

THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE"
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 73,
NEW SERIES. }

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OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

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

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

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

BELOVED, we cannot conceive of a more suitable portion than the above with which to enter upon a new and altogether untrodden year. It is a word from the Lord's own mouth, with which we may, however tremblingly, in point of human strength and courage, step over the threshold of this new allotment of time, and plead the fulfilment before the Lord. We cannot be either too plain or too importunate with Him. Personally we remember, many years ago, when harassed and bowed down under the weight and pressure of business cares and anxieties, we ventured to tell the Lord that we neither could nor would enter upon the year without Him. Such language may appear in the estimation of some as presumptuous; but there are at least times and seasons when the Lord's people—especially those of His servants who have to take a leading or more prominent part—are so circumstanced, that they are compelled, from very necessity, to be very plain and very earnest,—aye, and very determined, too. Jacob was not the only one who ventured to say, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." No, numberless times since the patriarch's day, the Lord hath seen fit to bring His servants into such critical positions—with as it were a world looking upon them—that, of necessity, they must "put Him in remembrance, and plead with Him." And how sweet it is, beloved, to go before Him with His own word; "bringing forth their strong arguments;" "And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good;" "And do as Thou hast said."

Oh, that the Holy Ghost may at this time put power into His own word, so that some poor tried and troubled ones may be emboldened and encouraged! We feel for such, as they stand halting and hesi-

tating—timid and trembling—upon the threshold of this new year. Oh, what dark fears and gloomy forebodings they have in regard to what the year may witness!—where they shall be, and how they shall be, and what they shall do, ere the year closes. Ah, beloved, there is no real need for all these sinkings and shrinkings. Depend on it, there will be no lack of wisdom or strength or faithfulness, upon the part of our God, with respect to the year that is before us. He will be as wise and as powerful and as gracious and as loving this year as He ever has been. There will be neither flaw nor failure in “the covenant ordered in all things and sure.” 1872 shall be as marked and as memorable in the annals of covenant love and covenant mercy and covenant power as any that have preceded it. If spared to see its close, you will assuredly say then, as you do now in regard to the past, “Hitherto the Lord hath helped us;” “He hath done all things well;” but, should you be called away ere Dec. 31 arrives, you will be better off—that is, in point of happiness, but not of safety; for, blessed be God! it is an unalterable truth,

“More happy, but not more *secure*,
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

We were about, however, to remark, that possibly you are saying, as to the opening year: “Ah, I have cares and responsibilities before me this year which far exceed any previous year!” You may *think* so, beloved; but we very much question the fact. We are so forgetful. We so soon lose sight of past positions, in their complicated character and weight. Moreover, there is mercy in this. Did the weight of trouble, and the keenness of our sensations under it, continue, without corresponding grace and strength, the retention of the care and the anguish must, of necessity, crush us beneath fresh trials and new anxieties; but, mark this, the Lord’s deliverances are such—so precious and so perfect—that there is a blessed realization of His word, “Let him drink, and *forget his poverty*, and *remember his misery no more*;” “Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea, thou shalt be stedfast, and shalt not fear: because thou *shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away*.” How gracious has the Lord been, in that He hath been pleased to give a most familiar proof and illustration of the great fact upon which we are now dwelling! “A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, *she remembereth no more the anguish*, for joy that a man is born into the world.” Now, when we think of the repetition of this trial, in case of large families—one of the severest—yea, *the severest* as appertaining to our common humanity, called emphatically, “the hour of nature’s sorrow;” and, when we consider how well known and widespread is the character of the anguish and the sufferings of this most critical period, how wonderful is the testimony respecting the *forgetfulness* of the pain and the travail! Moreover, how it goes to prove the astounding goodness and mercy of our God, in the rich and gracious fulfilment of His word, “As thy days, so shall thy

strength be!" One would suppose, upon merely human or natural grounds, that, in the renewed hour of travail, the recollection of former similar seasons would come so vividly upon the woman, as, in addition to her *present* sufferings, completely to crush her; but, oh, no, it is not so; and why? Because our God is faithful, and because He is all-sufficient for every trial and every emergency.

We hope, therefore, dear reader, the matter is a settled one with respect to *past* trials having aught to do in regard to *present* troubles or *prospective* afflictions, except in so far as they prove—which in reality they do prove—earnests and foretastes and proofs of present or future deliverances for present or future difficulties or distresses. Satan and our own hearts suggesting, as they do suggest, "Ah, you were all but overwhelmed then; what will it, therefore, be with additional trouble and diminished strength?" is one thing; but Jehovah's covenant pledge, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," is another. We affirm that the promise is so large and so comprehensive, that it embraces, of necessity, all and everything that can possibly happen. It is this covenant pledge of a covenant God, before whom all things, past, present, and to come, stand open and revealed as though at this very moment in existence. Jehovah lives in one eternal, ever-present NOW! hence every pledge and every promise is based upon all the numerous and complicated and ever-recurring necessities which are ceaselessly presenting themselves in the everyday and all-the-day life of the children of God. There is no afterthought with Him. To imagine Jehovah to be taken by surprise, or for aught to occur which He had not foreseen, or against which He was not prepared, is to dishonour Him.

But now, for argument's sake, we will presume that, according to the fears and apprehensions of some readers, greater, more complicated and critical trials await them this year than those which have befallen them during any preceding year. We will *suppose* this, although, as before intimated, we *doubt* it; for, with regard to the past, they have been tried and tempted to the utmost; there has been "no strength shut up or left." Doubtless they have told the Lord, as *we* oftentimes have done, "One half-ounce more trouble, Lord, without additional strength to bear it, and sink we must; overwhelmed we must be; crushed we must be; go down, down, to rise no more, we must." But, oh, (blessed be His name!) that half-ounce additional trouble never, never has been laid upon us. No, never! We speak to His praise, and in proof of His watchfulness and His tender care, faithfulness, and all-sufficiency. We write this upon the fourth anniversary of one of the severest and most sudden and crushing trials with which He ever saw fit to visit us; but, oh, "underneath (blessed be His name!) were the everlasting arms." We thought we must sink. Utterly overwhelmed we believed we should be. *Such* a trial—so sudden—so unlooked for—so altogether unexpected; but yet, oh, the blendings of love and mercy; the interminglings of wisdom and grace; the impartation of strength and submission! Oh, reader, who

true and how blessed is that Scripture :—"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward [oh, be it yours, and ours increasingly, to be upon the look out, and to wait patiently for the "*afterward!*"] it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

But, we repeat, for argument's sake, we will presume the reader to be entering upon such a year as he never before knew, so far will it exceed all that have preceded it, in regard to trial, care, and responsibility. Well, suppose it be the case, what of that? Will the Lord Jehovah be at a loss, think you? Is 1872 to witness what no period from Adam down to the then present hour ever had witnessed—namely, the Lord of hosts in a fix, not having wisdom or power to act? Perish the thought! Away with the idea! To the bottomless pit, whence it sprang, hurl the blasphemy! Let there be a juncture—a crisis—a demand this year that shall far, far exceed all that has ever presented itself in years that are past, still our God is equal—and (adored be His holy name!) will prove Himself to be so—to the every want—the every necessity—the every demand that shall be made upon Him, not merely by one and another and another of His tried ones, as they journey on and on through this waste, howling wilderness, but by the whole combined hosts of the true spiritual Israel, as they go forth morning by morning to gather up the manna so divinely, and so sovereignly, and so effectually provided for the nourishment and maintenance of both their bodies and their souls, as they march onward and homeward!

Yes, beloved, the very magnitude of your wants, and the very complication of your circumstances, and the very critical character of your position, shall only furnish the wider field, and the greater scope, and the more ample opportunity for Jehovah to work, and that wondrously, too. We repeat that this year shall be no exception to the universal rule and the unvarying testimony, "He hath done all things well." You shall admire and adore. The very *darkness* of your path shall only leave the more marked impress of His guidance who hath covenanted,—"I will bring the *blind* by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Your very *weakness* shall only furnish Jehovah with the greater scope for the fulfilment of His promise, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." The very blank and seeming absence of supply shall but make that Scripture the more timely and precious, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine." "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." The very obduracy and self-will of men will only cause that truth to stand out with the greater prominency: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; He turneth it whithersoever He

will." If a king can be turned from his purpose by the wonderfully-constraining power of Jehovah, how much more the hearts of the weaker and the more powerless subject? Moreover, was it for his own sake alone, or rather that thousands upon thousands might follow his notable example, that the striking fact is left upon record, "And Hezekiah received the letter from the hand of the messengers, and read it: and Hezekiah went up unto the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord?" Ah, beloved, how many a threatening letter since Hezekiah's day has brought the poor trembling receiver thereof to the footstool of mercy, there, in answer to the cries and groans, sobs and entreaties, of the poor suppliant, to receive the renewed assurance from the Lord's own mouth, "I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee;" "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."

Think you that the Lord will ever allow one of His children to be really injured by anything that poor frail man may say or do? What saith the word of the Lord concerning His children, "Whoso toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye?" Men, for a little season, may be elevated by position or circumstances above their fellow-men; moreover, they may abuse that position by reproach or contempt. They may for a time laud it over their poorer citizens or neighbours, but speedily there will come a time of reckoning, and how fearful will that reckoning be! The prophet Isaiah was commissioned to write: "Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor?" (Isaiah li. 12, 13). As much as to say, "What is become of him? What of all his vain boast?" Where is he, and where art thou, poor soul, that so writhed and trembled under his oppressive hand? Mark, too, that other Scripture by the same prophet: "They shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and He shall send them a Saviour, and a great one; and He shall deliver them." Why, readers, such is the jealousy of the Lord over His dear children, that we would not be among those who wound, or distress, or afflict them—no, not for worlds; for the Lord is sure to avenge their cause. He will assuredly defend them. What stronger language could He adopt than that He has adopted with respect to those who offend (or injure) one of His children? "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a milstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea" (Matt. xviii. 6).

But to return: we contend that, should the complications and the perplexities and the perils of this year exceed any that have preceded it, such complications and perplexities will only afford the

more ample room for Jehovah to exercise His wisdom, power, and love. As verily as God is true, there shall be no flaw nor failure; but He will work mercifully and marvellously, to the praise of the glory of His own grace, and to the admiring and adoring view of His every child.

Upon the ground, however, of what we have said, it may be asked, "But what shall I do? How would you have me act?" Do? Act? Why, seek simply and entirely and abidingly to look to the Lord, and the Lord alone. Wait on Him for wisdom, grace, and strength. Don't meddle, for to meddle is to mar! God the Holy Ghost give thee to learn that great but blessed lesson, "Be still, and know that I am God!" Mark the accompaniment: "I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth." How? In connexion with this very stillness—this owning the Lord, and observing His wondrous ways and doings. "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our Refuge." Observe the name—the great, the glorious, the condescending name, "the God of Jacob!" What was Jacob's position? where *his* wisdom—*his* strength—*his* courage, when Jehovah declared, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." Poor limping, disjointed Jacob, with a trembling heart; crushed to the very earth; expecting a few short hours would witness the slaughter of his wives and his children—the destruction of his property—and his own death! Filled with fear—overwhelmed with the darkest, gloomiest apprehensions—perplexed and dismayed to the last degree, as his last and only refuge—after all his plotting and planning, he goes to his God (and perhaps with many doubts and fears as to whether, after all, He was *his* God or not, for "if so, why was he thus?")—"O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac (he does not now say, and "my God," but), the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee: I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast shewed unto Thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands. Deliver me, I pray Thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children. And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude" (Gen. xxxii. 9—12). Oh, beloved, if you would know anything about the blessedness of *extremities*, read the thirty-second chapter of Genesis; and there mark the wondrous condescension and the marvellous love and the mighty power of our God. And the Lord help you, be your trials or troubles whatsoever they may, to test Him upon the self-same ground! Tell Him of this glorious example of His condescending love and goodness, and ask Him to appear for you—sustain you—deliver you, in the self-same gracious and merciful way. Nor forget, beloved, that precious record, as standing over and against Jacob's deep trouble and

very great extremity, "and He blessed him there." Where? Why, in the trouble-spot—in the difficulty, the danger, the distress. And this is where the Lord is ever wont to bless His people. Reader, do you know anything of it? Can you say, "Thou hast known my soul in adversities"—"I have been to Thee again and again and again in such and such troubles, afflictions, and temptations; and Thou hast always heard and heeded? I have proved," says such an one, "the truth of the words—

'Tis just in the last, distressing hour
Our God displays delivering power:
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.'

There is, however, in all likelihood, another thought pressing itself upon the minds of some of our readers, as they anticipate the probable occurrences of the coming year. Such, perhaps, are saying, "What if it should be said concerning me, 'This year thou shalt die?'" Well, dear reader, we will endeavour to look this supposition fully in the face. If not *this* year, we admit that the year cannot be far distant in which these words will, in reality, be addressed to us, unless the Lord Himself should previously come.

But, supposing you or ourselves are really to die this year: now, upon the presumption that you have been taught your need of Jesus; that you have really felt yourself to be a poor lost, guilty, and helpless sinner; that Jesus, in His blood and righteousness, is your only hope; that you are not in the least possible measure or degree looking to yourself or any creature doings whatever for help or satisfaction, or as a ground of merit or dependence; but that you can, as before a heart-searching God, exclaim, "Give me Christ, or else I die:" we repeat, if these are verily simply and sincerely the utterances of your heart, then we say, you have no need to fear death. The promise—this new year's word—stands good, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

We have, as some of our readers are aware, been wont for many years to contend in these pages, that to the believer in Jesus dying strength will be assuredly given in a dying hour. It will not really be needed before; but *then*, as verily as God is true, it shall be vouchsafed. And, although perhaps few more painfully know than we personally do what sinkings and shrinkings are, in certain states and conditions of health and spirits, yet there is a sense in which it is God-honouring, when we are enabled to leave the issue and the circumstances appertaining to our departure out of this world in His blessed hands whose word holds good even to the end, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." It is not by any means a careless, reckless, ill-founded, unscriptural confidence that in this respect and connected with these momentous circumstances we advocate; God forbid! On the contrary, it is a calm, sober, scriptural belief in and reliance upon the covenant engagement of a covenant God. And we

repeat that the hope and expectation that He will in due time, in regard to the article of death, give the needed grace and vouchsafe the needed mercy, as in all other respects and under all other circumstances He has done, we believe, not only brings a present peace and satisfaction to the soul, but redounds to the glory of Jehovah, as a practical expression of our belief in His divine faithfulness and veracity. He has said, and it is our mercy to know it, and to plead it before Him, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction: repentance shall be hid from mine eyes" (Hosea xiii. 14).

The Lord never forsook His people in any one of the numberless trials and afflictions through which He has called them to pass. Strictly, to the very letter—and, we had nearly said, beyond the letter—He has fulfilled His promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Why, then, should He forget or forsake His dear ones, in connexion with the completion of their pilgrimage—the summing up—the last grand climax? If there is then to be a trial of strength—a test for the mastery—a contention who shall win, Christ or Satan, think you, reader, that Jehovah Jesus will ever suffer Himself to be defeated? He who hath already conquered? He who, in proof of His conquest and dominion, hath the keys of hell and of death? Each and every previous deliverance in times of trouble and difficulty is but the earnest, the foretaste, the pledge, the assurance of full and final deliverance in the last hour. Our God has ever and will ever put the finishing stroke to His work in a way and manner that shall be worthy of Himself. It would be to His discredit and dishonour to leave incomplete or unsightly that upon which He had bestowed so much pains, and in which He had taken so deep and manifest an interest. It was not without divine warrant the apostle was led to testify, "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun in you a good work will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Were only one solitary soul, out of the myriads upon myriads of redeemed and justified sinners, left in the last trying hour to perish, Satan would exult over such soul to all eternity, in that he had at last triumphed over Jehovah, and had proved that word to be untrue, which declares, "And they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

Dear child of God, as the Holy Ghost is pleased to lead us into a contemplation of these divine verities, we are lifted up above all the fears and faintings by the way. Faith, in spite of feeling, takes her stand upon the high and exalted ground, "Thou hast said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" "As thy days, so shall thy strength be;" "He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it. And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we

have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation" (Isaiah xxv. 8, 9).

We repeat, that we are not to judge, by present feelings and present fears, of how it will be with us in the swellings of Jordan. If we belong to the Lord, or, in other words, if we have those marks and evidences to which we just now referred—that is, a feeling sense of our totally lost, helpless, and bankrupt condition—and are simply and entirely looking to Jesus only for succour and deliverance, then, with respect to the time and article of dying, we may say, as the poor painter's boy did to his father, when the latter was looking up at the lofty house, and asked, "How shall we do up there?" "Let us stop till we get there, father!" So every seeker after and hoping one in Jesus may say, with respect to the Jordan.

Let the reader note particularly the fact mentioned in a later page in the present Number, with regard to the martyr GLOVER, that, although he had been the subject of such darkness, and had so much fear and trembling in the prospect of martyrdom, yet, when at length he came in sight of the stake, the Lord so graciously and timely and effectually broke in upon his previously poor benighted soul, that he exulted in the prospect of what awaited him, and clapped his hands for very joy.

Reader, we believe that, as verily as we sit here at this moment penning these lines, so shall the like mercy of all needed grace and strength be granted to each and every vessel of mercy, when the Lord's time comes for them to depart out of this world, and enter upon vast eternity.

We shall close our observations upon this precious New Year's portion, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," by a quotation from a sermon by the late ever-memorable WATTS WILKINSON, which appears in the December number of the *Remembrancer*. Before giving the extract, however, we would just state our belief that this venerable servant of God, notwithstanding the peculiar sweetness, mellowness, and power of his pulpit testimony, was personally the subject of much shrinking from the article of death. We believe it was upon this account that he expressed a wish that he might depart in his sleep, so that he might never know what the act of dying was. Afterwards, however, he recalled this wish, fearing it might savour of dictating to the Lord. His desire, notwithstanding, was granted him, for he *did* pass away in his sleep. Moreover, a day or two since, we were reading an account which appeared in this Magazine, some fifteen years ago, of a dear departed saint, who earnestly desired three things: first, that he might not have a long illness; secondly, that he might be taken home on the Sabbath; thirdly, that he might, in his last moments, be seated in his arm-chair, which he was wont to call his piece of freehold, and which was all he had, in this poor sin-steeped world. The whole of these wishes were granted. He was only ill some three or four days; on the Saturday took to his bed; and, on the Sunday afternoon, being a little restless, requested to be

placed in his arm-chair, in which he was scarcely seated, ere he sweetly, peacefully, blessedly fell asleep in Jesus.

The Editor of *Zion's Witness*, in a recent number, speaks of the high privilege it would be to be called hence from the pulpit! That has been personally our wish for many years, if it were the Lord's will; and we sometimes think that the Lord will thus indulge us. Oh, sacred, high, exalted privilege, one moment speaking of Him, and the next to Him!

The quotation from the blessed WATTS WILKINSON'S sermon is as follows: "*Oh, that we could learn to look at death with more composure! Death is put among the inventory of the riches of a believer given by the Lord of hosts. All things are yours. Life is yours, death is yours; for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's unspeakable gift, and you are God's gift to Christ by covenant union. If you die in Christ, your Covenant Head, you will live with Christ—live with Him to all eternity. 'Your life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ, who is your life, shall appear, then shall you also appear with Him in glory.'*" "If we be dead with Christ (crucified with Him, considered one with Him, and part of His mystical body of which He is the Head), we believe that we shall also live with Him:" knowing that 'Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over Him.' So it shall have no more dominion over them, or do any real or essential injury to them. So, again, 'where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin has reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness (put for the whole work of Christ, His obedience and death, His fulfilling the law and enduring its penalty), even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ, our Lord.'"

Dear reader, farewell! We pray that you and ourselves, by the precious ministry of the Holy Ghost, may realize these glorious verities yet more and more sweetly and powerfully this year.

St. Luke's, Bedford, Dec. 9, 1871.

THE EDITOR.

HINTS ON PRAYER.

DIRECTIONS on prayer are too often of little worth, yet I think a few hints might be useful without being legal. Besides mental and ejaculatory prayer, I think a greater regard to time and place would in many cases result in more profitable seasons of closet prayer. The custom of deferring evening prayer until the time of retiring to rest is open to very serious objections. Circumstances and opportunity of prayer must vary in individual cases; but generally that season when business and work are over for the day is the time when the mind is *most at rest*, therefore the most fitting to set apart for deep and earnest prayer; retire to the furthest part of the house from the domestic circle, and the habit once formed will not soon be forsaken. It is of all times the most delightful when the soul can pour out unmolested its utmost energy in supplication, praise, &c.

