

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. 115, }
NEW SERIES. }

JULY, 1875.

{ No. 1,315,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

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

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

FROM BETHEL TO BETHANY, BY WAY OF
BETHLEHEM, BOCHIM, AND BETHESDA.

(Continued from page 289.)

HOWEVER long or anxiously kept in waiting for counsel or direction from on high, it is additionally blessed to the dear child of God when such counsel or direction is conclusively given. Moreover, dear reader, we are persuaded that the longer such a one is kept in waiting, the more conclusive and unquestionable will be the issue. You remember that Scripture, "He that believeth shall not make haste." The more, therefore, that precious faith which the Lord only can give, and He alone maintain, is in exercise, the more disposed and enabled is the happy partaker of it to wait the Lord's will and to abide the Lord's pleasure. Satan and a deceitful, treacherous heart will suggest this time and the other means as the best, but faith's province is to wrestle, to watch, and to wait. As assuredly as we find ourselves in a hurry, we may take for granted our course is a questionable one, as far as present choice and movements are concerned.

Of this, however, we may rest assured, the clearer the Lord's manifestations of His gracious will and pleasure, respecting our pathway, the closer the after test with regard to that pathway.

We see this, beloved, very clearly in the patriarch's case. Had not the Lord appeared to him at certain stages of his eventful career, and made most clear His mind concerning him, Jacob's after exercises would have been so much the more severe. You recollect, dear reader, that it was upon the ground of a prior revelation he pleaded with the Lord in those memorable terms, "And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good."

After the painful facts recorded in Genesis xxxiv., the very blessed intimation given to the patriarch was so much the more welcome. The reader will bear in mind this most important truth, that the Lord does not fritter away His gifts. Large-hearted and liberal-handed as He is, He by no means wastes His mercies; but He adapts

them to times and seasons ; and those times are times of extremity. Hence they become both welcome and weighty. This may be seen at a glance when Jacob's position, as presented in the chapter to which we have referred, is considered. "Ye have troubled me," he says to his sons, Simeon and Levi, "to make me to stink among the inhabitants of the land, among the Canaanites and the Perizzites ; and I being few in number, they shall gather themselves together against me, and slay me ; and I shall be destroyed, I and my house."

Poor Jacob ! here he was in peril again. Ah, how familiar he with fear and dread ! How little did he know, even throughout his lengthened and eventful life, of calm, quiet, patient repose ! How little knew he personally of faith, how much of sense and reason !

Yet all was overruled for his good and for God's glory. Through him and by his conduct we have so much larger a view of the character of our God, and so much deeper an insight into His love, tenderness, forbearance, and long-suffering. Hence He is discovered so much the more to be the very God we poor sinners need, and the very failings and faithlessness of the patriarch are overruled for our profit and advantage.

Now, reader, mark the timeliness and the compassion of the Lord's renewed appearance to Jacob : "And God said unto Jacob, Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there : and make there an altar unto God, that appeared unto thee when thou fleddest from the face of Esau thy brother." How definite was the direction, so as not to leave the patriarch at the veriest uncertainty about his movements. The Lord so well knew the jaded state of Jacob's mind, at this critical juncture, that it the more moved His loving, tender, sympathizing heart to deal the more clearly and conclusively with him. He would not leave him, at such a crisis, to hesitate for a moment what to do. His course of action was made as plain as possible. This was very gracious. Moreover, Jacob was not only to "go up to Bethel," but "to dwell there." Hence we see at once the diversity and the comprehensiveness of the Lord's leadings and dealings. Sometimes He says to His servants, as He did to Paul, "Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." Here he had to walk and to wait. But, in the case before us, the Lord disclosed more of His mind at one and the same time. This is not so frequently His way of dealing. "Arise," He said to Jacob, "go up to Bethel, and dwell there." This clearly intimated that the Lord would be with him, to bless and preserve him. Under such direction, the patriarch had a perfect right to calculate upon both protection and provision. When our God speaks, He speaks as a God ! He will maintain His character, and establish, in every minute particular, His great and glorious name ! Further, Jacob was counselled to "make an altar unto God," "that appeared unto thee when thou fleddest from the face of Esau thy brother."

Thus the Lord Himself would divert the mind of His oppressed and bewildered servant from his present overwhelmings of sorrow,

by leading him back to a previous season of intense anguish. The vividness of that season, with all its attendant circumstances, having passed away, the Lord here graciously and condescendingly acts as the Remembrancer; and, in so doing, infuses the hope that like mercies and renewed succour and deliverance, shall again be vouchsafed.

Reader, do *you* know anything of this, in a way of personal and heartfelt experience? Once again would we ask, have *you* your Bethels and your Bochims, the which, under the gracious operation of the Holy Ghost, as the Remembrancer, you are, at times and seasons, permitted and privileged to revisit? If so, how forcible are those visits! how timely! how reassuring! Prone as we poor creatures are to forget—liable as we, alas! are to be so engrossed by present trials and prospective difficulties, to overlook past succour and deliverance—we wonder not that such special directions were given, in times of old, to set up “Ebenezers” here and “stones of help” there, so that they might become instrumental in “bringing to remembrance” the gracious acts of the Lord.

How clearly we gather from that memorable 42nd Psalm that this was one way—and a very special way too—in which the Psalmist gained consolation in times of sorrow and seasons of depression. “O my God,” he says, “my soul is cast down within me; therefore (mark the “therefore,” dear reader) will I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.” Spots, no doubt, in connexion with which he had experienced special manifestations and deliverances.

Ah, reader, without similar spots, we scarcely know what some of the Lord’s children would do in the after stages of their pilgrimage, when, perhaps, the Lord seems to keep them at a distance; when, in very deed, they are called to “walk by faith, and not by sight;” when the forty days during which the prophet had to walk in the strength of the meat of which he had partaken is multiplied, we had nearly said, twenty-fold. What, we ask, would such do if they had not certain times, certain seasons, certain spots, inseparably identified with which are revelations, manifestations, pledges, assurances, covenant sealing, the which are like the momentary glimpses of the sun which, in thick weather, the anxious mariner has caught whilst making his reckoning as to whereabout his ship is when in the midst of the wide-spread ocean.

In conversation with a dear servant of God very recently, in which he testified of the marvellous indulgences he had many years ago, we asked, “Have you them now?” His reply was to the effect that they were now only *very short*—but, as it were, momentary. Ah, professors may talk about the “higher life,” the brighter manifestations, the spiritual tone, the heavenmindedness, the glory-glare, shall we call it? We have, however, neither confidence in, nor sympathy with, such testimonies.

Sure we are that the brighter, the more blessed and conclusive, the manifestations, the more real and the severer the test and the trial of

faith afterwards. All the hay, straw, stubble, cleaving to such faith must be destroyed in the fiery ordeal to which all genuine, Spirit-inwrought and Spirit-maintained faith *must*—yea, *MUST*—be subjected.

Are men—Christian men, as they are called—become holier, better, less in need of teaching and discipline now than Job or Peter? If there were a “needs-be that they should be in heaviness through manifold temptations,” is there aught in the age in which we live, or in the character of our fellow-men, to justify for a moment the supposition that a smoother, an easier, a more agreeable path to the kingdom of glory, through the kingdom of grace, will suffice? We say, and that most emphatically, No. On the contrary, we believe that such boasted “higher life” savours of the pride and Pharisaism of the human heart, abetted by Satan, as transforming himself into an angel of light.

A religious devil we believe to be more dangerous than a profane devil.

But, with respect to Jacob, dear reader, mark, as we before intimated, the Lord’s gifts—so gracious and so timely—were not wasted or frittered away. They were put to the test. In very deed, the patriarch had need of them. What would have been the consequence if so be “the terror of God had not been upon the cities round about them, so that they did not pursue after the sons of Jacob?” The Lord then, as He not uncommonly does now, takes matters manifestively into His own hands. Creature wisdom and creature strength, at such times and seasons, fail; but divine wisdom and divine strength, never!

Reader, do you know anything of it? Have you found the Lord condescendingly and graciously to take up when the creature has been compelled to lay down? How blessed, though most humbling, is the testimony in the 107th Psalm: “Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High; therefore He brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distresses.”

We presume the “higher-life” advocates have got beyond the 107th Psalm (that blessed epitome of the Lord’s dealings with His people in the wilderness at all times and in all seasons), as well as out of the seventh of the Romans.

Observe, dear reader, the intermingling of joy and sorrow, sunshine and clouds, which make up the believer’s experience through this vale of tears. We have scarcely read of one of the “so’s” which follow the Lord’s counsel and direction, ere it is succeeded with one of the painful “buts” which are interwoven in our daily experience. We read, “*So Jacob came to Luz, which is in the land of Canaan, that is, Bethel, he and all the people that were with him. And he built there an altar, and called the place El-beth-el, because there God appeared unto him when he fled from the face of his brother.*”

Without doubt, as he set up that altar, the patriarch, for the time being, realized an overwhelming sense of the Lord's goodness and mercy towards both himself and the many by whom he was surrounded. If, at a previous stage of his eventful history, he exclaimed, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast shewed unto Thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands," it is not likely that he would, under present circumstances, with the additional deliverances which had been vouchsafed, be less conscious of the debt of gratitude he owed for all the blessings so richly bestowed upon him.

