

THE  
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

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

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

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

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NEW SERIES. }

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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 WATCHWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR—"LORD,  
REMEMBER ME!"

(LUKE xxiii. 42.)

MAY the Lord, of His great mercy, be pleased so to do, and then, dear reader, all will be well—that is, as to rich and blessed manifestation.

Some forty years ago, we were listening to that bold and unflinching advocate of the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, the late JOSEPH IRONS, at one of his week-evening services in Jewin Crescent, London. It was with us a time of anxious care and responsibility. There was, moreover, much heaviness of spirit and darkness of soul. Yea, there was the practical understanding of the meaning of the couplet—

"Finds every day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end."

Whether it was in connection with the singing, or the preaching, or the prayer, we cannot now recollect, but we have never forgotten one fact, namely, that of a sudden there sprang up in the heart, in the most gentle, unexpected, but, at the same time, earnest, fervent manner, the cry—

"DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME! YEA, ME! EVEN ME!"

It was so timely, so silent, so sweet, that the cloud, in its denseness and darkness, appeared as if upon the move. The hardness and the rebellion received a check. The "Who can tell?" seemed to take the place of the "Why this?" and the "Why that?" and the "Wherefore the other?" It came with a measure of the love-bedewing, softening, mellowing influence of the "*still small voice*" that served, instrumentally, to cause the

prophet to "wrap his face in his mantle," and to "go out and stand in the entering in of the cave," when neither the "strong wind that rent the mountains," nor the earthquake, nor the fire, could induce the fretful servant of the Most High to answer the inquiry, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

Ah! reader, rest assured that the self-same loving, gracious, Father-like treatment holds good to the present hour. There is nothing like the gentle, tender, loving appeal! "Thy gentleness hath made me great," said the Psalmist. If anything were calculated to subdue the rebellion of even a Jonah, it was the placid and merciful inquiry, "Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd? . . . Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" (Jonah iv. 9—11.) And what so softening, so sin-subduing—what so loving a rebuke—to the prophet's fretful frame, as the angel's gentle touch and kindly intimation, "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee"? What consideration! What Fatherly care! What tender concern! Ah! reader, depend upon it, it is a verity, proved in rich and heartfelt experience, that—

"Tis LOVE that makes our willing feet  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know, and tremble too,  
But Satan cannot LOVE."

Here, reader, is the vast distinction between a real salvation by *grace* and a vainly-imagined salvation by *works*! The one, when opened up and applied in all its richness, fulness, and freedom to the poor, the perishing, the guilty, the filthy, the seemingly lost and undone, brings with it a startling surprise, a holy wonder, a supernatural gratitude, obedience, and love! The other never rises above the bondage, the slavery, the wretchedness and dissatisfaction of those who fall short of the inconceivable blessedness of finding true Gospel "rest" by a saving belief in Christ, as they, "being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God; for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

Now, beloved, as setting forth the precious fruits and effects of a faith's view of Christ as the Law-Fulfiller, and the personal realization of a saving knowledge of and interest in Him, mark the striking contrast, as expressed by those eminent servants of God, HART and TOPLADY, who both had been well instructed by the Holy Ghost in matters of which they afterwards testified with so much force and precious Christ-exalting power. Observe, we repeat, the contrast—

## THE LAW—"DO!"

"Law and terrors do but harden  
All the while they work alone;  
But a sense of blood-bought pardon  
Soon dissolves the heart of  
stone."

## THE GOSPEL—"DONE!"

"The terrors of law and of God  
With me can have nothing to do;  
My Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from  
view."

Oh, mark, reader, the vast distinction between *Sinai* and *Sion*! We see it remarkably set forth in the twelfth of the Hebrews: "Ye are *not* come," says the Apostle, "unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words; which voice they that heard intreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more (for they could not endure that which was commanded, And if so much as a beast touch the mountain, it shall be stoned, or thrust through with a dart: and so terrible was the sight, that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake)." Now, mark the contrast. "But ye *are* come," says the Apostle, "unto mount *Sion*, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the First-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel" (ver. 18—24).

Now, reader, observe the immense disparity—the mighty difference—between the aforementioned *SINAI* and *SION*. Here is the summary: Moses, about to receive the law, "*exceedingly fears and quakes.*" A dying thief, in his last moments, gets, by grace and power divine, a glimpse of Christ as the Law-Fulfiller, and, in one of the sweet ventures of faith, cries, "*Lord, remember me, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!*" Here, in one moment, under the convincing power and divine operations of the Holy Ghost, the dying culprit, in the very act of forfeiting his life as a law-breaker, even in the judgment and according to the condemning power of his fellow-men, sees, feels, acknowledges himself a transgressor, suffering the just reward of his misdeeds. At the same time, under the divine constraining and almighty power of his great and gracious Instructor and Teacher, he beholds, at a glance, the character and work of His divine Companion in suffering; and, regardless of all he had been—in spite of all he had done—in the face of all his ill-and-hell-deservings—he puts forth the plaintive cry, "*LORD, REMEMBER ME!*"

Oh, what a pattern! What an example! What a stimulus! It would be such, had the record of the fact gone no further. Had we been left in the dark as to the issue—had we known nothing of the blessed answer—the unspeakably-precious response—to the poor thief's first and last appeal—his case would have been encouraging and stimulating to the last degree. But oh, how

much more so—how infinitely greater the suggestion, “Go thou and do likewise”—the “Only acknowledge thine iniquity that thou hast sinned against Me”—when we contemplate the prompt and precious reply of Jesus, “Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.” What! no dismissing him from his then dying circumstances, and causing him to return to earth, to bring forth fruit meet for repentance? No. What! no prescribing a test as to the reality of his faith and the genuineness of his sorrow? No. What! no purgatorial fire to pass through ere he reached his eternal bliss? No. Hear it, ye poor, helpless, guilty, feelingly lost and undone sinners! Hear the Saviour’s dying promise—hear the pledge of the eternal, the immutable I AM THAT I AM—“Verily I say unto thee, *To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.*”

Dear reader, whilst we reflect upon the vast distinction between the two covenants—the covenant of works, and the covenant of grace—the one saying, “Do this and live;” the other, “Live and do”—we tremble for those who, in the face of the fact before-named of Moses declaring, “I exceedingly fear and quake,” are seeking salvation by their own creature-doings. They do so in spite of the so clearly revealed testimony that “a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ.” “By the works of the law,” does the Apostle most emphatically declare that “no flesh shall be justified;” yea, saith he, “As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them” (Gal. iii. 10).

Now, in the present most critical aspect of the times, and with so much to indicate that some mighty convulsions are near—yea, at our very doors—we wish personally for ourselves, and we heartily desire the same blessing for our readers—that we may be enabled to step over the threshold of this new and untrodden year under the same sense of sin; the same consciousness of utter ruin in and of self; the same feeling of absolute unworthiness; yet, withal, the same earnest, ardent, resolute venture of faith as that which prompted even a dying thief to exclaim, “LORD, REMEMBER ME!”

Oh, that it may be our simple, fervent heart-cry, amid all the changing scenes of the coming year! May the secret breathings of our inmost souls be, day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, “LORD, REMEMBER ME!”

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall;  
Be Thou my strength, my righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my All!”

SONGS OF THE COMFORTER ;

OR, WORDS OF PRAYER AND CHEER FOR ANXIOUS SEEKERS AND  
EARNEST WORKERS.

"I will be as the dew unto Israel."—HOSEA xiv. 5.

"And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."—JOHN xiv. 16.

"He shall not speak of Himself. . . . He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you."—JOHN xvi. 13, 14.

HOLY SPIRIT, light divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine ;  
Sweetest joy the soul can know,  
Source of all true peace below ;  
Thy sweet love, oh, do Thou shed,  
Cheer my heart, anoint my head.

'Mid the conflict and the strife  
Of this changeful, passing life,  
Keep my faith both strong and pure,  
Seeking truth which shall endure ;  
Ever resting on that blood  
Which procured my peace with God.

For Thy love and all Thou art,  
I would clasp Thee to my heart ;  
Shine, oh, shine from Jesu's face,  
Let me all His beauty trace ;  
And thus having Him through Thee,  
I have all eternally.

Oh, my Lord, full well I know  
Thou art all I want below ;  
Sad indeed my heart and poor,  
Outcast here at Mercy's door ;  
Through Thy teachings only blest,  
As thy guide to Christ my rest.

Thou must show the Father's grace  
Shining in the Saviour's face ;  
All that love I would explore,  
Living there for evermore ;  
Thou must help my faith to reach  
Far beyond the reach of speech.

Oft to Thee for help I cry,  
Barren, withered, cold, and dry ;  
'Tis Thy work to show the truth,  
Clothe it with immortal youth ;  
Bring the Saviour's love to view,  
Make us patient, brave, and true.

Bless my work, dear Spirit, bless ;  
Give my toil Thy sweet caress ;  
Clothe with fragrance never bought,  
All my efforts, every thought ;  
Make each open like a rose,  
Christ's own beauty to disclose.

Brighton.

Thou the broken heart must cheer,  
Lift each burden, chase each fear ;  
Every grace Thy love must give,  
Bid the contrite spirit live ;  
Work true faith, apply Christ's blood,  
Bring the soul to rest on God.

'Tis Thy work to shed that light  
Which can scatter all our night ;  
Heal the conscience, dry each tear,  
Make Thy children's title clear ;  
Fill the soul with visions bright,  
Vistas of the infinite.

Oh, full well I know, dear Lord,  
And it pierces like a sword,  
How I oft have grieved Thy love,  
Gently stooping from above,  
As it sought to lure to rest,  
Pillow me on Jesu's breast.

Once again do Thou forgive,  
Let Thy presence in me live ;  
Hide me in the Saviour's heart,  
All His beauty now impart ;  
Never more, oh, let me roam  
From my Saviour, God, and home.

Oh, great Spirit, come and bless,  
Comfort of the comfortless ;  
Friend of all the poor and weak,  
Thro' Thy Word, oh, do Thou speak !  
Raise and cheer when prostrate, low,  
Help me to God's will to bow.

Precious gift, all gifts in one,  
Lost Thy presence, all is gone ;  
Having Thee, I all things have,  
And no more my heart can crave ;  
All God hath in Thee is given,  
Earnest, pledge, and seal of heaven.

Hear my prayer, Thou noble Guest,  
Gift of all God's gifts the best ;  
Glorious Spirit, life's own Sun,  
From the Father and the Son ;  
Source of life, oh, dwell in me !  
Spring and rise eternally !

W. POOLE BALFERN.

### Wayside Notes.

#### OUTGOINGS OF DESIRE AFTER CHRIST AND FRESH UNFOLDINGS OF THE GOD OF OUR SALVATION.

*"Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will show you things to come. He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you."*—  
JOHN xvi. 13, 14.

AND here we are, friends, passing through the opening vista of eighteen hundred and eighty-three. Old MOTHER SHIPTON, in her prophecies, was wrong then, for she struck terror into the hearts of the incredulous by declaring—

"The world to an end shall run  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

Some say her prophecies are deposited among the manuscripts in the British Museum. There let them be. Their fallacy only gives another proof that men and women know nothing about the time of the end of the world, confirming the testimony of our Lord Himself, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power." "Heaven and earth shall pass away: but of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but My Father only." Here we may well leave it, and deal with things as they are, rejoicing in a religion that bears practically on the daily life.

So then, as we pass onwards, we do so with this thought uppermost. What we want is, fresh outgoings of desire after Christ, and fresh unfoldings of the God of our salvation. This is a revelation that will fit into the present need. This will make the days of another year pregnant with growth in grace, and the knowledge of Him who is the "All and in all" of our salvation. And are not such unfoldings very blessedly promised by our Saviour, in the passage that has arrested our attention, and which may well form our New Year's Motto? Therein He has told us that He will send the Comforter, and He, the Spirit of truth, should so guide and so show us things concerning Christ which should bring glory to His precious name. We look out, then, for the Holy Spirit's showings. We rejoice in such unfoldings as He is pleased to give us, for such constitute the reality of religious life, and are worth a thousand times more than the speculations of men; while the thirst and craving for such tells us of a spiritual life which nothing can destroy. They are the desires of the hidden man, and the pantings of a contrite heart. Ah! and such desires, too, spring from a heart which is in love with Christ. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me? Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. Then feed My lambs, feed My sheep." And what is food for the lambs and sheep? Christ alone is their herbage and their food; therefore it is the unfoldings of Christ

we want. He is an inexhaustible theme. We crave freshness, but it is the freshness that is to be found in Him. It is the opening out of fresh truths that we want, and yet it is the old truths of the Gospel of Christ which will alone satisfy the need. Nothing is more obnoxious to us than the word *stale*—stale meat, stale fish, stale bread, stale matter. But in Christ we can find things fresh, if the Spirit but leads into the heights and depths, lengths and breadths, that are to be found in Him. I am sure the Christian will understand me when I say I get positively depressed if I receive not communications from Jesus by the way. If the day closes with the sighing, "No Jesus, no Christ; all world; world's earthly care, but no heavenly communion," then do we sigh out, "Unto Thee will I cry, O Lord my Rock: be not silent to me, lest, if Thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit." Such sighing of the prisoners of hope tells the tale that we cannot live without Jesus, and such craving gives vital proof of a hallowed relationship to Him and an undying union with Him.

Come with us, then, in spirit, beloved, while the outgoings of desire shall be after Jesus. We need not fly to commentators; let the commentator be the Word itself. Let us not be carried away by what men say; let us adhere to what the Master says. If we permit the flood-gates of men's opinions to open upon us, we shall be carried away we know not where; but let us have the flowings of the Spirit, from the fulness of Christ, and then speak or write "out of the abundance of the heart" thus gained. Then we may expect a blessing and reckon upon real gain. In thus shutting up ourselves, as it were, with Jesus, let us think of Him as the Co-equal with the Father before the world was—think of Him in His humiliation on earth, working out for us by His doing and dying a complete and glorious salvation. Let faith trace Him as the exalted One now "within the veil" for us, and then let hope join faith, and we rejoice in the thought that the time is coming when we shall be at home with Jesus. May the Comforter, the Spirit of truth, thus give us some unfoldings of the Object of our love, and show us things that glorify His name.

The promise of such unfoldings was uttered by our Lord to the disciples as a blessed source of comfort to them, which should sustain them amidst their trials and temptations, adversities and afflictions. He was about Himself to go away for "a little while." During His absence they would not henceforth see Him visibly, but the Spirit of truth should make such revelations to them as should keep Him constantly in faith's view, and cheer them on their pilgrimage. Oh, how we love such leadings and showings! Recently a popular writer has written a work entitled, "Guesses at Truth," but guesses will not suit the child of God. He wants glimpses of Jesus, and daily revelations of His love and mercy.

Well, look with us, first, at that marvellous revelation of Jesus as *co-existent with the Father before the foundation of the world*. This is the very basis of our hope—His everlasting and divine sovereignty. No religious fabric is worthy of the name that has not this basis—*Jesus, the Co-equal with the Father before the world was*. Those were wondrous

words He uttered to the Father concerning Himself—"I have glorified Thee on earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me, with Thine own Self, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." Did ever mortal man have glory with the Father before the world was? Never! Then we have One here more than man, by His own testimony. He on earth looked back, and could look back as no mortal man could, and declare that He existed before the world was. He must be God, for none but God could have in such a sphere been one with the Father—a sphere all-glorious and sublime before created worlds were made, and of which He was the Creator.

We have another proof of His co-existence in His own declaration in the temple, standing in the midst of captious enemies: "Then cried Jesus in the temple as He taught, saying, Ye both know Me, and ye know whence I am; and I am not come of Myself, but He that sent Me is true, whom ye know not. But I know Him: for I am from Him, and He hath sent Me." And then we have that blessed chapter in the Proverbs, the eighth, confirming in unmistakable language the same glorious fact—"I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was," &c.

And not merely were the Eternal Three in that all-glorious sphere planning the world, but they were planning the great work of the redemption of the Church, the pith of which plan was, that He who was set up should come upon earth, assume our nature, to accomplish the divine purpose. Hence did God reveal to some marked and favoured ones in the earlier stages of the Church's history His mind and will concerning this great event, *the first advent of our Lord*. The last Book in the Bible is the Revelation of Jesus Christ unto His servant John; but very many parts of the Old Testament may be said to be the revelation of Jesus Christ to His prophets and saints before His first advent, communicating to them in various ways the intentions of the mind and will of Jehovah concerning the great work of salvation which Jesus Christ was to accomplish for His Church and people. Indeed, before the expulsion of our first parents from the garden of Eden, God shadowed forth this fact in the declaration that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head;" and, after their expulsion, then did He begin by type, figure, prophecies, and communings to set forth the same great and glorious truth. This of itself would be an extensive subject to pursue. We must forbear, and pass on to think of—

*Jesus in His humiliation* here on earth, working out by His doing and dying a perfect and all-glorious salvation for His people, worthy of Himself. What a pathetic word is that word *suffering*! If we go about, and enter into homes, and talk to people, what an appalling amount of suffering we meet with; but, if we turn from man to the God-Man, what a weight of suffering He bore! He was afflicted indeed—the "Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief." Some say, "Oh, I long to be gone, to be relieved from my sufferings!" What must have been the character of His sufferings, in view of the cross, which wrung from Him the cry, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done"? Ah!

but for that "nevertheless," where should we be, dear reader? Outward and visible suffering met Him throughout the pathway, but what shall we say of the bitterness of His inward and unseen sufferings? Note His own words: "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" "How am I pained, how am I agonized, till it be accomplished!" Ah! and this work for the Church, which cost Jesus so much, was a perfect work. It was the work of Omnipotency, therefore must be perfect.

Did you ever notice that in *six* verses in the sixteenth of Ezekiel "*the Great I*" is mentioned *fifteen* times? conveying to us the fact that the whole work of salvation is a matter of Omnipotency, and that, too, in its revelation; while, again, in the four last verses of that chapter, "*the Great I*" is repeated *six* times in the way of blessing and mercy, in spite of all the rebellion and sin.

Let us dwell upon this fact for a few moments together, dear reader. The Holy Spirit first lays man in the dust—"Thou wast cast out in the open field, to the loathing of thy person, in the day that thou wast born"—a telling illustration of our state by nature. Oh, how such an exposure is dead against the teaching of the day, that loves to blate upon the doings of noble man, gifted man, intelligent man! But the Fall places him in his proper place in the dust, and the Holy Spirit tells the truth, "Thou wast cast out in the open field, to the loathing of thy person, in the day that thou wast born." Such, it must be allowed, is verily a position of helplessness and uncleanness. What, under the circumstances, is to be done? "Oh," say those who teach free-will, "tell such an one to get up and come to Christ." Not so the Spirit of God. He points at once to the only power of any use—the omnipotent power of "*the Great I*": "*I* said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, *Live*; yea, *I* said unto thee, *Live*." "Where the word of a king is, there is power." The marginal rendering describes the condition as "trodden underfoot"—completely crushed on the ground—but nothing is too hard for the Lord. The verse goes on to declare, "*I* have caused thee to multiply as the bud of the field." What a contrast! This is something like conversion work. Referring to the whole elect Church, the thought is, "made thee millions," like the spires of grass in the field, but each spire is a bud of grace.

