



THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

“ Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God.”

“ Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.”

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

No. 7. }
NEW SERIES. }

JULY 1, 1857.

{ No. 135,
OLD SERIES.

“ MY GOD SHALL BE MY STRENGTH.”

“ Amid temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
Whilst tempests blow, and billows rise.

“ The Gospel bears my spirits up ;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.”

A BELOVED friend, in writing under date June 9, says, “ I was so struck with the peculiar appropriateness of the first Psalm, in our last Sunday morning’s service, to your present position, that I can hardly refrain from expressing my feelings on the subject, although I have no doubt that many, many others were as forcibly touched by the strong appealing language there used, as applying to your special case, as I was. It led me also afresh to admire our ‘ beautiful service,’ as tending so directly to the communion of saints. How my mind immediately passed from you to dear G——, and others unknown to me, but conversant with your circumstances, at the same time reading or hearing the same precious words ; and thus with one heart and voice combining to besiege a throne of grace, in the very words of the Holy Spirit’s own inditing ! And oh, what may we not expect from such combined supplication in the Spirit ? God grant some signal answer of peace ! I should be glad, too, to be able to give you Mr. MACKENZIE’S sermon that followed from these words, ‘ I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.’ But that I must leave. The text, if applied by God the Spirit, will be sufficient ; and if He condescend to whisper to your heart, as He did to Paul’s, ‘ My grace is sufficient for thee, my strength shall be made perfect in weakness,’ you, too, will be ready to make the same reply as he did, although the humiliating thorn be continued.”

Our beloved correspondent was not alone in her feeling of the power and singular appropriateness of the Psalm alluded to, namely, the 35th. We felt it deeply at the time to which her letter refers. But that feeling was—if possible—much stronger to-day, (Sunday, the 14th inst.) under the following circumstances. The Lord had again so laid His hand upon us, that for the two past days close thought and application were out of the question. A simple looking to, and leaning upon the Lord, was the only resource. The lessons for the coming Sabbath were looked to, but suggested no text. During the sleepless hours of the past night, Hebrews xii. 5 to 11, was laid upon the mind ; and led to “ great searchings of heart.” Whilst the Lord the Spirit opened its blessed properties, it told home upon

one's own heart with much loving admonition and rebuke. We fell under the power of it, and felt how true, that "folly is bound up in the heart of a child, and the rod of correction will drive it far from him." And we thought how much better to be rebuked and admonished and chastised, yea, and scourged, and thus *drawn* (though by "terrible things in righteousness,") to the Lord, rather than for the Lord to say, "Ephraim is turned to idols [and who of us, alas! has not idols?] *let him alone.*" Oh, that *letting alone*; above all things we dread *that*.

"But more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head."

We know what would be the issue of *letting alone*—not the bringing of an elect vessel into hell, for that were a contradiction and an impossibility, whilst there is a covenant and a covenant-keeping God! but the bringing of a hell into his soul! and that were as dreadful a hell as a poor soul could endure; for, leaving out of the question fresh-contracted guilt, or coldness, or backsliding, the soul that knows what the sweet companionship of Jesus is—what it is to have daily fellowship and communion with Him—what it is sensibly to lean upon Him, whilst coming up out of the wilderness; what it is to confide in Him in danger—to consult Him in difficulty—to cast one's burden upon Him in distress; to lose for a season those holy, blessed, and endearing privileges, is hell enough, without, as we have said, the former anguish and dismay, from the felt weight of guilt upon the conscience. Hence such souls can feelingly say,

"My God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee, I call:
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art All in all.

"Thy smiling grace can cheer
This *dungeon* where I dwell;
'Tis *Paradise* if Thou art here,
If Thou depart, 'tis *hell.*"

To take any lower view of the subject is to betray an ignorance of the nature, and properties, and power of divine life in the soul. What is real religion but *Jesus* in his people?—Christ formed in the heart the hope of glory? by whose inwrought power and holy unctuous presence, they are daily "crucified unto the world, and the world unto them." They "die daily." And in proportion as *Jesus* is revealed by the Holy Ghost, and by the Spirit they are led into the mysteries of the kingdom, do they "put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and are renewed in the spirit of their minds; and put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."

This is safe and blessed living amid all the death and dying circumstances of the time-state. Trouble hangs but loosely and lightly about the heart, when *Jesus* and his precious grace and mighty power are thus realized. He thus blessedly *diverts* the poor agitated mind; there is an imperceptible yet sweet and precious going out of self, and a holy venturing upon the person and power and love and faithfulness of "Immanuel, God with us!"

It was this that the Psalmist realized, in all its fear-assuaging power, when he said, "I will not be afraid of *ten thousands* of people that have set themselves against me round about;" "Though an *host* should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident;" it was this that enabled him to exclaim, GOD IS OUR REFUGE and STRENGTH, a very present help in trouble; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea! though the waves thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." What language could be

stronger? what figures more impressive? That he, the oft-times trembling David, would stand unmoved, and perfectly fearless, even though the earth itself were removed—the mountains, by the uplifting of Jehovah's hand, carried forth and dropped into the very midst of the ocean—though the waters, from this new and tremendous convulsion, roared and were troubled, and the mountains yet dislodged or those already covered with the depths of ocean, shook or rolled to and fro with the swelling thereof. After such sublime conceptions and holy rapturous imaginations, into what puerile insignificance does man—crushed as he is beneath the moth—sink! What becomes of his threatenings? what of his hate? Well may the Psalmist again say, “Fret not thyself, because of *evil-doers*, neither be thou envious against the *workers of iniquity*, (the phrase is very significant—the WORKERS OF INIQUITY); for they shall soon be *cut down* like the *grass*, and *wither* as the *green herb*.” “The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth. The Lord shall laugh at him; for HE seeth that his day is coming.”* “I have seen the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay tree. yet he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.”

But to return to our narrative. The annexed lines had been much upon the mind—

“For what shall injure you,
Ye hedged about with God?”

—which was doubtless preparatory to the following letter, which came to hand at the moment we were preparing for Church:

June 13, 1857.

David A. Doudney

You proselitising Orange man Take Notice that if you don't leave Bonmahon in One Month from this date your Self and Family Mark the Consequence this is the last Notice you will Get, your days Are Numbered On this Earth Given Under our hand this day

June 13, 1857.

I Capt Fear Not.

We may be condemned for opening a letter on a Sabbath morning. It is not our usual custom, although our letters are almost exclusively of a religious cast. On this occasion, however, the mind was overruled. We thought (from its appearance) it might indirectly be a message from God, to draw up our poor languishing hearts into nearer, dearer fellowship with Himself! We were not disappointed, as the sequel will show.

When about to commence the service, we discovered that we had mistaken the date, when yesterday turning to the lessons. How singularly appropriate to our circumstances were both Psalms and lessons, the reader may perceive by turning to the 71st Psalm, and to the 10th chapter of Joshua, and the 14th of Mark. We shall never altogether forget their preciousness, and the power with which they came home to the soul at the moment of reading them—no, not while this frail life shall last. Oh, what a blessed venturing upon the Lord did they induce. What a precious outgoing of heart. What enlargement of soul. How “telling” every word. How sweet the conviction, that Jehovah was the same God now as when David wrote, and Joshua

* We know one in whose heart this passage is memorialized as once specially applied to a certain conspiracy formed against him. The Lord spoke it in the most timely but most unlooked-for and gracious way. In the same sovereign and equally gracious manner the Lord read the 140th Psalm into the heart three months afterwards, in connexion with the same circumstance. Our God is faithful. The Psalmist had grounds for saying, “I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted, and the right of the poor.” “I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.”

fought. Into what utter insignificance did every enemy dwindle; and how light did the crushing cares become under which one's head for days and days had been bowed down. How sure the conviction, that all was in the Lord's hands; that

"All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please one's Heavenly Friend."

We had felt, during the sleeplessness of the previous night, that enemies were but the sword in the Lord's hand, with which He severed the chords that bound one to earth. How was it realized now. What blessing did our enemies unintentionally and unwittingly bring. We felt anew the force of another Scripture the Lord had previously been speaking home to the heart. "In the time of trouble He shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up upon a rock."

Reader, we pray you, turn to the 71st Psalm; contemplate our position, and say, could anything have been more opportune? Is there a portion in the whole book of God more adapted to such circumstances? Was not the hand of the Lord most marked in this matter? It is precious to go to the word, but how much more precious, when, in the most significant way, the word is brought to us. Well may Jeremiah say, "I found thy word, and I did eat it; and thy words were unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."

We are quite prepared for the reception these remarks will meet with by mere professors of religion. To this we are indifferent. We write not for them. It is to those of whom the Lord speaks by the Prophet Zephaniah we address ourselves. "I will leave, in the midst of thee (says the Lord by that Prophet) an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." These "afflicted and poor" will not, like mere whole-hearted religionists, despise the Lord's method of dealing with the tried, and the tempted, and the broken-hearted. On the contrary, they will find a kindred spirit and a living heaven-wrought sympathy with those who are called to do business in deep waters. Such will give heed to the Lord's word, and be upon the look-out for the accomplishment of it, not as a mere theory or a dead letter, but as a plain matter of fact, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." These statements seem simple enough upon paper, but oh the reality! how different the test and the proof! How would the spiritually vain, and the talkative, and the untried wither under some of those agonizing scenes through which the Lord's poor and needy ones, for most part, pass. How much is oftentimes involved in the "daily taking up the cross and following Him;" the being "hated of all men for His name's sake;" the watching for and conspiring to secure one's overthrow.

And yet, beloved reader, how much better to have "all manner of evil said against you falsely, for Christ's sake," than to come under that fearful denunciation, "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." Moreover, if it be true, that "the heart knoweth his own bitterness," is it not equally true, that "a stranger intermeddeth not with his joy?" Oh, how sweet those seasons, and little less than rapturous those enjoyments, which the enemies of the Lord's people are unwittingly the instruments of procuring. How does Satan thus again and again foil himself, and defeat his own object. If a Daniel shall be caught up in holy communion, and, in spirit and enjoyment, have already entered within the precincts of the New Jerusalem, whilst his poor frail

body was in a den of lions; if the three Hebrew worthies enjoyed the blest companionship of the Son of God, as they paced to and fro the burning fiery furnace; if God could open his secrets to Jeremiah, when in the low dungeon; if Paul and Silas, in the prison of Philippi, could pray and sing praises at midnight, with their feet fast in the stocks; if Peter could sleep in prison in sweet serenity, bound with two chains, between two soldiers, and that too when he was to be brought forth on the morrow for martyrdom; if at the very moment they were stoning Stephen, he "saw the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God," and said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and on behalf of his enemies, cried in the very article of death, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" what shall dismay that soul who feels he is in the hands, and under the ever-vigilant eye, of the self-same God? "Is his hand shortened that it cannot save? or his ear heavy that it cannot hear?" And how sweet to walk, as it were, upon the very confines of heaven; to be reminded that of a sudden the intimation may be given, "Thou hast compassed this mount long enough—come up higher;" that in a moment the welcome message may be delivered, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." By whatever means, how sweet and how profitable to be reminded of the "setting of one's house in order, for one may die, and not live." The Lord's people, constituted as they are, tied and bound to earth as they are, need rousing. They need again and again, and that in a variety of ways, to be taught, that "this is not their rest, it is polluted." They need to "die daily," to be daily "putting off the old man, and to be putting on the new man." And without some "terrible things in righteousness," they are prone to "settle on their lees," and return at least in measure to "the beggarly elements of the world." Well, therefore, may dear HART say,

"Meanwhile that foe can't boast of much,
Who makes us watch and pray."

"Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified; and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men; for all men have not faith." Be it yours and ours, unitedly and increasingly, to know, that "the Lord is faithful, who shall establish us, and keep us from evil." Moreover, "the Lord direct our hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ."

We could say much—very much—with respect to our present position, but we forbear. A little reflection on your part, beloved readers, will remind you how and where we are situated. Our enemies are ever on the watch, and doubtless, by the stealthy means that they are ever wont to employ, before these remarks are in *your* hands, they will be in *theirs*. Suffice it, your God and our God is stronger than all our foes. He will take the mere humanly "wise in their own craftiness." We are waiting the displays of His Omnipotent power. "Unto Him we have opened our cause." We believe in very deed, that "the battle is not ours, but the Lord's;" and we want increasingly to feel that "*we* have no need to fight in this battle." We have already seen most significant marks of His interposing hand. We expect to see more.

Meanwhile we have to ask one special favour at your hands. It is, that you will, at your family altars, and in your closets, ask, on our behalf, for wisdom, grace, and strength. As dear ROMAINE used to say to *his* correspondents, so would *we* say to *ours*, Mention us *by name* before the throne. And we would ask you, moreover, to couple with ours, the individuals which are at this time, in an especial way, pressing upon our hearts. They stand intimately connected with the name of our God, and the prosperity of his Zion.

Much that is momentous is involved. And, as the Lord did, on a former occasion, in a most marked and gracious way, hear prayer, and vouchsafe deliverance to those whose position and circumstances were specially laid upon the hearts of many of our beloved readers, we feel it in our hearts to renew the request to our God, that there may be a special outpouring of a spirit of grace and supplication at this time. Our readers know our old and favourite motto, "IS THERE ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?" He is—and we rejoice in the fact—"mighty to save, and able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." He "hath delivered, He doth deliver, and in whom our hope is He will yet deliver."

He has said, "For all these things I will be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do them for them;" and since

"Prayer is the means that God employs
To convey the blessing He bestows,"

we earnestly desire that a spirit of prayer may be vouchsafed to our dear readers at this time. Oh, for more prayer amongst us—more heart-cementing, heaven-besieging, Christ-endearing prayer!—the walking and the talking with God!—the "dwelling on high," though yet, for a little season, tabernacled in the body of this death.—Oh, Holy Ghost, move our hearts to pray! Be it ours, by thy mighty grace and power, to wrestle with Thee in the spirit of a Jacob, declaring, "We will not let Thee go, except Thou bless us;" and as Thou art the God that hearest prayer, and hast "never said unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain," oh do Thou now hear prayer, and send down upon us, both individually and unitedly, answers of peace! Amen, amen.

Bonnahon, Ireland, June 19, 1857.

THE EDITOR.

P. S.—"I was brought low, and He helped me." So said the Psalmist; and we have proved the truth of the words in innumerable instances; yea, we have found it to be true again and again, that

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

We cannot allow this sheet to go to press, without recording to the glory of our God, another instance of his watchful care, Divine sympathy, and Fatherly compassion. The very day after the foregoing remarks were penned—during the writing of which we felt a blessedness and a power that are perfectly indescribable (it must be felt to be known)—we received a letter from which we extract the following:

"And now, Sir, I must commend you and your work of faith and labour of love to the gracious keeping and care of a covenant-keeping God in Christ, assuring you that this donation is but another evidence of His fidelity to his oath, his promises, and his Son. I trust that this may raise your spirits, and cheer your heart, and revive your energies, and cause you to go forward,—seeing that the *hand* is in the cloud. I trust that the Romanists in your neighbourhood will see that this gracious hand can move the hearts of his children to sympathize with the wants of even the enemies of the cross of his Son. I do trust that this gift will afford you seasonable help in the time and hour of need."

The letter contained a cheque for one hundred and fifty pounds! We dare not add more than this—that the timeliness of this mercy and the appropriateness of this gift towards the work we are carrying on here, in the midst of so much bitterness, opposition, and threatening, none but God and our own hearts know. May the covenant blessing of a covenant God descend upon the unknown bestower of so beneficent a gift!

THE STONED CHERRY.

It was on a warm afternoon in the cherry season, when I took my two little nieces to a shady spot in the garden, that I might enjoy their society, and devote a little time to their amusement. The eldest had not reached more than two and a half years, the younger only one year and four months, but was certainly, in my judgment, forwarder than very many of that age, in playfully trotting after her sister, and mimicking her little ways; and I had almost come to the conclusion, that she was backward in displaying that corruption, which is naturally bound in the heart of every child of Adam's race, notwithstanding that bewitching fondness, which so often blinds the eyes even of the wise. While musing on their infant movements, their father approached us, holding in his hand a small bunch of very fine looking cherries, and while placing one in the extended hand of the oldest, wittingly took the stone from another, to present it to the other little anxious one, who appeared ready to receive it; but, on its being offered, looked frowningly at it, then at her sister's, and while the lip of the little one fell, her visage gathered blackness, and a terrible storm followed; another, and I think, the third cherry was carefully stoned and less disfigured, and the little hand was once or twice held out to receive it, and again as hastily and in a more violent passion withdrawn; the stoned cherry could not be made acceptable, it was perceived to be different to that she desired, and the little interesting girl I loved, began to dance about in a fury, and instead of enjoying that which was offered, turned her face from us, and strove amid sobs, &c., to hide it in a laurel hedge. Ah, I thought, here are the effects of an evil heart, lust, covetousness, discontent, pride, in other words *sin*, producing misery in early life. And while meditating, the following thoughts arose: does not the Christian's heavenly Father, in love stone his cherries, that *glossy portion* our fancy had in view below? not in the vision of natural, but spiritual childhood—in what unthought-of ways have our portions for this world been marred; the loss of health may have left some of us seemingly a mere disabled wreck, and our too, perhaps, ambitious spirits, have been crucified in showing our zeal for the Lord, when may be, our eye was more to externals,

than internals; what a mercy, if God has humbled us, and brought us low at His footstool without suffering us to fall in the sight of man. Many a dear little one who promised to brighten earth's portion to others, have, by the infinite wisdom of the Father of mercies, been removed by death's unflinching hand, or suffered to grow up a parent's grief, instead of comfort; poor troubled one, for such we would not harrow up your feelings, which we fancy deeply aggravated by a repetition of painful circumstances; but, when sleepless anxiety tosses thee on thy midnight couch, try to realize the mercy thy heavenly Father withal droppeth on thee; and when thou pleadest for mercy on those near thy heart, mayest thou find favour in His sight, and realize thyself, not a callous but a submissive spirit: in how many different ways do we need reminding that this is not our rest, or like the little one's cherry, it needs to be broken; does not a voice say

“I break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thy all in me?”

Are we bereft of the one *we* considered the sweetener or supporter of life. The Christian friend with whom we have taken sweet counsel, and felt the most closely knit to in the Gospel. The pastor under whom we have gathered divine consolation, and looked to as our counsellor and instructor, these are especially valuable and precious in their places, and when we see the outstretched arm for their removal, we cry, “Not so, my Father,” but it is often needful that they should be removed, or that we should feel them marred and imperfect, in order that we may “rest in the Lord,” and make His bosom the receptacle for all our cares and all our griefs, and enquire of Him our way. As regards the riches of this world, the generality of God's children, feel such removed from their portion, and who under the Spirit's teaching can really labour after an abundance, when we are taught its deceitfulness, and its tendency to choke the word, or bring grief of spirit? Even the few Old Testament saints that were permitted to possess these things individually, found it increased their trials and their cares. Truly, a man's life, (or happiness), consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. Keen poverty, we

believe, has its peculiar pressure of trial, and under which God's children may be tempted to put forth their hand to evil; but, as many from different trials can testify, deliverance comes at the eleventh hour. Tried believer! "Thy God reigneth," and is engaged to supply all thy need, and to withhold no good thing from thee; and ask the aged pilgrims on Jordan's bank, if reason holds her seat, they will all testify to His power and faithfulness in performing that which He has promised. Could the little one have understood the parent's tender care and love, in removing the cherry stone, she would have quietly submitted, and were our understandings more fully opened to the love and wisdom of our God, how differently often should we view matters! Are we not frequently brought to say as regards ourselves, Divine providence, and the written word, "I am of yesterday, and know nothing?" We are a mystery to ourselves—His judgments a great deep, and the word dark and dry, till such times as the Holy Spirit is pleased to communicate light, and give us (as one of God's labourers, now at rest used to say) the key of experience, to unlock the hidden treasure with. Fellow sufferer in the kingdom of Jesus Christ, in the trying hour, mayest thou be still remembering He has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Perhaps, thou canst now say with us,

"If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and peaceful die,
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find eternal joy in Thee."

The portion which remaineth for the people of God, is far beyond our expect-

ation, as earthly things are below the expectation; the one, as all can testify is delusive, it gives not that it promiseth, and ends in vanity and vexation of spirit. The other exceeds the highest hope a mortal can raise; yea, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath, saith the Apostle, "revealed them to us by his Spirit;" from which we humbly, and from experience conclude, that the good things here spoken of, have especial reference to the grace manifested to the church of God, *here below*, though we would not presume to say it does not also apply to the eternal weight of glory which mortality hides from sight. But does not experience teach us that God is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think? They that desire and seek a better country, that is, an heavenly, feel their mercy not to be left with the many who have their portion in this life. The Christian's blessed portion is now hidden, and though like their Divine Master, they are, in a measure, a people of sorrow and acquainted with grief; yet in some degree like Him too, they have bread to eat, which the world knoweth not of, and their chief desire or glory, is to say, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup; when my heart and my flesh faileth, the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. I shall be satisfied when I awake, with thy likeness." "What shall we then say to these things?" He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

THE FRENCH HUGUENOT SETTLERS IN WATERFORD.

CHAPTER V.

THE accession of the boy—Charles the 9th—gave promise of relief to the afflicted Protestants of France. The factions who contended for supreme power, were equally feared by the Queen Mother, Catherine de Medicis, who was declared Regent during the minority of her young son. The Guises, especially, as the more powerful party, excited her suspicion, and, as a natural consequence, she courted the aid of the King of Navarre, the Admiral, and the Constable. The new chancellor de l' Hopital, advocated the rights of conscience in public

and private, with honest earnestness, and considerable ability. The Queen Mother seemed guided by his council. The States General were favourable to toleration, and on the 28th of January, 1561, a decree was passed, that all prisoners committed only for religion, should be released, and that no persons should revile each other by the term—*Heretic or Papist*.