Observe, however, the "but" of which we just now spoke.

"But Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, died, and she was buried beneath Bethel, under an oak, and the name of it was called Allon-bachuth" (the oak of weeping).

Here, therefore, dear reader, you see the joy and the sorrow! The altar and the El-beth-el (the God of Bethel) memorialized with a grateful review and holy contemplation of all the goodness, mercy, and lovingkindness which had followed the patriarch since he first lay his head upon a stone for his pillow. And that privileged spot proved so unexpectedly, and in such an unlooked-for way, to be "none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven." "Allon-bachuth" (the oak of weeping). Hence, Jacob could never contemplate Bethel without the blending of joy and sorrow—clouds with the sunshine. And is not, dear reader, our daily experience a similar compound? It is an intermingling of mercy and misery, pleasure and pain?

Some of us have long had engraven as it were upon our very hearts the memorable lines of the immortal Watts:—

"We should suspect some danger nigh
When we possess delight."

And yet, dear reader, has not even this been overruled for good, so as to cause us, in the sequel, to exclaim more emphatically, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire in comparison with Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my Portion for ever?"

Observe again the interminglings! If sorrow succeeds joy, so, in like manner, in God's good time and way, joy again follows sorrow.

"And God appeared unto Jacob again, when he came out of Padan-aram, and blessed him."

Ah, reader, that is so sweet—at least, we feel it so: "And God appeared unto Jacob *again*." Blessed be God for that "*again*." What, not wearied? no putting away? not at last disgusted with all the unbelief and ingratitude, and base and black backslidings of thought, and word, and action? No. "And God appeared unto Jacob *again*." Yes, even to Jacob, poor wayward, forgetful, self-seeking Jacob!

And the selfsame God will appear again to thee, poor trembling, doubting, fearing reader, if so be thou hast the veriest desire after Him. Mark this, if thou art looking for and longing after Him; yea, in the very least degree and in the feeblest possible measure, it is because He has already appeared. These cravings, these emotions, "these feeble desires, these wishes so weak," are the blessed fruits and effects of His having "passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, when He said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live; yea, when He said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live." He gave thee life then, and that life was an imperishable life; it was "eternal life;" and now it is evidenced and manifested in these secret cravings, heart-longings, heavenly pantings after Himself! It is Himself—and Himself alone—can satisfy. The language of every sigh and groan and tear—(and blessed be His name, He understands the language, and accepts it as such)—is, "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest *Thy flock* to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of Thy companions?" And He will come again, beloved. He will visit you afresh. He will do for you what He promised His dear disciples He would do for them, "And ye now have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no man taketh from you."

Yea, verily, of every longing, Christ-seeking soul it shall be said, as it was said of the patriarch, "And God appeared unto Jacob again." Nothing shall keep Him back; naught shall drive Him effectually and absolutely away. He may and He will *chastise*, but not *forsake*; no, never! He will be mindful of His word, and will fulfil it, too: "If my children forsake my law, and keep not my commandments, I will visit their sins with a rod, and their iniquities with stripes; nevertheless (Ah, He will never overlook His own covenant "nevertheless") my lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail."

But perhaps some reader will say, "You speak of the Lord's coming again, and you lay great stress upon His being seen a *second time*; but the question with me is, Have I seen Him *at all*? I am by no means at a point about it, although it is a subject of such vast importance. Hence I tremble at building upon a false foundation, or entertaining a vain and presumptuous hope."

Well, now, may the Lord help us to throw a little light upon the matter.

In the first place, had you never seen the Lord, you would never have any care or concern whatever about seeing Him. If you could remember—but, alas! alas! we are prone to forget, and, therefore, we lose the force of arguments which would otherwise stand in our favour—we say, if you could but remember your former state of mind, you would see that you had then no wish or desire about seeing or knowing the Lord. It was a subject of no moment with you, but one of absolute indifference.

Next, rest assured of this, if there be this change, it is the Lord, and the Lord alone, who hath effected it. You could not have made it; nor would or could Satan have made it; for his great object was to have kept you sleeping the sleep of carnal sleep. He did his utmost to prevent your being aroused until the flames of hell, and all the ruin and despair of eternal destruction, awoke you to a sense of your hapless and eternally undone condition.

God grant you to see, dear anxious one, that the veriest looking for or longing after Christ is the blessed fruit and effect of *His* having first looked upon and longed after *you*. You would, we repeat most emphatically, have never looked towards Him, had He not first looked upon you; nor would you have ever longed after Him, had He not first longed after you. "We love Him," says the Apostle, "because He first loved us."

Again, the looking and longing after Christ of which you are now the subject differs materially from your former condition. Again, we say, we are sadly forgetful. Could we remember, we should discover that among your first thoughts about Christ there was a certain fear and dread of what His manner and bearing towards us might be; but now, in your ardent desire for His coming again, is it not that such reappearance might be in order to *confirm* and *establish* your hopes and desires that He has in very deed graciously already appeared? In spite of yourself, and notwithstanding your fears to the contrary, is there not a degree of *knowledge* and *familiarity* of which aforetime you were ignorant? Soberly and seriously we ask, did Jesus condescend again to appear, do you believe He would be the *Stranger* to you that He once was? Would you not know His voice in a way that you did not once know it? Did not the Magdalene catch the love-note, "Mary!" with a promptitude and a grateful echo to which, under former circumstances, she would have been an utter stranger?

Were not the feelings and emotions of Manoah's wife different when the angel paid her a second visit to what they were upon his first? Think you not that her tone and manner were more decided and confirming, when she "made haste, and ran, and shewed her husband, and said unto him, Behold, the man hath appeared unto me that came unto me the other day"? Did she not know him now as she did not at the first?

Did not the terms in which Martha and Mary sent to Jesus to say, "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick," bespeak a knowledge and a familiarity which they did not once possess?

We maintain, therefore, that, notwithstanding all your fears, dear Christ-longing reader, there is a phase and a feature about that longing which blessedly denote a saving knowledge of and a divine acquaintance with His glorious person, whom to know is life eternal; and that you are in very deed among those of whom the Apostle speaks as "loving His appearing," and to whom He shall in due time, again and again in a secondary and subordinate, as well

as in the higher and more glorious, sense, "appear a second time without sin unto salvation."

And, dear reader, forgetful as, alas! we are, can we, nevertheless, altogether lose sight of certain feelings and ardent longings and intense desires of which we were the subjects, after some of His earlier manifestations? Was there not something like this bubbling up in our hearts, "Oh, do, Lord, do once more appear. Show Thyself this once, so that I may know that it was Thou who really didst speak to me; that it was in very deed Thy voice; that I have not been deceived. Give me this one sign—this one token, Lord; and then I will try and not doubt again. If Thou wilt but assure me this once, just whisper, 'It is I; be not afraid,' once again; oh, then, I will strive to rest in Thy love, and feel assured all is well, come what may"?

Ah, reader, was not this the case again and again and again? And how many times He did come; how repeatedly did He speak; in what numberless ways did He show both Himself and His handiwork: but what about the steadfastness, the abiding, the resting in His love, on our part?

Moreover, poor doubting, trembling, and fearing soul, if thine heart and thine eye are Christward and Godward, as it was in Jacob's case, so shall it be in thine; for we read, "And God appeared unto Jacob again, when he came out of Padan-aram, and blessed him." What three mighty words, "*And blessed him!*" What do they contain? rather, what do they *not* contain? All that was good—all that was gracious—all that was essential for the patriarch's real happiness and prosperity, were contained in those three short words, "*And blessed him.*" For mark, dear reader, it is "the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

But mark, too—for it is very essential—this blessing of the Lord wherewith He blessed Jacob did not supersede trouble. By no means. Nay, had he not as much trouble—yea, more—after this gracious declaration, "And blessed him," than before? Assuredly he had. So that, reader, you cannot estimate the Lord's blessing in a fleshly way, or upon the supposition that because you are tried and tempted and afflicted—aye, it may be with wave upon wave, deep after deep, sorrow upon sorrow—that, therefore, you are not the blessed of the Lord. Nay, nay, remember what is distinctly declared, "But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons;" "for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?"

Now look at the very tender and gracious way in which the Lord dealt with the patriarch, and then see what followed. "And God said unto him, Thy name is Jacob: thy name shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be thy name: and He called his name Israel. And God said unto him, I am God Almighty: be fruitful and multiply; a nation and a company of nations shall be of thee, and kings shall come out of thy loins; and the land which I gave Abraham and

Isaac, to thee I will give it, and to thy seed after thee will I give the land. And God went up from him in the place where He talked with him" (Gen. xxxv. 10—13).

So you see, reader, that the Lord comes and goes in a way of manifestation. You remember that Scripture, "And the Lord went His way as soon as He had left communing with Abraham; and Abraham returned unto his place." And we have often thought what a dark, drear, desolate place that place was.