Then the next thing is, "*the Great I*" says, "Thou art come to excellent ornaments"—uncomely before, but now clothed and decked with the ornaments of grace, and fashioned and framed altogether as the new man in Christ Jesus. This time verily was "a time of loves"—love saw, love spoke, love saved—all a matter of covenant grace and mercy, according to the declaration of "*the Great I*."

Well, now, having thus been set upon our feet, is there not something for man to do in the matter? or, as we hear it so often put—"Now God has done His part; it is for you to do yours"? No; not a word of it. Christ finished the work upon the cross, and Christ will finish the work of grace in the heart. Hence you will see that everything needful for the perfect salvation is described as the work of "*the Great I*": "*I* washed thee; yea, *I* thoroughly washed away thy blood" (mark this, you that are still crying, "Oh, my sins!"—"thoroughly washed away thy blood"); "*I* anointed

thee with oil. I clothed thee also with broidered work, and shod thee with badgers' skin; I girded thee about with fine linen; I covered thee with silk. I decked thee with ornaments; I put bracelets upon thy hands, and a chain on thy neck. I put a jewel on thy forehead, and earrings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head; and thou wast comely through the comeliness I put upon thee, saith the Lord God." And what then? Well, then, O man, if you will have your work and ways exposed, read the next forty-five verses, and see where you are if left a moment to yourself. Surely they are left upon record to show us that, even to the end, it must be all of grace, which is so blessedly set forth by "the Great I," in the closing four verses of the chapter—"Nevertheless I will remember My covenant; I will establish thee; I am pacified toward thee; I am the Lord."

This is the religion we glory in—one all of grace. It suits the need and gives the glory all to Christ. These are old paths I know, but will you find any better? No, no; the old paths are true paths, and I, for one, rejoice to walk in them, even if I am deemed a Puritan, a man of the past, and one clinging to things that are bygone and not fashionable.

Dear old JOHN WARBURTON, of whom we have a lively remembrance, as he stood up in a Brighton pulpit (with his silk pocket-handkerchief over his head) to preach the glorious truths of the Gospel. We are told that he said, on one occasion, "Some professors of religion, when they come to hear such things as these preached, say, 'O dear me! What! will folks run to hear that fellow? He has no variety about him.' What sort of variety does a hungry man want? Why, some good food that he has tasted before, and proved and relished. What sort of variety does a thirsty man want? Why, the same water from the same spring that he has tried before. What sort of variety does the poor, tired, and fatigued man want? Why, his bed to rest upon that he has proved again and again. What sort of variety does a man want that is bowed down with a burden on his back, and is faint and sinking? Why, he wants his burden removed again. These are the varieties that God's people, that know God, want." It is with such feelings and in such spirit we, dear reader, still dwell upon the old, old truths of divine sovereignty, everlasting love, and omnipotent grace.

But what I want especially, and no doubt you do also, dear Christian reader, is, *the personal revelation and recognition of Jesus* which assures me He is my Saviour. This is a religion that comes home to the heart. It will matter little to us in a dying hour what we or what others think of even the doctrines of the Bible, precious and important as they are. But the last helplessness will bring us to the greatest simplicity—sinner and Saviour—the former nothing but sinking weakness; the Latter proving Himself to be omnipotent to save. Ah! and more of this simplicity would be helpful to us in life's progress, for very, very precious is such relationship and recognition: "Then saith Jesus to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side: and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God."

But, dear reader, precious as this recognition was on the part of Thomas, our recognition is much more so. His was *the recognition of sense*; ours *the recognition of faith*. What did our Lord say to Thomas's exclamation, "My Lord and my God"? "Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." We, beloved, blessed be God, are among those blessed ones. We have not seen Christ, and yet we believe on Him to the saving of our souls, and are now going out in heart-desires for fresh unfoldings of Him who is our salvation. If this is not a religion worth possessing, I do not know what is. I would infinitely rather be that poor, despised, out-of-the-way Christian, who is yet desiring Christ in this way, than the greatest theologian of the day, whose utterances are merely the utterances of head and brain, and not the feelings of the heart and soul.

And, speaking of these out-of-the-way ones, I have been struck to-day with that well-known and oft-repeated expression, "For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In His hands are all the corners of the earth." "What!" I thought, "if in my God's hands 'are all the corners of the earth,' then in the corner I occupy of that earth He knows me." Surely, if He knows all about the things of nature in that corner of the earth, He much more regards the things of grace, the objects of His love, however out-of-the-way, lowly, and unknown. His all-searching eye penetrates "the corners of the earth"; and, if there is one of His own secluded, suffering, silent, and sad, they are yet in His hand, cared for, protected, saved, and blessed by Him. Oh, wondrous love, wondrous recognition, which shall be accompanied with wondrous revelations of His love and mercy! Cheer up, thou corner-of-the-earth Christian; thou art known and well known to thy God.

We speak of revelations as well as recognition. Yes, the Lord manifests Himself to His own in the midst of their daily toil and tugging. He does meet with us down here. It seems as if, having trodden the way before us, and left His footprints upon this earth, that He specially sympathizes with the sons of toil, who are yet the sons of triumph. He walked the walk of a life of suffering before them, and therefore is well able to prove Himself as their sympathizing Elder Brother.

And now let us, as we have said, bid faith trace Jesus "within the veil" for His blood-bought people. The Roman Catholics love to represent Jesus as a little Child in His mother's arms, and this forms the prominent picture in their cathedrals and churches. Well, he was a Child once, in His humiliation. Rather would we trace Him in *His glorious and great uplifting, the mighty and triumphant One*. If we must have sacerdotalism, I carry my sacerdotalism *within the veil*. My Priest is the great High Priest there. To think that a poor fellow fallen creature should assume to be his fellow's priest! Away with the thought! I meet him on his own ground. He is no better than myself—a sinful creature. He may assume what he likes, but it is the assumption of the hypocrite. He is a man, and a man only, dress him up as you will in creature trappings. And so it is. We may well turn from man, as we find in our ascended Lord everything we need for time and

eternity. For instance, cruel and sarcastic may be the insinuations of Satan against us, and, indeed, his home-thrusts may be true concerning us; but, "if any man sin, we have an *Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;*" and, "if God be for us, who can be against us?" Are we smarting under some distressing adversity? We have in Jesus "a *Friend who loveth at all times, a Brother who was born for adversity, who, in that Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.*" Do we feel totally unfit and unworthy to approach the purity of God's presence? We have in Christ the *Mediator* of the new covenant, who stands between, and who is at the same time "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Do we, in such approaches, feel how utterly unable we are to command suitable and becoming words? "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make *intercession* for them." But, even then, we must be righteous to appear before God, and we have no righteousness of our own. We look again to Jesus, and "this is the name wherewith the Church shall be called, The Lord our righteousness."

And so we might go on, filling page after page with proofs of our assertion that everything we need for time and eternity we find in our ascended Lord. In two words, He is our "*Alpha and Omega,*" and in one word, He is "*the Amen,*" the faithful and true Witness. He is the Strength of His people, a Refuge from the storm and a Covert from the tempest. Oh, then, it is fresh unfoldings of such a Saviour we crave!

And now let hope join faith, and we think of the time fast approaching when we shall be *at home with Jesus*. As we have closed our Diary for 1882, oh, how many jottings therein tell us of relatives and friends who are at home with Jesus—have reached the eternal shores before us! What a mercy to have the assurance concerning them that they are at home with Jesus! It is not so with some. There are aching hearts upon this point. Dear ones in the earthly relationship are not always dear ones in the heavenly, and we are pained as we sigh over the assertion, with its blank inquiry, "Man dieth and wasteth away, and where is he?" Ah! where indeed? But oh, the joy and consolation if we know and are assured dear ones have died in Christ! The parting then is but for a little while. We shall soon join them in their abode of bliss and peace at home with Jesus. The most blessed reading of all is, to

"read our titles clear

To mansions in the skies."

May faith be clear upon this momentous matter, and hope be strong, while we lay hold of our dear Lord's own assertion, "Where I am ye shall be also."

These, then, are feelings and longings at this time. We see, in turning back the pages of our meditations, we have thought of the co-existence of Jesus as the foundation of our hope. In that co-existence we have traced the planning of the great work of salvation, while this fact and its bearings was communicated to the Old Testament saints and prophets as the great matter of Jehovah's mind and will. Then we have dwelt upon Jesus' humiliation on earth—that notable life of suffering which

He described as "a baptism to be baptized with," which caused Him agony beyond description till it was accomplished. A work which cost Jesus so much was indeed a perfect one, even the salvation of His elect Church. Such was the work of Omnipotency, the accomplishment of "the Great I," who, in the prophecies of Ezekiel, gives proof of this, in showing that everything we need in connection with our entire and eternal salvation is His work, and that, too, in spite of our rebellion and sinfulness. This makes our religion one *all of grace*, which we glory in. Then we have noted that which we specially need is the personal revelation and recognition of Christ—a religion that comes home to the heart, and which is felt and realized even by "corners-of-the-earth" Christians. Then we have looked up and traced Jesus from His humiliation to His great and glorious uplifting as the mighty and triumphant One "within the veil," our great High Priest, our Advocate with the Father, our constant Friend, our endeared Elder Brother, our precious Mediator, our divine Intercessor, our Alpha and Omega, yea, our Amen, in whom we have everything we need for time and for eternity. Then we have bidden hope join faith, as we have thought of the fast-approaching time when we shall be at home with Jesus—

"There low before His glorious throne  
Adoring saints and angels fall,  
And with delightful worship own  
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all."

What say you, dear reader, to the covenant verities we have thus referred to, and the joyous anticipation of their full realization in heaven? A modern writer tells us that—

"When our locks grow grey we sicken of life,  
Clutch fast at straws, and then drown."

This may do for "the free-thinker," who is "without God and without hope in the world," but not so with the Christian. We, dear reader, are not grasping at straws, but solids, and dealing with verities that are eternal, and which will do for us in young life, old age, the dying pillow, the grave, eternity.

In conclusion, we would say, as we pass through the opening passage of a New Year, mercifully spared and mercifully upheld, oh, let the outgoings of desire be after Christ! We shall have no disappointment here, nor shall we look in vain for fresh unfoldings of the God of our salvation. Let the writers for the Magazine keep this in view; and then, as the Holy Spirit seals home such revelations, the readers will receive the overflowings of blessing in their own experience. This is what we want—pennings, writings, breathings, and jottings that will glorify Jesus, and bring blessings upon precious souls. I should like the months of this year (if we are spared) to be marked by fresh discoveries of Jesus, that we may have views of Him never attained to before. I should love, as we get nearer home, to creep nearer to His side, and know no will but His. Do you follow us in this desire, dear reader? Oh, then, with us, plead and pray for it—yea, wrestle for a closer walk with God!

Burton-on-Trent.

G. C.

LETTER TO THE INMATES OF THE PRINTERS'  
ALMSHOUSES, WOOD GREEN.

[The following letter was read to the inmates of the Printers' Alms-houses, Wood Green, at the close of the afternoon service, on Sunday, November 19th, 1882, and is now published by request.]

MY DEAR AGED FRIENDS,—I thus familiarly address you, as though we were personally known to each other. Such, as far as *I* am concerned, seems to be the case, from the fact that I have heard so much about you from my dear friend, your "Local Visitor," who you well know, together with many members of his family, takes so deep an interest in your welfare. I assure you that scarcely—if ever—a week passes without my dear friend writing something or other about you. He has told me, for example, so much about your Sunday gatherings, that I have quite longed to meet you upon one of these interesting and profitable occasions.

It is quite natural that I should feel a deep interest in you, because, either directly or indirectly, you were associated with the profession with which *I* personally became connected as far back as the year 1824. And I am quite sure, if we were to meet and begin to talk over old days and former scenes, either husband or wife would be struck with the changes which have since marked the times when printing and type-setting machines, as well as those for drying, glazing, and folding, were neither known nor thought of.

If we were to meet and talk over old customs and practices, we should have to begin with the wife burning the piece of linen rag to make fresh tinder for the box, so that the husband might find no difficulty in striking a light at early morn with his piece of flint and steel, that he might warm the cup of coffee prepared for him overnight, and thus be spared meeting the cold air upon a winter's morning on an empty stomach. In those days lucifer-matches and their neat little pocket-holders were unknown.

In the former times, moreover, the shirt-sleeves were soiled with the ink from the old skin or felt *balls* (now superseded by rollers), and plenty of darning and mending fell to the lot of the painstaking and economizing wife, through the wear and tear of the large and heavy-turning presses. Ah! how weary would the poor husband return at night, after labouring all day at the broadsides, or working throughout the Friday night, in order to publish the weekly newspaper at an early hour on the Saturday evening.

By the way, speaking of shirt-sleeves, a little incident occurs to me at the moment of writing. It happened, I think, in the year 1825. I awoke one morning with my arms feeling rather cold. Upon looking at them, I found my shirt-sleeves were turned up. I then remembered that I had dreamt I was about to work off something at press, and had sat up in bed to tuck up my sleeves. I happened to tell my old master (to whom I was articled) what I had dreamt. I found afterwards that he was so pleased that he used to tell of his apprentice's heart being so thoroughly in his work, that he even *dreamt* about it.

As hitherto, my dear aged friends, I have been prevented from personally paying a visit to the establishment so timely provided for you, in

your declining years, I have asked my dear friend, your "Local Visitor," to present to each of you, on my behalf, with a copy of a book which contains the simple records of my passing thoughts, or varied positions and circumstances, during a period of well-nigh half-a-century. Please accept this work with my earnest and best wishes that its perusal may become (of God's great mercy!) a source of counsel, instruction, and comfort to you—of counsel, that it may be a means of prompting you to give heed to the words of Him who "spake as never man spake," namely, that you "should seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," assured from His own mouth that "all needful things shall be added unto you." Of instruction, that, at all times and under all circumstances, you should betake yourself to the Word of God, the throne of God (His footstool of mercy), the house of God, and the people of God. Of comfort, that you may gather, from this simple book of facts, proof and evidence of what the Lord has been to and for one of the weakest, most timid, and unworthy of His creatures; that He (the God of all grace and mercy) is quite as able, as ready, as willing to be all this to and for you as He has been to and for the writer of "Retracings and Renewings."\*

That you may be encouraged to give heed to God's holy Word, and "be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to make known your requests unto God," I will once more refer to the printing (with which you are so familiar) as an illustration of the nature of prayer, and as a stimulus and encouragement to you to bend the knee at the throne of grace about all your *little* matters, as well as those of greater weight and importance.

Now, you will remember that, upon the old printing-presses, the sheet to be printed was laid upon what was called the "tympan." This tympan was covered with parchment, which was first wetted, then stretched and pasted or glued on with great care, so as to avoid a rumple or crease, which would greatly interfere with the after-work. Well, my old master had, a day or two before, put on a new parchment on our old wooden press (which for a demy broadside required three separate pulls), and well pleased he was with what he evidently thought a clever piece of workmanship. I seem to see him now, smoothing his hand over the parchment, which had neither wrinkle nor (as yet) ink-mark or blotch.

Well, I think the very first forme I laid on the press, after the new parchment of which I have spoken had been put on, happened to contain a piece of brass-rule. This piece of brass-rule either stood rather high, or I had not "planed it down" with sufficient care. However, arise from whichever cause it might, to my perfect horror and dismay (for, simple as the circumstance may now appear, it really did amount to this), no sooner had I run out the table and turned back the tympan, after taking the first impression from the forme, than I found that the brass-rule

\* "Retracings and Renewings; or, Gleanings from a Journal extending over nearly Half-a-Century." Issued at the close of his fortieth years' Editorship of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, and twenty-fourth year of *Old Jonathan*. By DAVID ALFRED DOUBNEY, D.D., Vicar of St. Luke's, Bedminster, Bristol. Demy 8vo., 608 pages. (London: W. Mack)

had cut a slit in the parchment—that beautiful smooth parchment in which my poor old master had taken such pride. I repeat, I was perfectly horrified; simple as it may now appear, I don't ever remember to have been at a greater loss to know what to do, in the whole course of my life.

Now, this simple fact, my dear aged friends, should make us considerate of others, to whom *little* matters may oftentimes become *great trials*. This is of divine appointment, in order that the Lord may prove thereby how much interest He takes in, and how ready He is to listen to and interpose on behalf of those of whom He says, "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

Well, what do you think I did, in my trouble over the split parchment? Why, there being no one in the office but myself, I fell down upon my knees by the side of the press; and, putting my hands together and looking up, in a few simple but very earnest words, I begged of God to appear for me. The picture of that office, my dear aged friends, is now hanging up over the mantel-piece in my study, and I have just turned to look at it, to bring the more vividly to my recollection what occurred fifty-six years ago. Having thus, in simplicity and with deep earnestness, prayed over the matter, as soon as I returned to my master's house, I at once told his wife what had happened. I begged her to "break the matter" to him, at the same time to say, I was quite willing to pay for the damage of which I had so unintentionally been the cause. Well, although there remained the slit in the parchment for I know not how long, as far as I remember not the slightest allusion was ever made to it, nor was I asked to pay for the injury I had done.

Ah! my dear aged friends, I have had many and many a trouble since those days, and thousands upon thousands of times have I had to bow the knee at the throne of grace, and to beseech the same patient, and loving, and most merciful and gracious Lord to appear for and to deliver me; and I think, if you turn to the book of which I ask your acceptance to-day (the fourteenth anniversary of my third wedding-day), you will see abundant proof and evidence that that same faithful and forbearing and long-suffering Lord hath never turned a deaf ear to my cries, but that again and again—yea, ten thousand times over—He has proved the truth of His word, "He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry: when He shall hear it, He will answer thee."

Oh, my dear aged friends, may God the Holy Ghost, of His great mercy, prompt you and enable you to put the Lord Jehovah to the test. Be it yours to take this, that, and the other trouble to the Lord—the *little matters* as well as the larger ones. There is nothing either beneath or above His notice. The more minute and the apparently most trifling things that you go and tell Jesus about, the more you honour Him, and why? Because by that very act you virtually acknowledge your own shortsightedness, want of wisdom, and utter powerlessness. Moreover, when, under such circumstances, the Lord appears on your behalf, you will have such a precious personal proof that He who forsaketh not even the sparrow will neither forget nor forsake you.