Arkesden, Essex.

J. E. S.

Wayside Notes.

STILL DRAWING FROM THE KING'S BOUNTY.

"And his allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life."—2 KINGS xxv. 30.

BELOVED, we stand upon the threshold of another year, and, to our mind, every year seems more momentous than the one preceding it, and events are crowding upon us which surely mark that the time of the end has come. The old world is evidently heaving preparatory to some great event.

Solemnized with such reflections, we have thought of the people of God in the world, tried and tempted as they are, and have earnestly asked the Lord to give us a New Year's portion that shall comfort them in going forth to struggle with the fresh difficulties of the pathway; and the way in which the above passage came home, and fitted into the desire, makes us feel it is of the Lord, and that He will Himself give the daily rate for every day, all the days of our lives.

The narrative from which this expression is taken is very short, but very sweet. It stands at the end of the Second Book of Kings—that is, at the end of 344 years of the history of Judah and Israel—and, probably, would not draw the attention of the cursory reader of God's Word; but, to our mind, though describing an incident which occurred hundreds of years before Shiloh came, yet savours highly of the Lord's treatment of His people in their deliverance, salvation, preservation and exaltation.

The narrative may be summed up thus:—For 17 years Jehoiachin, King of Judah, had been in a state of captivity. Evil-merodach had not ascended the Babylonish throne twelve months, when, his heart being moved with pity, he did "lift up the head of Jehoiachin, King of Judah, out of prison; and he spake kindly to him, and set his throne above the throne of the kings that were with him in Babylon; and changed his prison garments: and he did eat continually before him all the days of his life. And his allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life." Now, is not all this like the acting of our blessed King Jesus? Some would say, "Oh! it is only a matter of history—a very interesting narrative!" But, we remark emphatically, the narratives of Scriptures are not to be read as interesting tales: they are as fraught with spiritual meaning as the types and shadows of the Old Testament dispensation. They preach the Gospel as an earnest of Gospel times; they testify of Christ, and foreshadow the scheme of salvation for perishing sinners. We repeat, then, the acting of the king mentioned is just like our blessed King Jesus. Let us, in dependence upon the Holy Spirit, trace out this fact. Mark, first—

The king "was moved with pity as he beheld Jehoiachin in his low estate;" and was not Jesus, when He saw His Church in her low estate? Did He not leave the glory which He had with the Father before the world was? And, in the fulness of time, "God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." Only think, beloved, of this matchless condescension! It is an act of grace when our beloved Queen is found mixing with some

of the lowly of her subjects, but only think of the King of kings leaving the realms of glory, and becoming bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, in that mystery of godliness, so marvellous, so merciful, so successful. But, further, notice—

The king did lift up the head of Jehoiachin.—Just like Jesus. He is the Lifter-up of the head. It was bowed to the earth; we had not looked upward nor heavenward, nor had any thoughts of eternity; we were wholly engrossed in the things of time. When He lifted up the head, and opened the eyes, at first we only saw “men as trees walking;” but the scene expanded, the Spirit unfolded; with the revelation of Christ we had the revelation of ourselves and our sins; and, oh, while the former rejoiced the heart, and melted the Spirit, the sight of the latter again plunged us into distress, and we cried, “Woe is me! I am a man of unclean lips.” But Jesus paid another love visit—He lifted up the head again; He bid us see that, vile as we were, His blood cleanseth from all sin.

Beloved, is it not precious to look back upon those early days of life divine? Can we ever forget the soul-meltings and grace-humblyings we experienced when the Lord said, “I am thy salvation?” Many times since, we have been in sadness and sorrow, and sometimes well-nigh despair, as we seemed to have left our First Love; but He has never forsaken us; He has come again—cheered, upheld, and comforted—and we remain to this day miracles of grace and monuments of mercy. Is it not so? And, then, He is the Lifter-up of the head—and that, too, not merely at the time of regeneration, but again and again in times of tribulation. Sweet Lifter-up of the head! what should we have done without Thee in many a by-gone trial? We have thought, in our weakness, the waves must overwhelm us, but Thou hast supported and upheld, in such a marvellous way, that we have remained the living to praise Thee; and at such a season as this, in looking back upon the way the Lord hath led us, with all its ups and downs, turnings and twistings, emptyings and upholdings, we may use good old Jacob's words, “God hath dealt graciously with me.” But, again, our passage states—

The king spake kindly to him.—Just like Jesus. We must say, referring to personal experience for a moment, that neither the railings of ministers to dead sinners, nor man's oft-repeated invitations to “Come to Jesus,” nor yet the terrors of the law, had any effect upon the writer's mind; but, when the King, even King Jesus, “spake kindly”—ah! then it was he fell under His gracious words; mercy prevailed, and he broke down with a broken heart under the goodness of His grace. Yea, more, in “speaking kindly,” Jesus revealed Himself; for it seemed with Him as it was with the beloved Joseph when his brethren were before him, especially the little one—“Joseph could not restrain himself.” Oh! beloved, we are satisfied that a religion that begins with Jesus' love and revelation of Himself will end well, for “who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.” And then, notice—

The king brought him out of prison.—He had been there for thirty-seven years. What a long time in a state of degradation! But does it not re-

mind us of the many years that some of us lived in the degradation of unregeneracy? And do we not often look back with a sorrowful spirit at the long series of years spent in the service of Satan? But the Lord brings out when and how He pleases, so that no brother can say to another, "You were blacker than I." And then, mark, "THE KING brought him out of prison." None but King Jesus can bring the soul out of the prison-house of unregeneracy. We cannot understand the representation of many, that Jesus, like a poor suppliant beggar, knocked, and knocked, and knocked at the heart, and all His appeals were in vain; we would not let Him in. We experienced Him far otherwise than this, namely, as a King coming forth with kingly power—"mighty to save." My Beloved put His hand in at the hole of the door, and came in of His own accord; and, when He openeth, none can shut; and, when He shutteth, none can open.

We love to think of His majesty and grace; we cannot bear to hear Him represented as a poor, weak man, weaker than ourselves. His power is the power of the Almighty; and, when He commands, "Come forth," neither earth nor hell can hold its captive for a moment longer. And then, so full of love and grace is He, that He does not bring the poor captive out of prison and bid him shift for himself. No; He has a purpose—and a high purpose, too—in setting the prisoner free: it is to raise Him to dignity and honour. King Jesus does spiritually what the King of Babylon did to Jehoiachin temporally.

He set him upon a "throne above the throne of the kings that were with him in Babylon."—To our mind, there is great beauty and a blessed assurance to be gained in this expression, not unfrequently used in the Scriptures: "*Set him.*" Hannah, you will recollect, uses it in her song of rejoicing: "He lifteth up the poor out of the dust, and the needy out of the dunghill, and hath *set him,*" &c. David also uses the same expression: "He brought me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and hath *set me.*" It seems to convey the fact, that, when God works, He places His children in a position of hallowed and blessed security, far above any earthly power that can effect or harm them. Oh, we love a religion of security! And, sometimes, when one gets overwhelmed and perplexed with life's cares, it is a sweet source of comfort to point upwards and say, "Well, never mind! all right there—no uncertainty in the salvation which Jesus hath procured for me; I have committed my soul into His keeping. I feel nothing is secure in connexion with the things of time. Relatives and friends, one after another, are passing into an eternal world. My little collectings, it may be for earthly comforts, I cannot hoard; it goes. My nest I thought tolerably secure, but I find a thorn in it. Nothing seems secure or certain for a moment here; but, never mind, all right with regard to eternity. Jesus hath set me upon a throne above the thrones of earth. Oh, blessed fact! Oh, hallowed security! My Jesus hath done all things well."

And then, mark, one so honoured must be suitably apparelled. Hence, again, King Jesus does with His own what the King of Babylon did with Jehoiachin—

He changed his prison garments.—"Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel. And he answered and spake unto those that stood by, saying, Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment."

"I will arise, and go to my Father," said the poor degraded, yet re-

penting, prodigal son; and he arose, and came to his Father. But, when he was yet a great way off, his Father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and, kissing him, ordered *the best robe* to be put on him, a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. These are but representations of the declaration of the Lord God Himself concerning His chosen ones. "I will clothe him with my robe, and strengthen him with my girdle;" and the bride, glorifying Him for His goodness and mercy, responds, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God, for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with jewels." But, as well as clothing, there shall be provision. So poor Jehoiachin shall not merely be raised to dignity and honour, and wear apparel suitable for his exalted position, but he shall be provided for from the King's bounty; so we are told,—

He did eat bread continually before the king—Bread—the Word of Life: and it is wonderful how the Lord gives us "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," for our stay. We were looking, the other day, through an old well-thumbed Bible that had been our companion for many years, and, when we saw the number of passages *underlined*, as having been precious and pointed to our need at various times of our pilgrimage, we felt overwhelmed with gratitude at the thought of how the Lord has sustained His unworthy servant by the way with "angels' food:" and this is, no doubt, the experience of the reader, if living before the King. The Word of Life, mercifully given, has kept alive the spiritual nature from the time of thy new birth until now; and shall faith fail now? Shall we for a moment have fears about the future? Oh, no; He, who for forty years sustained Israel with manna in the wilderness, is ever the same. His name is Jehovah-Jireh—"the Lord who will provide"—and the Word of Life will not cease to be the Christian's stay till the King says, "Come up higher, and behold the fulness of my glory." For, mark, as with Jehoiachin, so with all the Lord's dear people—the provision is to be for "ALL THE DAYS OF HIS LIFE." There are seasons, often experienced by the child of God, when he feels so low and depressed that it appears as if all his store was gone, and he is inclined to murmur, as the children of Israel did of old, that he is brought out into the wilderness to starve: but is it so? No—never! The promise is for "ALL the days of his life;" it will never fail. Grace shall be suited to the need, and he shall prove the truth of the declaration, "The righteous shall hold on his way;" and this fact will be further developed if we mark the next expression of our precious passage—

"*His allowance was a continual allowance.*"—This continual allowance on the part of the king brings out the secret of the fact of THE FINAL PERSEVERANCE OF THE SAINTS through the strength granted them from above—not their own; they would utterly fail if they had to rest in and trust to their own strength. We know we sometimes sing—

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And march with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown."

But, oh! we must feel that, if it depended upon the stretching of our nerves (poor nervous things that many of us are), and the display of our

zeal, the race would never be run, nor the prize won. For our part, we feel we could not stand our ground for a single hour, much less fight our way to the crown, even if health and strength were granted, and we could hold out any time. What can we do, when laid upon a bed of affliction, feeling perfectly prostrate in mind and body? Where, then, is our perseverance? But, blessed be God, it does not depend upon creature strength; such a requirement would be unworthy of the God we adore; for He never would demand of us that which we never could accomplish. Do you ask, then, What does our final perseverance depend upon? We will tell you, or, rather, God's Word shall. It depends upon the power of God, the intercession of Christ, and the supply and support of the Holy Spirit. Let us prove it from the Scriptures. The power of God shall support. Hence it is written, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in His way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: FOR THE LORD UPHOLDETH HIM WITH HIS HAND"—the intercession of Christ—as it is written, "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. BUT I HAVE PRAYED FOR THEE, THAT THY FAITH FAIL NOT,"—by the supply and support of the Holy Spirit, as it is written—"My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." What blessed encouragement is there, beloved, in this threefold view of the reason why the saints shall persevere to the end!

And then notice, beloved—this continual allowance was "*given of the king.*"—How precious are the king's gifts! We know it is the custom, at the weddings of the well-to-do, to spread on a table "the gifts," that they may be admired by the guests. Oh! let us spread before you some of the precious gifts which are ours, when brought into vital union with our Kingly Beloved. "There is the gift of eternal life" (Rom. vi. 23); "the gift of the Holy Spirit"—precious gift (Acts ii. 38); "the gift of grace divine" (Rom. v. 15); "the gift of righteousness" (Rom. v. 17); "the gift of faith" (Eph. ii. 8); "the gift of the Gospel" (Eph. iii. 7), and many others; but the greatest and best of all is the gift of the Father, even the Bridegroom Himself. What would all others' treasures be without Him? Then, as well as the birthday gifts, there is a maintenance provided, as our passage has it—"A DAILY RATE FOR EVERY DAY"—"As thy days thy strength shall be:" yes, SHALL be. And has it not been to the present hour? Often we have gone forth to the cares of life, fearful and faint-hearted; but evening by evening we have remained to declare the continued goodness of the Lord.

We knew a man who was applied to to draw a cheque to settle his long-standing account. His reply was: "I dare not at present, for I am already overdrawn at my bankers." No fear of this with us, beloved. Faith may draw perpetually upon our Banker, and never be refused. We shall not go to His board any morning, and come away saying, "He has not provided anything to-day." What he said to the famished ones who had followed Him when on earth, He is saying to His needy ones now: "I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint by the way." How considerate! how compassionate! how just like Himself!—full of tenderness and love. We should indeed fast by the way if He stayed His hand from supplying our need. And we think that our blessed Lord set forth this continued maintenance in His narrative of the good Samaritan. "But a certain Samaritan, as He journeyed, came where he was: and when He saw him, He had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds,

pouring in oil and wine, and set him on His own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." Oh, how much did that good Samaritan do for this poor stripped and wounded man! But, more than all this, mark, He arranged with the innkeeper to "take care of him," adding, "Whosoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee." And where is all this precious stock day by day to be supplied from? We reply, "FROM THE FULNESS OF CHRIST." Oh, wonderful expression! "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." We often utter that expression, but what does it mean? We imagine it means, all signs, symbols, and shadows all done away with in His fulness, just as the dim light of a candle is lost in the glorious rays of the sun. But, more than this, it means the fulness of the Divine nature of all the perfections of Deity centered in Christ, if one were wanting; it would not be fulness, but, as He is the fulness of the Godhead, He must be "all and in all;" therefore, name anything we want, in connexion with our salvation and the things that accompany it, and you will find it in Christ; and all that we experience of grace and gifts are emanations from His fulness, AND GLORY WILL BE TO BE FILLED FULL OF HIM.

Here, then, is our inexhaustible supply. We never need fear it will fail. We may ever draw just the comfort and just the cordial the soul needs, and which no other source can supply.

"Day by day the manna fell—
Oh, to learn this lesson well!—
Still by constant mercy fed:
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;

Cast foreboding cares away,
Take the manna of the day.

"Lord, my times are in Thy hand,
All my sanguine hopes have plann'd,
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy promise mine."

"His allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life."

One thought more.—Such teaching *hangs the whole glory of our salvation upon Jesus*—and this is what we desire to do more and more. Oh! to whom can we come, Thou precious One, but unto Thee? "Thou hast the words of eternal life." To whom can we look but unto Thee, in whom dwellest all the fulness of the Godhead bodily? Come prosperity, come adversity, come health, come sickness, come life, or come death, Thou art "the one thing needful." We will glorify and magnify Thy dear name.

In conclusion, then, beloved—another year is before us with its hidden depths, and, to us, eternal silence; but the Lord knows all that is before us, and a passage like the one meditated upon is highly calculated to dispense black misgivings and heart-tremblings, while it bids us take hold of Jesu's strength and advance, "nothing doubting," for the King, who is willing and well able, has promised from His own fulness, Divine support for every need—"a rate for every day, all the days of our life." The Lord bless you, beloved, as you go forth to the further untrodden steps of the way! Lean well upon His Almighty strength; live continually upon His never-failing bounty; and look forward, with joyful hope and expectation, to that time when you will say with dear Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

THE MINISTRY, AND HOW WE WERE LED INTO IT.—ITS HOPES AND FEARS.

HAVING received many testimonies as to the comfort and encouragement derived from the perusal of the extracts from our private journal, given in last month's Magazine, we venture to add the following further extracts, for the sake of the connexion. We do so, first, in acknowledgment of the Divine support so graciously vouchsafed to us of our God, during the last five-and-twenty years; and, secondly, that those engaged in the Lord's work—especially our younger brethren—may take encouragement from what the Lord has been pleased to do for us. We speak it to His praise—and how often do we think of it with adoring wonder, love, and gratitude—that, although naturally we are the most timid of men; and, although (as may be gathered from the following extracts) the *fear of man* has been such a cross—and, we had nearly said, a curse—to us, through life, yet, when in the pulpit—more particularly our own—we don't care for a creature upon earth; yea, we have often thought, if a man stood ready with a drawn sword to cut us down the next moment, it would not in the least wise intimidate us, or lead us to withhold the declaration of what we believed to be the truth as it is in Jesus.

Oh, reader, what a wondrous power is that with which the Lord strengthens and emboldens His people—His ministering servants especially—in their times of need! When speaking as we do in the annexed extracts, of our timidity and bondage, when addressing merely some sixty or seventy souls (and half of those children), how little did we foresee, or for one moment imagine, what we should realize in that very pulpit subsequently! Ten years afterwards, when our life was time after time threatened, we seemed to stand upon the very threshold of heaven; and, as we ministered, as for ought we knew to the contrary, a doomed man, we had not the shadow of fear, but were made “strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.” Again and again have we felt, whilst preaching, that we would not have moved our head a single inch aside, even though the assassin might be then and there taking his deadly aim; nay, as we have before remarked, we the rather wished than otherwise, that we might die a martyr's death, and thus seal our testimony with our blood.

Dear reader, if you are in very deed in the footsteps of the flock, and where and as the Lord would have you to be, you need be under no fear or apprehension whatever of His bestowing upon you all the grace and strength you need. “Faithful is He that promised, who also will do it.”

(Extracts from Journal, continued from last Number.)

Sunday Night, December 6, 1846.—Have been exceedingly unwell these two days, and have suffered much from dejection. Went, however, to-day, in the midst of much bodily weakness, to Killae, among the mountains; felt, as I went, how far beyond my reach was the glorious subject brought to my mind last Sabbath, yet certainly never enjoyed a stronger hold upon the promise, “My word shall not return unto me void; but shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.” I felt that the text itself was the Lord's, and that, if the Spirit who indicted it were pleased to give understanding of it; and, further, to fulfil His promise of giving the opening of the mouth in the midst of the people, that would also be of the Lord; and, as such, a blessing *must*

attend.—Our number was 26; I spoke for about forty minutes, but with depression—did not experience that sweet heart-warming which I so love to realize. Was obliged to throw myself and my poor broken observations upon the Lord, feeling how far—yea, how infinitely—short they fell of the vast—the weighty—the glorious subject under contemplation.—Unable to go to church this evening, I have occupied myself in reading the “Dairyman’s Daughter.” It is a striking history. How it has tended to rekindle the fire—the ardent desire—to be useful, especially to these poor neglected—at the same time deeply interesting—Irish people. Life is so fast ebbing away; and these occasional attacks prove to one how soon an inroad may be made upon the constitution, and leave but a wreck for the grave! Lord, make me useful! Give me—oh, give me, not in a spirit of legal self-righteous endeavour, but with a heart fired with love, warmed by Thy rich grace and mercy, and in a simple dependence upon Thyself, “to work whilst it is called to-day, for the night cometh in which no man can work.”—Found access to my dear Lord to-night, on behalf of a vast body of friends, with whom I have been graciously permitted to meet in different parts of the kingdom. How sweet it was to realize the family relationship—to feel that, though so far separated, we were bowing before the same throne, and looking up to the same God and Father in Christ, in the glorious anticipation of one day meeting together before Him face to face in glory!

“Oh, glorious hour! Oh, bless’d abode!
We shall be near and like our God;
Nor flesh nor sense shall more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.”

Templemore, Ireland, December 31, 1846.—The closing up of the year! Hear praise, dear Father of all our mercies! Here we are by Thy good and gracious hand; and my dear wife and children brought to me in astonishing safety, peace, and comfort! And now here I am helped by kind friends in England to visit these poor starving Irish—poor Roman Catholics: already have I been from cabin to cabin, and given away nearly 250 tickets for 7lbs. of Indian meal to each ticket.* Certainly it has saved many from absolute starvation; and their gratitude is extreme. Their attention to one’s simple testimony for the truth as it is in Jesus is most gratifying. Lord, bless the feeble hints, and seal them home upon the heart, if agreeable with Thy sovereign will! And now at the close of this, and upon the threshold of another year, I commit myself—my family—my friends—Thy whole Church, to Thy holy care and keeping. Oh, bless me here! I thank Thee for the comfort I enjoy in testifying of Thee—for any measure of light into Thy blessed Word, and for the opening of the mouth in the midst of the people. Make clear my future course! Direct me to the part of the vineyard Thou hast selected for me; and, if Thy sovereign will, let the close of 1847 find me, at my post, preaching among poor Irish fellow-sinners “the unsearchable riches of Christ!”—Even so, Holy Father. Amen and amen.