But, further, we read: "And Jacob set up a pillar in the place where he talked with Him, even a pillar of stone: and he poured a drink offering thereon, and he poured oil thereon. And Jacob called the name of the place where God spake with him, Bethel. And they journeyed from Bethel; and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath: and Rachel travailed, and she had hard labour. And it came to pass, when she was in hard labour, that the midwife said unto her, Fear not; thou shalt have this son also. And it came to pass, as her soul was in departing (for she died), that she called his name Ben-oni: but his father called him Benjamin. And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day" (verses 14—20).

Well, dear reader, we have accompanied the dear old patriarch as far as Bethlehem, and here again, for a little season, we must part company. Meanwhile, do not let us forget that "Bethlehem" is "the house of bread;" nor let us lose sight either of the fact, that although all the Lord's Jacobs, in common with him, may know what it is to have "the bread of adversity and the water of affliction," yet the special provision stored up in "the house of bread" for all the Lord's hungry and thirsty ones is most substantial and soul-satisfying. Sure we are that the Lord will fulfil His word with regard to His Zion: "I will abundantly bless her provision; I will satisfy her poor with bread." "My people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the Lord."

Although "His way may be in the sea, His path in the mighty waters, and His footsteps not be known," yet so special and so blessed are His leadings of His dear people that they shall be abundantly satisfied therewith. Sooner or later, they shall know what divine contentment is; what a oneness of heart with the Lord is; what a being sincerely and unreservedly able to say, "It is the Lord; let Him do as seemeth Him good" is.

Yea, assuredly, this is the portion of all the Lord's people, even here in this vale of tears; and, although Bethel and Bochim may be wider apart geographically than they are in the experience of the Lord's Jacobs, yet they shall know the special and peculiar blessedness wrapped up in that sweet testimony of the Holy Ghost in connexion with the portion we just now quoted from the prophet Isaiah: "And therefore (or "yet," or "nevertheless") will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you, and therefore will He

be exalted, that He may have mercy upon you : for the Lord is a God of judgment : blessed are all they that wait for Him. For the people shall dwell in Zion at Jerusalem : thou shalt weep no more : He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry ; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee. And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers : and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left " (Isaiah xxx. 18—21).

Dear reader, what can we desire more? Hence may our constant language be, "Lord, do as Thou hast said."

St. Luke's, Bedfordminster, June 5, 1875.

THE EDITOR.

"BLACK, BUT COMELY."

No wisdom of man can spy out his heart,
The Lord only can show this hidden part;
Nor yet are men willing to have the truth told—
The sight is too killing for pride to behold.

A look from the Lord discovers our case,
And bringeth His word, attended with grace.
The man is convicted, and feeleth his hell,
And groweth afflicted more than he can tell.

If once the sun shines upon a soul clear,
He reads the dark lines which sin has wrote there,
Begins to discover his colour and make,
And cries, "I'm all over as any fiend black."

But when the Lord shows a reconcil'd face,
And buries our woes in triumphing grace,
This blessed look stilleth the mourner's complaint,
And with a song filleth the mouth of the saint.

Sweet love and sweet shame now hallow his breast.
Yet black is his name, though by his Lord blest,
"I am," he says, "homely, deform'd in each part,
All black, but yet comely, through Jesu's desert.

A look of Thy love is all that I want;
Ah, look from above, and that will content."
Looks set us adoring His person most sweet,
And lay us abherring ourselves at His feet.

—*John Berridge.*

JOAN, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.—Having been asked, "Do you truly believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save you? and do you expect the full forgiveness of your sins by the shedding of His blood for you?" "Yes," she answered, "I do, believing that He is my only Saviour; and I look for salvation from no other, knowing that He hath abundantly made satisfaction for the sins of His people; and, therefore, I am assured that God will have mercy upon me for Christ's sake, according to His gracious promise."

Wayside Notes.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

“*These shall go into everlasting punishment.*”—MATTHEW XXV. 46.

WE feel, as we head our paper, that it might be said, “Why take up such a subject?” We are sorry to have to respond, in the language David used to Eliab, “Is there not a cause?” Indeed there is; for not merely are we informed that a popular preacher among the Congregationalists has stated that it is the prevailing opinion among many of their ministers that within ten years the belief in an eternity of punishment would be exploded, but, alas! we must say we are grieved to learn that this specious error of the day is being entertained by some who hold the doctrines of grace, and from whom we might expect better things, while the hold which it is taking of the young men of our day is truly alarming. There is, therefore, a needs-be for those who contend earnestly for the old truths of the Bible boldly to give their reasons for maintaining their position. And, before we go into the subject, it may be as well to deal with some of the objectors to the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked; and, to be brief and clear, we would classify these objectors under the three following heads:—1, the Scornful; 2, the Sentimental; 3, the Scholarly.

Now, with regard to the *Scornful* objectors, by which we mean those who say, “Is this your Christianity, which would consign hundreds and thousands of your fellow-creatures to eternal perdition?” We reply, “No, it is not; it is the rejection of Christianity which will do this.” Turn with us to Isaiah lxi. 1, 2, where it is written of Christ, “The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.” *That is our Christianity*—the proclamation of good tidings, grace, mercy, and liberty. But see what the Spirit of God has added: “The day of vengeance of our God.” That is the consequence of its rejection; and the matter thus recoils upon the objector’s head.

Then there are the *Sentimental* objectors—those who say, “God is a beneficent Being, kind and good to all. I cannot believe that He will let human beings He has created endure never-ending torment and pain.” Now, this is very well as a matter of sentiment and feeling; but feeling and sentiment must fall before the revelation of His own mind and will. What is His own testimony upon the matter? “I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion,” and it is added to man, who would resist His will and dispute His justice, “Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour? What if God, willing to shew His wrath, and to make His power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction, and that He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy, which He had afore prepared unto glory?” Ah, what

indeed ! It is useless our arguing that His dealings do not square with our notions, or that we cannot see the righteousness of His orderings and ways. He will vindicate His own character, and our position must be to bow with reverence and say, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Then there are the *Scholarly* objectors to eternal punishment; and these, of course, are deserving of more attention. Now, it appears to us that their objections chiefly turn upon the rendering of certain Greek words, as, for instance, the word "Hades" and "Gehenna." Now, upon this point we will quote from the "Handbook of the Grammar of the Greek Testament," by the Rev. Samuel G. Green, Raydon College, which work is deemed an authority, and has been approved and revised by many learned men, and under the head of "Hell, Hades," &c., it is written:—"ᾍδης means the place of the departed, as in Luke xvi. 23:—'The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments,' &c., and in the words, 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell,' &c. Then it is also used by metonymy or rhetorical figure for death and destruction, as in the words, 'And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell,' but it is only once rendered *grave*, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' (1 Cor. xv. 55.) γέεννα (from Valley of Hinnom) is 'the abode of the lost,' as in Matt. v. 22, 29, 30; x. 28; Mark ix. 43, 45; Luke xii. 5; James iii. 6; Matt. xxiii. 15, 33 (only)." Now, this will show us that these words referred to may not merely be rendered "the grave," but also "the place of departed spirits," and "the abode of the lost," and we must go to other passages of Scripture to show that the abode of the lost is the scene of everlasting punishment, and which leads us more immediately into our subject. And first notice *the origin of the error* that there will be no future state or punishment, which we think we can prove is the offspring of Socinianism and heathenism. Dr. Cunningham, in his work, "Historical Theology," dwelling upon the Socinian system of theology, says: "Eternal punishment, of course, was inconsistent with all their notions of the divine character and government, of the nature and demerit of sin, and the design and end of punishment. The older Socinians generally adopted the doctrine of annihilation of the wicked, while modern Socinians advocate the doctrine of universal restoration, or the final and eternal happiness of all intelligent beings. And then, with regard to its springing from heathenism, both the ancient Greek and Roman poets drew arguments from the consideration that life is short and death will terminate our existence, to urge men to lay hold on the present opportunity, and give full indulgence to their appetites, according to the libertine maxim, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

