. The bill is marked '*paid*' in His own precious blood." A short time after a friend called upon the minister and said, "that so-and-so sees it all; and is full of rejoicing as he exclaims, 'The debt's paid! the debt's paid!'" And so he died.

Reader, is *your* debt paid? Do you know anything of what it is for the Lord to speak powerfully and preciousely into your soul what He said, in the days of His flesh, to Simon, the Pharisee: "There was a certain creditor which had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty: and when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both?" Here is the Gospel in a nutshell, and the personal application of it to a sinner's heart by the Holy Ghost; and the personal realization of it by that sinner, enables him triumphantly, but with deep and grateful humility, to sing,

"Then, whilst His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon, too."

THE OLD CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

WHEN speaking with a venerable servant of God, of threescore years and ten, he testified, with great humility, of the very partial and limited light he had had during the earlier part of his ministry. He spoke, too, of how indebted he was in after years and when removed to another sphere, to a neighbouring and highly-favoured servant of God for his deeper insight into divine truth. It was his practice, it seemed, to regularly attend the Rev. Mr. P——'s ministry, in a neighbouring town, at his week-evening service. It is remarkable how often, when travelling through the same district, I have heard of the blessing attending that dear departed one's ministry, and thus one proves the truth of that Scripture, "He being dead, yet speaketh."

THE HARDENING NATURE OF SIN.

FROM the aged clergyman to whom I have above referred, I learned that, many years ago, he once paid a visit to Newgate. It happened to be at the time that Probert was lying under condemnation for the murder of Ware. Turning to the warder, the clergyman asked if he might be allowed to say a few words to him. Upon receiving permission, he addressed himself to the condemned man, who had a Bible before him. "Is that all you have to say to me?" said Probert. Placing his hand upon the Bible, he added: "I knew all that before." This utter callousness in regard to eternal things led the clergyman afterwards to speak to the warder about it. His answer was, "He has become aware that efforts have been made in certain quarters to have his life spared; and, no doubt, he was hoping you were the bearer of good tidings." One could but think how infinitely more glorious are the tidings which every servant of God bears to his poor condemned fellow-sinners than the mere temporary reprieve from death. He not only publishes the glad tidings by the death and resurrection of Jesus from eternal death, but also under God opens to him the gates of everlasting life and joy and felicity.

DEATH AND ITS TERRORS.

THE deceptive nature of a repentance produced by sickness, or the prospect of death, was remarkably shown in a case that occurred in Newgate, some years ago. The clergyman to whom I have before alluded, upon the occasion of his visit to the gaol, asked the warder what was the effect upon a condemned man of the announcement that his life would be spared. It was intimated that the intelligence had to be cautiously communicated. Said the warder, "I once apprized a condemned criminal that he had been reprieved, when he directly closed a Bible he was at the time reading, and, handing it to me, said, 'Will you present that, with my compliments, to Mr. Cotton (the then Ordinary of Newgate), and say I have no further use for it?'" Thus we see that though, under certain circumstances, a sinner may show signs of penitence, yet no sooner is the heavy hand of God removed, than he returns "like the dog to his own vomit again, or the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." At the same time, how do these facts enhance the value and the preciousness of that repentance which is the special gift of the Holy Ghost, and which "needs not to be repented of!"

THE VANITIES OF EARTH.

I WAS walking in company with the minister of the parish through some magnificent grounds, in the centre of which stood one of the finest and

most stately mansions I ever saw. It was a house of much historic interest, and connected with which were facts of greatest note. Upon inquiring after the owner, the clergyman said he had not been near it for very many years. Moreover, he stated that when once upon a visit to him, he happened to remark how much pleasure it would afford *him* to occupy the house of his ancestors. The owner in question looked at him in the vaguest way, as much as to say, "How you can see pleasure in *that* I cannot conceive." Reader, be assured that a "contented mind is a continual feast;" and that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. Be it ours also ever to remember "that godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

AN INSTANCE OF THE KIND PROVIDENCE OF GOD OVER THE WIDOW AND FATHERLESS.

SOME years back, in one of the midland counties, the writer of the following accompanied a friend to see a man that was confined to his bed through a long illness. He died soon afterwards—I trust not without a good hope through grace. He left a widow and four young children. It very soon appeared they were totally unprovided for.

The house was well furnished, and bore no appearance of poverty or want. Shortly after the decease of the husband it was strongly impressed on my mind that the widow and family were in distress, and I thought I would call to see them. I accordingly went on the Sunday, but she was not at home. I therefore tried to shake off the thought of their being in want, concluding that if she stood in need of help she would have been at home to receive what I might be disposed to give; but the impression still continued (and indeed with more force) that I must call again. I accordingly did so on the following day, and she was then at home. I asked her how she was, and with a flood of tears she said, "I am in great trouble;" and the children, seeing the mother so distressed, came clinging round her and weeping also, so that I found it a moving scene. She then told me that during her husband's illness they had run back in their rent three-quarters of a year, and she had nothing wherewith to pay it, or anything left to procure food for herself and family; that the landlord had been in the house several times while the corpse lay in the room, and he evidently intended to secure himself by taking possession of the goods, as he had marked some of the best of the furniture, which she showed me. She stated that when I called on the previous day she had gone among her relatives to see if anything could be done for her, but every heart and hand appeared to be closed against her, and where deliverance was to come from she knew not. She thought if she was not deprived of her goods she might furnish another house in a more business part of the town, and be enabled to support herself and family by her needle, &c. While she was making this statement in came the landlord, as surly as a bear, and in a very rough manner he addressed the widow: "I am come again about my rent, Mrs. T——." She said, "Oh! sir, I wish it was in my power to pay you, it would afford me much pleasure." He said, "I have waited long enough, and my rent I am determined to have." I entreated him to have more respect for the feelings of a distressed widow, and to exercise a little more patience. He said, he depended on his rents, and

his rents he would have. I at length told him that a few minutes back I was quite unacquainted with the circumstances of the widow, but since I had heard what had passed a thought struck me that something might be done among a few friends; and understanding that she has been in your house about fourteen years, and that you always received your rent until her husband's illness, I hope you will take something handsome off the amount, and I will give a sovereign myself, and go amongst a few friends and see what can be obtained by way of subscription; and if sufficient can be raised by such means I thought it would be infinitely more pleasing to his feelings than to be the means of turning the widow and her family into the street.

I soon found that my proposal and my words had but little effect, but it moved his compassionate bowels so as to say he would take off five shillings. I said, "Fie! this is poor encouragement to set about a business of this nature, and obtain an amount something a little under ten pounds." But with more talking to he promised to take off a pound. So after leaving the widow something to furnish the cupboard, I returned home, and told my wife what I had engaged in. She was much pleased, and said she would accompany me the following morning on my begging excursion; when we accordingly set out, and to my great astonishment, and I hope not without gratitude to God, whose providential goodness so evidently appeared, there was not a person my mind was directed to call upon, but was at home, treated us with respect, listened to the tale of distress, and cheerfully contributed, some 20s., some 10s., some 5s., and some 2s. 6d., so that a sufficiency was raised (in an incredibly short time) to discharge the debt, and a surplus was left to help on the widow for a little while. I soon met the landlord and paid his demand, who was so moved by the event that he said he would allow them to remain in the house rent-free a month or six weeks, till she could obtain a convenient place to go into.

J. L.

A PASTOR'S NOTES.—No. IV.

THE CONTINENTAL CHAPLAINCY.

(Continued from page 504, last Vol.)

How beautiful our liturgy appears in a foreign land! It is precious at home—an heirloom handed down from our martyred forefathers—expressing so fitly, so fully, the wants of our common humanity; but it is doubly precious abroad. It seems as it were to be a connecting link uniting us to the dear ones we are separated from, and its familiar words appear more expressive than ever when uttered in a distant country, and amidst a people sunk in spiritual darkness.

At A—the service was conducted in a small hall used as a meeting place by a local society or club, and situated at the outskirts of the town. Very interesting it was to see the little congregation of English people gathering together from every direction; then to hear the hearty burst of response as the service proceeded, and to tell them afresh out of the blessed book the message of love and mercy. On the first Sunday evening a very pleasing incident occurred. An aged clergyman and his granddaughter were passing by, not having the least idea of an English service being held there. We were at the moment singing one of the evening canticles, which instantly arrested their attention. "Why, grandpapa," the little girl exclaimed, "that's an English chant." "Nonsense," he

said, "it cannot possibly be." "Oh yes it is; listen! and there's the belief." Scarcely crediting the fact, they entered the building. I fancy I see at this moment their look of surprise as they did so; and, when the service was ended, most hearty were the thanks they gave me for the treat that they had enjoyed. "It was so sweet," the old gentleman said, "to hear that service, and a Gospel sermon, in that foreign land." This little incident, too, shows the influence which comparatively trifling events sometimes exercise over us. We had at first thought that it would be impossible to have any singing or chanting, owing to the absence of regular singers and the smallness of the congregation; but afterwards we concluded that we would make the experiment. If we had not done so, in all probability these visitors would have remained unaware of the service; but being attracted by this simple means, they became for several Sundays most regular attendants. May the seed thus sown be grafted into many hearts, and bring forth fruit to God's glory! Like bread cast upon the waters, may it be "found again after many days."

During our sojourn in this beautiful place it was crowded with visitors from almost all parts of the world. They chiefly came to take advantage of its mineral springs, which have been celebrated for many centuries for their medicinal qualities. Daily one could see the paralytic, the lame, the diseased, flocking to the waters seeking for renovated health and cure. Many were successful; they gradually recovered strength, and returned home perfectly well. But how many were not so! Day by day they also came to the healing waters, but no healing could they find; instead of getting better, they rather grew worse, and returned home at last to suffer or to die. How forcibly this reminded me of the pool of Bethesda and the waiting of multitudes there; of the Great Physician, too, and His invitation to sin-sick souls: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Would that the diseased in body knew that they were soul diseased!—that they would flee to Him and be cured!

Our sojourn in A——, however, soon came to an end; the last Sunday, passed away, the last sermon was preached, and, bidding it farewell, we started upon our homeward journey.

A few hours' travelling brought us to Geneva. Here we stayed to rest, and to examine the many objects of interest. We stood upon the very spot where the celebrated Calvin preached, and under the canopy which once surmounted his pulpit; rowed out upon the lake, looking most exquisitely lovely in the clear light of the summer's sun; got one peep, for a few minutes only, in the far distance, of Mont Blanc, and then mounted a diligence on our way to Chamounix. The ride to this now celebrated village was extremely interesting; the conveyance, our fellow-travellers, and the scenery, all combining to make it so. Being late in applying for seats, we were obliged to take the first offered, and so were perched up a perilous height at the back of the vehicle, like sparrows on the house-top. Our companions were a Frenchman, unable to speak anything except his own language; a German, much in the same predicament; an American, little better, evidently a great man in his own country, if not in this; a loquacious courier, general interpreter for the whole party; a silent young Englishman; and a very adventurous one, who, having unfortunately forgotten in his late travels this way to ascend some insignificant peak, was returning to accomplish it, so that he might reach home with a contented mind.

At first the country through which we passed was very tame and uninteresting; but as we neared the higher mountains the scenery became truly magnificent, innumerable peaks rising one above the other covered with eternal snow, and glittering in the sunshine; glaciers clinging to their sides and bases, interspersed with dark masses of fir trees; and lower down deep gorges filled with giant rocks and rushing waters, forming altogether a scene, or rather, succession of scenes, which must be witnessed to be fully realized.

Chamounix disappointed us. We had heard so much about it that we fully expected to find it a most delightful spot; instead of which, it turned out to be a poor, miserable, dirty village, consisting of nothing but a few wretched huts and some large hotels; a place so thronged with English visitors that one might have supposed it to have been a New England colony. Its situation is the only thing that Chamounix can boast of, for a thousand other spots in the neighbourhood are far more beautiful and interesting. But, after all, the aspect under which one sees a place, and especially *first* sees it, has a great deal to do with one's impression of it. We entered the valley of Chamounix in a pouring rain, and the rain continued the chief part of the time we stayed there. What wonder then that we think of it as enveloped in mist and deluged with water? Another person, perhaps, visiting it in bright, sunny, weather would find his first impressions of it to be something very different. After a good night's rest we awoke to a dismal sight. Rain pouring down in torrents, streams of water rushing along the roads, and the whole valley obscured by a thick impenetrable mist. In fact, the clouds themselves seemed to have descended from above, and to be vainly endeavouring to bury themselves in the earth. Descending to breakfast, nothing was to be heard but regrets, expressions of woeful disappointment, and mutual commiseration for thwarted plans and broken engagements. Every one seemed to have prepared himself the night before for a long day's excursion, and consequently every one was sadly disappointed. Some said that they would go in spite of the weather, and off they set to climb some perilous height, amid rain, mist, mud, snow, and ice—to the imminent risk of their lives. What *enjoyment* they could have in such an excursion as this, one failed to imagine. The only advantage they could possibly derive from it, supposing that they returned in safety, was the privilege of being able to say that they had really accomplished the deed. As for seeing anything it was impossible—beyond the ground, or the snow and ice just under their feet. Query: Was the gain worth the risk? Others resigned themselves meekly to their lot, and sat down to add up their accounts, con the news, or write to their beloved ones at home. Thus the time passed until about eleven o'clock, when suddenly the clouds began to rise, the blue sky appeared, the sun burst forth, and the whole scene became completely changed. The excitement that ensued was indescribable; books, writing materials, newspapers, all were thrown aside, mules and guides were speedily in requisition, and the whole multitude of visitors soon scattered in every direction. Following the general example, we started off to ascend the Montanvert, a height of about 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was steep climbing, but in that bracing air no one appeared to find it very difficult. Arrived at the summit, we halted for a few moments to gaze upon the wondrous view spread out before us, then crossed the Mer de Glace; rightly so called, for it is a perfect sea of ice, about three-quarters of a mile in breadth, looking as

if it had been suddenly arrested and frozen in the midst of a tremendous storm, with giant seams, and deep blue fissures, said to be hundreds of feet in depth. Then, safely over, we descended by the Mauvais Pass, a place which, once upon a time, was extremely dangerous, as the footway is in some places not more than a few inches wide, with a yawning precipice on one side, and a steep mountain of rock on the other. It is not so dangerous now, as a stout iron rod runs along, to which pedestrians can cling, but still it is an ugly place for a giddy head or a faint heart. Here a wonderful sight presented itself. Just as we arrived at the most difficult part the clouds gathered overhead, and a fearful thunderstorm came on; the lightning flashed apparently close at hand, the thunder pealed, and the rain descended in torrents. It was enough, in such a place, to unnerve the boldest, more especially as we feared the iron rod to which we clung might readily prove a lightning conductor, in which case few of our party would probably have survived to tell the tale. We were heartily glad when the dangerous part was passed, and we could take refuge in a friendly chateau until the storm was over.

The journey from Chamounix to Martigny was most delightful, the air warm, yet bracing, and the scenery exquisite. The path is much too narrow and rough for carriages, so we were obliged to take mules. About two hundred are said to be constantly employed in this service during the summer months. They are fine, well conditioned, hardy animals, but riding upon them is very fatiguing; it seemed much like what one has read of travelling upon a camel's back in the desert. The road alternately wound round by the edges of deep precipices, through richly-wooded gorges, at the base of stupendous heights, down into low valleys, and up again to the summits of lofty hills. It was altogether a marvellous ride, never to be forgotten.

The descent into the valley of Martigny was especially fine. I think I never witnessed a more beautiful or a more extensive view. We saw it, it is true, under peculiarly favourable circumstances; but I should think that at any time when it can be clearly seen it must be very striking. At our feet lay the town of Martigny, on the right the gorge through which winds the road to the Great St. Bernard; beyond, stretched out as on a map, lay the valley of the Rhone, with its deep blue river, its pretty villages, and its well-cultivated fields and vineyards; all around was a network of lofty mountains, tinged with a lovely purple, and beyond in the far distance, towering upwards towards the sky, the range of the Oberland Alps, covered with eternal snow, reflecting with dazzling brightness the rays of the setting sun. Who could gaze upon these beautiful scenes without feeling his heart uplifted in thankful adoration to their Creator? "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all. The earth is full of Thy riches."