And then the way that the Lord stands by in danger, delivers in difficulty, and provides in times of need, is so blessed to realize

personally and experimentally. Ah! if He "giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" He can possess with calmness and courage even in the most perilous of positions, as well as under ordinary troubles and perplexities.

Mr. COLLINGRIDGE can give you particulars of a scene when his life and mine, and that of many, many more, were in imminent peril—I refer to the time of the destruction by fire of the old *City Press* premises, when, in the space of three or four minutes, four precious lives fell a prey to the devouring element. Although I, at that time, realized the peril of our position, and thought that death by fire was about to be my fate, I felt as calm and as resigned as I do at this moment of recording the fact. Oh, then, SEE WHAT GOD CAN DO!

Once more, I pray Him, my dear aged friends, that you may be encouraged and enabled to put Him to the test—to seek Him and to try Him for yourselves.

I am, with every good wish for your present and eternal welfare,  
Your affectionate Friend,

DAVID ALFRED DOUDNEY.

*St. Luke's Vicarage, Bedminster, Bristol, November 17th, 1882.*

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THE NEW YEAR.

WE'VE passed another milestone  
Upon our homeward way;  
The hours of night are flying,  
And nearer draws the day.

Though thorny be the pathway  
Which now we tread below,  
No sorrow e'er can enter  
That home to which we go.

Our course will soon be finished;  
We'll stand before the throne  
Of Him who freely loved us,  
And chose us for His own.

He gave His Son to suffering,  
That He might us redeem;  
Our price was paid on Calvary,  
In a crimson, flowing stream.

One sinner in that hour  
Found pardon through that blood,  
Proved it was all-sufficient  
To make his peace with God.

That blood is still as saving  
As when it flowed that day;  
'Tis still as efficacious  
To wash our guilt away.

Dublin.

When we arrive in glory,  
That blood will be our theme:  
"Praise, honour, glory, blessing,"  
To Him who did redeem!

Our pilgrimage is shortening  
As every year goes by;  
The end is surely coming,  
And may be very nigh,

We know not in what hour  
Or day our Lord may come  
To call us to His presence,  
To bid us "Welcome home!"

Thus far He's safely kept us  
In every dangerous hour;  
Preserved our feet from falling  
By His almighty power.

And He will never leave us,  
His promise cannot fail;  
His Spirit still will guide us,  
Till we're "within the veil."

Thus we pursue our journey,  
Depending on His grace;  
The day is not far distant  
When we shall see His face.

M. E. M. M.  
C

## Pilgrim Papers.

### OLD TESTAMENT RELIGION.

"GET your Bible, and read your chapter to me," said a mother to her little son. The child turned over the leaves slowly, which made his mother say, "Now, don't waste time. You know it is the forty-fourth chapter of Genesis." The chapter was found, and the boy's eye ran over the pages; and, at last, in a gentle tone, he said, "I would rather not read that chapter." Taken by surprise, the mother looked at the child. "But why not? Yesterday you seemed quite interested in the history of Joseph." "Yes, I was," he replied; "but, when I read this chapter, I don't know how it is, but a bone seems to come into my throat, and I can't get out the words."

Old readers of the Scriptures may well envy the tender feelings of the little child that entered with such emotion into the anxious pleadings of Judah on behalf of his family.

But a Greater than Judah is here; and, in the twelve sinful sons of Jacob, we see the representatives of that chosen, redeemed, protected, and saved people, whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life—an undying race, scattered all the world over, but preserving the peculiar marks of identity with God's own record of His children in their sins and sorrows, and brought into union and communion with their living Head, Christ Jesus. The wonderful provision for the preservation of Jacob's family began in so dark a providence, that the words of the Psalmist seem alone applicable, "Be still, and know that I am God." Outlines of guilt, which have been filled up by various circumstances in countless family circles, have driven many a broken-hearted child of God to say, with dear old Jacob, "All these things are against me." But were they? No. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Even so shall it be with all the family of God. Covenant love secures to them the fulfilment of the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." A lad of seventeen is sent by his unsuspecting father to look after his brethren, as they tended their flocks, and carry back tidings of their welfare to their anxious parent. Filled with envy and cruelty, the brothers propose to murder him. This is overruled, instrumentally, by one of the fraternity, less vile than the rest. The boy is sold for a trifle, goes into Egypt, and there, at the expiration of another seventeen years, stands before his brethren as the Governor of Egypt!

By the light of the Spirit, the Lord is pleased at times to open parts of His Word in connection with divine truth, so as to trace therein the Person, work, and offices of Christ, hid under types both of men and things. The heart is then cheered and encouraged, not only to commit dark providences to His care, but the thoughts are led away from the troubles of time and sense, and brought to trace up all to the covenant purpose of God in Christ Jesus, so that every event is laid under tribute to do good to His chosen family. Wherever in Scripture we find Christ, there we find a

“flowing brook and springing well”—something that repays for cold and cheerless hours over the Word of God. When the Lord gives sweet application of some needed promise, makes plain some beclouded truth, reveals His love and grace to the soul, then the feelings of the little child, so queerly expressed, are understood in a true spiritual sense, through the bedewings of the Spirit upon the favoured reader.

Throughout the history of Joseph we trace in its full expansion the fact of man's utter depravity. It is a sure mark of divine teaching in the heart of a sinner to see and be humbled before God under a sense of sin. Where this is not, there is no life begun. Christ is no titular Saviour. He was called Jesus for this end—“He shall save His people from their sins.” An old saying was, “No sin, no Saviour.” This is true in the experience of all God's called people; hence the newly-awakened feelings which make it necessary to their peace that they should hear the joyful tidings, “Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.” The passions displayed in the conduct of Joseph's brethren declare the nature and character of every human heart. But who believes this in their own case? None but the Spirit-taught people of God. They are brought, it may be after long years of a surface religion, to “go in” by divine command, and take a view of the great abominations that the house of Israel commit; and the description answers to the experience of the heaven-born family: “So I went in, and saw; and behold every form of creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, were pourtrayed upon the wall.” This is the place of “stopping of mouths.” Here free-will receives the blow that crushes, but does not kill. “The good I would, I do not; the evil I would not, that I do;” which makes the sinner confess, “There is no health in us.” “Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay, but by the law of faith.” True evangelical teaching lays a Gospel foundation in the feeling sense of sin and creature helplessness. The law of faith reveals the need of a Saviour, and every Spirit-stricken, law-condemned sinner is a proof that Christ Jesus is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, for this purpose, to give *repentance* and also *remission* of sins.

But, further, the history of Joseph displays the doctrine of divine sovereignty. The pre-arrangement of God in all the steps that led to Joseph's advancement, and *that* for the shelter and sustenance of his family, is but a portrait of God's dealings with His elect. Dreams beyond the control of human agency and circumstances, the most remote from prosperous, led to results of unlooked-for blessing. Does not divine sovereignty mark out the course and overrule all events for the children of God, from their first breath to their last sigh? and does He not make His mighty power known in the regeneration of every sinner who is brought to the knowledge of Christ? Divine purpose appoints the time, the place, the circumstances, the instrument, whereby all who are chosen of God before all worlds must come to the knowledge of salvation; and, when HE whom the Viceroy of Egypt faintly foreshadowed says, “Come near to Me; I am your Brother, whom ye sold;” the quarrel is made up for ever;

"and after that his brethren talked with him" (Gen. xlv. 15). This is the summary, in type, of God's dealings with a sinner, the result of divine purpose: "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate; whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified."

In providence the sovereignty of God is daily seen. Flood and fire, the stormy wind fulfilling His word, all the astounding calamities of life, proclaim Him sovereign Ruler of the skies; and the question, "Who hath resisted His will?" can neither be answered or averted by any of His creatures, with all their boasted powers and self-sufficiency.

These two doctrines, total depravity and divine sovereignty, run through the Book of God from Genesis to Revelation; but it needs a divine and sovereign hand to open the eyes to see these great fundamental truths, and open the heart of a sinner to receive them by the power and teaching of the Spirit. We have not far to go for proof that in this our day these two foundation doctrines are concealed, or denied, and that, for the most part, by those who know better, and profess to be teachers of divine truth; and we have shoals of small books, teeming with divinity, that is in complete antagonism to these doctrines. Let one suffice as a sample of the many which are received as Gospel by the most:—

In speaking to a poor woman some weeks ago, who had been to one of my addresses, I said to her, "God offers us a free pardon for all our sins, and spotless righteousness, even His own righteousness, to stand before God. He asks you first to accept as a free gift the pardon and righteousness which He has for you. Will you take it? I will ask you another question: Do you earnestly desire this gift of salvation? Are you willing, at any cost, to have it, if it is to be had? You say, 'Yes.' Then I answer, Why, oh, why, don't you take it? It may be yours at this moment. When the Lord Jesus uttered those precious words, 'It is finished!' the price was paid, salvation procured, God satisfied. It was purchased for you long ago, and is a thing of the past, *only waiting your acceptance.* Will you have it? If so, take it, and take it *now.* You can receive a gift from a friend; receive this gift from your Saviour. If your friend said, 'I have purchased this book for you; will you take it?' what would you answer? Would you not reply, 'Yes, that I will.' Jesus offers you now eternal life; will you not take it and thank Him? If you are in earnest, kneel down and say to Him, 'Dear Lord, I do accept Thy free gift of pardon and righteousness. I believe Thy Word, and, in return, I give myself over to Thee, body, soul, and spirit.' This will be a definite act of taking salvation; and, if you are in earnest, and mean what you say, you will from henceforth be God's child, according to His own promise (John i. 12)." The great object I have in sending forth this little book is to show that God is reconciled to sinners; that salvation is a free gift offered to every man, woman, and child in the world; that it can be taken at once; that it is the sinner's part to accept, just as he is, this gift, definitely, and to tell God that he does so; and that it is God's part and promise, which cannot be broken, that, if he does so receive, God will give him power to become His child.

This pernicious and God-insulting religion, mixed with bits of truth, applicable only to the family of God, has reached its fortieth thousand, and is endorsed thus by the approving pen of the vicar—"I have not only obtained above two hundred copies for distribution, but I shall do all in my power to circulate it, not only amongst my own parishioners, but also in all places where I am privileged to witness for

the Master." Would to God the true servants and lovers of a free grace Gospel were equally emulous to proclaim and circulate the truth, committing their humble efforts to Him who has declared, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me." We have no need to occupy the pages of this Magazine in any comment upon the foregoing extracts; but, under the solemn impression that we live in the days predicted by the Apostle, when men "will not endure sound doctrine," it is important that the few who are enlightened in the truth and enjoy the experience of it in the heart, should bear in mind the weighty words left upon record by the pen of Paul under divine inspiration: "I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom; preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."

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#### DEW-DROPS.

*"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."*—PSALM xxvii. 14.

HERE we have another of these commands to the child of God, coupled with a precious promise. A duty enjoined—"Wait on the Lord;" and a blessing given—"He shall strengthen thine heart." Now, not one of us can say it is easy work, this waiting; and few in the school of Christ learn this lesson easily. After all the lessons needed, after the last darkened cloud is withdrawn, as the last milestone on the journey is reached, in rapture at the glorious prospect awaiting, we shall look no more behind us at the beaten pathway. We shall forget the ups and downs of life when He appeareth, never more to be hidden from our sight. Then, in joyful adoration to behold Him, we shall exclaim, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him."

Good old Jacob knew something of this waiting. It seems as though a sudden gleam of light brightened up his pathway as he neared the kingdom, for we find an abrupt break in the blessings wherewith he blessed his sons; and, in assurance that all the good intended had come of that waiting, he says, "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backward. I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord."

Noah was surely taught something of a waiting faith when, in the ark upon the prevailing waters, he had to bide his God's time and wisdom under such a marvellous ordering of His omnipotent will. That woman of Canaan must have felt it a trying moment when, after beseeching the Master to come and have mercy on her daughter, "He answered her not a word." No; we do not always get our requests answered just how and when we please. He keeps us waiting His good time; and, though His children's prayers are ever heard and answered, it is often in a very different way to what we wished. The blessing is folded up in the denial of our greatest desire sometimes; and, though it may be hard to acquiesce, we shall hereafter bless Him

who taught us to trust the wisdom of His love where we could not always trace it. And should we murmur, with such a glorious end in view? It is but a little while at most, and the servant of the living God should ever be in a waiting posture, listening for His coming footsteps. He will find his need of waiting upon Him for temporal and spiritual blessings. He will look to Him not only as the Promiser, but the faithful Performer of all things for his good. "A blessed waiting," cries Little-Faith, "with such a glorious reward." With such an end in view I am content to wait on, knowing He who cometh cometh with blessings, until He finally comes in glory to call all His waiting children home.

Now, we have read it thus: "Wait on the Lord," and, in so doing, "He shall strengthen thine heart." And who has not come from the mercy-seat strengthened and refreshed, ready again to battle with fresh difficulties, because of the promise never failing, "My grace is sufficient"? And He often sends some trial that we may be driven to His throne, there to beseech Him for mercy, pardon, grace, or deliverance. Sometimes we trace special mercy through it all; sometimes pardon for our shortcomings; grace oftentimes needed and always granted in our extremity; or, if He sees fit, deliverance from the trial. Some of His children need driving to the mercy-seat. They have grown cold or careless, neglectful of means, unmindful of their mercies. In love He will chide them, and cause them to know their waywardness. He will stir them up, and teach them their utter dependence on and need of Him. In their dark day they will seek His footstool; and, whilst there, receiving pardon again and again, love to cover all their sins, strength for their weakness, and blessings multiplied, in spite of all their undeservings, they will have cause to praise and adore Him who brought them to wait on Him in the exercise of prayer. You see there is much privilege in waiting upon Him. Give Him the glory of such a mercy. It is an unfathomable mercy in being permitted to cry unto Him, "Abba, my Father!" Surely, if we estimated our mercies aright, we should never grow weary in waiting upon Him, who is ever ready to supply us with fresh ones.

And we must wait *patiently*—wait *His* time for the blessing; wait *His* time for the answer. All in His own good time will it surely come, enabling us again and again to bless Him who is ever ready to hear and answer His children's petitions. "I had fainted," says the Psalmist, "unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." But he goes on to say, "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

And, in waiting, be the tarrying ever so long, tedious, or trying, we are to "be of good courage." The Master bids us "be of good cheer." He encourages the faint heart, He strengthens the weak faith. It is in this constant waiting upon the Lord that we gain strength needed for the warfare. He may keep you constantly calling upon Him by trying your graces; but you will bless Him for all that has driven you nearer Jesus. If all His dealings with His children show them more and more of His preciousness, they

will gladly welcome sufferings and trials, if He provide grace to sanctify. He often speaks in tender tones in the darkened cloud, and, sooner or later, His children always bless Him for their darkest days. Wait on, beloved. Wait hopefully, wait prayerfully. In His own time—and He knows all your secret waitings—He will make it plain. Then “be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.”

“Since Thou so kind and watchful art,  
To guard my head, and guard my heart,  
And guard my very hair—  
Teach me with childlike mind to sit  
And sing at my dear Saviour’s feet,  
Without distrust or fear.

So, like a pilgrim, let me wait,  
Contented well in every state,  
Till all my warfare ends;  
Live in a calm and cheerful mood,  
And find that all things work for good  
Which Jesus kindly sends.”

R.

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#### LORD SHAFTESBURY ON THE SALVATION ARMY.

SPEAKING at a meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, at Wimborne, Dorset, recently, the Earl of SHAFTESBURY said that allusions had been made to the great army—the Salvation Army—commanded by “General” and Mrs. BOOTH. He had never admitted the title of that army, for he had no hesitation in saying that he believed it to be downright blasphemy to use the words in such a manner. He did not—he could not—rely upon any such movement as that. If he heard any statement of what the members of that army called a “conversion,” he did not rely on such conversion; only it was necessary to have full and complete evidence to prove to him that it was a conversion. The Salvation Army, however, had now attained such a high position in the world, being praised as it was by archbishops, by bishops, by laymen, and the clergy at large, that it would be very unbecoming on his part to say more than that he much mistrusted such a mode of proceeding. He could not think of the things said or done by the army being at all in harmony with the earliest ages of the Church. Such would not have received the approbation of the Apostles, and certainly not of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. In the course of some further remarks, he commented on the tendency shown by the masses to scepticism and infidelity, and said that, with the advance of democracy and the rising of the poorer classes, the helm might some day be managed by those who would rule the country in a different way to what it was ruled now. But things were not so dark and gloomy as to drive them to despair.

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THE fire that shall try every man’s work will try not of what *bulk* it is, but of what *sort* it is.—*Boston.*

## SHORT NOTES ON PSALM CXXVII.

Two main features in this "Song of Degrees for Solomon" are, the sovereignty of God, and the impotence of man. Between these features there is a deep chasm, which none but spiritual eyes can discern. The man of the world sees very little difference, if any at all; and such is the dimness of his eyesight, that the sovereignty of God is as a small speck to what he considers the sovereignty of the creature. On the contrary, the man of God observes the Lord as "God over all, blessed for evermore." In the margin we read that "for" may be rendered "of." The heading would therefore read, "A Song of Degrees of Solomon." It is not improbable that the Psalm was written by Solomon. The language is that of a soul who has drunk in of earth's bitter pleasures, and who has tried what creature righteousness can accomplish. Solomon was bewitched by the delights of earth, and he gave himself up to creature enjoyment; but, through all, his wisdom remained with him (Eccles. ii. 3—9). The words of this Psalm are inspired words of wisdom, setting forth the lustre of Jehovah's skill in the completion of His eternal purpose.

The Church of God is exhibited as a house built by the Lord. There are several things to be observed in this building. We see the Architect and the plan. We see the contract and the Contractor. We see the foundation and the structure. We see the Workman and the material. Truly, never was a building made of such spiritual material, and never was a building so pure in architecture and adornment. The Architect is Jehovah. The plan is eternal. It is the purpose of the Father to gather together a portion for the heritage of His Heir. The Father's mind and will were centred on this holy Object. He devised the house, and numbered and appointed each portion thereof. The contract specified all the work to be done. It was complete. No item was overlooked. Omniscience could not forget the least important matter connected with the building. The labour required was therefore of an onerous nature. It required Almighty skill to carry out Almighty purpose. It required One thoroughly imbued with Jehovah's intentions to bring the work to a competent issue. Where could one be found to engage in such an enterprise? Not an angel in heaven dare attempt the stupendous work. But the precious voice of the Beloved was heard, saying, "Lo, I come : in the volume of the Book it is written of Me, I delight to do Thy will, O My God; yea, Thy law is within My heart." Here was One thoroughly qualified and perfectly willing to undertake the fulfilment of the contract. Omnipotence guaranteed to please and satisfy Omniscience. There was no fear of inability being displayed in the building, and there was no suspicion that the work would be either hurriedly or imperfectly put together. Modern contractors might, perhaps, take a slight hint here! It is evident that a house, to show forth the glory of God, should be established upon a secure foundation. What saith the Scripture? "His [*Her* in the Prayer-Book version] foundation is in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God" (Psa. lxxxvii. 1—3). The prophet

Isaiah speaks freely of the foundation, and his soul evidently embraced the truth with a heavenborn grasp of faith: "Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a *sure foundation*" (Isa. xxviii. 16). Jesus, in Matthew xvi. 18, also announces Himself the Rock upon which *He* would build His Church; and, in Matthew vii. 24, He speaks of Himself as the "Wise Man, which built His house upon a Rock." The foundation can therefore never give way nor be undermined. It is a worthy foundation for a worthy building.