A general conference on religious matters was also agreed to, and in the month of July the famous controversial disputation was held at Poissy, in the

presence of the King, the Princes of the Blood Royal, the nobility, cardinals, prelates, and grandees. On the part of the Church of Rome, the disputation was conducted by the Cardinals of Tournon, Lorraine, Bourbon, Armagnac, and Guise, and the most able Doctors of the Sorbonne, as well as other Roman Catholic Divines, selected from the most noted universities in the kingdom. On the part of the reformers, appeared Peter Martyr Vermeilo, Francis de St. Paul, Jean Kaimond, and Jean Virelle, with many other preachers from Germany and Geneva. John Calvin, now weak and infirm, was unable to take his place in the front of his brethren, but, in his stead, the champions of the Huguenots, were led on by a true disciple, who had long sat at John Calvin's feet, and was esteemed the ablest expounder of his day. This was Theodore Beza. During the controversy, the ready wit, profound learning, and fervid eloquence of Beza, made him invincible. He carried all before him like a mountain-torrent, and Rome's ablest supporters quailed before him, as he contended "earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Beza, who was one of the most remarkable men of his age, was born at Vezelai, in Nivernais, in 1519. He came from Burgundy to Paris, and was brought up by his uncle Nicholas de Beza, counsellor of the parliament. In 1528 he studied at Orleans, and from thence he proceeded to Bourges, where his preceptor was the crude and accomplished Melchior Wolmar, from whom he first imbibed the principles of truth. He was originally intended for the law, but after obtaining his degree in 1539, he fell into gay society in Paris, and became indifferent to the realities of either time or eternity. A severe fit of illness arrested him in his thoughtless course. He rose from his bed a changed man, and determined to devote himself to the service of God. He went straight to Geneva, and made public profession of the reformed religion. In 1549, he accepted the Greek professorship at Lausaune, and delivered a course of lectures on the New Testament, in French, to the refugees who were sheltered there. From thence he removed to Geneva, and became Calvin's colleague. Beza was a man of many gifts; the translation of the Psalms into metre, which was commenced by Marot, was completed by him. He also composed many beautiful hymns. His controver-

sial writings are considered the ablest of his day. His pungent wit and ready address were acknowledged by even his enemies. His learning was admitted on all sides. His devotion was only equalled by his zeal; and when the King of Navarre besought his presence at Poissy, he hesitated not to obey. The entire company listened with the most marked attention to his harangue, until he condemned the real presence in no measured terms, when a grievous uproar was excited, and the Cardinal de Tournon called upon the young King to silence "the blasphemer," or to command him to withdraw. The preacher's powers of debate were so attractive, that the King and princes paid no heed to the Cardinal, and Beza was heard to the end of his discourse. The conference broke up on the 20th of September, and it was allowed on all hands, that the Calvinists achieved a glorious triumph. The opponents of truth were dismayed. The Protestant party grew bold in their demands. Assemblies were held for worship. Numbers who were reformers in heart, but feared hitherto to avow their opinions, waxed bold, and made confession. The eight parliaments of the kingdom met early in 1562, and after some opposition, a decree was promulgated in every way favourable to the followers of Christ.

It is a vain thing to put any confidence in man. The glittering temptation of political powers, with the promise of the annexation of Sardinia, to his own dominions, was presented for the acceptance of the weakly ambitious King of Navarre, provided he would renounce the faith of his adoption. He hesitated for a while, but the bribe was too costly to be resisted, and Anthony, King of Navarre, became a renegade from the truth, and the servile tool of the Guises. Inducements were held out to him, to divorce his good and virtuous Queen; and a dispensation from the Pope was readily procured. This, however, he resisted. The Queen of Navarre became even more attached than ever, to the faith of her profession. She abandoned her pitiful husband to the wily policy by which he hoped to grasp the sceptre of France, and retreated with her two beautiful children to her native hills. Under her training, young Henry of Navarre grew up to manhood, attached to the faith of the simple mountaineers, amongst whom he lived, and beloved by all who knew him, for his

honesty of purpose, and manliness of character. Here it was that he secluded himself, until the Protestants of France required a captain, around whom to rally; and in the time of their extremity, some few years after, when Condé was slain, his pious mother led him forth herself, and presented him to the troops, as a tried and trusted leader.

The strength of the Huguenots, and the malignity of their oppression, soon brought about an open collision in the field. Petty insurrections and broils were the prelude to civil war. The massacre of the inhabitants of Vassi, a town in Champagne, by the Duke of Guise, caused fearful consternation. The only offence alleged against the Protestant villagers, was, that they had openly met to worship God. Guise's suite insulted the congregation, blows succeeded—the end was a bloody butchery. The Protestants of France took up arms, and demanded satisfaction, and Theodore Beza presented their expostulation to the Queen Regent. The Duke of Guise, on this, entered Paris, and was received with enthusiasm. The Constable gave in his adhesion to his ancient enemy. The King of Navarre completed the *triumvirate*.

The persons of the King and Catherine de Medicis, were seized by them at Fontainebleau, and brought back to Paris, and the most formidable preparations were made to crush the insurgents. The Prince of Condé, on the other side, seized upon the city of Orleans without delay, and made it the head-quarters of the Protestant army.

Beaugenci was first attacked, and taken by the Prince. His followers, exasperated by the long series of cruel oppressions they had endured, were not restrained from violence. The opposing party committed every atrocity by way of reprisal, and deadly animosity characterized every encounter. The Roman Catholic party immediately besieged Rouen. It was vigorously assaulted, but it was bravely defended.

Neither sex or age was spared by the besiegers. The garrison were active in their sorties. In one of these, the recreant King of Navarre received his death-wound. The town at length surrendered, and several of the principal inhabitants were executed, but Condé used reprisals immediately at Orleans, and much precious blood was shed.

The first open battle in the field was

disastrous to the Protestants. The engagement took place at Dreux in Normandy, on the 19th of December, 1562. Condé was taken prisoner, but the Admiral Coligny contrived to retreat with a portion of the troops. The Duke of Guise immediately after, laid siege to Orleans, but when his success was all-but complete, he was shot by a Huguenot officer, named Poltrot, and did not live to enjoy his triumph. With his death the first war of religion terminated, and in March, 1563, the edict of Amboise granted full liberty of worship to the Protestants in those towns which were in their possession up to that period.

The results of this edict were strange and astounding to the Roman Catholic party in France. The Churches of the south were all but entirely handed over to the ministers of the reformed faith. The Bishops and clergy in Languedoc declared themselves no longer opposed to the reformation. Several Cathedrals became the property of the Evangelicals, and were adopted to their more simple worship. France was fast outstripping Germany, Holland, and England, in the desire to reform the novelties in faith and practice, which had crept in by degrees, and differed widely from the Gospel originally preached by Ivenous. In Navarre, especially, the Queen took a most decided course. The images were removed from the Churches; the stone altars were thrown down, and the power of priestcraft humbled. The monasteries were emptied, and the Protestant religion established in Aquitaine, Bearne, Navarre, and Bourbonnois.

The men of Geneva rejoiced, and were glad that such abundant fruit followed their labours, although another circumstance clouded their hearts with sorrow, for at this period John Calvin was taken to his rest. He breathed his last on the 27th of May, 1564, attended by Beza, the aged Farel, and other dear and devoted friends. His end was peace, and his departure in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. Even in his death, he gave testimony to the truth, and the following extracts from his will prove how single was his eye to the glory of his Master—

JOHN CALVIN'S WILL.

"I, John Calvin, Minister of the Word of God, in the Church of Geneva; finding myself so much reduced by various

maladies, that I cannot but think that God will shortly remove me out of this world, have ordered to be made and written my testament and declaration of my last will in form and manner following:

First—I give God thanks, that, taking pity on me, He hath delivered me out of the thick darkness of idolatry into which I was plunged, and hath brought me into the light of his Gospel, and hath made me a partaker of the doctrine of salvation, whereof I was most unworthy. And He hath not only graciously borne with my faults and sins, for which I deserved to be rejected of Him, and cast out, but hath vouchsafed to use my labours in preaching and publishing the truth of his Gospel. And, I witness and declare, that it is my wish and intention, to pass the remainder of my life in the same faith and salvation, which He hath delivered to me, having no other hope or refuge, but in his free adoption of me, upon which is founded all my salvation. And, with my whole heart, I embrace the mercy which He has given me in Jesus Christ; accepting the merit of his death, that satisfaction might be made for all my sins, and the remembrance of them be blotted out; that being washed and cleansed in the blood of that great Redeemer which was shed for poor sinners, I may appear with acceptance "before his face at the judgment seat."

I declare, also, that according to the measure of grace bestowed upon me, I have endeavoured to teach his word in purity, as well in sermons as in writings, and have endeavoured faithfully to expound the Holy Scriptures, and that in all disputes I have never used either craftiness or sophistry, but have fairly maintained the truth. But, alas! my study and my zeal have been so languid, that I confess innumerable things have been wanting in me to the faithful discharge of my duty; and, unless the unmeasured bounty of God had been present, all my study would have been in vain, for which cause I witness and declare, that I hope for no other security of my salvation, than this: that, seeing God is the Father of mercy, He may show himself such a Father to me, who acknowledge myself a miserable sinner."

The death of the Great Reformer, seemed to be the signal waited for to counteract the labours of his followers. Many circumstances at the time, assisted the evil counsels of the enemy. Catherine de Medicis, who, for purposes

of state policy, for a time favoured opposition to the house of Lorraine, and encouraged the boldness of those who demanded civil rights and liberty of conscience, threw off the mask, and became a bitter and inveterate persecutor. She continued so, without cessation, to the latest period of her life.

The death of Guise and Navarre, gave to the Queen's mother the supreme power she had long desired. A parliament was held at Rouen. The king, only thirteen years of age, was declared to have attained his majority, in order that Coligny and Condé should have no excuse to interfere in matters of state. The edict of Amboise was increasing both the power and influence of the princes of the blood royal. Tumults occurred in some towns where the opposing parties were equally matched. These were reported to the young king as acts of aggression and outrage by the heretics, whose very name was a stench in his nostrils.

The education of Charles the IX. was worthy of his Florentine Mother, Nurtured in the very atmosphere of the faction of the league, every effort was strained to imbue his mind with an intense hatred of Protestantism. The scenes of blood and cruelty, which he was led to witness during the civil wars which devastated his fairest provinces, hardened a heart which was naturally cruel. For purposes of policy, he was taught to conceal his real views on many matters, until he was sufficiently powerful to carry out his fearful purposes; and as he grew to man's estate, his character became fully developed. Like every bigot, he was armed with zeal; like every coward, he was mean.

The duke of Alva, the minister of Philip of Spain, at this time was dispatched as an envoy to the court of Charles. He accompanied the youth in a tour made through the southern provinces, when Filbert Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, came to meet the king of France, and when interviews were arranged with Falutio Serbelloni, the governor of Avignon, (a city immediately under the jurisdiction of the Pope,) with the Bishop of Fermo, the vice legate and Ludorico Antinori, one of the Popes most trusted ministers. In secret conclave, it was determined that the Calvinists should be put down; the Queen of Navarre stopped in her courses against the faith; that Lyons, the great strong-hold of the Protestant party, should be overawed by a strong fortress, and that Dauphiné

should be immediately dismantled. During the remaining part of the tour, no opportunity was lost of communicating the grand designs of Philip for the crushing of the Reformation on the continent of Europe. The young king of France lent a willing ear to the wily suggestions of the proud Hidalgo.

In 1564, the edict of Roussillon repealed the edict of Amboise, and according to Pasquier, the truth was verified. "That edict took more from the Protestants in peace than force could take from them in war." The Huguenots began to despair of either justice or impartiality from the court, and recourse was immediately had to arms for redress. This second religious war broke out in September 1567. An attempt was made to seize the young king and his mother at Montceaux. They, however, escaped to Paris closely pursued by Condé and his troops.

The constable Montmorenci placed himself at the head of the royal troops, and advanced to attack his nephew who had taken up his quarters at St. Denis. The Parisian artillery were routed by the furious assault of the besiegers, and the constable of France was killed by a Scotch captain named Stuart, but the royal troops again rallied and remained masters of the field. The king's brother Henri, duke of Anjou, was proclaimed generalissimo. The Huguenot army in want of supplies retreated towards Germany, and having received reinforcements returned to Champagne and besieged Chartres. A negotiation was set on foot which ended in a treaty of peace at Longjumeau. This was called the lame peace, from the accidental lameness of the negotiators, as well as from its uncertain nature. Its conditions as regard liberty of conscience were a medium between the edicts of Amboise and Roussillon, but its engagements were never faithfully observed.

The pacification was but a hollow truce concluded by the court in the hope that the Huguenot army would be disbanded, and that the chiefs could be easily secured.

Condé and Coligny agreed to meet at Noyon in Burgundy, to consult together respecting the bad faith which was plainly exhibited towards their people.

An order for their arrest was sent to every governor in the South of France, but both escaped in safety to Rochelle, and troops soon flocked to their standard. Xaintonge, Poictou, and Tourrain submitted to them, and when the royal army approached, the Huguenots were in a condition to offer them battle, although greatly outnumbered. The disastrous engagement of Jarnac followed. The Huguenots, after performing prodigies of valour, were routed, and their heroic leader, Louis of Bourbon, the prince of Condé fell sword in hand in the very thickest of the fray. Every thing seemed lost but honour. Dismay entered into the hearts of the soldiers. The leaders were divided as to whom they should rally round, and the greatest jealousy was manifested towards Coligny. At this critical juncture, Jeanne D'Albret, queen of Navarre, won for herself immortal honour. Parting with her jewels and rings, she obtained money. Heading three thousand of the troops of Bearne, she marched to the relief of the defeated Protestants, and leading together her young son Henry and the Prince of Condé, she introduced them to the troops as their future and legitimate leaders. "Despair not," she exclaimed, "behold the new chiefs your God has sent to command you." With ardour and earnestness she proceeded to inspire them, and when the admiral, the Count de la Rochefaucaut, and the other commanders, swore fidelity to the youthful king, the soldiers caught up her enthusiasm, and with loud applause welcomed their youthful general. In a soldier-like speech, Henry immediately addressed them and promised, "To protect true religion, and to persevere constantly in the defence of the common cause, until either death or victory brought them the liberty they all desired and aimed at." In remembrance of this day, his mother had medals cast, bearing the inscription, PAX CERTA, VICTORIA INTEGRÁ, MORS HONESTA—that is, "a safe peace, a complete victory, or a glorious death;" and thus it was that Henry of Navarre placed himself at the head of the cause, and continued its leader or its secret friend until that, as Henri Quatre, he himself promulgated the edict of Nantes.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

"THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME JESUS."—Mark i. 31.

AH! Mary, thou art not suffered to name Him at thy own caprice. He has a covenant name, and an angel is sent to tell thee so. True it is that He came into this world under lowly circumstances; but his sovereignty is shown at his very birth, by the fact of an angel being sent from heaven to instruct Mary what his name should be—"Thou shalt call his name Jesus."

"Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace."

The rock on which I build. Yes, beloved, you may safely build thereon. It will not fail you, for just look at its durable components—Jesus, the Rock, "who of God is made unto us *wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption*; our *All and in all*. There's a rock for you. Now lay on it your hopes, your fears, your joys, your assurance, your peace, and confidence, it will never fail you. JESUS THY WISDOM—Hast seen thyself then in thy true light? Hast had self brought down to its legitimate level? Hast had a full view of thine own ignorance, and been led to loathe thyself, crying out, "I was pricked in my reins; so foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast before thee?" Hast seen, on the other hand, the wisdom of Jesus, beheld the contrast, and now He is keeping you in this world, meaning it to be thy schoolroom, where by his Spirit He will tutor you for a brighter and better one? JESUS THY RIGHTEOUSNESS—the very thing we poor creatures want; for if to be righteous is to be perfectly pure, just, and upright: and in this state alone can we appear without condemnation before God? we shall look in vain for the concentration of these perfections in ourselves. That we must appear before the judgment seat of God is evident. That in us dwelleth no good thing, is equally clear. How miserable then should we be if we could not lay the hand of faith upon the arm of our dear Redeemer, and though tremblingly, yet be able to say, *He is my righteousness*. This simple assurance we do from our heart believe will do to live by, and do to die by. And then again, JESUS THY SANCTIFICATION—*made unto us so*. Do mark, beloved, these three

potent little words—*made unto us*. There would be no love in making a loaf of bread for a starving man, and placing it on the top of a high pinnacle, out of his reach; but there is love when the gift is *made and bestowed*, and does not this little word *unto* show us that so is Jesus sanctification ours—applied, bestowed, possessed, and appropriated? And further, *Jesus thy redemption*. Precious fact! how it removes the weights which beset us, and cling to us, and which would fain keep us tied down to earth—to think that we are justified *through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus*. The sweet Psalmist of Israel, under the influence of its preciousness, bursts forth with "Hear this, all ye people, give ear all ye inhabitants of the world, low and high, rich and poor together, my mouth shall speak of wisdom!" Well, David, why all this exultation? What wisdom hast thou to tell us of? Why, worldly power and worldly prosperity, what is it all? None of them that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches, can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom. *For the redemption of their soul is PRECIOUS, and it ceaseth for ever*. And Jesus will do this for me; He will redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for He shall receive me. Selah! (Read 49th Psalm). Dear reader, canst thou say, Selah! to this precious fact, and join the inspired minstrel in his source of joy? What can be more delightful than to know that we are *justified freely by his grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus*. Is not then the name of Jesus a dear name, "the rock on which we build?" But He is to be, we have said, our All and in all. Is it so, beloved? Is Jesus thine All and in all—Jesus in everything? Let us just weigh these words—*all and in all*. Then it must be,

Jesus in the world—Yes, that precious name a touchstone; so that if thou goest where thou art obliged to smother it, thou hast no business there—Jesus every day and all the day. Ah, canst thou not say, beloved, "He wakeneth morning by morning; He wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned?" As thou art returning to a state of consciousness after a night of sleep, is his name first on thy lips; and the soul's response, "O Lord, in the morning early will I direct my prayer

unto thee, and will look up?" Look up to thee for fresh supplies for the day; look up to thee for divine guidance: and then when evening again returns, "I will lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou only makest me to dwell in safety." Habitual communion with Jesus, a walk by faith in this world with Jesus, what a mystery to many. Constant acquaintance with an unseen Being! strange anomaly to the world, but a precious, vital, all-important realization to the child of God; as necessary to him as his daily food: without it he sickens, sinks, and faints. So that while the language of the world is, "Let us alone, what have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of Nazareth?" the language of the Christian is, "Abide with us, we want to have everything to do with thee, thou Jesus, the Saviour of the needy." And then it must be *Jesus in the counting-house*. Ah! beloved, when thou didst have to pore over those ledgers, and count up thy losses, would any name do but *Jesus* then? Did He not visit thee in thy distress, when thou didst stagger under the load of thy difficulties? Where was the burden when thou didst find thyself at the foot of the cross, lisping that name *Jesus, precious Jesus*? Did it not drop from thy shoulders then, *though thou didst think it strapped tight enough on*. "I called upon the name of the Lord out of the low dungeon." And what was the result, crying one? "Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee, thou saidst, Fear not!" Was it not so? Did He fail then? Where did you find comfort under your losses, but by sitting under the shadow of that lovely name *Jesus*? And now that matters are flowing in easier with you, yet do you not find daily, yea, hourly the need of *Jesus*? When you start out again for another day's business, if you have not felt the power of his salvation; if it has been cold work at the family altar; if that name has not been whispered within, what a toil do the duties of life seem. And then it must be,

Jesus in the family. Can there be a proper discipline, order, and government maintained, unless this precious name be honoured among the household? Impossible. A happy family, and no *Jesus*? Impossible. There may be an assumed happiness kept up, when all are hale and hearty, and in the full swing of worldly prosperity, but when dire disease shows itself, and the rose-tinted cheek gives place to the pallid and wan countenance,

then terror seizes the inmates as they read on the wall the hand-writing of God's solemn warning—"TEKEL, TEKEL, thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." But *Jesus* honoured, loved, and revered in the family, will set all right. And further it must be,

Jesus in the closet. Ah! it is not many of the Lord's living family that are favoured with a *Cowper's closet*, or can have the hallowed privilege of seasons of retirement; for the more part engaged in the busy duties of life, amidst the ceaseless traffic of the world, their shut-up seasons with *Jesus* are on occasions the most unlikely, and at times apparently the most uncongenial. For our part, beloved, suffer us to say, that many a 'wayside note' has been pencilled to you whilst threading one's way through thronged streets, and amidst the bustle of our English railway stations. *Jesus* thereby makes up for this loss, and reminds one that the *closet* is but a *chilly cloister* without his presence. Still, closet communion, where it can be kept up, and where the retiring is accompanied with a "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," is well, and should be cherished. And then there must be,

Jesus in the church. Ah! Christian, if we read thy mind; thou canst not do without *Jesus* in the house of prayer. Thou art on the look out for Him; nothing short of *Jesus* and his salvation will satisfy thee. Thou wouldst walk miles, and thrust aside a thousand obstacles, to hear of Him; and if thou shouldst hear one talk of Him who has but a superficial knowledge of Him, thou canst detect the traitor, and loathe the ungarnished provision. But if one comes in thy midst full of the Holy Ghost, determined to set nothing before you but a full Christ, how thou dost fly like the eagle to the carcass, and art sometimes enabled to go in the strength of such meat forty days and forty nights. And then still further, must it not be,

Jesus in the hour of trial? Do we not know well, beloved, that when sorrows come, they come not singly, but in battalions. But canst thou not say, let them come, when thy Captain, thy *Jesus* is present? When He is near, can you not say, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; my confidence is in my *Jesus*, and I shall be more than conqueror through Him?" How very sweet was Ezekiel's confidence; instead of speculating as to how it was possible that the dry bones

in the valley could live, appealing to God, his response was, "Lord God, thou knowest?" How well it would be for us oftentimes to do the same! The increased intricacies of life display more and more our ignorance, our helplessness, our weakness. Our knowledge, 'tis as a broken prop; but we hang, Lord, upon thy knowledge—"Lord God, thou knowest." We rest in the inscrutable purposes of thy covenant; we commit our affairs, temporal and spiritual, into thy hands—"Lord God, thou knowest." He hath "all power in heaven," and let us not, beloved, be unmindful of the other important little words, "and on earth;" but live upon his power as well as his promises. And then again, beloved, do we not need especially Jesus, when temptations assail, when enemies surround? Oh dear child of God, do we not in a rebellious spirit think Him tardy in his deliverance. He has a purpose within a purpose for hiding himself for a short season; but only let the thraldom be plotted by an enemy of his against one of his own, and then how quick is He in his deliverance. Bear with a simile drawn from Scripture, dear reader. You have seen a poor cottager issue from her humble habitation, and wend her way to a neighbouring thicket covered with snow; and now bending down, and gathering a few sticks, she shakes the moisture from them. You have followed her into her cottage again, and beheld her throw the sticks loosely upon the dying embers, and place thereon a well-filled pot. How quick now the kindled thorns emit a curling flame around that pot, surely nothing can be quicker than the rising of that fire. Yes, beloved, Jehovah's deliverance is quicker, for David tells us that *before*—mark, "*Before your pots can feel the thorns, he shall take thine enemies away.*" Is not his name Jesus, then, a continual Saviour? Well then, we want Him again when in the order of his providence He sees fit to deprive us of earthly gratifications; bereaved you may be of these, but never will be bereaved of Him. He ever lives,

"Though all thy flocks and herds were dead,
Thy soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is thy living bread."

"Thou know'st not what may soon betide,
Or how thy wants will be supplied,
But Jesus knows and will provide."

And then again, must it not be—
Jesus in the chamber of sickness. Thou

canst not do without Him, Christian there. He may be "breaking thee with breach upon breach," and bringing thee so low as that thou feelest that all that remains to thee is *thine own length of clay*, and that, too, is giving way fast. All's well, Christian, all's well; the soul is becoming unfettered, and even though the time be drawing near when ye must yield up the little that remains, in the hour of death He will redeem thy life from the terror of the grave. Read his own gracious assertion, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee: for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." And then, beloved, the sweet climax of it all will be—

Jesus in heaven. Ah! there we shall see Him as He is, without a veil between. Shut in for ever with Jesus; there—

"Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace,
Thy glory shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name."