Templemore, Friday Morning, April 30, 1847.—This morning I have to record the dismissal from the body of my dear, dear youth’s companion, dear John Lane. He fell asleep Tuesday morning, half-past four. He has just closed his ministry upon earth—I am just entering upon mine. Lord, sanctify the visitation! I feel it much, though long expected. Oh,

* This afterwards amounted to about five-and-twenty tons.

bless it to all of our family. Unite us as brothers and sisters. How soon *our* time will come! Here I walk day by day in the midst of death and dying. Much fever is raging, and day after day am I brought into immediate contact with it, and know not how soon the Lord may lay me low, as He is many in this land who are engaged as I am. O Lord, favour us—bless us—strengthen us! Let Thy good and gracious hand be seen. Satisfy us with Thy favour. Bring much good out of this afflictive visitation, and let us have good reason to bless and magnify Thy great and adorable name for thus visiting us. Amen and amen.

Sunday Morning, June 13, 1847.—This day week I expect to be one of the most important and eventful of my short life. Thursday next (if the Lord will) I leave this for *Waterford*; for examination on Friday and Saturday, and *ordination* on the Sunday following.—Lord, my own Lord, prepare me for this great undertaking; go before me—go with me—and be Thou my reward! Indulge me with a realizing sense of Thy gracious presence—that so fears may be removed, and I, in consequence of the satisfactory—the alone satisfactory—assurance of Thine own presence and approval, may possess a “peace which passeth all understanding”—a composure most soothing to the soul! None but Thyself can give me this; none but Thyself can take my fears—my many—fears away. But Thou *canst* (oh, that it may be Thy pleasure so to do!) give me all that calmness—fearlessness—precious leaning, venturing, hiding in and upon Thee, as shall be most refreshing to my troubled spirit.

Waterford, Sunday Morning, June 20th, 1847.—My soul, bless the Lord this morning for the aboundings of His mercy! He hath brought me here—given strength to pass through the ordeal of an examination. The Bishop, Archdeacon, and Chaplain, were kindness itself. And now, in another short hour or two, I have to appear before the congregation at the Cathedral, to receive the laying on of hands, and the public welcome into the Lord’s vineyard.—Lord, hast Thou not called me thereto? Hast Thou not laid Thine own work upon my heart; and, worthless, undeserving, altogether unfit as I am in myself, hast Thou not given me many an inward and precious testimony, that this grace is given to me—even to me—“that I should preach amongst the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ?” Oh, let my subject—let the burden of my ministry—be CHRIST, and not self, nor mere doctrine! Let it be a sweet, savoury testimony for CHRIST; setting forth His love—His grace—His might, majesty, and dominion. And let many a poor sinner, if it be Thy holy will, O Lord, hear—savingly hear—from my poor stammering tongue—my faltering lips—of the name of Jesus! Yes, let me, by the rich anointing—the gracious outpouring—of the Holy Ghost, be enabled to fulfil my promise, made to Thee now twenty-one years ago, provided that Thou wouldst then hearken and deliver by the precious forgiveness of sin, through the blood of Jesus being applied to the conscience—the promise—that

“Then would I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I had found;
I’d point to His redeeming blood,
And say, ‘Behold the way to God.’”

Amen and amen.

Half-past two.—Have just returned from the Cathedral, after the deeply impressive and most solemn service—a service which, I trust, with its occasion, never, never to forget. I have had one prevailing desire, O all-

precious Jesus! and that is, that it may be my happy privilege, by the special—the abundant—outpouring of the Holy Ghost, to “PREACH CHRIST” unto the people. I want the burden of my ministry to be JESUS—JESUS! All else will fail—all else come short. A deathliness—a coldness—a comparative uselessness will be the result, if CHRIST be not exalted and become very high. Oh, Spirit Divine, let a precious—a special—bedewing from Thyself be granted unto me! I am nothing in myself but vanity and worthlessness. All that is comely—all that is acceptable to God, or really beneficial to the souls of men, must come from Thyself, as the One Spirit that works in the hearts of Thy redeemed “to will and to do” of Thine own good pleasure, testifying of JESUS, JESUS and His great salvation! Take the fear of man away, Lord; give light, knowledge, and understanding into Thine own precious truth; and let much good be done in the name of the holy child Jesus! Amen and amen.

Annestown, Bonmahon, Ireland, Nov. 29, 1847.—Have just heard from a confidential friend, that the stand I have made (and trust, the Lord enabling, ever to maintain) in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE against *Popery*, has roused the venom of the Romanists, and that I am a *marked* (if not a *doomed*) man.—Lord, I am in Thy hands. Thou art my Keeper. He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Make, and keep me, faithful even unto death! I feel the sweetness of those precious words—

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

This the Lord told me before I left England, twelve months ago. And since that time how great has been His mercy and goodness towards me—mercies new every morning, and renewed every evening! He hath placed me now over a people differing in sentiment from myself; may the Lord make me faithful to His truth, and enable me to PREACH CHRIST unto them. This, this is my desire. They lie very near my heart. That God may bless the Word is the one great desire of my soul. For this I am willing to spend and be spent in His service. I thank Him for the great privilege He hath conferred upon me, in that He hath counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; and now I desire to be led into truth—to be kept fearlessly and faithfully proclaiming that truth until He shall say, “Come up hither!” Lord, bless me in the work. Lord, give me deadness to the world, and liveliness to Thee! Lord, grant me grace to live in a holy fellowship and sweet familiarity with Thee, viewing the brevity of life—the greatness of the work Thou hast called me unto—and the probable short space of time allotted me here to labour! Oh, take away the fear of man, which bringeth a snare, and let me go before the people perpetually, bearing in mind the value of the soul, and feeling the holy influence which a “*Thus saith the Lord,*” under the Spirit’s power, produces in the heart. Amen and amen.

Saturday Morning, December 11, 1847.—Divine Spirit, Thou Illuminator of Thy Church, condescend, in the riches of Thy mercy, to open my understanding, and especially be Thou with me in those important engagements which now await me! This day week I expect, as Thou knowest, to be under a course of examination in order to receive a yet

fuller commission in Thy vineyard. Be *Thou* with me then, Lord; take fear away—give composure; grant a realization of Thy Divine presence, dearest Immanuel; and let me, if it seemeth good unto Thee, realize that Thou art with me now, even as when I before publicly espoused Thy cause! Thou *hast* been my Friend; Thou *hast* been my Helper; by me and with me Thou *hast* stood hitherto: still let Thine own guidance, guardianship, and goodness be granted unto me! And, O Lord, graciously be with me in Thy service! How much darkness, timidity, bondage, I feel: give me more liberty—indulge me with more fearlessness and freedom—give me larger insight into Thy blessed Word—a fuller door of utterance, and a more simple dependence upon Thyself, with a contentedness in leaving myself and ministrations in Thine all-gracious hands, to do with it and with me as shall seem good in Thy sight! Amen and amen.

Thursday Morning, December 16, 1847.—Leaving, presently, for Waterford, for examination to-morrow and Saturday, by the Bishop, &c. Lord, help me; Lord, sustain me; Lord, give me wisdom and understanding to reply! Let me realize Thy grace—Thy strength—Thine own divine presence and support! Make it a time of memorial, Lord, even as the last was; Thou that *hast* never left me, nor forsaken me; Thou that *hast* sustained 'midst trials and sorrows, and seemingly overwhelming perplexities! Oh, let Thy grace be sufficient, let Thy powerful arm sustain, and let thrice distinguishing mercy be experienced, for Christ's sake. Amen and amen.

Friday Night, December 31, 1847.—Another year closing upon us, and that for ever! Father of mercies and God of all comfort, not merely would I acknowledge Thy goodness as vouchsafed unto me so tenderly since my last record, but I would bless Thee and praise Thee and magnify Thee for all the manifold mercies with which Thou *hast* daily loaded us during the year now fast drawing to a close. My soul is lost in wonder and admiration whilst contemplating Thy faithfulness towards me. How unbelieving, how ungrateful, how altogether unworthy of any—the least—of the ten thousand times ten thousand mercies received at Thy hand, and yet, notwithstanding all my rebellion, unbelief, and ingratitude, daily and hourly have Thy mercies been continued unto me. How my soul now blesses Thee in That thou didst not give heed to my former desires of being taken out of the body, but in that Thou *hast* continued me here to learn more of Thy gracious dealings—more of Thy faithfulness—more of the fathomless grace that sways Thy loving heart towards poor guilty sinners. Oh! my Father, warm my heart, and touch my lip as it were with a live coal from off the altar, that I may testify of the same to my poor fellow-men! Thou *hast* placed me in a peculiar sphere—among those who profess to know and love Thee, but who (to say the least) abuse that love by distrusting the faithful continuance of Thy mercy towards Thy Church. Others, too, I have reason to believe, are but mere formalists—self-satisfied church-goers; others, equally dark and dead as the poor Romanists by whom they are surrounded. Lord, give me wisdom to go in and out before them; and oh, give me grace to proclaim faithfully and fearlessly Thine own truth, that God in all things may be glorified. Amen and amen.

Saturday Night, January 1, 1848.—Dearest Lord, thou *hast* permitted us to enter upon this year. Adored be Thy name! And now do Thou grant unto us the light—the grace—the liberty of Thine own Spirit. Oh, go with us through the year. Support us amid its varied, its multiplied

changes and vicissitudes. Let great grace rest upon us! Water our souls by the refreshing dews of the Spirit! Let our own souls be in health, and let the people of our charge be abundantly blessed under our feeble ministrations!—O Lord, we thank Thee for any realization of Thy grace and strength, whilst speaking in Thy name this morning. Grant it to be the sweet earnest of Thy presence and Thy grace throughout the labours of the year! Solemnize our minds, and open our understanding, and enlarge our hearts, that we may, under the unction and power of the Spirit, proclaim fearlessly and fully the truth as it is in Jesus! And, O Lord, remember the *MAGAZINE*! Prosper it this year also! Oh, let the marrow and fatness of Thine own truth fill its pages! Let Christ be exalted, and be very high! Forbid it—oh, forbid it, we entreat Thee—that “Ichabod” should be written upon it! Let it maintain the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth! And bless our little household, Lord, we beseech Thee! Conduct us safely onward this year! Bring us to its close in peace, if it be Thy blessed will! Give us, at its close, to say, as *now* we can say, in looking back upon the past year, and each of its forerunners, “He hath done all things well!” And enable us, O Lord, in the contemplation of our own dissolution, should it take place *this year*, to say—

“Should death be at hand, I’ll fear not undressing,
But cheerfully throw off these garments of clay;
To die in the Lord is a covenant blessing,
Since Jesus to glory, through death, led the way!”

Annestown, Bonmahon, July 19, 1848.—I am as poor and (in my fleshly heart) as polluted a worm as ever Jehovah sent into His vineyard. I seldom know what it is to preach in my own appointed church but in the greatest bonds and fetters; feeling almost perpetually the fact, that I “speak in parables”—that the people do not understand me; and with this is the almost unceasing worrying of Satan and my own unbelieving heart, both in the pulpit and out of it, “Ah! you have no gift—the Lord never sent you into His vineyard. You will quickly wear out. Your cruise will soon fail. Your tale will soon be told; and then discredit and disgrace will be yours for the remainder of life—a mere vagabond for the remainder of your days!” These, these are the almost incessant worryings with which my bewildered mind is agitated. But when the Lord does give a little lift, oh, how precious! ’Tis all right then. Thanks to His name for one little whisper, “All was well,” just now. My dear sister told me of a circumstance she met with at Cambridge: In distributing tracts, she met with a morose but remarkable man; he refused her tracts; said he read only his Bible. He was a shoemaker by trade, and usually met with a few poor saints in a room; but the night I was at Cambridge, and was so unexpectedly invited to preach at Christ Church, it was too dark for him to see to work, and he thought he would go into the church, and hear the usual minister. My text that night was 2 Cor. iv. 17, “For our light affliction,” &c. He dropped in just as the text was announced, and the Lord was pleased to make it a precious watering time to his soul—thanks to His holy name! Adored be His mercy for every little hope that He is pleased to drop into one’s barren heart, giving encouragement thereby to “thank Him, and to take courage” from the humble hope—I dare not say confidence—that He hath called me to the work! Oh, to live near to Himself, and upon Himself; finding indeed the truth that “all my springs are in Thee;” yet with it the sweet realiza-

tion, that "of His fulness we are daily—hourly—receiving, and grace for grace!" Amen and amen.

July 28, 1848.—Here we are, in Ireland, threatened with a rebellion, and that of the most fearful character. Paris has lately been the scene of bloodshed to an awful extent; and the poor deluded Romanists here are ripe and ready, with their pikes and their illegal firearms, to follow so bloody an example. Protestants in the neighbouring towns are flying to England; a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act has been passed, in a Bill introduced—read a first, second, and third time—in one and the same night, in the House of Commons; and large mobs are assembling in different parts of the country, led on in their mad enthusiasm by certain equally mad leaders. With what grateful emotions do I open my eyes of a morning, to see that the light again has dawned upon us; and that their threats of far-spread assassination have not been carried into execution; that our dear little household has again reposed in peace and in safety beneath the kindly shadow of His Almighty wings. One thing has seemed to stay my mind, and divert me from that extreme dread and anguish which I have been (and believe, but for grace, should again be) the subject of. "*The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,*" are five words that stay my mind, and comfort my heart. Lord, give me indeed to feel that Thou art God over all—ordering and well-ordering all things in us and for us; fixing the bounds of our habitation, and encompassing us with Thy favour as with a shield! From blessed experience I know Thou art able to cause us to realize the sweet truth, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

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

August 20.—"What shall I preach from to-morrow?" thought I yesterday. Psalm l. 15, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify me," came to the mind as vividly and as almost as audibly as if directly spoken to the ear and heart by a second person. It opened thus—1. The Exhortation; 2. The Encouragement; 3. The Effect.

I was led earnestly to beg the Lord to be matter and mouth to me; to take from me my accustomed nervousness and fear, to let me forget myself and the people in the absorbings of my subject, and the importance of the work in which I was engaged. But, oh, how different was it! Though others say they did not observe it, I was nervous to a degree. I felt cramped and powerless. My heart was heavy, my mind confused, and no spirit nor enlargement in my discourse.—O Lord, when wilt Thou deliver me from the fear of man, and give me power and energy and fearlessness in Thy work? Hast Thou not called me to it, and wilt Thou not bless me in it? Lord, do, do, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake! Amen and amen.

Saturday Night, Aug. 26.—I pray Thee, blessed Spirit, be with me, with Thine own special grace and power on the coming day! Give me light into Thy truth—precious views of Thy precious Gospel—a sight of Christ in the glory of His Person, the efficacy of His blood, the completeness of His righteousness—and then grant me a door of utterance, that I may speak Thy mind, O Lord, fully and fearlessly to the people! Thou knowest, Lord, the work is Thine own. I am entirely dependent

on Thee. All my previous thought and meditation will be far removed, unless Thy special grace and power be abundantly given unto me. Oh, grant it, Lord! Take fear away—take thoughts of self away—and let Thy grace, and Thy power, and Thy love, O adorable Trinity, be my theme!—I bless Thee for a sweet time on Wednesday night; precious and heart-warming was that season to my soul. Lord, grant me the like indulgence, if Thy holy will! Let my eyes—my heart—be up unto Thee, oh, adorable, all-lovely Jesus! Amen and amen.

Annestown, Sept. 1, 1848.—Removing to Bonmahon.—Blessed be God for hearing my poor prayers, and indulging me with a good season in the pulpit last Sunday! Precious, precious was the time whilst preaching from Eph. i. 3, 4.—Lord, repeat such privileged opportunities!

And now, O holy Father, we are about to vacate this habitation. We have begged counsel of Thee; we have waited Thy opening hand, for the settling more immediately among the people of our parish; a house sometime since presented itself; in that we were disappointed. Another followed; again to that my mind rebelled; still thinking it might be Thy hand, I moved slowly in the matter, and the result (after many weeks) is our going to that house. And now, Lord, I can appeal to Thee that the language of both heart and lip has been, “If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence!” I feel the dangers to which we are exposed from worldly society—this is my great dread. Lord, keep us! Lord, preserve us! Lord, suffer us not to be ensnared! My earnest cry is, “Lord, save us from the snares and entrapments of the world, the flesh, and the devil! Keep us, and we shall be well kept; hold Thou us up, and we shall be safe!—For all the ten thousand mercies received at Thy hands here at *Annestown*, we bless and adore Thee; let the same sweet mercy, in protection, preservation, and provision attend us at *Bonmahon*, and Thy name shall have all the praise! Amen and amen.

Bonmahon, Sept. 2, 1848.—First Day in my New Study.—Dearest Lord Jesus, I would afresh dedicate myself, and my poor and imperfect services, to Thee this day, in this our new habitation. Privileged as I here am with quiet and retirement, it is my most hearty prayer that Thou wouldst graciously grant unto me much of Thy Divine presence and favour. Open Thy Word, Eternal Spirit; here come and testify of Jesus to my soul! Make it a Bethel spot! Let my meditations be sweet, and give me such indulgence as shall cause my soul to be watered with the bedewings of Divine love! Let covenant love, covenant blood, and covenant grace, be my meditation here, and my theme there, in the little church that opens to my view! Give me wisdom, too, in visiting the neighbouring cottages! Let Christ and salvation be my theme! May His glory be my object! and let a covenant blessing attend the Word of His grace! Amen and amen.

Evening.—Will it please Thee, O Lord, to favour me to-morrow as Thou didst on the last Sunday? Hear my cry! Be with me! Give me wisdom, strength, and courage! Grant me a clear apprehension of Thy truth, and then grant ability to bring it forth to the edification and profit of the people! Thou knowest, blessed Spirit, my entire dependence upon Thyself. Let me not hope in Thee, nor look to Thee, nor depend upon Thee, in vain! I seemed to have a measure of confidence in Thee on the last Saturday evening—I rather expected a good day to follow; Lord, I was not disappointed. I have not that confidence this evening; but Thou canst give me freedom with or without the previous assurance, nor would I, Lord, so much ask for comfort in Thy work, as for a calm confi-

dence that I am indulged to give utterance to the Lord's truth, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. And all I ask I would ask in Jesu's name, and for His sake. Amen and amen.

Monday, Sept. 4.—Blessed be the Lord for hearing my poor cries, and giving me a good day yesterday! Precious are those seasons when the Lord comes in His own Divine energy and power with His word. Lord, multiply these seasons; increase them to the joy and rejoicing of my heart!

Wednesday, Sept. 6.—Found, in my calls yesterday, that complaints were made of my Sunday morning's sermon, and threats of certain parties to discontinue their attendance. Be it so, Lord, if it is for Thy glory. Thy Word is to be made a savour of death unto death, as well as of life unto life. Lord, make and keep me faithful! Let me keep back nothing that is profitable! In Eph. i. 5—7 is the doctrine of Thy discriminating grace and adopting love, and shall I—dare I—keep it back? Forbid it, Lord! Precious is the contemplation to my soul! And let me pour forth the sweetness of it to the people, that they (if it be Thy will) may be rooted and grounded in love—and built up, not in mere natural or nominal faith, but in THY (because Thou art the Author and Giver of all that is genuine) most holy faith!—I know, O Lord, my constant temptation to keep back part of the truth (because most of my hearers are professed *Methodists*); but, Lord, preserve me from falling into the snare! Let me live, walk, and preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!

Saturday Evening, Sept. 9.—O Lord, think upon me on Thy coming day, I entreat Thee! I know it will be an act of mercy, if Thou dost. But yet is it not *all mercy* at Thy hand? I have been interrupted in my reading this day, and very wandering in my thoughts and conversation, when I would have had my mind set upon what was before me. But this is my character. Restless—unsteady—far from that studiousness and application which I desire to have. Went out this evening to call upon a parishioner; talked about others; always engenders bondage. Lord, let me learn by these dearly-bought lessons! How much more valuable and precious are those Saturday evenings spent in the silent study, and in the felt presence of the Lord! Lord, increase the number of such, and make them increasingly dear to the heart!

Sunday Noon.—Preached this morning from 1 Cor. ix. 16: "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel!" The resistance of the truth last Sunday led me to this text this morning. Lord, though I felt no sweet dew or power, Thou canst make it to accomplish Thy end and purpose. Seal it home! Cause it to tell! Let the deaf hear, the blind see; and may Thy glory be made to appear! The work is Thine, not mine, as I have endeavoured this day to tell the people.—Be with me this evening! No text at present, and have been thinking I should never have liberty again in preaching. Lord, keep me from conferring with flesh and blood, or measuring Thy truth and Thy Spirit's teachings by the standard of my feelings of ignorance, weakness, barrenness, and impotency! Do Thou work, and let Thy glory be revealed!