Then as to the structure. It must be commensurate with the foundation. There must be no inequality between the rock and the house built upon it. The base is "a tried stone," and the building must be of tried stones. So also, the building must be precious, in keeping with the precious foundation. The structure must be elaborate, and eclipse the stately temple of old. The material must be of the finest cedar wood and the most costly hewn stones. It must be so divinely chiselled in every portion that the different parts fit in with harmony and beauty. There must also, of necessity, be the gathering together of these portions. The Holy Ghost is the accomplished Workman to render this noble service. His office is to gather together in one the children of God scattered abroad. His office is to hew and to refine and to polish, all which are accomplished to the entire satisfaction of the Son and the Father. Thus the Godhead unite in purpose and power and perfection.

Paul, in Ephesians ii. 19—22, alludes in striking language to the building of God. He describes the members, the foundation, the fitly framing, the growing unto a holy temple in the Lord, and the "habitation of God through the Spirit." Oh, what a fulness of rich, unadulterated, precious, eternal truth! May the Holy Ghost enlarge our coast, and enable us to view our interest in the "building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Patriarchs, saints, and prophets join with Jesus in ascribing this whole work of building to God alone. It is, therefore, madness for men to ape the Lord's work, and to compass sea and land to make proselytes to themselves. (See Hebrews xi. 10 and 16.) The city is prepared by God, the Builder and the Maker thereof.

The house, or temple, or building, or city, having been erected according to plan and estimate in the minutest particular, it follows that a Watchman, or Keeper, should be stationed to take care of the precious fabric. But where is the man who can guard the heavenly Jerusalem? Where is the angel who can take charge of the holy dwelling-place of God? The creature or angelic watchman would grow careless and sleepy, and the enemy might surprise the camp before the watchman could give alarm; so the Keeper must be Almighty, as David speaks in Psalm cxxi. 5; and as Isaiah, xxvii. 3. And will not the Lord shield every one of the lively stones in the living temple? Does not His eye constantly look upon every member of the mystical body, the Church? Is not His matchless Person a sufficient safeguard from every enemy? The Lord the Builder is the Lord the Keeper. Cheer up, then, poor timid soul! The Lord will never forsake His children, His heritage, His gift, His portion. Clouds of soul-trouble may harass and oppress you, but "look up, for your

redemption draweth nigh." You are in the hand of a mighty God, who not only has purposed to fix you in the temple of His holiness, but who has appointed the series of steps by which you shall be led. The steps may be very rough, but the Lord is thy Keeper. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. The whole congregation of God's jewels will be gathered in one. The quiver will be full of the redeemed. The fruit of the sufferings of Jesus shall be brought in full tale as His reward. He shall "see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." He will be the happy Man, welcoming the whole family into the city of Zion, where they shall live in peace and plenty. There will be a glorious company. A worthy Host will be surrounded by worthy guests, to eat and sup with Him at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

STEPHEN.

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### PILGRIMAGE.

(From "Heart Sighs and Heart Songs."\*)

CHANGES.—In one short day, how changed one's feelings are! Hoping, fearing, joyful, sad. Such, more or less, are every day's vicissitudes. Formerly my hope, or trust, or confidence in God, depended mainly on my feelings. Were they peaceful, happy, joyous, all was well. My God and Father loved me; this was enough. But, if a cloud overspread my sky, and the Sun of Righteousness were obscured, dark doubts and dismal fears supplanted child-like confidence. My God was angry now, peradventure He were my God at all. Thus salvation, according to my finite apprehension, depended much upon my views and feelings. Thank God, 'tis different now. Much pleased I am with peace, and hope, and comfort. I love a cloudless sun. Thankful indeed am I when the prince of darkness is rebuked, and kept at bay. But in some small measure I have learnt salvation rests not upon my fickle feelings. Were it so, precarious indeed were that salvation. As well might the natural sun's occasional withdrawal throw the whole course of nature into the utmost possible disorder, as that the veils of my Redeemer's countenance should affect salvation in its nature, security, and blessedness.

WHY?—Shall the great Eternal's plans, and purposes, and promises, depend upon the frail contingency of a creature's will? Admit that creature be a Christian—grant he is possessed of life divine—of thoughts, affections, principles, altogether new, and perfectly distinct from what the worldling has or cares for. Grant this, and for a moment overlook that great and treacherous enemy ever present with him—a corrupt, deceitful heart; what then? Doth he not dwell in a tabernacle of clay? Divest that tabernacle, were it possible so to do, of sin. Admit that sin is not essentially a part of the Christian's nature, but a dire infusion, the which the man must die to be delivered from. Grant this. Doth not the greatest possible *infirmity* remain? Is there not at least a perfect *powerlessness*? What said the dear Redeemer concerning His disciples, during His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane? "What! could ye not watch with Me one hour? The

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\* A small volume by the Editor, now out of print.

spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is *weak*." And, again, "To *will* is present with me," said the great Apostle, "but *how* to perform that which is good I find not." Here, then, is two-fold and most conclusive evidence of the absolute want of *power* in human nature, waiving for the moment the defilement, corruption, and enmity of the human will. Hence what little confidence in the creature! How vain to rest in it! How God-dishonouring to suppose that Jehovah would be subjected to its caprice; or make the Gospel plan—so great, so full, so glorious—subservient to the mind, or will, or power of the mere creature of a day!

POPULAR OPINION.—Quite aware I am that these sentiments are contrary to popular opinion. "Then," say some, "if man has neither will nor power, whence his responsibility?" Such was the bearing of the question put to Paul: "Why, then, doth He yet find fault, seeing who hath resisted His will?" I cannot see that Paul attempted a reply, but merely waived the question: "Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against [that answereth against, or disputest with] God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour? . . . Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid. For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

A DIFFICULTY.—I grant it is difficult, if not impossible, for the finite and contracted mind of man to reconcile the seeming contradiction of the sovereignty of Jehovah with what is termed the accountability of man; in other words, to see how man can justly be condemned for that over which he has no control. I admit the difficulty, nor do I attempt to reconcile that which I conceive Jehovah has involved in mystery. Moreover, if the great Apostle did not attempt an explanation, I, the frailest creature, may surely be excused.

JEHOVAH'S GREATNESS.—But listen! Though true I may seem to be outwitted, and my supposed opponent have the mastery, I rise again and come on other grounds, and these most Scriptural. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" was the inquiry put to Job. "It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" Moreover, when "the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind," he asked, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou Me. Where wast *thou* when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth as if it had issued out of the womb? When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it, and brake up for it My decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud

waves be stayed? Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days, and caused the dayspring to know his place? . . . Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth? Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death? Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? declare if thou knowest it all. . . . Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? . . . By what way is the light parted, which scattereth the east wind upon the earth? . . . Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee? Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are? . . . Who can number the clouds in wisdom? or who can stay the bottles of heaven, when the dust groweth into hardness, and the clods cleave fast together? . . . Who provideth for the raven his food? when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat. . . . Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich? . . . Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. . . . Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south? Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? . . . Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox. Lo now, his strength is in his loins, and his force is in the navel of his belly. He moveth his tail like a cedar: the sinews of his bones are wrapped together. His bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron. . . . Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not; he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth. . . . Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put an hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn? . . . Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish spears? . . . He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary." Such were the questions put to Job, and well might he tremblingly reply, "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer Thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken; but I will not answer: yea, twice; but I will proceed no further. . . . I know that Thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from Thee. Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. . . . I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." So spake Job. Moreover, said the Psalmist, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassedst my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there;

if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."

OUR CONTRACTED KNOWLEDGE.—Thus much for Jehovah's omnipresence as well as His omnipotence. Of the latter throughout His vast creation we have abundant evidence, and dare we dispute the former? True it is "we know but parts of His ways." "His way is in the sea, His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known." "He ruleth in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; none dare stay His hand, nor say, What doest Thou?" And, if that which is so marvellous and mystical enshroud the natural world, how much more the spiritual! Mark what Jesus said to Nicodemus: "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?"

FAITH.—To what conclusion, therefore, can one come? If so much is dark and mystical, whence is there satisfaction? How can one rest in quiet? How feel it is well? Ah! by faith it is—that precious and immortal principle, God's own peculiar gift, by which, though perfectly at a loss to fathom the great I AM's mysterious movements, it feels, and knows, and rests assured all is arranged in most consummate wisdom, and with a justness and a righteousness that dares defy dispute. Faith lives, and moves, and has its being in depths profound. It were contrary to its nature to scrutinize, much less attempt an explanation. Faith's prerogative it is to "take for granted" all that is revealed in God's most holy Word. The Bible is its text-book. All that is dark, mysterious, and in appearance contradictory, it holds and entertains as sacred to the very last degree. Whatever Jehovah says and does it justifies. Faith's standing motto is, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "Undoubtedly," is the echo from a thousand hearts where Faith has sought and found possession. Reason would oftentimes intrude an argument, and that of the most subtle and ensnaring character. Fostered by fallen nature, and the intrigues of human principles, she would insinuate with guileful artifice her whys and wherefores, her ifs and buts and may-bes; but to the whole, Faith's province and privilege it is to turn a deafened ear. "I understand it not," she says, "nor do I care to listen. Call him who entertains me, if you please, enthusiast, fanatic, or ought else; but his Father-God will, in due course, explain Himself. Each problem shall be solved. The mists and clouds and darkness of his time-condition shall quickly be dispelled by the clearer, brighter, more abiding shining of the Sun of Righteousness, and what he knows not now he shall know hereafter."

SATISFACTION.—Thus, calm, contented, happy, does one rest, where others are "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lay in wait to deceive."

A CAUTION.—Of those who thus by sophistry or a train of human guileful reasoning ensnare, the Apostle gives a salutary warning. In

writing to Timothy, his beloved son, he says, "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away. For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts; ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

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### DIVINE LEADINGS.

(Continued from page 743, last Volume.)

MY wife attended a Baptist chapel called Bethesda, and I also attended there with her, for I could not bring my mind to attend Zion after my experiences among the Particular Baptists at Frome and Bath; and, now JOHN WARBURTON was gone home, there seemed to be no attraction there for me. Yet I went sometimes, but could not hear anything from the various preachers who supplied the pulpit which suited my case. They all seemed to be preaching only to the people of God *doctrinally* and *experimentally*, but very little *practically*. There seemed to be nothing to meet the case of such a poor sinful worm of the earth as I felt myself to be; yet I had hoped that *there* the Lord would be pleased to bring peace to my poor troubled soul, as it was there I received the first conviction of sin, more than twenty years before. But such was not to be the case. He had other designs and another place wherein to make known that great and gracious revelation.

Whenever I went to Zion Chapel, I sat on the opposite side of the chapel, in the gallery, to where I and my mother sat on that never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath morn in 1840; and my eyes would be fixed on the spot where we then sat, and the whole scene would come up before me; and sometimes I would look towards the pulpit to see if dear old JOHN WARBURTON was there, and about to utter the ever-memorable words, "Ye must meet the King with the fruits of the Spirit;" for it seemed to me that I was no nearer the realization of that in my soul than I was when the word was uttered there so long ago. All I heard there now seemed to condemn me, and it seemed to appear plain to me that I had neither part nor lot with the people of God.

I was a complete outcast; there was no mercy for me. I at that time envied the very dogs, that had no soul; for they at least, when they died, their life would end, but I must live for ever in endless torment. It was no use for me to go to chapel. I might as well stay at home, or do as I liked. It could not make matters worse, whatever I should do, for there was nothing but "a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation," and I may as well make the best of this life while I was in it, and live as I list, for, as I did often hear at the chapel, if I was not one of the elect, I could not be saved;

and it was evident that I was not, or it would have been made manifest long before this. It seemed that I had been in a great delusion, in thinking that God had any purpose of mercy for such a vile sinner as I could see and feel myself to be; and I came to the conclusion that, if I had been deluded hitherto, I would not delude myself any longer. I would do as others did, and enjoy myself, and think no more about these things; for it was evident it was of no use to do so. Moreover, I could see that those were happy who did not trouble themselves about these things. They could go to church or chapel for form's sake, or stop away whenever it pleased them. They are always happy and contented, and why may not I? At least I will try their way, and see if I cannot be as happy as they. And, moreover, I see many professors of religion who can mix with the world, and many of them do, and say things, especially about one another behind their back, which were contrary to what they did profess. In fact, in a profession they did *say*, but in practice they did not *do*, the things which they did profess; and yet they were happy in the midst of the world and worldly things. It seemed to me that their religion was only a sham, and I always had a great abhorrence of a sham of any sort, especially a sham religion. Thus was my mind led to look at everything as I found it by my surroundings, instead of seeking to be guided by the Word of God.

The result was, I became careless and very indifferent what I did, so I joined with my shopmates, and did as they did. I went with them to their meetings at public houses, especially what were called "income suppers," at which there was plenty of drinking, singing, and dancing. I thought I would in this way try and drown care, and be as happy as the rest, especially as there were plenty of professors of religion doing the same things, and they were enjoying themselves, and apparently happy; and why should not I be so too, as well as they? Thus was I again "led captive by the devil at his will." Oh, how I shudder even now at times, when I think upon how far he was permitted to lead me in the paths of wickedness at that time! Every mercy was forgotten. I only lived in the present, determined to enjoy myself as others did. But I was brought to a stand at one of these "income suppers" at a public house, when an old professor of religion, with great solemnity, gave out to be sung before supper,— "Be present at our table, Lord," &c., and again after supper, "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," &c. This I could not stand in silence, and I said, "If we are in the world, enjoying worldly things, let us act as the world does, but do not let us sing the Lord's song with drunken lips, for it is, and must be, an abomination in His sight." Every professor of religion in the room sanctioned the proceeding, but the men of the world said that I was right, and they would not have any more of such doings, for it was not right to go to a public house for an evening's amusement and drinking, and sing such solemn, sacred words; so the professors were voted out.

I wish, my friends, I could leave out this, but I dare not, as I must be truthful in all things; and it may meet the eye of one or more who is beset in a similar manner. If so, let me tell thee that it is a trick of the devil to lead thee into these things, for he is the

same as ever he was, a liar from the beginning, and not only goes about like a roaring lion, but also transforms himself into an angel of light; and, if he cannot destroy thee, he will do his best or worst to bruise thee, and, as far as he is permitted, he will do so. One of his acts is to mix the world and religion together in such a plausible manner that, if it were possible, he would by it deceive the very elect.

But I will not enlarge upon these painful things, only saying that I was kept in that state for more than a year; and oh, what pain I gave my poor wife all that time; yet she had hope that the Lord would appear and deliver me out of it in His own time, for which mercy she daily prayed. Perhaps some friend may say, "I wonder if he was happy in that state?" I can assure you, my friend, I was not; for, even in the midst of these things, the Word of God would, as it were, thunder in my soul, and make me tremble and quake with fear, and I would beg for mercy and forgiveness. Yet it would soon wear off, and I would become as careless and indifferent as before. How the Lord bore with me is even now sometimes a wonder to myself; but, blessed be His dear name, He did bear with me in long-suffering mercy; and, in His time and way, brought me to a sincere repentance and a godly sorrow for my sins and rebellion against Him. If, my friends, He had left me to my own free will, as men boast of, I should have been there now, revelling in the mire of sin and wickedness; but, blessed be His adorable name, salvation is of grace—free, unmerited, sovereign grace—"not of works, lest any man should boast;" and, as says the poet—

"Whom once He loves He never leaves,  
But loves him to the end."

Thus did He watch over the poor wanderer, even in the midst of sin and wickedness; and at length, over the mountains of sin and iniquity, He flew to the rescue of His everlastingly-loved one, when He said, "Hitherto, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed"—

"But see how heaven's indulgent care  
Attends their wanderings here and there;  
Still hard at heel where'er they stray,  
With pricking thorns to hedge their way."

But it was not yet, for I even went so far as to leave off going to chapel with my wife, which was a sore trouble to her, yet she hoped and prayed on still. I had seen some conduct on the part of the people at the chapel which was contrary to their profession, and I said, "I will never enter the chapel again, where such things are done;" so I stayed away. But I could not find rest and contentment even then. The gnawing worm, a guilty conscience, pursued me wherever I went; and at that time I went to every chapel and church in the town, but all to no purpose. At last I said, "I will not go anywhere. I will stay at home, or go where I like. It is no use to bother any more about religion, for it is all a sham, got up by men to serve a purpose of their own; and if they cannot serve that purpose by you, they care nothing further about you."

In January, 1860, my wife was confined with her second child, a

fine boy, and from its birth it was our idol; and, when I have said that, I may as well leave it there, as, like all our idols, that also was very soon taken away, as we have since seen, in sovereign mercy. After the birth of this child I felt a little softened and thankful, and I again remembered some of the mercies which I had received, but it was of short duration. I again became very indifferent, and resumed my old ways; yet I loved my child as well as ever father loved his first-born son, but my heart was not altered. I never thought of the possibility of his being taken from me. How true are the poet's words again—

“ When wisdom calls they stop their  
ear,  
And headlong urge the mad career ;  
Judgments nor mercies ne'er can  
sway  
Their roving feet to wisdom's way.

“ Glory to Gød, they ne'er shall  
rove,  
Beyond the limits of His love ;  
Fenced with Jenovah's 'shalls' and  
'wills,'  
Firm as the everlasting hills.

“ The appointed time rolls on apace,  
Not to propose, but call by grace ;  
To change the heart, renew the will,  
And turn the feet to Zion's hill.”

Thus it was with me. What a mercy I was not left to reap as I had sown !

(To be continued.)

## HOPE AND HELP.

“ *Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.*”—SONG OF SOLOMON iv. 6.

COURAGE, my brethren, courage, still press forward !

Another mile-stone marks our pilgrim way ;

“ Faith, Hope, and Patience ” be our watchword ;

Our Father, lead and guide us day by day !