Looking for ever upon Jesus—hallowed prospect! When a poor old saint was asked by his wife whether he thought he should know her in heaven? he replied, "I know nothing about that, Betty. *I shall know Him, and I don't think I can spare a moment out of a thousand years in eternity to look at you, Betty.*" Well, then, dear reader, here are the points that have been brought before us in our monthly communication to you. First, Jesus, precious Jesus, the ground of our hope, our confidence, and our joy, "who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." And, secondly, Jesus our All and in all, as applied to the circumstances of everyday life. Is it so with you? that amidst all the varied phases of life, Jesus is precious, Jesus is foremost, Jesus is the hidden spring; that his name is above every other name to you: that these five unctuous letters J-E-S-U-S, are engraven upon your heart. Surely it was his own loving hand that placed them there. Oh, then, live upon Him still. He will do to live by, He will do to die by. Our hope, our confidence, our stronghold, our peace, our faith, all, all is centred in this word Jesus. As ye have received Christ, beloved, so walk ye in Him

May the Spirit of the living God grant
that it may be so with us, is the prayer
of,

Yours in Him,

G. C.

5, *Oliver Terrace West,*
Boh Road, London,
May 1st, 1857.

JESUS.

There is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon his child;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

GOD'S WORK AMONG THE KARENS.

(Concluded from page 342.)

Now is all this only the wild fanciful
painting of an enthusiast? Read the
Official Report of the Commissioner of
Pegu, Major Phayre, to the Government
of India:—

"The beneficial effects of a sound education
imparted to a tribe which up to within
twenty years had no written language, are in-
calculable. The Karens have been raised in
the scale of civilization, and many of this
race are employed with credit to themselves
in responsible situations under Government.
The whole system for their improvement
which has been planned and carried out by the
Missionaries, reflects upon them the highest
credit.

"In the district of Tounghoo, the Karens
hitherto unknown, have been brought under
instruction, chiefly through the influence of
Sau Quala, himself an educated Karen. Two
educated men of this race are also employed
in the Government service as Agents among
the wild tribes, to stop by moral influences
their cruel wars, which are undertaken to ob-
tain slaves. These agents have effected much
good. * * * * *

The Karen language was not a written one,
until about twenty years ago, when a modi-
fication of the Burmese alphabet was adapted
to it by the American Baptist Missionaries.
Since then, thousands of that people have
learnt to read their own tongue.

"The actual number of Christian converts
among the Karens, in the province of Pegu,
is 10,322 persons. These, with their fami-
lies, make a probable number of 50,000 souls
under instruction, or Christian influence.

And how is the work carried on, by
this Sau Quala and his fellow-labourers?
Let the following brief records in their

own simple words, attest the large and
loving, but childlike spirit which is ani-
mating these disciples, and shame the
lukewarmness and selfishness of our more
ancient Churches.

The preacher Sau Quala writes:—

"Because God has showed my work, I reat
not. I go up the mountains and down the
valleys, hither and thither—one day in a place,
one night in a place continually; still
I know that I do the work of God
imperfectly, and my heart is exceed-
ingly sad. Some come to me from a distance
and reprove me saying, 'Teacher, thou sayest
thou hast come to exhort men, and thou hast
not been to our stream, to our land. Dost
thou not love us?' Then I feel unable to
open my mouth, for I know when the judg-
ment day arrives that many who know not
God will charge sin upon me, and I can only
stammer. Therefore though my flesh be
tolerably comfortable, I count that as nothing.
I desire that the kingdom of God be establish-
ed all over the land of Tounghoo, more than
I express, and among the mankillers, far be-
yond words. Because God has given evidence
that he purposes to save them, my heart is
strong, though my flesh is weak. Brethren,
teachers, and teacheresses, pray for me!"

Another Karen preacher writes:—

"When we travel among the Heathen we
are sometimes starved, sometimes sick, some-
times houseless by night. Then our hearts
are troubled. Why is it so? Brethren, it is
because we have little love. We ought to
think of the Lord Jesus, who was full of love.
He ruled over all things; and it was proper
for him to exalt himself above all: yet he did
no such thing. How did he exhibit his love?"

Oh now he hungered for forty days, now he suffered till he sweat great drops of blood—and then he died—and for us, all for us. O what love was that of our Lord! Brethren, we ought to think of these things more, and arm ourselves by prayer and *work*. We must go among the heathen and *labour*, and then we must pray as the disciples did on the day of Pentecost, until the Spirit be poured out, and all these nations become Christians.”

And this spirit is not manifested by the men alone. A Karen assistant went up from Bassein to Toung-hoo, and was located by Sau Quala in a village where his labours were much blessed. His wife wrote thus of her part :

“Originally I lived in the land of Bassein, and while there I saw on the fifth of last April, a company of Rangoonese approaching me. They brought me a letter from my husband in Toung-hoo, who wrote, I must go up and join him, for he said, ‘Here is place to work.’ So I started with my mother, we two travelling alone, till reaching Rangoon, where we were joined by ten other men and women, and we all travelled together. At Swayen a part of our company left us taking a boat to Toung-hoo, but I kept on by land, and in the latter part of our journey we were left quite alone again. So soon as I arrived at my husband’s village in safety, the children all came about me, and I commenced at once to teach them to read. The children learn with difficulty, and the women, whom I try to instruct to the best of my ability, do not understand much. Indeed I do not understand much myself, having studied but little. I am often very sorrowful when I think of my deficiency in explaining things to them, and setting them an example. But I trust in God; my confidence in Him never fails. To the best of my ability I endure patiently, and labour in earnest with unceasing effort. Therefore, dear brethren and sisters, to whatever Churches you belong, I entreat you to remember me in your prayers. But more than this, I desire that men and women everywhere, may offer united prayer that the kingdom of God may spread abroad, and come before all other things quickly, throughout the whole earth.”

But perhaps all this is only the effect of novelty, curiosity, and altered circumstances, on an imaginative people? It does not seem so! In the Bassein district the Karen converts, poor as they are, subscribed last year to the Mission more than £500. That was proof of some kind of earnestness at any rate; and the disciples were equally liberal in Rangoon in proportion to their numbers. Moreover the depth of their convictions has been evidenced by constancy under

persecution. The following is a letter from a man who was scourged and imprisoned for the Gospel’s sake in Pegu, before it was annexed. It is translated from the Christian vernacular periodical called the ‘Morning Star’ :—

“While I was suffering in the hands of the Burmans I felt courageous and happy in God. How I should feel another time I am unable to say, for no man knows his own heart. When I was tied up, and they were about to beat me, they said, ‘Assemble the people together no more. Do what you do in your own house alone; if we find you going about again as we have done, we will kill you.’”

“After I was liberated and had returned into the country, Sau Shai Kyan wrote me, ‘Brother Swa-po, grace to thee from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ! I have heard of thy sufferings, and that our Lord Jesus Christ revealed his power in thee. Because thou didst suffer for the sake of Christ, I prayed for thee to God incessantly; and when I heard that thou didst publicly make known the things which pertain to our Lord, I rejoiced greatly.’ Subsequently my mother heard that the Burmans were coming to seize me again, and she was very sorrowful. She said to me, Son, do run away. Stay here no longer. I replied, ‘We suffer on account of our sins. I will not go away, it would not be right. Should I go, why only one would be delivered! Trust in God, mother, and go boldly to Him in prayer. Formerly we had no books; now if I die on account of our books, I can die happy in the hands of Burmans. Happy also to live. Let it be according to the will of God. If it pleases God that I should die, I am ready to die. I am not a thief. Were I to die on account of some wicked deed, there would be reason for apprehension, but if I die, I shall die for God, so there is no reason to fear. And as our Lord rose again to life, so also shall I rise again to life.’ So I replied to my mother. These persecutions do not destroy the faith; on the contrary, they establish it. A large number of households have become believers the present season.”

And here again is a tale told by a Heathen, a Burman Doctor, who saw a Karen preacher gain the crown of martyrdom :

“Thagua, pastor of the White Book People in the vicinity of Bassein, was taken by the Burman Magistrate on the accusation of having called in the English to take their country. They seized him and his son, and struck him 30 lashes on his way to prison.

“The son they struck 25 lashes; a nephew also was beaten. They took him to the Governor, and paid 30 Rs. to the ruler.

“Now these Burmans were agreed in kill-

ing all the disciples, but waited a little to get money. They said to the Governor, 'These White Book men will come and kill you, as they did the Chiefs in Rangoon.' The Governor then said, 'Seize them!' So they seized the pastor and 40 of his people, and hooked them together with iron hooks. Then they liberated the old men, and told them to go and get 130 Rs., and they should be free again. The elders did so, and paid the 130 Rs., but the Burman Kala did not free them, but hooked them again. The next day he dragged out *Thagua* the pastor, and struck him twice; then pressed him between bamboos, then tied him by the neck into a mango tree, his hands tied behind to the trunk of the tree: *Thagua* cried out, 'My lord, my lord, do you kill me?' Kala answered, 'Give me 170 Rs., and you shall be freed.' *Thagua* replied, 'I have no silver, my lord.'

"The Magistrate answered, 'The disciples give you 100Rs. a year.

"No, my lord, they never gave me so much.'

"Then said Kala to the disciples, 'Give his ransom, and take your leader, and all shall be peace. If not, we will slaughter him.'

"The disciples said, 'My lord, if his life may be spared, we will give the money.' The 170 Rs. was given, but still they did not free him.

"Then Kala led them back to the village of Patan, and gave the pastor into the hands of the Judge. This Judge hauled out the teacher, and reviled, saying, 'If your God is Almighty, bid Him take you out of these hooks.'

"*Thagua* replied, 'If the Eternal God does not now save me from your hands, He will save me eternally in the world to come.'

"The Judge asked, 'How do you know that?'

"*Thagua* replied, 'God's Holy Book tells me so---and it is true.'

"The Judge replied, 'Yes, you teach the people this book, and because you are able, talented, and cunning, the White Men come and take our country.'

"Then the Judge himself fell upon him with rage, and beat him with the elbow severely. Then hooked him with five pairs of hooks, then ordered him back to prison.

"Three days after, the Judge again dragged up *Thagua*, and said, 'Your God, you say, He can save you. Read his book before me now.'

"*Thagua* replied, 'Though I read, you will not believe, but persecute me still. But the Eternal God, my Judge and your Judge---the Lord Jesus Christ---He will save me.'

"Command Him, then, to save you from my hands now,' said the Burman.

"The chief Judge then beat him, with a cudgel as large as his wrist, thirty blows, then ordered him back to prison with very little rice. Two days after, Kala went to this Judge, and *Thagua* asked him, 'My Lord, what do you?' 'Kill you every one,' he replied, and kicked him as a horse kicks. Then said *Thagua*, 'We cannot live,' and dropped his head.

"Then said Kala to the Judge, 'Kill these men, and I will give you a viss of silver.'

"'If I kill them, I cannot endure the punishment (as the consequences)'" said the Judge, but took the silver.

"A day or two after, Kala went and gave him 50 Rs. more, but the Judge said, 'If you will marry your daughter to my son, I will kill them.'

"Then Kala replied, 'Brother, I will marry them.'

"Then the Judge said, 'If I do not destroy them, the Whites will come and take our lands, and kill us every one.' Then he scourged pastor *Thagua* three times.

"*Thagua* said:

"If, because I worship God, you torture me, kill me at once, I entreat you.'

"They then took him, struck him sixty times, then fastened him to a cross, shot him---embowelled him---and cut him in three pieces.

"Five days after, the disciples were liberated, and the English entered Bassein."

Certainly this looks like reality! "By their fruits ye shall know them." What need we more? But much more *can* be told, and we believe will be. Let this however now suffice.

Beloved Christian brethren, "think of these things." Lift up your hearts. Oh, remember how many righteous men have longed to see this day, and have not seen it; how many, if they were alive now, would give their all, and give themselves to prosper and aid this cause: and how many may now be rejoicing with the angels in heaven, over these sinners repenting! And shall our hearts be cold and careless? Shall we pass by on the other side? No, "thanks be to God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ," we have learned better things, and the law of love points to a more excellent way. We desire to help on so glorious a work. We desire to pray, to sympathize, and to give *all* we can. We look for greater things; we are waiting in faith and confidence; and warmest affections are flowing forth to the honoured brethren, who are feeding these hungering souls with the bread of life, and who are with them, approving themselves as the Ministers of God, "in much patience, in afflictions,

in necessities, in distresses, in labours, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true, as unknown and yet well-known, as dying, and behold they live, as chastened and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things!" (2nd Cor. vi. 4-10).

There are many in Calcutta who will thankfully transmit help to these brethren, and this Mission; but as, recently, two have been more particularly engaged in doing so, we may mention Mr. M. Wylie, and Mr. R. Scott Moncrieff, to whom all contributions destined for the work may at any time be forwarded; and friends at home may subscribe in London, through Mr. W. H. Dalton, 28, Cockspur Street, or Messrs. Spencer and Budden, 48, Fenchurch Street. And may the hearts of many be made willing to show sympathy, not with the Karens merely, or the Missionaries only, but chiefly with the gracious Lord

Himself, who is evidently in this Mission, manifesting his gracious, and sovereign, and life-giving power! It is His Work! He has prepared the people; He has sent the Mission. He also prepared the Missionaries, and has enabled them to continue to this day, and it is his simple Gospel which has won this victory, and conquered a nation which was never subdued before. And not less has He encouraged and instructed all who profess and call themselves Christians, by this wonderful exhibition of that Gospel's power. We hear of forms and ceremonies, of doubts and fears, and men hesitate to cast themselves in simplicity on the Lord. They fancy that they must make themselves more worthy; they must try other means, and build up a righteousness of their own, although the Gospel tells them of a finished work, and this glorious illustration of its efficacy shows them the Heathen pressing into the kingdom of God before them. Oh, let us all be persuaded to follow; to cast away all vain excuses, all dishonouring doubts of the sufficiency of God's own method, all worthless schemes of the natural heart's devising, and go straight to Him who stands and cries, "If any man thirsts, let him come unto me and drink!"

SABBATH REST.

WHAT a depth of benevolence this institution makes manifest! What beneficence it displays! The will and good pleasure of the God of love going forth in a wonderful significant ordinance, at once grateful to man, and inducive of his praise and gratitude to the Author of such a blessing. How graciously its regular return gives a halting-place to the world-harassed soul, to pause and shake off the dust and pollution which it gathers, in its contact with the cares and labours of life, even as the weary labourer is enabled by the recurrence of this day to lay aside his working-clothes, and come forth for a few hours in comely attire, unstained by the curse under which he earns his daily bread in the sweat of his brow. Instituted at the first by the Lord God Almighty, to commemorate the completion of the display of his wisdom and power in creation: afterwards ordained a sign between Him and His covenant-people, to distinguish them by its observance, from the heathen, who did not choose to keep Him in remembrance, but gave themselves up to wor-

ship the creature instead of the Creator.

When the fulness of time was come, and Jehovah accomplished that marvel, "The new thing that He created in the earth;" and Jesus, that "Holy thing, born of a virgin, by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost," had done and suffered all that was afore appointed to be done and suffered by Him, and had entered into his rest; the change of the day specially set apart to God's service, to the first day of the week, in commemoration of his resurrection, received the marked sanction of our Lord, by his personal presence, in his revived and raised body among his disciples then assembled for the breaking of bread and prayer. This is the day which our laws, in this highly-favoured land, preserve to us in a great measure, unpolluted by the godless and profane. There are direct and distinct promises of temporal blessings to the land, of which the godless and profane in that land share as well as the God-fearing saints, who enjoy the spiritual privileges, which the observance of this day secured to them.

“AND HE BEGAN TO BE SORE AMAZED.”

[MARK xiv. 33.]

Now, my soul, approach the olive garden; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground; it is in the presence of the Captain of the host of the Lord. Night has closed around the scene; yet, there behold the Man of sorrows; and forget not, He sorrowed for thee: see Him alone, with the three disciples, conscious that some sorrows, too big for utterance, were now to be endured; some terrific storm about to burst on his devoted head; presently He withdrew a bit from them, with the affectionate request, that they would watch with Him; but before He does so, the burning drops of the tempest were upon Him, and He is “amazed,” sore amazed, quite astonished. See here his perfect manhood; the anguish opened upon Him by degrees. But what was that which surprised the Son of God? Oh, who can speak of it? It was Almighty wrath, the anguish whereof drank up his spirit! Now He could say, “I am afflicted, and ready to die, from my youth up; while I suffer thy terrors, I am distracted; thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off.”

Now He was to be *made sin* for all his elect—that immaculate Lamb, who *knew no sin*.

Was it not this, too, which astounded Him? (2 Cor. v. 21.) Not made sin-offering—but *sin*. So in Rom. viii. 3, “God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh” (or, of the sin of the flesh).

Oh, mystery unfathomable! the pure and holy Jesus representing sin!

Doth not this well account for his amazement?

He was now to be dealt with, not so much as a sinner, but as sin itself.

Ah, we wonder not it wrung the blood from his pores—to drink that cup! to come into contact with that abominable thing his soul hated! to be reckoned, not merely with the transgressor, but as the *transgression* itself!

Oh, this was why there was no mercy shown; no mitigation of his agonies! At this surely it was He wondered; it was something so strange, so new, so unfathomable, so heart-rending; it brought the relentless storm; it ex-

posed Him to unutterable woes: the wrath of the Almighty burnt against Him, and could only be quenched in his death: and “*He died unto sin, once.*”

The flaming sword of justice was sheathed in that body that represented sin.

The insults of men, the bruising by the devil, the pain of every limb and every nerve, these were but as the drops of that hurricane which ravaged his soul, and which compelled Him to cry, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

Had He not cause, then, to be *amazed* in Gethsemane?

Can we visit that hallowed spot, and not be amazed too?

Oh, if the Spirit take us by the hand, and lead us a little way into those sufferings, how blessed shall we be! If He show us how the Surety stood for the elect—how Jehovah made to meet on Him the iniquity of us all—how, like Aaron (Lev. xvi. 21), He put the sins of the Church on Christ’s Head, and then reckoned Him *the sin*; and if the Eternal Spirit give us to see, and to say, *My guilt* was there, *my sin* was then punished and atoned for, oh, then there is peace to the soul, for He died unto sin, that *the body of sin might be destroyed*.

And what are the *results* of Christ’s amazement? They reach into eternity, yet are known in time.

God’s elect people, given to Christ before all time, had fallen in Adam, not partially, but entirely (Isa. i. 6; Ps. liii.; Gen. vi. 5).

Before the sight of a pure, holy God, they were but as a mass of sin, just as we see ourselves, when taught by the Spirit, i. e., that every thought of the natural heart is corrupt; but they were to be restored; hence the Surety would become *sin*, “that they might be made *the righteousness of God* in Him.”

Oh, what a thorough salvation has Jesus wrought out!—The whole elect seed is now as righteous in God’s sight as God Himself!

Oh, thou bleeding Lamb, let us stay to admire, adore, and be astonished.

And, in consequence of this righteousness being theirs, they cannot fail to get to glory at last. In this righteous-

ness they sit down on Christ's throne, and spend, with Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit, a never-ending heaven of bliss.

But what are the *present* results of Christ being made sin? It is that believers are dead with Christ, "Knowing this—that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin."

This, then, is the blessed condition of God's elect. And they become actual partakers of the blessing at the new-birth. At the baptism of the Spirit, they actually die to sin—are buried with Christ—and rise again to newness of life: and though the corrupt nature, inherited from Adam, still remains, and *will never improve*, yet is it thenceforth *crucified*,

and believers find, in the cross of Christ, power to crucify it, and they do crucify it, day by day, for the incorruptible seed is in them, and "they cannot sin, because they are born of God." "The elder shall serve the younger."

It is not perfection in the flesh; this power over sin consists with fightings without, and fears within—groanings which cannot be uttered—longings for full deliverance: and at death, every vestige of corruption shall be done away; the body of sin in the believer expires, never again to stir.

Let us, then, away to Gethsemane, for there, and there only, shall we conquer.

Let us ponder *his* amazement, till we are lost in wonder, love, and praise:

A SERVANT OF THE CHURCH.

"I AM THE WAY."—JOHN XIV. 6.

(Continued from page 314.)

WE may observe, that—

1. *Jesus is the truth*—the reality and substance—of all the ancient sacrifices. Animal sacrifice, of which we read so much in the Old Testament Scriptures, was undoubtedly of Divine institution. This we might have concluded even had the fact itself not been revealed to us, inasmuch as we may safely assert, that it was a mode of worship which man would never have invented for himself. The very *idea* of vicarious sacrifice is altogether opposed to the thoughts and inclinations of man; for if it signify anything, it must signify what man is loath and unwilling to admit; it is a confession not only that he is guilty—that he has offended against Divine Justice, but also, that unless that Justice is appeased and *appeased by another*, he is obnoxious to the severest punishment. Now all this is utterly repugnant to the proud self-righteous heart of man; and hence we find that the natural man, represented by Cain, would rather bring his natural-fruits—the "first-fruits" of his own labour and skill—as "an offering unto the Lord;" while only the heaven-taught Abel brings "the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof," as a more fitting sacrifice to be offered "by faith" in the True Sacrifice to come, (Gen. iv. 1—5. of Heb. xi. 4).

This rite of animal sacrifice was instituted, as we have every reason to suppose, immediately after the fall of our first parents had taken place, and the first promise of the Redeemer had been given; for we read in the 3rd chapter of Genesis, that "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make *coats of skins*, and clothed them" (verse 21). And whence came these skins? They were not the skins of animals killed in the chase, for we have no reason to suppose that flesh formed any part of man's food previous to the deluge; (see Gen. ix. 3,) nor does it seem reasonable to suppose that at that early period, when by reason of their fewness, the lives of animals were exceedingly valuable, they were killed solely for their skins, substitutes for which God could doubtless have provided. They must have been then, as the most eminent commentators have understood, *the skins of animals which had been slain in sacrifice*; and if so, the clothing of Adam and Eve with them becomes indeed most instructive and significant in a typical point of view.

That sacrifice was, to the Jews at least, a divinely-appointed mode of worship, we learn from Gen. xv. 9: and in a very remarkable passage in the book of Leviticus, we are told, "It is the *blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev.

xvii. 11): and doubtless it is in allusion to this passage, that the apostle Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews, remarks, "And almost all things are by the (Levitical) law purged with blood; and *without shedding of blood is no remission*" (Heb. ix. 22). Now surely these are most strange and startling statements; "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul"—"Without shedding of blood is no remission!" For *what blood is meant?* Evidently it is the blood of bulls, of goats, of lambs, and of doves. And how could these make atonement for the soul? The answer is, not by any real and inherent efficacy, but merely in a ceremonial and typical sense. Oh, no, beloved; as the poet says—

"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain."

There is no connexion between the things. How can material animal blood have anything to do with moral evil? There is no connexion between the things, I say again. How can the shed blood of a bullock or a lamb atone for man's sin? It is simply, morally, utterly impossible. An inspired Apostle has told us so,—"*It is not possible*," says Paul,—mark, I beseech you the force of the expression,—"*It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin*" (Heb. x. 4). "Thinkest thou," asks Jehovah himself, in the 50th Psalm, "that I will eat bull's flesh, or drink the blood of goats? Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most Highest" (Ps. l. 13, 14, Old Version). But why then, you may ask, were they instituted? Why were such torrents of blood poured out from day to day, and from year to year, upon Jehovah's altar? Because though these sacrifices were *in themselves nothing*, they were most significant, most necessary, yea, most acceptable to God, *figures and types* of the death and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ. Of all these sacrifices Christ was the pervading aim—the meaning—the *truth*. The spiritually-minded Israelite, when he saw the blood of the animal poured out upon the altar, looked beyond it to the Great Sacrifice which alone is able to atone for, and take away, sin. When Abel offered up his lamb, he did so with faith—I do not say how strong or how clear—but still with *faith* in the Lamb of God which should take away the sins of the world. When

Abraham offered up his bullocks and his rams, he did so looking beyond them to *Christ* whose day "he saw, and was glad." While David, rising up apparently into clearer light and more evangelical experience, exclaims, "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise" (Ps. li. 16, 17).