After leaving Martigny, we felt deeply thankful for another providential escape vouchsafed to us. We were proceeding by railway on our journey when suddenly we came to a dead stop; jumping out to ascertain the cause, we found that the recent heavy rain had so swollen a mountain torrent that it had swept away a bridge on the line, and consequently the train could not proceed. Had it not been discovered in time, a frightful accident would have happened. How oft "in the midst of life we are in death." What should we do without a Father's loving hand stretched out continually to preserve us?

“Thus I dread no midnight terror,
Nor the shaft that quivereth by,
Nor the noonday sickness, wasting;
None my hiding-place come nigh.

“Thousands at my side are falling,
Tens of thousands cease to be;
But Jehovah, as He promised,
Surely hath delivered me.”

In Paris we stayed over one Sunday, and truly felt grieved and sorrowful at what we saw and heard there. It was not the Sabbath desecration that grieved us so much; this we were prepared to see; but, attending a professedly Protestant church, we found the service conducted—more particularly the communion service—with all the absurd gesticulations and mummery of Rome. What must Roman Catholics think of such a service as this, but that it is a miserable imitation of the celebration of the mass? Surely it is a shame for persons professing themselves to be Protestants to encourage such proceedings anywhere, but more especially so in a city such as Paris. The sermon, too, instead of being an exposition of God’s word, or a plain faithful statement of the truth as it is in Jesus, was an elaborate exposition of the “*grace of humility!*” And yet there was a large congregation in this place—a congregation of fashionably-dressed and apparently-attentive hearers. Very different was the service at another Protestant church which we attended in the evening. Here all was simplicity and earnestness; and a faithful Gospel sermon was delivered, which seemed like “cold waters for a thirsty soul,” or as “good news from a far country.” The preacher evidently spoke of those things which he had himself “tasted, handled, and felt;” hence his words came with unction and power, and seemed to go from heart to heart.

A.

SOMETHING ABOUT INDIA.

In the good providence of our God, we have of late been thrown much into the society of a dear servant of God, who laboured for ten years in India, and who, with his delicate wife, was located there during the whole of the fearful scenes in connexion with the dreadful mutiny of '57. Among other documents which he has kindly placed in our hands are the annexed letters, penned by one who, with her dear husband and child, was shot down a few days after she wrote them. The letters will speak for themselves. They will convey to the reader precious proof of what a Gospel and well-grounded hope can do for its possessor in times of trouble or danger. When things are going smoothly, or with nothing particular to disturb or render anxious, the child of God, or the partaker of true spiritual life, is, by reason of a deceitful heart and numberless infirmities, only too apt to fall into a state of apathy and listlessness with regard to spiritual things; but only let him be roused by the force of circumstances, let loss or cross befall him—let sickness or death invade him—and then how he “flies to his stronghold,” as “a prisoner of hope!” Then his faith is roused—his principles brought into action—and all the power and blessedness of true spiritual life in connexion with his new and distinct nature, are brought into operation. Then indeed is it seen that he has “bread to eat which the world knows not of.”

Well does one say of the letters we are about to subjoin, “they manifest so remarkably the upholding power of divine grace,—that grace which alone can prepare us for whatever is prepared for us,—that permission has been obtained to have them printed for private circulation, in the hope that they may soothe and comfort many hearts, lacerated by the sore bereavements of this time of trial, or trembling under intense anxiety, and may be as a lamp to guide many into the way of peace.”

LETTERS FROM FUTTEHGURH.

I.

"Futtehgurh, May 16, 1857.

"MY OWN DEAREST PAPA,—You will all, I fear, be in a state of great alarm about us, as you must have seen from the papers what a sad feeling is rising in this part of the country among our native troops, and the fearful position we are placed in, not knowing how to act or what to do, and greatly fearing a general insurrection.

"The Meerut dāk was stopped for four days, and the natives have been assassinating all the English they could get hold of, women and children not being spared.

"We hear that Mrs. C—— has left Mynpoory in fear, and gone to Agra, and that the W——'s have come here, though I fear we are not a bit better off, as there are no English troops here either.

"People are in a state of great alarm, and we are perfectly helpless should the natives rise here. I suppose all the ladies would have to go the Fort, but our house is a very long way from it. John has been loading his gun and rifle, as it is not safe to be without them loaded—one's life is not certain for a day. He was going down his road on Monday, but thinks now it will be his duty to stay here, in case of an outbreak, for all hands would be wanted.

"I think John feels much the state of things, and thinks our Government are to be blamed for giving the natives secular education without religious, which only arms them with power which may be turned against us. But I trust God will pardon us, and not pour His fury upon us for all our forgetfulness of Him. Last year He sent us the pestilence, now we are trembling lest His sword should be drawn out; but I trust we may be stirred up to call upon God, and be reminded wherein our great strength lies.

"We have been searching out the beautiful Scripture passages in which God has promised deliverance from our enemies, and wisdom to know how to act in cases of danger. How doubly precious are such passages, and with what force do they come at the time of need! None ever called upon the Lord in trouble but they were delivered; so I trust we may turn unto Him in deep contrition, and beseech Him to glorify His great name, and show His power among the heathen.

"We cannot say, 'Pray for us.' Ere you get this, we shall be delivered one way or another. Should we be cut to pieces, you have, my precious parents, the knowledge that we go to be with Jesus, and can picture us happier and holier than in this distant land; therefore why should you grieve for us? You know not what may befall us here; but there you know all is joy and peace, and we shall not be lost, but gone before you; and, should our lives be spared, I trust we may live more as the children of the Most High, and think less about hedging ourselves in with comforts which may vanish in a moment. Truly, 'this is not your rest' is more written on everything in India than elsewhere; but, comforting thought! in heaven we have an enduring substance, and the more in God's providence we are led to feel this, the happier we shall be, even below.

"Do not be over-anxious about us, dear relatives and friends. In India we have the same Ruler, the same merciful Keeper in the Almighty, and you have implored Him to be gracious to us, though you knew not our danger.

"We are quite well, I am thankful to say, but much sickness is about, and this year also promises to be an unhealthy one. I hope you will get this letter. How is it we have heard from no one this mail? I trust no news is good news.

"Mary is quite well again, and cutting her last tooth. We have now really got the hot weather; it has set in late.

"Good-by, my own dear parents, sisters, and friends. The Lord reigns! He sitteth above the water-flood. We are in the hollow of His hand, and nothing can harm us. The body may become a prey, but the souls that He has redeemed never can.

With much love, your own devoted child,
ROSE M——.

II.

"Futtehgurh, May 21, 1857.

"MY OWN BELOVED FAMILY,—It may be interesting to you to receive a full account of our state of mind during this alarming time; so I will commence giving

you particulars, and hope it may not only arouse your interest and sympathy, but also your thankfulness to Almighty God for giving us strength according to our day, and supporting us under such heavy tidings. We certainly have been on the verge of an awful precipice, from which it would have appeared there could be no escape; and, thinking of the few European troops in India, in the case of a general insurrection we could not have stood. Last week we heard there was a bad feeling amongst the troops at Meerut, on account of the cartridges. On Saturday, Dr. Maltby came to lance Mary's gums, and asked us if we had heard of the dreadful massacre at Meerut; upon our replying 'No,' he read us an account of the murders there. The news shocked us much; and poor John felt that he could not attend to road-work.* He received a letter from Major W—— about the roads, but commencing, "If reports are true, we shall have to fight, instead of attending to road work." We could not eat much breakfast, and went to our room, as is our custom, to read and pray together. John read an appropriate chapter; we then searched for others, and very many comforting ones we found, and then in prayer committed our lives to God. In the middle of the day we received a letter from Colonel S—— (commanding the station troops), saying if anything serious, or likely to be serious, occurred, a gun would be fired, so that we might fly to the Colonel's Pucca-house, and that we were to hold ourselves in readiness to fly any hour of the day or night that we might hear it.

"John then loaded his gun and rifle, and, as we knew we could not well hear the gun out here, we thought, if there was any likelihood of danger, we had better go at once into the station, for we knew the L——'s would take us in. We first determined to go over to the missionaries, and see what they thought of doing, as we should not like to leave them all alone, especially as they had no arms. We found they had invited the other two American missionaries to come up and stay with them, as they lived in a solitary road leading to the city. We determined all should come and live in our Pucca-house (as there is danger in a bungalow being set on fire), or go into the station. Accordingly all went into the station, to gather what news we could, and then agreed to return and consult together where we should go for the night. The panic was very great, carriages and buggies crowding to the S——'s and P——'s,—the natives seemingly all on the alert. Guns were entering the Colonel's compound, and the whole place seemed in a commotion. The report was, that the insurgents, who had murdered nearly every one in Delhi, and got possession of it, were on their way to Futtehgurh; and we knew that it would be scarcely probable, in case of so large a body coming on us suddenly, that our troops would stand; and should they join the insurgents, escape would be impossible, we having no European troops here. After returning to the missionaries' house, and having prayed and read together (a little company of ten), we determined to go into the station. John and I went home, took Mary out of bed, got into the double-seated buggy with the Ayah; this was nine o'clock in the evening, and the picquet stationed in one of the roads would not at first allow us to pass. We went to the L——'s, who had just gone into their bedroom; they received us most kindly. We told them two missionaries and their wives were coming to them for protection, and would occupy their spare rooms; but we would be very happy if they would allow us to sleep on the floor on Mr. L——'s dressing-room, which we did, John sleeping with his revolver by his side. We made a bed on two chairs for Mary. In the morning (Sunday) we heard several bad reports: one, that another jail was broken open—that the Meerut one was, is true—and many confined therein were murderers. We went to Church; very few people were there, and fear seemed written on every face: it was most noticeable. Everybody felt that death was staring them in the face, and every countenance was pale. Our Church service and the lessons seemed quite suited to our circumstances; and I am sure all who were at God's house must have felt comfort in pouring out their hearts together.

"Mr. Fisher preached on the text, 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.' After Church we breakfasted; then all the gentlemen at the station met at the magistrate's bungalow, to determine what step to take on the approach of the enemy. It

* The husband of the writer was a Lieutenant of the Bengal Engineers, and Superintendent of part of the Grand Trunk Road.

was agreed, and notices sent round to the effect, that upon the gun firing twice, every one should rush to the Fort, which would be victualled beforehand, in case of anything occurring. There was no evening service, as it was thought dangerous for us to leave our bungalows; but the missionaries staying with us read and prayed with us, and the remainder of the time we sang hymns.

"Sunday evening we got news that the insurgents were all in Delhi; that they had got possession of the fort, and did not intend leaving it. This news relieved everybody. For my own part, I suppose I felt the reaction, for I felt more sad than I had done before. I felt that I had been so living in the unseen world, and that now I was brought back to earth again. However, our repose was not to last long.

"Monday, May 18.—We got news from Shahjehanpore that some bungalows had been burned, and it was thought, perhaps, the regiment there might have mutinied; so it was agreed that four of the gentlemen (including John) should go over armed to a place called Allygurh, to try and raise troops in the district, and, if necessary, to check the progress of the insurgents.

"May 19.—At three o'clock in the morning the party started, and I went into Mrs. L——'s room to console her, for there was no knowing whether our husbands' lives might or might not be spared. Mrs. P—— had asked us to come and stay with them while John and Mr. L—— were away, so we went there.

"May 20.—We heard that it was all pretty quiet at Shahjehanpore, and that staying out might only excite suspicion; so they were relieved from their hot situation (being in a tent) and ordered to return, which they did that evening.

"Thursday, May 21.—Hearing that the insurgents still held Delhi in their hands, and would not be likely to leave it to come to us, John and I returned to our house.

"May 22.—Could not settle to anything; John received very few public letters, and felt disinclined to attend to roads, &c., and I also felt unsettled. In the evening, went into the station to hear if any news had been received. Walked in the Park with Mr. E——, who told us the Agra and Mynpoory dāk was not in. On our way home, called at Mr. P——'s (magistrate); found most of the gentlemen at the station there, and noticed sad news written on their countenances. I went in to the ladies, and John stayed outside with the gentlemen. I had to send and hurry John, as there is a guard of sepoy on the road leading out of the station, to prevent any one coming in at night, and I was afraid we should not be able to get home to our little one. John told me in the buggy that Mr. P—— thought all was up with us, as he had news that the 9th, of Allygurh, of whom every one thought so well, had mutinied, and were marching down upon us. If you look at the map, you will see how near we are to that place. Things look black, and every one thought so, and we were ordered not to stir out of our bungalows that night, unless a gun fired, when we were all to rush to the station. After looking at the map, we began to consider whether escape out of the station would be advisable, as it seemed impossible we could reach the Fort, or the Colonel's, in safety; but we thought we could not be sure of any place, and that it would be worse to be murdered on the roads, and one, perhaps, left solitary. Went into our room, and committed ourselves to the Almighty.

"Saturday, May 23.—Early in the morning we met, as we were desired, at Mr. P——'s. The Colonel returned from haranguing the troops, who still faithfully promised to stand by us. He said nothing further could be done; that if we should hear for certain the enemy was coming on us in Futtehgurh, then something should be done.

"We can now only throw ourselves on Providence, and beseech Him in His mercy to stay the enemy for the glory of His great name; for "wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?" We have nothing to put our trust in but the Lord, and He will not fail us. Our extremity may be His opportunity. We are quite prepared for the worst, and feel that to depart and be with Christ is far better. The flesh a little revolts from cold-blooded assassination, but God can make it bear up. I can easily fancy how David preferred to fall into the hand of God to that of man.

"There are a good many bad men in the city ready at any time to rise, and from them, our lives and property are not safe. After breakfast, we read and prayed as

usual, took a nap, repeated all the comforting texts we could think of, and have since been singing hymns.

"We feel that in the position in which we are placed, with our lives in our hands (though, happy thought! they are in God's hands too), and death pursuing us, this is all we can do, and the only way of keeping our minds quiet. Truly have we found that promise fulfilled to us: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Much comfort have we in religion; without it, especially at such a time as this, we should be miserable. At three o'clock that afternoon, we went over to the missionaries, found that the two from the city had again fled to the others, and agreed to sleep in the same bungalow, that if any thing occurred they might die together, or escape together. They wanted us to stay with them, but we thought the insurgents could not be down upon us so soon from Allyghur. We agreed that if the gun fired, it would be useless attempting to escape to the Colonel's, so we thought of slipping away out of the station in our direction, and going, perhaps, to Chibramow, to the Moonsif there, who knew Mr. M—, and professes to have much interest in John, and asking him to hide us. The missionaries thought of borrowing the native women's chuddahs, or sheets they throw over their heads, and escaping with the native Christians to some zemindar in a near village, who said he would protect them if necessary.

"June 1.—A week has passed since writing the above, and one of great suspense; several bad rumours and reports have been afloat, but we have not given much heed to them, not wishing to have our minds disturbed; every evening we have had tea with the missionaries, and spent the evening in prayer, praise, and reading the Scriptures. I was in hopes before the mail went, to be able to tell you something about the battle at Delhi, on which so much depends; there was a report that it had been retaken, but I believe that it is not true; we are greatly in fear, now, that the insurgents should escape from Delhi before we attack them.

"The Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. C—, has shown much wisdom and energy in these trying times, when every one should do their best to put a stop as quickly as possible to such a rising. We can only hope it is not general, and that troops from England will be sent out to us, and that we shall never again be left to the mercy of native troops. Though every thing seems quiet here, yet we have had the insurgents very close, and Futtehgurh is a large city, should the bad people in it be inclined to rise, setting apart the sepoy; and we have no European regiment here, and the gentry are not, as in other places, making preparations in case of danger, for fear of exciting suspicion and mutiny. But every one seems to think, in case of danger, we should not be safe in the fort, and could not defend it. Each family seem to have planned their own way of escape, in case they have to flee for their lives. Some families have taken boats between them, and intend escaping down the river; but we think the only thing would be to hide ourselves in some native hut, or somewhere until the insurgents have done all the harm they wish in the station, for, although places below us are quiet, yet they are in the same uncertainty and suspense as ourselves, and there is no saying how long they will keep so. The dāk up country is not open, so we do not know how our dear friends are, or how Henry and Charlotte are. We trust the Punjaub is quiet; it was, but there is no saying how the contagion may have spread. For a few days last week we had some delightful rain, and people began to think the rains were beginning very early, but it all passed off, and we are having it very hot, so that, what with the heat and constant fear, we cannot sleep much at night. The rain seems to have been providentially sent to expedite the marching of our troops. Why they have not arrived at Delhi, and commenced and finished their attack, we cannot think, and are sadly afraid the enemy will slip through their fingers; but we cannot get tidings of them yet. How we shall value peace and security, if we can ever feel it again! Some gentlemen say India will never feel secure again; but I trust we may, though, I fear, our lives will for some time be in danger. All the bad people in the country seem ready to rise, and only waiting for an excuse; and many murderers have been let loose amongst us by the opening of the jail. Mr. Power is defending Mynpoory nobly, and John's sergeant there is going about trying to keep down the robbers.