Be faithful then, dear brethren, faithful be ;

We dare not, must not, lay our armour down ;

Dear Saviour, bid us follow steadfastly ;

Thou hast prepared for faithful ones a golden crown.

Be hopeful, brethren, let us hopeful be ;

Our anchor's firmly fixed, immutably secure ;

Now, may the God of peace give each one cheerfully

To rest upon His Word, which ever must endure.

Be patient, brethren, let us each be patient ;

Our Master's coming surely draweth nigh ;

Faith's eye can pierce these shadows transient ;

E'en now we listen for the Bridegroom's cry.

Be joyful then, dear brethren, yes, rejoicing be,

For Zion's children shall be joyful in their King ;

He comes to rule and reign triumphantly ;

Lord, give us grateful hearts, a New Year's Hymn  
of praise to sing.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S RETURN; OR, THE PARTING WORD,  
"REMEMBER ME!"

HAPPENING to meet with the subjoined paper in the volume of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for 1860, since the first article for the present number was written, we have decided to reproduce it here, as so directly bearing upon the subject. In the perusal, we never remember to have been so struck with the fact of the *effect* of the chastisement upon THE FATHER'S part; that the *anguish* and the *sorrow* which it enkindled in his heart was evidently more painful to the little offender's mind than the *stripes* which had been laid upon him. It brought, moreover, to our recollection a circumstance told us by a godly man. Some well-nigh seventy years had passed away since its occurrence, yet he well remembered it. When a little boy, his father had to chasten him for some misconduct; and, as he took him up in his arms for the purpose of laying his hand gently upon his little body, *the tears ran down his cheeks all the while!* Those tears so touched the heart of the poor boy that even now, in his old age and declining years, he had not ceased to remember them, although his dear father had long since gone to his grave! And who that is worthy the name of *father* but knows at least somewhat of the same special, most sacred emotions? Yea, undoubtedly it costs the loving father more—far more—bitterness and sorrow to lay on the rod, than the little one who is called to feel the stripes. In proof of how the offender is affected, when he sees *what it costs the parent to chastise*, we remember another case where the mother was *weeping* at the same moment she was *chastising*. "*Whip me, mamma, as much as you like,*" said the little offender, "*BUT DON'T CRY.*"

Oh, dear reader, when we pass from the less to the Greater—from the creature to the poor creature's God and Father—how amazed are we in the contemplation! We had nearly said that a man must become a *father*, in order to have some little personal and practical insight into the nature of that divine relationship in which the Lord Jehovah stands to His people. And rejoiced indeed are we that, in His Personal ministry, the Lord Jesus Christ should have so illustrated and opened up the glorious verities which He proclaimed, by appealing to His hearers upon the ground of this tender tie: "What man is there of you whom, if *his son* ask bread, will he give him a stone? or, if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, *how much more* shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" Further, who was it that told, by way of illustration, the wonderful story of the prodigal son but the Lord Jesus Christ? And did not the Holy Ghost commission the Psalmist to declare that, "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; for He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust"?

Now, if we would have a little insight into that pity, we have only to turn to the prophet Jeremiah, and there, in the third chapter, we meet with the loving appeal: "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth?" The language a little later in the chapter is even more remarkable:

“But I said, How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the hosts of nations? And I said, *Thou shalt call Me, My Father*; and shalt not turn away from Me.” As if (speaking after the manner of men) the greatest pleasure that could be given even the Lord God Almighty (neglected and sinned against as He had been) would be the appealing to Him as a Father—the calling Him, “My Father!” Oh, marvellous mercy this! Wondrous grace this! Abounding and superabounding love and goodness this!

We repeat that, to understand personally and experimentally all that is involved in this most sacred of relations, it is almost indispensably necessary that what it is to be a *father* must be really felt and known. So to speak, by comparison, it is guess-work without this. Oh, the sweetness—the sacredness—of the bond! Furthermore, what does the Lord Jehovah say in this same prophecy? “Is Ephraim My dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; *therefore My bowels are troubled for him*: I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.” Now, when we consider the conduct of Ephraim—who he was, and what he did—well may we exclaim, “O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!”

THE holidays were long—too long—and my boy had become restless and unruly. Play, like everything else, has its day; and the loss of a regular course of occupation will tell upon the heart and conduct even of a child. You may seek to occupy, and interest, and amuse; still, after all, it is neither one thing nor the other. You want him to have relaxation. You want home to be home, and school to be school. The vacation you wish really to be a holiday. Still, as I have said, the holidays were too long; and, after going the round again and again of amusement, he became listless and weary. At times he would express a wish to be at school again. This I overheard, and felt it to be childlike.

At length, however, he became boisterous with the servants, and unamiable with his brothers and sisters. He took advantage of my temporary absence, and was guilty of some two or three acts which I could not possibly pass by unheeded. I strove to show him the impropriety of his conduct, and urged, in particular, the speedy termination of his holidays, and his again being separated from his home, with all that he held near and dear. All was without effect. He pouted his lips, and was exceedingly pert, going so far as to say “he did not care.”

Argument I found to be in vain; appeals were equally in vain. His conduct had now assumed that of defiance. I durst not pass it by. If he got the mastery once, that mastery I knew he would maintain, and the evil influence would possess my other children. I felt I must chastise him. With a cord I laid upon him sundry stripes. Those stripes made a slight impression upon his back and shoulders, but they cut deep into my very heart; so much so, that I was completely unmanned. A sight of this seemed to do ten-fold more in

bringing the child to repentance and a plea for forgiveness than the stripes. It was the wound *he* had inflicted upon me that touched his heart, and brought him to tears, and not the pain which the cord had put *him* to. "'Tis love that breaks the bone."

Time passed on, until the day before he was to take his departure. That day he was sick. I knew why. He felt his disobedience. He knew his severance from home again was at hand, and he sorrowed at heart. He ate nothing, or next to nothing, all day; his head ached; but I felt sure that, of the two, his heart ached most. He wished to go to bed, and there lay the greater part of the day. Poor fellow! My bowels yearned over him, and I felt half disposed to wish I had no children, that I might be saved these acute feelings.

On the morrow we set out; and, inasmuch as he had his parents with him, he was most cheerful the whole journey. He had yet two days before he finally went to school, and, during that time had another little brother to see, and much to interest and amuse.

At length the parting hour arrived. He had taken leave of his mother, and, as I was taking him to the railway-station in a cab, he suddenly looked up, and, with a tone and look I shall never forget while Reason retains her seat, said, "Give my love to mamma, and tell her to REMEMBER ME!" Oh, that appeal! oh, that "Remember me!" and after, too, what had so recently occurred, it pierced like an arrow to my heart. It seemed to harrow up my very soul. "Remember me!" Instantly my thoughts were carried from the busy, bustling, noisy London, to the summit of Calvary, and there in a moment was pictured before me that wondrous scene of nearly two thousand years ago. Between two thieves my Lord and Saviour hung; and, 'mid the jeers and the scoffings of those guilty gazers, I beheld a mighty change suddenly pass over the countenance of one of the malefactors. Smitten to the very heart's core by Him whose sacred province it is to convince of sin, he is of a sudden awakened to a consciousness of his sin, his guiltiness. He turns; he rebukes his fellow-sufferer with, "We indeed suffer justly, but this Man hath done nothing amiss." Then, with plaintive look and bleeding heart, he cries, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." "Remember me—even ME, poor, vile, guilty as I am! Lord, remember me, even ME!" Oh, the power of that word! Oh, the condescension, the grace, the love of that precious Saviour, as, turning to that previous railer, he exclaims, and that without censure or reproach—without seeking for promise or penance—"Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

Thus I mused, and as I pressed my little one to my heart, again he looked up, and again he exclaimed, "Give my love to mamma, and tell her to remember me; and YOU remember me, papa." My heart was broken before; this second appeal completed the work. I was like Joseph of old. Fain would I have "sought where to weep." "But," thought I, "if these are my feelings, these my deep, deep emotions, poor, frail, constantly erring, sinful, short-sighted creature as I am, what must God my Father feel? He who is the Author, the Imparter of these feelings; He of whom it is said, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him;' He whose

language is, 'Is Ephraim My dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still. My bowels are troubled for him. I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.' He who hath said, 'How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within Me, My repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the fierceness of Mine anger, I will not return to destroy Ephraim: for I am God, and not man; the Holy One in the midst of thee: and I will not enter into the city' (Hos. xi. 8, 9). And, again, 'What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?' (Matt. vii. 9—11).

Oh, reader, I shall never forget that dear child's "*Remember me;*" and, if I (poor sinful worm of the dust as I am) cannot forget, do you think that God, even our own God, can forget or overlook or be indifferent to the trickling tear or the plaintive plea of every poor sensible sinner's "REMEMBER ME"? JONATHAN.

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### Watchwords for 1883.

#### EMMANUEL, BRISTOL.

"OCCUPY TILL I COME."—LUKE xix. 13.

Christ came to obtain eternal Redemption (Heb. ix. 12).

He went away to receive the Kingdom (Luke xix. 12).

He ever lives to make Intercession (Rom. viii. 34).

He tarries in heaven to bestow Salvation (Acts iii. 21; 1 Pet. iii. 15).

He gives to His servants most important Occupation (Luke xix. 13).

He will come again for His own and His people's Glorification (2 Thess. i. 10).

His coming will be

Personal (Acts i. 11); Visible (Rev. i. 7); Sudden (1 Thess. v. 4); Glorious (Matt. xxv. 31).

Till He come, "*Occupy!*"

As stewards, *be faithful!* As labourers, *work!* As soldiers, *fight!* As light-bearers, *shine!* As sentinels, *watch!*

"Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find SO DOING" (Matt. xxiv. 46). R. CORNALL, Vicar.

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#### ST. SILAS', BRISTOL.

"THE LORD THY GOD IN THE MIDST OF THEE IS MIGHTY; HE WILL SAVE, HE WILL REJOICE OVER THEE WITH JOY; HE WILL REST IN HIS LOVE, HE WILL JOY OVER THEE WITH SINGING."—ZEPHANIAH iii. 17.

W. SAUNDERS, Vicar.

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#### ST. LUKE'S, BEDMINSTER.

"LORD, REMEMBER ME!"—LUKE xxiii. 42.

D. A. DOUDNEY, Vicar.

## Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

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“ABSENT FROM THE BODY, PRESENT WITH THE LORD.”

To record the fact of one and another of our readers and correspondents having been called away is to us one of the most sacred, but, at the same time, sorrowful, features of our work. How often, however, during the last well-nigh three-and-forty-years, has that solemn duty fallen to our lot! When we look back over that period, and when we occasionally turn over the pages of this and that back volume of this Magazine, how forcibly are we reminded of the many—yea, the very, very many—that have GONE ON! have passed over the river! have arrived at our Father's house and home above! Again, we are reminded of the few—the very few—that remain who set out with us on our pilgrim course. Well may we exclaim, “Our fathers, where are they? the prophets, do they live for ever?” Yes, (blessed be God!) although called away from earth, with all its troubles and its turmoil, they do “live for ever,” in a land where there is neither sickness nor death; they live—and that eternally—in the immediate presence of God and the Lamb!

At the present time, dear reader, we have to record the loss of no less than four dear personal friends; the one—a relative—was summoned after a very short illness—we have every reason to hope, to her eternal rest. Within one day of completing her twenty-second year, she peacefully passed away, after only a few days' illness, brought on by that common commencement of fatal sicknesses, *cold*. This was the second fatherless one the dear widowed mother has been called to resign, and that after being deprived of her loved husband as in a moment!

Oh, readers, if any of you are disposed to murmur or repine at what *you* may consider a hard lot, beware lest the Lord should see it necessary to convince you that matters might be far worse with you than they at present are. We have long contended that, by the comparison of cases, it will very soon be discovered that the Lord knows infinitely better than His children can know how to deal with them, and what portion to allot to them. Well does it behove His repining or His dissatisfied ones to ponder well the matter of “*the changed cross*.” If we mistake not, if brought to see ourselves in some little measure as, in one sense, the Lord sees us, we shall be surprised to find He has dealt so leniently with us, in regard to trial and affliction.

But we pass on briefly to touch upon our second case. In striking contrast with the foregoing young disciple, him of whom we are about to speak has been long and most lamentably afflicted. Indeed, the nature and the duration of that affliction tends, in no small degree, to reconcile those who loved him with a brother's love to surrender him to Him who has at length called him to Himself! “The poor Syrian,” as he was wont to call himself, was a man of no ordinary stamp. Among a numerous and valued band of correspondents, we knew of none more lowly than the beloved Dr. SHERLOCK. No man,

we believe, had a deeper insight into the thorough wretchedness and bankruptcy of human nature than he. In fact, such were his views on this head, that few, comparatively speaking, could comprehend him. Perhaps no Scripture better suited him than "I am a worm, and no man." On the other hand, none prized "*the blood of the Lamb*"—none clung to "*the righteousness of Jesus*"—more than he! We believe that there never was a poor sinner upon earth that would more emphatically exclaim than our dear departed brother—

"Not the labour of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone."

CHRIST was his Object; CHRIST was his Subject; CHRIST was his All in all! Ah! yes, he of all men would say—

"None but Jesus, none but Jesus,  
Can do helpless sinners good."

As we write, we seem to hear the tone—the zest—the depth of feeling—with which he would emphasize all and everything touching upon Jesus! Never shall we forget his once coming into the vestry of St. Luke's Church (although years have since passed away), when the subject of the morning had been the poor publican's cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" He burst into tears, and, in all the ardour, but deep, deep simplicity and contrition of a poor, abject, wretched, feelingly-lost, helpless, and undone sinner, echoed and re-echoed the penitential plea, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

It is with a certain amount of difficulty we write, because our departed friend so shrank from the veriest approach to publicity that an embargo is laid upon us by his bereaved widow, to have regard to his sensitiveness in this respect. Hence we are prevented from saying nearly what we could say, in proof of his so "adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things." We could enumerate instance upon instance and proof upon proof of the self-denying way in which he proved his regard for the Lord's dear people. How deep and how practical were his sympathies with and for them! He, so to speak, lost sight of himself in them.

Dr. SHERLOCK's many years' residence in India, with the care and responsibility which devolved upon him, in connection with the onerous duties that were inseparable from the different offices he held, at length told upon his at all times sensitive frame. Hence he was compelled, some few years since, to resign his appointments, and to seek in various parts of England to recruit his shattered health and enfeebled constitution. The different places and expedients resorted to served only in measure to relieve. Sleeplessness was a prominent feature of his malady. As a consequence, intense lassitude and depression of spirits followed.

Reader, whatever may be your sufferings in other respects, if the Lord is pleased to grant a goodly measure of sleep, be it yours to ask

for a thankful heart for this so great a benefit, for (humanly speaking) nothing can compensate for the loss of sweet, refreshing repose. How often, as he retires to rest, are the words, "So He giveth His beloved sleep," uppermost upon the heart and lips of one with whom we have had a great many years' very close acquaintance.

Now, without doubt, to the want of this calm, refreshing sleep, upon the part of our departed friend, so much of his mental sufferings were to be ascribed; yet even this was overruled for the bringing forth, in even still greater prominence, his ardent and intense longing for the manifestations of divine love and favour. No mere nominal faith—no hearsay—no creature-reasoning or fleshly persuasion—would do for him. Our departed friend could rest satisfied with nothing short of a "Thus saith the Lord;" the "I am *thy* salvation;" the "I wills," and the "Thou art!" of the Lord God Omnipotent; the special, personal, absolute home-and-heart-spoken word of the Holy Ghost! This he craved; this he had; this he lived for; this he died with. The sum and substance of his hope may be gathered from the very portions of the sacred Word which he chose for his mourning card, which were as follows: "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed" (Mal. iii. 6). "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. xv. 57).

The last time we saw our dear brother, he lay unconscious upon his bed. We cannot express what we felt as we contemplated him in that condition, as we contrasted it with all the activities of his eventful life. Now, in spite of all his world-wide travels, both by sea and land, and all the energy brought to bear upon the duties he had so long and conscientiously fulfilled, brought down to the passiveness and the helplessness of the veriest babe. He who had brought his practical knowledge and skill and experience to bear upon the physical condition and circumstances of hundreds and thousands of his fellow-creatures was now brought to need the same at the hands of fellow-practitioners. Still, however, that aid availed not. His time had come, and it would appear that he was conscious of the fact of his hour having well-nigh arrived. In spite not merely of months', but even of years' illness, upon the last occasion of the widow of his dear friend (the late beloved SAMUEL ABRAHAM WALKER) calling upon him, ere he took to his bed, after parting with her within doors, he followed her to the gate, and again bade her an affectionate farewell, as though prepossessed with the idea that he should see her no more. Shortly after, when about to leave his sitting-room for the last time, he said to his beloved wife and now bereaved widow, "I may last for a fortnight." That very day fortnight he passed away, and that within a short half-hour of Mrs. WALKER and ourselves leaving the house, after commending his departing spirit to the Lord.

On the Saturday following, our mutual friend and brother, the Rev. JAMES ORMISTON, committed his silent remains to the dust, hard by the resting-place of the dear brother just named. There, in Arno's Vale Cemetery, very near together, lie the sleeping bodies of these two dear servants of the Most High, awaiting the resurrection of the just. Personally we felt the privation of absence; but, as our doctor had given

strict injunctions that we were to be content to attend upon the *living*, and not the *dead*, we most reluctantly yielded.

The following letter from our dear friend and brother, the Rev. J. G. SOUTHEY, will show the esteem and regard in which he held the beloved departed:—

*Aylestone Park, Leicester, December 9th, 1882.*

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—The enclosed has cost a very great deal to pen. I can do no more, or fairly copy what is written. I feel awfully crushed. Shall be with you in spirit at the beautiful Arno's Vale Cemetery to-day. "There shall be *no more* death."

Yours affectionately,

J. G. SOUTHEY.

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*"Where I am, there shall also My servant be"* (JOHN xii. 26).

The late Surgeon-Major THOMAS TRAVERS SHERLOCK, H.M. Indian Army (Retired List), whose happy spirit took its flight heavenward on December 5th, 1882, was no ordinary man. Sovereign grace made the grand distinction and difference. Our dear departed brother loved "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," "as it is in *Jesus*." What is more—by grace, he lived all this; perhaps more so than any other man it has been our privilege to have communion with on earth, although favoured at home and abroad with many dear saints of God for fellowship, since the Holy Ghost wrought that saving change within.