Jesus, then, is the truth of all these ancient sacrifices. They were but types of which He is the Antitype; they were shadows of which He is the Substance; they were but figures of which He is the Reality. To regard them as anything more than this is to make the cross of Christ of none effect; for if these sacrifices could have taken away sin, "they would not have ceased to be offered," nor need they have been superseded by that "one offering of himself once offered," whereby Christ hath "*perfected for ever them that are sanctified*" (Heb. x. 14). It is, moreover, to dishonour God by supposing him to take a hideous delight in the reckless destruction of life, and an idle waste of blood; and it is to degrade his Temple, "every whit" of which was vocal with his glory* into a wretched, blood-bedabbled slaughter-house. Oh, no, beloved, Jesus is the truth of all these sacrifices; they were but voices crying in the wilderness, "*Behold the Lamb of God*," and as such they most significantly kept before the eyes of the worshippers of Jehovah, *Him* who was their fulness and their end.

2. But again: *Jesus is the truth*—the reality and the substance—of the whole ceremonial law. Animal sacrifice was, as we have seen, the first, and until the call of Abraham and the institution of circumcision, the *only* sacrament of the early Church. But after the exodus of Israel out of Egypt, God was pleased to give his people, by the hand of their great lawgiver Moses, what is called the ceremonial or Levitical law. "Our fathers," said Stephen, in his memorable address recorded in the 7th chapter of the Acts, "had the tabernacle of witness in the wilderness, as (God) had appointed, speaking unto Moses, that he should make it according to the fashion that he had seen" (Acts vii. 44): and it is, I apprehend, with special, though not *exclusive* reference to this ceremonial law, that John says, "The law was given by Moses, but the grace and the truth came

* See Psalm xxix. 9, marginal reading.

by Jesus Christ." (John i. 17). Of this law, *sacrifice* was still the centre thought and the most prominent feature; but instead of the rude simplicity which had characterized the ordinance before, the sacrifices now were not only greatly multiplied, and the most minute directions given as to the time, mode, and manner in which they were to be offered, but they were embodied in a complex ritual, the exact performance of which was committed to a chosen and numerous priesthood. In fact the offerings of the Levitical law, differed from the primitive sacrifices, much as the massive and elaborate brazen altar in the tabernacle differed from the rude pile of unhewn stones upon which "the world's grey fathers" were wont to offer them.

Still, of all this elaborate ritual, of all these burdensome ceremonies, of all Levi's rites, and offerings, and feasts, and priests, and tabernacle—*Jesus was the truth!* It was but a grand panorama of Christ in his wonderful person, his glorious work, his covenant offices, and his gracious character. It was but a series of models, taken from the great original Christ: not models of Him *as a whole* but *in detail*, for in the types and shadows of this law, as it has been quaintly but strikingly said, "God takes his Son to pieces:" now He shows us a glimpse of his person—now a portion of his work—now some one of his great covenant offices—now some gracious feature of his character. For in truth Christ is too vast and glorious an object to be represented *at once*, or *as a whole*, by any earthly type, and therefore it was absolutely necessary that He should be seen in detail, and in such sort as these poor carnal types and ordinances could adumbrate Him.

Thus Christ was the Lamb of the morning and evening sacrifice, even the lamb of which Abraham spake, when he said, "God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering" (Gen. xxii. 8): He was the red heifer burned without the camp, whose ashes "sanctified to the purifying of the flesh" (Heb. ix. 13): He was the scape-goat, who bore the iniquities of the children of Israel into the land of forgetfulness; and He too was the living bird dipt in its fellow's blood, and giving life by his death. Christ was also at once the Altar, the Victim, and the Priest: when the High Priest offered the sweet incense upon the golden altar, clad in his robes of glory and beauty, he prefigured Christ, whose all-prevailing inter-

cession rises up for ever before the Throne; and when, once a year, the same High Priest entered "not without blood" into the Holiest of all, he was still but the type of Him who by his own blood has entered into the holy place not made with hands, even heaven itself, "now to appear in the presence of God for us" (Heb. ix. 24). Of all this ceremonial law then,—of all its complicated rites, of all its gorgeous ceremonies, of all its types, and shadows, and symbols,—Jesus is the truth. "The lustre of the victims of Levi," it has been beautifully said, "was borrowed from the Cross: their significance, their interpretation, is found in the Cross of Christ. He was the archetypal victim—they were shadows only to signify Him." The proof of this is plain. These sacrifices began in Paradise the moment that Christ was declared, and they ceased on Calvary the moment that Christ died. They were buried with Christ in his grave—only Christ rose, and all the sacrifices of Levi remained behind. And in Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, which is in fact an inspired commentary on Leviticus, we read, "For the (ceremonial) law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image (or truth) of the things, can never with those sacrifices which they offered year by year continually make the comers thereunto perfect. For then, would they not have ceased to be offered? because that the worshippers once purged should have had no more conscience of sins. But in these sacrifices there is a remembrance again made of sins every year. For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins. Wherefore when He (i. e. Christ) cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me: in burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast no pleasure. Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me), to do thy will, O God. Above when he said, Sacrifice and offering and burnt-offering and offering for sin thou wouldst not, neither hadst pleasure therein; which are offered by the law; Then said he, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God. He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second. *By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified*" (Heb. x. 1, —10, 14).

reality and substance—of the sacraments and ordinances of the Christian dispensation. As He was the truth of the Mosaic type, so also is He the truth of the Christian sacrament. The Lord's Supper of the present, differs indeed from the animal sacrifice of the preceding dispensation, mainly in being *retrospective* instead of *prospective*. Of the latter it might have been said, "Do this in *anticipation* of me," just as of the former it is said, "Do this in *remembrance* of me:" while of the one as truly as of the other it might have been added, "*As oft as ye do this* (whether the act be the slaying of a lamb, or the partaking of bread and wine) *ye do show the Lord's death till he come.*" They resemble each other also in this, that neither of them possess any *inherent efficacy* in themselves. There is no more transforming power in the water of baptism, than there was in the rite of circumcision; nor is there any more inherent efficacy in the elements of the Lord's Supper, than there was in the blood of the slain lamb. Of the one, even as of the other, *Jesus is the truth*. Destitute of Christ, sacraments are but empty forms, rites and ordinances are but stagnant and muddy pools, yea, the Bible itself is but a thing of ink and paper. Oh, beloved, profession, sacraments, ordinances, all are nothing, worse than nothing—they are an awful delusion, a soul-destroying snare—without Christ. What is the sepulchre to weeping Mary, if they have taken away her Lord? What is the cross of wood without the bleeding Saviour? What is the type without the antitype—the sign without the grace—the shadow without the substance—the ordinance without the life? You may have been baptised "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" month after month the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper may pass your lips; the open Bible may be ever in your hand, and the Gospel trumpet ringing in your ears; and yet you may be without the truth, and yet you may be feeding on ashes, wandering amongst shadows,—utterly destitute of Him who is the substance, the reality, and the truth. Oh, be very sure of this—Jesus is the truth. It is Christ in the heart that makes the Christian; it is Christ in the sacrament that gives it efficacy; it is Christ in the ordinance that makes it a well of living water; it is Christ in the sermon that clothes it with power and energy; it is Christ in

powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." We would reiterate this truth in every possible form; we would ring it in your ears, beloved, that haply in God's sovereign mercy, it may come with divine power to some poor soul bound hand and foot in the grave-clothes of formalism, and be as the Son of God, saying, "Loose *hine*, and let him go!" Christ, then, is the jewel; creeds, and sacraments, and ordinances are but the casket. "*The body is of Christ.*" And yet, alas, how many keep the casket all their life, spending their days in admiring the beauty of its workmanship, the elegance of its form, and its exact adaptation to its use,—and yet never, never open it to see whether the jewel is safe within! And yet all depends on this: if the "pearl of great price" is indeed within, then the value of the casket is truly inestimable; but if it be not, the casket is but a poor worthless box which we may give to children to play with. Oh, then, how needful is it,—especially in this day when so many are substituting the form for the substance, and the sacrament for the Saviour,—to take good heed to Paul's solemn admonition to the Colossians;—"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power." "Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holy-day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days. Which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ. Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary (or wilful) humility and worshipping of angels, intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffing up his fleshly mind, and not holding the Head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God. Wherefore if ye be dead with Christ from the rudiments of the world, why, as though living in the world, are ye subject to ordinances?" (Col. ii. 6—10, 16—20). "*For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature.* And as many as walk, according to this rule, peace be on them and mercy and upon the Israel of God" (Gal. vi. 15, 16).

4. But again: *Jesus is the truth*—the reality and substance—*of the Moral Law of Mount Sinai*. This will, we doubt not, appear a somewhat startling assertion to some readers; but, nevertheless we are persuaded that it is as true as the former proposition—that He is the truth of the *Ceremonial Law*. In the moral law, delivered at Mount Sinai in the form of the decalogue or ten commandments, and engraven then and there by the finger of God, on two tables of stone,—only because it had been almost erased by the fall from the fleshly table of man's heart, where it had originally, at his creation, been written by the same Divine finger,—and afterwards condensed by the Lord Jesus into the “two great commandments,” “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind:” and “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself” (Matt. xxii. 37, 39). In this law, we repeat, we have have not only a revelation of God's just and righteous will, and a transcript, as it were, of his own holiness; but we have, at the same time, *a pattern of human perfection*. “The man that doeth these things,” we are told, “shall live by them:” because the man who did these things—who kept this law in every point, in its spirit as well as its letter—would be *a perfect man*; he would approximate, as nearly as it is possible for any mere creature to do, to the holiness and righteousness of God. But then, man never has kept the law: Paul declares by inspiration, that “all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. iii. 23): and again, that “sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned,” (Rom. v. 12). “As it is written, there is none righteous, no, not one: there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God” (Rom. iii. 10–12, 19). And what is the practical—the inevitable—conclusion which the Apostle arrives at? “Therefore by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in (God's) sight,” (Rom. iii. 20). But “wherefore then,” it may be asked, “serveth the law?” what

is its end? Is it an impracticable rule, which must ever remain unfulfilled? Is it merely that which God designed, but was not able to effect? No, beloved, perish the thought. As written at first upon man's heart, it may indeed be well nigh worn away by sin; as engraven on the stony tables, it may be dashed in pieces before the golden calf; but God has another copy still, which neither men or devils can touch, *it is safe within the ark of the covenant*, and covered by the golden mercy-seat; it is written in the heart of Jesus, it is embodied in his life;—“Lo, I come,” he says, “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*,” (Ps. xl. 7, 8). Oh, yes; Jesus is the truth of it. He is its fulness, its substance, and its end. In Him alone it is “magnified and made honourable.” He fills the pattern in all its height, and length, and breadth: He fits into its minutest ramifications, and in Him it receives its sublimest accomplishment. *Christ is the Christian's living law, and he has no other*: he serves no longer the dead letter written upon stones, but the living breathing spirit as it shines forth in the life of Christ. As far as the Christian is concerned, the law of Sinai is dead; the Original is come, and the pattern is broken up; the law of the two tables is superseded by the law manifested in Christ. “For, saith the Apostle, “Christ is the end”—Mark, not the beginning, not the finishing, but the end,—“of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth,” (Rom. x. 4). If Paul does not teach us this in the 7th chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, language has no meaning;—“know ye not,” he asks, “brethren, (for I speak to them that know the law,) how that the law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth? For the woman which hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband so long as he liveth, but if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. So then if, while her husband liveth, she be married to another man, she shall be called an adulteress: but if her husband be dead, she is free from that law: so that she is no adulteress, though she be married to another man. Wherefore, my brethren, *ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ*; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that ye should bring forth fruit unto God. For when we were in the flesh, the motions of sins, which were by

the law, did work in our members to bring forth fruit unto death. But now we are delivered from the law, *that being dead wherein we were held*; that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter," (Rom. vii. 1-7). How plain and simple is all this if we will but understand it. And how conclusively does it demonstrate the truth of what has been asserted,—that Christ is the truth, the reality and substance, while the moral law of Mount Sinai—like the ceremonial law—was but the pattern and the type. Or, as John expresses it, that "The law (moral as well as ceremonial) was given by Moses, but the grace and the truth (of both) came by Jesus Christ," (John i. 17).

5. Once more: *Jesus is the truth—the reality and substance—of all things.* This is indeed a large assertion, beloved, and may seem to require some explanation. It may perhaps be thought that we are hunting an idea to death—that we are stretching the truth beyond its due limits. We believe not, we believe we are not putting upon the blessed words we are unfolding an iota of meaning too much. By "the law and the testimony," however, we desire all that is said to be judged, and whatever is not found in accordance with it, we would beseech you to reject. But what do we mean, it may be asked, by Christ's being the truth of all things? We mean, beloved, nothing less than this;—*that every object in nature is a hieroglyph of Christ, and that the entire scroll of creation is thus written over with the record of his glories.* Do not mistake us: we mean not that the natural man can see God in the creation—we say not that there is any such thing as "looking through nature up to nature's God." No; nature is a dark enigma only to be solved by the aid of revelation. It is not, as the gifted but ungodly poet says,

"— the poor savage, whose untutor'd mind,

Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

It requires a spiritual eye to discover Christ, (and only in Christ can God be seen) in creation. To a natural man its hieroglyphics are unintelligible as those on an Egyptian obelisk, he can perceive that they mean *something*, but what that something is he is unable to discover; for even by the spiritual man, they can, as I have said, be decyphered only in the light which revelation sheds upon them.

"Oh," says the advocate of "natural religion" as it is called, "but creation teaches me plainly enough that God is love,—I see his love in the calm blue sky, and the tranquil beauty of the summer's eve;—I hear it in the carol of the bird and the busy hum of the bee;—I behold it in yonder group of happy children, and in the plenteous harvest that spreads its golden sea along the smiling valley." Ah, thou seest God's goodness in the calm blue sky,—But dost thou see it when that sky is dark with storms, and the red lightning flashes athwart the gloom? Thou hearest it in the carol of the bird,—But dost thou hear it in its little cry of agony as it flutters in the talons of the hawk? Thou beholdest it in the happy group of children,—But dost thou behold it in that black and convulsed little corpse?—it was one of the happy little ones thou sawest yesterday? Dost thou say, these are but the unavoidable results of the grand laws of nature? Thou fool! *Who made these laws?* Was it not thy God? and if so could He not have framed laws free from any such dire results? Or, *did he do his best and fail?* If the former be true, He is not the God of unmingled goodness and love whom thou proclaimest; if the latter, He is not worthy to be called God at all. Oh fool, and slow of heart! the God whom thou findest in nature, is a divine imbecility, a soft conniver at sin, the football of blind contingencies, and the contempt and plaything of his own creatures: in a word, he is just "such an one as thyself"—the wretched idol of thy own fallen and corrupt imagination. But very different is the God whom the Christian finds in creation, for the God whom the Christian recognises in creation, is the same God whom he knows from revelation—even the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore to *him* nature is a faithful mirror in which he beholds the form of the Son of God, and can recognise the reflection because he knows the Original. Yes,

"The song of bird and bee,

The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,"

and all the grand music with which nature fills her august temple, sounds in the ear of the believer with a far richer melody, and a far sublimer emphasis, because JESUS is the burden of the anthem song. When he beholds the glorious sun shining in its strength, that sun, to him is Jesus,—“the sun of

righteousness with healing in his wings." When he gazes with solemn awe upon the majestic mountain, that mountain, to him, is Jesus,—whose "faithfulness is as the strong mountains," and who is "round about his people," even as "the mountains are round about Jerusalem." When he reposes in the fervid moon-tide beneath the friendly shelter of some tall cliff, that cliff, to him is Jesus,—even "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Does he walk through the forest glades? all the trees of the wood, from the goodly cedar to the root out of the dry ground, are emblematic of Jesus, "without form or comeliness" to the world, but, "as the apple-tree among the trees of the wood" to his beloved and loving people. Does he stoop down to gather the beautiful flowers that bloom at his feet? each floral gem is radiant with the glory and breathes the fragrance of the name of Jesus, who is at once "the rose of Sharon" and "the lily of the vale." Does he stop to drink of the crystal spring, whose pure waters rise in some deep romantic glen? that fountain is Jesus, the true *Siloam*, whose living waters "spring up into everlasting life." Or does he glide down the stream of some calm river which ever widens and deepens as it flows? that river is Jesus, even that glorious river "whose streams make glad

the city of God." And when he reaches the wide ocean, and gazes on its illuminated expanse, O, beloved, he feels that even its length, and breadth, and depth, are all in Jesus, the great ocean of grace and glory in which all fulness dwell.

Thus *Jesus is the truth*. Not only of the ancient sacrifice—not only of the Mosaic type—not only of the Christian sacrament—not only of the moral law—but of *all things*: and creation itself is in fact a sublime poem of which Jesus is the glorious theme.

But not only is Jesus *the truth*—He is also *the Life*. We have already seen that Jesus is the way to life, but more than that he is Himself the life. "*I am . . . the life.*" And here observe once more the strong and exclusive manner in which the Saviour speaks. He says not *I am living*, or *I am life*, but *I am THE LIFE*. The word in the original (*Ζωή*) is in this place also most emphatic and significant. It is life in the highest, most inclusive, and intense meaning of the word: not simply that which lives, or has life, but that which is itself the source, spring, or fountain of life. The believer *has* life, but Christ *is* life. The believer lives, but it is only in Christ, who is the life of his people.

Liverpool.

M. M.

(To be continued.)

NOAH—THE THIRD PERSONAL TYPE.

THE first two types—Adam and Abel—which we have already considered, set forth our Lord Jesus Christ in his wonderful, mysterious consistence, of two natures in One Individuality—God and man—One Christ.

In the third—Noah (for of Enoch we only know that he was a prophet, and was taken of God), we have a type of HIM in His first grand foundation—official character—THE SAVIOUR of a remnant, according to the election of grace; saving them for his righteousness' sake.

It is not my intention in these papers, to seek out curious minute circumstances of detail, in the life and actions of the type, and force or strain them into typical things.

As was remarked in the first of these papers—each type fulfils its object, in foreshadowing some one grand official character, or office of our Lord Jesus Christ; and I consider it not wise, but

dangerous, curiously to endeavour to regard all the accessories which surround the type, as being part of it.

There is a point at which the most ingenious must agree to stop: viz., the sins and transgressions of the typical persons: no one will venture to regard Noah's drunkenness, Abraham's lying, or David's adultery, as part of their typical characters.

Holy ground is to be walked on with unshod feet: and while, by personal experience, I know that God the Holy Ghost often testifies of Jesus, by giving an interpretation to types and prophecies, as the words pass under the eye, or fall from the tongue, I dare not venture to compile a string of comparisons, consisting of the minutiae of the narrative.

Noah and his ark conjointly constitute a type of Him who is God and man, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of persons—the ark, the human nature; Noah, the indwelling Godhead: and

thus it is, the third personal type combines and cements the two which precede it.

The first particular mentioned of Noah is, the significance of his name (Gen. v. 29),—"And he called his name Noah (rest or comfort), saying, This shall comfort us, concerning the work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed;"—which refers us to Matt. i. 21—"And thou shalt call his name JESUS, for He shall save his people from their sins:" and He saith most graciously, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you REST."

When the Lord God made known his decree to visit the world with vengeance, He also made preparations for the safety of those whom He reserved, and gave directions for the building of the ark: so, on the other hand, when He first proclaimed his purpose of grace, He dimly foretold that He had "prepared a body"—the seed of the woman—for the salvation of his predestinated unto the adoption of sons.

While the ark was preparing, the long-suffering of God waited from vengeance, till He had gathered out of the world all who were not to participate in the destruction of the ungodly, except those who were reserved to continue the posterity of Adam, that Jehovah's purpose might not fail, and at the same time, to serve as a type to unroll before the enquiring gaze of principalities and powers, another fold of the web of the manifold wisdom of God.

While angels and saints of old were diligently searching what and what manner of times were signified by the types and prophecies, and anxiously awaiting the fulness of time, God the Father, trusting Christ, went before with mercy, and received to paradise those whose bodies at the resurrection shall arise to glory, to be united with that body which was then as yet unmanifested.

One point in the type sets forth the doctrine of Christ in a way which shows the imperfection and weakness of the shadows in comparison of the glorious substance. They were not all children of grace who were partakers of the temporal typical salvation. But connection or association with God's children entails a participation in their temporal blessings. Potiphar and Pharaoh are blessed for Joseph's sake, and Laban learnedly experienced that he was blessed for Jacob's sake.

The ark accomplished its work once

for all, and by the covenant of Jehovah could never more be needed.

We see Jesus a little while lower than the angels, tossed and buffeted by the storms and temptations of the world, that He might be a faithful High-Priest, able to sympathize with his afflicted people, from personal experience of their afflictions: and once for ever passed through the waters of death, whence issuing into the new heavens and new earth, He dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over them.

Noah stepped forth from the ark, the head of the races of man, the builder of desolation, restorer of waste places, an eminent type in this respect of our Lord and Saviour; for the Apostle Peter says the resurrection of our Lord was the antitype of the waters of Noah. When God smelled a *savour of rest* in Noah's sacrifice, we have foreshadowed the entrance into rest of Jesus, when He had perfected salvation, and finished redemption-work. And when Jehovah set His bow in the clouds, this fragment of a ray of light was an emblem of the ascension of HIM, "The Brightness of Glory;" the manifestation of Jehovah who dwells in the *light*, no man can approach unto. When the bow spans the sky, it is to the eye of faith as the portal of heaven, the everlasting door through which the King of glory went in; and is a perpetual memorial that He ever liveth to make intercession for his people, and to avert destruction from them.

After the flood Jehovah gave to Noah authority to execute judgment on the shedder of blood, which it would rather seem Adam had not. When He to whom all Scripture points shall come again, it will be to judgment, for the Father hath committed all judgment to Him, because He is the Son of man.

Blessed be our covenant God in Christ, there remaineth for us a rest of which we have an earnest and foretaste now: this blessed day, when, for a few hours, the duties and necessities of the avocations pause, and leave us a little breathing time to commune with our Lord. It is of his mercies we are not deprived of it, for our unworthy use thereof; but Jesu's perfection, and not our imperfection, is the rule by which He measures us.

"Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Hosts,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST."
—Amen.

T. W.

Cherith, 3rd Sunday in Lent, 1857.

THE WONDERS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE, IN THE ERECTION AND MAINTENANCE OF AN ORPHAN, INDUSTRIAL, AND EDUCATIONAL HOME.

A CONTINUATION OF THE ACCOUNT IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

(Continued from page 319.)

ABOUT June our stock beginning again to decay, a person, who would not be known, presented us with twenty-five crowns. And another, who was a favourer of the hospital, bestowed forty crowns upon it: as also a gentleman sent twenty more, which sometime before he had offered to pay yearly: moreover, a certain general paid down the sum of an hundred crowns; which was also followed with a gift of six, sent by a professor of divinity, bearing this inscription written upon a paper:

‘These little mites bestowed are,
Upon the objects of God’s care.’