"How little do our dear ones in England know what is befalling us here! but

they have told us they always pray for us; and the same Heavenly Father is watching over us both. The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very *present* help in trouble, so we will not fear, and do not *you* fear, dear ones. You may indeed pity those who have no God to go to, and no hope beyond this world; but we have made the Most High our defence, and know that we shall not be greatly moved. He will not suffer the heathen to prevail, though He may appear to do so; but His kingdom shall come, and, though we may be removed, He can raise up others, and what does death, or rather what does death not, do for God's children? They go to their reconciled Father in Christ Jesus—to a land of purity, happiness, and holiness.

"We have not heard of our cousins, C. W—— and C. R——; the officers in their regiment do not seem to have escaped, but we sincerely trust they have, as they intended going to the Dhoons for last month's shooting, and were not to return till the 29th.

"I suppose every bungalow at Delhi, Meerut, and Etah is burnt down. I am thankful to say we are all well. Dear Mary, as I told you before, has been dangerously ill; but she is, I am thankful to say, quite well now. I am feeling better just now than I generally do in my state. God's hands are indeed underneath us, supporting our bodies, and comforting our souls. I fear I could not do much in the flying way now,—but as my day, so shall my strength be; and I do not fear anything that may come upon us,—so that quietness and assurance under a Father's protection and smiles may ever be given us. We try not to let those around us see that we do not feel safe; we drive out, to give confidence to the people, and I always try to wear a smiling face, though one sees strange faces, and knots of armed men about.

"I hope, my precious family, you will not alarm yourselves about us; we are in God's hands, and feel very happy, *indeed we do*. I leave the newspapers to tell you all particular horrors, but I would always cheer you by my letters. It has not been my habit to write our troubles home—and, may be, you think John and I have had none—for why should we distress you with them? We know we have your love and sympathy; but that, before your letters reach us, we may have deliverance from every fear and trouble,—and we have One on whom we cast all our care, and from whom we receive immediate consolation, and, in His own time, relief. He has delivered us from troubles past, and will also in present and future difficulties; so, dear parents, brothers, and sisters, leave us in God's hands, fearing no evil,—all is well, and all will be well with us; living or dying we are the Lord's—let this be your happy assurance: you will either have your children, your brother, and sister, living on earth to praise God for His deliverance, or dwelling in heaven, to praise Him for all the riches of His grace.

"I often wish our dear Mary was now in England; but God can take care of her too, or He will save her from troubles to come, by removing her to Himself. God bless you, my dear relatives and friends, and may we all meet above!

"I am so thankful I came out to India to be a comfort to my beloved John; and a companion to one who has so given his heart to the Lord.

"And circumstances and positions in which we have been placed, during our sojourn in India, have made the promises of God's Word so sweet, and the consolations of religion so unspeakably great; besides endearing us to one another in a degree and way which a quiet English home might not have done. We shall have been married three years on the 29th of this month. Think of us on that day. With much love from us both,—Believe me, your ever affectionate one,

ROSE C. M——.

Extract from a Letter, dated 21st May, to a Lady at Chanar, who had written to beg Mr. and Mrs. M—— to join her at the Fort, as being a safer place.

"I think and trust you will be safe in such a good fort as Chunar. Thank you for wishing us to fly to it; but duty would oblige my husband to remain where he is, and we only hope he will be useful—for every military man should hold himself ready to serve his country's cause, if called upon; and I would not think of leaving him, as I should be miserable away from him, and would rather die with him than escape, and not know how he is faring."

THE UNSEEN OBJECT LOVED.

An Affectionate Salutation to the Church of Christ upon the opening of the New Year, 1866.

STILL on pilgrimage! journeying in the company of those who are preserved from breaking their ranks (Joel ii. 7); directed by the cloudy pillar by day, and shielded by the pillar of fire by night (Exod. xiii. 20); led through that great and terrible wilderness of fiery serpents, scorpions, and drought; who, finding no water to drink, have drank from the Rock of flint, and fed upon the Manna, encouraged with the hope of expectation that good will attend us at the latter end (Deut. viii. 15, 16). Thus we continue our journeyings unto the place of which the Lord hath said, "I will give it you" (Num. x. 29). We have set us up waymarks from the first anointed pillar in Bethel, until from Pisgah we behold all the way we have been brought, and are now, in the exercise of faith, looking beyond the Jordan, unto that goodly mountain, and Lebanon (Deut. iii. 25); and, in looking to the westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, we discover the never-to-be-erased motto, "Goodness and mercy hath followed us all the days of our life." In the light of this dayspring which hath visited us, we have passed the numbered days of our three score years and ten, the years in which we can truly say, "we have no pleasure in them" (Eccles. xii. 1). We have arrived to the time when the keepers of the house do tremble, and the strong are bowed down; that tiny insect, the grasshopper, is become a burden, the wheel of the cistern will soon cease its motions, and the beautiful image, made in the likeness of, and after the image of its Creator, is fast hastening to the dust from whence it came, but the immortal principle shall return to Him that gave it, carrying its own superscription with it: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," and "vexation of spirit."

Well for thousands if the word FINIS could be here attached; but it is not so; there is an eternity for the wicked as well as for the righteous; hence the former are said to "be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God;" "and these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal (Matt. xxv. 46). It is among the most blessed things for the Church, both collectively and individually, to know that all they have in time and through all eternity is all in and of the Lord Jesus. There is no blessing out of Him; for Jehovah has made it known that "men shall be blessed in Him (Psalm lxxii. 17). And while it hath "pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell" (Col. i. 19), so the Church is taught to see that from that fulness she receives, "and grace for grace," the whole purpose of divine grace being "to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 6).

By the revolutions of time, in the beautiful order of the divine government, we gather from the dying state in which our nature stands, that our life is but a vapour, that appeareth but for a little time, and then leaves a vacancy unfilled. "As a flower of the field it flourisheth, and the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;" and the shades which now increase their length, as the great luminary of the day becomes to us a setting sun, indicate the approach of night.

Having passed the boundary of seventy years, and having been borne as on eagles' wings, and the time once more brought round in which I have been wont to appear before the Church of God in my yearly Saluta-

tion, I could not but with deep-felt humblings of soul contemplate the divine goodness in the preservation of my unworthy life unto the present hour; and with an expression of warm feeling of affectionate desire to salute once more the spiritual Church of God in Christ upon the opening of a new year, in wishing them "grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ," through the anointings of the Holy Ghost; and in rising above all the events of every past year, which are all passed into oblivion, and stand as the cyphers before the flood, I would lie in the dust of self-abasement before my God, acknowledging that "goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," thereby "setting to my seal that God is true"—rising above all the things of time and sense to my high standing and blessed union, and living upon Him who is the same covenant God, "yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Standing as upon an isthmus, and occupying a very different position in writing my present salutation to the Church, and as I do not possess the secrets of heaven, I cannot say but what its unrevealed imprimatur might be, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt not live, but die;" or the more imperative one, "This year shalt thou die." Nature's grave-clothes are already striking their death-like chill through the frail fabric. Well, it must be well, for unerring lips have declared those blessed "who die in the Lord;" and how can they be said to die otherwise, who, whether living or dying, are *the Lord's property*?

Closely bordering upon fifty years since, I entered the ranks of the correspondents of the *Gospel Magazine*, under the signature of "A Strippling," and upwards of thirty as that of "Crispin." My lease must be considered as well nigh run out, and I can but stand like Job's solitary messenger, "I only have escaped alone to tell thee" (Job i. 15); for, in looking around, the fathers I find not, and the prophets are gone for ever (Zech i. 5). As my kind and beneficent *ground landlord* has not issued an ejectionment, who, without a moment's warning, would have been justified in such an act, on the ground of the many dilapidations committed, nor could any impeachments have been brought against him for it; I feel a great desire once more to come forward upon this new and eventful era, to send forth my wonted Salutation to the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, if haply, by the good hand of my God being upon me, I may "bring forth fruit in my old age." And surely, at my advanced age, no better company can I wish for than those who "reap and gather fruit unto eternal life" (John iv. 36). From the first hour of my being brought into the school of Christ I have been daily learning (though not attained thereunto) the heaven-taught truth, "By grace are ye saved;" and with it, that it is not of myself, but "the gift of God." Hence, with it has been traced all other mercies, whether flowing from the upper or the nether springs. The great Apostle, when writing to the Church upon the great subject of atonement, speaks of the "gift of grace" and the "gift by grace:" first, in reference to the person of Christ, as God's free gift to the Church in Him; and, as grace always acts from itself to itself, so likewise all that comes from the Lord Jesus must lead to Him; so that everything from Him must be grace, without the least supposition that there can be one predisposing act of the creature—for if there were, it would altogether alter the nature of grace, and destroy its property: "And if by grace then it is no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace: otherwise work is no more work" (Rom. xi. 6). There is not a single instance

in which the whole Church of Christ does not receive from Him all she has, in providence, grace, and glory. There is not another source that can supply it, the whole tenor of the covenant union between them being to show Jehovah has declared, "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise" (Isaiah xliii. 21). And in the formation or bringing into being with this people must not be overlooked the no less act as regards the opening of the case, or the body prepared to qualify Him as Jehovah's servant in the work of salvation, and that by bringing his only-begotten forth from all time in the womb of purpose, He might, in the fulness of time, be manifested as the Son of God, set forth as a propitiation for sin, in or through faith in His blood. Can there be anything more expressive of the great fact that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us? And when all of creature sacrifice and offering failed in bringing back the lost inheritance, He says, in a voluntary way, "Lo, I come, in the volume of the book"—even that book in which those secrets were written which none were found worthy to open but the Lion of the tribe of Judah; and, in opening, Thou couldst proclaim from henceforth the whole of that law which was in Thy heart, "for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood" (Rev. v. 2—9). The mandate of heaven went forth, that "all the angels of God should worship Him." But the Church stands upon higher and nobler grounds, even as those loved with the same love by the Father as Himself, given as the highest and best of gifts He could bestow: "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me. And all mine are Thine, and Thine are mine; and I am glorified in them." And "men shall be blessed in Him;" and all nations shall call Him blessed." Thus in the mere contemplation of the great Head of the Church there is something sublime and blessed—in what He is in Himself—in the intrinsic value that He hath as "God over all, blessed for evermore;" so that it is not what the Church is to Him, or what He is to the Church, that can add any dignity or glory to Him as the Son of God, that He must and would have been had He never shown any love unto us, or married our nature, or done or suffered what His love prompted Him unto. As the Son of God, independent of all the grace and love He hath manifested to His people, the undivided essence of Jehovah, in His threefold character of Persons, in themselves, of themselves, and to themselves, all things must remain, and all glory must be given, for ever. Amen.

But when our raptured hearts have opened before us, through the medium of our nature, the personal glory of the Son of God, and hear the Father declare that "His glory is great in His salvation, that honour and majesty are laid upon Him," the kindled fire upon the altar of our hearts bursts forth, and we join with the whole redeemed Church and say, "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: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls" (1 Peter i. 8, 9). Having no desire after these many years to change the subject matter of our yearly salutation unto you, we do, in our calling upon you to "rejoice in the Lord," adopt the Apostle's language and say, "To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe" (Phil. iii. 1). We have not advanced so far into the nineteenth century as not to know that "dogs," evil workers, and those of the "conscion" do exist, and that the days of darkness, as regards the light of the Gospel, are come upon us; and everlastingly it must be so, for the unerring Word

assures us that "without are dogs." And while we are taught to know "there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved," but by the name of Jesus Christ, we do well not to lose sight of Him, either in His work or Person; and the more so inasmuch as error aboundeth in our day, and men have arisen who seek to sap the foundations of our holy faith, and rob us of those soul-supporting and God-glorifying truths,—the sovereignty of God in the election of the Church to eternal life in Christ, the sole work and labour of the Son of God in our "redemption through His blood," "by which we obtain forgiveness of our sins, according to the riches of His grace;" and our being finally held on through the whole time-state by the renewing grace and influence of God the Holy Ghost. Nothing can be more apparent than that the Lord's own and best remedy against these innovators upon our landmarks is the person of Jehovah's own Christ; and that, though those to whom the Apostle immediately wrote had never seen Christ in the flesh, yet they loved and believed in Him, so we, in the same way, in the exercise of a living faith, receive the end of it, "the salvation of our souls." As such we have taken the Apostle's words as the medium of our Salutation and congratulations in entering upon all the unseen events that shall fill in the new and eventful year 1866. All, as it is now, is unseen, but it does not inform us that it will be either loving or lovely; yea, like the many that are gone before it, the bitter cup will be presented, and the Marah waters will taint the whole stream. But here we have One of whom we can constantly say, "Whom having not seen, ye love;" and we no longer linger upon the Gospel threshold, but look for the good hand of our God being upon us. We would speak of "that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life" (1 John i. 1), taking a cursory look only upon the characters here addressed, and the glorious Person brought before us, hoping throughout the year it may be our song of praise in the house of our pilgrimage, "Whom having not seen we love."

Nothing can be more clear and evident than that Peter had never seen in the flesh those to whom he was writing. They were called strangers, scattered throughout those provinces where the word of God had run, and had free course—that is, God's Israel gathered as the scattered ones throughout the whole earth, who had been given to the Lord Jesus from everlasting by the Father, for the great purpose of redemption from all her time-state of sin and transgression, being brought nigh through the Spirit, by the blood of Christ; which the apostle Paul informed the Church of Thessalonica was a thing well understood by them: "Knowing (says he), brethren beloved, your election of God (1 Thess. i. 4); which was evident by the Gospel coming not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." Thus their character and persons are spoken of as "elect, according to the foreknowledge of God the Father;" an act which can only pertain to Jehovah, as the prerogative of Him who knoweth all things from the beginning; and thus the whole Scripture ascribes this personal act of the Father, of the choice of the Church in the person of Christ, "according as He hath chosen the Church in Him before the foundation of the world" (Eph. i. 4). And next to this they are reminded of the personal act of God the Holy Ghost in their vocation and calling from darkness unto light, "through sanctification of the Spirit;" which includes all His work, from the first moment

of their being made willing in the day of Christ's power, until He, the Spirit, which raised Jesus from the dead, shall also quicken their mortal bodies. And further, they are made to share and participate in the obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus. What an epitome of our most holy faith is here shown of the one interest the Three Persons of the Godhead have taken in the salvation of the Church; from whence arises the whole of the blessedness of the Apostle's benediction, "Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied."

The limits of our Salutation forbid our even glancing at the many precious things contained in the verses that follow unto the words we have chosen to form the substance of our new year's exercise; yet we cannot overlook the twofold blessedness of these strangers—and with them all the strangers that the Lord commands Isaiah (xvi. 4) to shelter; they have not only an inheritance, but it is a reserved one that is on purpose for them, which cannot be mortgaged or in any way alienated: "Reserved in heaven for you." And, to make all sure, they are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. And, like the laws and customs of the east, an inheritance once and for ever. Christ's children can never lose theirs: "Reserved in Christ Jesus." Neither is this all, for we do not have to wait for a distant period before we have the possession; for the faith of which they are the subjects is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Their Father never dies to give them possession, but lives to give them a rightful enjoyment; and this they have by present inheritance here by grace through faith, and hereafter in glory.