It pleased the great Head of the Church to send my dear wife and I to Toondla, near Agra, India, in December, 1866, with a message of sovereign love. On visiting about amongst Europeans and Eurasians, we soon heard of the name and fame of Dr. SHERLOCK, both as a skilful practitioner in his profession, wherewithal so kind, and as an earnest Christian. Often came the suggestion from one and another, "Write to Dr. SHERLOCK, at Etawah, and he will be sure to give you something towards building the church." At length we were led to write, soliciting aid; also inquiring what means of grace they had down there (fifty miles from us), at the same time enclosing a number of the dear old GOSPEL MAGAZINE. A response soon came, with fifty rupees enclosed, with a most loving Christian epistle, inviting me to go down and preach for them at Etawah Church, as they had no resident chaplain, "and bring your wife with you, if you have one;" with, moreover, this statement, or words to that effect, "I take the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, and endorse its doctrines fully."

Thus began our Christian intercourse with the dear departed and his excellent helpmeet, for we went down and preached twice, the congregations giving a liberal collection for Toondla School Church Building Fund. Our precious brother read one of the lessons at either service, and dear Mrs. SHERLOCK played the harmonium.

One thing was apparent to any grace-taught believer. Dear Dr. SHERLOCK, without ceasing, used every available opportunity to glorify God in his body and spirit. Heathen and Mohamedan natives, as well as Europeans, often heard the pure discriminating truths of a free salvation by grace, through faith in the LORD JESUS CHRIST, from his

lips. Many, many copies, in good bold type, of the Holy Scriptures were given by him, under a promise that the recipient should read it daily. Any and every disciple of Christ was heartily welcomed, both by Dr. and Mrs. SHERLOCK, to their hospitable home. In fact, the late Archdeacon PRATT told us at Toondla that he had never spent three such happy days anywhere as in their house at Etawah. "Oh," said the Archdeacon (a ripe old saint), "I never met such simple, childlike faith in my life. In fact, it is a regular Bethany family."

For fifteen years, in India and in England, it has been good to observe that one who held so firmly the distinctive doctrines of grace was made "a burning and a shining light," through the saving grace of those doctrines. "Shall not God avenge His own elect, who cry day and night unto Him?"

[We must defer till February particulars touching the removal of the other two friends before referred to.]

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### Protestant Beacon.

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#### THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL ON THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE TIMES.

(From the "Bristol Times and Mirror," of Monday, December 11th, 1882.)

ST. WERBURGH'S.—The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol preached to a large congregation at St. Werburgh's Church yesterday morning. Having taken as his text the words, "Your redemption draweth nigh" (Luke xxi. 28), his lordship said, previous to placing before his hearers a few thoughts on the solemn subject which the season of advent brought before them, he must allude—it might be briefly, but at the same time very sorrowfully—to the grave loss which the Church and the country had sustained by the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury. On the morning of Sunday last, as they all well remembered, in the early hours of this great festival season of the Lord's advent, that true and tried servant of their beloved Master entered into his rest. Not only his sterling qualities, his brave patience, and his devotion to every high and holy cause, but his many trials and sorrows, both in his early and later life, endeared him to the whole nation—sorrows so great and so accumulated, and yet so bravely and so patiently borne, that it was not a word of unbecoming eulogy to say that his whole life was "an epistle read of all men." Turning to the subject of the text, his lordship pointed out that there were not wanting signs that the hour of redemption was drawing nigh. One sign, serious beyond all words, was that of *unbelief*, which was present among them in many strange forms. "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" What did these words seem to say? There had been unbelief in the Church before now; there was unbelief in the days of the great Bishop BUTLER; but it was not the unbelief that had to be recognized and confronted now. Unbelief now had two serious marks, which it had not had, so far as he knew, in the whole history of the Church, and which it certainly had not in

the days of Bishop BUTLER. What were these marks? First of all, unbelief now was very often found co-existent with what they were bound to speak of as a moral, and in many cases a philanthropic life. They saw unbelief that co-existed with what they would loosely speak of as a generally virtuous way of living. What a painful sign, showing that the poor human soul worked out its own kind of dim feelings, and that in that place, where there should be the Holy Spirit, the spirit of Antichrist was sitting, reigning, and ruling. Perhaps this co-existence of unbelief and morals, and often philanthropy, was one of the most serious of present phenomena. This unbelief, too, was here and there assuming something like a national aspect. What strange revelations there had been in the sister country of France! In comparatively recent times they had seen the State interposing against religion. They had read, but lately, that the very signs of the blessed Christian faith were removed from the gateways of cemeteries, and he believed it had actually been made law that ministers of religion were not now recognized—he knew not that they were excluded—as belonging to the hospitals. It might be said, these were slight signs, but it seemed to him they were serious ones. It was ever a dread thing when a nation, as a nation, set itself against religion and the majesty of Almighty God. In their own country, there were things that caused them great pain. *In their schools, for instance, the State did not recognize religion by any action of inspectors, or otherwise.* He did not say that good might not, by the providence of God, have actually come to the Church and to the little ones by these arrangements. He pointed only to this gradual separation of the State from religion; and, when their minds dwelt on these things, they felt that they were living in anxious times, and that unbelief was showing itself—or, at any rate, non-belief was showing itself—in many different ways. This was a sign of the times that they could not possibly overlook. Another sign was, *the distress of nations.* If they asked the judgment of any man who stood foremost in the councils of Europe at the present time, what would it be as to the condition of the nations that composed the Continent, taken as a whole? Was there peace among them? Was the love of peace developing itself? Let them turn for an answer to their large standing armies, their newly-constructed ironclads, to the silent mustering of troops on the frontiers, and to other signs of unrest and disquietude that were visible here and there. He knew that, by the mercy of God, at present none of the great chastisements of war had broken upon them with any degree of force, but there was not one of them who would be startled, on reading in the newspapers that something like a difficulty, as it was termed, had arisen between nations, and that a few minutes might bring about the conflagration of a disastrous war. None of them would be surprised. There was this political unrest; and that was one of the signs of the times which their Lord Himself had spoken of in the portion of Scripture appointed for that day. A third sign there was, on which it was pleasant to dwell. They were told that the Gospel should be preached unto all nations, and then should the end come. They felt that, though there might be this wide-spread unbelief, this political unrest, the Word of God still reigned and

prospered; and that, in the future, there would be a warmer and more vigorous preaching of that Word—though, thank God, they could now take great heart and Christian courage. In every portion of the globe, where the Gospel had been carried, the native pastorate was developing itself. There were hundreds of parishes in India, especially in the southern part, which might be favourably contrasted with many of their English parishes, in which there was the loving daily worship of God, and the converted ones brought their little offerings of rice to sustain the ministers of the Gospel in their midst. These things were true and real, and they seemed to tell them that the blessed time of the Lord's coming was, in some degree, being disclosed and revealed to them. Bearing in mind, however, that there was still a third of the human race following a false religion—Buddhism—it might be asked, what were these small gains—these apparent victories? They were told that God's Word was to be preached for a witness, but who should say that the words meant other than that the Gospel should be borne everywhere? They were not told that all the world should be converted; and it might be that, when the remotest tribe had heard the blessed message, the text would be completely fulfilled, and the Lord would come.

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ST. LUKE'S, BEDMINSTER.—Yesterday morning, Dr. DOUDNEY, who took his text from the second lesson—1 John iii. 1—said one trait of the lamented Archbishop's character was most marked—that trait was amiability. Of this there could be no question. It was obvious in each and every position he was called to fill. In speaking of him, one biographer says, "All who were brought in contact with him felt the magic of his kindness, and were influenced for good by his example." Considering, however, the grave responsibilities of his position, this natural amiability would necessarily render him liable to compromise, when brought into contact with those whose sentiments clashed with his own views and principles. Hence he stood in greater need of wisdom and courage from on high. When at Oxford, Dr. TAIT, as one of four tutors, protested by signature against Tract Ninety. Such protest must have been at the personal sacrifice of friendship. The need of that protest, however, was developed by the after-course of the writer of that notorious tract, inasmuch as, in spite of all his previous denunciations of Rome, the changed opinions of the pervert NEWMAN soon found him as strenuously advocating as before opposing her pretensions. Scarcely, if ever, was sorrow more deeply imprinted upon human brow than that which was so permanently fixed upon the countenance of the late Archbishop. The cause of that deep-seated sorrow, doubtless they were aware, was the loss of five dear children, within a few days of each other, through scarlet fever. The monument erected over their remains stood in the churchyard of Stanwix, on the borders of Carlisle, to the curacy of which the preacher's eldest and beloved son was ordained by the late Bishop WALDEGRAVE. He could only add the expression of his fervent hope that a wise, as well as a faithful and courageous, successor may be found to undertake the solemn responsibilities and intensely

anxious cares attached to a position in which was instrumentally involved so much of the weal or the woe of our Church and nation. Verily the times were momentous; and, as they approached the great climax that was drawing very, very nigh, the appointment of those who ruled and regulated became a matter of the very gravest importance. May our gracious Queen be directed aright at the present solemn emergency.

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“SORROWFUL, YET ALWAYS REJOICING.”

“*Casting all your care upon Him.*”—1 PETER v. 7.

To whom, Lord, can I come,  
If not to Thee, my All?  
Life without Thee is but the gall  
Of bitterness.

It is Thy hand that wakes  
The bright, illusive dream;  
Left not one transient gleam  
To cheer my night.

Fain would I hide myself  
In some quiet resting-place,  
The sunshine of Thy face  
Falling on me.

Nearness is all I crave,  
To shelter on Thy breast;  
And, in the stillness of that rest,  
To tell Thee all.

Yes, all, though keenest grief  
My fevered lips strikes dumb;  
I cannot speak the sum  
Of my dire woe.

I want to own Thee love;  
I want to kiss the hand  
That mars the purpose I had  
planned  
And takes so much.

But faith and hope both fail,  
While smitten with despair;  
The night is all too dark for  
prayer,  
I can but weep.

The shadows droop so low  
With hidden weight of pain;  
Oh, turn Thee unto me again  
That I may live!

'Tis such a crushing blow,  
Death to my fairest hope;  
Alas! how can I cope  
With such dark hour?

If Thou wilt only speak,  
I can restrain my woe;  
Once more be nerved to go  
Upon my way.

I can do all things—*all*,  
If Thou but strengthen me;  
Nor need I other plea  
Than Thy dear name.

In that prevailing name  
I know all must be well;  
Thou never wilt repel  
The weakest one.

It is enough to bring  
This bleeding, broken heart;  
I know Thee that Thou art—  
Thou art all love—

Love that will ne'er forget  
I am but sinful dust;  
Love that is true and just  
Though it denies.

Put forth Thy pierced hand,  
And still this throbbing brain;  
Silence the murmuring of pain  
With that same love.

Yes, Lord, Thou wilt, I know,  
Give me my cross again;  
It shall be priceless gain:  
I am content.

E.

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A FIELD of wheat may be good, and yet have a weed in it. A saint is not free from sin; that is his burden. A saint is not free to sin; that is his blessing. Sin is in him; that is his lamentation. His soul is not in sin; that is his consolation.—*Secker.*

### Correspondence.

#### PULPIT TRAVAIL; OR, DAILY HELPS IN MINISTERING THE WORD.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

BELOVED BROTHER IN COVENANT BONDS,—Again has my soul been refreshed by being led to retrace the goodness and mercy of a changeless Jehovah, while reading your article in the October GOSPEL MAGAZINE, “Both Fire and Flood Harmless, and Why?” It is now more than three years ago since I took my pen in hand to send you a line; but, during that period, I have enjoyed the closest fellowship with you, as, month by month, some “crumbs from the Master’s table” come through your pen to cheer on in “the fight of faith.” The time I allude to as sending you a line (for doubtless you forget me among your many correspondents) was when compelled to do so after reading your “Ministerial Call and Credentials,” in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, March, 1878, and “Passing Thoughts upon Personal Experiences,” in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, September, 1879, my letter concerning which you headed, in the October GOSPEL MAGAZINE, 1879, “Hopes and Helps.” Oh, how often have the words of your postscript to that letter laid on my mind, and their truth verily proved: “Our brother must be prepared for every inch of the way to be disputed. The more the adversary resists, the more hopeful the facts.” While Satan’s resistance has been, and is, as severely as ever felt, yet I cannot but add, divine sustenance has never once failed.

On the first Lord’s Day in November, 1880, I was first called to speak in the Master’s name to the dear flock over which I am now placed (I do hope by the Lord) as pastor. Well do I remember the intense anxiety of soul—the oft-repeated cry, “If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence”—the many fears and misgivings—with which I first came here to cry, “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!” Also, what a vivid recollection have I still of the subject taken for the cry of that day, “Lord, help me!”

Last Saturday afternoon, while pleading with the Lord for some word as a message from Him to His flock, and recounting the goodness and mercy that had followed me during that two years, the words of the Apostle, as he stood before the court of Agrippa, came with such savour and power that I was obliged to say, “Lord, it will do for me on the morrow, if Thou wilt but unlock some of its precious burden; for, with Paul, I can say in sincerity, ‘Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.’”

Yes, dear brother, as I announced my text, I felt constrained to express the feelings of my soul to my beloved flock, namely, that the cry of my soul two years ago, “Lord, help me!” was still the same, and that, if their stripling pastor should ever live to have his head decked with hoary locks, his cry would still be the same, for how we daily have to learn the lesson, and have it turned again to learn, “Without Me ye can do nothing.” (1.)

Again, dear brother, the Lord was better than every fear, as morning, afternoon, and evening sermon were supplied from the exhaustless words, "Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day." The theme that formed the doxology of praise by the Apostle before his persecutors first claimed our meditation: "The help of God—infinite—divine—covenant; *devised* by God the Father as His own act of covenant love; *wrought out* by God the Son in His own most precious blood, as He upon whom the help of the helpless was laid; *applied* by God the Holy Spirit in irresistible power, as He convinces of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, and then leads to the blood to cleanse, and the water to sanctify, the "sinner saved by grace." Then was one's mind led to ponder on "the reason intimated at in connection with this help"—*therefore*—precious word—God, even our God, a God of order and arrangement, having an end in view for every action He performs. Oh, was there not a "needs-be" for this help on the part of God, as well as of His servant?—on the part of God, that His purposes might be fulfilled, the chosen vessel of mercy arrested and brought helpless to be helped, His Gospel proclaimed, His elect ingathered, His glory revealed; and on the servant's part was no less a "needs-be," both personally as a great sinner, and officially as a servant—ignorant, needing wisdom; weak, needing strength, &c., &c. Then this help laid up was graciously communicated, for the Apostle was not ashamed to say, "I, having obtained it."

Oh, is it not still our joy to know that the anxious pleading and wrestling, watching and waiting, is the very channel of divine appointment for the communication of this help, and shall assuredly result in the song of praise to our never-failing faithful Jehovah, as "the certain issue of divine aid" is realized—encouragement, continuance, and final perseverance—even as Paul rejoiced, "I continue unto this day"?

And do we not, dear brother, need it all as much this day as then? Is it not still a day of temptation and trial, persecution and false accusation (even in the house of our friends), felt weakness and fearfulness, causing us as ardently as ever to cry, "Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation"? But, in the midst of the manifold temptations, when we hang apparently between life and death, and, in the midnight darkness, would, but cannot, say, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," yet there is "a secret something sweetens all," while faith's ear hears love's whisper, "This is not your rest;" making this day—even *this day*—a day of anticipation, as we look forward to "the rest that remaineth." And do we sometimes think of the river of death, which—

"like a narrow sea, divides  
That heavenly land from ours."

Oh, my brother, I am young, and you are old, yet have you not seen the righteous forsaken. But you still go forth, by word and pen, saying—

"He that hath helped you hitherto  
Will help you all your journey through."

Yes, death must come—but stingless! The open grave has no

boasting victory, for He hath gone before. Yes, dear brother, it shall be yours to sing—and oh, that your youthful correspondent may join you there—

“ My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;  
These bear, in His bright courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal love.”

The last “Ebenezer” cast on the heap—the last milestone passed—the last cry uttered for help—the never-ending song began, “Worthy is the Lamb!” (2.)

“ Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.”

I rejoice to find that, in the midst of your bodily weakness and infirmities, from advanced age, that you are still realizing your “sufficiency is of God,” and still helped to publish the glad tidings of the Gospel, in the free and sovereign grace of God, and that the GOSPEL MAGAZINE is a *Gospel Magazine* still. I have been greatly interested in the perusal of two old volumes (1776-7), where the spiritual letters of old divines gone home are as refreshing as ever, for the fountain is the same, the water living still. Oh, to realize more of the bubbling up of the well within! How dry, how parched, does one often feel, and wonder whatever will be the theme and subject for the next meeting! And then the after-reflection, so truly named as the feeling of your soul in the postscript to last month's article, “We have wondered whether we had really expressed what was uppermost in the mind with respect to the words.” Does not, indeed, this anxious inquiry rise each time we leave the pulpit?

Dear brother, I am not writing for print, but feel constrained by Christian love to send you a line, as you are as much as ever, instrumentally, such encouragement to me in my work. Surely, if I really am the servant of the Lord, sent out by Him, there is not another so ready to halt, so often faint and yet pursuing. Oh, I often feel none but a God-Father could bear with such a fretful and rebellious son! His forbearing mercy often overwhelms my soul. (3.) When I look back and see what He has done—taken me from my worldly calling—placed me in that labour for which I sought for years, unknown to any save Him—brought me amongst a loving and united people, who gather together in large numbers three times every Sunday, and several villages round, to hear the good news and glad tidings—as I look at His many dealings in connection with it, and support under it, I often have to cry, “What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?” and can only find one answer, even to bear back again His own most precious gift, “the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord,” with praise for all that is past, and prayer for guidance in all that is to come.

Forgive me for trespassing so much on your valuable time. Sincerely praying He who hath helped, and blessed, and strengthened you thus far, to spare you yet to Zion, that you may still, by words and writing,

unfold the good things of the kingdom, to the feeding of the Lord's poor, and the convincing of many more of their state as sinners, that, in your declining days, many souls as seals may be given you, and that, when the coming messenger shall arrive with, "Come up higher," your happy soul may rejoice in laying down the cross to take the crown,

I remain, yours in one hope which binds in best bonds,  
Laxfield, November 7th, 1882. EBENEZER MARSH.

## ANSWER.

1. Yes, dear brother and fellow-labourer in the Lord, should you be spared to grey hairs, you will indeed find, not merely the same need of help from on high, but, through "the failure of heart and flesh," even *increased* need of wisdom, grace, and strength from Him who alone can bestow it. We know one the half of whose well-nigh seventy-two years has been passed in the ministry; and yet, so far from what some might term practice, or experience, rendering him less dependent than formerly, in his own feelings and apprehensions he is weaker, more helpless, and more in need than ever. But, mark, it is due to his blessed Lord and Master to add that, in connection with these experiences, there is a deeper insight into, and a still more blessed realization of, the mercy that "He gives power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increases strength." Yea, a practical knowledge of the Apostle's words is vouchsafed, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me; for when I am weak, then am I strong." And it is so blessed, under this conscious weakness and felt helplessness, even when standing before the people, to feel that He never has left nor forsaken; that "His grace has hitherto been sufficient, and His strength perfected in weakness." These appeals, in the sanctuary itself, are sure to draw down fresh communications of wisdom, grace, and strength; and then and there "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaks," fresh and fresh from the Fountain-head.