But, O how faithful is God! when all this was not sufficient to defray the necessary charges, I just then received two letters of advice by the post: in one whereof I was told, that two hundred and fifty crowns should be paid down for the relief of the hospital. This sum came from a certain doctor of physic beyond sea, who ordered the payment thereof here. The Lord be his Physician! It seemed that he understood something of the High-Dutch language, and he wrote to the merchant, who he appointed to pay the money, that if he could not send it immediately, he should give me notice: ‘For,’ saith he in his letter, ‘he is in daily want, and I am sure he will quickly send for it.’

This indeed gave me no small encouragement: for I thought, ‘The Lord will rather excite some good souls beyond sea to assist us, than to let us suffer any want.’

The other letter of advice promised seventy crowns, which were collected, far from the place, in a charity box, by some friends, for the relief of the hospital. The same box has farther supplied us with money twice this year; at one time with the sum of fifty crowns, and at another with sixty.

Before this was spent, a patron sent ten ducats in gold, and ten crowns more in smaller money; and the person by whose hand it was brought, made an addition of thirty crowns more.

At the end of June, a benefactor, who had engaged himself to pay twelve crowns yearly, sent in six at the half year’s end, and this came at a very seasonable hour. Soon after six ducats and six crowns were sent; the latter whereof a maiden gentlewoman had ordered, in her last will, to be paid to the hospital; who also, besides this, bequeathed the sum of an

hundred crowns to the hospital; fifty whereof were delivered to me at a time when the last farthing was spent; which gave me a fresh instance of the wise providence of God, whereby every thing is disposed in its proper time.

I cannot but take notice here, that the Lord hath been often pleased, even from the first beginning of the work, to make two benefits out of one. First, he hath stirred up a benefactor to confer something on the poor, which at that time hath been intimated to us, either by letter, or by word of mouth; but the money itself hath not been paid till some time after. And Providence hath so ordered it, that the promised money came at a juncture, wherein our extreme want rendered us the more sensible and grateful for the benefit received. This has taught me not to repine, though the actual payment of the money promised has a while been delayed: for experience hath convinced me, that it is safely kept in the hands of the Lord, who bestoweth it when his hour is come; not regarding always the time which we proposed to ourselves, because the weakness of our faith often makes us long for it before the time we want it. God hereby justly claims to himself our whole dependence, and disengages us from idolizing the promises of men: for though they are both able and willing to give something for the support of the poor, yet the actual performance of it dependeth upon the will of God. “He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast,” Psalm xxxiii. 9.

I cannot forbear mentioning here, to the praise of God, and humble acknowledgment towards our Sovereign, that when the two thousand crowns, which his Prussian Majesty was graciously pleased to bestow upon the hospital, were delivered to me, (one thousand whereof was a free gift of his Prussian Majesty, and the other was discounted out of the excise, to the undertaker of the building, who was otherwise to have paid so much) it happened to be just in a time wherein we laboured under many vast expenses, which were required both for paying the workmen, and defraying other necessary charges, which at one time ran up higher than at another.

Blessed be the wonderful dispensation of God in these wise dispositions of things! May it be his good pleasure to bless his Majesty’s government, and to inspire him with

an hearty zeal, always to promote all manner of praiseworthy undertakings; that from thence he may reap joy and satisfaction, whenever, under the happy influence of heaven, God's work is carried on with success.

In July, a traveller happened to come hither and by the sight of the hospital, found his charity so far excited, that he readily offered five ducats in gold.

A friend of ours having purchased two silver mines, in the mine-works near Freiburgh, called the New Blessing, and having improved them for the benefit of the hospital, sent now two crowns as the result thereof.

Last summer the Lord inclined also the heart of his Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark, residing in England, bountifully to disburse the sum of three hundred crowns for the hospital, which, by a bill of exchange, was sent hither. The Lord remember this benefit! I must say, that this support, coming from abroad, proved a fresh instance, both of the admirable providence of God, and of his perpetual care for our relief. How easily are the rash censures of unbelieving men confounded, by such unexpected proofs of the gracious dealings of God! Nothing dropped from their lips but such and the like expressions, 'The work cannot hold out, because there is no settled fund for it.' But is not God the most stable and the most certain fund? Or will they set up a competition betwixt God and mammon, to discover whether is the most constant? is not heaven better fixed than any terrestrial bottom wherein they would found themselves? And is not our God the Creator of heaven and earth, and an universal Monarch indeed, having full power to dispose of all the treasures of the whole world in what manner He pleaseth? But for my part, I must confess, I reap a particular comfort out of such rash expressions as these, which are the spawn of unbelieving hearts. For upon one occasion thereof I am the more inclined to believe, that the Lord will vindicate his honour against such presumptuous persons.

I add only this, that I never as yet have missed my aim, when I have undertaken any thing in dependance upon the Lord; but relying upon men, and their assurances, I have met with abundance of disappointments, and that sometimes without any fault of theirs. If one disappointed me, God excited another. If one spring happened to be stopped up, another was opened instead thereof. From whence we may justly infer, that God alone is the most powerful, and the most certain support.

But to return. After this we were again reduced to some necessity, and then a countess sent in about twenty-five crowns, with this direction upon a paper: 'According to the order of the King of kings, these five-and-

twenty crowns are sent to the poor in sincerity of heart.' In another place a lady had vowed, that if she should be happily delivered, she would then bestow fifty crowns upon the hospital, which was done accordingly; and these fifty crowns were attended with about twelve more, sent by another hand.

Another time, when our stock was very low, there was sent into the house, by one who would not make himself known, a blue cloak, a furred cap, and one crown in money; the latter being put up in a bit of paper, with these words: 'The Lord Jesus increase it to thousands of thousands, even like the stars of heaven in number, and as the sand of the sea in multitude, and make the fruit of righteousness grow up from generation to generation.'

Almost about the same time, a widow sent ten crowns, with this direction: 'Out of a sincere heart this small portion is sent.' There will be a blessing upon the widow's mite.

At this time also a certain person was, upon some occasion, fined in the sum of one hundred crowns, by his Prussian Majesty, and ordered to pay in the same to the hospital; upon whose intercession, one half thereof being remitted, the other was readily paid down.

Another time, all our money being spent, I met a young lawyer in the street, who told me that he himself was a poor orphan, but that the Lord had wonderfully provided for him, which induced him to remember our poor, and so he presented me with a rose-noble.*

A certain countess, when our treasury was very low, sent in about twenty-four crowns; and about twelve crowns more came from an unknown hand.

About Michaelmas our want was exceeding great, as it usually falleth out in that season; this juncture of time requiring vast expenses, both for clothing the children, and providing wood against winter; as also for discharging such debts as are contracted before Michaelmas fair, that being the usual time of payment with us. But the Lord, according to his wondrous goodness, carried us through all these difficulties. For a certain minister, out of one of the chiefest Hanse Towns, sent fifty crowns. As also a certain count, having taken a view of the hospital, presented it with an hundred crowns; and another person, whose name I know not, and who had engaged to pay down, every Michaelmas, thirty crowns, sent in the same at this time very seasonably: not now to mention other small sums of four, ten, twenty, twenty-four crowns, &c., then bestowed on us.

It was remarkable farther, that the steward being much concerned for getting some new linen for the hospital, about Michaelmas, was

*An old English coin of sixteen shillings and eight-pence.

happily supplied by the liberality of a nobleman, who sent in eighteen pieces of linen cloth for the benefit of the poor. But the boys being still in want of neckcloths, and the steward being much concerned how to procure them, as knowing the little money we had by us, was to be laid out for other necessities of greater importance, it so happened, that a well-disposed person came hither and readily supplied both the boys with neckcloths, and the girls with caps; which made our steward once more deeply sensible of the goodness of God, this being a farther proof that he had unnecessarily disquieted himself with anxious thoughts.

For several weeks in the harvest, and about the beginning of winter, we met with a wonderful train both of sorrowful trials, and joyful deliverances, ordered for us by Divine Providence. For though a certain minister of W. sent in twelve crowns, acquainting us withal that an unknown person had designed them for the hospital, who desired in the mean time the prayers of our poor, in a certain concern they were then engaged in, wherein also I hear the Lord hath graciously granted our request; and though the rector of a school offered us six crowns in ready money, and six more by a bill of exchange; besides some other small sums falling in; yet all this seemed too little to carry us through the present want.

About the same time I wrote to you, my dear friend, as you may remember, that the undertaking still went on in the same manner, without the least settled provision (as they call it, who generally labour under abundance of cares, in the midst of their plentiful revenues) for the maintenance of the hospital, it being supported only by such gifts as the Lord was pleased to bestow upon us day after day; and that I then had but a few crowns left. Likewise, probably, you may remember that you wrote me word, 'It is strange to see that the affair is still carried on in the same way; I take this for a good omen, thinking that you are more happy under these; than any other circumstances.' When I received this letter, I had then but fifteen pence in store: but soon after I had read your letter, a student came, and told me of some body, whose name he would not tell, who sent for the support of hospital, forty crowns in silver, and five ducats in gold. He desired only a receipt, which while I was writing, a godly minister from M. came to see me, and praised the Lord, when he heard after what manner our want was just then supplied; offering me at the same time a parcel of silver lace, which a gentlewoman at B. now growing sensible of her vanities, had given him for the relief of our hospital, she having ript them off from her fine clothes, wherewith she heretofore usually endeavoured to set herself out in the eyes of the world, with positive order that we should not sell it

till we had burnt it, for fear that somebody else would apply it to the same ill use of gratifying their pride.

But all this was soon spent, in that extremity to which we were reduced. And just when the last penny of our stock was laid out, a packet came to my hands by the post, containing about sixty crowns, which was delivered in so reasonable an hour, that I sent the packet itself to the steward, as soon as it was handed to me, he being then in great want of money.

But now I was again as poor as before, and so little help was brought in this week, that on Friday, when the steward, according to custom, came to me for money, I had but a crown to give him. The very same evening I happened to tell the overseer of the building, 'You must bring me money to-morrow, for my stock is quite exhausted.' In the mean time, the steward again importuned me for money. I told him he had received the last crown yesterday, and I had not a farthing left. He asked what he should do with the man that used to cleave the wood, and the woman that cleaned the children; for being poor people, they would sadly want their money; adding, "If there is but one crown to be had, I will make shift." I replied, "There is not so much now in store; but the Lord knows it is an hospital for the poor, and that we have nothing for its maintenance." 'It is true,' says he; and so away he went pretty comfortable. Coming within sight of the hospital, he saw a waggon before it, laden with corn, which one of our benefactors had caused to be conveyed thither, knowing nothing of the want we then were reduced to; at which sight the steward was surprised with joy, exceedingly admiring the wonderful providence of God. Yet he had still the forementioned concern upon him, viz, how to get a little ready money for the aforesaid poor people, who had been employed in the hospital. In the mean time it fell out that besides some remnants of cloth, and some children's stockings, five crowns were sent by a merchant, and delivered to him, whom I bade the night before to bring me some money; who then readily supplied the want of the steward, with as much as would suffice to pay the cleaver of the wood, and the woman that cleaned the children. The rest he brought unto me, rejoiced like a child that he now was able to bring me some money; as I bade him the night before, which he never thought he should be able to do.

The next Monday a patron and well-wisher to our undertaking, sent in twenty crowns, after he had been acquainted with our circumstances; and another person sent likewise twenty crowns, more. Besides, the above-mentioned patron, who had presented the hospital with a waggon-load of corn, sent afterwards another; and some small sums of money also came in, whereby we were carried

through our difficulties for that time, till I received your letter, with a ducat inclosed in it, sent by some friend of your's unknown to me.

And these instances I was willing here to set down, that I might give you some idea of our exercise in the time of probation; though I am sufficiently convinced, that narratives of this kind will seem over-simple and fanciful to the great wits of the age.

Others have, for want of better judgment, thus expressed themselves: 'It was no great prize to build an house, when he received enough

to do it withal: if we had such incomes, we should not think it hard to provide likewise for so many people, erect an hospital,' &c. But to this I say, that they who reason thus, have no right apprehensions of the matter, supposing that I do ascribe to myself the feeding of so many people, and setting up an hospital. Whereas, if ever such a thought should insinuate itself into my mind, I should take it indeed for a temptation of the devil, and would fight against it to the utmost of my power.

(To be Continued.)

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

"How were you brought to the knowledge of the truth?" I asked a young woman in a small bookseller's shop at N., which was kept by herself and brothers, who, with their mother, had all been brought out of the errors of Popery. The sister had been named to me as a truly spiritual woman, and close walker with God. She had passed through deep trials, having been forsaken by her husband ten years ago; and since her conversion persecuted and harassed by former friends. Just as she was going to reply to my question, a French woman came into the shop, and in a very excited manner said, "My poor little school, its all broken up! the priests have prevailed with the parents of the children to take them away, and not one remains: they were getting on so well." Poor thing! she wept as she left the shop. I then asked Mde. again what means the Lord had used for her conversion. She replied, "My brother," (and she spoke with much naiveté and simplicity, almost exactly in these words) "I must tell you I was very fond of reading, but whatever book I saw my eye was first caught by the *binding*. I observed my brother diligently reading from a book with *gilt edges*. That was enough for me, so I went to him and said, 'Dear brother, what art thou reading? that's a nice bound book—is it the Roman missal?' 'No, it's the blessed gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'What's that?' said I, taking it into my hand, when a sudden thrill went over me, for I remembered it had been forbidden by the priests to have anything to do with that book; but they were not there to see me. 'Take it and read it,' said my brother; so I turned it about in my hand, and went to my room."

"Did any particular portion first attract your attention?"

"Yes, marvellous to say, the very first passage that met my eye, showed me that Mary was only a *woman*, and not a god to be worshipped. I saw that the doctrine of the immaculate conception was *all false*, and from that moment I made up my mind never to worship *her* again, and I never did. Then I began to search the word of God, and found how blind and ignorant the Papists are. Since then the Lord has been very good and gracious to me." And thus she ended her simple narrative.

The conversion of both the brothers from Popery was also remarkable from its simplicity. The one before-named had been induced by a Protestant friend to accompany him to the Italian Free Church, or l'Église de dieu, chiefly composed of converts from the Romish communion, and whose worship is conducted on the same principles as those of our English Plymouth Brethren. The chapter read was the 3rd of Galatians, and the 13th verse—"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law," so riveted his attention, and occupied his mind, that he got a Bible, read and studied its pages, and soon left the Church of Rome. He then persuaded his brother to go for once with him to the Free Church, and the simple reading of the word was made a blessing also to him. The verse laid upon his heart on that occasion was the 11th of the 2nd of Hebrews. These brothers have not yet joined the church, but their sister said to me, "Nous sommes tous Chrétiens." "Is not my word like as a fire, saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

At a small haberdasher's shop at N., there is a woman in whom we have felt much interest. She has a restless, careworn countenance, and is the mother of a large family. Lady — had been

visiting her several times, and was encouraged by an observation she had made at the close of a conversation. "Ah! your religion is the *true one*—ours the *false*." She was urged to take some tracts, which was declined on the ground of the print being small. "Oh, if that is all," it was answered, "I will give you some spectacles." The spectacles were taken to her, but they did not suit the sight; yet nothing daunted at the rebuff, another pair were promised. I silently watched this woman as she stood behind the counter over which Lady — leant, and who asked her in a half whisper, if she had read any of the tracts?" "I have had no time," she answered, opening a drawer of ribbons, pulling them out pell-mell; then disarranging a box of thread, with an anxious glance at the door, as if she hoped some customer might come in: when two of her little children peeped in their heads to see what was going on, and their mother in an angry tone called out, "Allez vous en, vous enfans!"

"Well, but the tracts?" continued Lady —; and again the ribbons were turned about in the box. Just then the eldest daughter, about eighteen years old, who silently but with a clouded brow had been watching all parties, and listening to every word, walked up to her mother's side with a dignified air, rested her arm on the counter, and looked bitterly disdainful, as again in a low whisper and trembling voice, Lady — said, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

A few mornings after this I went early into the shop, and found the mother alone. Her smiling face encouraged me to say I hoped she was not offended by our last visit; and on being assured to the contrary, asked her if she had ever met with a Bible, or heard it read? "*In Latin*," she replied with a satirical laugh; "but who is the better for that?" "Will you accept one if I give it you?" "Oh," she said in a low voice, my daughters watch me—my eldest daughters. The priests set them to watch me, and, when they go to absolution, get it all out of them. They would be sure to tell them I had one."

"Do you go to absolution?" Indignantly she replied, "I? not for years, and never will again."

"Or to mass?" "No, that is not worship, waving their frankincense about (she took her apron and waved it from

side to side), chanting their Latin prayers, bowing and crossing!"

"*A bas* with it all," I said. Then taking up my words with a flash of the eye, and a stamp of the foot, she repeated, "*A bas! a bas!*"

"Well, are you looking to Jesus alone?" "I am," she answered softly, while the tears rushed into her eyes.

"Will you take a Testament?" She looked round as if some one might hear us, and laying her hand on my arm, replied in a whisper, "I will, I will." The following morning I had an opportunity of giving it to her; and may the Lord bless his word.

E. is a labouring man, advanced in life, with a countenance weather-beaten, but sturdy like the oak. It was furrowed by time, and tanned nearly saffron by a scuthern sun. We saw him standing by a pile of orange blossoms, he had helped shake from the trees bending from their weight, under which a sheet was laid to receive them as they fell; and the large sack to convey them to the perfumer's was ready for their reception—richly the air was scented with these blossoms. His own cottage was in a little garden, and nothing pleased him more than to be asked for some flowers. Now the history of this man is most remarkable. He is a signal instance of God's power and faithfulness; for from the period of his conversion, 1834, up to the present hour, in the iron furnace and the green pasture, his song has been of goodness and mercy. A few facts connected with this individual may not be without their interest. In the year above-named, two young ladies at that time entire strangers to the power of the gospel, but with much of natural religion, had gone to Italy, and hearing that the common people around them were exceedingly ignorant, they were desirous of being useful among them. In the providence of God a Christian gentleman directed them to the cottage of poor E., an unlettered labouring man, and a Papist. These ladies taught him to read, and gave him a Bible, to the study of which he immediately applied himself. Now God the Holy Ghost was his sole Teacher, and by his instruction alone this poor countryman was brought, not only out of Popery, but out of self; he saw the one was Satan's device, and the other Satan's dupe; so, untaught by man, he went on, learning from Christ, and growing up into him. At that time Sardinia was as bitter against the Bible and its readers,

as Austrian Italy is now. The bishop, accompanied by a number of Jesuits, visited N., to see if any wolves had crept in among the flock. They had, and one of the silly sheep was led astray. He must be brought back, no matter how; but lose him they would not. The plausible, gentle, insinuating Jesuits, found their way to the convert's abode; they were very loving in their persuasions that the Bible was a dangerous book; but this only enhanced its value. So one day as poor E. was working by the Var, two gendarmes tapped him on the shoulder, showed him their commission, and led him away prisoner. After being in the prison for some weeks, he was conveyed to the Port, and cast into one of the dungeons of an uninhabited castle. There he was kept for nine months, hardly dealt with, a board to lie on, bread and water; but, to use his own words, "They did give me some good soup now and then."

"Where did you get your Bible?" they asked him.

"Shoot me through the heart, if you like," he replied, "but I will never tell you that."

At last they saw it was useless to keep him there any longer, so one morning an officer came to him and said, "The king grants you his pardon."

"What for?" was the simple question; "there's nothing to be pardoned about."

"Will you promise never to give those tracts to the people again?"

"I'll promise nothing of the kind; I shall do as I did before. I will stay here if you wish it; I am very comfortable, but if you let me out, I shall read my Bible, and give tracts to the poor."

His liberty was given him, he returned to his cottage, just in time to see his wife die insane from trouble. For more than twenty years he has gone on boldly but simply, labouring for his bread, and very primitive in his actions. To-day I paid him a visit for the first time, in

company with others. We sat down in his little cleanly room, lately white-washed, and so unlike those around him. It is his custom (simple enough) to spread a clean cloth upon the table before he puts the Bible on it; and on being once asked why he did this, replied, "I think we cannot show the Saviour too much respect. You know he has said, 'Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst,' so always expecting Him to come when we meet in his name, I put a clean table-cloth on the table." Well, the cloth was spread, and the Testaments laid upon it, when he said, "Shall we read?" We assented, and asked him to choose a chapter. He selected the 8th of Romans. Now after others have read to him, he always asks if they would like to hear him read. So knowing his love for reading, we requested him to go through the chapter, which he did very rapidly, skipping difficult words, and when he had finished, fixed his eyes on us in silence.

"Whom do you understand by the elect of God?" — asked him.

After considering a moment he said, "his people; they live in Jesus, and Jesus lives in them. He makes them righteous, and when they die takes them up to heaven." I asked him what books he had? He replied, "Plenty of tracts. I give them away when I go out to work in the country. I should like to have a large book; large as a Bible, you know. Many little tracts have been given me, but never a large book,* but here's a nice little tract, and if you like I will read it to you."

Now we had risen to go, but the dear man began before waiting for an answer, and it was a long tract we had to listen to. He walked to his little gate with us, gave me a bunch of white jasmine, and bade us farewell.

H.

* I lent him the Pilgrim's Progress in Italian.

THE LORD'S MINDFULNESS.

"He forgetteth not the cry of the humble."—Psal. ix. 12.

THE humble, waiting, seeking soul,
Can never cry in vain;
And tho' the answer tarry long,
He shall his suit obtain:
For Jesus will his word fulfil,
Who knows the Spirit's mind within.

Tho' often 'tis in groans and sighs,
Which words cannot express;
But still it reaches to his ear,
And must avail for us:
For Jesus sits enthroned above,
There to remember us in love.

M. E. L.

ACCOUNT OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

THE following interesting account of IGNATIUS LOYOLA, given by M. Merle d' Aubigne, in his history of the Reformation, shows in such striking contrast the difference between the religion of fallen human nature, and that which is "from above," that it may not be deemed unsuitable to the pages of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

AMONG the defenders of Pampeluna was a young gentleman, Inigo Lopez of Recalda, the youngest of a family of thirteen children, Recalda, better known as Ignatius Loyola. He had been brought up in the court of Ferdinand the Catholic. He was graceful in person, expert in handling the sword and the lance, and ardent in the pursuit of chivalrous renown. To array himself in glittering arms, to ride a noble steed, to expose himself to the brilliant dangers of the tournament, to engage in hazardous exploits, to share in the venomous struggles of faction, and to display as much devotion for St. Peter as for his lady-love—such was the life of this young chevalier.

The governor of Navarre having gone into Spain to procure succours, had left the defence of Pampeluna to Inigo and a few nobles. The latter perceiving the French troops, resolved to withdraw. Inigo conjured them to make a stand against Isparre, but finding them resolute in their intention, he looked at them with indignation, accused them of cowardice and perfidy, and then flung himself alone into the citadel, determined to hold it at the peril of his life—"Let us suffer every thing," said Inigo impetuously, to his companions, "rather than surrender." Upon this the French began to batter the walls with their powerful machines, and soon attempted an assault. Inigo's courage and exhortations inspired the Spaniards. Suddenly a ball struck the wall close by him; a splinter from the stone wounded him severely in the right leg, and the ball recoiling with the violence of the blow, broke his left leg. Inigo fell senseless. The garrison surrendered immediately, and the French admiring the courage of their youthful opponent had him conveyed in a litter to his parents in the castle of Loyola. In this lordly mansion, from which he afterward derived his name, Inigo had been born, eight years after Luther, of one of the most illustrious families of that district.