If, therefore, we are right in believing that the root of this error is to be found in Socinian and heathen soil, how can the fruit be good? And we think that those Christians who are being carried away by it may reflect that, if the root be heathenism and Socinianism, the probable fruit will be deism and infidelity. And then, going from the origin of it into the error itself, it seems to us to embrace another important point, namely, *the immortality of the soul*; for, if annihilation be a fact, there can be no such a thing as the soul's immortality—at all events, as far as the wicked are concerned. Now, that there is a soul is abundantly shown in the Word of God; for instance (Gen. ii. 7), "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of

life, and man became (mark not a living body, but) a living soul." And again (Job. xxxiii. 4), "The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." And our Lord, in the parable of the rich man, who, regardless of eternal things, thought to take ease, now that he had increased in worldly riches, says, "Thou fool, this night thy *soul* (not 'thy body') shall be required of thee." And again, Paul, in passing through divers Churches in Asia Minor, "confirmed the souls of the disciples;" while in that memorable chapter, 1 Cor. xv. 45, it is written, "The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam a quickening Spirit." While Peter, in confirmation of the same, bids his fellow Christians commit the keeping of their souls unto their faithful Creator. It is quite evident, then, that there is a soul, and the question which follows is, Is that soul immortal? Now, as far as regards the righteous, this is self-evident, for they are to reign with the Lord for ever and ever, and to dwell in the kingdom of Christ and of God throughout the countless ages of eternity. But the question is, Are the souls of the wicked immortal? This leads us at once into the destructionists' theory of annihilation. Now, those who contend for this lay particular stress upon the words "destruction," "perish," "everlasting," and "sleep," as used in the Scriptures, and say that they are used in a mitigated sense. We allow that they are, but, taking the whole tenor of the Scriptures, the doctrine of eternal punishment still remains. The word destruction is evidently used by the Spirit, in the Word, to convey various meanings. For instance (Psalm xc. 3), "Thou turnest man to destruction." This evidently has reference to a temporal death. Again (1 Cor. v. 5), "To deliver such a one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh." That is, for the mortification of the flesh. Then, in Deut. iv., it says that the people of Israel shall be utterly destroyed. It is evidently an allusion to a providential dispensation of an afflictive character, as it is added, "The Lord shall scatter you among the nations." If destroyed—i.e., annihilated—how could they be "scattered?" It will be seen in these passages, and in many others which might be mentioned, that the word "destruction" does not mean *extinction of being*. Now take a passage or two where it is contended that it does (Matt. x. 10, 28). "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear Him which is able to destroy body and soul in hell." Now, this is evidently showing the superiority of the power of God over the power of the creature, which says He is able to destroy; it does not even say that He will, or purposes to do so. If we compare it with Luke xii. 5, the explanation is clear: "Fear Him which, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell." Or, to take another passage which is much dwelt upon by those who hold the views of the destructionists (Psalm cxlv. 20), "The Lord preserveth all them that love Him, but all the wicked will He destroy." The evident meaning here is that He will sweep them off the earth; and that He will sweep them into everlasting punishment, we shall presently show more fully. Then the destructionists, as we have said, lay stress upon the word *perish*, of which much might be said did space allow. We can but take one illustration, namely, "The preaching of Christ," says Paul, "is to them that perish foolishness," but the context clearly shows us that his obvious meaning is to those who are lost, or not saved. So, also, with the word translated *everlasting*. It is said that it is often used to express a long but definite duration. Now, as the same word is used with regard to the eternal happiness of the righteous, it

would follow that the righteous never attain to happiness which lasts throughout the countless ages of eternity. Just one illustration: "These go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Then with regard to the word *sleep*, which they also lay stress upon, contending that the soul sleeps after death, utterly void of sense, consciousness, and activity; but mark, this word is invariably used in connection with the body, and not the soul, as for instance (Dan. xii. 2), "Many of them that sleep in the dust shall awake" evidently meaning that their bodies shall sleep, but in the appointed time shall awake. Again, in Matt. xxvii. 52: "The graves were opened, and many bodies of saints which slept arose"—mark, bodies, not souls. And then we read that "David, after he had served his generation, by the will of God *fell asleep*, and was laid with his fathers and saw corruption." But we might refer to many other portions of the Word of God which run counter to this opinion of the sleep of the soul. For instance, in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, we have the respective state in which the righteous and wicked are placed immediately after death, the former comforted, the latter tormented. Again, our Lord's assertion to the dying thief might be mentioned, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." There is nothing like soul-sleeping here, but immediate happiness realized and enjoyed. Paul says also, "I am willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord." There is nothing like the sleep of the soul here.

Now we have said enough, I think, to show that the destructionists' theory of annihilation is not correct; that the words "destruction," "perish everlasting," and "sleep," do not confirm their speculations; but, looking at other passages, and the whole of the Scriptures, there is most certainly an after-condition, both for the righteous and unrighteous. Now comes the question, Is that afterwards to the ungodly to be attended with eternal punishment? Now, when we remind you that the references to hell which emphatically affirm an eternity of punishment are very many, you will see we must be brief. Take, then, the following passages, which prove our point, we think, to demonstration: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt" (Dan. xii. 2). Again, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal" (Matt. xxv. 46). Read also the parable of the rich glutton and Lazarus, as (given by our Lord Himself. The former described as lifting up his eyes, being in torments, crying to father Abraham to have mercy upon him, and send Lazarus, that he may dip his finger in water and cool his tongue, for he was tormented in this flame, and then praying Abraham to exhort his five brethren to repentance, lest they also should come into this *place of torment*. A place of torment which in Matthew's Gospel is described in three places as a place where "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth;" while the Apostle Paul, confirming the same, declares that "unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth," there shall fall "indignation, and wrath, tribulation, and anguish upon *every soul* of man that doeth evil." And, without multiplying passages, we will condense the matter by drawing attention to the following expressions to the same point: "Fire which is not to be quenched;" "worm that dieth not;" "reserved in chains and darkness for ever;" "not released till they have paid the uttermost farthing;" "no rest day and night;" "everlasting shame and contempt;" "wine of the wrath of God;" "fire;" "brimstone;" "burning;" "smoke;" "darkness;" "bonds and chains;" "pains and pangs;"

"wrath treasured up and salted with fire." If these expressions mean annihilation, then we cannot longer understand plain English, but may explain everything away. Just to glance at two other views of eternal punishment. First note John v. 29. The rising from the graves of the wicked is called a resurrection of damnation. Not, you see, an eternal sleep, but a resurrection to life. And then we may perceive that hell is represented as a place. For instance, Christ hath the keys of death and hell; they being the insignia of power, it could not possibly be power to open into nothing. Keys imply that there is a door to be unlocked, or gate to be opened, leading to a place. Hence we are told, "Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place" (Acts i. 25).

Thus have we met three classes of objectors—the scornful, the sentimental, the scholarly—tracing the origin of this error to Socinianism and heathenism, showing that the immortality of the soul makes annihilation impossible, and that the only ground they have to stand upon is by explaining away such words as "destruction," "perish everlasting," and "sleep," while there is abundant evidence in the Scripture to show that the abode of the lost is a place which will be a scene of eternal punishment, and that their resurrection will be a resurrection to damnation.

There are just two other views taken by those who deny the doctrine of eternal punishment we would refer to, namely, that of the Universalists and Christadelphians, both holding the idea of restoration, only in different forms, the Universalists' view being that, after a prolonged period of intolerable torments in a future state, the wicked will be ultimately restored to the image of God, and received into heaven. Now, there is not, that we are aware of, a single passage in God's Word to favour such a view; indeed, mainly, we believe that the Universalists do not go to the Word of God in support of their theory: therefore it is a mere speculation on the part of man. Just to take an instance of the extravagance men are led into when they set up a system of their own. Lavater, the celebrated author of the "System of Physiognomy," was a Universalist, and he prayed not merely for human beings now in hell, but all the devils, including him who is their chief. Where he gets his authority for praying for Satan we cannot imagine. Certainly not from the Word itself. Then the theory which is held by the Christadelphians is, that what we call "soul" is not immortal, but it is that spirit which, derived from the Almighty, at death reverts to its primal relation to eternal power, and lives onward and onward still; in fact, becomes absorbed in the Deity who gave it. The passages they think substantiate this theory is, it returns to "God who gave it" (Ecc. xi. 7); and therefore is God's (Job xxxiv. 14). Now, we are quite willing to grant that, at the command of the Maker, the spirit is yielded up, but again and again, when yielded up, far from being absorbed in God, He is said to use concerning it such expressions as these: "Depart from me, ye cursed;" "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness." This is the very opposite from absorption, indeed, it is the centrifugal rather than the centripetal. Then, again, their idea of spirit is evidently what the Church of England aptly calls "*confusion of substance*," and which leads them into another error, namely, as they assert that the spirit of man is the same as the spirit of the beast, both return unto one place, as it is written, Ecc. iii. 19. But here, as in many other places, reference is made to the mere physical life, which is evident from that which follows: "All are of the dust, and all turn to dust again;" while immediately afterwards it is asserted that the spirit of man goeth

upward, and the spirit of the beast goeth downward to the earth. Now, by way of illustration, notice the absurdity which these Christadelphians are driven into by their view that the spirit of the man and of the beast are alike, and both return to their primal relation to eternal power. Take the case of a man who has been guilty of crime upon crime, till at last he finishes his mad career by taking the life of a fellow-creature. Unrepentant, he is brought to execution, and, dying with an oath upon his lips, his spirit becomes absorbed in the Deity. Surely such a thought is blasphemy. Equally absurd is the position they take with regard to the beast. Can we imagine that the swine wallowing in the mire will eventually be absorbed in the Deity? How can men believe in such absurdities? And yet it is not to be wondered at, when their guide is natural reason, and not the Spirit of God.

And now, to bring this matter to a practical conclusion, there are four things which the denial of the doctrine of eternal punishment must lead to; viz., a terrible shelter, a terrible stumbling-block, a terrible snare, and a terrible satire.

First, *a terrible shelter*, because a deceptive and false one; and men, in their wickedness, would be glad enough of the flattering unction of annihilation. But why are we told that in their final emergency they will pray to the rocks and hills to hide them, if annihilation were their doom? or why those agonizing cries on a death-bed? Surely they spring from a consciousness within of the hell that awaits them, and something more than mere obliteration.