Those to whom the Apostle wrote had never seen Christ in the flesh; but Peter well understood the character of the Church, as described in Solomon's Song vi. 9, and, feeling a oneness of heart drawing him unto them, directs his epistle, with his benediction, unto them as the strangers who were scattered abroad. But they loved, believed, and rejoiced in Him as their "hope of glory," and did now, in the exercise of faith, which they had as the gift of God, "receive the end of their faith, the salvation of their souls." And this led the Apostle to declare they had not "followed cunningly-devised fables, when they made known the power and coming of the Lord Jesus, but were eye witnesses of His majesty, as they were enabled to live on and enjoy Christ, in the fulness of His person, blood, and righteousness, "made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," that all the glory may be the Lord's.

Now, we see all things of a spiritual nature "through a glass darkly," so that we only know in part those things which constitute the source of all promised us of the life that now is, and of the world that is to come. Yet, amidst the density of this world's atmosphere, with the dead weight of the body of sin and death, God the Spirit is so gracious in carrying on His own work in the hearts of His people, that, against hope, we believe in hope; and, though not having seen Him, "we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory;" going forth as the Lord's pensioners, "receiving the end of our faith," for it is given us to believe the record God has given of His Son. Beloved, worlds we shall change, but our company we never shall, for our unseen One is the same yesterday, today, and for ever; and "He rests in His love." "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loveth them unto the end"—an end of sorrow, suffering, and *sin*; but no end to that love or salvation that His

Israel are the subjects of, for "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation."

Beloved, we have once more essayed to meet you in our wonted channel, the good old *Gospel Magazine*. It is now fifty years since we took our stand with those worthies, and from the increase of years, with its accompaniments, we are almost prompted to say, farewell; having an anticipation that ere long we shall lay aside in time's winding-sheet all it hath accumulated, and enter upon the full vision of Him "whom having not seen we love." Yet "though we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls."

Brethren, beloved, farewell.

A STRIPLING.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave;

OR, WHISPERS FROM THE DYING PILLOWS OF GOD'S SERVANTS.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—Psalm xxxvii, 37.

THE DYING AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

WE witnessed an exceedingly touching scene a few weeks since. A dear friend informed us that a ship had arrived from Africa, having on board two missionaries, one of whom was brought on shore in fever, and on the third day after his arrival died. The house where his remains lay was in the precincts of our own parish. We, therefore, took the earliest opportunity of visiting his bereaved widow. We found her to be a woman of colour, and a most intelligent, interesting person. Beside her sat a youth of fifteen, her son (also black) by a former husband. From the widow we gleaned the following particulars: Her husband was a native of Guildford, in Surrey, the son of Friends, who, while he was yet very young, emigrated to Pennsylvania. There, when grown to years of maturity, he became extremely anxious to go to Africa upon missionary-work. Under the auspices of the American Congregationalists, he was at length sent as a teacher, and there married a young woman of kindred spirit, also a teacher. After a short time, however, she (as multitudes do) fell a victim to the climate. Subsequently he married her who was now left to mourn after him, she being either the daughter or granddaughter (we forget which) of a Presbyterian minister also of Pennsylvania. This marriage led to their removal to another part of the country, where, after having laboured for some time as a teacher, he was ordained by Bishop Payne as an Episcopalian missionary. In his new capacity he laboured most arduously. He would sometimes (according to the testimony of his widow) leave his house before day-dawn, and not return until after night-fall. In the interval he would walk as many as thirty miles, and preach on his way, in the different little towns as he passed through them. Whilst thus engaged, he would at times be exposed to great insult, and even danger. He has been robbed of his clothes, and left all but naked. Still (as we heard from the mate of the ship in which he returned to England) he testified of his joy in the Lord, and of his delight in His service. "If I," said his widow, "at any time said to him, 'Surely the Lord does not require this at our hand, that we should run such risk of our lives, and subject ourselves to so much privation,' he would always answer me," said she, "with a portion of Scripture."

Both himself and his wife having been repeatedly smitten with sickness (and three years, according to the testimony of his brother Missionary, being quite as long as most can bear the climate), it was at length resolved that they should seek a little change for a season. Consequently, as there was no ship bound for America direct, they took their passage on board a ship chartered for Bristol. Quotations from his journal made on his voyage will be annexed. After embarking, of the two missionaries he seemed to be the stronger; but two Sundays before his arrival, he having preached on the deck of the ship from Joshua xxiv. 15, took a chill, and, returning to his cabin, never left it until brought on shore, where, as already stated, he died on the third day after his arrival. Not only from his widow, but likewise from the second mate of the ship, we heard of the deep solemnity with which he addressed the seamen on this, the last occasion of his preaching. During sickness (the sailors said) he exhibited so much patience, always regretting the trouble he was giving them. "The Captain," said the widow, "was so kind as to crowd all sail upon the ship, lest they should not reach the port before he died." And never shall we forget the gratitude with which she spoke of the Lord's goodness in permitting them to reach land, and for him to die in his own country. She asked us to praise the Lord with her for His goodness towards her. In fact, her whole case was a beautiful and a blessed display of divine all-sufficiency. Not the shadow of a murmur escaped her lips, although thus suddenly bereaved, and left a stranger in a strange land.

It was only on the morning on which we were called to visit this bereaved one, that sundry letters had been submitted to us for perusal, written by an officer on foreign service, and in one of which he stated he had been compelled to resign his commission of £5,000 a-year, because he could not endure the intense desolation attendant upon the removal by death of his wife. Whereas, on the contrary, here was a poor creature, with scarcely the means to reach her destination, bowing submissively, and without the semblance of repining, to the holy mind and will of God. Oh, what cannot the grace of our God do? How wondrous is His love, how all-sufficient that strength which He makes perfect in weakness. It was most refreshing to behold this precious proof of His tenderness and all-sufficiency. Taking us to the coffin-side of her departed husband, she said, "There lies the casket;" but, pointing upwards, she added, "the jewel is on high."

This servant of God had been in the habit of saying, "There's a light in heaven for us," in allusion to his departed one, who, it seems, had been a most spiritually-minded person. In the course of the afternoon on which he died, he said to his dear wife, "There's a light in heaven for me." She did not, however, apprehend immediate danger, for he was so exceedingly cheerful, and had a little before expressed himself better. Shortly after, the doctor called, and, whilst he was in the act of turning over that his chest might be sounded, in one moment he passed away; thus beautifully illustrating that precious passage, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The remark upon "the light in the window," was founded upon a little incident. A boy had lost his way on the moor, on the edge of which his widowed mother's cottage stood. He not returning home till after night-fall, induced his mother to place a candle in the window as a guide. This served to guide him home. After a time, the lad went to sea; and,

during his absence, the mother died: but, before she departed, she left a message for her absent son—"Tell him there's a light in heaven for him"—meaning, let him follow me home thither. The annexed lines were founded upon this leading incident:—

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

There's a light in the window for thee, brother,
There's a light in the window for thee.

Chorus.

A mansion in Heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee;
A mansion in Heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free;
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.

Oh! watch and be faithful and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.

The dear deceased missionary was very fond of the foregoing, as well as of the following, which we likewise copy from the little hymn-book he was in the habit of using, and from which he gave out the hymns the last time he conducted the service on shipboard:—

SHINING SHORE.

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

Chorus.

"For now we stand
On Jordan's strand,
And just before the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

"Our absent King the watchword
gave—
Let every lamp be burning;
We look afar across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.

"Let storms of woe in whirlwinds
rise,
Each cord on earth to sever;
There, bright and joyous, in the skies,
There is our home for ever."

We witnessed the laying of the precious remains of the departed one in his last resting-place. He lies hard by the hallowed spot where our own loved child reposes till the resurrection of the just. On the following Sabbath the brother missionary of the deceased took part in the services of the day. He addressed the Sunday-scholars in the afternoon and read prayers in the evening, whilst we sought to improve the removal of his fellow-labourer, from Heb. vi.

Through the kindness of several dear friends, we were enabled, after the service and before her departure to her own native land, to place in the hands of the bereaved widow the sum of twenty-one pounds. Her gratitude at this a timely and unexpected gift was extreme. She, with her now fatherless boy, left for Pennsylvania *via* London, whilst the surviving missionary took his passage by way of Liverpool.

Our next will contain extracts from the journal of the deceased.

ALL the kings and potentates in the world—nay, all the angels in heaven—cannot subdue the heart of a poor sinner: and this is the glory of Christ that He can do this.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

SUBSTANCE OF TWO SERMONS,

PREACHED AT GEELONG, BY THE REV. JOHN TURNER.

BELOVED, on Lord's Day last I preached from Canticles ii. 14, "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." If the Lord will, I will endeavour to give you the substance of the discourse—Christ communing with His Church, His spouse.

I. *The address.*—"O my dove!" This language is to all those instructed in the sacred mystery of union to Christ, most precious; He expresses the true sentiments of His loving heart towards His redeemed. He uses a term that has real meaning, not something arising from the impulse of the moment, not like the poor weak creature man, who praises and extols one time and at another time censures and degrades. No: our Beloved loves at all times alike, He knows no shadow of turning, for "having loved His own that were in the world; He loves them to the end." Yes, He rests in His love, is in one mind, and none can turn Him. He has carefully considered the names suitable and appropriate, the names and titles expressive of real worth, indicative of the true character, sentiments, and feelings of His dear spouse. But the inexperienced or unestablished of the Lord's family think such a title or address as "O my dove!" an anomaly or contradiction to what they see and feel in themselves: their conviction is very often that, instead of having the likeness of the dove, they are more like the wicked one, in heart, in lip, and in life depraved. They have begun to discern that in them, that is in their flesh, dwelleth no good thing; and they write bitter things against themselves on account of what they experience of the flesh. They do not yet see that they are really *two*, flesh and spirit; that the former does nothing but sin, while the latter does nothing but that which is good and acceptable in the sight of God; that the one is corrupt, while the other is never tainted by sin in any way, for that which is born of God sinneth not; He cannot sin, because His seed, that is Christ, remaineth in Him. These things are not generally known all at once. No, there is a time for all things, and the Lord has appointed the time that we shall remain in bonds, and the time and moment of our deliverance. Nevertheless the precious characteristics of the spouse of Christ is the dove, in its manner and appearance. Saith the Spirit, "Though ye have been among the pots (a poor *menial*, a *scullion* in the lowest place), yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold" (Psalms lxxviii. 18). Here is evidently the low place occupied before the higher standing is reached; and so it is still, "before honour is humility." All the established children know this great truth. It is very blessed to have these things set before us in our younger days or early stages, for though we do not reach the high place of confidence and rejoicing in the Lord one moment earlier than He has appointed, still we have the prospect of reaching the enjoyment in due time; and this is made useful to us in giving us encouragement. It is really the fulfilment of the promise, "I will help thee."

The dove was, according to the law of Moses, pure. The first mention

we have of this meek creature, the dove, in Scripture is in Gen. viii. Noah sent out a dove after he had sent out a raven; and the second, the dove came back with "an olive leaf plucked off." So Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth."

Now look at the blessed simile—the typical representation of that glorious One who brought us the glad tidings of mercy and grace, who came to bear witness to us of the everlasting decline of Jehovah's wrath, of that tempestuous flood which would have swallowed us up entirely, and swept us into eternal perdition. Yes, the antitypical dove hath brought us the welcome intelligence of sins forgiven, of wrath assuaged, of peace established, and heaven made sure, of the impossibility of a return of the wrath and curse, and of the non-remembrance of even one of our sins. Just notice the blessed figure in Gen. ix. 16: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." In the view that John had of the Lamb, as recorded in Revelations, you remember he saw a rainbow round about the throne. Glorious sight! and token of the faithful covenant of our God, showing the storm over, and gone, and that for ever. Notice the revelation made to John the Baptist (John i. 22, 23), "And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him. And I knew Him not: but He that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on Him, the same is he which baptiseth with the Holy Ghost." The Holy Spirit, like a dove, descended after our Lord's baptism.

It might be said, Are you not wandering from your subject; as where is the analogy with the text? I answer to these questions, that my delight is to trace Christ, to make Him the Alpha and Omega of all my discourses, for we must first know Him, before we can form any correct idea of His Bride; we must first know Him, and then we have the wonderful capability of the Bridegroom made known. The dove was a fit emblem of our dear Lord's nature and disposition—meek, lowly, free from guile, without sin, holy and harmless. We cannot understand the true believer till we have learnt of Christ, till we have been instructed in the mystery of His dear character, and then we recognize Christ in us. Then how fully appropriate does the character appear. "My dove!" Yes, the spiritual are endowed with the meekness and harmlessness of the dove, for He who is their life is in them the hope of glory. They are formed by Himself, are part of Him, His Spirit dwells in them; and hence the consistence of the address, "O my dove"—as the new born, as a new creature in Christ, as one in joint union with Him, having the mind of Christ. Now, when we have received from Him the precious testimony concerning Himself and His, we recognize all the blessed qualifications in us by His own bestowment under the rich and holy anointing of His Spirit. Being made meek, submissive, patient, and being brought to surrender to Him without any reserve, we know that He hath given us His Spirit, and that we are His. Well, when we arrive here we are not confused with the little Jesus has given His bride. No; we see this appropriateness, we see *Him* in them all. Yes, the appellation "dove" is expressive of qualifications not natural; indeed the poor old nature, with all its self-importance, is entirely excluded

and thrown aside. Yes, a blessed exclusion it is to be taken up with Him who is our Beloved, the chief of ten thousand, and altogether lovely. Precious foretaste of glory, and soul-ravishing sight, in this remarkable address, "O my dove." The Beloved expresses His regard for His spouse so unmistakably clear, that she perfectly understands Him as bearing testimony of what He is to her, and of what she is to Him and in Him. Yea, she feels the affections of His heart flowing into hers, and flowing back again into His, and understands the precious declaration, "And I am glorified in them."

II. The positions occupied by the character addressed, *in the clefts of the rock*. This is a place of safety and secrecy no doubt; for historians tell us that the dove in certain parts builds in the clefts of the rock, high up from the reach and sight of the adversary. The rock Christ was known in all ages, was set up from everlasting as the dwelling place of her whom He addresses as His dove in the clefts of the rock. Yes, chosen in Him before the foundation of the world, and secured in Him. Hence the wonderful expression, "Your life is hid with Christ in God." Is not this a high place? Then look at the position as one of eternal safety. Adam was foiled and fell; human nature was not a match for Satan: but it was humanity that fell. Our father Adam was not a spiritual man, but a natural man; all his posterity fell with him as natural creatures, as associated with Adam the first: but the dove was hidden, concealed, secured in the clefts of the rock, Christ. Adam's fall did not interfere with the dove; no, she was safely guarded when nothing could affect her: hence the eternal safety and security of God's elect. And as the poet sweetly sings—

"Not Adam's fall the least could mar
Love's project laid so deep!"

Blessed be His dear name, He calls our attention to the vast provision He has made for us, to the place of security provided for us; and the ancient saints were well acquainted with the place of security. "I will love Thee, O Jehovah, my strength. The Lord is my rock, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, a rock in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower. Who is a rock save our God that guideth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect" (Psalm xviii). The Rock of Ages is one of the precious names of our Lord Jesus Christ. How appropriate! How full of meaning! The Church stood in Christ as a people prepared for the Lord, and ever will stand there complete; though in their nature received from Adam the first, they fell into ruin. But there had been every provision made to meet that dreadful case, the place of safety where they, the election of grace, this dove, had eternally been secured, was made openly manifest in due time, and appeared in the likeness of sinful flesh, to put away sin by His own act of suffering, and by His own sacrifice. He was pierced—His dove was hidden in Him; He was wounded and smitten—His dove was in the clefts in the rock, and preserved from harm, from wrath, and from fiery indignation; for she was in Him in all that He did and suffered. And does He not recognize her in those clefts, when He said in ancient prophecy, "They pierced my hands and my feet." Ah, beloved, we are all seen here as well as in the piercing of His precious side, from which there flowed both blood and water. How blessed to know that He recognizes us in these places, in these acts, and says, "I

have redeemed thee, thou art mine." Being favoured with the Holy Spirit's testimony concerning the work of redemption, we are able to say,

"Far, far from the reach of the flood,
On Jesus I lean for repose;
My life is secured through His blood,
Who will not forsake to my foes."