A painful operation had become necessary under the most acute sufferings; Inigo firmly clenched his hands, but did not utter a single groan. Confined to a wearisome inactivity, he found it necessary to employ his active imagination. In the absence of the romances of chivalry, which had hitherto been his only mental food, he took up the life of Jesus Christ, and the legends or *flowers of the saints*. This kind of reading, in his state of solitude and sickness, produced an extraordinary impression on his mind. The noisy life of tournaments and battles, which had hitherto exclusively occupied his thoughts, appeared to recede, to fade and banish from his sight; and at the same time a more glorious career seemed opening before his astonished eyes. The humble actions of the saints and their heroic sufferings appeared far more worthy of praise than all the high feats of arms and chivalry. Stretched upon his bed, a prey to fever, he indulged in the most conflicting thoughts. The world that he was forsaking, the world whose holy mortifications lay before him, appeared together, the one with its pleasures, the other with its austerities, and these two antagonists contended in deadly struggle within his bosom.

From this period his choice was made. As soon as his health was restored he determined to bid adieu to the world. After having, like Luther, partaken of one rude repast with his old companions in arms, he departed alone, in great secrecy, for the solitary dwellings that the hermits of St. Bernard had hewn out of the rocks of Montserrat. Impelled not by a sense of sin, or his need of Divine grace, but by a desire to become "a Knight of the Virgin," and of obtaining renown by mortifications and pious works, after the example of his whole army of the saints, he confessed for three days together, gave his rich attire to a beggar, put on sackcloth, and girt himself with a rope. Then remembering the celebrated armed vigils of Amadis of Gaul, he suspended his sword before an image of Mary, passed the night in watching his new and strange costume, and sometimes on his knees, sometimes upright, but always in prayer, and with the pilgrim's staff in his hand, he repeated all the devout practices that the illustrious Amadis had observed before him. "It was thus," says his biographer, the Je-

suit Maffer, "that while Satan was arming Luther against all laws human and divine, and while that inamous heresiarch was appearing at Worms, and impiously declaring war against the apostolic see, Christ, by a call of his heavenly providence, was awakening this new champion, and binding him and those who were to follow in his steps, to the Roman pontiff, and setting him up to oppose the licentiousness and fury of heretical depravity."

Loyola, though still lame in one of his legs, dragged himself by winding and lonely paths to Manresa, where he entered a Dominican convent, in order to devote himself in this secluded spot to the severest mortifications. Like Luther he daily begged his bread from door to door. He passed seven hours upon his knees, and scourged himself three times a day; at midnight he rose to pray; he allowed his hair and nails to grow, and in the thin pale face of the monk of Manresa it would have been impossible to recognise the young and brilliant knight of Pampeluna.

Yet the hour had come when religious ideas which had hitherto been to Inigo a mere chivalrous amusement, were to be enrolled in him with greater depth, and make him sensible of a power to which he was as yet a stranger. Suddenly without any thing to give him warning, the joy he had felt disappeared. In vain he had recourse to prayer and singing hymns. He could find no rest. His imagination had ceased to call up pleasing illusions. He was left alone with his conscience; a state so new to him was beyond his comprehension, and he fearfully asked himself whether God, after all the sacrifices he had made, was still angry with him. Night and day, gloomy terrors agitated his soul; he shed bitter tears; with loud cries he called for the peace of mind which he had lost—but all was in vain. He then recommenced the long confession he had made at Montserrat. "Perhaps," thought he, "I have forgotten something." But this confession only increased his anguish, for it reminded him of all his errors. He wandered about gloomy and dejected; his conscience accused him of having done nothing all his life, but add sin to sin, and the wretched man, a prey to overwhelming terrors, filled the cloisters with his groans.

Strange thoughts then entered into his heart. Finding no consolation in confession, or in the various ordinances

of the church, he began like Luther to doubt their efficacy. But instead of forsaking the works of men, and seeking the all-sufficient worth of Christ, he asked himself whether he should not again pursue the pleasures of time. His soul sprang eagerly towards the delights of the world he had renounced, but immediately recoiled with affright. Was there at that time, any difference between the monk of Manresa and the monk of Erfurth? Unquestionably—in secondary points: but the state of their souls was the same. Both were deeply sensible of the multitude of their sins. Both were seeking for reconciliation with God, and longed to have the assurance in their hearts. If a Stanplitz, with the Bible in his hand, had appeared in the convent of Manresa, possibly Inigo might have become the Luther of the Peninsula.

These two great men of the sixteenth century, these founders of two spiritual powers which for three centuries have been warring together, were at this moment brothers; and perhaps, if they had met, Luther and Loyola would have embraced, and mingled their tears and their prayers. But from this hour the two monks were destined to follow entirely different paths. Inigo, instead of feeling that his remorse was sent to drive him to the foot of the cross, persuaded himself that these inward reproaches proceeded not from God, but from the devil; and he resolved never more to think of his sins, to erase them from his memory, and bury them in eternal oblivion. Luther turned towards Christ, Loyola only fell back upon himself. Visions came ere long to confirm Inigo in the conviction at which he had arrived. His own resolves had become a substitute for the grace of the Lord; his own imaginings supplied the place of God's word.

He had looked upon the voice of God in his conscience as the voice of the devil, and accordingly the remainder of his history represents him as given up to the inspirations of the spirit of darkness.

One day Loyola met an old woman, as Luther in the hour of his trial was visited by an old man. But the Spanish crone instead of proclaiming remission of sins to the penitent of Manresa, predicted visitations from Jesus. Such was the Christianity to which Loyola, like the prophets of Zwickau, and recourse. Inigo did not seek the truth in the holy Scriptures; but imagined in their place immediate communications with the world of spirits. One day as he was going to

the church of St. Paul, outside the city, he walked along the banks of the Illobregat, and sat down absorbed in meditation. His eyes were fixed on the river, which rolled its deep waters silently before him. He was lost in thought. Suddenly he fell into an ecstasy: he saw with his bodily eyes what men can with difficulty understand, after much reading, long vigils, and study. He rose, and as he stood on the brink of the river, he appeared to have become another man; he then knelt down at the foot of a cross which was close at hand, ready to sacrifice his life in the service of that cause whose mystery had just been revealed to him.

From this time, his visions became more frequent. Sitting one day on the steps of St. Dominick's church at Manresa, he was singing a hymn to the holy virgin, when on a sudden his soul was wrapped in ecstasy; he remained motionless and absorbed in contemplation; the mystery of the most Holy Trinity was revealed to his sight under magnificent symbols; he shed tears; he filled the church with his sobs, and all day long

did not but speak of this ineffable vision.

These numerous apparitions had removed all his doubts; he believed not like Luther, because the things of faith were written in the word of God, but because of the visions he had seen. "Even had there been no Bible," says his apologist, "even had these mysteries never been revealed in Scripture, he would have believed them, for God had appeared to him." Luther, on taking his doctor's degree, had pledged his oath to the holy Scripture; and the only infallible authority of the word of God had become the fundamental principle of the Reformation. Loyola at this time bound himself to dreams and visions; and chimerical apparitions became the principle of his life and of his faith.

Luther's sojourn in the convent of Erfurth, and that of Loyola in the convent of Manresa, explains to us—the one, the Reformation; the other modern Popery. The monk who was to reanimate the exhausted vigour of Rome repaired to Jerusalem, after quitting the cloister—we will not follow him on this pilgrimage.

LETTERS BY THE LATE REV. T. PRIESTLEY.

DEAR FRIEND,—Having a parcel to send, I embrace the opportunity to write to my old friend. How soon are our meetings and partings over? The world would be gloomy to us, who have it not for our element, had we not those greater things in view—which elevate us above the pleasure or difficulties of it. Pain and weakness tend to confine the mind, and chain it down. Jacob's thought ran on Esau and his four hundred men, not on that infinite love which was in God to himself. The blessing of Abraham is of a large extent, and cannot be diminished by things of a moment. We seldom dwell on the subject of *being blessed*. Who has made known to us that Christ which Abraham saw, but He who blessed Abraham? This has come on all Gentiles who are of the faith of Abraham. He that said to Jacob, "I am with thee, and will be with thee in all places," speaks the very same to us. Love will vent itself in whomsoever it is, especially in Him whose chief glory is in acts of the greatest love. Those we love, we don't profess *that we could die for them*; but that love which we are made partakers of, comes in a channel of more

than the dying of thousands of our fellow mortals. His love, who spared not a beloved son, is made visible; as to its reality, the greatness of it is incomprehensible. He who was voluntarily nailed to a tree, and made a curse—love most evidently, was the cause. We grieve the Holy Ghost in neglecting to dwell on those facts, which are to fill our minds to eternity.

What should we think of a king whose palace was filled with favourites, who had one and all of them been rebels, and who had, for a long time, refused the kindest offers, and multiplied their offences, to see these not only fully pardoned, but taken into the nearest possible relation, and loaded with the highest honours, and admitted to the most intimate familiarity and confidence, to whom the king had not only given the help of his kingdom, but himself to be for ever in a nearer relation, than father, husband, friend, or brother? Could a man behold this, and not be filled with thought? this is something more than heaven, for, what is the palace to the king himself, when infinite wisdom is connected with infinite power, to accomplish all that wisdom can event,

and these meet in a heart full of love and bounty, *what may be expected from such a heart?*

If our expectations are measured by what was manifested on mount Calvary, they must be large and anointing. And it appears to be the will of God that we should form ideas of all we have in expectation, principally and constantly by viewing God in this glass. God thinks Himself respected, when those very transactions, which were from eternity, and which now are the chief things in which He glories, have the chief place in our thoughts. *Few are aware of this*, as the praise and glory of grace is the grand end which God Himself designs, so a particular attention to those transactions, *in which this grace is seen*, must be peculiarly agreeable to Himself. God's utmost end is not yet obtained; our narrow vessels cannot hold what He has to give; He must not only give us larger capacities, but must have, ages to come, *an eternity*, to give Himself an opportunity to do this; and we are but preparing for this. I know but of one place where "the exceeding riches of his grace" is mentioned, and that refers us to ages to come, for though we have great things now, speaking after the manner of men, God Himself would not be satisfied that such great things should be seen in so shallow a manner as we see them here. To be pardoned appears great, but to be adopted, and made joint-heirs with Christ, to be brought into the nearest possible relation that mere creatures can be in to Jehovah, this is that which God has had in view from the beginning, and which even Christians rarely think of. That such great things should this moment be in the heart of God for us, demands our particular attention. Was not Christ, and the work He was to do on earth, the principal thing in the mind of God for four thousand years? and what can have that place in the divine mind now, but the finishing a plan on which *his heart is set?*

These facts prove to a demonstration, such things could never have either been planned or accomplished with a spirit of insipid indifference.

If comfort fails, God's faithfulness does not. What though your pitcher is broke? The fountain is still as full as ever. *Williams.*

It is the hardest thing in the world to take Christ alone for our righteousness. Join anything to Him of your own, and you unchrist Him. *Wilcox.*

What a blaze of love shone in the heart of Christ when He was nailed to the cross. Have I a Scriptural earnest that I am to dwell eternally with this very Jesus, and behold also the love of Him, whose love will be as visible in heaven as the wounds of the Lord Jesus? I shall then understand the love of the Holy Ghost, who has so repeatedly cheered my drooping heart, and helped my infirmities. When the guests beheld the table spread, and the provision placed before them, this is something more than words. Look into heaven, and consider the greatness of the preparation; for though it cannot, all of it, enter the heart of men, yet so much of it may be discerned, as to impress us with this idea, that the feast will answer the preparation. The greatest things heaven (which God) has to bestow are waiting for us. I expect not much on earth, so have not that to chain me down, as many rich men have. We are called to set our affections on things above; *few comply with this*. I wish to feel as much as if I saw, with my bodily eye, Christ—as having been on the cross, made a curse for me, and now, in honour, engaged to bring me into heaven. The ancient priesthood made nothing perfect; there can be no suspicion of the failure of this; Christ was a Surety to pay the price on earth, He is now a Surety, by his intercession, to bring us to heaven (Heb. vii. 22): and this is the hope of all them that come unto God by Him; and this you and I do perpetually; the more we live as those who are certain of heaven, the more honour we give to God. Can I suspect that the plan in which all the glory of God is interested, all the honour of Christ interwoven, is liable to failure? Impossible! As Christ would never have engaged to die, had He not had sufficiency of love, so not to have been an Intercessor, if He had not been assured He should bring us to heaven.

View his priesthood as if you saw it every day with your eyes.

Yours in everlasting bonds,

T. PRIESTLEY.

London.

It is but a small thing to see Christ in a book, as men see the world in a map: but to come near unto Christ; to love and embrace him, is quite another thing. *Rutherford.*

As Christ rises in your soul, the world, the flesh, and the devil, must consequently fall.

Romaine.

THE LORD'S PRESENCE WITH HIS PEOPLE.

"And I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will be their God. And they shall know that I am the Lord their God, that brought them forth out of the land of Egypt; that I may dwell among them: I am the Lord their God."—Exod. xxix. 45, 46.

This was a precious and remarkable promise the Lord gave to his servant Moses, whilst he was with Him on the Mount, receiving the law, and those minute directions, concerning all that typical ceremonial to be observed by the people of Israel: and although Moses needed such a gracious promise as this, under those circumstances, yet what love and condescension we see on the part of Jehovah, in giving the promise to strengthen their faith. "I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will be their God." Thus He "brought them forth," he says, "out of the land of Egypt," that He might take up his abode with them; make bare his arm before the nations, on their behalf, to prove that He was "their God," and they his chosen and beloved people. "I am," He says, "the Lord their God," I have covenanted to be their God. *Precious* truth! For such He is now to the whole family of the redeemed; and each member of that family, however weak in faith, despised, oppressed, weighed down with sorrow, buffeted by Satan and afflicted: yet to such is the promise *sure*; his presence *is* with them. Yes, the heart of Jehovah was set upon his Church from all eternity. He covenanted to be their God; and thus He sends forth the Holy Spirit, to one and another, and brings them out from their Egyptian darkness and slavery; and, though they have to sojourn on through the wilderness, yet they are in the camp of Israel, and Jehovah-Jesus is with them as their Captain, Guide, and Deliverer.

But the glory of the Lord is to be made manifest, in the delivering of his redeemed from their natural state of darkness and death. He finds them enslaved by Satan, led captive by him, at his will; no desire for, but at enmity towards God, his service, and his Word.

And the glory of the Lord is to be made manifest, not only in their deliverance from the kingdom of darkness, and the translating of them into the kingdom of his dear Son—but every step of the way, his honour and glory are concerned. Jesus is pledged, by covenant engagements, for the protection

and provision of his beloved and everlastingly-saved people. And, as each poor wanderer is brought within the fold, the Saviour rejoices. He sees of the travail of his soul, and is both satisfied and glorified; and thus, by the power of his Spirit, does graciously fulfil that promise He made to his people of old, and as *really*—though not as visibly, sojourns with them; making his presence known to the eye of faith, which lays hold of the promise, "I will dwell among my people, and will be their God."

Here we see the purpose of the Lord, in forming a church. "This people," He says, "I have formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." And as the power and glory of the Lord was manifested in his wondrous dealings with his ancient Israel; so the love, power, and faithfulness of our Jehovah-Jesus, is brought out in his dealings with his conflicting, but highly-privileged and beloved people now, during their sojourn here. And the child of God knows, that no power, but that of omnipotence, could have accomplished those wondrous things, which have been wrought for them. Were the people of Israel brought out from their bondage by a mighty arm? So were they: the god of this world strove with all his malice, like the Egyptian monarch, to prevent their escape from his kingdom of darkness; but, as in the case of Israel, the Lord had told his servant Abraham, that his seed should sojourn in a strange land, but, at the time *appointed*, they should be delivered; so the faithful covenant stands sure to all the spiritual seed; they are led forth from Egypt, with their faces towards the promised land, though the wilderness is between them and it; and, as it was with Israel, their enemies followed hard after them; so now, the poor, trembling soul fears it will be taken and overcome. The sense of guilt oppresses, and Satan, with his dread array, ready to seize them; but a voice is heard, "*I am thy salvation*;" for He who said by Moses, "stand still, and see the salvation of God," that same gracious Jehovah it is, which says to the poor, self-condemned sinner, "*I have cast*

all thy sins, as a stone, into the depths of the sea, to be remembered *no more* against thee, for ever." Yes, as surely as that formidable host—who pursued after Israel, perished in the Red Sea by the mighty power of the Lord—so, as *surely*, are the sins of the poor, sorrowing one, blotted out *for ever*, through the blood-shedding of "the Lamb that was slain."

And still we can follow the children of Israel through the wilderness, and see what a striking type they were of the Lord's redeemed, whilst in this world of conflict and of sin, "I will dwell among them," said Jehovah, and so He did; in the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, He caused his voice to be heard, and spake with Moses—as with a friend—face to face; and sustained and protected his people, through all that great and terrible wilderness, and never left them—though they oft provoked him,—but continued showing forth his love, and manifesting his presence, until they arrived at the promised Canaan.

Still his people are in the wilderness, but Jesus is with them—*precious thought!*—and from Him they draw all their supplies; the Rock that sent forth its refreshing streams in that parched and barren land, and the manna which daily fell around the camp, were but faint types of that heavenly and soul-sustaining provision treasured up in Jesus, for the constant supply of his needy people.

"Your fathers," said the Saviour, "did eat manna, and are dead. I am the living Bread which came down from heaven; if a man eat of that Bread, he shall live for ever." And the Apostle Paul, speaking of the Church in the wilderness, says, "that Rock which followed them was Christ." But that Rock sends forth its precious, life-giving streams to the traveller to Zion now; and, however intricate his path may be, it follows him, and by it he is both refreshed and sustained. The Holy Spirit—which the water from that Rock typified—is given to the spiritual Israel. "He shall take of mine," said the Saviour, "and shall show it unto you," "And the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

The Holy Spirit, in the heart of a believer, leads the soul to the Word, of which *Christ is the theme!* with all its precious invitations, promises, and admonitions; and thus the soul is fed, and by his blessed teaching analyzed, and

views are opened up to the believer of Jesus, in the glory of his Person, and perfection of his work. O! let us not lose sight of the glory of the Saviour's Person, "the God-Man," the Mediator, the Representative, and glorious Head of his Church; He who is invested with all power, both in heaven and in earth. But whether we think of that all-perfect work, or the glory resulting from it—in both respects, the child of God is deeply interested; though his faith may be weak, and his spiritual vision so contracted, that he can scarcely enter into the subject at all. But if the soul is resting *alone* on that perfect work and glorious atonement of the Son of God; however little of the present and future glory which belongs to Jesus, we may be able to glance at now, still it is *ours*—not only one day to gaze upon, but to be *sharers in*; "The glory," said the Saviour, "which thou gavest me, I have given them;" but that glory was given to Jesus as a *reward* for the work wrought out by Him for his dear people, and both are made over to the believer—not as reward, but the free gift of his love—through that mysterious union subsisting between the glorious Head, and each member of his mystical body, from all eternity.

O, beloved readers, surely we enter but very little into these Christ-exalting subjects; true it is but little, at the most, we can take in while in this body of sin and death—but let us seek to have our faith strengthened on every subject in which our comfort and the glory of the Saviour are concerned; will it not tend to raise our minds above the trifles of time and those earthly things, in which we find ourselves too often so needlessly occupied? But O, let us desire that, for which the apostle prayed, in behalf of his Ephesian brethren, that they might "be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth and length and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

And, through the power of the Holy Spirit with them, the people of the Lord are enabled to resist their spiritual foes, and fight under the banner of the cross; for the promise is, "my strength shall be made perfect in weakness." Paul knew the preciousness of this promise, and could testify to its fulfilment. And can we not testify to the same? Do we not know, that nothing short of the Lord's presence *with us*, and his power working

for us, could have brought us through the varied trials we have had to meet, and the conflict we have endured? And the promise is still *ours*, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Precious word! on which to lean, in every time of trial and conflict. In the hour of sorrow and sickness, the presence of our sympathizing Lord has been sweetly experienced, though more *sensibly* one time than another.

O, dear child of God, thou mayest have been brought very low by sickness, sorrow, or adverse circumstances—yet "around thee and underneath, were the everlasting arms." O, how soothing, at such seasons, to hear the Well-Beloved of our souls, say, "Fear not, my grace is sufficient for thee; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy *name*, thou art *mine*: when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

These are precious promises, and they are all secured to us by that gracious Jesus, who *gave Himself* for us. O, what a gift! Do we estimate its *preciousness*? Do we desire to know more of, and enjoy more fellowship with God's "*unspeakable gift*?" O, may the Spirit lead us to the feet of Jesus, that He may give out of his fulness unto us, and enable us to drink in more of his blessed mind.

And then, when it comes to the closing scene, faith will be given to say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art

with me; thy rod and staff they comfort me." Thus the beloved—though, perhaps tried and sorrowing believer—proves, in his own experience, the truth of that promise made to Israel of old, and can testify of the loving-kindness of the Lord. And at times, when he gets a large view of that love so exercised towards him, and in proportion as he feels his own nothingness and helplessness, is led to ask, What was there to cause that love to beam forth on such guilty, rebellious sinners? But what was there to cause it to rest on *me*? Here we are lost in the thought, not able to comprehend so great a mystery of love; but with somewhat of the rejoicing which the great Head of the Church explained, when taking a similar view of his Father's dealings, He exclaimed, "even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

O for more faith to *realize* the Lord's presence with us. May that blessed Spirit, whose office it is to take of the things of Jesus, and show them to his people; may He reveal them more and more unto our minds, unfolding the riches of his grace, and fulness of his love.

And as it is a precious truth that our Jesus once tabernacled on earth, as man with man, so it is a glorious prospect to the child of God, that, ere long, he shall be for ever *with* the Lord; no more sin, no more separation; it will not be the pillar and the cloud to symbolize his presence; nor will it be by the eye of faith, that Jesus will be seen, but the open vision! "for we shall see Him as He is."

Dublin.

M. E. L.

LOVE-WORDS FROM "ANONYMOUS."

[PSALM 91ST.]

"HE that has God his Guardian made,
 " Shall, under the Almighty's shade,
 " Secure and undisturbed abide.
 " Thus to my soul of Him I'll say,
 " He is my Fortress, and my Stay,
 " My God, in whom I will confide.
 " His tender love, and watchful care,
 " Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
 " And from the noisome pestilence.
 " He over thee his wings shall spread,
 " And cover thy unguarded head;
 " His truth shall be thy strong defence.

" Because (with well-placed confidence),
 " Thou mak'st the Lord thy Sure Defence,
 " And on the Highest dost rely,
 " Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
 " Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
 " Any infectious plague draw nigh.
 " For He, throughout thy happy days,
 " To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
 " Shall give his angels strict commands;
 " And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
 " With rugged paths to wound thy feet,
 " Shall bear thee safely in their hands."

“FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE.”

THE incident mentioned in the annexed letter, which we copy from a cotemporary, has brought to mind a somewhat similar circumstance, that may not be unworthy of recording.