Evening.—Blessed, blessed, blessed be the Lord, for the precious season of this evening in the pulpit, whilst preaching from Eph. i. 1! My mind was led away from another subject to this just before service; and, oh, how sweet did the Lord make it to my heart! Full and free were both heart and tongue. Adored be the Lord for such a timely token of His favour! Magnify Thy grace, O Thou sweet Spirit, and give me, in my

feeble way, to honour Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the proclamation of Thy truth! Amen and amen.

Saturday Night, Sept. 16, 1848.—Arrived at another Saturday night, dear Father of mercies and God of all consolation, I come to ask Thee for a new mercy—a blessing for and on the Sabbath. Lord, Thou only canst prepare the heart, and Thou alone give wisdom and words for Thy work. Lord, hear me! Lord, grant Thy Divine presence—Thy strength—Thy supports—Thine own gracious leadings! Amen and amen.

Saturday Night, Sept. 30, 1848.—Another day, week, and month closing—and that for ever—upon us. Lord, we desire to offer Thee praise for Thy Divine faithfulness, and all the sweet mercies vouchsafed during the month. Warm our hearts in the contemplation! We have especially to bless Thee for having favoured us in the proclamation of Thy Word, during many seasons in the month; and are coveting the same rich mercy for the coming Sabbath. Lord, we love the comfort of Thy truth; but, we pray Thee, give us a more settled assurance that it is *truth*, whether or not we realize at the time the sweet enjoyment of it! In this respect we want to be “strengthened, stablished, settled;” to know that we are the Lord’s messenger, and that He is pleased, by our mouth, to speak unto the people.

Saturday Night, Oct. 7, 1848.—Lord, help me to-morrow! I desire to acknowledge Thy gracious presence on the last Sabbath, especially in the evening of the day. Vouchsafe Thy Divine favour to-morrow, O Lord! My mind is confused; in vain have I endeavoured to set my thoughts in order. I feel that I must throw myself on Thy kind and gracious arm. I would acknowledge, with gratitude, the sweet melting remembrance Thou didst afford me to-day of my *pardon-hour*, whilst writing to one of Thy dear children. Especially would I thank Thee for having heard my cry this week, that the welfare of Thy Church might be more laid upon *my* heart, and *my* state and circumstances upon *theirs*. Precious, since these petitions, has been my intercourse with Thy people in epistolary correspondence! Lord, thus revive and strengthen my faith, and hope, and love.

Saturday Night, Oct. 14.—The sudden death, by fever, of a friend in the North of Ireland, rendered it desirable (if not necessary) that I should offer other dear friends in England, that I would (if the Lord permitted) go, and endeavour to console the bereaved widow and family. The offer on *their* part was gladly accepted, and deemed a striking interposition of the Lord’s hand, inasmuch as they were, until my letter arrived, looking but in vain for some one to send. And now, Lord, I am Thy *waiting* and *willing* servant. I have been entreating Thee, Thou knowest, that, “if *Thy* presence go not with me, Thou wouldst carry me not up hence.” Prevent it, Lord! Throw obstacles in the way! But if it is *Thy* pleasure and *Thine* appointment, then go with me! Make me an instrument of comfort to the widow and fatherless, in directing their weeping eyes to Thee, and in preaching Christ’s glorious Gospel among them! Lord, come in the power of Thy Spirit, and grant it to be a season of memorial! And let great grace rest upon Thy poor stammering worm to-morrow! Make this also a day of gladness by the sovereign anointing of God the Holy Ghost upon both speaker and hearer! Amen and amen.—Give me grace, Lord, to thank Thee for the gracious interpositions of Thine hand, this week, in a providential way! How is it, Lord, that Thou art so indulgent to such a poor sinful worm? Truly Thy remembrances of me and mine have been, and are, marvellous. My soul would admire and adore Thee in the contemplation.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

NOTES OF A SERMON.

“*Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me.*”—2 TIM. iv. 17.

PROSPERITY procures friends: adversity tries them. Paul was in adversity when he had to appear before Cæsar. He had special need of the sympathy and support of friends; but, through the fear of man and other causes, not one friend stood by him. All men forsook him, and, like his Master before him, he stood alone, so far as earthly friends were concerned. This was a most trying position. It was enough to make even an apostle waver. But *the Lord* vouchsafed His presence. The Lord would not fail nor forsake His servant. The Lord stood by him, and strengthened him. What confidence and comfort the Lord's presence inspired! How forcibly this reminds one of Joshua, the representative of God's people on their return from captivity, whose filthy garments were taken off, and upon whom change of raiment was put, whose iniquities also were taken away; and, while Satan was present as an adversary to accuse and oppose, the Angel of the Lord stood by. That Angel, Jesus Himself, not only delivers, but stands by to protect and comfort His people. Such had been the experience of the Apostle: first, when rescued from the power of Satan, and, times without number afterwards, in times of perplexity and danger. Thus, for instance, on the night following his trial before the Jewish council, when it was feared Paul would have been pulled in pieces, he was carried off hastily to the castle; and, when still and quietly shut up in the fortress, “the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul; for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome.” And, when in the fearful storm in the Mediterranean, on his way to Rome, it seemed impossible for any one to escape a watery grave, “there stood by me (he says) the Angel of God, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar, and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.”

How graciously and seasonably the Lord stands by His servants! But in their distress He is especially near. Thus, when Joseph was a lonely captive in Egypt, and, through a wicked woman, was thrown into prison, how cheering the words of the sacred narrative, “But the Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy; . . . the Lord was with him, and that which he did the Lord made it to prosper.” So with regard to the noble God-fearing youths in Babylon: who can understand fully the severe trial of their faith in that hour when they had to be cast into the fiery furnace? And yet never, perhaps, had they realized such ineffable felicity as then, when, in the very midst of the terrible furnace, the Son of God stood by and walked with them. How loudly their noble words, and still nobler conduct, proclaim the fact, that “the path of duty is ever the path of safety!”

Fear not, then, O tried believer! for, when thou walkest through the fire of sad affliction, thou shalt not be burned.

The Lord stands by to check the fury of His enemies.

In confirmation of this, in addition to all that has been said, observe how He interposed on behalf of His afflicted people under such men as Pharaoh, Haman, and Sennacherib. What a number and variety of

wicked devices there were in the hearts of these wicked men against the Lord, and against His anointed people! And yet how marvellously these wicked devices were frustrated, the wicked authors punished, and the counsel of the Lord accomplished! The Bible abounds with such illustrations. So does more modern history. Thus, Charles VIII., King of France, went into the field of battle against Naples, "like thunder and lightning, but went out like a snuff." Thus Valens, having to sign an order for the banishment of Basil, because he would not embrace Arianism, was seized with such a trembling in his hand that he could not sign it. He was afterwards burnt by the Goths. Domitian, having made out a list of Christians to be put to death, including his own wife and friends, was stabbed to death in his own house by his servants. Julian vowed and swore that, after his return from his wars, he would make a sacrifice of Christians; but was mortally wounded in the Persian war, and, catching the blood in his hand, as it flowed from the wound, threw it up into the air, exclaiming, "At length thou hast conquered, O Galilean!"

Another case, very similar, is that of Felix, Earl of Wurtemberg, who swore that before his death he would ride up to his spurs in the blood of Lutherans; but, on that very night, he himself was clotted with his own blood.

The wicked authors of the never-to-be-forgotten gunpowder plot designed the overthrow of Protestant Christianity in this country, and the re-establishment of Popery. The Lord disclosed the infernal design. He stood by His own people, and maintained His own cause.

It is well worthy of note that the ex-Emperor Napoleon, as it is reported on good authority,* ascribes the recent war to the machinations of the party that was dominant in the Œcumenical Council. The destruction of Prussian (or Protestant) ascendancy in Germany had been made the condition of the further support of the Empire by the Romish Church. The war for this purpose was to take place while the Council was sitting, and the Council was summoned for no other purpose than to be sitting during the war. It was expected that the Roman Catholic population of Germany would side with France. The certain defeat of Germany was anticipated, and by this, simultaneously with the proclamation of the infallibility of the Pope, the overthrow of German Protestantism was anxiously looked for, and then England, and America—yea, even the world itself—might soon be compelled to fall down before the great Antichrist. But the Lord graciously frustrated this infernal policy. Yea, blessed be His name! the designs of His enemies were made to recoil with dire confusion upon their own heads, inflicting a deadly blow on the temporal power of the Pope, and accelerating the Reformation and the spread of the Gospel even into the very heart of Rome itself.

Thus does the Lord stand by His people in their time of need, and restrains or over-rules the fury of His enemies, "making the very wrath of man to praise Him."

Moreover, "the Lord stands by His people," in order to give them strength and boldness in His cause. Thus the Lord said to Joshua, "There shall not a man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." Why? God answers, "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." And then the Lord adds, "Be strong and of a good courage." No wonder that, after this, the enemies of Israel should

* *Quarterly Journal of Prophecy* for April, 1871.

have fled before them. So, again, when Goliath, of Gath, glorying in his great physical strength, uttered proud defiance against the armies of the living God, the Lord put forth the stripling David, inspired him with superhuman boldness, and, standing by him when advancing to the conflict, directed the stone from its sling on its deadly mission, and laid the defiant boaster prostrate on the earth. How truly may the weakest say, "I am strong," when the Lord stands by and imparts His strength—strength to suffer, strength to fight, and strength for every possible emergency (Acts iv. 13).

It is said that when Chrysostom once reproved the Empress Eudoxia for being like Jezebel for covetousness, he received a threatening message from her, to which he returned this bold and decided answer, "Go, tell her I fear nothing but sin!"

So, again, when Luther was summoned to the diet at Worms, many of his friends, fearing disastrous consequences, tried to dissuade him from going. His bold and courageous answer, so well known, was, that "if there were as many devils in Worms as there were tiles on the houses he would go;" and when, before the council, called upon to retract and renounce his faith in the simplicity of the Gospel, "the Lord so stood by and strengthened him," that he could say, "Here stand I, I cannot change."

The accounts we have of the boldness of the martyrs—their support and consolation in suffering—can only be accounted for on the ground that "the Lord stood by them, and strengthened them."

How truly did Cyprian say of Christians, "*Occidi poterant, sed vinci non poterant*"—many could be killed, but they could not be conquered.

Learn, 1. Never yield to *groundless fear*.—The hearts of worldly men may fail for fear, as they anticipate the judgments of God coming on the earth. But a Christian should not fear. "Fear not *ye*: ye seek Jesus." "Fear hath torment." It emasculates faith of all its energy; it quenches the ardour of love; it paralyses all noble Christian effort. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Why, then, fear? Why not be bold as a lion?

2. Entertain high thoughts of God.—"*Be still*, and know that I am God,"—omnipotent, omniscient, irresistible. "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless, the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand."

3. Even if alone, afflicted, and without the sympathy of a single human friend, "the Lord will stand by and strengthen" us. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." The Lord will provide.

"Deliverance comes most bright and blest
In danger's darkest hour,
And man's extremity is best
To prove His grace and power."

R. CORNALL, M.A.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON

BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, LATE OF BRIGHTON.

"*The counsel of peace shall be between them both.*"—ZECH. vi. 13.

HERE we have the only counsel that shall stand. "There are many devices in a man's heart; but the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand" (Prov. xix. 21). But, not further to enlarge here, having formed part of our morning's consideration, I must take you to the context of this portion whence my

text is taken, which is a glorious discovery of the God-Man, Jesus, under this figure—a Branch (ver. 9). This figure is used several times in this chapter and other places, but to notice only here the 10th, 11th, and 12th verses. Now, it would appear that these Jews, spoken of at verse 9, had come from Babylon to Zechariah, and brought silver and gold with them; and the prophet tells them what to do with it. "Go," says he, "make crowns of the silver and gold, and put them upon the head of Joshua"—Joshua being a type and representation, as his name signified, of Jesus. Now, if I am to get through this subject to-night, I must only touch the many points before us, as, 1. We have a discovery of Jesus—Jehovah as the Branch; 2. His growth; 3. His work; 4. His glory; 5. His dominion; 6. The character of that rule or dominion; 7. The effect of His rule; and, lastly, the subjects or extent to whom the dominion reaches. Is it you? Is it I? Typically it was to Helem, Tobijah, Jedaiah, &c., Jews, who had come from Babylon, and, still more, as at verse 15, them "that are far off shall come," representing the Gentiles, wherein we may see our part in this prophecy. But—

1. We have our dear Lord set forth here as the *Branch*. "Behold the Man whose name is The BRANCH." Behold the Man! Ay, as when He was brought by the insulting Jews before Pilate with this word, "Behold the Man!" The Man of whom Zechariah prophesied, by the wonderful term, "The Man that is my fellow, saith the Lord," equal with Jehovah respecting His divinity, therefore God and Man—else not a sufficient Saviour for you and for me. If not God, He had His own sin as man to atone for, or be atoned for. If not man, He could not have made an atonement, but as God-Man He could—"The Word was made flesh, and we beheld His glory." In this consisted His glory, His manifested revealed glory; He became Man. So, no glory unless He became Man. Therefore it was Jesus took and gloried in the title, Son of Man. Many times it is repeated in the Gospels, the glory of His Godhead was not enough. No, He must have the superadded glory of Man, in the union of the two, Man and God, that wondrous union which gave glory to each. But, further, the Word goes on to say, "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Here is another description of this God-Man. All the grace you and I stand in need of is administered according to grace, because Jesus is full of grace. The Apostle says, "This is the true grace of God;" nor would He be the true God, but as a God of grace. It is your and my mercy that we have a free-grace God, that looks for no merit in the creature. But are there no merits in the case? Yes, abundance, but all *in Christ*. He merited all for His Church. 2ndly, He is called here a "Branch"—not a tree, not a plant, but a "Branch"—a slip without root. Here is His human nature—a mystery; like the Gospel—a mystery; like His dealings—a mystery, full of hidden things. Something of them may be apprehended in the letter, but there can be no spiritual apprehension without *Divine power* affecting the heart. Christ was the offspring of David, and yet David's Root—the Root of the house of Judah. But the margin sets out the greater mystery, for it reads, "He shall grow up from under Him." He produced Himself, and nothing but Himself produced, or could have produced, Himself.

3. His work: "He shall build the temple," His own Church, Jehovah's temple, concerning whom He says, "Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost," and again, "There will I dwell." All the building His, all the devising His—not of human conception, but Divine; all the Lord's plan

from first to last, therefore, must stand: the first stone laid with grace, the top stone brought off with grace, made of stones, hewed out of the quarry, raised, squared, polished, and made to fit in their places according to their proper proportions. See how Peter speaks (1 epistle ii. 7). To whom coming ye also as lively or living stones. Now, who are these but such as are born again, in whose heart the seed is sown? Such are living stones taken from nature's quarry to form God's house. You were once in the pit of darkness, but sovereign grace must hew you out and raise you up and polish you, and in due time you shall be found in your place above. The material temple was a type of God's Church; and one great point is, that God is found in that house, that He makes precious visits there. He gives times of refreshing from His presence; and what do we know of such times? But the sweet point is, all this building is His work, and the creature cannot help or hinder it. He is Master Builder; He both builds and furnishes, therefore all the part we have is to enjoy it—see it and live in it—and the Lord acknowledges this as the best work, to believe on His Son. The Lord estimates this as the best of all works, for it is His own gift to His own people; the faith of God's elect. How many of these living stones are here? Oh, friends, what a deal of hewing and polishing and shaping we require! But, if you are brought into the temple as a living stone, you will know it by having fellowship with the Father, with His Son, and with His saints.

4. He shall bear the glory. Thence all the saints shall give Him glory—not glory in vile self, or ever expect it; no, but in a precious Christ, who has all the glory, for He is made "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," and has got this all for His elect, therefore they may well give Him the glory. Creatures are not to have it, for the Word says, "Let him that glorieth glory in this, that He knoweth me."

The creature shall not have to boast of any improvement of any gift. If you have faith, hope, love, prayer, it is not for these gifts you are saved: these are evidences of being saved; they don't precede life, but come from life. Saved first, and thence given faith, hope, love, prayer; thus God has all the glory. The sinner is saved, and then he loves Him by whom he is saved. Many in this matter put the cart before the horse, as it were, and so make sad confusion—making out that life follows these graces; whereas life comes first and all the rest follow after.

5. Christ's rule: If He did not, I am sure the devil would. The devil's power is great, but it is not supreme. It is declared that, "Christ must reign till He hath subdued all enemies." He reigns now, He fills the throne, to carry out the efficacy of His own blood, and make a prevailing intercession for the saints. He reigns to carry out the benefit of His doing and dying, to apply His blood; to administer to the wants of His people, and present them to His Father as He chose them—"holy and without blame before Him in love." "But," say some, "how can He reign and yet such evil reign too?" My dear friends, if Jesus did not reign, this earth would be hell. "Ah!" say you, "it is that to me. What with my own evils and others, I find this earth a hell to my soul." Bless God—for that is all the hell, poor soul, you shall ever know. You must be content to find a hell here, if you are to have heaven hereafter. This is the true interpretation of the Papist's purgatory, but it is to be here. Old Testament saints were made to feel this; New Testament saints likewise. But, as the Lord said to Paul, so they found, and so shall you find: "My grace is sufficient;" grace, nothing but grace, supports and keeps; God's grace arising out of His own will; His irrespective choice; His

free favour; He looks for all to Christ, and finds all in Christ; and He would have us look where He looks. Look and be saved. He looks to Christ for all; He *is* sufficient for God. He said, "I will be Surety," and God accepted Him. Now, if God looks to Christ for all, I am sure you and I may look to Him for all; for temporals as well as eternal; for a present as well as a future salvation. But see for whom that salvation is provided: for the lost. Was the cry of *lost* ever raised up in thy soul? If not, I am sure thou canst not prize the Church's Christ.

6. He was to be a Priest. Now, the Jewish law was this: no king could be a priest, and no priest could be a king; but Christ is both King and Priest; the true Melchizedek; therefore, said the apostle, having *such* an High Priest, one who is both King and Priest, therefore *able to save*; One able by His sacrifices to atone for sin, and able also to apply the blood and remove the conscience of sin. Perhaps some here may have at this present time a heavy heart from the guilt of a particular sin which presses upon the conscience. Oh, to have that sin put away; to get rid of the guilt of that sin; to have the heart sprinkled, and the conscience of the sin removed; to have that which separates between you and God put away! Do you not desire it above all things? Jesus is both King and Priest; it is with Him to effect it. His Priesthood comprehends His sacrifice, His blood His obedience; and a view of this would give you pardon and peace, fill you with joy, and so give you an experimental acquaintance with the Kingship and Priesthood of Jesus. This would make you comprehend something of Jesus being "able to save unto the uttermost." We cannot rightly understand God's *uttermosts*. Poor souls heaped up with sin hour by hour, day by day, month by month, year by year, yet see His blood "cleanseth from *all* sin"—God's *uttermost*. That was a sweet word to the Corinthian after a black catalogue of odious crime: "But ye are washed; but ye are justified; but ye are sanctified." As if he would say to poor sinners through this case—What of it all? Make it as black and as long as you like; if ye are washed, justified, sanctified, it is all pardoned, put away, forgotten, forgiven"—no more remembrance of sin. Vessels of mercy, set apart by mercy, must receive mercy.

But, 7th, the effect of this Priesthood—peace. "He shall be a Priest upon His throne, and the counsel of peace shall be between them both." That is, as I take it, between the Kingship and Priesthood of Jesus, which was represented by the crowns upon Joshua's head—the mitre and diadem. The counsel of peace was established and appointed by God, before all worlds, and undertaken through the Kingship and Priesthood of Jesus. The nature, character, and effect being peace, thence it was a counsel of peace. He must and will have a seed to serve Him, and to enjoy the peace He has provided; and, if it had not been secured to the Church by the Kingship and Priesthood of Jesus, not one of them would have enjoyed it, therefore the Church would have failed of it all if it had not been "between them both."

Now come to the extent. "The crowns shall be to Helem, Tobijah, Jedaiah, and Hen." These were Jews; so they represented God's mercy to His literal Israel—the remnant according to the election of grace in the midst. "And they that are afar off shall come and build," &c. Here was mercy set forth for the Gentile Church—"far off," as the apostle says, "but *made* nigh," therefore they had no hand in it. **MADE** nigh. Just like some of you—far off by nature; made nigh by electing, sovereign, distinguishing grace. The Lord bless His Word!