Again, what *a terrible stumbling-block* in the way of ministers of the Gospel, or any who desire to warn their fellow-creatures. How it disarms them when their warning only takes the form of deliverance from annihilation. Picture a man led into the paths of wantonness and vice. Hear what the Scriptures say of his companion and ensnarer (Pro. v. 3.): "For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil: but her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell." Supposing you believe that this merely means the grave, after which all is annihilation, then the sinner you warned would scorn your words. He might naturally say, "I may eat, drink, and be merry; if the worst comes to the worst, it will be all over in a moment."

And then it is *a terrible snare*, and one of the specious errors of the day. David says that, when he remembered the everlasting judgments of God, he was horribly afraid for the ungodly who forsake His law. He need not have been, if they were to be annihilated; but we can but drink into his spirit, especially when we read such words as these: "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever."

And then, lastly, what *a terrible satire* it is upon the redemption of Christ! Why did Christ suffer the agonies of bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane? Why His ignominious death upon the cross, if there were no punishment to be rescued from? No, sin committed against an infinite God demands infinite punishment; its immensity who can fathom? You, beloved, with us, feel that the Lord Jesus has indeed delivered you from the power of Satan and the depths of hell, and can sing of that deliverance as not merely preservation from annihilation, but an uplifting from eternal torment to the glory of His presence.

But we must close. Many other points confirmatory of the Scriptural view we have taken upon this important subject might be added did time

and space allow. We might, for instance, have shown how, under the divine legation of Moses, the obligation to observe every rite and ceremony was enforced upon the sanction of future rewards and punishment, and that the laws of our own country, and of other civilized countries, are founded upon the same principle, guilt to be visited with punishment commensurate with the guilt; but we forbear, and will only add, beloved, we could wish that our taking up such a subject were quite unnecessary, for much rather would we dip our pen into the flowings of the covenant promises and the consolation of the Gospel. But really, in these days of sickly Christianity and specious error, it becomes one to defend unflinchingly the doctrines of the eternal Word.

Derby.

G. C.

A MENTAL PLEA.

Possess me, O Lord, I pray Thee, with an abiding sense of Thy goodness and mercy. Permit me never to lose sight of Thy ceaseless watchfulness over me, and of Thy tenderkindnesses towards me. Grant, too, that I may have an equally abiding and increasing conviction of my utter helplessness, total nothingness, and extreme unworthiness. Give me to recognise every gift of Thy hand, both providentially and spiritually, as rich, free, and sovereign. Make me more watchful of Thy dealings, Lord. Grant me not only a spirit of grace and supplication, but may I be "sober and watch unto prayer." Give me a single eye to Thy glory. May I be enabled by Thy power, O Holy Ghost, to in all things "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Let my first thoughts in every proposed movement or enterprise be, "How will this minister to God's glory?" If there be a doubt about the matter, may I have grace to pause and wait to see more light, or abandon it altogether. Lord, keep my latter end perpetually before me. May I begin each day as though it were my last. May I be prepared to give an account of my stewardship with joy, and not with sorrow. Grant me day by day to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. Endear a precious Christ to me. May He become increasingly "the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." Oh, for grace to "set the Lord always before me," and to feel that, "because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." Amen and amen.

D.

INNOCENCY is no shelter from ill tongues. Malice never regards how true any accusation is, but how spiteful.

PROFESSOR MILLER, OF EDINBURGH.—One who watched the closing scene informs us (says Dr. Guthrie) that he died peacefully and quiescently resting on and rejoicing in his Saviour. "To be with Jesus" was whispered in his ear; "Which is far better" was his faint but prompt and happy response. When unable to utter complete sentences, broken ones and words dropped from his lips which breathed of heaven; and life's last efforts were spent in bearing testimony to the Saviour's faithfulness and his own comfort. He was heard to say, "He is faithful who has promised;" that said, after throwing a gaze as it were into far distance, lifting up his hand, and beckoning on some object which seemed revealed to him, though concealed from all other eyes, he closed his own, and, to use an expression he often dwelt on, "fell asleep in Jesus."

D D

Pilgrim Papers.

A LOOK WITHOUT.

"It was a day of sorrow to us all when that mighty man of valour, William Parks, was taken from us," said an old Baptist minister. "He wrote a book against us it is true,* but we put that over our shoulder, for we loved him and valued him for the truth's sake, and for the grace which was so conspicuous in his life and preaching."

A few questions drew from the old man, since taken home to his eternal rest, a little account of the Lord's dealings with his soul. Before cockfighting was illegal, the late Lord Derby entered with great zeal into that and other branches of what are commonly called sports. Having, at a heavy cost, erected a cockpit in his grounds, he proposed that, before it was removed, the Wesleyans, who were very numerous in that district, should be offered the use of the building to hold a Conference meeting. Very gratefully was the offer accepted, and the best part of a week was devoted to a large gathering that was attended by a great concourse of people from all parts. The old minister was then a young man, gifted with energy and powers of speech—a rising and popular preacher in the connexion. He believed he had been the subject of divine grace; but, nursed up in the free-will system, he was utterly ignorant of the truth of God. In the usual form of such meetings, he was called upon to address the assembly, which he did in the way that is commonly accepted among all sects holding the doctrines of Arminianism, such as the universal love of God the Father for every creature, the general redemption of God the Son for the whole world, the free-will ability of man to do the work of the Holy Ghost, with abundant offers of Christ and salvation contingent upon the will of man to refuse or accept the benefits of the day of grace. Man was described as diseased, but not dead; and therefore capable of recovering by his own natural will and power the lost blessings of salvation. When the speaker had finished his address, and before he had time to sit down, he saw a tall, strong-built man slowly rise in the midst of the vast assembly, and in a clear, solemn tone repeated the words of our Lord, "No man *can* come unto me except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him." Having so said, he immediately left the meeting. The eyes of all present followed the stranger, and the influence of that one text produced a silence that seemed supernatural. To one, at least, it was a "savour of life unto life." The young speaker sat down, and, to use his own words, "I felt as though an arrow had pierced my heart, and broke all my religion to pieces. My free-will ability was struck for death, and that night I left the connexion, to return to it no more." To find out his instructor was his great desire, but no one knew whence he came or whither he went; and, at the end of forty years, the same ignorance prevailed as to the speaker of that important text.

We can well think many crowded congregations would be soon dispersed if the truths contained in that one text were faithfully proclaimed in their midst. The God of truth, when preaching them by human tongue, met the same treatment that truth ever since has found; for we

* "A Treatise upon Infant Baptism," by the Rev. W. Parks.

read, "From that time (or saying) many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him."

In this text we read the most emphatic declaration of man's total depravity: "No man can come unto me except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him." The doctrine of the depravity of mankind is admitted by many as quite true of the world at large, and his neighbour in particular; but bring it home to himself, and what then? He may call himself "a miserable sinner" once a week, but the feeling sense of sinnership that compels a sinner to fly to Jesus as his only refuge is only taught by the Spirit to God's elect. Amongst the whole camp of Israelites, it was only the bitten sufferers who directed their eyes to the serpent uplifted in the wilderness. The wounded ones needed the remedy. Even so now, it is the felt malady that makes the remedy precious. "Christ is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sin." This is God's order in dealing with sinners; and, by this means, the blessings of the Gospel are made valuable to the sinner; and thus grace lays the first stone, as also brings off the top stone in the building of mercy.

Those who have been quickened by sovereign power, and yet address dead sinners as capable of turning to God, in this particular are wrong, and practically deny the doctrine of total depravity, and forget for the time "the rock whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence they were dug." If man can, in any respect or particular whatsoever, turn to God, he cannot be "dead in trespasses and sins;" he cannot be utterly and completely depraved according to God's description as given us in His Word: "God saw that the wickedness of man was great, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually;" and again, "God looked down from heaven upon the children of men to see if there were any that did understand and seek God. They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." The Apostle Paul confirms in a later day this testimony in Rom. iii.; so that "the world by wisdom knew not God;" and this is the history of man the Bible gives us throughout. "But," say some, "see how God addresses sinners in the Scriptures." We answer, God uses authority when He speaks. "Where the word of a king is, there is power," whether it be for salvation or condemnation, in mercy or in wrath. When God speaks, it is the word of command, whether it be as in creation, "Let there be light, and there was light," or as in the day of Christ's ministry upon earth, He wrought miracles by the word of His power. "Stretch forth thine hand: and his hand was restored whole as the other." The cure was not in the act of obedience to the command. The cure came by the word, and the word wrought the power to stretch forth the hand. "But," say some, "the apostles appealed to a power in man when they told their hearers to repent." This we distinctly deny. They preached the sinfulness of man and his utter depravity, and they instructed their hearers in the way of salvation, and marked out the proofs and evidences of the work of God on the souls of His elect by repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and turning from idols to serve the living and true God. But where do we find in any of the sermons preached by the apostles, and left upon record in the Word, anything approaching to the divinity preached in our day, which is based upon the power of the carnal will of the creature to come

to God? The will of man is the lever that is to move the world now; and the exercise of the sovereign will of Jehovah, who planned and accomplished salvation, is treated as secondary to the almightiness of the will of a dead sinner.