When in London, some two or three years ago, a friend said, “If you will call upon such and such a merchant, he will give you ten pounds towards your schools.” The merchant’s warehouse being within a mile or so of the spot, we thought it behoved us at once to avail ourselves of the offer. Upon entering the warehouse, and being ushered into the counting-house, we found the merchant in close conversation with two persons; and, from the terms in which they spoke, it was clear that one was a debtor, who had called to announce his inability to pay, and the consequent wind up of his affairs. We could not help thinking it was a most unfortunate moment for us to have called, and wished ourselves in another direction. However, the aforementioned individuals having at length left, we introduced ourselves. The merchant received us most courteously; his manner underwent a complete change; he expressed the interest he had long felt in Irish matters; and, taking his cheque-book, and writing a cheque for £10, said how much pleasure it afforded him to contribute to so interesting a work.

We confess we left that counting-house with a degree of surprise, partaking very much of that expressed by the late Rev. PETER ROE, in the subjoined letter:

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY DONATION OF
TEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

To the Editor of the Record.

SIR,—Perusing in your paper of the 27th instant, your article on “Money giving,” in connexion with a recent donation of £10,000 presented to the Church Missionary Society, a circumstance recurred to my mind which you may consider worthy of being noticed in your columns; it was related to me by an old and valued friend, the late Rev. Peter Roe, rector of St. Mary’s, Kilkenny.

Mr. Roe was about to visit London, and other parts of England, as the advocate of one of the many Christian undertakings in Ireland, to which the English people have displayed such untiring ge-

nerosity. He was provided, amongst other letters of introduction, with one to a London merchant, whose habit it was to afford a willing response to such appeals. Mr. Roe called at the counting-house of the merchant just at the moment that the merchant himself arrived. He presented his note of introduction. The merchant, at once perceiving the object, observed, “I shall be happy to give you ten pounds.” He drew forth his cheque-book, and while writing the cheque the reflection crossed his mind that if this work was really the cause of God, he was disposing of it too laconically in order to enter on his own mercantile pursuits—a heap of letters still unopened lying before him on his table. Hence, handing the cheque to Mr. Roe, he remarked:—“If it would not detain you too long to open my letters and set my clerks to work, I would wish much to converse a little about the object for which you have undertaken to plead.” I need not say Mr. Roe most willingly remained. The second or third letter opened by the merchant appeared more than the others to rivet his attention; his countenance became suddenly overcast; he laid it down by itself, and after going through the heap, he again took it up and reperused it; then, turning to Mr. Roe, he observed, “This is the most serious letter I have ever received; it announces to me that one of my most valuable vessels with its entire cargo has been wholly lost;” while in the same breath he said, “Perhaps you will give me that cheque!” Our Irish advocate felt half inclined to regret he had been detained, as he saw the merchant tear up the cheque, and throw it in his waste basket. The merchant, however, took up his cheque-book again, and after filling an order on his banker for £100, he presented it to Mr. Roe, making this remark—“Were I to minister to God of the substance with which He has so liberally endowed me after the fashion I was then doing, I should deserve not to have a vessel left upon the waters!”

The moral to be derived from this incident is obvious. We learn how to deport ourselves under chastening, however severe. “The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord.” And we learn the Christian privilege which issues in the holy

resolve, which the Christian should inscribe as his motto, the ruling principle of all his actions—"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

May 30, 1857.

X. Y. Z.

We may add to the former incident one which occurred the last time we were in London. It is next to impossible to carry on these schools—which in wages and materials involve an outlay of about Two Thousand pounds a-year—without a very great measure of anxiety. At times one feels almost crushed beneath the accumulated weight, and, as a consequence, the animal spirit sinks very, very low—with us a constitutional infirmity. Standing in the same counting-house, where the former message was delivered us, and under much sorrow of heart, a man stepped in; he brought a letter addressed to ourselves. Upon opening it, it ran thus:—

"My dear Sir,—Do me the favour of accepting the enclosed, for the benefit of your schools. May the Lord support you under all your arduous undertakings.

"Yours affectionately in the Lord,"

The letter contained a cheque for £25.

None but those who have experienced them, know how timely such interpositions; none but those who have experienced them, can understand how significant these proofs that a Father's heart sympathizes with, and a Father's hand is ever outstretched to help his children, when they are perhaps least conscious of his mindfulness of the promise, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me," and least disposed to remember and to give heed to his word, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

THE EDITOR.

"MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD."—PSAL. XLII. 2.

THE real source of spiritual peace and happiness, no doubt consists in communion with God. The closer a believer walks with God, the happier he is, and the more he is satisfied of the divine favour, and assured of a personal interest in electing love. A clear perception and head knowledge only of the glorious scheme of gospel truths and gospel grace, as set forth in the Bible, can never sanctify the heart or renew the spirit. Hence the cry of a regenerated soul continually is, "My soul thirsteth for God;" a void is felt which none but God can fill up. Christian brethren, however valuable and savoury their conversation, and valuable their acquaintance, as the excellent of the earth, cannot make up this space; hence God has designed that his people should have a *private religion*, and sometimes He allows them for seasons only, to reside and have their earthly habitation where the privilege of communion with saints can be but little enjoyed, because spiritual death, darkness, and error, reigns predominant around them. But wherever God has bestowed inward, vital, experimental religion, He will in his own sovereign way and manner, commune with the soul, and keep the heavenly flame alive; and wherever the believer has been leaning too much, and waiting too much upon creatures, instead of *waiting upon the Lord*, and leaning upon his faithfulness, wisdom, and power; God will in mercy and infinite

unmerited goodness, deliver the soul from this snare of the fowler, and teach his children the lesson of using his mercies and gifts without daily abusing them, and idolizing them. For the soul to *thirst for God* is an evidence that it has previously been brought into contact with Him, and has tasted of his love, and experienced in some measure special manifestations and foretastes of bliss. In this case God's people, quickened by the Spirit, cannot rest satisfied without repeated transactions between God and their souls. Coldness and chilling seasons may cross their pathway to the kingdom after regeneration, but the light of life will never leave them, nor the hallowed sanctuary of heavenly communion and intercourse with a covenant Jehovah be habitually denied them; whilst a worldly, sordid, fleshly profession of godliness, can neither enter into communion with God, or communion with his poor afflicted people here on earth, and will leave the soul in darkness and despair when eternity is presented to view. An humble, savoury, unctuous, vital, real religion, kept alive by spiritual thirsting after Christ's presence, will cause a love and union to all God's people, and will at last, when life is ended, land the soul in the regions of light and blessedness, to be happy inconceivably in Christ for ever and ever.

Hammersmith.

H. R.

"WE SHALL SOON BE GOING HOME!"

AN IRISH CABIN SCENE.

WE HAD been spending a couple of days with an aged friend; and, on our way home, halted for an hour or two at the house of another friend. That friend and his little family happened to be in the garden at the time of our arrival. We joined them; and, after a few minutes were all returning into the house, when one of the maid-servants ran past to call her fellow-servant. It was in vain we asked the cause of her alarm. Some five minutes elapsed, when we ventured to follow them to the spot where they had gone. It was a large inner yard, at one corner of which stood a small cottage. In the doorway was stretched an aged woman, apparently in one of the fainting fits to which she was said to be subject. Restoratives were applied, but, according to our first impressions, the vital spark had fled! She was dead! There she lay with open countenance, in the stillness of death, without the semblance of distortion or pain. It was clear that she had fallen asleep, without a struggle or a groan. A little boy had left our party a few minutes before, to call her; he called, but there was no answer; and, looking into her little cabin, he found her lying on the floor, speechless. He immediately gave the alarm to the servant hard by, who found her alive but insensible. In a minute or two, she saw a slight change pass over her features, and all was over!

At the moment we were seeking to restore her, her husband came up. Poor old man! to his threescore years and ten had been added nineteen years! Fifty-nine years had they passed together; and, at the time his wife dropped, she was in the act of preparing her husband's dinner. Bitter was his grief! "Oh, wisha! wisha! what will I do? Oh! oh! oh!" and then the poor old man wrung his hands in agony. "God forgive me! God help me! what will I do?" And then, in broken language, he would go on to tell of what a wife she had been. It was pleasing, moreover, to hear how happily they had lived together. She had borne him seventeen children; only five of whom survived, and they were in Australia, from which distant land they had not, however, forgotten to show the most practical proofs of their grateful remembrance of their aged parents.

From the clergyman near whose house

they lived, we learned that they were both consistent converts from the church of Rome; and from another source we found that it was only on the previous evening the old woman had said, "WE SHALL SOON BE GOING HOME!" "and her face," said our informant, "would brighten up when such things were spoken of." She had met her on that morning, "with such a welcome." From another we learned she had several times lately been speaking of "GOING HOME!" so that her mind had evidently been dwelling much upon the subject.

Again addressing ourselves to her bereaved husband, we remarked, that however painful it must be to him to lose her, yet under what merciful circumstances she had been taken away. What an easy passage! how short! no pain! no accident! What would he have felt to have seen her long and painfully suffer? The old man saw and felt it all. "Would you like to have died and left her?" "No, no, Master! I'd sooner she to be taken first. That was all my concern when I was sick six months ago, about leaving her. No, I'd sooner she'd go first." "You will not be long after her." No, I would wish the Lord to come and call for me at once. I'd like to go with her. I believe she is with the Lord, I'd like to be where she is."

After a time we went to the mourning group again. Two Roman Catholic neighbours had now joined them; and the poor, but we trust now happy, woman was "laid out" in her last peaceful slumber.

They were solemn yet we hope not unprofitable moments we thus passed beside that corpse. Her own sweet words "GOING HOME!" supplied a text. "GOING HOME!" it was remarked, "the sailor, when he has long been absent in a foreign land, and after he has borne the brunt of the winds and the waves, likes to think he is at length "GOING HOME!" It is pleasant for him to meet his wife and children again; but he can't stay at home. His happiness is short: he must soon go to sea again. The joy is turned to grief as they once more part. After the battle, when he has seen this comrade fall on the right hand and that one on the left, the soldier rejoices to hear that peace is proclaimed, and his

regiment ordered "HOME!" But war may soon break out again, or his regiment be sent on foreign service. The maid looks forward to her half-year being up, and to her "GOING HOME" for a few days, to meet father and mother, and sisters and brothers; but the few days soon slip away; the parting comes, and to service again. But to "GO HOME!" as we trust this our poor friend has done, how different! Where is her home, if she was interested in Christ? where? In that house of which He spoke to his disciples, before He went away, when He said, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go away, I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." And there is no leaving *that* home! There is no sin nor sorrow nor suffering there. And if she belonged to Jesus, she is there now; if His blood had blotted out her sins, the moment she closed her eyes here, she opened them in heaven! for said Jesus, when the dying thief cried, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom, *this day* shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

"Nor will this body," continued the speaker, "be lost. In a day or two it will be put out of your sight. It will be covered with the cold earth, and you will lose sight of it; but Jesus will see it; as the tender mother watches over her sleeping child, though that child is not aware she is there, so Jesus watches over the sleeping bodies of those who belong to Him; and, though those bodies crumble into dust, and that dust is scattered far and wide; though most likely the very ground upon which we stand once lived in bodies like our own, yet, at the last great day, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised,

all that belonged to each body (with the exception of sin) shall rise again; each grain of dust that belonged to each particular body shall return to its own, and be raised anew. Your body (addressing the husband) shall not rise as her body, nor hers as yours. Each will be its own."

Thus we trust this sudden and unexpected incident was not lost upon the bystanders. If interest and attention were hopeful signs, these signs were not wanting.

May God, of His mercy, follow the solemn event, and what was said upon it, with his blessing.

We must confess, that, cowards at pain and suffering as we personally are, the incident was not without its use to ourselves. We had only a few days before remarked, we should be glad, (if it were the Lord's will) to be suddenly removed; and here was an instance brought immediately before us, of how speedily the Lord might snap the brittle thread of life, with all that connects it with sin and sorrow, temptation and trial. How needless to calculate upon years and years of protracted trouble, or a long and painful illness, as the prelude to one's exit from off the stage of time. The Lord may cut short His work in a moment; and the strength under one's last sickness may be so great as to far outvie the affliction itself; or the manner in which the Lord may take down the tabernacle may be so extremely gentle, or so rapid, as scarcely to admit of its being felt.

With these facts, then, before us, be it our mercy to live by the day—simply from moment to moment—and to be more occupied with thoughts of how little we have done or can do for the Lord, than with the idea of a long space or length of days before we go hence and are no more seen.

A LOVE-MESSAGE!

"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body, the dying of the Lord Jesus" (2 Cor. iv. 7-10).

"Fear not, for I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine. Since thou wast precious in my sight; thou hast

been honourable, and I have loved thee: therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life" (margin, person). "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord" (Isa. xliii. 1-4; liv. 17).

GOSPEL GLEANINGS.

I WAS the fourth child. When an infant, I had the small-pox and measles together, through which I lost my sight. I remember my mother saying that the doctor who attended me said I should not recover, and if I did, I must remain blind, which I did for twelve months. One summer's day the servant took me out for a little air; as she was walking in the street with me in her arms, an old Gentile woman as she passed by, cast her eyes upon me. She stopped and asked the servant what was amiss with the child's eyes. The servant replied that I was blind through the small-pox. The old woman said, "I could cure him." The servant replied, "If you could, you would be well rewarded." And also told her that she doubted her ability, as her mistress had had many medical men, and they could do nothing for the child. However, if you go with me, I will hear what my mistress says. When my mother saw the girl coming, and the old woman behind her, she was rather frightened; as the Jews in my country consider that many of the old Gentile women are witches. The servant told her what had passed in the street between the old woman and herself. My mother then asked the old woman how this cure was to be effected; whether by magic or witchery? If that were the way, she would have nothing to do with her. She replied, "No; that she would use simple means in her presence." My mother told her to call again in three or four days; her motive for this delay was to write to her father, to ask the lawfulness of it. The answer she received from her father was to this effect--that it was lawful, provided that the woman did not kneel down to pray, or use any form of words; and my mother took good care to follow her father (the rabbi's) counsel. On the third day the old woman came, and my mother told her, if she could cure me she should be handsomely rewarded. She affirmed she could. If it will not be too tedious to my reader, I will relate the means the woman used, whereby the cure was effected. She asked for a pewter plate, and a piece of clean linen rag and a lighted candle. She then took the piece of linen rag in the presence of my mother, set light to it, and put the lighted rag upon the back of the pewter plate. After the rag was consumed, it left on the plate a kind of yellow moisture; this she took with a feather, and applied to the skin which was grown over my sight, and continued the same once a day for about a fortnight, when at the expiration of that time I could see; although it left a great weakness behind, which I expect to carry to my grave. This weakness of sight the Lord left to remind me of the superstition of the Jewish religion; the goodness of my covenant God in directing the means; his knowledge of past,

present, and future. He knew what He intended to do with me; to call me by divine grace; to send me to preach the everlasting Gospel, which requires much reading; therefore in his infinite mercy He was pleased to restore my sight twenty-six years before. Often I am overwhelmed with gratitude to the dear Lord in reading the word, and especially since writing this little work, discovering so much weakness in my sight, for his goodness in blessing me with the little I have, knowing that if He sees fit He can strengthen it still more. It has many times brought me to a throne of grace to thank Him for the past recovery, and to pray for a continuation of the same. The circumstance of my cure I remember my mother relating many times.

One Sabbath morning going to the synagogue by myself, clad in my best, there was a lime-pit full of water, with a plank over it; and being but a child, I began to play with it, and tumbled in. I could not cry for fright. I struggled until my strength was exhausted, and at last sank. The water again brought me to the top, when an old Jew with a long beard, a neighbour, going to the synagogue, seeing some one in the pit, ran to it, as I was just sinking the second time, and took me out for dead, and conveyed me home. All thought I was dead. The usual remedy for drowning was resorted to, and I recovered. Here was "a brand plucked from the fire," as well as from the water. Had I died, what would have become of my soul? I must have eternally perished. Oh the watchful eye of a covenant God over his dear children, even when in nature's darkness. He watches them in a peculiar way, as soon as they come from the womb of their mother. He follows them up step by step to preserve them, because they are a people whom He has chosen to show forth his praise. "These people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise." And this they do when they are taught by the Spirit of God. They praise Him for electing and adopting love. Oh for a heart to love Him! for a tongue to proclaim the riches of his grace. Here I have another Ebenezer to erect; first, He has restored my sight, and after that my life.

I continued at school until I was about sixteen, when a circumstance transpired in Providence that I left home. The cause of my leaving home was fearing that I should be forced to be a soldier. When Alexander the emperor of Russia, was on the throne, he took no Jews into the military service. He was rather a friend to the Jews than otherwise. After his death Nicholas his brother succeeded him. After his coronation he issued a law compelling Jews to serve in the army and navy; this law was a terror

to all the Jews in his dominions; and the reason was, that they must eat and drink those things which were prohibited by the law of God to them as a nation; break the Sabbath day, violate other festivals, and indeed deny their whole religion. They would rather die themselves, or follow their children to the grave, than see them turn from their religion, which I had painfully to experience when called by divine grace. The law obliged them to serve from fourteen years of age. They were sent to academies where they were trained for the army or navy, according to their abilities. The method they had of taking the Jews was so many from a thousand; the exact number I cannot remember: and the heads of the synagogue were obliged to return the numbers. At first they took the lower order, as already said. The town we lived in was small, therefore they were soon picked out. I witnessed at sundry times when these young men were sent away that the cries and lamentations of parents and relations were most distressing and heart-rending. I remember on one occasion being so affected that I fainted away. They rend their garments on these occasions, as mourning for the dead. After the lower class were picked out, it of course came to more respectable families, which was done by casting lots; and knowing that sooner or later it must come to our turn, my grandfather advised that I and a brother, a little younger, should quit the country. My eldest brother being married, was exempt, and the other too young. When this law was issued, there was also another law passed, not to give any passports for males from fourteen years of age to twenty, to prevent them leaving the country. I have known fine young men chop one and two fingers off from their right hand, to disable them from service. At length it was resolved that we should leave home, for the purpose of going to Koningsburg in Prussia; and as there were no passports allowed, we left in the middle of the night—a banker's son, myself, and brother. It is a night much to be remembered by me: my grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, brothers and sisters, all weeping. My grandfather, who was seventy years of age, with a long white beard, placed his hands on our heads, and, with tears trickling from his eyes, pronounced a blessing. Some of the words I have not forgotten, although so many years since. The words were these—"May the God of our fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, bless and preserve you; protect and defend you from all harms, keep you in his fear, help you to study in his laws, strengthen you to obey Him, nor suffer you to forsake Him." The last words were these, "If you forsake the Lord, He will forsake you; but if you cleave to Him, He will cleave to you." They then kissed us all affectionately, wishing us the presence of the Lord, and bid us fare-

well. Now began the prophecy of my grandmother to be fulfilled, that I should forsake the Jewish religion. My spiritual birth was appointed by God to be in London; place, means, and time are all by his divine appointment. His will cannot be counteracted, nor his counsels disannulled—"My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." As London was to be the place, so death and hell could not obstruct the way. "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

But to return. We left home at midnight disguised in female clothing. A banker's only son, my brother and myself. A kind of chaise with two horses belonging to the banker, and four men, were waiting outside the town, to convey us to the village fifteen miles from the town, joining the Prussian territories, to the house of a Gentile, where were waiting twelve men with guns and pistols to escort us into Prussia, which separated from Russia by a deep valley. This valley was watched by Cossacks; about every five miles there was a cottage or kind of station, from which stations they rode to and fro. The people of the village had a perfect knowledge of the movements of these patrols; when one had passed there was about half an hour's interval, which time we embraced for crossing the valley. Here time must not be lost, as the danger is very great. If these patrols overtake any person, and resistance is made, they are allowed to shoot them dead on the spot.

We left our female clothing at the cottage before mentioned, and prepared to encounter the danger of which we were sensible. As we advanced towards the valley, two men of our company were previously placed on the look out; when at their signal we had to run as fast as possible: but we three boys, with fright and fatigue, could not run as fast as the rest, therefore we were sometimes carried, and sometimes dragged. After we had crossed the valley, there was a small mountain to climb; when arrived at the top we were safe—which we scarcely reached, when we saw a patrol galloping on his horse after us, as fast as he could, but was just about three minutes too late. On the Prussian side there were six men waiting for us, with a wagon and fire-arms. When they saw us on the top, they all cried with one voice, "All right;" and great was our joy, as it was the first time we had heard a voice since we left the cottage, being compelled to cross the valley without speaking. While writing, methinks I can see myself in the valley running; sometimes falling down, sometimes dragged by one, and then by another. Thus my pilgrimage began with danger, and is still encompassed with the same; being in an enemy's land. I had to watch them then, but much more now, as the danger is greater; the greatest enemies

being within. Well may the Son of God say, "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch!" It is no small mercy to be kept from carnal security and false peace. That covenant God who has delivered me, doth deliver; and I trust will continue to the end.

My dear reader; we have seen the cause of my leaving the land of my nativity, not to return again; and arrived on the borders of Prussia. We will now proceed on our journey to Koningsburg. We remained that night at the first village in Prussia, in the house of one of those Prussian men who were waiting for us. It is true we all three went to bed in one room, but no sleep; there was a candle burning in the room, and we were talking during the remainder of the night. Now and then a secret tear stealing from our eyes; again, one would burst into a flood of tears, and the others follow. On the one hand leaving affectionate parents and friends weeping; and on the other hand the thoughts of facing an unknown world. These things would alternately pass and repass in our minds. Sometimes we encouraged each other by saying, we were young, and we will go to England, and make our fortunes. Thus passed the first night.

The next morning we were conveyed to a small town; the man took us to an inn where my dear father was accustomed to put up, and was well known. We had letters of recommendation from my father and grandfather; also the young man with us from his relatives. This little town was a place where the Russian and Poland Jewish merchants used to resort, it being situated on the borders of both kingdoms. At this inn there were two merchants going to Memel. Seeing us youths respectable-looking, they inquired from whence we came, and where we were bound to; we told them, and showed them our letters. One directly replied, that he knew my father well, and had heard of my grandfather. We also told them that we had no passport, and that we were going to Koningsburg to an uncle of my mother's, with the expectation that he would get us a passport to England. After this conversation he left us for a couple of hours, and then returned and told us it was dangerous to travel without a passport; and that if we would go with him to Memel, he would take care of us, and see us safe to Koningsburg. We thanked him, and were very pleased to accept such a bene-

volent offer. With this he immediately set off to the burgomaster, and had our names inserted on his passport as his servants. When he returned and told us, our spirits were raised, as we were quite out of danger. Through the kindly aid of this merchant, we arrived safe at my uncle's at Koningsburg, leaving my brother at Memel, by the advice of my father. We having obtained a passport through the interest of my uncle, Israel and I (this was the young man's name) left Koningsburg on foot, for Frankfort on the Oder, in which place we stayed a fortnight. It is the custom for all strangers who enter the town to stay one night or more, to deliver their passports to the burgomaster, and when they leave it is returned to them. When we called for our passports the burgomaster addressed himself to me, saying, I must return to my native country, as I was a runaway, and specified on my passport to that effect; at the same time Israel received his passport to enable him to pursue his journey. This news so terrified me, that I could say nothing; but after I left the office I charged my companion with informing against me, and he confessed that he had done so the day before. Thus we parted; and I told him that his sin would find him out, and that God would punish him; as I was the means of getting him his passport. The thought of returning home myself, and the treachery of my companion, filled me with such horror and distress, that for a whole day I neither ate nor drank, and did nothing but cry. Having my phylacteries and Hebrew prayer-book with me, also remembering the advice of my grandfather, I prayed to the God of Israel to support, strengthen, and deliver me, as I was young and in a strange country. This going back reminds me of my spiritual pilgrimage. Sometimes I feel that I am advancing in the divine life, pressing homewards towards the heavenly Canaan; while at other times, alas! I feel I am going backward, and have to go over the same ground step by step mourning as I go, by reason of sin and darkness of soul. The holy Apostle had to go to Rome to preach the everlasting gospel; and although his journey was rough, yet he arrived safely. This was my case; I had to preach the everlasting gospel in England, therefore nothing could hinder. Satan is permitted to do many things, but the Lord works all for the good of his people.