Here in the enjoyment of Christ is peace and delight, and nowhere else. Here is safety and every blessing, temporal and spiritual; not a single need overlooked, or one requirement lost sight of. No, no; all our needs supplied according to the promise, every day's strength is equal to the trial. This expression, "O my dove, thou art in the clefts of the rock," is equal to the declaration, "I in them, and they in me." These favoured ones, who dwell in the rock, may well be joyful; for, saith the Spirit, "The inhabitants of the rock shall sing, they shall shout from the tops of the mountains." And again, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation" (Psalm xcv. 1). Beloved, you remember the expression of Moses, the man of God: "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory. And He said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee; and I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and I will show mercy to whom I will show mercy. And He said, Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me and live. And the Lord said, Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock: and it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in the cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand: and thou shalt see my back parts, but my face shall not be seen" (Exod. xxxiii. 18—23). What a full and satisfactory manifestation of salvation did Moses experience! How full of prophetic meaning! The hand of mercy covering the place of concealment appointed; the announcement made of divine sovereignty; the glory exhibited; and when He had passed by, the removal of the covering hand. Ah, beloved, here are some precious things for us who are led into the glories of our beloved Jesus, as well as for Moses. When the Most High passed by and made inquisition for sin, we were covered and protected by the hand of mercy. "When He maketh inquisition for blood, He remembereth them" (Psalm ix. 12). While He poured forth divine indignation, He covered us; yes, He put us in a place by Himself of His own selecting in the rock, in a cleft; and when He had passed by He caused us to view Him in such a way as should glorify Him, and enrich and delight us. The place is clearly defined where the dove is, and ever has been. He, Christ, is the rock; "His work is perfect, for all His ways are judgment; a God of truth, without iniquity: just and right is He." Yes, these are the true sentiments of the character addressed. She justifies the Lord in all the ways He leads her, in all His eternal purposes of election and rejection; and looks and approves of all that He has ordained, however inconvenient to the poor blind flesh. Here we appear still in the clefts of the rock, preserved from evil, and supplied with grace to glorify Him.

Let us trace out the position of this favoured one still further in the secret place of the stairs, or place of ascent or communion and communication. Blessed testimony from Himself that we are in Him the way, the truth, and the life. A place most sacred and secret, through whom we have access beyond the possibility of interference or distraction; for

through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father, "in whom we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of Him" (Eph. iii. 12). His own recognition of us cheers our hearts and inspires us with fresh courage. His object is to set before us constantly Himself; yes, in all His blessed characters and endeared ties. And what is there equal to Christ? What can charm and delight us but Christ? What name but that of Christ is to us above every name? This is the secret place; the dear Surety; His person complex with His right as God; as one in Deity, as the head of His body also, and in union with us, and we are found in His mediatorial and sacrificial worth and blessedness, and in the savour of His precious sacrifice, and in the encircling of everlasting love, and in the covering of precious blood and its cleansing efficacy; and in those secret places He acknowledges us as having rightful possession of such an unspeakably blessed position; a place so secret that no one but the dove can find it, and no adversary can ever spy out the place of retreat, of resort, of communion. No, this is a secret place indeed; well may we confide in Him who alone hears our cry, and converses with us in a way and in a place where none beside Himself knows what passes between us and Him. We unite with the poet when we thus realize Christ:

" In these sacred cliffs residing,
Peace, my soul, for all is sure;
Rock, high tower, defence, and covering,
Blest with thee, I want no more."

How mysterious are all the manifestations by the Holy Spirit of our beloved Jesus. The promises to our forerunner was made in reference to and for us also. "He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure" (Isaiah xxxiii. 16). We experience the fulfilment of these promises, who occupy the position named in our text. There are many of the living who occupy the position, but the Holy Spirit has not yet revealed the secret to them; they groan, they sigh, and cry for the consolation of Christ, but cannot realize their position at the throne of grace in His worth and in His adorning, who wrought for salvation for them. These, too, in the Lord's time receive the consolation; these will hear His own voice addressing them, "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs." And in communion, yes, while in the act of communing, will He bear precious testimony and own His beloved spouse, so that thou, seeking soul, shalt say, "Ere I was aware he made me like the chariots of Aminadab, filled my cup with His own love and personal worth till it ran over, for He hath declared that the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. And He says, He will show them his covenant. Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

This secret place is the strong habitation whence the Psalmist desired to resort, and where all the blood-bought resort. This name of the Lord the strong tower, where the righteous runneth into and are safe, whose feet are made like hinds' feet, and are all set upon their high tower in the secret places of the stairs, the only way to God, the only medium of access, the place where He hath said He will commune with His redeemed, typified by the literal mercy-seat; "and thou shalt put the mercy-seat above, upon the ark, and in the ark thou shalt put the testimony that I shall give thee, and there will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat, from between the

two cherubims, which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel" (Exod. xxv. 21, 22). The mystical ark, mercy-seat, and all that pertains thereto, are seen in Him, who is the Great High Priest, who is the secret place of ascent by which all pass who are taught of the Holy Spirit—being the chosen of God and the election of grace, the prescribed in Christ Jesus, and called with a holy calling. These, according to the promise, being taught of the Lord, experience great peace and assurance, which abide for ever. Be sure, beloved, that these high attainments are not reached by observation or speculation. No, no; the way is through much tribulation that we thus enter into the kingdom of heaven while here on earth; through much conflict with the flesh and the adversary of souls; amidst much opposition of the flesh against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these two are contrary the one to the other, so that we cannot do the things we would. Nevertheless, we are—some of us—privileged to rejoice in the Lord amidst all the trials and temptations of the way, knowing that we dwell in His dear heart's affection who poured out His soul unto death for us. And it is owing to our position in the secret places of the stairs that we have obtained satisfaction, confidence, and enjoyment; it is from this secret place that we obtained our information respecting our union to the Lamb, the gifts of the Father, and the eternal inheritance to which we are heirs by virtue of union to Jesus. It is this where the dear Head divulges the Father's mind, secrets, and thoughts of eternal love and mercy towards us; where the overwhelming beams of glory overshadow the soul; where the annihilation of sin is made perfectly clear; where the superaboundings of grace are realized; where the harmony of all divine perfections are seen and the love of the all-glorious Three-one Jehovah is realized. These and thousands more unspeakably blessed realities are experienced in the secret place of the stairs, by the dove, the spouse of Christ.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH HOME MISSION.

BETWEEN Sundays, Dec. 3 and 10, we went out, for the third year, on the above Mission; and we are bound to say that, notwithstanding the most unpropitious weather, it was, without exception, the happiest ministerial week we ever remember to have passed. Nothing could exceed the hearty reception and kind hospitality of friend after friend. Strangers before, a oneness of heart was felt that was mutually refreshing. Although, as before stated, the weather throughout the week, with only one exception, was most unfavourable—damp and cold, and sometimes rain—the congregations were exceedingly good; some of the worshippers coming from remote distances, and listening with the most unwearied attention to the simple truths of the Gospel.

Some six-and-thirty districts are assigned to this Mission, mostly in rural localities, or in connexion with or contiguous to small provincial towns. These are visited every fortnight during the four winter months by evangelical clergymen, who, leaving home on the Monday, commence their week's preaching on the same evening. Mostly the service is confined to the litany, two hymns, and the sermon. On the following

morning, in accordance with a pre-arranged route, the missionary is sent on to the next station by the clergyman or local friend at whose house he had tarried during the previous night. Thus a new sphere of labour is entered upon, and fresh friendships personally formed, which are of the most profitable and agreeable character. In this manner, day after day, and evening after evening, the whole week is passed; the missionary not returning to his own sphere of labour until the Saturday.

The Church Home Mission is, we consider, one of the happiest arrangements of these latter times. It is made a special means, in the hands of God, of verifying His word: "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." Instead of cold formalities, or a suspicious hearing of the testimony, as far as our experience has gone, there is a hearty welcome in the name of the Lord upon the part of those who receive and entertain the missionary, and an attention upon the part of the congregation that reminds one of the language of Cornelius, "Now, therefore, are we all here before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

Personally, we cannot but wish this Mission God-speed. In our visits we have been repeatedly assured by the clergymen and their wives of the truly profitable and refreshing character of the Mission. It has been the means of strengthening the hands of the parochial minister, and reviving the work of the Lord in the hearts of the people. We have been told, moreover, of those who had been drawn to the house of the Lord simply from curiosity, and who, when there, have exhibited an interest and attention in striking contrast to their previous course. Upon the ground of Jehovah's covenant promise, that "His word shall not return to Him void, but that it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and that it shall prosper in the thing whereto He has sent it," we doubt not that "signs and wonders will be done in the name of the holy child Jesus." In reference to these extra-parochial labours of the Lord's sent servants, we would adopt the language of the blessed Watts, and say—

"Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford."

A THOUGHT FOR A NEW YEAR.

I STEP over the threshold of a new year, and, as a creature, weak and sinful. I tremble in prospect of the trial and affliction and loss and cross inseparable from this mortal state; but again I am comforted. I am in a Father's hands: "He knoweth my frame, and remembereth I am dust." Moreover, He has pledged Himself He will never leave me, nor forsake me. He has covenanted that "my shoes shall be iron and brass; and that as my days, so shall my strength be." Yea, He has said, that He "will give grace and glory, and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." Thence, therefore, in a simple looking to and leaning upon Him, I venture to step over the threshold of another year, with all its unseen and momentous realities.

THE salvation of man is as much the gift of God, and the work of Christ, as his very life and being.

ANNUAL ADDRESS, BY THE REV. S. A. WALKER,

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I CAN scarcely tell why, but I feel, while entering on the year 1866, that I am treading on holy ground. It may be that I have been reading and hearing much of prophetic interpretation in connection with this year and the following; it may be that God has laid it upon my heart to give a tone of deeper solemnity to the address of this year than any of my previous New Year's addresses; but whatever be the source of my present impressions, it must be admitted that there is abundant ground for contemplating the year on which we have entered with feelings of more than ordinary interest and inquiry.

In the first place.—I believe it can be shown that about two hundred interpreters of the prophetic Scriptures of all times and countries have agreed in assigning to the year on which we have entered, or the following, a special importance in the eyes of the Omniscient, as the period designed in His unsearchable counsels for the occurrence of great events. This they have done from a calculation of certain periods of time specially named in the Book of the prophet Daniel, and the Revelation of St. John; and these periods, it has been found, agree in a remarkable manner with each other, and according to the interpretation most commonly employed, they as remarkably terminate about the year on which we are now entering. It cannot be denied that calculations based upon prophetic chronology have in many instances proved erroneous; and there are not wanting Scripture warnings against the attempt to define "the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power" (Acts i. 7). Nevertheless we have a prophet's authority for studying Scripture dates, and for the advantages of it. Daniel writes: "In the first year of his reign (that of Darius) I, Daniel, understood by books the number of the years whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet that He would accomplish seventy years in the desolations of Jerusalem. And I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes" (Dan. ix. 2, 3). Daniel shared the captivity of his people in Babylon, and learned with joy, from the same oracles, that the season of release was at hand. He therefore betook himself to prayer and humiliation before his God, as a fitting preparation for the great event which he was taught to expect as near at hand; and, if any calculations we can make in reference to our release from "the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God," leads to the same result, no Spirit-taught mind will object to our inquiries.

At the same time it must be borne in mind that there is a great difference of opinion as to the manner in which such calculations are to be conducted—whether the numbers given in Scripture are to be read with literal strictness, or according to some prophetic rule which certain interpreters think they have discovered. And this should make us cautious in deciding on any special dates for events yet future, lest we commit the mistake, which has often already been committed, of uttering predictions which the arrival of the time stated proved to be untrue. It is better to speak with caution on the subject of dates—allowing them sufficient interest in our minds to awaken expectation, and to promote watchfulness, but not attempting to render that plain which the Holy Spirit has advisedly left mysterious. I think it right to say this to you, my dear friends, at this critical juncture of the world's history, because I feel sure

that many attempts will be made in the course of this and the succeeding year to get up an excitement on the subject of the things that are coming on the earth, by lectures, pamphlets, and more imposing volumes; the production of earnest and sanguine minds, which, with the best intentions, will seek to create alarm by representations which will owe more to imagination than any peculiar light vouchsafed to them on the subject of prophetic interpretation.

I should, however, be sorry to discourage any from the study of the prophecies. "The sure word of prophecy" is given to the people of God to be studied. We do well to "take heed to it as unto a light that shineth in a dark place until the day dawn, and the day star arise in our hearts" (2 Pet. i. 19). Only we must see to it that we are really looking for the light, and not for the indulgence of a carnal curiosity concerning the future. The latter is easily mistaken for the former. I believe that the most satisfactory criterion of our prophetic inquiries is, the interest which we take in the coming and kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy;" and, if our hearts are full of love to Him, we cannot refrain from "seeking Him whom our soul loveth," wherever He may be found. I am satisfied that His return to earth in glory is the centre point of all Scripture predictions; and I am equally certain that the habit of contemplating Him in His future glory is what the Divine Spirit seeks to create in the souls of all God's children; when He invites their attention to the prophetic portions of the written word. There are events attending and following His coming referred to there in language designedly mysterious and obscure. These relate for the most part to the provision made for the redeemed, and to the future condition of this earth; and they seem intended to awaken and sustain an interest in these things, and in Him with whose coming they are connected, but not to constitute any revelation of future things sufficient to give information on subjects which the human mind, in its present condition, is capable of grasping.

We have seen that Daniel, when "he understood by books the number of the years," betook himself to prayer and humiliation before God. Surely, my dear friends, it becomes us to follow his example, as we seem to approach prophetic times, and find that God has laid upon the hearts of so many of His people the idea that some great consummation is at hand. If ever there was a time when the Church of God should be found in an attitude of humiliation and prayer, it is now, when the day of her redemption would appear to draw nigh, and the symptoms of a Laodicean state of lukewarmness are not a few, and are increasing. Let us first endeavour to set before you a few of the calls to humiliation which press for attention at this time.

I. FULNESS OF BREAD.—A rich supply of all the means of spiritual enjoyment and edification, without a corresponding sense of the bounty of the Giver, or the value of the gifts, but rather a growing sense of indifference to both. In days of spiritual dearth, which this country has witnessed, God's word was a priceless treasure, and the ordinances of public worship were yearned after and enjoyed with a zest which none but the hungry know. The frown of the tyrant, and the threat of the persecutor, were boldly set at naught in a craving after the heavenly bread and the living water which the inspired volume supplies; and no distance or danger was sufficient to deter the faithful followers of Jesus from attendance at the assemblies of the saints when the word was to be expounded,

united prayer to be made, or the emblems of the Redeemer's dying love were to be enjoyed. These things were precious in those days, for they were rare, and hard to be obtained. Those who enjoyed them did so often at the peril of their lives. The love of these things knit their hearts together, and made Christian brotherhood a real and a holy thing. We have now got them in abundance; our cup overflows with sources of spiritual good. We have them on all sides of us: Bibles by millions, and almost "without money and without price;" evangelical preaching the rule, as formerly it was the exception; lectures, prayer meetings, Scripture readings, Sunday schools, religious meetings, tracts without limit, and religious publications unceasing; ministers, missionaries, Scripture readers, Bible women, tract distributors, district ministers; cottage lectures, open-air preaching, Bibles in our hotels and railway stations, Scripture texts on our walls and in our shop windows. Surely we should be a wise and understanding people. But are we? Are we truly grateful to Him who has crowned us with this exuberance of spiritual help? And do we value it in proportion to its abundance? I fear we must give an emphatic No! to this inquiry. "Jeshurun has waxed fat and kicked." It is admitted that, while profession abounds, vital godliness and practical, self-denying zeal for the Lord have become extremely rare. Business, pleasure, intellectual pursuits, offer fascinations with which the study of the Bible or the hearing of the word, cannot compete. Our week-day services, prayer meetings, missionary gatherings, &c., give painful evidence, by their meagre appearance, of a wearied and satiated spiritual state.