By the prophet Jeremiah God revealed His mind to His ancient people in these words: "Stand ye in the ways, and see and ask for the old paths, wherein is the good way, and walk therein: and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein." This very forcibly describes the state of things in our day. Men are "carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive;" but the drift of the enemy is to stamp out doctrine, and destroy the foundations of truth. When Truth Incarnate appeared on earth, it is plain enough that from His cradle to His tomb to slay Christ was the purpose of the great adversary. But his success ended in his own eternal destruction. Ever since, his ceaseless aim has been to slay truth in the persons of the saints, or neutralize its divine power by false doctrine and corrupt teaching. "But the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: The Lord knoweth them that are His." If fire, and sword, and the rack are unknown now, there is still a "fire in Zion and a furnace in Jerusalem" for the saints of God, in the errors that abound in our day; so that God's people had need to look after the old paths, and *take heed what they hear*, as Christ warned His disciples. It is now as of old: "Because my people hath forgotten me, they have burned incense to vanity, and they have caused them to stumble in their ways from the ancient paths, to walk in paths, in a way not cast up" (Jer. xviii. 15). We hear a great deal about Christ in this day, but our Lord forewarned His disciples of "false Christs," which should arise and deceive, if it were possible, the elect.

"What think ye of Christ?" is the test
To try both yourself and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest
Unless you think rightly of Him."

Christ is the elect Head of the Church of God (Isaiah xlii. 1). He is the Author of life, the sum and substance of truth, and the only way to God. Christ came as the God-Man to act as the Substitute, Redeemer, and Mediator of that part and portion of mankind given to Him before all worlds to save, according to the eternal purpose of Jehovah. Thus "eternal redemption," applied to the conscience by the "eternal Spirit," is the earnest of the "eternal inheritance," which shall be realized by all God's chosen people (Hebrews ix. 12, 14, 15). Salvation depends not upon their will or not; it does not hinge upon their good works or their bad works; it does not depend upon their ability to persevere, nor Satan's power to overthrow: it stands in the eternal union of the Church of God with Christ. "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me; I in them, and Thou in me." "Chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world." "Your life is hid with Christ in God." The eternal security of the Church in union with Christ is a fundamental truth that keeps all the doctrines of the Gospel in place, so to speak, and excludes the errors that in every age are so fertile; the eternal union of the Church with Christ gives us correctly the extent of redemption; and the costly price of redemption discloses the depth of the fall, that nothing could atone for short of the life-blood of

the God-Man Mediator, and in Christ Jesus is the holiness of the believer. "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Here is the entirety and completeness of the Church, viewed as the body of Christ. She is His fulness—"the fulness of Him that filleth all in all"—and, when all the elect are gathered in, then the body will be complete, and reach "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." A bride suited for such a partner, and presented to the Father "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, holy and without blemish." Then the union set up before all worlds in purpose, and accomplished in time, will be complete in eternity. Sin, sorrow, failure, death, for ever done away with, and everlasting bliss enjoyed in the presence of God. But, while here, saints are to groan, being burdened by a body of sin and death. All the changes of a time-state they are to wail under while they are filling up the number of years appointed for them here below. Their days of real mirth are few, and their trials in time work for good making by them long for their blest release, when they shall be for ever with the Lord, see His face, and sin no more.

Much of the low state of things in the Church of God may be traced to the low standard of doctrine in the present day. The popular divinity is all confined to time in its origin and birth. A popular periodical says, "Never was there a period in the annals of the Church of God when the recording angel was so busy as at the present time in writing the names of God's people in the Lamb's book of life." Now, this gives a very correct idea of the general opinion afloat upon the subject of religion. It is represented as a work formed and fashioned in time, beginning with man, and assisted by God. Christianity now is described simply as an effort put forth by God to save all mankind; but, the will of man being more powerful than the will of God, sinners pursue their sins and perish. Thus we hear conversion ascribed to the prayers of mothers and friends, and not to the fact that the conversion was the result of election, and that—

"Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give."

Then we hear of faith uniting to Christ, and, more than this, faith substituted for Christ; so that, in effect the wondrous passage of Scripture that fixes salvation upon the eternal Rock we might read thus: Our faith is made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.*

A man of God, lately passed into the eternal world, said shortly before his death, "My prayer for myself, in looking around at the state of the Church and the condition of the world, has been, "*Lord, save me from evil, save me from error.*" May the Shepherd of the sheep drop the same prayer into the hearts of His called people for his own name's sake.

* The incongruous nature of this modern faith, which performs such wonders, was thus explained at the late Brighton convention by Mr. Pearsall Smith: "God has not only given you a human will, but He has given you the energy of the Holy Ghost, in which you can always believe. Faith is not only a mere natural faculty, but it is a natural power always energized in those who are thus determined by the Holy Ghost." This is simply Sandemanianism, which is the foundation of the popular faith of the day, originated in Scotland; but spread all over the world in the form of Brethrenism, a natural faith applied to Spiritual truths.

THE PREACHING OF THE CROSS FOOLISHNESS.

(1 COR. i. 18.)

It is the believer's privilege to live near to God, and to walk in the way of His commandments; he is God's "workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that he should walk in them;" and he is constrained by love, much more effectually than by any fear of punishment, to yield unto his heavenly Father a willing obedience of heart and soul, and to strive to "adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things."

Thus we see how the wisdom of God is displayed in every part of the scheme of man's salvation, and how, notwithstanding the freeness and completeness of a sinner's pardon, the performance of good works is still secured in a far more effectual way than man's wisdom could possibly have devised. We must mark the place which good works are intended to hold in the preaching of the cross. Never should they be put forward in the slightest degree as the foundation of a sinner's hope; "for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ;" neither must works be omitted, as if they were worthless in the sight of God. It is necessary to beware of self-righteousness and licentiousness; and, while the doctrine of grace is preached without reserve, holiness and obedience to the law of God must be impressed upon the people. This is the meaning of "preaching the cross," and this is the scheme which God has in His mercy revealed for making man holy and happy. How plainly can we trace the hand of its divine Author in every part, and how different is it from anything devised by human skill!

In the Gospel, man is proved to be a sinner, helpless and condemned, and yet a free forgiveness is proclaimed to him. He is told he is a debtor, who has nothing wherewith he can pay what he owes; and no sooner does he acknowledge this truth than the debt, however great, is remitted. He is told that he can do nothing to merit eternal life, or to secure his admission into heaven. Jesus Christ has done all. The preaching of the cross is no longer foolishness to an awakened sinner, but the power of God, and the wisdom of God, exactly suited to his necessities. He sees in it all the perfections of the Deity united and glorified, God's justice displayed in the punishment of sin, and yet His mercy exercised in the pardon of the sinner; His truth, and love, and perfect holiness, all shown forth in harmony with each other; and he rejoices to know that God can be just, and yet the Justifier of him who believes in Jesus. Such is the change produced in the sinner's view of divine truth; and equally wonderful is the change produced in his practice. He is now animated by a new principle, which constrains him to deny himself cheerfully for his Master's sake. He feels that as a Christian "he is not his own," but "bought with a price," and therefore it is his anxious desire to "glorify God in his body, and his spirit, which is God's."

Here, then, we see how truly the preaching of the cross is the power of God to those who are saved. We see this not only in the sublime nature of its doctrines, and in the purity its moral precepts, but chiefly in the practical effect which it produces upon a sinner's life. The Gospel contains within itself a quickening and life-giving principle, and it is this which eminently distinguishes it from every other system of morality. We find in the writings of some of the best heathen moralists excellent exhortations on the subject of virtue and vice, but

where is there an instance of their influencing one single sinner so as to induce him to forsake his sins, and to devote himself to the service of God? They contained no motive or principle which could influence the heart of man. The heathen systems of morality were like a piece of machinery from which the mainspring was wanting; they had nothing to set them in motion: and therefore, for all practical purposes, they were wholly inefficient. But in the Gospel of Christ we have a most perfect system of morality, infinitely superior to everything else of the kind, enforced by the most powerful motives, and containing within itself the seeds of life, capable of imparting vigour to, and entirely renovating, the character of man. No moral teaching could ever convince a man of sin.

W. PARKS.

CHOICE SAYINGS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

[DEAR BROTHER,—Accept the following “Choice Sayings” as a contribution to your miscellany, and believe me your faithful and loving brother,

ALFRED HEWLETT, D.D.]

HOLINESS is not the way to Christ, but Christ is the way to holiness.

Many have the *space* of repentance—few the *grace* of it.

A martyr lamented at the stake that he could die but once for Christ.

The difference between a regenerate and unregenerate man, in point of sanctification, is this: the regenerate man does not live in sin, though sin lives in him; whereas, in the other, sin lives, and he lives in sin.

A man is not a true Christian because he is a minister: there were, in all probability, many people who helped Noah to build the ark, and who yet perished out of it.