[The foregoing extracts are from a sound and deeply-interesting book just published, entitled, "The Triumph of Christ on the Cross, as God-man, over sin and the Sinner." It is an exceedingly precious work, and we believe will have the sanction of our God, in the sealing power and unction with which its perusal will be attended. We shall hope to notice it again. ED.]

Intelligence of the Month.

(From our London Correspondent.)

June, 1857.

It is very humiliating, in our enlightened age, to observe how easily the minds of the people are acted upon by pretended "seers" and prophets, when they stand up to predict the immediate destruction of the world. The Psalmist says, in the 65th Psalm, "They that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth are afraid at thy tokens;" and there must be in our country a large degree of heathenish superstition, when people are filled with alarm and terror, as soon as any star-gazer chooses to tell them that a comet is on its way to the sun, and that it will strike our planet in its course. We should surprise our friends, if we related all the strange things that have come to our ears, as to the excitement and terror that have been produced in the minds of people in anticipation of the expected event of Saturday last. We could speak of people parting with all their money, expecting that it would be of no use after the event they anticipated; of others running out of their houses, when they saw the flames of the great fire at Camden Town, and crying out in terror, expecting that the end of the world was come. The believer in Jesus, who loves the appearing of the Lord, has been saved from all these alarms. His heart is confident, trusting in the Lord. It is much to be lamented, that any of our publishers should have ministered to the superstitious fears of the multitude, for the sake of the profitable sale of their pamphlets, and we cannot look on this conduct, without the strongest reprobation. In France, the same attempts have been made, to traffic on the fears of the people, and turn them to a profitable account; and, we are informed that in Paris, on the night of the 13th, the Churches were thronged, and the supply of candles in the shops, were not sufficient for the demands for offerings to propitiate the Virgin Mary, to avert the course of the comet from our earth.

This month has witnessed one of the most remarkable scenes that have ever been witnessed in the religious history of our country. On Friday, the 12th inst., the Archbishop of Canterbury, invited to his palace a number of the followers of Christ, of various denominations, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and Methodists, as well as those of his own church, to confer in things relating to the church universal. The special object was, to receive the report of the deputation to the king of Prussia, respecting the forthcoming meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Berlin. The deputation reported, that at their interview with the king, his Majesty said, "I think that the idea of the Evangelical Alliance—the union of all true believers—is

the sublimest and most Christian conception which has entered into the human mind; and from the moment I comprehended this fundamental principle, not as a combination of churches, or of ecclesiastical bodies, but as a union of individual Christians, on the basis of their common faith in Christ, and their common love for him, I enthusiastically embrace it, and I regard it as the object at which all true Christians should aim." A gentleman who was present at the meeting, says, that nothing could be more delightful than the whole of its proceedings. The Bishop of Ripon commenced by reading prayers, and at the express wish of the venerable Archbishop, the Rev. W. Bunting, Wesleyan Methodist, closed with an expressive extempore prayer. Never was there witnessed a more complete merging of mere ecclesiastical distinctions, or a more cordial or thorough fraternization of Christians entertaining diversified views, than was thus exhibited within the walls of Lambeth palace. There was not, from first to last, the slightest indication of either the Archbishop or the Bishop of London, feeling that he was patronising the Dissenters who were present, or that he was in any way playing a condescending part. The memorable words of Him by whom they are called, seemed to be present to the minds of both these eminent dignitaries—"all ye are brethren."

It is one of the most remarkable circumstances of our times, that religious services should now be conducted every Lord's day evening, in Exeter Hall, by the clergy of the Church of England, and among them that a Bishop and some of the dignitaries should take their place. The scenes which are witnessed in Exeter Hall on these occasions, are highly gratifying. Every part of the Hall is crowded with attentive hearers, and never have we witnessed more fervour in worship, more devout pleasure in singing the praises of God, and more eagerness in attending to the preaching of the word of life. The preachers all appear as if they were moved by the Holy Ghost, to seek for the salvation of their hearers, and to set before them the Gospel in all its fulness and simplicity, and we have encouraging evidence, that the Lord, by this instrumentality, is fulfilling the purposes of his grace. We hope that as the design of those services is better understood, there will be a larger portion of those for whose benefit they are intended, and that those who know the Gospel, instead of visiting the place to witness the delightful spectacle, will make room for others who have yet to learn the way of salvation. It is probable that these delightful services will be continued for some

length of time, as we are informed that the Committee has received money enough to sustain this effort for the next two years. The nobleman who offered such stern opposition to this irregular and uncanonical method of doing good, would do well to visit the place, and "see the grace of God," and if he is capable of estimating aright the value of a preached Gospel, he would have reason, indeed, to be glad. As many hundred seek for admission into Exeter Hall, who are unable to obtain it, there is also preaching outside the Hall to large numbers, who listen with the greatest attention. The work of preaching the Gospel in the open-air, is prosecuted this summer with much diligence in various parts of the kingdom, while protracted services throughout the evenings of a whole week have been conducted in several churches, for the benefit of the working classes. This has been the case in Rochester, and Chatham, in Regent Square, London, in Manchester, and in Bristol, where arrangements have been made for a series of out-door services, during the summer months, by between thirty and forty clergymen and Dissenting Ministers.

While noticing these interesting facts we may also observe a remarkable evidence of the decline of Arminianism and Infidelity, in one of their strongholds. The place in which Mr. W. J. Fox, late M.P. and others, were accustomed to spend the hours of the sabbath in lecturing on political and moral topics, and opposing the Gospel of Christ, is now in want of some one to occupy the position of instructor. Several advertisements have appeared,

in which persons whose views are in accordance with those of the congregation, are invited to give their assistance as lecturers; and, although these advertisements contain the promise of pecuniary assistance to the lecturer, they fail to secure the agency required, as they are constantly repeated so as to show that the sort of teachers required are not forthcoming.

There is, however, no want of bitter opposition to the truth in our own and other countries, of which we have a most remarkable proof, in the fact that a prelate of the Pope's household, Monseigneur de Sale is now engaged in founding a Society in Paris, for opposing the progress of Protestantism. This Society is intended "to resist the distribution of Bibles, the building of Protestant churches, the dissemination of *mischievous* pamphlets circulated by Bible societies, and the propagators of heresy, who scour the country." This zealous opponent of "heresy," complains that Avignon, a town sacred to the Pope, has lately been desecrated by the erection of a Protestant place of worship, and that heresy has made its way even to the spurs of the Salette mountain, and ravages the provinces of Limousin and Dauphine. He appeals for money to be employed for the conversion of the 70,000 Protestants, who infect France, and for the promotion of the true faith, and the confusion of its enemies. Does not this movement prove the alarm felt by the Romanists of France, and their deep conviction that "the Church is in danger?"

ADVICE TO PREACHERS.

1. UNDERSTAND your text.
2. Confirm your view by private reference to the original.
3. Strengthen your opinion, by once more reading the whole context.
4. Avoid a display of learning—criticise in the study—teach in the pulpit.
5. Divide your subject—it helps the hearers.
6. Speak in short sentences—it helps the preacher.
7. Use plain words—they are good for all sorts and conditions of men.
8. Avoid parenthesis—they trouble the speaker—they puzzle the hearer.
9. Speak in the first person singular—it gives reality.
10. Avoid the first person plural—kings speak thus, preachers should not.
11. Apply pointedly—all within the church walls are not of the church of Christ.
12. Rebuke boldly.
13. Warn lovingly.
14. Encourage heartily.
15. Preach frequently with your tongue.
16. Preach always by your life.
17. Honour the Holy Ghost.
18. Remember your Master—seek his glory, not your own. Old John Owen says, somewhere—"To preach the Word, and not to follow it with prayer constantly and frequently, is to belie its use, neglect its end, and cast away all the seed of the Gospel at random." (1 Cor. i. 21.) Annex to this, the advice given to Leigh Richmond—when entering the ministry—by his college-tutor:—"Don't use terms of science. The people have no abstract ideas—they cannot understand comparisons and allusions remote from all their habits. Take words of Saxon derivation, and not such as are derived from Latin and Greek. Talk of riches, not affluence—of trust, not confidence. Present the same idea in a varied form, and take care that you understand the subject yourself. If you be intelligent, you will be intelligible."—*Record.*

The Family Recorder.

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

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY BROTHER, chosen, blessed, and accepted in the Beloved, that we should be to the praise of his glory, who first trusted in Christ,—These precious truths declare unto us the cause and foundation of our life blessedness, in Christ; God the Father's unspeakable gift unto us, Emmanuel, God with us, the foundation laid in Zion; upon Him, the everlasting Foundation; we are made lively stones, and built up a holy habitation for the Lord, who saith, "Here will I dwell for ever, for my delight is in her;" and not only so, "I will set mine eyes upon her for good: I will rejoice over her to do her good, with my whole heart and my whole soul." This is the same to and for us; if we walk in darkness, and have no bright shining—if we say, woe is me, or joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, it is always thus. "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him," and the Lord, in love, having chosen us in the furnace of affliction, it is not only for our good, but that He Himself may be with us in all places, to guide us with his eye, to hold up our goings in his paths, that no evil may befall us; and though we have days of adversity, and days of prosperity, and the flesh against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; these are contrary the one to the other, yet, such is the love of our God to us, that, in all things, He teacheth us to profit, and we learn thereby to speak the truth, saying, "We know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, and are the called, according to his purpose;" and being by Him called out of darkness into his marvellous light, walk in the light, as He is in the light, and have fellowship one with another; and, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" and we being joined to the Lord, and One Spirit, and partakers of a Divine nature, begotten of, or by the Father, quickened by the Spirit, we are passed from death unto life, being born of God, cannot die any more, are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.

I do not see that there is anything worse now, than when Cain slew Abel, for it is the same spirit that now lusteth

to envy; there were two parties in the beginning, and so there are now—the children of God, and the children of the devil. The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be; and had not the Lord made us new creatures in Christ, and slain the enmity, by purging our conscience from dead works, by his precious blood, shed abroad his love in our hearts, and brought us into the obedience of faith, to walk by faith as obedient children in peace with God, our religion, so called, would all be fleshly, as is manifest by those who call themselves the Church, who are contending for the things of the flesh, whether they are crosses decorated with flowers, and ever-greens, or a sanctified wafer; a loud intonation, or a soft whisper, for whatsoever is not of faith, is sin; and it is well for us to be hated of men and devils; the world will love its own, but we love Him who first "loved us, and gave Himself for us, an offering and sacrifice of a sweet smelling savour."

I add another word in love, that is—"I die daily," yet believe I shall never die, being dead, and my life hid with Christ in God, who is that Eternal Life, that was with the Father, and was manifest unto us; and He saith, "Because I live ye shall live also;" and also He saith, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand; and where I am, there shall ye be also."

In the assurance of his love I am daily waiting for Him to come to take me home. I have no doubt about the certainty of this, though in by-gone days I had; but He will rest in his love, &c., hateth putting away, and saith, "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

As I have you, in my heart, to die and live with, I felt constrained to say a few words unto you, concerning Jesus the Great God and Saviour, our Jesus Christ, the Priest upon his throne, our Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous, the Propitiation for our sins, &c., the Mediator between God and man, the

Man Christ Jesus, Jehovah, our everlasting Light, our God and our glory.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,
A. TRIGGS.

32, Merrick Square,
Trinity Street, Borough,
London, E, Feb. 3, 1857.

KINDRED FEELING.

MY DEAR MR. DOUDNEY,—I was turning over in my mind whom I should send the trifling sum of 1s. 6d. (a first-fruits, and therefore dedicated to the Lord), when the work at Bonmahon came up before me, and settled me; but I cannot send the eighteen heads without one word to express how deeply I have felt for you lately; first in your illness at Plymouth, and next in the persecutions you are called upon to experience since you have returned home. Surely if the Lord had not been on your side when men rose up against you, they had swallowed you up quick! But, no, it could not be, for "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about thee;" and "no weapon formed against thee shall prosper." I have felt great sympathy in what you have written lately about "Early Words," and for more than a year I have looked for a text the first thing in the morning, and whatever would fix itself on my recollection till I was dressed, I have taken as the subject of my thoughts for the day, and on the 9th instant my text was, "Bear ye one another's burdens;" and I cannot tell you how happy it made me to bring (or bear) your burden before the Lord, though I cannot know the hundredth part of what you have to endure, yet I do know it is what would sink an earthen vessel if not upheld by divine grace. So I felt it a mark of my own adoption that I had such happiness in bringing your case before the Lord.

Believe me,

Yours (I trust) in the Lord,
K. P.

Chard, Dorset, June 14, 1857.

BEREAVEMENT.

MY DEAR SIR,—From the dawn of the present year, with anxious care I watched over the dearest object earth contained. She who had walked with me in tribulation's path; nervous and feeble though in frame, in faith still pressing on; from morn of womanhood, till shades began to fall. Ever sacrificing her

own worldly ease and happiness, for the welfare of her family. Constantly with them; watching over them; instructing, directing, correcting their thoughtless courses; caring for their present and future good: she sank under the strain upon her physical and mental faculties; and fell an easy prey to the consumptive blast. But hope still clung, still rose within my breast, till smiles of happiness—deep-seated peace of more than earthly kind; warned me of the Messenger's approach. At the last, resting particularly on the promise of eternal life in Jesus, recorded in 1 John v. 11, and with some of her last words, giving God the glory of his faithfulness to his covenant promises, "believing He would not disappoint her confidence," which, she said, "was that of a helpless sinner, receiving and believing his record of salvation, *bringing nothing in her hands!*" she closed her eyes on earth, and peacefully passed to everlasting rest.

Oh! what goodness has God shown to me, to give me such an earthly crown, for nearly eighteen years! And then to manifest such grace in her, that even our children viewed it with amazement! Death was indeed deprived of his sting! The scene was one of quiet triumph over the last enemy. Blessed be God, who has safely folded her in his "everlasting arms." His glorious name has often been our Strong Tower; and now, though earth is but a blank, He can fill all.

"Soon—soon life's day will wane away,
Its work be done—its thorny path pass'd o'er."

Beyond—

"For ever freed from sin, from sorrow, pain,
We then shall join their ransom'd souls again."

Yours, in the blessed hope,

J. T. S.

Brace Meole, near Shrewsbury,

June 6, 1857.

PEACE BE STILL!

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,

Thanks be unto our gracious God, that he has brought you home safe once again, and in renewed health of body, and peace of mind. And under your present circumstances may you be enabled to keep fast hold of your little "watch-word," for your God is and will be your strength in the midst of all your enemies. Though an host should encamp around you fear not. He that is with you, is more than all that are against you, Elisha's God is yours, and is the same as in days of old.

O remember that precious promise in the last verse of 54th of Isaiah, "No weapon that is formed against thee, shall prosper." This is your heritage as a servant of the Lord. Comforting truth, claim it, it is

ours. That promise was once spoken to me in a time of trial, and proved its gracious fulfilment.

Dear Brother, the event of your being laid low by your Father's hand, while journeying, may, and does appear a mystery to us, short-sighted mortals. But we know He is too wise to err, and is faithful in all His dealings. No doubt He had something to communicate to you, or some lesson you could only learn under the circumstances He was pleased to place you in, that you may be able to point others to the same blessed source from which you have so freely received. O dear Brother, happy for us when trials and afflictions bring us closer and closer to our sympathizing Jesus, who knew what trial and sorrow was in a form of which we know not, and who endured it for us, that He might be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, what a precious thought; and thus to sympathize with his afflicted people.

And more dear Brother, I pray that you may at all times realize the presence of your Jehovah Jesus, who said to his servant Abraham, "Fear not, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward."

Yours sincerely,

in Gospel bonds,

Dublin.

M. E. L.

LESSONS:

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I heard from a friend recently, that you have been in the furnace again since your return to Ireland. You, doubtless, when at Plymouth, heard of my anxiety for you in your illness; and how, in the middle of one night, I awoke with these words, thinking of you, "The poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles." So it is written, and so will it be verified, but as it was of old so is it now; "When the men of Israel saw that they were in a strait, they hid themselves in caves, and in thickets, and in rocks, and in high places, and in pits," (1 Sam. xiii. 6); and how often are we found when staggered through fright rushing to our own way of escape, rather than making a quiet supplication unto the Lord. In the 12th verse, Saul seems aware of this in his conversation with Samuel; but, oh, how different his worship of forced obedience to the Lord of Hosts, from the childlike call to his Father, in the remembrance of His being his "All in all!" Oh! my dear friend, "who is a God like unto our God." The way the Lord keeps me near to Him now, is the song of my praise. He has, since we first met in revelation, made my uppermost cry to be, "Let me love thee first and best." It is true I did not then think of the *test* that must necessarily follow such a request, but oh! see His grace! though trial succeeded trial, and the

devil would say "are you now willing to have such a prayer answered?" "Yea, Lord, only give strength to hold on and still desire thee as my chief portion," and wondrous love and infinite wisdom has rode upon every storm, and I have been rather the *looker on* than the *fighter* in it. The drops of rain have rather fallen upon me from the thunder cloud than the cloud to have burst over my head. I have, as it were, had but the tail of the storm, as it is often called, while feeling my precious Christ to have had all the fury of it. He is indeed the Burden-bearer, the Strength of Israel in time of trial, the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley in the midst of earthly pleasures, for though Satan may allure, He is found at last to be the sweetest of ALL flowers.

You may have seen in the papers, the death of my only brother, Major H——, at Madeira, on the 26th of April. The news reached us on the 14th of May, when I hastened to the afflicted widow, who had returned home *al ve*. How lonely she wrote word, God only knows, and added, "it is easier to say, He hath dealt very bitterly with me, than to say, Thy will be done." I believe she will be manifested as the Lord's some day. My poor brother was only 45 years of age, has left three children, and had only come into possession of his father's beautiful estate in Hampshire, about four years.

My nerves have been much shaken through this last gloomy trial, and I have, and still am feeling the effects of bronchitis, but I have cause to be thankful especially now my only Brother is gone, that the Lord has raised me up a kind and most devoted friend.

Believe me my dear friend,

Yours, in the best of all bonds,

M. L. M.

Red Hill, Surrey,
June 6th, 1857.

A CHEERING WORD.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was most anxious to hear from you by the Magazine, and when I did, was not a little surprized to hear that your life had been threatened. But O! what a mercy it is, to think that all the men in Ireland cannot take your life, without your heavenly Father's permission; no, not a sparrow, much more a dear child. You know there were more than forty men bound themselves under an oath, that they would neither eat nor drink, till they had killed Paul; but they were not permitted to carry their dreadful plan into execution. And I trust your life will be long spared, to be instrumental in comforting his dear children.

I hope I can say, without any mistake, that your ministry and meetings have been much blessed to my soul; and the longer I live, I find those precious truths you bring

forth before his dear children, are substantial resting-places, when applied by his Spirit, and nothing short will do for them, in the prospect of a dying hour.

I humbly hope, that my dear Lord has taught me many years back, something of these things, and has kept me sensible of my need of Him; and does enable me at times to lay in his hands, as clay in the hands of the potter. O! that it was always the case. I know it is a happy place, and why I am at any time brought there, I know not; unless I adopt the words of our dear Lord, "for thus it seemeth good in his sight."

Dear Sir, I must conclude, by wishing (and, I hope, by praying,) that you may receive all that support that your trying situation requires; and I am sure you will experience what the poet says:

"He that has helped me hitherto,
Will help me, all my journey through;
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise."

I remain, Dear Sir,
Your friend, and (I trust,)
Brother, in the Lord,

R. B.

Croydon, June 9, 1857.

HOLY CONFIDENCE.

TO MY UNKNOWN, YET WELL-KNOWN BROTHER IN THE LORD, I JOHN SENDETH GREETING,—Surely the Lord hath anointed thee, and set thee for the defence of his Gospel in the benighted land where thou now art, and hath given thee the Spirit of his Christ in the proclaiming of a full and free salvation to the spiritually lost. Thou art his witness in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; then fear not the frowns and threats of man.

Quail not at the tide of opposition, malice, and enmity of thine enemies, (thine, said I,) nay, they are the Lord's. "Whoso toucheth you toucheth the apple of my eye."

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing," &c.

It is not you they hate and persecute, but the image or likeness of Christ manifest in you; "Marvel not if the world hate you. They have hated me, and they will hate you also." "Tis better to be reviled for Christ's sake, than to be numbered with the revilers." See Mat. x. 13.

Again, it is well for the servant to be as his master." "If they do these things in the green tree, what will they do in the dry?"

This trial doubtless is a source of great anxiety and fear to thy soul; causing thee to resort to a throne of grace, for grace to help in time of need; and if it has only this effect thou wilt not be a loser.

"Gold in the furnace tried,
Ne'er loses aught but dross;
So is the Christian purified,
And bettered by the cross."

Ah, my friend, hast thou ever been in one single trial or affliction since the Lord hath called thee by his grace, where he hath not been better unto thee than all thy fears?

Hast thou not in the climax of the affliction been brought to say, my Jesus has done all things well? Though in the primary part thereof thou hast been like a wild bull in a net. "I do well to be angry. All these things are against me."

"Is it not of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed? Is it not an unspeakable mercy that "Our God changes not; that He rests in his love; that He is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever."

The Lord make us as little children, lay us low at his feet, and keep us there. Give us grace to acknowledge Him in all our ways. To live the Gospel, and love the Gospel, To pray for, and sympathize with his suffering Church, and grant us that precious faith that works by love, that centres in a crucified Redeemer; sink or swim.

Thus have I, a poor worm, taken upon me to address you whom I have never seen in the body that I wot of.

Yet I trust we see eye to eye in the things pertaining unto the salvation of our immortal souls.

I have read your Magazine from time to time with profit under the Lord's blessing, and do pray that He will strengthen your hands in the work unto which he hath appointed you, and that He will give you all needful grace, and enable you from time to time, to bring forth things both new and old, to the building up and edification of his dear saints, and "Grant you to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that you might be filled with all the fulness of God."

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. Unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end, Amen."

Yours in love,

JOHN.

Harlington, June 9th, 1857.

A Christian cannot say, I have an estate in the world, and I shall have it for ever; but every Christian may say, I have God for my portion, and I shall have him for ever.

Anon.

Christ sows the seed, rains on it and shines on it. He is always going on with his work, and the man is in a dead, dull, and uncomfortable frame, yet Christ is still continuing his work in the soul.

Romaine.