2. We thank you for your kind expressions and ardent wishes. Your present experience leads us back in review to times and circumstances which, in point of comfort and enjoyment, far exceed what we *now* realize. We often think of the Master's words, as applicable to ourselves: "Can the children of the Bridegroom mourn, as long as the Bridegroom is with them? but the days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast." As far as comfort and enjoyment are concerned (except when in the pulpit, or with pen in hand), it is a *fasting*—and not *feasting*—time with us. Still, we are hoping after and looking for "the latter rain," the Lord having covenanted to give *that*, as well as "the former rain"—the rain at harvest as well as at seed-sowing. We have had the rain at the seed-sowing (blessed be His name!). We are now in waiting for the rain before harvest—the renewed and blessed manifestations of Himself, as our own covenant God, assuring us that all is well, before He calls us up on high! This, dear brother, is our waiting and watching posture; and we are encouraged, moreover, in this our waiting and watching attitude by two sweet and precious promises—"At evening-time it shall be light;" "And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a

door of hope; and *she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt.*"

3. With respect to His forbearing mercy and forgiving love, we can truly say, dear brother, that the longer we live the more need we feel for the cry from the depths of our inmost soul, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" That we should ever doubt as we do, or call in question the wisdom or the love or the power that He is pleased to exercise towards us, after such marvellous and uninterrupted mercy for so many, many years, fills us with the utmost possible self-loathing and disgust; so that we exclaim now, far more fervently and ardently than we did fifty-six years ago—

"And are we, wretches, yet alive,  
And do we still rebel?  
'Tis boundless—'tis amazing love  
That bears us up from hell."

Yea, and we have as much or more reason than ever to exclaim—

"Look how we *grovel* here below,  
Fond of these *trifling toys*;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys."

Notwithstanding, however, these seemingly contradictory experiences, there exists (blessed be His name!) a counteracting principle and power; and that breaks forth in such language as this—

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

Yes, out of even the deepest depths there will again and again spring up the Peter-cry, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

THE EDITOR.

#### WORDS BY THE WAY.

*To the Editor of Zion's Witness.*

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I have been wishing for weeks past to write to you, but hitherto have been prevented. The fact is, so much writing devolves upon me, from month to month, for the GOSPEL MAGAZINE and *Old Jonathan*, that I have but little time to devote to private correspondence, in addition to the claims of a large and poor parish. Moreover, the pen at times tries my head so much that I am obliged to abstain from its use as far as circumstances will admit. My heart, however, was so much touched by your article in a recent number of the *Witness*, that I wanted at once to tell you how I could personally endorse the statements you there make in reference to the salvation of your dear children. Much as I rejoice in the covenant settlements of a covenant God in regard to a covenant people, I have no sympathy whatever with such professors as can be unconcerned or indifferent about the eternal welfare of their offspring. So much did I personally feel upon this subject

that, although some seven-and-forty years have since passed away, I recollect, in the anticipation of becoming a parent, I was ready to leap out of bed, and fall upon my knees at the midnight hour, to plead on behalf of the soul's salvation of the expected little one. Moreover, well do I remember, many years ago, awaking from a dream, in which I had seen, as I thought, my second son carried by a corpse, having met his death prematurely by accident. My anguish on account of his soul was intense. Still more recently—about two years ago—my fourth son was so exceedingly ill that his life hung in the balance for days. Besides two letters a day, I received fourteen telegrams in the week respecting his state of health. I do not hesitate in saying that I felt to have aged ten years in that one never-to-be-forgotten week, and all this arising from my intense anguish about the eternal welfare of his immortal soul. Hence, upon personal grounds—the heartfelt conflict of many, many years—I denounce as libellous against the doctrines of rich, free, and sovereign grace, the charge of callousness as to the spiritual and eternal interests of their children upon the part of those who love and adhere to those doctrines.

On the other hand, what language can express the holy joy, the unbounded delight, the supernatural satisfaction, which a godly parent realizes whensoever and wheresoever he has Scriptural ground for the belief that this or that child of his in the flesh has been born again from above?

I know not, dear brother, whether you have been the creature of the same folly as I have been—that is, of dictating to the Lord in marking out a course for Him to take. I have done my utmost, through the many years of my married life, to save my children from the trials and afflictions through which I have been called to pass. At the same time, I have been deeply sensible that those very trials and afflictions were made of God special blessings, in a spiritual and eternal sense. Yea, so conscious have I been of this, that numberless times have I testified that not so much as a feather's weight of care or anxiety, loss or cross, affliction or bereavement, could have been dispensed with. Unhesitatingly I say of troubles or temptations, that—

“all were most needful,  
Not one was in vain,”

in order to subdue pride and creature self-sufficiency, and keep me humble and dependent at the footstool of mercy. And yet, in the very face of these facts, whilst pleading day and night with the Lord on behalf of the spiritual and eternal interests of my dear children, I have, as it were, sought to divest Him of the very means by which He has so taught and blessed me—that is, by the creature disappointments and fleshly frustrations of which I just now spoke, and in connection with which the Holy Ghost convinced me that “this was not my rest; it is polluted,” and taught me and enabled me to “set my affections upon things above, and not on things on the earth.”

Oh, the perverseness, as well as the sin and folly, of the humæ

will! At the same time, how does the discovery of it tend to set forth, in striking contrast, the patience, forbearance, and long-suffering of a covenant God! How, moreover, in the calm contemplation of His leadings and dealings, His own covenant "I wills" and "they shall" stand forth in such blessed and Christ-endearing contrast to all our creature waywardness and self-will.

I wanted, dear brother, to have taken up certain utterances of yours in regard to your anticipation of death, which have been so precisely akin to my own exercises; but I must forbear. The distressing sensation in my head warns me to lay down the pen. This I am compelled, therefore, most reluctantly to do. However, I will just venture to add that the aspect of the times is, in so many respects, becoming so exceedingly solemn that I believe some great crisis is at hand. There is very much, I think, to imply that the Master is at the very door! Things, in both the world and the professing Church, are so ripening—not for good, but for evil—that 1 Corinthians xv. 51, 52, and 1 Thessalonians iv. 15—17, may be ratified and confirmed ere we are aware. May we and ours, therefore, of His great mercy, be enabled to give heed to His own word, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!" Yea, may we be found "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

I am, dear brother, yours affectionately in Him,

D. A. DOUDNEY.

*St. Luke's Vicarage, Bedminster, Bristol, Dec. 2, 1882.*

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### CONSCIENCE.

AYE, an accusing conscience! Guilty I stood; my sins arose before my view in terrible array. The sins of childhood, sins of youth, and sins of riper years, came rushing onward as some mighty army to take possession of the battle-field. I stood amazed, as I beheld them multiply their forces. It was in vain to parley. Their number and their strength would far outvie me. I resolved on flight. But no sooner had the thought occurred than, with the quickness of the lightning's flash, a myriad seized me, and I sank powerless at their feet. "For pity's sake," I cried, "forbear! Mercy, have mercy on me, and I will amend!" But my cries were vain. I was hurried on to the very brink of that dark and drear abyss, into which I thought another moment my enemies would plunge me.

I had heard of One who, in days of yore, had stood a Substitute for sinners such as I. I craved His aid, but He seemed to heed not, and my condition became more perilous each moment. At length, and just at the last most critical of junctures, He came to my relief. They had borne me to the precipice, and I was in the act of falling, when a hand strong as that which taketh up the isles as a very little thing, was stretched to my relief. It seized me, and, at the self-same moment, a voice, sweeter far than angel's, spake the word, the precious guilt-and-fear-dispelling word, "forgiveness." Yes, I do remember it. Though years and years have rolled away, it is sweet as ever.

D.

GOSPEL BOOK MISSION TO THE ARMY AND NAVY.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

DEAR FRIEND,—The following brief extracts from numerous letters just received will show the need of this Mission among our soldiers and sailors, and the increasing applications for sound reading will, I trust, be heartily responded to:—

FROM INDIA.—“The Lord is greatly blessing my regiment by adding to our numbers believers, and, if you can let me have something to read and to distribute among my comrades, as we have a great difficulty to get any suitable reading in this far-off land, I should be pleased.”

FROM MALTA.—“I have lately received your most welcome box of books, &c. They are just the thing to give to the seamen and soldiers in this large garrison. My wife formerly used to give them to the sick in the hospitals, but the minister pointedly told her not to do it any more, so we now distribute them in quiet channels where they are well received, and get an extensive circulation.”

ANOTHER AGENT AT MALTA.—“The parcel of books came to hand yesterday. Should you have any annuals by you for children, I should be thankful for a grant, as I hope to be able to give my Sunday-school a reward at Christmas. I was extremely gratified to see by your ninth Report the growth of the Book Mission during the past year, and I am sure you must be much encouraged; and what a stimulus it must be to you, God having raised up so many friends, enabling you to enlarge your borders and extend your work for Him in such a marvellous manner! I saw several of your little book (‘Boatswain’s Mate’) during my visits to the hospitals, where they were thoroughly appreciated by the sick and wounded from Egypt, and ultimately taken to England as a book they had read and valued.”

FROM KINGSTOWN.—“Thanks for your parcel of books. They are just the right sort for these days, when tracts are, for the most part, full of creature doings, and the sovereignty and grace of God are ignored. I know of instances of your books doing poor seeking ones much good in the hand of the Lord, therefore I can wish your Mission God speed.”

FROM NEWBRIDGE.—“I received your very kind letter and parcel of books, for which I thank you very much; also for sending my comrade some to Mhow, in India. He will be delighted to receive them. From reading the GOSPEL MAGAZINE that you sent to Woolwich, I learnt a great deal of Gospel truth. Its pages contain so many comforting thoughts for weary souls to lay hold of.”

FROM EGYPT.—Mrs. SNEPP, of Perry Barr, wrote me the following generous letter, in response to an appeal for hymn-books for the army of occupation in Egypt, among whom there are two thousand on the sick list at Alexandria and Cairo, &c. These hymn-books have since been despatched to the missionary who applied for them:—

“DEAR MR. BRIDER,—I am sending you five hundred ‘Songs of

Grace and Glory,' and eighteen Memorials of my beloved husband. I do this in loving memory of him, and also to seek to make known the glorious name of Jesus, that was truly to him as 'ointment poured forth.'"

FROM WOOLWICH.—"Since I sat down to answer your note, I received a visit from a woman whose son (a sergeant) I believe is dying, to say that he wants to know the right way to heaven. He has fought hard for life, and resisted nearly all efforts to tell him of a Saviour's love to lost sinners; but, blessed be God, if the above be a Spirit-taught question, it is not too late for almighty grace to arrest that man. Some of the books sent by you have been a great comfort to his mother, and some have been read to him. They came just at the right time, and found a way into that sick chamber, where other publications would not have been looked at."

ANOTHER AGENT AT WOOLWICH.—"I beg thankfully to acknowledge the monthly supply of magazines. When I received Hart's Hymn-Book, I was rather dull; but, on opening the book, a verse of a hymn cheered me up wonderfully. Your kind box of books has been a great help to me in my work. Nearly nine hundred men having recently left the garrison for India, I had a good time among them, distributing profitable reading, and giving them wholesome advice from the Word of God, and from a military experience of thirty years' standing. It was very pleasing to notice, on the morning of their leaving, not a drunken man was to be seen among them. Dr. DOUDNEY'S wonderful book, 'Retracings and Renewings,' is a great comfort and stimulant to many. I never open it but I read something fresh and something to encourage. Much of it is like reading my own experience. A copy lies on the table in each of the large wards of this hospital, and I can assure you that they are well read."

FROM A LIGHTHOUSE.—"I beg to acknowledge the packet of books with many thanks. I find them very interesting and instructive, and I hope, by God's blessing, myself and others may derive some spiritual benefit from the same. We have been supplied by the Corporation of Trinity House with a copy of 'Retracings and Renewings,' and we find it a very interesting work."

FROM ALDERSHOT.—"I feel it a great pleasure in thanking you for the very generous supply of religious publications for the soldiers of this large camp. The Christian men and women look upon them as a great boon. Our Sunday-schools have been well supplied with suitable reading. The married people, and men in hospital, derive much good from the reading of them. Many of our young soldiers take a part with me in circulating books and tracts among their comrades; and I have had recently many young soldiers crying to the Lord for mercy in my meeting-room in the camp. Will you pray that the power of God's precious Word may be felt in our midst, that souls who are still slaves to sin may be brought into the glorious light and liberty of Christ?"

Contributions of money and reading can be sent to me, at the Old Gaol Chapel, Salisbury.

Yours very sincerely,

December 19th, 1882.

CHARLES BRIDER.

## ANOTHER VICTOR CROWNED!

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR, KIND FRIEND,—I grieve to tell you that our beloved friend, Mrs. ALLEN, has been taken from us; but the grief is on my own and our account, for I rejoice that she is now with Jesus, “for ever with the Lord.” For several days before her death there was difficulty of breathing, but she suffered no pain, and was quite as usual in all respects except this, and getting weaker; but the doctor told us she was in the most imminent danger of apoplexy, and we could not keep our eyes from her a minute hardly, for fear of it.

I did not know that she had long prayed that she might die in her sleep till afterward, but it was even so. She went to bed as usual at nine, and, as I put her comfortable, she said, “That will do, thank you, dear.” At ten minutes past one I heard a noise in her throat, and looked, and it was the last breath! She was never conscious that she was dying, her spirit passed so gently away. She knew the end was very near, and made all her little arrangements as if she were going away for a few weeks.

She told me a few days previously of a little verse she composed in a prayer—

“When the scenes of life are closing,  
Be Thou, dear Saviour, near;  
Reveal Thyself, oh, precious Lord,  
And take away all fear!”

The GOSPEL MAGAZINE was one of the last books she asked for. She enjoyed it very much, and could hold it easily in her hand, being light.

The joy is hers; the sad, sad loss is ours; but it is but a little while. There are few in the parish who have not lost a friend in her. She is to be buried on Saturday (D.V.), at one o'clock. Perhaps you will think of sore hearts on that day in this place. She was eighty in August last.

Ever, dear friend, yours very affectionately and gratefully in the dear Lord Jesus,

Andover, November 16th, 1882.

H.

[Another jewel added to the great Redeemer's crown! Another vessel of mercy safely piloted over the tempestuous ocean of time, and landed upon the eternal shore! Another soldier of the cross, engaged in a mighty conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil, brought off more than conqueror through Him that loved her! Another trophy of rich and free and sovereign grace! Blessed, praised, and for ever to be adored a Three-One Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! And what tenderness and compassion, love and mercy, the Lord our God hath afresh shown in the case of our old and much-valued friend and sister in the Lord! How indulgent—how kind—how condescending—that, as in the case of the ever-to-be-remembered WATTS WILKINSON, both he and she should have their wish of *passing away in their sleep!* Neither the one nor the other was ever to know what the dreaded article of death was! To awake in the immediate presence of Jesus! To close their eyes upon time and time-things for the

last time; and, upon awaking, to behold "no more as through a glass darkly," but face "the King in His beauty!" Oh, what a change! What a transition! How bright! how glorious! how real! how abiding! As eternal as it is unchangeable!

Dear sister in the Lord, thou hast now joined thy long-sainted friend, the beloved Miss HARCOURT, and thou hast met, too, and that in the immediate presence of HIM whose name, whose Person, and whose work was his every-day and all-the-day theme, whilst a sojourner and a labourer—aye, and such a labourer, too—SAMUEL ABRAHAM WALKER! Well, we will not play the selfish part of envying *your* bliss, but rather rejoice in the fact—

"Are we not tending upwards, too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow  
To keep us from our love."

EDITOR.]

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"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—I am reminded by the text taken for the "Family Portion" this month, that it was my late dear husband's New Year's text many years ago. From childhood I have been accustomed to open the Bible for a text on New Year's morning; and, of late years, I have expected one to drop into my mind on first awaking, and asking my husband to repeat his. It seems to me strange that the only text I can remember of his is, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." He has gone into the "immediate" presence of his Lord, "to rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord," and to "praise the grace which brought him there;" and now I often try to follow in spirit, and would say in the words of a hymn published in our dear GOSPEL MAGAZINE of 1796—

"Hail, blessed time! Lord, bid me come,  
And enter my celestial home;  
And drown the sorrows of my breast  
In seas of unmolested rest."

November 5th, 1882.

M. L. S.

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Your reference to the late wonderful Mr. GADSBY reminds me also of an anecdote I was told once respecting him. It was that, going to his chapel one Sunday night, he was immediately behind three young men, who were discussing as to how they should spend the evening. One proposed a country walk; another, a pipe and glass; and the other, that they should go into the chapel, to "hear what the old buffer had to say." On getting into the pulpit, Mr. GADSBY saw the young men were there; and, before commencing his sermon, he repeated the conversation, adding, "Lo, I see the last has prevailed." I cannot answer for the truth of the above, only that it was told me by a "gracious woman."

Oh, how I wish it might please God to raise up more of such

men! He can raise them up in answer to His people's prayers, as easily as He can give the twenty pounds; and He has given me many a twenty pounds under similar circumstances to those mentioned by the dear man of God, and keeps me a beggar still, for He has said, "I will be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." And have we not cause to thank Him and take courage, when the knowledge is pressed home, as it often is now, in the midst of abounding error, "My people shall never perish"—that precious spiritual "house of Israel"? Hallelujah!

M. L. S.

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### INTERMINGLINGS OF MERCY.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—When you kindly called the other day, you wished me, on parting, to write to you; and, as I am still for the most part laid on a bed of pain and suffering, and have plenty of time on my hands, I take the liberty of sending a line.

It is now about five months since it pleased God to lay me aside from following my trying but interesting occupation; and, during that time, what I have passed through of mercy and judgment it would be impossible to describe. The kindness and sympathy which I have experienced from various quarters, but especially from my respected employers, has overwhelmed me with wonder, and oftentimes melted my heart in gratitude and praise. May God abundantly bless them, and reward into their own bosoms a thousand-fold their kindness to His poor worm. I have found the Magazines, such as the *Gospel Standard*, *Banner*, *Remembrancer*, and your own GOSPEL MAGAZINE, a great solace to my weary, oftentimes troubled soul. When the Lord is pleased to apply any of the articles, as I trust He many times does, it is like fresh water to a thirsty soul for the time being, raising the waiting one to hope and thankfulness.