Boldness for God is an effect of conversion. When a believer gets to be strong in the Lord, he has no notion of going to heaven in a close-covered litter, but wishes rather to go thither in an open chariot, so as to be seen and known of all men as they pass.

Some people laugh at conversion; a plain sign they are quite without it. Were a man to come and tell me there is no such a thing as money, I should take it for granted that he thinks so because he had never seen any. Satan never does more mischief than when he puts on Samuel's mantle.

As a skilful physician, from a variety of herbs and plants, some of which are in their own nature poisonous, by a judicious mixture of them together, compounds medicines for the use of man; so God causes all things, even those which are seemingly hurtful, to conspire for the good of His elect. Some persons say that the serpent lays aside her poison when she goes to drink, and then takes it up again. Is not this like too many who attend on public worship?

Thunder in a dead man's ear, or bring him into a room where there is a concert of music, he will be inflexibly deaf to, and unaffected by, both one and the other. So with regard to the soul that is dead in sin; neither the thunderings of Mount Sinai, nor the blessings of Mount Zion, neither the corrosives of the law, nor the lenitives of the Gospel, will have any effect until God, by the supernatural power of His Spirit break into his heart, and awaken him from his death and trespass.

Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

A LITTLE ABOUT THE LATE "OLD PILGRIM," OF BEDMINSTER.

It can be little, if anything, short of fourteen or fifteen years ago that our personal acquaintance with him of whom we are about to speak commenced. Mr. CORBET then called upon us to tell us how much blessed he had been, some years before, whilst reading an article in the *GOSPEL MAGAZINE*, entitled, "And He took him aside from the multitude." Previously his mind had been much prejudiced against the work, it having undergone a change of editorship. Having for forty-four years been conducted by one of almost patriarchal years and standing—a champion for God and truth—he could not brook the idea of the Magazine now falling into the hands of a mere stripling. Therefore, when a lady placed it in his hands, he laid it aside with contempt. Afterwards, however, he was induced to take it up again, and his eye falling upon the piece aforementioned, he read it again and again and again. Hence his embracing the opportunity, some years afterwards, to call upon the writer to state how he had been blessed whilst reading the article in question.

Here we have an insight into the marvellous dealings of God with His people. How simple—yet, in the sequel, how significant—are the links in the chain of His providential leadings! Out of apparently the most trivial circumstance oftentimes arise the most important movements of a person's whole history. The veriest turn in the road seems, as it were, to decide his future. Such was the case with our aged friend. That seemingly casual call was the turning-point of his whole after-life. From that time to the close of his long and eventful career he became connected with the work of this parish.

As those who are acquainted with the series of papers which appeared from time to time in the *GOSPEL MAGAZINE* will remember, he was called by grace in very early life. By a certain act of waywardness and self-will, ere yet he was out of his teens, he so subjected himself to the indignation of his father that he totally rejected him. After his early and most indiscreet marriage he never afterwards would have aught to say to him.

As a necessary consequence, bitter was his after-portion; yet He who alone can bring good out of evil without doubt overruled all for His own glory, and for His servant's eternal well-being.

As in the articles to which we have referred our late friend has himself told his own tale, we shall not go over the same ground again, but merely give some few of our own impressions with regard to him.

After once calling upon him, in our temporary church, at one of our prayer-meetings, to lead us in prayer, and there being no response on his part, we think we shall never forget our surprise when, subsequently, he first opened his mouth in prayer. That prayer exceeded all we had ever before heard in public. It manifested an intimacy with God, and a knowledge of the letter of the Word, and an insight into it, that perfectly amazed us. It was after this prayer had been offered, and at our next interview, he for the first time acknowledged that he had been no less than nineteen years a preacher of the everlasting Gospel.

From that time we felt, as it were, a mere stripling before him; and yet even this was overruled for good, as may be gathered from the following

fact. At a much later period of his history, and when, during one of his last illnesses, he was lamenting his uselessness, and wondering why it was that the Lord detained him here as He did, we remarked that, if there had been no other benefit derived from his detention, we might personally speak of one. In preaching to a mixed congregation, one was often under the impression of not being understood, and, therefore, there was a constant disposition to dwell upon first principles, and to linger upon the mere rudiments of divinity. But, seeing him present, from time to time, under the Word, reminded the preacher that there was at least *one* who understood him, and that one tended to show the necessity of seeking to keep in advance of the people—to lead on, as God's very humble instrument, from strength to strength. Moreover, the consciousness of his clear insight into truth, the soundness of his judgment, and the depths of his experience, caused one to feel how promptly would the least deviation from either doctrinal or experimental correctness be discovered.

The mention of these facts appeared to console this old disciple, and gave him to see a reason for his detention in the wilderness which previously he had not discovered.

He was wont to describe the ministry under which he sat, during his latter years, as *one of remembrance*. It served, he would say, so much to call up the past.

Those who observed him whilst sitting under the preached Word could scarcely ever afterwards forget the stooping gait, the raised ear, as one seated in profound attention, to hearken to, to ponder over; yea, to "inwardly digest," what was spoken.

Where a *living experience* is the leading object of the preacher, or, in other words, the seeking to testify, as the Apostle John says, of that "which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life," none but those who have proved it can tell the satisfaction to the preacher of feeling that one at least of his hearers can follow him into any line of experience into which he may be led. Others may hear outwardly and approvingly as far as they go, but the *test* and the *realization* is not unfrequently reserved for an after stage of experience.

One striking feature in our departed friend's character was his ever-constant readiness to illustrate whatever truth was broached by some plain matter of fact that had come under his own personal observation during his lengthened experience.

His knowledge of the Word, and aptitude and correctness in quoting it, was remarkable. He accounted for it upon the ground that, having an impression in early life that he should, in consequence of the progress of Popery, be deprived of his Bible, as thousands before him had been, he was the more anxious to get off as much as possible of the letter of the Word by heart. Hence his well-stored mind; and, without doubt, this early knowledge of the letter of the Scriptures not only greatly helped him through his lengthened pilgrimage, but was a source of unutterable gain and satisfaction during his protracted illness, when deprived of the power of perusing the Word. Few, if any, could say more definitely than our departed friend, "My meditation of Him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord."

In one of our first interviews with him during his illness, he said that he had, during the day and preceding night, experienced much darkness,

but that just before we called the Lord had broke in with the words, "I go to prepare a place for you; and, if I go, I will come again to receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

He seemed quite overwhelmed at the goodness and condescension of the Lord, in the manifestation of such grace to such a sinner. He wept under a sense of the mercy; and many and sweet were his expressions of love and gratitude, in the review and contemplation of the Lord's loving-kindness and tender care over him.

Considering that he had been seized and fallen, or was in the act of falling, in the street, and brought home by a kind friend who, in the Lord's good providence, had recognised him, in a state of perfect unconsciousness, we were struck with his calmness, now that reason was restored. To one's own mind the fact of such a seizure, and under such circumstances, seemed so distressing and so much to be dreaded. Not so with him. It gave him no uneasiness or discomfort whatever. He appeared so completely raised above it, and was enabled so entirely to fall into the Lord's hands.

It was, if we mistake not, at our next interview, and when we were about to leave home for a few days, that he spoke at some length, in a very solemn and impressive manner. We should have been glad to have jotted down, at the time, what he said; but this was out of our power. However, upon this occasion we remember he dwelt upon the subtlety and craft of Satan's attacks. Being himself an old lawyer, and, therefore, much accustomed to reasoning and argument, he intimated that Satan took advantage of this, and assailed him upon these grounds. He dwelt particularly upon the fact that Satan's accusations were just and true. Such was the case (he said) when he "stood at the right hand of Joshua, the high priest, to resist him." Hence our aged friend felt it was no use whatever to meet Satan with a positive *denial* of his accusations, but rather an admission of them, and then a simple and steadfast looking to the blood of the Lamb to atone for, and the righteousness of the Divine Substitute to cover.

Upon our first interview, after our return home, we found he had often expressed an earnest wish to see us. He was now keeping his bed, and, when we took our seat by his side, he said he had had such discoveries and manifestations as far, far exceeded all his previous thoughts and conceptions. He wanted (he said) to be alone with us, upon as early an occasion as we could make it convenient to call, because Satan (he said) might take advantage if a third person were present. He testified of some of the depths down into which he had been led. Never could he have imagined (he said) that such dreadful infusions could have been put in the mind against the Son of God. "In preaching," he added, "you have often remarked that the child of God is worse than the devil, because *he* never sinned against blood applied and righteousness imputed; and, as you have spoken it, I have said to myself, 'Truth! the child of God is worse than the devil.' But I have found myself here a thousand times worse than Satan; but, as the Apostle says, 'Oh, the depths of the riches!' He has indeed brought me up out of the horrible pit and the miry clay. He gave me (he went on to say) that word from the fifth of Genesis, 'And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.'"

In reference to the aforementioned deep exercises, when, upon our visits, he began to open up a little of them, and to inquire if one had oneself known aught of the same, it proved quite a solace to his mind to find

that he was by no means alone with respect to these fiery darts of the great adversary.