Pilgrim Papers.

CLOUDS AND CROWDS.

THE true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ knows something experimentally of both crowds and clouds; he being seldom without either the one or the other, and sometimes having them together. In the reading and hearing of the Word clouds are present; which, for a while, prevent him seeing into the true meaning of the Word; like breath on a glass, which hinders a person seeing himself clearly therein. What clouds of ignorance he feels, who is made wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus! A cloud was not far from the Psalmist when he said, "So foolish was I, and ignorant, I was as a beast before thee." Clouds do not extinguish the heavenly bodies, nor throw them out of their course, neither do the Christian's clouds prevent all things the Lord has appointed, working together for his good.

Clouds are moved by the wind. The gracious wind of the Holy Ghost removes the clouds of ignorance: "He shall teach you all things." The sky in England is often cloudy. Some of the Lord's people seldom see "a morning without clouds." "Cloudy days" are generally felt by the children of God to be very long ones. The two disciples going to Emmaus had "their eyes holden that they should not know Him." By and by the clouds was scattered by "the Light of the World," and "He vanished out of their sight."

Clouds prevent the sun being seen. So do clouds hinder, for a while, the believer recognizing the Sun of Righteousness. In Acts i. 9, it is written: "A cloud received Him out of their sight." Many a poor cloudy Christian has a will to receive Christ. Jesus was in the cloud, but there was no cloud in Him. The cloud which received Jesus took an upward course while He was in it. Poor cloudy brother in Christ, while Christ manifestively dwells in your heart by faith, you feel your soul mount up as on eagle's wings, far away from this world's dark, carking things. The darkness and the light are not both alike to you, but they are to Him who dwells in your soul: "In Him is no darkness at all."

Clouds occasion gloominess and coolness. Under a cloud the believer often feels gloomy and cool. A fool is seldom cool. Mists and clouds will sometimes occasion chillness. It is bad to feel chilly when a person is at a place where a collection is being made for a good purpose; it has a tendency to stiffen the fingers, and of making them feel awkward in opening the purse.

Such chilliness is no friend to giving. The widow who cast in all her living was not suffering from this common distemper, or she would not have done what she did. How extensively this complaint prevails, yet how little known and owned. Here is a poor labourer who lives in the torrid zone of Christian experience, with his 12s. or 15s. a week. He is present at a place where a collection is made, and feels free from the cold chills. Look at his hand, how quickly it moves. How soon something, in the shape of money, is taken by it, and freely given. There is another wealthy professor, who lives in the frigid zone of selfishness, covetousness, and worldly-mindedness present at the same place, and

suffering fearfully from this complaint, giving, most grudgingly, a trifling sum, far less in proportion to his means than the poor labouring man. It is a distemper, which, at some time or other, affects almost every one. When the complaint is very bad it makes a person both mean and lean; making him a trouble even to his own house. In some cases it takes a long time before a cure is effected.

It has been said that clouds are formed by what the sun draws up from the earth and sea. What a sea of evil within! what mists are drawn up from that damp, dark, swampy quagmire—the earthly mind! Christian friend, the Lord in mercy may send you a cloud to keep you from being proud. Then what crowds of cares, fears, doubts, afflictions, trials, and temptations, enemies within and without, the “vessel of mercy” has to contend with. A noise will sometimes bring a crowd together. Let the Holy Spirit compel a poor sinner to cry to God for mercy, and what a crowd will soon be gathered to see what is up, and to try to hinder the cries of the crying one. How often the dear child of God cries out in real earnest to God in prayer, when he feels internally a crowd present. It is a blessing when the Lord so overrules the presence of an internal crowd, so as to intensify the cries of the heart, for what He has designed to bestow. A crowd will often be permitted to accompany “God’s elect who cry day and night unto Him,” even when they desire to be in some lonely place where to pour out their souls before Him. Oh, the many, many enemies to Holy Ghost-inspired prayers, the “groanings which cannot be uttered.”

A fire will sometimes collect a crowd. Let a fire be kindled in the conscience of a sinner by the application of God’s holy law to it, and what a crowd of terrors and fears will come in and attend it.

The forcible turning out of a tenant from a house which he is unwilling to leave is calculated to draw a crowd. Let the Lord upset Satan’s house, spoil his goods, and turn him out, and will there not be a crowd collected of objectors and opposing influences to prevent, if possible, or hinder these things being done? The arrest of a lawbreaker by a policeman will often occasion a crowd. So, when a sinner is arrested by the coming of the law to him with power, an alarming crowd of misgivings, shakes, and quakes collect. When a criminal is being tried for a capital offence, if the prisoner’s conscience is awakened, what a crowd of anxious thoughts and feelings he feels as the trial proceeds, which increase as one witness after another give evidence against him, and which reaches and swells to large dimensions as the sentence “Guilty” is given against him, and the judge, with solemn tones, pronounces sentence of death upon him; the condemned one is taken back to his prison cell, the internal crowd going with him, and which continues with him, and increases till the law’s sentence is carried out or a reprieve granted him.

Spiritual reader, you know in some measure what the above description means. When you were brought in guilty before God, had “the sentence of death in yourself,” not knowing a moment but what the awful sentence would be executed upon your sinful guilty soul; how high your fears rose; how your poor soul trembled within you; how free from a trifling spirit you felt. What heavy inward weights you felt sinking your burdened heart as into a horrible pit. This was the place and state in which you felt that none but Jesus could do you any good; where you felt free-will to be a lie, and free-grace alone that which could drive away the crowds; remove your heavy weights, and lift your sinking soul out of the mire.

Sure I am that none but the Almighty Spirit of the living God can bring a sinner into such a condition as to make him truly feel his need of the ever-blessed and eternally-precious Lord Jesus to deliver and save his soul. How few in these days seem to be brought into this place. How seldom one hears of sinners being effectually called by grace. "O Lord, revive Thy work."

The launching of a ship will often bring a crowd. When a "vessel of mercy" is launched upon the sea of regenerating grace, what a crowd is collected to witness it. Angels, rejoice at his repentance; men of the world see a change in him, his course being not according to this world but towards "a better country." Those who truly repent in time will not lament when time shall be no more.

When a king shows himself in public it occasions a crowd. When King Jesus shows Himself "through the lattice," manifests Himself to the quickened soul, every grace in the new man, His subjects there, give Him a hearty welcome, and cry out, "Hosanna to the Son of David."

When alms are given away at a certain place to the poor and needy, this usually brings a crowd.

When Jesus scatters His alms, gives bread to hungry souls, water to thirsty souls, peace to wretched souls, and comfort to comfortless souls, His poor and needy gather around Him, to receive from His open hand what satisfies their longing souls.

Some crowds aim to do mischief, especially those who have no respect for law and order; so some of the believer's crowds are up to mischief, neither do they like any restraint, being lawless and unruly.

There is generally a crowd when the riot act is read to an unruly mob. How many unruly things in the stubborn will, the carnal mind, and the evil heart, which submit not to law nor gospel, and protests at things being "done decently, and in order."

The wreck of a ship near land, or near the shore, will bring a crowd. So when one who has stood high and long in a profession makes shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, how many eyes are turned upon him; how many cry out, "So would we have it."

A wedding will frequently cause a crowd; so on the occasion of the quickened soul's espousals to Christ, what a crowd of happy feelings attend the event.

The funeral of one of the world's great ones most frequently cause a crowd. When a great sinner "becomes dead to the law by the body of Christ," reckons himself to be "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord," what a crowd rises up within him from his legal self-righteous proud flesh against this line of things.

A herald making a proclamation will cause a crowd. So a minister of Christ is the means of gathering a crowd to hear the Gospel proclaimed.

A person needs strength, courage, and perseverance, to press through a crowd; especially if not of the same mind as those who compose it. What divine strength the weak believer requires to enable him to "go forward" in spite of all the crowds which tend to impede his progress.

Crowds at times move slowly; so with the Christian's crowds. In times of rebellion crowds have been scattered by the king's authority. So crowds of devils, sins, terrors, fears, cares, and objections, must all be gone when King Jesus says, "Go!" "Where the word of a king is, there is power."

F. F.

THOUGHTS ON GENESIS.—THE ARK.

(GEN. vii.)

OF what was the Ark a type? It was evidently a type of Christ, and a more perfect one than would at first sight appear. Noah and his family alone, out of all the people of the earth, were admitted, without reference to any amongst them being unconverted; but, as just this one family (which should be taken as a whole) were saved from temporal destruction by means of the Ark, so the one family of God are saved eternally in and through Christ Jesus. Likewise the few amongst the animals who were taken into the Ark, "to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth," appear to be a type of the godly seed which are preserved and kept alive in Christ. In 1 Peter iii. 20, the long-suffering of God is represented as "waiting in the days of Noah, while the Ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water." There we have shadowed forth the few who are saved spiritually. We may fairly understand the first part of the verse to mean that God waited until the *set time according to His purpose* was come for the Ark being prepared, just as it is said in the fulness of time Christ came—that is, the time purposed and agreed upon in the covenant between the Father and the Son; and until such time, according to our ideas, God might be said to wait.

In Hebrews xi. 7, it is said, "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an Ark to the saving of his house." Noah had faith that he should be saved by the Ark; so that it is by faith in Christ, the true Ark, that we become, like Noah, heirs of the righteousness which is by faith.

"And the Lord shut him in" (v. 16). Our eternal security is provided for by God Himself, and nothing can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time" (1 Peter i. 5).

"He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail" (1 Sam. ii. 9).

"God remembered Noah" (Gen. viii. 1). Not that God ever forgot Noah, for "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance;" but He remembered His covenant, as He had told him: "With thee will I establish my covenant,"—that covenant of grace which He had entered into with Christ on behalf of His people, and in which Noah was included; for "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord." When God pours out the vials of His wrath upon the nations of the earth, He remembers His own dear people, and either mitigates the calamities to them, enabling them by His grace to bear up under them, or He removes them out of the troubles, housing them safely in His home above. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe" (Prov. xviii. 10). "For the Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake; because it hath pleased the Lord to make you His people" (1 Sam. xii. 22). "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips" (Psalm lxxxix. 34). "He remembered us in our low estate, for His mercy endureth for ever." Yea, and He remembers us still, through all the devious windings of this present life, and will at last bring us to His heavenly kingdom. True, He knows we are often cowards at suffering; but have we not the example of our blessed Saviour, who proved the weakness of the flesh by the prayer, "Let this cup pass from me," and who excused the weakness of

His disciples by averring that "the spirit is willing, though the flesh is weak"? Thus the Lord (as in Noah's case) continually remembers His people for their good and His glory. W.

GOOD WORKS.

If not exempted from trouble in times of general calamity, the Lord's people have a refuge in God; they have a Hiding-place, and a good home to look forward to when this poor life is ended; and this marks the difference between the saint and the sinner—between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not. God has His appointed time and way to gather His wheat into the garner, and to burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire; and times of calamity, such as war, fire, and pestilence, accomplish His purpose in this matter.

Men may deny the doctrine of Divine Sovereignty in salvation, but they cannot controvert it in Providential dealing. They may kick against the goads, but that is all they can do, for we may bring up the old challenge—Who hath resisted His will?—fearlessly, as no answer can ever be given to that question. God in Providence is more than a match for men and devils. Satan had his commission from God to afflict Job, but he could go no further than God permitted. Divine Sovereignty marked the boundary line. "Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life."

Satan is in subjection to Divine Sovereignty, and what wonder he should hate it? what wonder he should influence the minds of the unregenerate against it? What wonder that he should inject opposing thoughts in the bosom of the elect, who are saved by the power at which many of them, set on by Satan, ignorantly cavil? My reader, has God broken the neck of your pride, and brought you down to see and admire His sovereign will? "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God," said our Lord. It is no small mercy, in the present day of rebellion with, and defection from, God's blessed truth, to be made honest and kept faithful to the light we have received. The doctrine of Divine Sovereignty has hosts of enemies and but few friends in every age. It strikes at the root of creature power and human pride. It lays man as a sinful, helpless being before his Maker and his Judge. To be saved in God's way, and by an act of sovereign grace, without the assistance or co-operation of the creature. The natural man abhors and despises, till God makes a place in his heart to receive and welcome God's way of salvation; but a feeling sense of sin and helplessness will make a man humble and grateful for a remedy that is all of grace from first to last.

An old lady once said to John Newton, of gracious memory, "Sir, I do not like your high doctrine." "I am quite sure of it, madam," said the divine, "you have not been brought *low enough*." This tells the whole story of all the enmity against the doctrines of grace. Let a man be brought low by the Holy Ghost's teaching, and then he will value God's salvation and God's doctrines. With or without creeds or terms, he will bow to God's sovereignty; and, when the sinner is made to say with Job, "Behold, I am vile," the time is not far off when he will humbly and gratefully exclaim, "I know that Thou canst do everything."

A late event, that high and low, rich and poor, have taken an all-

absorbing interest in—the illness of the Heir to the Throne—has wonderfully displayed God's Sovereignty. Through this anticipated calamity, the hearts of the British nation have been bowed down, as one man, to feel that life and death are in the Lord's hands; and the turn the complaint took, when the nation turned to God as the only and all-sufficient Physician to meet so hopeless a case, has a voice of warning to the infidel, who says, "There is no God;" and a voice of encouragement to praying souls, who have cried to God to spare a guilty land the woe pronounced in Eccles. x. 16. Spare the father to his young family, spare the son to a widowed mother, and restore to the nation its hopes for future years!

This country has proved, in past days, the blessing of national prayer; and, when Divine Sovereignty has been acknowledged, Divine judgments have been withdrawn. The following extract from a letter of J. C. Philpott's, written when the cholera visited this country in 1849, is in point: "I hope the Lord may mercifully preserve us from that dreadful disease, which has already carried off so many thousands in other places. I think our Government very culpable in not having a day of national humiliation. Ahab and the city of Nineveh are quite Scriptural precedents; as we are afflicted naturally and nationally, why should we not repent nationally?"

"Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little." This is God's counsel to sinners, and He makes them "willing in the day of His power" to submit to His Sovereignty. Such our Lord described in His day thus: "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken:"—convinced, humbled, subdued, and taught to cry for mercy at the feet of a dear Redeemer—"but upon whomsoever the stone shall fall,"—in all the weight of Sovereign and Omnipotent wrath—"it will grind him to powder." L.

THOUGHTS ON JOHN I.

SOME months ago, as a sequel to, and in connexion with, "Thoughts on Genesis i.," it was proposed to carry out a few further thoughts in the same strain—viz., the spiritual lessons to be drawn from Gen. i. and John i., as compared with each other.

Both these portions of God's Word commence with the same three words, "In the beginning"—the first telling of the creation of matter, rational and irrational, which *had a beginning*; the second referring to Him who *absolutely had no beginning*, for of Him the Holy Ghost testifies in Prov. viii.: "The Lord possessed me in the *beginning of His way* (eternal as Jehovah Himself), before His works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water;" and so on to the end of ver. 29. Hence, we see that the word *beginning*, in John i., has a relative and limited meaning, and therefore cannot be understood in its fullest and most absolute sense. There is one other "beginning" spoken of by our Lord, at which we must just glance before passing on. In John viii. 44, we find these words: "Ye are of your father the devil. . . . He was a murderer from the beginning, and *abode not* in the truth." Now, the words *abode not* necessarily imply a prior existence, when he was in the truth; thus

clearly proving that here, too, the word "beginning" must be taken in a relative, and not absolute sense.

It is very interesting to see, in this opening chapter of St. John's Gospel, how the first thoughts that meet us form a cheering contrast to those in Gen. i. Here we have *Life* and *Light*—essential and communicating—there we read of an "earth without form, and void, and darkness upon the face of the deep"—*no life, and no light!*

In Genesis we have, further, the greater light and the lesser light; in John i. 6—8, we also read of two lights—of the lesser light, that he was not *that* light (though of him it is elsewhere stated that he was a burning and a shining light), but was sent to bear witness of *that* light, while of the greater light the Holy Ghost, speaking by the same apostle in his first epistle, bears this testimony: "God *is* light, and in Him is no darkness at all" (John i. 5).

The other remarkable similarity we must further notice between these two opening chapters; in both we have the Triune Jehovah clearly manifested. In Genesis, as was stated in our January paper, the Hebrew word which we translate "God" in ver. 1, being a plural noun, is still more distinctly rendered in ver. 26 by the plural pronoun *us*. So here, in John i. 33, we read, "*He* that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and resting upon Him, the same is He which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God."

But one thought more, and we have done.—In Gen. i. we find that the grand effect and result of light and heat was productiveness. After the sun was created we read, "The earth brought forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit;" and so was it with the True Light which lighteth every man which cometh into the world—or, as it is more correctly rendered, which, coming into the world, lighteth every man. See how the kingdom of grace grew and increased, even as the kingdom of nature in creation story. No sooner is the Sun of Righteousness heralded by the glorious proclamation of His forerunner, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world," than two of John's disciples followed Him. They came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day. One of the two findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, "We have found the Messiah." The day following, Jesus findeth Philip, and saith unto him, "Follow me." Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did testify, Jesus of Nazareth." Thus we see that, within the limits of one chapter, the True Vine had already produced many a rich cluster, and more and more sons were born into the family of the Second Adam, till at last we read of a great multitude whom no man could number. "Another parable put Jesus forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which is indeed the smallest of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a great tree."

M. C. C.

A WORD IN SEASON.—"Cheer up! Whatever comes in this world must, at the longest, be very short; and think what comes after!"—The Lord alone knows how timely was this remark from one of His little ones. It was attended with a power and a preciousness indescribable. D.

MEDITATIONS BY THE LATE RUTH BRYAN.

January 6, 1852.

MR. SEARS, this morning, spoke of Christ as the "good Land." It has been glowing to my soul to think of Him as the "joined One." "Thy land shall be married." Thus, our land is joined to this good Land in eternal wedlock. All the pains and penalties of our mortgaged estate He took upon Himself by virtue of marriage union, and all His wondrous benefits He confers upon us by the law of the same union, sweet and clear. This is joining *indeed*. All the honours of Jehovah's holiness He maintains gloriously. All the disgrace of our unholiness He bears lovingly. He is joined to *both*, and both are joined in Him (John xvii. 21). With Him is the covenant of life and peace, because in *Him* judgment was laid to the line for our sins, and righteousness to the plummet for our justification. The judgment He has borne, and "*made an end of the sin*;" the righteousness He has brought in, first into His Father's presence for His approval, and then into His Church for her covering; and now this "joined One" can take away our vile covenant with death and hell, our refuge of lies, our short bed and narrow covering, and all other spiritual miseries of our fallen condition; so that we no longer inherit death and barren land, but have the rich flowing of milk and honey to our souls' content. To the first Adam it was said, "In sorrow shalt thou eat of it (the fruit of the ground) all the days of *thy* life." In him we all inherit sorrow and *dissatisfaction*, but when our old man comes to *crucifixion*, and the days of the *second* Adam begin in our souls' experience, His reign is righteousness and peace; "in His days shall the righteous flourish;" *in Him* we find bread without scarceness; *in Him* we "eat in plenty, and are satisfied, and praise the name of our God, who hath dealt wondrously with us."

What a mercy the fallen Adam was not permitted to eat of the Tree of *Life*, and so he and we "live for ever" in the *fallen image*, for, indeed, "I would not live always," subject to the *felt* and hated workings of indwelling sin; I loathe it, I loathe it. But at death the saints do lose the image of the *earthy*, and at the resurrection will take their bodies in the image of the *heavenly* Man, who is the Lord from heaven, and in whom their *nature* is now before the throne in that glory-likeness, to which they shall each be conformed, and *never* lose. This is a great mystery; but *faith* as certainly expects it, as *sense* realizes that I now write these lines with these mortal fingers; "for He shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, by the effectual working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." And then shall I be *satisfied* when I awake with Thy likeness. We shall cast the leaves of this withering mortality, but the holy seed (Isa. vi. 13) will still be our *substance*, and because of that undying seed (1 Peter i. 33) we shall be clothed with fresh greenness at the morning of the resurrection, to fade no more for ever.

"Hail, blissful dawn of endless day,
When sin shall cease, and death shall die,
And Christ His glories shall display,
And beam upon my longing eye."

"The high Tree."—EZEK. xvii. 24.

Proud man, by nature, whom the Spirit alone can humble: but the

haughtiness and loftiness must come down, either here or hereafter (Isa. ii. 17).

“The low Tree.” The meek and lowly Jesus, who humbled Himself (Phil. ii. 7, 8), and is “exalted” (ver. 9, and Isa. ii. 17, *last clause*).