The number for this month (October) has been particularly refreshing and unctuous. Your own opening chapter, and the beloved "Wayside Notes" Writer's article, found a sweet response in my heart; whilst your Neath correspondent's letter (J. E. B.) filled me with astonishment, to think that a note written in an hour of chastened sorrow and seclusion, and not intended for publication, should find an echo in the heart of any of the Lord's living family placed in circumstances very similar to that of the writer. Surely our God is a wonder-working God, and "doeth what it pleaseth Him in the armies of heaven, and amongst the children of men." What privilege or honour on earth can be equal to that of being in any degree, however humble, instrumental in administering to the comfort or advantage of any of the Lord's dear exercised family? For nine weary years I was placed in the same position as your correspondent, and panted for the living streams of Gospel ordinances, seldom meeting a spiritual companion, except my own beloved wife; and, though twenty-three years have passed since then, we have often been led to look back to seasons of blessed communion with the "sinner's Friend," being driven, as it were, by the lack of outward means, nearer and closer to His

dear feet. And where would a sensible sinner in his right mind wish to be? Not exalted to kingly thrones nor earthly high places, nor loaded with this world's wealth and treasure; but down in the dust at the feet of his Beloved, to behold His loving, lovely countenance, to listen to His sweet words of grace and peace, and to melt in sympathetic tenderness and love. The sinner, under divine teaching, seeks no higher place—nay, there is not a higher. Oh, dear sir, may it be our blessed privilege ever to learn our divinity and experience at the feet of Jesus!

But to return to the Magazine. On reading "G. C.'s" "Notes," I was arrested by a sentence near the bottom of page 598. It runs thus—"But, being of the Spirit [that is, true religion], it 'endures hardness,' and upholds its head amidst a sea of difficulties." Oh, how vividly these words brought to remembrance a circumstance which occurred in my somewhat chequered life, about thirty-five years ago, and which, if not instructive, may be interesting if related. I was at the time living in the employ of a Scottish nobleman, in a remote part of the Highlands of Perthshire, and it was there where it pleased God first to meet with my poor soul in a way of mercy. Previous to that I had been running the downward course with rapid pace, like many around me; but the mandate had gone forth, "Almighty grace, arrest that man!" I was stopped in my wild career, and reckless indulgence in what are called the pleasures of the world was succeeded by conviction of sin, which I vainly strove to shake off. The arrow was planted by the hand of omnipotent sovereign grace, and no power could extract it save the hand who placed it there. Gradually the conviction deepened, until at length I reached the very borders of black despair. I could neither rest by day nor by night, and the consequence was, I soon became almost a walking skeleton. One night, whilst in this condition, I lay down on my cheerless bed, and, towards midnight, worn out with weakness and soul-distress, I dropped into a disturbed slumber, and then I dreamt that I was gazing on the trackless ocean. It all appeared so distinct and real—one vast expanse of water, without shore, island, rock, or vessel—nothing to be seen but water, water, in ceaseless though not violent motion. I seemed to look on without much alarm, and discovered one solitary object rising and falling on the crest of the waves, but never appearing to sink, or even go under the water. I looked at it, and saw that it was my own head. I awoke with my mind full of this strange vision. Hope for the time being took the place of despair as I reasoned, "Who can tell but that, as my head was kept above water in this my dream, my distressed soul is being kept from sinking in the waves of despair by an unseen, almighty, gracious power?" This relief was but temporary. I soon sank into my own sad place again, and thus I went on for some time, seldom realizing sensibly a ray of hope, but still attending the outward means of grace.

At this period a strange minister was announced to preach at a week-day service in the Free Church. I went to hear him, scarcely daring to hope there could be a word for me. His text was either, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous run into it and are safe;" or, "They that know Thy name will put their trust in

Thee." It is so many years since, that I am not clear on this point, but I know it was one of the two. He went into the subject in a very quiet and experimental way, describing who were the Lord's people, and entering into their various and varied exercises and trials. At length he summed up by saying, as near as I can remember, "The Lord's people are permitted to go into many trials and depths; but, however far they may sink, the head is kept above water." My mind reverted to my dream in a moment. The word was accompanied with divine power, and went home to the heart, producing at the time love, hope, liberty, and praise. It seemed as if I must rise from my seat and shout aloud for joy; and I felt as if I could even call on the pillars and pews to unite with me in praising and blessing the name of the Lord. How long this happy feeling lasted I cannot now remember, but the circumstance has never been effaced from my mind, and is, indeed, one of those sweet Ebenezers which the Lord has enabled me to raise to His praise in my pilgrim path through this world of sin and sorrow.

Doubtless there are many who would stamp what I have stated as enthusiasm, fanaticism, the outcome of a morbid imagination, or even worse. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider that the greater portion of professors set their feet on everything bearing on religious truth which passes beyond the range of their own carnal perception. That such is the case, the Word of God infallibly declares: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither *can* he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. ii. 14), or discerned by the revelation of the Spirit. Man may indeed learn theology, or the theory of religion, at academies, universities, or by other means; but to be savingly taught and enlightened is the alone work of God the Holy Ghost. It is easy to cavil at this solemn fact; but to overthrow it, neither man nor devils can.

If we were walking by the sea-shore, and happened to observe an individual pick up a broken spar or other drift-wood, and heedlessly toss it into the water, there would be nothing remarkable in that; but if, in the mercy of God, that piece of wood, carried out by the receding tide, should float within reach of a drowning man, and he be enabled to lay hold of it until more substantial help arrived, there would be something remarkable, and not impossible, in that. So with the dream. There was nothing remarkable in it, simply considered; but that the subject of it should, in the providence of God, be led to a certain place of worship, and there hear the preacher, in his discourse, throw out truths sweetly illustrative of the dream, and that it should please God's Holy Spirit effectually to waft those precious truths to the heart and conscience of a trembling listener, feelingly sinking in the relentless waves of despair, and that, in a moment, his distress and despair should give place to bright hope and a measure of that "joy which is unspeakable and full of glory," was indeed remarkable—yea, remarkably blessed—and I am sure those who are truly taught of God, and have passed under the rod of His correcting hand, will understand what I say, and unite with me in the humble petition, "Lord, grant more of such enthusiasm."

I cannot distinctly remember that I ever after heard or saw the good man who preached on the occasion referred to; and, if he is now alive, he is still ignorant of the fact which I have related. Little did he know what comfort he had been the means of administering on that ever-to-be-remembered day; and may not this be the case with the faithful ministers of Christ oftener than they are aware? Sadly, perhaps, labouring in the Master's cause, without any visible demonstration of the fruits of their labour, and tempted to exclaim, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" whilst, at the same time, some poor sinner may be sweetly and secretly hanging on the fruits of the preacher's lips, and drinking in the truths which, in the power of the Holy Ghost, he is enabled to proclaim. The servants of the Lord need encouragement; and they may take encouragement from the unalterable fact that God's Word "shall not return to Him void, but shall accomplish that which He pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto He sends it." In heaven, no doubt, many a faithful labourer will meet with fruits of his labour, of which he had no conception when on earth.

(To be continued.)

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#### THE SWEETNESS OF SPIRITUAL SYMPATHY.

If one knew nothing of the nature of the fall in Adam, and the consequent desperate enmity of the human heart against God, and the things that accompany salvation, one would be utterly at a loss to account for certain facts. Upon what other grounds than this deadly hostility can we understand the indifference to that *special sympathy* which so strikingly bespeaks a supernatural something, prompting the possessors to "weep with those that weep, and to rejoice with those that rejoice"? From time to time we hear of those who are entire strangers to each other; and yet, on account of trials and exercises of a strictly spiritual character, a feeling of intense anxiety and special solicitude is awakened which, for the time being, supersedes and, as it were, sets at nought personal interests and home or heart-claims. However men of sceptical or prejudiced minds may attempt to account for this upon the ground of human sympathy or natural kindness of heart, we maintain that the only true solution of what otherwise would be mysterious and inexplicable is, the existence of a distinctive, internal, spiritual life, the which exhibits itself in this ardent, importunate, holy wrestling and importunity on behalf of those who are called to experience that state of things of which the Apostle Peter speaks, when he says, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings;" and, again, where he says, "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, may be found unto praise and honour and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

Now, in proof of the operation of that true spiritual and supernatural sympathy of which we have spoken, let the reader consider the annexed letters:—

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—I cannot refrain from adding my testimony to the joy and exquisite pleasure with which one hears of Mr. SAUNDERS' restoration to health and to his work. Personally, he is unknown to me, but through the GOSPEL MAGAZINE well-known, and his case well-watched, as through it (whether right or wrong) I made a bargain, as it were, with the Lord that, if He showed His power and loving-kindness in restoring Mr. SAUNDERS, then I could not fail to believe His purpose of mercy concerning myself. Being then in a very cavilling, unsettled state of mind, Mr. SAUNDERS' condition seemed to put another stumbling-block before me. I could not see why, as a child of God, and, above all, a ministering servant of the Most High, he should be made so to suffer; and I thought it a proof positive to me of the fallacy of the doctrines of grace. Judge, then, of my astonishment when Mr. SAUNDERS himself explains the "wherefore" in the June number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, as having prayed for "fellowship with Him in His suffering," showing that the Lord God is indeed a Hearer and an Answerer of prayer, answering, too, by "terrible things in righteousness." How careful it behoves His children to be in making their requests known unto God! And now, how this "restoration" opens one's eyes to the power, the love, and faithfulness of our God! "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness have I drawn thee;" drawn—as in this case, notwithstanding all the suffering—drawn to cling more closely than ever to the sovereignty of God, and all the kindred doctrines of grace, which are so set at naught in these days, which is really a proof of their claim to be "the truth as it is in Jesus." Since the natural heart cannot receive these doctrines, where they are received and enjoyed, it must be the Spirit's teaching. I have got that far, but I want the assurance to myself—I want to know my own election. The days are dark for me and full of sorrow, and I get no sympathy from the religious world around me. All are "free-willers," and do not like my way of putting things. The Magazine comes, a monthly messenger and encourager, giving a sort of impetus to our flagging spirits; and, in June of this year, I went to Derby, and heard two grand sermons from Mr. ROLLESTON, at Trinity Church, that served a feast for many days.

With kindest regards to you and Mrs. DOUDNEY, wishing you both a happy Christmas, in the holiest sense, and hoping that you may be spared to spread many a Christmas feast for your loving people and friends more distant,

I remain, dear Dr. DOUDNEY, yours very truly,  
A. B.  
*Stoke-upon-Trent, December 5th, 1882.*

P.S.—I called to see you at your new Parsonage, in July, 1877, and Mr. SAUNDERS was just leaving you as I was ushered in.

The next letter is marked "Private," but the great importance of the subject, and the seeking to bring forth proof and evidence of divine realities, in opposition to the scepticism of the day, will we trust, lead our long-and-deeply-afflicted sister to forgive our publishing so blessed a testimony as her letter contains:—

BELOVED DR. DOUDNEY,—I will not attempt to describe my feelings as I read your account of Mr. SAUNDERS in this month's Magazine, for, though God gave me faith to expect such an issue, yet, when I saw how He had answered you to the very letter, I did "sing aloud upon my bed," and bless and praise Him for His faithfulness; and for days I have been looking on with wondering admiration, blessing, praising, and adoring Him for His mercy to His dear servant. Well may we cry, "O magnify the Lord with me; let us exult His name together! We sought the Lord, and He

heard us, and hath delivered *him* for whom we cried. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy."

Dear brother, when I remember the wrestling and soul-travail and anguish you have experienced in this case, my very heart leaps for joy on your behalf, as well as that of dear Mr. SAUNDERS. Compared with yours, my exercise is not to be named, and yet mine was at one time so heavy that God alone could lift it; and, from the first mention of his case in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, that dear brother has daily been remembered at the mercy-seat. You said in your kind remarks that "you believed I did not know Mr. SAUNDERS personally, nor had I ever received any communication from him." Quite true; nor was this needful. It was enough to know he was a brother in bonds—quite enough to know he was a suffering member of Jesus—and "the joints and bands" were at once in motion, and the intense sympathy of mystic union made me a feeble bearer of that sufferer's burden, and now, blessed be God, I am a sharer of his joy.

I hope, dear brother, you and Mrs. DOUDNEY are in the enjoyment of some measure of health, and that your dear family are well. As regards myself, I can only say, "Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sins." With much love in Jesus,

Believe me, yours very affectionately,

Wisbech, December 6th, 1882.

M. A. G.

### "CHARITY COVERETH SINS."

HUSH it up, there's a good brother,  
do!

No doubt it seemed rather unkind to  
you,  
And a little awry it may seem to your  
eye

To the matter of fact, but pass it by.

Our vigour is flattered now and then,  
And we fancy we must be remarkable  
men;

We form an opinion, and lay it down  
As if there wasn't another in town.

We are wrong no doubt; but so is he,  
The brother who works methodically,  
And turns our opinion about in the  
light,

By the side of the facts, crying, "Which  
is right?"

We who write rapidly, now and then  
Should lean on our elbows, and balance  
the pen,

Pondering whether that quick-set  
thought

Be as honest, as kind, or as true as it  
ought.

And, if there's a doubt, oh, heart, be  
true!

Dip the dark liquid, and draw the pen  
through;

'Tisn't a broken word, 'tisn't a spoken  
word—

Words that are printed may spread as  
the dew.

But when we fail, as sinners must,  
Be it yours, oh, brother of kindred  
dust,

To cover it up with eager hand,  
Lest a scoffer should listen and under-  
stand!

Suffer the admonition to-day.

"See that ye fall not out by the way;"  
And if ye do, on account of sin,  
Think of the Master, and oh, fall in!

Fight with yourself—fight hard, fight  
long—

Ye can bear it at length, this hinted  
wrong;

'Twas but a guessing, and lightly meant,  
Though a sensitive heart is sometimes  
rent.

Bear a little that isn't right;

Drag no discrepancies into the light;

Your thoughts, nor your brother's, will perfect prove

Till ye wake in the image of perfect love.

(MRS.) T. CHAPLIN.

## Reviews and Notices of Books.

*The Tabernacle and the Priesthood.*—Lectures delivered in Bethesda Chapel, Dublin. By the late Rev. W. H. KRAUSE, M.A. Dublin: George Herbert. London: Hamilton and Co.; Nisbet and Co.

DEAR KRAUSE! If ever it might be said of man, he "being dead, yet speaketh," it may most emphatically of the deliverer of these lectures. Like his sermons, they savour sweetly, powerfully, most precious of Christ! The God-Man Mediator was Mr. KRAUSE's great Object and Subject. Christ in His glorious Person, and Christ in His all-sufficient and complete and perfected work, was the grand theme of his ministry. Hence that ministry has its living and abiding effects in the hearts of those who were privileged to be his hearers; and, handed down as his sermons and lectures are through the medium of the press, his testimony has reached, and will still bring forth its fruit, to the very ends of the earth.

In these lectures there is a beautiful and most intelligent following out of the appointments of the Levitical priesthood in all their special bearings and rich and blessed details. In the most striking way, Christ is to be seen as the great End and Object Jehovah had in view in the express directions given with regard to the tabernacle, in its construction, its contents, and its services. All shadowed forth the great Substance which was to appear in the fulness of time. The every detail pointed like a (†) finger-post to the great and glorious Reality!

Moreover, in the most striking and emphatic manner, the immortal KRAUSE sets forth the utter fallacy, as well as the fatal presumption, of any finite creature attempting to arrogate to himself an office which belonged wholly and solely to those, and those only, who were placed in such position by divine appointment. With equal force and Scriptural authority does the lecturer denounce the vain and anti-Christian pretensions of poor puny man to supplement or add to the already accomplished atonement and Mediatorial work of the one great High Priest, who, "by His one offering, hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Any such attempt, in whatever measure or degree, is a setting aside Christ, and may at once be denounced as anti-Christian! Such efforts, whatever may be the pretensions of men to the contrary, is a virtual denial of His dying testimony, "*It is finished!*" Could such work be supplemented, or added unto, in the very nature of things it could not be a finished, perfected, or completed work; nor could the testimony be a verity which declares that "He [New Version], when He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God."

These lectures are rendered additionally valuable by the series of beautifully-executed illustrations with which they are interspersed. The book is calculated to be of the greatest service to the Bible-student or teacher. We would strongly urge our readers to possess themselves of the work, which may be obtained (post free for 3s. 6d.) direct from Miss SHEKLETON, 44, Upper Rutland Street, Dublin.

*Cheering Words Annual.* Edited by "The Village Preacher." London: Robert Banks.

THIS is the thirty-second volume of this neat, most compact, and long-standing monthly. We can imagine its continuance for so many years was about the last thing in the now venerable Editor's mind, when he first launched his little barque upon the wide ocean of literature; yet, in spite of his manifold fears and misgivings, she still pursues her onward way, freighted from month to month with "good words and comfortable words" to the onward and homeward bound over life's troublous waters. Its captain will himself soon reach the fair haven; good winter quarters he will indeed prove them, where he will wait in joyous expectancy multitudes who, in common with himself, had been called to encounter the stormy billows, as well as the sunken rocks, quicksands, and manifold other perils of the present state. Then he and they will—

"With wonder,  
Think on toils and dangers past."

*The Scripture Painting Book for Children.* By WILLIAM GUNSTON. London: W. Mack.

THIS is an admirable idea, and beautifully carried out. The book before us (quarto-size) contains twenty-two outline pictures, illustrative of Bible history. As the youthful artist is trying his skill as a painter, the thoughts must naturally be drawn to the subject under his hand; and well may we encourage the hope that, whilst he is thus engaged upon the precious facts contained in God's holy Word, his mind, by the teaching and power of the Holy Spirit, may be brought to desire and to seek after a personal interest in the same.

*The Morte Stone; or, Caution and Counsel.* By EBENEZER WILMSHURST. With several Illustrations. London: Houlston and Sons.

THIS work contains the substance of Sunday-school addresses; and full of sound advice they are, given in a pleasant and attractive form. Such books, at the present juncture, are of great importance, inasmuch as there is so much that is spurious and destructive presented to the youthful and inexperienced mind in the most captivating manner, but at the same time, of the most unscriptural and injurious tendency. We wish this book the success it deserves.

*The City Diary and Almanack for 1883.* London: W. H. and L. Collingridge, 148 and 149, Aldersgate Street.

THIS is the twentieth yearly issue of this excellent Diary and Almanack; and it still maintains its well-earned character for correctness, comprehensiveness, and cheapness. Considering the amount of information it contains, together with the style in which it is got up, it takes its stand among the marvels of the day.

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THE mind must not always be judged by the outward face of the actions. God's countenance is oftentimes severe and His hand heavy to whom He best loveth.—*Bishop Hall.*