II. SYMBOLISM.—I employ this word to represent the present tendency to substitute the sign for the thing signified in religion. We know to what an extravagant and even blasphemous extent that tendency has been carried in Romanism. One would suppose that the Church of the Reformation would be sufficiently awake to the danger of all appeals to the senses, as shown in that apostate system, to recoil with sensitive faithfulness from any approach to it themselves. But this is not the only evidence how fatally yet how certainly we are forgetting the lessons opened up to us in the history of the papacy. The religion of Jesus addresses itself to man's spiritual nature, and it acts upon him only through the agency of the Holy Spirit—that is, where spiritual life is implanted—to make the man capable of receiving the things of God; because, as the apostle says, they are only "spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. ii. 14). But, where the Holy Spirit does not operate, the word of Christ, which is "the power of God and the wisdom of God" (1 Cor. i. 24), does not enter with saving or regenerating effect. Signs or symbols of spiritual truths operate on the senses, the eye, the ear, and through them the intellect, imagination, &c. But the effect is not spiritual, it is sensuous. Church architecture, drapery, painting, ecclesiastical furniture, vestments, incense, music, intoning, posturizing, &c., may be very imposing and gratifying to certain tastes, but they are not spiritual influences; their utmost power may be felt by the most depraved heart without renewing it unto repentance and the love of God. The most godless of men and women, the veriest slaves of satanic delusion, and idolators of the world, may be moved to tears as the church organ, under a master's hand, breathes forth its swelling notes of prayer and praise; or every feeling within them may be hushed but one of awe as they enter the fane where a "religious light" faintly reveals the imposing adjustment of everything within to the awakening of a devotional feeling; but the impression will neither be spiritual nor purifying.

"He that is unjust, will be unjust still, and he that is filthy, will be filthy still" (Rev. xxii. 11). Simply because this is man's christianity, not God's; it is carnal, not spiritual; it is not of the new covenant, it is of the old leaven. I do not believe that Romanism, as such, ever converted a soul. I do believe that it has made many two-fold more the children of hell than they were before, because it has clothed dead men with the rags of a loathsome counterfeit of Christianity, and presented them before God and His angels as the true expression of the pure and beautiful scheme of redemption love "which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenlies" (Eph. i. 20). Nothing could be invented more insulting to Deity, nothing more deserving of the malediction of Him who demands all the homage of the human soul for His beloved Son.

It would be absurd to deny that there are examples in some of our churches of symbolic worship almost as gross and superstitious as that in which Rome delights. These are evidently framed on the Romish model, and are only more repugnant to Christian minds as they continue dishonestly to identify themselves with a reformed Church. Between these and a simple service of prayer and praise such as I rejoice to know is yet to be found in our National Church, and also in Churches differing from us in forms of worship, there is exhibited a graduated scale of eye and ear services more or less ritualistic, sensuous, carnal, with, unhappily, a tendency to fuller development in all. It is evident that the spiritual element is declining in all sections of the professing Church, and the more earthly coming in its stead. Congregations are to be drawn now, not by the faithful preaching of the word or the savour of devotion in the worship, but by church architecture, decorative drapery, choral services, floral devices, and such trumpery. And these are only the beginnings of a more demonstrative adoption of mediæval practices. The mind that once begins to yearn for something visible and sensational in religion cannot rest satisfied with an imperfectly developed symbolism. If God is to be honoured with external forms and typical representations, why not give Him all that the human imagination can suggest of the beautiful and imposing? Why not adopt the Romish model in all its gorgeous integrity? Are we not fast hastening to this? and if so, is it not time that we, who yet remember that "God is a Spirit," and that He will be worshipped only "in spirit and in truth," should humble ourselves before Him as Daniel did, and confess with him, "We have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from Thy precepts, and from Thy judgments?" (Dan. ix. 5).

III. COMPROMISE.—Man's wisdom and God's wisdom are often loudly at variance in the measured adopted by us for carrying out Christian or philanthropic objects. It would often seem as if we thought God would act unfaithfully to His own cause, or that we could be more successful while proposing to serve Him in pursuing some policy of our own than looking and waiting for His blessing and help. For example, a church or school-house is to be built, or some evangelical work to be commenced or sustained, and money is required. We know that some worldly people could help us, but they won't if we merely appeal to them in the name of our Master. What is to be done? Why, if they will not be moved by godly motives we'll try ungodly ones to meet their case. A bazaar, a musical entertainment, or some similar scheme of carnal advantage or amusement, will suit their taste and open their pockets, so that by such

means our object will be accomplished. Is such a course honourable to God, whose cause we identify with it? Surely this is nothing but a compromise with Satan, to admit his people and his policy into God's Church, and avow that we cannot dispense with their co-operation in God's work.

Again, in the interests of party we are too ready to forget the distinction between truth and error. In some Church or Dissenting movement, we band together most cordially, in the name of our sectional polity, with men to whose religious views we feel and profess the greatest repugnance. We know—the world knows—that we cannot call them Christian brethren; and yet we admit them to fellowship before the world in pursuit of some party advantage, or paltry triumph over an antagonistic sect. It is sufficient for us to know that they share our denominational prejudices, and that they are opposed with us to the opinions or position of others, to hail their co-operation with joy, and lavish upon them our friendly greetings, and walk with them in the public assembly as friends. Is there not more of self than of Christ in this? and are we not more pleased with the triumph of our earthly systems than grieved at any dishonour put upon our Lord and Master? There is a growing disposition to join with men of any creed, however antagonistic to Christ, on the platform of what are called philanthropic objects; and if such could be advanced irrespective of God's presence and blessing—which surely the terms of such an unholy alliance must repel—what is love to man dis severed from its only source, love to God? It is he who loves God who will love his brother also; but how can love to God tolerate fellowship with Papists, Socinians, infidels, in any cause, secular or spiritual? Such parties are not agreed with us, and therefore cannot unite with us in asking anything from God; and shall we dare engage in any enterprize which we cannot commend to Him? But has it come to this, that we ally ourselves under any pretence with the bitter enemies of our Jesus? Then the curse of apostate Israel is upon us, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord" (Jer. xvii. 5).

Must I not add just a word on compromise in the pulpit? It is there, if anywhere, that God's servants should be fearless and uncompromising. But are they? Where is the spirit of Luther—of John Knox—of old Latimer—of George Whitfield—and other sons of thunder who feared not the face of man? We labour now-a-days to be refined, intelligent, "sweet," poetic, acceptable; but God the Spirit says, "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful" (1 Cor. iv. 2). And Paul could appeal to his hearers ("that he had not shunned to declare to them all the counsel of God" (Acts xx. 17)). But that is what ministers allege that congregations will not bear—faithfulness and fulness—a heart-searching exposure of man's corruption—and an unflinching testimony to the sovereignty of God's dealings with a guilty world; and so man is not painted so black as he is, because that would be vulgar and startling, and God is robbed of the glory of His eternal purposes in Christ to satisfy fallen humanity's craving after partnership with God. What wonder that the pulpit in our day has become effete, and that the public prints are openly expressing their disgust at the weak and vapid character of modern preaching.

For these things we are called upon to humble ourselves before Him who will not suffer His cause, His word, His character, His revelation of Himself in Jesus, to be trifled with without some signal mark of His displeasure.

IV. AVARICE.—It rules the hour. Even Christian men and women must be rich, and they must not be importuned to “give to God the things that are God’s.” The contrast is painful between the eagerness to acquire wealth, and the shrinking from appeals in behalf of Christ and His cause. One man comes to us and proposes some scheme by which wealth may be increased, and we listen with wrapt attention; another comes with a project for letting in light into a mass of human darkness, or proclaiming Jesus to ears accustomed to listen to nothing but foulness and blasphemy; as the pleader proceeds, we calculate upon what terms we shall be permitted to evade the obligation to render help according to our means. Oh, that we yearned more after “the unsearchable riches of Christ!” Oh, that as the wealth of this world flowed into our coffers we felt bowed down under a sense of the responsibility of the talent committed to us, and felt called to more earnest and frequent prayers for the much grace that such a perilous stewardship demanded! Did those who are poor among us “rich in faith” know the weight which wealthy believers have to carry as they climb the mount that leads to God, and what an incumbrance it proves, they would earnestly pray to God to avert such a calamity from them. Did Christian merchants and others who are but too much infected with the present rabid yearning to be rich, only believe that God gives them power to get riches, either that they may employ them in His service, or suffer the chastisement which they are sure to inflict on those who “will be rich” with reference to the relation in which they and everything belonging to them stand to Him, they would either prove more faithful and wise stewards, or less anxious labourers. May God humble us under a sense of our folly, short-sightedness, and inconsistency in this thing, and call His Church to a more spiritualizing and satisfying sense of her “Treasure in heaven.”

In the second place.—Daniel prayed unto his God, and made his confession—not for himself only, but for all Israel; and surely such a procedure becomes us at this particular juncture.

I. We should make special note of our unfaithfulness and shortcomings as a nation and a professing Christian Church before God, of which indeed He is reminding us just now by a plague upon our cattle, and the threatened plague of cholera upon ourselves. A war-note is also sounded in our ears from time to time, and some sharp specimens of its devastating power given us in our distant colonies, to keep us alive to its terrible character, under the possibility of its reaching our own shores. Gaunt famine, too, presents its haggard features to us from time to time, to keep us mindful of a visitation from which we are by no means secure. Incendiary fires in rural districts warn us from what a source the most serious disasters might arise; while defective harvests do not let us forget that we deserve to have the heaven over us made brass and the earth iron. Then storms, conflagrations, explosions in our mines, &c.—shipwrecks, and even earthquakes, sound, from time to time, their hoarse notes of menace, and declare to us that our exemption from national ruin is only owing to the long-suffering mercy of a covenant-keeping God. Let us not forget the gravest peril of all—that of the removal of our candlestick out of its place. It is but too true that our Reformation light and love have waxed dim, and all that is representative of God amongst us is increasingly subject to neglect and insult. His word, once revered and loved, is now dragged like a criminal to the bar of human opinion, under more than suspicion of dishonesty and instigation to evil; and many voices

of the ignorant, the self-conceited, and the depraved, are raised against it. Meanwhile its friends are lukewarm, and its advocates supine. The society which God has instituted, and so marvellously blessed in our midst, for its dissemination throughout the world, is ignored with glowing bigotry, and even opposed by men calling themselves ministers of Christ, who, with strange infatuation help the Papist, the infidel, the Mormonite, the Jew, the Mohammedan, in disparaging the written testimony of Jesus. These things cannot go on with impunity. Then God's other witness—His holy day—is struggling among us for very existence. Men calling themselves Christians are banded together for its destruction, and the so-called friends of the working classes claim for them the privilege of living and dying like the beasts that perish, by closing against them their only source of genuine rest—their only retreat from a world of toil, temptation, and care—and their only avenue to the Fountain where their weary souls can find refreshment, and their world-contracted filthiness can be washed away. Shame on them for false friends, and perfidious advisers. Unsanctify the poor man's friend, and you are like the tyrant of whom it is said that he fed his victims on food from which salt was entirely excluded. They corrupted and died. And what are all the social pleasures and intellectual enjoyments which you can confer on fallen man, without Christ? A treacherous boon; a deadly token of friendship. Yet, alas, the enemies of the Lord's-day are multiplying, and becoming more audacious in their hostility to God and man. But where are its friends?

"By whom shall Jacob now arise?

For Jacob's friends are few;
And (what should fill us with surprise),
They seem divided, too.

"By whom shall Jacob now arise?

For Jacob's foes are strong;
I read their triumph in their eyes—
They think he'll fail ere long."

Take away England's Bible and her day of sacred rest, and then Ichabod may be written on all her institutions. May God the Spirit give us grace to confess our national sins, our Christian lukewarmness, and, shaking ourselves from the dust, to rise to the measure of our dangers and responsibilities.

II. And let us who know where the mercy-seat is, and how it is to be approached, give our gracious God and Father in Jesus no rest, as He Himself has enjoined, until He roll away from our nation and Church, the sins and perils that seem gathering over us like a dark and portentous cloud ready to pour forth its deadly contents upon the land.

THE death of Christ being the fountain of our *life*, there is nothing more necessary or useful to the Christian than a right apprehension and remembrance of it.

ATONEMENT by the blood-shedding of Jesus Christ is the sub-stratum of Christianity, and the sole ground of a sinner's justification and acceptance with God is the precious blood of Christ (Eph. ii. 13, 14; Rom. iii. 24, 25; Eph. i. 7).

THE fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness flows on towards the Dead Sea, and buries all the unworthiness of the family of heaven in its deepest recesses: "Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more."

Pilgrim Papers.

"THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL OF THE BLESSED GOD."

1 TIM. I. 11.

THERE are some words which, from the sweetness and preciousness of the subject of which they speak, seem to acquire and retain a savour in themselves of that which they proclaim. Such a word is "Gospel;" by its very sound it prepares you to expect something cheering, in the way of tidings, "good" or "glad" tidings; and this expectation is never disappointed. Food is welcome to the *hungry*, "cold water to the *thirsty* soul," a shelter to the *houseless*, and *raiment* to the naked; and so is the Gospel news welcome to that soul that feels his own emptiness of all good, profession of all evil, covering of guilt and shame, and utter helplessness to all that is good in the sight of a holy, heart-searching God. Why, then, is the Gospel so precious? Even because it ever exhibits a full supply of all the needy soul requires as a *title* to heaven, and a *meekness* for heaven, to be had "without money and without price." It proclaims God glorified, and the sinner saved in Jesus. The charm of the Gospel is, that in whatever part of the word of God it is contained, and however brought before us, it makes known to us Jesus and His great salvation.

The first Gospel intimation that we have was when it was first needed—immediately after the introduction of sin into the world; and thus to fallen man and to angels was announced the fact that this transgression had not taken the Most High by surprise, but that He had, before any need of it appeared, "found a ransom," even the Lamb of God, "foreordained before the foundation of the world." The Jewish ritual and all the sacrifices and offerings, down to the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, proclaimed with greater or less distinctness the same blessed truths that God "made *Him* to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in *Him*."

Now in this Gospel the love, the work, and the grace of the eternal Three are displayed. It is thus we are taught that God the Father, in His infinite, everlasting, and unchangeable love, chose His Church from all eternity in His dear Son; that in *Him*, and *Him* alone, is the Church lovely and accepted in His sight; and *of* the Church in *Him* alone can it ever be said, "there is no spot in thee." These are the "foundations" which "are in the holy hills," which we are told to "consider" and to "mark well;" and, if it were possible to remove these, what would "the righteous do?" On this great truth, the electing love of God the Father, St. Paul and St. Peter both delight to dwell, as essentially the corner-stone of the covenant of grace.

Again, as the blessed provision was made by the "blessed God" the Father, so the fulfilment of all the conditions, the atonement for the transgressions of the Church, the obedience to the commands of the holy law of God, which constitutes the righteousness of every believer, was the work of the blessed Saviour, God the Son. The shedding His blood as the only perfect sacrifice for sin hath completely removed the guilt from His Church, and He is "the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth;" and "by *Him* all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." And Jesus having finished the work which He had undertaken, hath ascended

up to heaven, and there exercises His right by shedding abroad His Spirit, the Holy Ghost the Comforter, to whom belongs the office or engagement of gathering in and bringing into one body "the whole family in heaven and earth." By His gracious power the soul is quickened, heretofore "dead in trespasses and sins." The breath of life is infused, the sinner begins to feel, groan under, and lament his deadness, blindness, and impotence; the cry for pardoning mercy and strengthening grace is wrought in the soul by Him who "helpeth our infirmities," and is to us a "Spirit of grace and of supplication." By His almighty power the soul is strengthened to believe, "grows in grace," advances in the performance of the duties of a child; as a child, comes to the throne of grace, and, with the cry "Abba Father," makes "humble confession to Almighty God" of numerous errors, short-comings, and falls, and by Him receives the blessed assurance of forgiveness, and "more grace to help in time of need."

It is thus the soul feels the Gospel to be the Gospel of "the blessed God," for by it he is brought to rejoice in the blessedness which God provides and makes over to His children, and to cry with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits." This is God's own appointed means for translating His own from nature's darkness into His marvellous light, and for communicating to them all they need till grace has ripened into glory.

Then for two reasons is it "the glorious Gospel," because by it the "blessed God" makes known His glory to consist in the salvation of sinners, and causes those who glory to "*glory in the Lord*;" and, secondly, by its precious truth, He is pleased to bring "many sons to glory."