“The green Tree,” *Christ* (Luke xxiii. 31, and Hosea xiv. 8, *last part*). He was dried up, indeed, when, suffering under the weight of sin, and the *fires* of wrath and justice due thereto, He said, “I thirst.”

“The *dry Tree*,” a convinced sinner, who, under a condemning law, a condemning conscience, and accusing Satan, *feels*, “My strength is dried up like a potsherd: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.” Also a believer, who is at sometimes in *feeling* “very dry.” But the Lord God makes the dry tree to flourish through union to the “green Tree,” which, though dried up to outward appearance, yet, like Nebuchadnezzar, the stump of His roots was left in the earth; for, when He had given up the ghost, they laid His body in the sepulchre, never did the *earth* hold such a precious deposit as *that*. But truly, then, the “green Tree” was dried up, to the sorrow of His poor disciples, for they said, “But we *trusted* that it had been *He* which should have redeemed Israel.” And in *this* sense, too, the “dry tree” was made to flourish, for He rose again the third day in eternal greenness of resurrection life; the earth opened, and salvation and righteousness sprang up together (Isa. xlv. 8).

The Tree which was laid low is exalted. The Tree which was *dried up* is a Fountain of sap to all the dry trees, *for which* He suffered such things; for Messiah *was* cut off, but not for *Himself*, and now He makes the “dry tree” to flourish (Psalm lxxii. 6). “He comes down as the rain.” He says (Hosea xiv. 8), “From *me* is thy fruit found;” and the promise is, “They that trust in Him shall have a green leaf, and not be careful in the year of drought.”

O Lord! look upon *me*, a poor dry tree, and by *Thy* moisture make me to flourish. I am *very* dry in myself, and I *feel* it; but the more need of Thee, who art full of sap, not for *Thyself*, but for the trees of the Lord’s right-hand planting.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ROBERT GLOVER.

A LEAF FROM THE ANNALS OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

“*Light is sown for the righteous (harvest future, it is sown, but not sprung up), and gladness for the upright in heart.*”—PSALM xcvi. 11.

“*Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.*”—PSALM cxii. 4, with Ex. x. 23.

“*Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.*”—HAB. ii. 3.

“*It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.*”—LAM. iii. 26.

FOXE tells us that, for two or three days previous to his death, Robert Glover, martyr, at Coventry (1555), was so overwhelmed with the prospect of martyrdom, as to be completely cast down, and incapable of meditating on the brightness beyond. He mentioned this to a friend, adding, that he had made earnest supplications for the light of God’s countenance,

but that, notwithstanding these, he had been left without any comfort. Up to the moment at which he first caught sight of the stake, this God-fearing man walked on in darkness and had no light. Yet he continued to obey the voice of God within him, and the counsel of His Word, and trusted in the name of the Lord, staying himself upon his God (Isa. l. 10). Nor did He wait in vain. No sooner had he reached the point of utmost dread—the stake—bound to which he was to suffer a fiery death—than his whole soul was filled with strong consolation, and with such an ecstasy of joy that he could not forbear clapping his hands, and crying out, “He is come! He is come!” The Faithful Promiser, true to His Word—“When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee” (Isa. xliii. 2), stood with His faithful martyr, and strengthened him (2 Tim. iv. 17), and he appeared to ascend to heaven in a chariot of fire, exhibiting no sensibility of pain.

“Three long exhausting days
Of anguish’d thought and prayer,
Of dire, heart-sickening hope deferr’d,
By no faint breeze of comfort stirr’d,
He lay in darkness there—
A prisoner condemn’d to die—
An awful death, fast drawing nigh.

“Like the belovèd Son,
This faithful martyr, too,
Then seem’d deserted of the One
For whom his suff’rings all were borne,
Whose Word he trusted true:
E’en God’s own gifts of faith and
love
Need trial-tests their worth to prove.

“For, not to faith untried
Are praise and honour given;
Its victories are all denied
To souls that from its conflicts hide,
And shun the badge of heaven.
‘Great tribulation’ they endure
Whose robes are wash’d, whose hearts
are pure.

“But not in vain they wait,
Who sit in darkness still;
Trusting no good can come too late,
No promise fail to find its mate,
That bides God’s time and will:
That twilight soon will pass away,
Losing itself in perfect day.

“And such *his* patient faith,
Who walked in darkness through
The dread and dreary vale of death
With anguish’d heart and failing
breath,
Its bright goal hid from view:
Until led out his faith to prove
In blood and fire and deathless love.

“But *then*—ah, in the hour
Of uttermost distress,
When mortal vigour loses power,
God gives His own a hidden dower,
And nearest is to bless.
‘He’s come! He’s come!’ the martyr
cried,
Soon as the deadly stake he spied!

“Visions—but not of death—
Burst on his raptur’d sight.
Past was the trial of his faith—
The oft-imagin’d fiery breath—
The darkness and affright:
Clapping his hands, he cried, ‘He’s
come!’
‘His chariot swift shall bear us home!’

“Then, fearless *with* His Lord,
A moment here he waits:
But ‘mid the flames no muscle stirr’d,
No cry of fear or pain was heard,
For heaven’s pearly gates
Shut out earth’s scenes of woe and
night—
And *he* was in the land of light!”

J. E. J.

SATAN makes use of bodily indispositions to keep the soul from Him, and then pleads them as a discharge in duty (Matt. xxvi. 41). He indisposes the soul to duty by sluggardness, worldliness, &c. (Luke xxi. 34; xxii. 3—5). He indisposes the soul through passion, or a bad spirit—also by ignorance and prejudice.

Correspondence.

CHILDLIKE FAITH.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I know you are always glad to hear of facts which tend to illustrate and confirm the eternal truth of God's Word; and, in a day when every fundamental truth of our most holy faith is openly or covertly impugned and denied, I am sure it is our duty to note and adduce these facts for the confirmation of the faith of God's chosen ones, who are sometimes sorely harassed, buffeted, and tempted by "the accuser of the brethren"—the great enemy of souls.

The incident to which I am about to refer occurred on the day of the special open-air services at Blaisdon, in Gloucestershire, at which you would have been present had not an unforeseen circumstance (if I remember aright) prevented you.

The morning, as you know, was one of incessant pouring rain. When the train arrived at Grange Court Station, there was a covered vehicle in readiness to convey a few friends to Blaisdon. Among our number was a dear blind lady from Gloucester, who proved to be one "strong in faith, giving glory to God."

No sooner had the conveyance started than I expressed my great fear that we were going to have a thorough wet day.

This dear servant of God, to whom I was entirely unknown, at once replied, "But there has been special prayer for fine weather;" adding, "You believe in prayer, don't you?" I said I did most firmly. I knew, by happy experience, that the promising God was also the performing God; "Yet," I remarked, "God does not always answer our prayers exactly in our own time and way." "But," she said, "we want fine weather *to-day*. There has been special prayer for fine weather *to-day*." And then the question was asked, in a tone and manner I shall not soon forget, "You don't *doubt*, do you?" I confess I was greatly humbled by the assurance of faith of this dear lady whom God had deprived of natural sight. Still the rain continued. "Oh!" she said, "I am sure our heavenly Father will grant us our request; let us *praise* His holy name;" and at once commenced singing:—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

We all joined in singing this doxology, but *she* was realizing that God had heard and already answered the petitions of His people with respect to the weather. *She* was praising Him as if the sunshine had already burst upon us.

We continued singing hymns of praise till we reached the little village of Blaisdon, and a very happy season it proved, for the true communion of saints was sweetly enjoyed.

When I arrived at the rectory, I found our dear brother a little depressed, as the rain had prevented several brethren attending who would have taken part in the proceedings; and he, too, was apprehending a continuous wet day.

At the time appointed he repaired to the school-room for a conference and prayer before going into the churchyard, under a tent, where the services were to be held.

Now mark the sequel:—The service had no sooner commenced than the rain ceased. The clouds dispersed; the blue sky appeared. The sun shone forth in full splendour, and a more beautiful afternoon and evening there could not well have been!

God's great goodness to us was the subject of frequent thanksgiving during the day, and, so much was my own mind affected and impressed by this incident, that, in the evening, instead of speaking on the subject I had specially prepared, I began by referring to the strong faith of the servant of God then present—how He had honoured that faith, and how my own had that day been put to shame.

Having thus struck the key-note of my address, I was enabled to pass in review, before the crowded audience, some of the Lord's marvellous dealings with myself in leading me into the ministry, with the object in view of bearing my humble but decided testimony to His covenant faithfulness and love; and, at the close of the meeting, it pleased God to give me evidence that what I was enabled to say was evidently intended for some present who were entire strangers to me.

Now, my dear brother, I had intended to draw a few inferences from this simple narrative of facts, on the preciousness of that faith which is of the operation of the Holy Ghost; but I will not lengthen these remarks. Should you think it fit or necessary, perhaps you will kindly do so for the benefit of your numerous readers who know and love God's truth. May they, and you, and he who writes, know more and more of the preciousness and truth of that inestimable declaration and promise—"And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them" (Isa. xlii. 16).

"His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds come oft between;
And could my faith but pierce these clouds,
It might be always seen.

"Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
And Thou for ever shine:
I have Thine own dear pledge for this;
Lord, Thou art ever mine!"

Believe me, my dear brother, ever yours affectionately in Him,

WM. SAUNDERS,
Vicar of St. Silas, Bristol.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAMS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Since I read the account by my Christian brother, Mr. Angel, in your November issue, of the death of my late friend, Mr. John Williams, together with your remarks, I have more than once thought I would drop you a line. Soon after I called on you in April, 1869, when I bade you good-bye before I left Bristol to go to a situation in London, I

became acquainted with the subject of the memoir, and our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, which became intimate and strong, so that I can truly say his death was indeed a bereavement of no ordinary kind to me. It made me weep more than any bereavement I ever had. He had so much of the spirit of His dear Lord and Master. To laud and magnify Him seemed to be always his business, whether in conversing or praying, or writing prose or verse. If he wrote letters—several of which it was my privilege to receive—Christ, His Person and work, and the suitability of the same for the Christian warrior, the devil-hunted, world-hated, sin-tormented, mourning and hapless child of God—this was his theme in all. You published a sample last month. If he talked of the depths, straits, conflicts, and distresses he had, he also showed prominently Christ's achievements and victories in the same. If of the assurance he had sometimes, it was with humility, and all the praise was to a Triune God. This was particularly the case at the frequent social gatherings at his house for reading the Word, prayer, and Christian conversation, a number of which I attended. Often have I admired how he stuck to the same grand theme, even when some friends started some item of religious gossip, and so without appearing to notice the unedifying turn given by such friends to one's thoughts. While they were chatting pleasantly about some topic or other, his more spiritual mind was on things unseen and eternal, on Christ his all and in all, and he would start some question calculated to exercise the mind and tongue to edification. How often have I felt reproved in this matter by my friend's example! What a reproof, too, to many social gatherings, even of the Lord's people! Of old, "They that feared the Lord spake *often* one to another; and the Lord heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name." Now they *seldom* speak to each other; and, when they do, there is much breath vainly spent in too many cases—perhaps in most cases. There seems to be a dearth of brotherly love, communion, and union, and of spirituality of mind, of humility, and of a spirit of discernment, to discern between truth and error, and also of loving contention for the whole truth, but plenty of coldness, suspicion, jealousy, envy, and pride; and all this in face of the enemy coming in like a flood, threatening to engulf the little good that is left. And, in looking within, we see much of what we mourn in others; and the cry of our heart is, "Quicken us, and we will call on Thy name; meditate more and speak more of the glory of Thy kingdom, and of Thy power, of Thy mighty acts and excellent greatness."

The last meeting at my friend's home that I was able to attend was on June 26th last, when Ephesians iii. was read, and also, at Mr. W.'s suggestion, an article from GOSPEL MAGAZINE by your valued contributor, Mr. COWELL, entitled, "Kindred Spirits," which was felt by us to be very savoury and instructive.

I was too ill to go again, but I was invited to one to take place on July 22, but the dear man died on the previous day to that, and I shall never forget the blow which the news of his death was to me. It was sent by his son on the day the meeting was to have taken place; but, while sad news, it was glad news, for my great loss was his greater gain. He is now always in the society of "kindred spirits," engaged with them in what he delighted to do here—in crowning Jesus Lord of all! No sin, no sorrow now.

You speak of his affliction—blindness—which he had, I believe, for about ten years. He has told me that was the least of his trials. Indeed, he did not seem to be at all given to magnifying his temporal trials. He had them in no small measure, still he said but very little about them. His severe soul-trials eclipsed them all, still more the Lord's all-sufficient grace in connexion with them. My own affliction of consumption, and of being obliged to give up a situation and return to my native town with a dear wife and child, is not a small trial; but I should like to imitate more than I do my dear friend's example—think less of my trial and more of the Lord's love and wisdom in sending it and using it for my soul's welfare, in endearing the Person and work of Him who endured so much for poor sinners. Would that I, and Christians generally, followed Mr. W—— as he followed Christ!

He has told me that the first edition of his poetical work, which breathes so much of the spirit of Bunyan, was written at his dictation by his dear wife, whose memoir in the *Gospel Standard* for September, 1869, was so much blessed to you.

You mention his being conducted last April into St. David's Church, Holloway. It was a memorable morning that. It was my pleasure to conduct him from his home in Camden Town to that church. We were joined near the church by another brother who had fought under Nelson, and learned in a French prison his first lessons as to fighting under the Lord Jesus. We all got special help under the Word preached by you from Isaiah 1. 7. We were also glad to hear from your lips that a spot which was dear to our hearts was also to yours, viz., Gower Street Chapel.

Friend W—— remarked to me, "In hearing Mr. D—— I lost sight of the scaffolding." You evidently had too. What a mercy if we get to heaven at last, where none of us will see it!

With heartfelt sympathy with you in your recent bereavement,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours in, I hope, unbreakable bonds,

Dursley.

ALFRED BLOODWORTH.

[Our correspondent's closing remarks have brought to mind the words, "*Out of weakness made strong.*" It was either on the Sunday morning to which he refers, or the other Sunday on which we preached at St. David's, Holloway, that personally we felt so ill in walking towards the church, that we thought the very idea of attempting to preach was little short of presumption. We felt as though we could there and then lie down and die, so utterly unequal did we feel for the work which lay before us. But oh, how good is our God! "*Out of weakness made strong.*" Blessed be His adorable name, we have known what it was for our very body to receive strength and nerve and vigour at the very moment—and not until then—that we have walked up the pulpit stairs. We remember this to have been specially the case on one occasion, when about to preach in Bow Church, Cheapside. We speak it to His honour, and for the encouragement of His poor trembling servants. We are rapidly going out of life; and we love, in these last days of rebuke and blasphemy, to testify of His goodness and love, His faithfulness and all-sufficiency. Whoever "*trusted in Him, and was confounded?*" Not one, blessed be His name!

Moreover, we remember, seven-and-thirty years ago, or thereabouts, walking over the fields upon which St. David's Church now stands. We had been to Gower Street, where we at that time attended, walking to

and fro twice on the Sunday, making a distance of twelve miles. Upon the occasion we refer to Mr. GADSBY had preached; and such were his openings of sin, the depths of the fall, and the desperate depravity of the human heart, that we perfectly remember feeling that God had not *power* to save us. It was not that He had not the *will*, but He lacked, as we thought, the *ability*; and we felt at the time pity for Him that He had not the power to save such a sinner! And mark, dear reader, this was little short of ten years after the Lord had as clearly delivered our soul from all wrath and condemnation as ever Bunyan's pilgrim was delivered, when he was indulged with a glimpse of the cross, and his burden rolled off from his shoulders he knew not whither, only that he was blessedly rid of it.

What folly it is for men to talk of never being in bonds and fetters again, after once they have had a full and free gaol discharge. Such may as well declare that Israel once brought out of Egypt never went into Babylon, nor knew aught of its captivity. We say this, fearlessly and unhesitatingly, let a man's deliverance from all legal bonds and law charges have been ever so clear and unquestionable, it is but for the Lord the Spirit to withdraw His precious sealing power, or the Sun of Righteousness to withhold His bright and blessed rays, or the Father cease to commune, and that poor soul—notwithstanding all his previous light and liberty, joy and gladness—will sink down, down into such a state of darkness, doubt, and gloomy, dismal, dark forebodings and apprehensions, as to make him afraid of his very shadow. The recollection of the past will not suffice to dispel his present fears, much less will such recollection satisfy for present necessities. Alas! his experience in this respect will only prove “a cistern, a broken cistern, which can hold no water.” Nought less than God the Holy Ghost coming in afresh, as the Divine Remembrancer and Testifier and Comforter, will suffice to disperse the darkness, dispel the gloom, and reassure the soul of its blessed and unalterable standing in the person of the Beloved. It is not high doctrine—it is not mere theory—is not covenant verities (however blessed) that will meet the present necessities of such poor tempest-tossed soul. Oh, no; it is the renewings and the repeatings and the reassuring of the Holy Ghost alone that can do this. It makes us tremble when we hear men say, that their deliverance was so marked, or the words spoken by Jesus so plain, that *they can never doubt again*. Poor mistaken men, it is only for the Lord to “plunge them in the ditch, and their own clothes shall abhor them,” and then, too, they will learn again to say with Job, “I have uttered that I understood not, things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.”

We pray that the Lord may support and comfort our correspondent in his time of weakness and prostration. We would remind him of that wonderful portion; although so often quoted and so continually pleaded before the throne, it will never—no, never—wear out, or be exhausted, or cease to comfort and console the Lord's dear weary heritage, in the midst of all their wilderness wanderings,—“IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?”—EDITOR.]

Another correspondent, writing of the departed brother, says:—

13, Charlotte Place, Middlesex Hospital, London.

REV. SIR,—I feel constrained to express my gratitude to you for giving a place in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, to record the dying triumph of the

dear departed J. Williams. "The memory of the just is blessed." He has left behind, in my heart, and in the hearts of others, a sweet savour of Jesus Christ, whose name—or, as he was wont to say, "His glorious Person"—he often expatiated upon, and extolled with energy and delight, with tears dropping from his sightless eyes.

I did not become acquainted with him till after his beloved wife's death. We first met at my sister's—Mrs. Greenway. There and then our hearts got knit in the bonds of brotherly love, which increased till his spirit was caught away to be with the Lord. Yea, I still love him; and more so. I have felt his absence keenly for myself, but joyously for him. Tears have flowed at the remembrance of him—tears of affection for him, tears of sorrow for myself, for my loss. We frequently met together; we read, conversed, and prayed together. Our affection and regard was mutual. I must honestly say, we sat at each other's feet.

I remember the time he heard you preach in London—to which you allude in your kind remarks. He told me how refreshed he was in spirit by your discourse. On the morning of the day of his death, he sent invitations to several of his intimate friends to come to his house on the next day. He said he wished as many to be present as his little room could hold, to tell them, as he said, "of the glories of Immanuel." But he was to be in better company by that time, with the "spirits of just men made perfect," and to behold his Lord face to face.

He was interred in Bromley Cemetery, in the grave of his late beloved wife. Mr. Aikman, who was then supplying at Gower Street, kindly officiated, and delivered a weighty, solemn, and *Gospel* address, from Psalm xlix. 7—9. A favourite hymn of Mr. Williams was sung by the sorrowing friends present—

"Hail! sacred day, that shall declare
The jewels of the Son of God;
Designed to deck His crown, they were,
Chosen of old, and bought with blood," &c.

In expressing my hearty thanks for your kindness, and my sincere wishes for your prosperity in your "work of faith and labour of love," I believe I give expression to the feeling of other hearts to whom Mr. Williams was dear.—I am, dear sir, yours respectfully and affectionately in the Redeemer's name,

BENJAMIN ANGEL.

WORDS BY THE WAY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your kind letter. We heartily join with you in "Lord, increase our faith!" We poor little ones greatly need it. Such a death-like feeling *generally*. Oh, "when wilt Thou come unto me?"—"Oh, visit me with Thy salvation!"—"Let me hear Thy voice," &c.—"Leave not my soul destitute," suit one exactly. It seems good to find such breathings—such longings—in the Scriptures. They seem to say, "You are not alone; others have walked in the same path. You are one family—

'To hear His voice, to taste His love,
Was all their choice.'

So it is yours." Yes, Lord, Thou knowest it is. Do, Lord, fulfil Thy promise, "The Lord shall comfort Zion; He will comfort all her waste places," &c. But why are my winters so long? "How long?" Ah, why? Oh for grace to rest on *His word*—on the promise to live! As Kent says,

"Better far to trust His word,
And on the promise live."

Thy word stands the same amidst every discouragement, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." No, He never did and never will, bad as the case may be.

I feel free, dear sir, thus to write, because you know what it is to walk in the same path, and therefore have a heart that can sympathize with such. What a precious lecture is your dear departed brother-in-law's (Vol. II., Lecture 1), on "By grace ye are saved."—"A Family Portrait."—Speaking to his friend of Rutherford, he says, "Rutherford has told us what he would do. He would, if he could, so requite Christ for His love, and the Father of mercies for His grace, that he would have been living in Aberdeen prison as he is now living among the spirits of just men made perfect, adoring in communion, and magnifying the riches of God's grace, and loving His all-glorious Christ with a suitable devotion. Come, dear friend, what say you to these things? Is not this the uppermost desire in your anxious heart?"

"Yes, I can truly say it is so; at least, I know, if I could always live with my heart softened by a sense of His love, I should live above my doubts and fears. (How true!)

"But, my friend, this would be living by sense; that is, by the sensible feeling of enjoyment, whereas 'the just shall live by faith:' and faith has not so much to do with the present penny, as with the treasure in the bank. The present penny is spent the moment it is received, but the treasure remains always the same. However, the Holy Comforter shall yet show you, that it is the empty vessel that is your every-day proof, that of His fulness you have already received, and grace upon grace to empty you of all self, and grace to go empty and nothing, to receive more grace. The Lord increase your faith!"

Precious teaching—how rare! The Lord bless you, dear sir, more and more, you and your children! NOTHING too hard for Him. Who hath the Lord God so nigh unto them as we in ALL that we call upon Him for? May we know that blessed truth by experience more and more, and to Him we will give the praise.—I remain, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately and respectfully,

G. HART.

THE NEW YEAR.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to enclose a few verses of poetry—submitting them to your consideration—with the hope they may appear in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, should they meet with your approval. They are, I think, suitable to the occasion of the New Year. What a mercy it is that we have such glorious prospects—"an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away!" Exceeding great and precious are the promises made by a covenant God to the objects of changeless love: "All ye and amen in Christ Jesus, to the glory of God by us." What a thought

it is for one so poor, so wretched, so forlorn, that the glory of God is connected with, and testified as emanating from, the saints inheriting the glorious things spoken of Zion, the city of God. As sings Watts—

“His honour is engaged to save
The weakest of His sheep.”

Oh, for grace to realize a daily enjoyment of those things which God hath prepared for them that love Him—a sweet foretaste of unending fellowship with Him—“whom having not seen we love.”

May the Lord abundantly prosper you in your work, is the prayer of
Yours faithfully,

London.

S. G.

“NOW IS OUR SALVATION NEARER THAN WHEN WE BELIEVED.”

'Tis happy to think, as the years roll by,
They hasten the coveted peace—
That nothing can perish the wealth of the sky,
Or hinder the course to the realms on high,
Of the spirits pursuing release.

The journey of life is contracted at best,
And soon will its sorrows be o'er,
And then we shall enter the covenant rest,
To live with the Saviour, eternally bless'd,
Relieved from continual war.

No trace of corruption the heav'ns present,
The occupants, holy and fair;
A Saviour has bless'd who will never relent,
On sounding His praises, for ever intent,
The glorified worship Him *there*.

We dwell on the past, and its favours review,
What goodness appears in the cup!
The mercies of God have been many and new,
His promises, rich, are immutable too;
He says, “*He'll be holding us up.*”

We think on His faithful, reliable word,
His love that can never grow less;
The voice of the Shepherd at times we *have* heard,
Our bosoms were fired, and our spirits were stirred;
For sweet is the Saviour's address.

We look to the future with confidence strong,
We know *He is ever the same*;
His Word shall unite to Himself as a thong,
His Word shall support us, and help us along,
And soon we shall join in the glorious song
Of praise to His reverend name.

'Tis happy to think, as the years roll by,
They hasten the coveted peace,
That nothing can perish the wealth of the sky;
For covenant blessings are *much too high*,
And are they *reserved* for such sinners as I?
Lord, hasten the blessed release.

THE ILLNESS OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IN the OLD JONATHAN for the present month we have expressed somewhat at length our own feelings upon the above all-engrossing subject. In that article we have stated our recognition of the hand of God in this affliction of the Heir Apparent to these realms, and the Royal Family generally, as instrumentally producing a mighty reaction against the disaffection and disloyalty which were being gradually fanned into a flame by a miserable class of men who were springing up into a most unenviable notoriety by their seditious harangues. God, in His great mercy, has been pleased to adopt this remarkable course for not only repelling this unchristian and unconstitutional spirit, but for infusing throughout the length and breadth, not merely of the United Kingdom, but the world at large, a oneness of feeling, an identity of interest, a sympathy of heart, that, without doubt, has far exceeded everything of bygone date. Never, we believe, from the commencement of time has a more unanimous spirit of deep heartfelt sympathy been aroused than by the sickness (so apparently) unto death of the Prince of Wales.

Moreover, we conceive it is not a little remarkable that such a marked and manifest answer to a nation's prayers should have been vouchsafed at a period in the world's history when a strong current of infidelity had set in; when men in high places were so publicly and so presumptuously casting off all fear of God. We rejoice in the goodness of the Lord, as well as admire and adore His mercy, in the condescension and grace thus displayed towards us as a land and nation.

And now, as God knoweth, the one wish of our heart, the leading desire of our soul is, that His Royal Highness (snatched as he has been from the very jaws of death) may, through the precious grace and power of the Holy Ghost, leave that sick-chamber *another man—a new man in Christ Jesus!* Our prayer both publicly and privately has been, that, in immediate connexion with, and as a blessed result of his affliction, he may enter again upon the life given him, as from the dead, with this fixed, this holy, this unhesitating and unblushing resolve, "AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD."

God, of His great compassion, grant this additional mercy! May this one prominent wish and desire be laid upon the hearts of our readers! May they publicly and privately wrestle at the throne for this wondrous boon! And then how richly and manifestively will the fruits of such new life appear in the character, conduct, and Christian course of the Prince of Wales.

The *Rock* has so well and so vigorously written upon this all-engrossing theme, that we cannot forbear quoting the following:—

"A tidal-wave of prayer rolled through the country on Sunday week which, we may hope and believe, will have saved the Heir Apparent for the kingdom; and, perhaps, a kingdom for the Heir Apparent. It was a 'great salvation;' and so signal an answer to prayer, that the secular journals of all classes have acknowledged the plain connexion between cause and effect, in the standing miracle of covenant prayer. From the *Daily Telegraph* up to the *Times*, such things have been written, as, for pathos, Evangelical piety, beauty, Christ-like sympathy, and revived loyalty, have driven not a few of God's waiting people to their knees—not now to pray for the Prince, so much as to praise God for saving the

country, and giving rich promise that Englishmen need not be ashamed of their Christianity before the world.

“The Constitution (as God’s instrument) saved the Prince; and the Prince has saved the Constitution. Truly may we lift up our hearts, our hands, and our voices, and cry ‘Saved!’ But how has this reciprocal salvation been effected? We have seen that the Prince represents the Constitution, by the acute sympathy which has opened the hearts of the people from one end of Great Britain to another in prayer, and shut up, or postponed places and appointments of dissipation; like Nineveh, England has really mourned, fasted, and mightily cried unto God. For the first time in the history of our land, the electric telegraph has been used to throw England, as one man, upon its knees. The Providence of God ordered that this should not be, however, until the very acme of the crisis was reached. When the beloved Princess for a short time quitted the sick room and went down to Sandringham Church, she, as it were unconsciously, lead the prayers of an entire nation. The very effect of the telegrams arriving in church time had a truly electric effect upon the congregations! All England in spirit worshipped in the sick-room at Sandringham on that Sunday when a widowed Queen was bending over a dying son, and that son, England’s future King. The very accessories of haste gave that thrill throughout the congregations, which telegrams give everywhere; but how much more on Sunday, at such a time, and in church! It imparted a domestic character, moreover, to the national sympathy. How true is it that—

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head!”

The Rev. Daniel Moore, of Holy Trinity, Paddington, in the course of his sermon last Sunday observed:—

Hardly, my brethren, will you expect me to close my sermon to-day without referring to a subject which, for some days past, has been uppermost on all tongues, nearest to all hearts, mentioned most fervently in all prayers. I allude, of course, to the precarious condition of the Prince of Wales. When we met last Sunday, it seemed as if the spirit of the Royal sufferer were hovering between two worlds. We could only pray; and we *did* pray, that if consistent with the designs of Infinite Wisdom that precious life might be spared; spared for the nation’s sake, unable to contemplate a fatal termination without the gloomiest political forebodings; spared for the Queen’s sake, whose cup of sorrow, filled already to the brim, would by the addition of such a bitter drop, be running over; spared for the young wife and children’s sake, on whom this feared calamity would fall with a pressure more terrible than under a like sorrow would be felt by the humblest subject in the land. And now beyond hope, and almost against hope, contrary to our fears, and as it were in reproof of them, a favourable turn in the malady of the patient has vindicated the power and efficacy of a nation’s prayers. Yes; perish the chilling philosophy that would disconnect the two things; that would bind fate, and Providence, and human skill, the forces of nature, and the right arm of God Himself, by laws, which prayer must be as impotent to modify as the voice of a monarch to roll back the advancing tide. We have not so learned Christ, nor the relations of Gospel promise to the conditions of the world in which we live. Beyond and outside the remotest horizon of mundane science lies a reserve of Divine possibilities, which, while making use of science, and acting in harmony with material laws, may, in answer to the united supplications of a people, evoke into existence new forms of remedial agency, and justify the title of Him that sitteth in the Heavens to be regarded as “the God that heareth prayer.” And now, brethren, will you not be encouraged to pray yet more earnestly,

that God would complete His work? You have been taught to pray, and wisely taught, that if the sickness of our Prince should prove a "sickness unto death," "the sins of his past life may be done away by the blood of Christ;" will you not now pray yet more fervently that if this life should be spared it may be consecrated to the glory and service of Him to whom it is due; that being brought back again from the gates of death, the soul of the young Prince may be fired with the one thought, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto me? How may I glorify my Saviour? How may I spread the knowledge of His Gospel through the length and breadth of the land?" How may I become fitted to wield the destinies of the great empire to which it seems to be the will of God to call me? O brethren, do let us all pray very earnestly for the sanctifying of this affliction, both to the Royal sufferer, and all those around him. We are a loyal people; have never shown our loyalty more than within the last few days; when, as if by one fervent and simultaneous outburst of sympathy with the throne and its sorrows, we had determined to reduce to a level below their own native insignificance, those small persons who would fain try their prentice hands at mending upon monarchy. But oh! let our loyalty be religious. Let our patriotism be Christian. Let our grateful appreciation of what we owe to the monarchical institution be seen in the fervour with which in the closet, in the family, in the church, we pray for our Queen and all the Royal Family, that they may be partakers of "all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus," thus turning into warm heart-breathings those suffrages in our Liturgy, to the sublime beauty of which, it is to be feared, constant familiarity has made us too little sensible; "Endue them with Thy Holy Spirit; enrich them with Thy Heavenly grace; prosper them with all happiness and bring them to Thy Everlasting Kingdom through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

TO ALL WHO LOVE OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN SINCERITY AND TRUTH, GRACE, MERCY, AND PEACE FROM GOD OUR FATHER AND FROM THE LORD JESUS.

SPARED, preserved, and strengthened to pass through 1871, may we now enter on its unknown follower with increased faith and hope! We cannot have completed another year without having learned somewhat more of the faithfulness, power, and love of our covenant-keeping God. *Felt* weakness has driven us to Him for strength; *lamented* failings and shortcomings have thrown us upon His loving-kindness, pity, and forbearance for the forgiveness of all our transgressions; and have we not cause again to "set to our seal," and say, "He is faithful who hath called" us, "who also will do it?" During the past year many loved ones have entered on their rest. We have *lost* their company below, but *they* have *gained* the blissful shore where there shall be no more night, no more suffering, no more sin. What a mystery this is to sense! how real it is to faith! We need to have our *habit* of faith strengthened that the *actings* of our faith may be more vigorous. Are we satisfied to let the unknown to-morrow bring with it what it may? This is the position we should seek to attain to, and desire to occupy. This is the extent of the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be;" this is the compass of the prayer, "Give us day by day our daily bread." And thus it is that, living *by the day*, we receive the fulfilment of the promise, "to hoary hairs will I carry you." What a blessed employment it would be for the new year to *count up our mercies!* Should we not soon be lost "in wonder, love, and praise?" Human nature takes a delight in thinking about trials and losses, vexations and crosses, but, in the light of the goodness and kindness of our God, these all vanish away; but our mercies, the knowledge of Jesus in His covenant character and relationship to our souls, access through Him, the help of the Spirit to our infirmities, a sip of the brook by the way, and the prospect of the full satisfaction of

all that our enlightened and living souls are craving for, these are written as it were "with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever." Then, too, the "nether springs" of a bounteous Providence, never dealing with us after our sins, always bringing us by some way that we knew not, and providing for all our real wants in a way that makes those that are imaginary, take wing! Let us, beloved, seek for grace to look above; to the eye, the hand, the heart of our loving Father in Christ our Lord, and rest assured peace and tranquillity will flow into the soul, and the mouth will be opened in thanksgiving and praise. "Ebenezer!" "hitherto hath the Lord helped."—Believe me, your loving brother in Him,

ALFRED HEWLETT.

SUBSTITUTION.

WHEN we look at the cross, we see *God* dealing with our sins. 'Tis true, Christ died at the hands of man, and in this we see the enmity of the heart brought out in the crucifying the Prince of life and glory; but, while we see this, there is also God's side, if I might so speak, God taking our sin and laying it upon Jesus, the Substitute—the One who was there in our stead. Thus, when I see God dealing with Him, I see Him dealing with *my* sin. When I see Jesus die, it is for me that I might have life. But the question may come, "How do I know that He has made complete atonement?" I look at the grave and see Him rise—without sin. I see Him raised by God, the righteous One. I see him enter heaven, and I know that He is accepted in that which He has done, and I read in the Word that I am "accepted" *in* Him; so that God beholds me no longer as in nature, but as one with Him, for, "as He is, so are we"—"raised together and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

These are truths with which we are acquainted; but the mere knowledge of truth in the understanding is not enough, it is the having it abiding in the heart, the entering into it by faith, *realizing* our place as in Christ. Now, I believe, the more we realize this in our souls, that we are risen with Him and seated in the heavenlies, before God, without spot and blameless, the more we shall walk as those who have been redeemed—as those who are not of this world, but simply "strangers and pilgrims," waiting till our Lord shall come to take us to Himself. May we have grace given us so to act during the "little while" we are left below, bearing testimony to the name of Him who has loved us and given Himself for us, even Jesus, our Lord!

R. K.

A FRAGMENT.—Long ago I used to think, if I were the subject of any ailment which reminded me unmistakably that it was the messenger to call me home and take me home, how rejoiced I should be; but now, alas! that advanced years and increasing infirmities convince me that my tarry here cannot be very long, my spirit for most part recoils at the prospect of death and eternity; and it is only as the Lord is pleased now and then to smile upon me, and occasionally to drop one of His precious "Fear nots" into my heart, that I can rise above my poor carnal sinking, cowardly self, and say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Anecdotes and Extracts.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REV. W. ROMAINE'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1774 AND 1792.

(Continued from Vol. vi., page 600.)

[We doubt not that the reader will see the singular appropriateness of Mr. ROMAINE'S remarks to the times in which we live.—Ed.]

I PLEASE myself much with the thoughts of seeing you once more in the flesh, face to face; and it greatly heightens this pleasure that I verily believe our friendship will have no end. May we live and meet to confirm these agreeable hopes and prospects! . . . As to poor Lloyd, I know not what to do. I shall see Mr. Cadogan soon, and shall let you know the result. In a stormy world there is an Ark of absolute safety. So Noah found it; so do we—safe and happy, come what may, in our Almighty Jesus.

Supposing that you had set out on your journey, I was upon my watch-tower to look after you, and not in vain. As I prayed, so it is; may every petition which I have at any time put up for you and yours find as gracious an answer as in the present case! . . . I think I promised you some account of our word for New Year's day. It is generally Hebrew—something of Christ, useful, and easy to be remembered throughout the year. *Jehovah Shalom* was for the last year; *Shiloh* (Gen. xlix. 10) is for this. It means One who can give quietness; One who is able to free the conscience from guilt before God, and then to deliver a man in his heart and life from all distressing fears. We have an instance of the outward sense of the word now before our eyes. We have been lately at war, and are now happily at peace with all our enemies. The merchants feel it: they carry on their trade quietly. Nobody is afraid of the enemies' ships of war or privateers. No letters of marque are thought of. Insurance is become moderate; all danger being over, except the danger of the sea. The army is disbanded; the fleet is laid up. The inhabitants of the sea-coast sleep secure from fear of an invasion. This outward quietness is the sensible evidence of what our Shiloh gives unto the soul. He quiets it, and secures it in quietness. He gives peace to the guilty conscience. And, when He gives quietness, who, then, can give trouble? Nothing can, but unbelief. If the storm rage, and the mountains shake with the tempest of the same; if He utter His voice, "Peace, be still!" there is a great calm. The heart lets go its fears, and is established, trusting in the Lord. And then He extends the influence of this blessed quietness to the tempers, to the life. He can, He does, make a poor creature secure under any trouble or temptation. He is the infallible remedy for all distressing cares and fears. Bad news, bad times, public calamities, civil wars only make our Shiloh more sought after, and His sanctuary more precious. Suppose the worst. Death comes—the king of terrors—he cannot frighten, because he cannot hurt; he has lost his sting, and he is the messenger of peace. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." And then our most gracious Shiloh fulfils His name. He gives quietness and assurance for ever. Such is *your* Beloved, and such is *your* Friend. Oh, prize Him, and make much of Him! You do know Him, but you don't make use of Him as you may and ought. The chief part

of our discourse was about the means by which we come to enjoy this heavenly quietness, which, as you are acquainted with, I only give you the outlines, and I am certain you can fill them up. The chief is the Word, for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." And this Word reveals to us the infinite love of the glorious Trinity in contriving the covenant of peace, the terms of which God Incarnate undertook to fulfil, and has, by His life and death, perfectly finished. This is proclaimed upon earth by the Gospel. Our one subject is to preach peace through Jesus Christ; and, when God the Spirit accompanies the Word, it produces faith, and reconciles the heart to God. It sees, it feels His love in Christ. God is now, in Christ, not a Judge to condemn, but a Father to bless (Rom. viii. 1). And then His children can pray, "Abba, Father," and live with Him in holy friendship. He being on their side, they need not fear what men, what Satan, or the world, or anything can do against them. Under His protection they are now safe from all evil. In patience they may possess their souls, come what may. When the Gospel thus takes effect, quieting the conscience, the heart, and the life, oh, how precious does Shiloh become! He only wants to be more trusted, that He may be found more precious. As He secures against all evil, yea, the fear of evil, why do we not make use of Him as a sovereign Antidote? As He gives the present enjoyment of all good, why do we not enjoy His gifts, and praise Him for our happiness? Blessings on His dear name! I am His witness, that He makes the conscience secure, and the heart quite at rest. No legal fears, no guilt, no losses, no dangers—nothing can distress them who trust in Him. The State out of order, the Church full of errors and heresies, the worse the times, happier is he whom Shiloh keeps in perfect peace. I have embarked with Him. All my concerns I have put under His management. He can steer the vessel as safe in bad as in good weather. To Him I commit all I have and all I am. It is for His glory to take care of what is intrusted with Him until *that* day. At this time I am praying for you, that you may be kept hungry and thirsting after Christ, among them whom He has pronounced blessed, and whom He makes blessed. It is a sign of health to have a good appetite. There is no better evidence of our having tasted that the Lord is gracious, than to be still waiting on Him for the bread of life, and for the water of life. And He does truly nourish us, when we feel the manna sweet, and the Spirit refreshes our hearts with it. Then that meat is not light bread, but becomes a spiritual feast, and the cup of salvation is full—yea, runneth over with blessings. May these be the choicest of your Christmas fare; and to make you more willing than ever to sit down with the Lord at His Royal table! May the ear of faith hear Him speak to you all the twelve days of the feast—aye, and all the twelve months of the year! "Eat, my friends. Drink; yea, drink abundantly, my beloved." None more welcome than you. He would have you to make free. He bids you to let your "soul delight itself in fatness." The meat is from heaven, and nourishes the heavenly life. The drink sobers: such is its Divine virtue, that the more you take of it the more it will deaden your senses to earthly joys, and it will render spiritual joys more spiritual. For it is angels' food, and is indeed a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life. In His name I invite you this Christmas to partake with us of these blessings. If you be not with us in person, I hope you will be with us in spirit, at our common feast. May you live more upon Christ by faith than ever; enjoy Him more than ever; and with growing thankfulness

bless His glorious name. According to promise I send you some of my remarks on the last year. If you can add to them any fresh matter of praise in your observations, it will be a very acceptable present at Blackfriars.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER IN THE YEAR 1779.—ENCOURAGEMENTS TO CONTINUE PRAYING THROUGH 1780.