Astley.

ALFRED HEWLETT.

ROMANS V.—A BIBLE KEY.

MANY parts of God's word may be termed "keys" to unlock his mysteries and His acts—to explain, unravel, and, as it were, bring them down to our own level. His acts are seen and known to all: "He made known His ways unto Moses, His acts unto the children of Israel;" but He condescended to show Moses how, and why, He so acted—to reveal His thoughts, ways, and judgments. And so, beloved, has he condescended to us. We are the friends of God, for He hath made known unto us, face to face, all the things that He hath heard of the Father. Not that we have ascended up into heaven, or descended in the deep; not that we wish to, but that we have a mouth to confess the Lord Jesus, and a heart to believe that God hath raised him from the dead. We are enabled, by the same Spirit who indited it, to receive all the testimony of God—to receive His explanations. Oh, beloved! faith's receptions are not reason's receptions. They are soul-satisfying, soul-illuminating. His explanations, His keys, do not enable the finite, to grasp the infinite, but they open up many difficulties, many glories; and, although the mystery still lies beyond, yet is the soul sweetly satisfied that it should be so, assured in understanding, and confirmed in hope. Blessed are those who, in this day of self-satisfied rationalism, not having seen, have yet believed, who need only to have it pointed out to them what God hath said in order to a holy and joyful acquiescence: "Lord, it is so; I believe Thy word: be it unto me even as Thou hast said."

This chapter is a peroration of the apostle on the subject of the justification by faith. It heads it all up—sums the matter up. What does it include? Reconciliation to God by the blood (v. 6—10); righteousness before God by the obedience (v. 12—20); and, much more, eternal life with God by the combined merits of a risen Saviour (v. 9, 10, 17, 21). What are its effects? Inwardly; peace with God, access with confidence, and a holy joy and boasting in the God of salvation (v. 1, 2, 11): outwardly; a rejoicing in tribulations, because they produce patient waiting for, experimental handling of, and a loving hope in, the Lord Jesus Christ, which is the earnest of the glorious inheritance (v. 3—5). And how are its benefits applied? By union-faith.

But it is only upon the latter portion of this grand key that I wish to offer a few remarks. At the 12th verse Paul begins his antithetical simile, which seems to sum up the whole argument, showing that salvation, if received at all, *must* be by faith (certainly not by the law, for that only made man's state worse), since it is the work of another, apart from ourselves. Suggested, perhaps, by the mention of Christ's dying for the ungodly (v. 6)—accomplishing the work for them before even they asked for it—His reconciling enemies by that death (v. 10, 11), in consequence of a virtual union with the Reconciler, he takes occasion to illustrate the method of justification by faith in the imputed righteousness of a representative, by the absolute fact that all men are reckoned as ungodly and enemies before they were born, in consequence of the imputed sin of their natural head. Paul does not enter into a *solution* of the *mystery* of men's condemnation in Adam. He merely shows that it was a fact, and would argue that, if God has condemned us for the act of another, He will certainly be equally able, in His moral sovereignty, to save us for the act of another. While this beautifully shuts us up to the absolute necessity of a salvation by faith, it incidentally explains several difficulties with regard to man's state in Adam, in himself, and in Christ. Oh, for faith to receive it! It seems so plain that a child could understand it! But the enmity must be melted into reconciliation before its humbling lessons will be received. Paul having received a ministry so far superior to that of Moses, used great plainness of speech; but his Gospel was veiled, as were the obscure and typical lessons of the law, to the blinded hearts of the lost (2 Cor. iii. 12—14; iv. 3; 4). How many pulpits would be enlightened, doubts and hesitations removed, if Rom. v. was understood as expounded by Owen, Haldane, or Gill!

In verse 11 believers are represented as rejoicing, having *now* received the atonement or reconciliation. The justice of God was satisfied—the atonement was made before we received it. How were we reconciled to God before we knew anything about it, so that we have only just to see and acknowledge that it has all been done apart from us, to rejoice in it by faith? Listen! “Wherefore (*διὰ τοῦτο*, in this way, on this account, that just), is by (the) one man's offence and disobedience, (the) sin (*ἡμάρτια*, guilt or obnoxiousness to punishment) entered into the world, and death (*ὁ θάνατος*, the death, temporal and eternal), by (the) sin; and so condemnation and death (personified as a reigning monarch) passed (through *διήλθεν*) upon (*εἰς*, unto, or, in the direction of) all men or the many (in him, *i.e.*, the whole human race), for that (*ἐφ' ᾧ*—in whom, or on account of whom, or, because) all—the many, sinned (*ἡμάρτων*, a completed past action)—were made sinners (*κατεστάθησαν*, constituted), and died (*ἀπέθανον*, v. 13, a completed past state—were reckoned as dead in him); so (in the

same way—by virtual union to a head whose acts were imputed to the party represented) by the righteous obedience of (the) one man all men, or the many (in Him, *i.e.*, the elect) shall be made (*κατασταθήσονται*, constituted) righteous unto justification of life.”

This is the plain, literal argument, of verses 12, 18, and 19, which are synonymous and explanatory of the other. They show how the first Adam was a figure or type (v. 14) of Him that was to come—the last Adam, *viz.*, in his representative character. He acted for the whole of his posterity, who were utterly lost and condemned in him, apart from themselves; and so our Lord acted for the whole of His spiritual seed, who were everlastingly justified and saved in Him, apart from themselves.

There are two parentheses; the first (v. 13, 14) answers an objection that all punishment and death was the result of personal breaking of the law given on Mount Sinai. No, the apostle would argue, it only entered indirectly (*παρεσιλήθεν*, v. 20) that the offence (*τὸ παράπτωμα*, Adam's sin) might be seen to abound in all, and its guilt (*ἡ ἁμαρτία*, parallel with “sin” in verse 12), as well as personal sin, felt to be only met in the superabounding of the grace (*ἡ χάρις*, parallel with “grace” in verse 15). Its office is to convince of original and personal demerit. It magnifies the latter, but (in itself) has nothing to do with the law of imputed guilt and condemnation in Adam, nor of imputed justification in Christ. For, up to the time of the promulgation of the law, it is true there was sin in the world, which sin, being a transgression of the law of God, afterwards to be more clearly defined than it was in the natural conscience, might seem to account for death. But, at any rate, sin is not imputed (*ἐλλογείται*, reckoned up, set to the account of any one) unless there is a direct law to that effect, as there was in the case of Adam. Nevertheless, *during this time* sin was reckoned up, set to each one's account, imputed with all its consequences; for death reigned over all, as a monarch, from Adam to Moses, even upon (*καὶ ἐπὶ*) those who had not sinned personally (*i.e.*, infants). Why? Because of the representativeness (*ἐπὶ τῷ ὁμοιώματι*) of Adam's transgression (which had already been computed, reckoned up, and imputed with its curse to every one of his descendants) who in this respect was the type (*τύπος*, figure) of him in whom His people (in virtue of His imputed righteousness) are reckoned righteous. They all died in Adam, and in consequence of the imputation of his guilt, whether they themselves had sinned or not, as well before as since the giving of the Sinai-law, as well those who have heard as those who have not heard its commands.

The second parenthesis (v. 15—17) contrasts in two respects the results of Adam's sin and our blessed Lord's work; contrasts them in their characteristics. This does not interfere with their mode of transmission, which is imputation in either case; nor with the classes to whom they are imputed. From first to last there is no comparison of the members involved in either imputation. The “all” and “the many” in the “one” man Adam are the whole human race; so the “all” and “the many” in the “one” man Christ Jesus are His elect people and no more. I repeat this truth on account of its importance, and because its clear perception assists us to understand this wonderful passage. Imputation of guilt is contrasted here with imputation of righteousness; first, because the former was a necessary result of Adam's sin, whilst Christ's acting for His people was of pure favour, uncalled for, and its result gracious, a free gift, and an abounding one, giving back more than had been lost; secondly, that whereas God's

holy law vindicated itself by adjudging *all* to be guilty for *one* act of *one* man, His free gift covers *this act* with its consequence, as well as a *multitude of personal offences*, in *all who receive it*. The "much mores" insist upon all this to the glory of a Triune God. Thus, "But not as the offence (and guilt following in Adam), so also is the free gift (of Christ). For, if through the offence of (the) one, (the) many be (necessarily) dead (*ἀπέθAVOR*, supra), much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace (which was, on His part, not absolutely necessary or called for) which is by the "one" man Christ Jesus hath abounded (over and above their death and loss in Adam). And (again) not as it (the offence and guilt in Adam) was by one that sinned, so is the free gift; for the judgment was by one (offence of one man) to condemnation, but the free gift is (includes the pardon of this and) of many offences (of many persons) unto justification. For (to sum up these two contrasts, and show their gracious results) if, by (the) one man's offence, death reigned by (the) one (as a matter of course): much more (in a far higher sense will it follow to the glory of the love of God that) they which receive abundance of grace (v. 15), and of the gift of righteousness (v. 16) shall reign in life (as the result of this gracious, astonishing, and superabounding gift of John x. 10) by (the) one Jesus Christ."

The 21st verse sums up this beautiful simile, one side of whose parallelism is known and felt to be true by every one, while the other is a matter of faith. It only fails in order to give—the more advantage to us—the more glory to sovereign, distinguishing grace. "That as sin (*ἡ ἀμαρτία*, v. 12, 20) hath reigned (through the disobedience unto eternal) death, even so (by similar, though a gracious and far more comprehensive imputation) might grace (*ἡ χάρις*, v. 15, 20) reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Christ Jesus our Lord."

I subjoin the apostle's argument in parallel columns:—

Synopsis of Rom. v. 12—21.

Sin (guilt) reigns by condemnation of one transgression and in consequence of the offence of the disobedience of the one man Adam over the many (<i>i. e.</i> , the whole human race) who are reckoned as sinners in him unto eternal death	Free grace reigns by justification of that and many other transgressions and by virtue of the free gift of the obedience of the one man Jesus Christ over the many (<i>i. e.</i> , His elect people) who are reckoned as righteous in Him unto eternal life
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AMEN.

Lindfield.

T. B. L.

IN Christ we are as innocent and clear of all blame before God as Adam was at his creation. This is a great mystery, great truth, and great comfort of the Gospel; and if it is not true, all Scripture is false, or comparatively little worth.

IN every duty look at Christ: before duty, to perform; in duty, to assist; after duty, to accept. Look not a moment off Christ. Look not upon sin, but upon Christ first.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME!

A HUNDRED years ago! 'Tis past, but still
 Its record is on high, writ in His book
 Who dwelleth in His own eternity.
 A hundred years to come! O thought profound,
 That's big with mysteries yet to be revealed!
 The vista seemeth long; for, howe'er bright
 Or clear man's sun of genius shines, its
 Strong meridian splendour wanes, then sets,
 Ere he can reach this goal. What has he, then?
 A bursting bubble for his prize! and keen
 Remorse for mis-spent hours; unless by faith
 The Saviour he has viewed, and felt His strong
 Attractive power leading from earth to
 Heaven. Whoe'er by faith has seen the bleeding
 Lamb expire on Calvary, and felt it
 Was for Him—that man's secure for time and
 For eternity. A century here
 In this vain world is not his goal; his hopes
 And aspirations are above, where Christ,
 His soul's desire, is gone. And yet he groans.
 But why? Listen, if you would know. What dost
 Thou hear him say? "A wretched, sinful man;
 Who can deliver me from this vile self?"
 But look at him again: that downcast eye
 Is lifted upwards, and exultingly.
 He says: "I thank my God, through Jesus Christ,
 My Lord, for He hath made a way which leads
 To God, and trod it first Himself; and I
 Will follow Him until I reach that blest
 Abode, and see Him face to face with joy."
 The rags of vile mortality will then
 Be shaken off, to mingle with the dust,
 And the freed spirit enters with its Lord
 To bask beneath His smile for evermore!

A century coming! Thy giant form
 Casts dark, portentous shadows; for within
 Thy hand thou hold'st a tightly folded scroll,
 Writ thick with future destinies of men!
 But ah! we fear thee not, when faith can grasp
 The blessed truth that we are safely hid
 Within the glorious Rock of Ages!
 Pass on, proud conqueror of man! for thou
 Art but the passive serf of Him who is
Our Father—thou bearest nought to us but
 What He bids thee bring. And though we cannot
 Look within thy folded scroll, and read its
 Vast contents, yet still we know what's within
 There for us in *love*, though clouds and darkness
 May envelope it. If called to tread
 The gloomy vale of death, the rays of our
 Bright Sun of Righteousness shall gild our way.
 But ah! before a century hath flown,
 Our Jesus may have come, with might and pow'r,
 To claim the kingdom for His own. The proud
 Usurper of His right shall then be chain'd
 In darkness deep a thousand years; while Christ
 Restores the ruins of the fall, and bids
 His Church arise from every corner

Of the globe where lies her sleeping dust. Yes,
 These shall hear the archangel's mighty trump,
 And rise with joy. And those who still remain
 Shall changed be within the twinkling of
 An eye. Yes, changed! A glorious word!
 It's vast importance we must feel to know.
 One moment fettered with a clog of clay,
 That gravitates to earth—the next a bright
 And glorious body like to His who
 Sits at God's right hand, and heirs with Him of
 All His glorious wealth—the heights and depths
 Of which no mortal thought can fully know.
 But ah! the richest wealth we can possess
 Is this—His own, eternal *love*. Chosen
 Before the world began, betrothed in time,
 Now married to the Lamb. A union
 Strange, mysterious, wonderful! that shall
 Exist, not for a century's brief space,
 But through the ages of eternity.
 My thoughts are lost, and here the pen must drop
 For want of power to speak these glorious things.

F.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

To the Beloved Editor and the Readers of the Gospel Magazine.

BELoved BRETHREN,—If spared to see these lines in print, we shall have entered on another year of grace; another verse will have been added to our songs of praise, another twelvemonth's record of divine faithfulness and care over us may be entered up, while we set up our Ebenezer, and shout "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Our future on earth as a people saved of the Lord, may be enveloped in clouds; but "to you that fear the Lord," saith the never-failing promise, "shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing on His wings." The prayer of faith will ever be, "Lord, do as Thou hast said;" "be it unto Thy servant according to Thy Word."

Satan, the adversary of God's Church, is busy sowing tares where the good seed has been sown; but the Lord in His own time will root them up. It is ours to watch, to wait, and to work—it is to pray, to praise; it is His to supply the strength, to give the unction. The wakeful eye, the working hand, the waiting position, are all His gift, the grace of the Holy Ghost the Comforter, sent by the love of Him who delights to be known as the Husband of His Church, the Head of the body. To Him let us look, and encourage one another to look, "nothing wavering." His hands are full of blessings, as His heart is full of love, for His believing people. Everything we meet, trial though it be, is a love to them from Him. Many and varied have been the exercises of our faith in years that are past and gone, they may be equally varied, they will be no fewer, in the year 1866; yet shall they not fail to bring to us "the peaceable fruits of righteousness?" Few men have been more honoured, favoured, or indulged than the writer; none are more unworthy of such favours, therefore must his testimony ever be, a debtor to *grace, free, unmerited, never-failing, inexhaustible grace.*

Brethren, I commend you to His grace; may you know more of Him, and live more upon Him, and then you will live more to His honour and glory.—Believe me, yours lovingly in Him,

Astley, December, 1865.

ALFRED HEWLETT.

Correspondence.

HELPS AND HOPES.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Nether Compton, Dec. 12th, 1865.

DEAR SIR,—It seems long since I took my pen to address a few lines to you, neither should I be found doing so now, were it not that I feel assured that, like your Master, you do not despise the "little ones." No: for having heard the Great Shepherd of Israel saying to you, "feed my sheep—feed my lambs," it is your delight, in this cloudy and dark day, to seek them out and lead them to the green pastures of His word, and to the Fountain of living waters.