Providences which have appeared in favour of England.—A very plentiful harvest, and got in well all over the kingdom. A very delightful autumn, plenty of grass, and fine seed-time. . . . Invasions threatened and attempted, but without success. All our fleets come safe home, although in great danger. God on our side. . . . The enemies at home as violent as ever, but hitherto restrained only by Him who set bounds to the raging of the sea.

Providences of God in the East Indies so great that no enemies are left there.—I have a brighter view still to give you of God's answer to prayer in spirituals, but my paper grows short. 1. We are favoured with the Gospel above any other part of the world. 2. The clear light of it—the full power of it as much as in any age. 3. Great number of ministers who preach it, and live it, all over the kingdom. 4. Prayer-meetings sets up everywhere, in which ministers and people have agreed to plead with God that He would appear for us. 5. And He has, as the instances above demonstrate. 6. He has poured out a spirit of prayer—given great freedom in prayer—thereby encouraging us to pray on for reformation from sin, our very worst enemy, for national humiliation and repentance, for sparing us, notwithstanding our crying provocations, for turning our enemies' hearts, or for giving us victory over them. Indeed it is a bright day in our Church. Oh, pray and praise with me that the light may spread, and Jesus be more glorified by the lives as well as the lips of His people! His dealings with us certainly call for much praise, and encourage us to persevere in prayer. When you have the King's ear and a favourable audience, speak a good word to Him for W— R—, who never forgets you and yours.

This is not the first time nor the second that I have remembered you in this year. My Lord has heard of you again and again, and witness has been made to Him on your behalf and your family, not in vain. He is so gracious as not to let a cup of cold water given to one of His friends go without its reward. I believe you reckon me one of His friends, and therefore I reckon your long friendship to me a good token of His friendship to you. Blessings on Him for His love to us both! He unites our hearts when our bodies are far asunder, and He makes brotherly love continue. All that deserves to be called so in heaven as well as in earth is His gift. There is room for increase. May it grow abundantly in your heart and mine in its richest and ripest fruits! We are not likely to see one another soon, but, till we do, I shall be cultivating these fruits. It shall be my daily prayer that you may live this year as to become acquainted with our common Friend. The more you know Him the more you will trust Him; and the more you trust Him He will give you reason to love Him better. You will find Him faithful to His word, and watchful in fulfilling it. He will be a safe Guide in your journey lest any hurt you: He will keep you night and day. You will "revisit your habitation, and you will find nothing amiss." He will load you with benefits, and you cannot help increasing in love to Him,

and thereby becoming more like Him. Likeness to Him is heaven—likeness perfect is the heaven of heavens. Till you or I get there, let us trust Him, and love Him, and bless His holy name. This is the way to grow up into Him in all things. If we keep Christ in our eye, live by faith upon Him in our hearts, and depend upon Him every moment in our lives, and for everything, then all will go well. This was our subject for the present year. You know our method at Blackfriars. We have a motto on New Year's Day which is to serve us as a repast for twelve months. The present is, "Go forward" (Exodus xiv. 15). The history is very instructing. Read it. The lesson it holds forth is of daily practice, namely, when Christ delivers us from bondage, let what or who will oppose, we may and ought to march on to the promised land. Our deliverance was to set us free, in order that, being redeemed from the hand of our enemies, we may walk safe without stopping under an Almighty Protector. Our bondage was worse than theirs. We were slaves to sin, to the lusts of the flesh, under the power of the world, captives to Satan, and bound over to death and hell. When no eye on earth pitied us, and we were groaning (like them) under our captivity, God Jesus felt for us. The compassion of His heart brought Him down to work out our salvation, and now He has all power in heaven and in earth to apply it, which He does by His Spirit quickening our spirits, and enabling us to find redemption through faith in His blood; then He sets us right and free. He turns us from sin to God, from self to Christ, who is now our life. We live by Him, and all live upon Him. To such He gives the command, "Go forward; march! I have set you at liberty; go on, I am your Guide and your Keeper. Follow my Word, trust my faithfulness to it, and you shall have every encouragement your heart could wish to persevere." "But I am afraid of my own weakness." "Look to me, and go forward in my strength" (Phil. iv. 13). "But I am in the midst of enemies." "Mind what I say" (Isa. liv. 17). "Oh, alas! alas! mine enemies are in my bosom" (Micah vii. 18—20). "It's true I am in the way, yet I have got but little ground last year." "Trust more to my Word (Joshua i. 8, 9), and depend more upon my Spirit (Ezek. xi. 19), and you will still get forward; yea, not only safely, but also *happily*." The Lord High Treasurer, having received Christ, went on His way rejoicing. And so did that goodly company of witnesses (Psalm lxxxiv.); they went from strength to strength till they all met in Zion. So may you and I, till we meet here or in a better place. . . . To day the report is that Lord — is to be First Lord of the Treasury; Charles Jenkinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer. All is settled in my court. Places the highest, riches the greatest, pleasures holy and perfect, and for evermore, are given, and secured too, to such as I am. Glory be to the King of kings!

(To be continued.)

JOY OF MY SOUL.

Joy of my soul, in Thee I find
 All that will satisfy the mind:
 No pleasure in the world I see,
 From its allurements I would flee,
 And unto Thee would hourly press,
 Thou centre of my happiness.

While crowds for pleasure wander
 wide,
 And home return unsatisfied,
 I in my little cot can stay,
 And bliss experience day by day.
 Joy of my soul, in Thee I find
 All that will satisfy my mind.

READINGS AND BREATHINGS IN THE PSALMS.—(No. I.)

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."—
PSALM i.

My soul, is this blessedness thine? Where day by day dost thou walk? Where stand? Where sit? Ah! Lord God, Thou knowest—for "Thou knowest my *downsitting* and mine *uprising*, Thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou compassest my *path* and my *lying down*, and art acquainted with all my *ways*." And what thou knowest, Thou hast taught me to know, for the entrance of Thy Word hath given me light to discover the paths of darkness; "discretion" to preserve me in the "way of life;" "understanding" which keeps me from the paths of the destroyer, and "wisdom" which is profitable to direct me in all the holy will of God. Therefore, as the "*counsel of the ungodly*" is against the Almighty, a "froward counsel that carries the wicked headlong to destruction," I would not walk in that: as the "*way of sinners*," though right in their own eyes, is sin, the end whereof is death, I would not stand herein with them: as the "*seat of the scornful*" is one of violence and pride, I would not for a moment sit there! And why? Because "the curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but He blesseth the habitation of the just." Blessed, then, is the man who walketh not, standeth not, nor sitteth in the counsel, way, or seat of ungodly scornful sinners. Yea, he is already blessed! And the preserving mercy of God is a proof that he is blessed of the Lord; and, as such, we are not only told what He will not do, but what is His desire and delight.

Thus, in verse 2: "*But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.*" What law is this but the "law of love" which is in Christ Jesus; and the "law of the spirit of life" which is by Christ Jesus? In these, my soul, do thou "delight," and therein meditate "day and night;" and may thy meditation of the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, and the life of God which is by Christ Jesus, be "sweet," sanctified by the word of God through the Spirit and prayers. Then wilt thou walk in the fear of the Lord—then wilt thou stand and feed in the strength of the Lord: then shalt thou set down under the shadow of the Lord with great "delight," and His fruit be sweet unto thy taste.

For this is the promise concerning such (verse 3): "*He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season.*" Yes, I would bring forth the fruit of praise to the glory of God, who planted me by the river of the water of life in all the changing seasons of my soul; and my prayer is, that my "leaf" of profession may not "wither": that I may never make shipwreck of faith: that there be no withering influence upon others arising from a false profession in myself; but that I may be green and flourishing in the ways and things of God, so that whatsoever I do in the Church or in the world, for the Lord or His people, may "prosper." Oh, if I desire any one thing more than another, it is *soul prosperity before the Lord!*—to be "growing up into Him in all things which is the Head, even Christ."

Ver. 4: "*The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*" What a very marked distinction the Word of God makes between the righteous and the wicked; between those who love, fear, and serve God, and they who turn aside to fables, vanity, and lies! It is just

the difference now which God "put" between the Israelites and the Egyptians. The righteous are "blessed;" but with the "ungodly" it is "not so." It is "not so" in living or dying, in time or eternity. The wicked desire not a knowledge of God, and therefore they meditate not in His ways. These "knowing not the law are cursed" (John vii. 49); that is, knowing not the love of Christ, which is the fulfilling of the law, and whereby the New Covenant (as in ver. 2) was brought in, are under the curse: whilst the righteous who delight in the "put" and "written" law of God in the heart, "after the inward man," are blessed. As, therefore, with the ungodly, it is "not so;" they are like the "chaff"—light as vanity, and empty as a vapour—"which the wind driveth away."

But "what is the chaff to the wheat?" saith the Lord. Let us see what is said of them when this blowing wind of adversity, this great day of God's wrath, is come. Ver. 5: "*The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment.*" Why so? because (and the very fact which is such a source of comfort to the believer is a ground of terror to the ungodly, namely) it is "the judgment-seat of CHRIST!" Yes, "the Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son;" and "the secrets of men" shall be judged by Jesus Christ (Rom. ii. 16). They, therefore, who know the secret of sins' forgiveness, or, as Paul saith, "Whose sins have been opened" (with conscience) "before hand," *going before them* unto judgment, these are "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." But, to the ungodly, whose sins "*follow after*" (1 Tim. iv. 24), there is a "certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries."

My soul, how stands the matter with thee? Is it thy constant and ardent desire to "know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings," that, by being "made conformable to His death," thou mayest "attain unto the resurrection of life?" Lord, Thou knowest! If there is no dying unto sin here, there is no living unto God hereafter. Those who have all their lifetime *walked* in the "counsel of the ungodly," *stood* in "the way of sinners," and *sat* in the "seat of the scornful," have no foothold before the judgment-seat of Christ. Who, then, shall be able to stand? Only those with whom is "the secret of the Lord:" they who are clothed in the justifying righteousness of Christ; whose names being written in the "book of life," have their iniquities forgiven, and their sins blotted out through the atoning blood of the Lamb: and these (in ver. 5) are called "the congregation of the righteous." These, in a countless multitude, shall assemble around the throne of judgment, where, and with whom, the ungodly shall not be able to *stand*, for there will be "*no place found for them.*" But (ver. 6) "*the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous*"—He knoweth it, because He goeth before them in the way, which is the way to glory and to God; yea, Christ Himself is that way, and happy is he who *walketh* in Christ, who standeth in the "even place," "the way of righteousness which is life, and in the pathway whereof is no death" (Prov. xii. 28), and who *sitteth* together in heavenly places, in and with Christ Jesus for ever.

The Lord command His blessing upon us, and keep us "night and day:" the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us peace: the Lord send us such real prosperity of soul that we may delight in the law of God, and meditate upon all His marvellous works, to the bringing forth fruit to His praise!

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

[The following most precious lines have been most opportunely contributed by a beloved correspondent.—ED.]

CHILD of sorrow! child of grief!
The hour draws nigh for thy relief—
The dawning of a glorious day!
Then haste, blest spirit, haste away!

Is it, then, true, that we must part?
And must these fond affections smart?
Ah, no! Thou canst not, must not go!
This bleeding, selfish heart says, No!

But hark! what is that voice I hear?
Surely the great Eternal's here!—
“Be still, and know that I am God,
And meekly kiss my chastening rod.”

My Father, must it e'en be so?
And must this best beloved go?
“It must—then, wayward heart, be still,
And bow to Mine thy puny will.”

How oft I've prayed, “Thy will be done!”
But now this bitter hour has come;
The lips, 'tis true, the words may say,
But does the self-willed heart obey?

This heart must break, these tears must flow
(T' affection 'tis a bitter blow);
Pity my weakness, Lord, I pray,
And let my strength be as my day.

Then haste, blest spirit, haste away!
Thy Saviour calls—why, then, delay?
And I, ere many years are past,
Still hope to meet thee there at last.

M. C. C.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

Watching at the Gates. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row. Price 6d.

A PLEASING little work designed by the writer to counteract certain errors put forth in “Gates Ajar,” which is dealt with in a very able and effective manner. This reply is ably written, and is likely to become popular.

Words of Ministry; or, Sunday Readings in the Home. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester. London: Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

THIS is another book from the hand of the enterprising and laborious Editor of *Our Own Fireside*. How he gets through his varied works is to us matter of surprise. Mr. BULLOCK, in this as well as in his other publications, has exhibited his wonted gift of supplying that which he discovers to be lacking in wholesome and interesting reading for the people—the young especially.

The City Diary and Almanack. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate Street.

THE ninth annual edition of this Diary has just been issued. It is one of the most convenient diaries for the desk, strongly bound, and of good serviceable paper, interleaved with blotting, for one shilling. In addition to the ordinary almanack matter, it contains the names and addresses of the Members of the Court of Aldermen, Common Council, and Officers of the Corporation, and valuable information as to City Institutions, City Clubs, City Churches, Ward Clerks, Companies' Halls, &c.; and also a mass of information (mostly of an exclusive character) respecting the various business offices of the Corporation and the City generally, to which, indeed, it is a complete guide.

The Chatterbox. Edited by J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A. London: W. W. Gardner, 10, Paternoster Row.

THE new volume of this very popular work contains some incidents of special interest for the young, accompanied by very striking illustrations.

The Children's Prize. Edited by J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A. London: W. W. Gardner, 10, Paternoster Row.

THIS little work is admirably for the young likewise. The illustrations are very bold and attractive.

The History of Romanism, from the earliest Corruption of Christianity. By JOHN DOWLING, D.D. New York: Edward Walker, 140, Fulton Street.

THIS is a very complete and comprehensive work, and we are glad to find that, in a former edition, it has already had a large issue. The subject upon which it treats is of such vast importance, and one upon which the reading public generally have bestowed little effort in making themselves masters of, that we wish for the work the wide-spread circulation it deserves, especially in an age like the present, when our misguided rulers are doing their utmost to foster that accursed thing, the Papacy.

The Album Scripture Text-Book. London: The Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row. Bristol: W. Mack, 38, Park Street.

THIS work is exquisitely got up, and will form a handsome gift-book for the present season. The daily texts and corresponding verses of hymns and sacred songs are most judiciously selected. We cannot speak in too commendatory terms of this beautiful volume.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE chief event of the month has been the illness of the Prince of Wales. He was attacked by typhoid fever whilst on a visit to the Earl of Londesborough, and for several days lay at the point of death; but, through God's mercy, the worst now seems to be over, and there is every prospect of his complete recovery. He has had a very narrow escape; his young companion at Lord Londesborough's, the Earl of Chesterfield, took the disease at the same time and died, and one of the Prince's grooms has met with the same fate. The recovery of the Prince has been almost

miraculous, and we can only hope that it may be overruled to his temporal and eternal good, and to the benefit of the whole nation. Most profound interest and sympathy have been shown by all classes; it has seemed as if the whole country was moved with one impulse and feeling; the telegrams from Sandringham have been read with intense solicitude, and in some cases even business was suspended. To quote the words of a provincial paper—the *Carlisle Patriot*—“We remember nothing like it. The death of the Prince Consort, of Wellington, and of Peel, overwhelmed the people with sorrow; but they had run their course; they had completed their work; and it was only becoming that men should mourn the loss of those who had served them well. But here was a young man almost untried in public life, of whose character we knew little, concerning whom some men spoke with a sneer, and towards whom those who were best affected could only look with expectancy. What was there in his case that millions should watch the hourly reports from his bedside with an eagerness and concern which could not be more genuine had he been their own son or brother? The phenomenon can never be forgotten. It is one of the most significant, and, we will add, one of the most encouraging experiences of our time. Remembering it, the desponding may take heart, the doubtful may take courage. The nation has been tested, and it has been proved true at the core. The people have shown that, however capricious may be the turns of popular sentiment in moments of gaiety, in their inmost heart they still regard the line of their kings as their own, and that its distress is a matter directly and pointedly personal to each one of them. Should it please God to bring the Prince forth once more, his recovery must be to him a kind of new birth. Severe and searching affliction like that he has borne is to most men a season of precious spiritual discipline; but, beside that, when he is strong enough to learn how the anxiety of a great people has been concentrated upon him—how even the business of the nation has to some extent been arrested by the general gloom—how his condition was foremost in all thoughts and in all prayers, then indeed he must be more or less than human if he does not recognize the fact that his future life is not his own, and that they who in this crisis have laid bare their affection for him and their regard for his high station have an indefeasible claim upon the best service it is in his power to render them. Thus will these last days of trouble become a period of blessing to him and the nation, and illustrate afresh the wonderful ways of Providence.” The *Rock* says: “The imminent danger of the Prince of Wales has undoubtedly been productive of good effect. It has led men to reflect upon the serious complications and difficulties which must arise if he were suddenly taken from our midst. The advocates of Republicanism have been led to pause and reflect, and not a few will have realized the futility of their dreams and the madness of their proposals. From every part of the kingdom and from distant colonies, expressions of sympathy and regret are poured forth. It is remarkable that exactly ten years ago, the illustrious father of the Prince was laid low by the same disease with which skilful physicians are now combating in his son, and we are penning these lines on the very anniversary of the day when, in the case of the Prince Consort, death prevailed. The coincidence of date has evoked a painful interest. God moves in a mysterious way. His purpose, whatever it be, will assuredly be accomplished, and we cannot but patiently and prayerfully await its development.”

A crisis has occurred in Ireland in reference to the Education question. The Roman Catholic hierarchy have put forward a manifesto, in which they declare that they will not be satisfied with any education but that which is entirely under their own control; and Cardinal Cullen has informed his followers that they will be contented with nothing which is not Roman Catholic, from teachers to books. The Protestant denominations, on the other hand, have given expression to their opinion on the subject, and they seem to be unanimous in condemning the Papal system as one which is opposed to the best interests of the people, and utterly subversive of the principles of civil and religious liberty. We hope that the Protestant denominations will continue thus boldly and unitedly to protest, and that they will offer the most determined opposition to all compromise with Rome on this important point.

King Victor Emmanuel has formerly opened the first session of the Italian Parliament in Rome, and, in defiance of the taunt of Bishop Dupanloup, he has dared to "make his bed" in the Quirinal Palace.

The *Rock* says:—"We deeply regret to learn that Bishop Patteson, the earnest and energetic missionary Bishop of Melanesia, has been slaughtered by the natives of Santa Cruz, one of the Islands which he visited, and that his Chaplain, the Rev. J. Aitkin, has met the same fate. The particulars are not yet to hand, but it is well known that for some time past unscrupulous persons have visited the islands, kidnapping the natives, and carrying them off to the Australian coffee plantations as slaves. In one of his last letters to England the Bishop wrote:—"We are, thank God, in our own little way, going on happily; but there is much suspicion and irritation caused by the presence and conduct of these trading vessels among the islands;" and there is too much reason to think that the worker of so much good has fallen a victim to the illfeeling thus engendered."

We are glad to notice that it is proposed to erect a memorial to William Cowper, the poet, in the church of his birthplace, Great Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, of which his father was Rector.

A large public meeting has been held in Glasgow in favour of conventual inspection. Mr. Newdegate and Lord Oranmore and Browne were present, and are stated to have been enthusiastically received. Five resolutions were unanimously adopted, the purport of which was that monastic and conventual establishments, or any system for the purpose of securing permanent withdrawal from the world, is un-Christian, inimical to the best interests of social life, and antagonistic to the welfare of any nation in which they obtain; that the permitted existence in this country of conventual institutions unsubjected to public inspection or control is opposed to our most cherished notions of individual liberty, and affords opportunity for cruelty and oppression such as ought not to be allowed in any free nation; that recent events, both at home and abroad, justify and strengthen the demand for further inquiry on this subject; and that a Commission ought to be by statute appointed to inquire as to such institutions, especially with a view to the establishment of an effectual system of inspection of convents.

The Scottish Reformation Society has resumed its important work this winter in connexion with the Protestant educational classes. In London, Leeds, and many other towns, large classes have been formed. In Carlisle the movement has commenced with singular success; as many as twelve of the clergy and ministers there have undertaken to conduct Protestant classes in connexion with their churches and congregations during the present winter session.