Having received many sweet draughts from that living Fountain, through the medium of the *Gospel Magazine*, "Heart Breathings," "Bible Lives," &c., I feel as though I must tell you of one especially, when I had wellnigh, or quite fainted. A black cloud passed over me, causing it to be night in the soul; and, like the Psalmist, I found that "all the beasts of the forest crept forth," the old lion roaring, "Where is now thy God, in whom thou hast trusted?" The shield of faith seemed wrenched from me; I was unable to take the sword of the Spirit, for it seemed as though I had trusted to it in vain, and on attempting to open it, was stopped by something within seeming powerfully to say, "*A book of lies*;" and it seemed a sip from His cup who said, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The enemy cast such a mist and darkness before my spiritual vision that I lost sight of the seal of divinity with which God's holy word is so plainly stamped; then I thought I would look amongst the writings of one living in the present day, whom I had seen, and having some of your "Bristol Tracts," went to them for a word of comfort. That one entitled "Counsel and Comfort" seemed to be likely to suit me; I read it, and oh, it came with such a sweetness! it seemed like oil on the troubled waters, and it enabled me, with Jonah of old, to say, "Yet will I look *again* towards Thy holy temple" (even Jesus); I was enabled to cast myself, my all, afresh on Him who is the great Burden-bearer of His people, and, though not enabled to go on my way rejoicing, yet it was like the dove with the olive leaf, by flying over the troubled waters, bringing peace.

You, dear Sir, no doubt have had to brave many a "spiritual hurricane" in the voyage to Immanuel's land, and for the very reason, no doubt, that you might be able to comfort others with the same comfort wherewith you yourself have been comforted of God.

On Tuesday, the 5th inst., I heard you preach, at the new church, Yeovil, from that blessed portion of God's word, "Behold what manner of love," &c. I cannot describe my feelings under that precious discourse better than by quoting the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine's* testimony to the speech of the Rev. Mr. Hargroves, at the Clifton Christian Conference, when he says—"Beneath that testimony all minor cares and worldly vicissitudes dwindled, for the time, into the insignificance which they deserve." And permit me to add, and the glories and excellencies of Jesus and heaven seemed nearer and brighter.

"Oh, when will heaven unfold to me
Oh, when shall I its glories see?
And my faint, weary spirit stand
Within that happy, happy land?"

I have sent you a scrap with a few of my own thoughts, suggested by the heading of your address for the December number of the *Gospel Magazine*, viz., "A Hundred Years Ago." I have done but little scribbling lately, but that text seemed to be applied to my mind in reference to it, and with a different light to whatever I had thought of it before, namely, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to povery."—Remaining, with much Christian love and esteem, yours in Jesus,
F. A.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

'Tis midnight, and the old church bells
Are ringing a merry peal;
What mystic tale or gleeful news
Do their much-loved tones reveal?
'Tis the Old Year taking a last farewell
No more to return again.
He is gone! and his parting words were these—
"I shall meet you once again."
Ah, yes! once more we shall see his face,
And a tale he will then reveal
Of wasted moments in folly spent,
Or doing our Father's will.
The New Year comes, but we welcome him
As a stranger yet untried;
What joy or woe in his train he brings
We cannot yet decide.
But the star of hope, with kindling ray,
Beams on our clustered brow,
As upward we look with filial love,
And in meek submission bow.
Father, Thou knowest what's best for me—
Father, Thou knowest well,
What discipline my spirit needs
Whilst here in this vale I dwell.
And should the year that entereth now
A message bear to me,
Bidding me quit this house of clay,
Oh, whither should I flee?
Saviour, to none but Thee I'd fly—
To Thee I do belong;
Thy praises through eternity
Shall be my joyful song.

F. A.

JESUS CHRIST is the delight of His Father, the glory of His people, the admiration of angels, the song of glorified spirits, the joy of heaven, the plague of hell.

POPISH RELIC ON THE AUCTION BLOCK.—In a sale at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, Leicester Square, recently, was a lot (No. 1,051) thus described: "A portion of the veil of the Blessed Virgin Mary, enclosed in a small silver reliquary; also a document under the seal and signature of the Pope's secretary, authenticating the relic." It sold for £4.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in South Sea Islands. By the Rev. John WILLIAMS. London: John Snow, 35, Paternoster Row.—A reprint, at the extremely low price of one shilling, of the late Rev. John Williams' interesting and important narrative.

A Guide to the Study of Holy Scripture. By the Rev. E. A. LITTON, M.A. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet Street.—Full of material of the utmost importance.

The Antidote to Fear. By the author of "Come to Jesus." James Nisbet, Berners Street.—Well does the author of this beautiful volume say, that "the true language of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, is 'FEAR NOT.'"

A Full Salvation. London: Morgan and Chase.—*Every Eye shall See Him.* London: William Macintosh.—*Father William's Stories.* The Book Society.—*The Surprise, or Little Robert and his Dog.* The Book Society.—A cluster of Little Works well adapted for distribution.

The City Diary and Almanack. London: W. H. Collingridge, "City Press," 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street.—Immensely useful, and a perfect marvel of cheapness. We never saw such a shilling's worth. It deserves a place not merely in every counting-house, but in every study and library.

The Christian World Magazine and Family Visitor. Edited by EMMA JANE WORBOISE. No. 1. London: Thomas Clark and Co., 81, Fleet Street.—Another and attractive magazine.

The Missing Link Magazine. Edited by L. N. R. No. 12. London: The Book Society.—"The Missing Link" maintains its interest.

The Sunday Teacher's Treasury. The Book Society.—A rich "Treasury" for teachers and tutors.

Thoughts of Christian Childhood. By SAMUEL G. GREEN, B.A. London: Elliot Stock, 63, Paternoster Row.—Very serious and suggestive "Thoughts."

Diamonds in the Dust. The Sunday School Union.—*Jesus, the Sinner's Refuge.* London; Morgan and Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.—*The Devonshire Tracts.* London: W. H. Collingridge.—Each of the foregoing present their own special claim to the reader's attention, and, being got up in an attractive form, will be likely to secure a perusal.

The Children's Friend. Vol. V. London: Seeley and Co., Fleet Street.—A most useful and attractive book, with a very ill-judged illustration for its title-page.

Our Own Fireside. Edited by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK. Vol. II. London: William Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.—This, like its predecessor, is a noble volume. They comprise not only two handsome books, but contain a vast fund of useful and entertaining material. Many a winter's evening may be devoted to "Our Own Fireside."

The Sunday Magazine. Edited by THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. Vol. I. Strahan and Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.—Another noble volume, replete with richest thought. Many of the papers are written with a masterly hand.

The Band of Hope Review. Fifth Yearly Part of New Series. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.—A beautiful present for the little ones.

The British Workman. Yearly Part, No. 11. London: British Workman Office, 9, Paternoster Row.—Attractive to the last degree, and calculated to inspire the working man with some most profitable reflections.

Romish Appointments.

IN 1829 Rome achieved a victory which she has ever since continued to improve. She appeared then as a suppliant, and in a guise of feigned humility readily made promises she never meant to keep. By skilfully marshalling her forces, she holds the balance between the two great political parties in the State, and is enabled to wring concessions from each, and in her aggressive policy she is materially aided by Romanising members of the National Church, and by some political Dissenters whose aim is the separation of Church and State. The astute Romish priest laughs at the Dissenter, and cunningly pats him on the back, and cordially wishes him success in his attack upon the stronghold of the Reformed faith. Rome hopes, by the aid of false Protestants in the Church, and Anti-State-Church Dissenters outside, to prepare the way for her cherished scheme of once more being the "DOMINANT CHURCH" in this country.

The Romish priesthood have been steadily gaining official influence in every department of the State. Every appointment of a Roman Catholic to office, every grant of money, every clause in an Act of Parliament in favour of Popery, tends to consolidate in our midst a system most complete in its organization, and most dangerous to our freedom. It boasts of its exclusiveness and glories in its intolerance; yet our statesmen and the vast majority of our countrymen view with calm indifference the encroachments of Popery and her arrogant pretension. Rome endeavours to mislead us as to her real object, and her votaries indulge in "studied ambiguity of phrase," in order to deceive. At one time she fraternised with Dissenters; now, that she is patronised by many of the national clergy, and is feeling "a growing consciousness of her true strength and nobility," she repudiates her old allies, and is desirous of detaching herself "from this ignoble though profitable alliance." The Dissenter, while holding firmly to Protestant principles, is, by politically uniting with Roman Catholics, unhappily aiding Rome in her efforts to gain her position as an Established Church, and to enable her to wield the sceptre of a Hildebrand; but we believe England will arise ere it be too late, and shake off the intolerant yoke. Facts are necessary to open people's eyes to the danger which threatens us, and some of these we give.

We need only refer to the permanent endowment of Maynooth with £26,000 a year, a contemplated grant of £30,000 a year to a new Romish university, to the large annual payments to Romish reformatory and industrial schools, to the appointment and official status of Romish chaplains in the army, at naval stations, in convict and other prisons, in military hospitals, and at all our military stations in our colonies, to prove that Rome has within the last few years made remarkable strides in this country. Our Government pays her at least £400,000 a year, besides the large sums she receives in our colonies. The army presents a fine field for her efforts, and the Pope owns the allegiance of at least

one-third of our army; upwards of 8,000 of the Royal Artillery belong to the Romish faith, and this number is very remarkable, as at one time few of the Artillery were Romanists; and, in fact, in 1861, there were only 3,344 in that branch of the service. Then, again, a large number of our police belong to Rome; and, in the event of any disturbance, it is impossible to estimate the effect that may be produced on their minds by the priesthood. Rome plants her agents not only in the army and police, but she strives to secure the channels of communication by means of the Post Office. A large number of persons employed in the London offices and in the provinces are Romanists. It is a significant fact that the postmaster at Oxford is a Roman Catholic, and a very earnest one. In the Admiralty, in the War Office, in the Customs, in the Poor-law Board, there are great numbers of Romanists, and, as we shall presently show, they are even in the Royal household. Having made these general statements, we will particularise some of the more important offices filled by Roman Catholics:—The office of Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's household is filled by Vicount Castlerosse, a Romish peer, and Lord Camoys is one of the Lords in Waiting. Besides these there are Roman Catholic ladies who are in attendance upon the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family. The late Lord Chancellor appointed a large number of Roman Catholics to offices in the law. Mr. Serjeant Shee was appointed one of the judges in the Queen's Bench, Mr. J. B. Aspinall, Recorder of Liverpool, Mr. Bagshawe, Q.C., a county court judge in Wales, Mr. Stonor a county court judge in Surrey, Mr. James Fleming, Q.C., a judge in the West Indian Encumbered Estates Court. Besides these in England, many Roman Catholics have lately been appointed to judgeships, &c., in Newfoundland, Trinidad, the Bahama Islands, &c. We presume the Protestant Bar of England could have supplied men competent to discharge the duties of these offices. The office of Director of Convict Prisons has very recently been given to Captain Fagan, a Romanist. Of course, a large number of minor appointments in our prisons will henceforth be given to adherents of the Romish faith; and, if the report about an escape from a convict prison be true, a friend in faith is a friend indeed. John O'Connell, the son of the great Irish agitator, fills the important office of Commissioner of Income Tax in England. In the Poor-law Board there are some who are believed to be Romanists, and facts are strongly against them, but they deny the charge. We could adduce good evidence in proof, but we content ourselves by mentioning Mr. Andrew Doyle, one of the Inspectors of the Poor-law Board, who is an undoubted Romanist. There are three Inspectors of Schools under the Committee of Council on Education who are Roman Catholics. Until very recently, Mr. Panizzi, a Roman Catholic, held that most important office of Chief Librarian of the British Museum. It certainly does seem remarkable that a foreigner and a Romanist should have been appointed to such an office—one so essentially British—and where, at least, we should look for an Englishman and a Protestant. For several months past the Rev. Dr. Russell, the

President of Maynooth College, has been employed by the Irish Government to examine and compare most important documents in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Surely a less objectionable selection, and one not so offensive to Protestants, might have been made ; it would appear to be an insult to Oxford University and a defiance of the public opinion of the country.

We refer not to minor offices, nor to Ireland, where eight out of twelve of the judges, and the private secretary to Sir Robert Peel, are Romish, nor to our colonies, where so many Romanists are governors, as in South Australia, Labuan, Hong Kong, and Ceylon. We have indicated enough to show the network cast around us, and which the artful priests hope one day will be as fatal to us as the spider's web is to the thoughtless fly. But reflecting persons will naturally suppose that those who can command such influence must be either exceedingly intelligent, very loyal, very rich, or very numerous. The Romanists excel in none of these respects ; but they are backed by a powerful organization among themselves. As for intelligence, the Protestant far exceeds the Romanist. There is not one of the foregoing appointments but which could have been equally well filled by a Protestant. In point of loyalty, Romanists stand at the lowest ebb ; and, if we may judge from their public manifestations, in which they will endeavour to appear to the best advantage, they invariably postpone the Sovereign of these realms as secondary to the Pope of Rome. The hierarchy and priesthood systematically violate the law, either by publicly assuming, or by permitting others to address them, by ecclesiastical titles, in contravention, and in defiance of an Act of Parliament. Jesuits, monks, and others, belonging to different orders in the Church of Rome, live in this country, contrary to the law, without having duly registered themselves. Priests, nuns, and their devotees, in open defiance of authority, support Romish lotteries, which are forbidden by law, as encouraging gambling, and being injurious to the national morals ; and even when a Royal Commission for inspecting schools was issued, the Roman Catholic Poor School Committee, composed of leading priests and laymen, positively refused to allow the Royal Commissioners to inspect their books. They have no claim on account of their loyalty, and as to their wealth and their numbers, comparatively, they are not important. The influence they exercise is owing to a compact organization and subjection to able leaders, and to the fact of their holding the balance of political power in Parliament. It is, therefore, the duty of Protestants to unite, irrespective of party, to defeat the attempts of Rome to aggrandise herself at the expense of our civil and religious freedom ; and we trust that every elector will watch his member, and call him to an account for his conduct, if he does not use every legitimate means for counteracting the ambitious devices of the Papacy.

The liberality accorded by Protestants is not reciprocated by Rome, but on the contrary, a most intolerant and exclusive spirit is manifested towards those who do not belong to that apostate system. Although a Protestant Government pays nearly £30,000 a year to

Maynooth, the priests trained, educated, and supported there are taught that :—

“The receivers, defenders, favourers of heretics, and their children, even to the second generation, ought not to be admitted to any ecclesiastical benefice or PUBLIC OFFICE, and are therefore irregular.”
 “We declare that this comprehends the first and second degree by the paternal line, but by the maternal we will that it be extended only to the first. This appears to be understood of the sons and grandsons of heretics, and of others of the same sort who are proved to be such, or even to have dièd such, but not of those of whom it shall appear that they have been amended, and re-incorporated into the unity of the Church.”—*Baillie's Moral Theology* (formerly a class book at Maynooth), Vol. III., p. 190, 191, quoted in the “Church of Rome,” p. 35.

The following facts are compiled from Roman Catholic and Official sources :—

	1829.	1861.	Increase since	
			1865.	1829.
Priests in Great Britain	447	1,388	1,521	1,074
Chapels, &c	449	1,019	1,132	683
Monasteries	—	50	58	58
Convents	16	162	201	185
Colleges	2	12	12	10

Payments by the Treasury for Romish objects in Great Britain and Ireland in 1864, viz :—

Army Romish Chaplains	£11,746
Grants for Romish Schools in Great Britain	32,108
Romish Reformatory Schools in Great Britain	14,127
Maynooth Grant	26,000
National Schools in Ireland (being in proportion to the number of Romish children in them)	244,000
Romish Chaplains in Irish Prisons and Workhouses	10,000
Colonies and India, believed to be more than	40,000
Romish Reformatory Schools in Ireland	8,848
Total Annual payment by the British Government	386,829

The aggressive policy of Rome is not only exhibited in her seeking official influence, but she is also strengthening her position by building chapels, monasteries, and convents, and by attractive and magnificent ceremonials to captivate the young and inexperienced. Many appointments in the public press are filled up by Roman Catholics and Jesuits.

With these facts before them we earnestly call upon all Protestants to unite for the defence of the Constitution and of the Protestant Faith.

By order,

CHARLES BIRD, *Secretary.*

PROTESTANT ALLIANCE,

7, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London.

PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.—*Object* : To maintain and defend against all the encroachments of Popery, the Scriptural Doctrines of the Reformation, and the principles of religious liberty, as the best security, under God, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of this kingdom.

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