Just eight months before the Lord called our aged friend home to Himself, he fell from a chair upon which he was sitting, and fractured some small bone, which, at his advanced age, could not be reset. He was, therefore, for the remainder of his sojourn here on earth confined entirely to his bed, and had, day and night, to lie in one position. Trying as this was, we never remember to have heard the shadow of a murmur escape his lips. To our own mind, his patience was marvellous. A great reader and a ready writer as he for so many years had been, to us his position seemed so much the more trying and afflictive. There was, however, *the patient endurance*.

We remember, many years ago, when we were permitted to fall in the street, and so for a season to injure our right hand that we could not use it, the late beloved Rector of Openshaw, who at that time wrote his sermons, remarked, in writing to us, how should *he* feel were such a calamity to befall him? Now, this is just as *we* used to feel when, from time to time, visiting our aged friend. "What should *I* do?" mentally have we exclaimed, "were *I* to be laid aside in this thorough helplessness and prostration?"

And yet, dear reader, how soon the Lord could subject us to such a test, and how very soon He could prove that He had no real need of any such cipher in His vineyard. Ah, in how many ways the Lord can show how He can dispense with poor worms of the earth. If He could cut short the work of a John the Baptist, whose mission had so long been foreshown to be identified with Christ, how much more readily could He dispense with the poor and imperfect services of any one, to apply the same words to John which he applied to his gracious Lord and Master—"whose shoe's-latchet they were not worthy to unloose."

Had we thought our aged friend's departure so near, we should have made the effort to have seen him more frequently; but he had so often been brought low, and then again and again rallied, that we thought it extremely likely he would still linger. Nay, we have often thought it extremely likely *he* would outlive *us*, rather than *we* him.

Upon our last two visits he did not appear to recognise us. He lay in a kind of stupor. We found that, among his last utterances before he became unconscious, he said, "How long, Lord, how long?" He was asked, "Did he mean how long would it be before the Lord came and called him?" His reply was, "Yes." Again, he said, "For ever! for ever!" He was asked, "Do you mean, 'For ever with the Lord'?" "Yes," he said.

What, however, struck us with most surprise was that, after he had thus expressed himself, and after he had thus laid in the peaceful, tranquil, waiting state to which we have adverted, among his last words was a *pleading that all his sins and transgressions might be blotted out*.

Ah, we know not what some of the self-confident, "always-rejoicing" professors would make of this. A dear old pilgrim, within a few days of completing his eighty-third year, who had known the Lord so intimately and walked with Him so closely for so many, many years; yet, withal, thus brought down to cry for forgiveness!

It was in like manner that dear old HEAVEN, of whom we spoke in our last number, used to plead at our Saturday evening prayer-meetings. Although a father in Christ, who had walked with God so very many

years, yet, at times, he would, upon these occasions, present at the footstool of mercy the lisplings of the veriest babe in the family. Aye, and sweet those lisplings were, finding a response in one's very soul.

But now both these former pleaders at the mercy-seat are gone home for ever to bow before it.

The contemplation of their eternal freedom from the world and its besetments—from self and its encumbrances—from Satan and his fiery darts—from sin and its defilement, remind us of another blessed pilgrim, whom we occasionally met at Yeovil, a brief sketch of whom some years ago appeared in these pages. If we mistake not, it was at our last meeting he exclaimed, with an energy which always forcibly brings him to our recollection whenever the lines recur to the mind:

"There shall I see His face, AND NEVER, NEVER SIN! * * *	There, from the rivers of His grace, Drink endless pleasures in." * * *
---	--

"Happy songsters!
When shall *we* your chorus join?"

Since writing the foregoing, we have met with the following fact in the *Christian Standard*. If the case of the "Old Pilgrim" were a trial of faith, what must that of the talented Dr. Tregelles have been?

Speaking of him, Mr. GRANT says:—

It was our privilege to enjoy the personal friendship of Dr. Tregelles, and we can say, with all confidence, that he was as eminent as a Christian as he was as a Biblical scholar. In the latter respect he was, probably, surpassed by none of his contemporaries. He was, withal, a most amiable man. His illness—which lasted about seven years, during which time he was confined to his bed in a state of bodily prostration, and unable to speak—he bore, not only with perfect resignation to the divine will, but with a cheerfulness of mind which was expressed in his bright and beaming countenance. We say this not from the information of friends only, but from a photographic portrait taken years after the commencement of his illness, and which was kindly forwarded to us, with his own consent, by one who sustained towards him the nearest and dearest of all earthly relations, and with whom all who knew Dr. Tregelles will share with us the deep and sincere sympathy which we feel for her. Nor will this sympathy be confined to those who had, as we had, the privilege of being on terms of personal intimacy with that great and good man. All who knew his character and works will join in the general sympathy felt for her in the heavy bereavement she has sustained by his death. It will be a great joy to the Church of Christ to know—and we speak from private information when we state the fact—that not only was Dr. Tregelles's version of the New Testament fully written and revised for the press—with the exception of about two-thirds of the Book of Revelation—before he was seized with the sudden and severe illness which has terminated in his death, but that his views regarding the remaining two-thirds of the last book of the New Testament were so well known to the most intimate of all his learned friends that that friend will be able to complete what Providence prevented his finishing, for all essential purposes, the very same way that Dr. Tregelles himself would have done had it pleased God to preserve his health. The volume will, in a very short time, be put to the press.

We ought to add, that, notwithstanding the utter bodily prostration of Dr. Tregelles for the long period of seven years, and his inability to utter a single word, his mind remained all that time as clear and vigorous as it was in the days and years in which he was by his various writings expounding the meaning of Scripture, and defending the truth as it is in Jesus against the various forms of deadly error with which, in his day, as in ours, the "foes of our faith" have sought to assail the cardinal truths of the Gospel.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF MARY ROYCE.

MARY ROYCE was born in Oakham, Rutland, in the year 1815. It was not until the year 1837 our friendship was formed, she being at that time under lasting convictions; for, previous to the time mentioned, she had deep remorse of conscience; but, as she would say, "It passed off without the power of God." But now it became a continual sore that refused all healing. She would cry out, "Oh, my sins, my sins, my sins! Can mercy ever reach my case? Your case I see clearly enough, just as it is described in the Word of God. I am sure you are right, but 'woe is me.' I am such a secret sinner, none can know me but God Himself." These feelings were constantly uppermost, when one remarked to her, "Mary, what is the matter? you are not like the same person. Why are you so much alone?" All her reply was, "I feel the best alone." And here I may add she was a most retiring person, and truly she proved one of those whose "words of her mouth were the meditation of her heart;" neither did she exalt herself, but had most lowly views of herself, which abode with her to the end of time.

As time wore on, her soul was supported by the application of the Word of God, of which she was a close reader, and truly with weeping did she make supplication, if so be there might be hope for such a poor lost sinner as she felt herself before the penetrating eye of God. About this time she was favoured with remarkable answers to prayer, which greatly strengthened her hope, and she was at times greatly encouraged under the preaching of those dear men of God, Messrs. Tiptaft, Philpot, Smart, and others also, though Mr. Philpot she very highly esteemed; and she was now raised to a hope that she should, in God's own time, be favoured with a confidence in Him by the full pardon of all her sins and transgressions.

At this stage of experience she was called to bear another bereavement in a very painful way. Her loved mother had been poorly some time, but not worse than usual that day. At night a relative came in, and the dear invalid thought she would retire earlier, as they might smoke, and it would make her cough. She took her supper as usual (in bed), and, when our dear friend retired, she seemed in a comfortable sleep. Early in the morning she listened, and did not hear her breathe, though in the same bed. She touched her hand, but there was not the usual response. She got a light, and, to her dismay and grief, she found her dear mother had died by her side, so solemn and sudden was the change. In this trial she was wonderfully supported by the power of God, and a promise was given her to this end, that God would be with her until death, granting all needed support as she journeyed onward. I cannot remember the text. When time and mercy had abated the severity of this stroke, my loved friend was herself taken seriously ill, with vomiting of blood. Her mind at the beginning of this illness was very troubled lest she should not have come in by the door. She said, "Oh, there is such a thing as believing, and not believing *aright*." I said unto her, "Can we believe wrong if all our belief is centred in His finished work—His everlasting and eternal love to sensible sinners who did not feelingly know their sinnership but by the teaching of God the Spirit?" "That's true," she said; "but has He taught us?" We tremblingly hope He has. She then seemed a little hushed in her mind, but her illness became more and more alarming. She was forbidden to speak, lest the effort might prove fatal. When I stood by her bed alone, she, in a low

voice, said to me, "God knows all about it; I feel Him *near*." Tears running down her flushed cheeks spoke more than words in that solemn moment. It was wonderful to see the change in this dear one's countenance. Her mind was calm, and a lively hope was granted her; she would smile and look upwards, with loving tears swimming in her eyes. Again the bleeding returned with violence, and, humanly speaking, there seemed not the slightest hope of her recovery. It was my privilege to sit up this night, but strongly forbidden to allow her to speak; but when we were alone, after midnight, she dared not but tell of the mercy and goodness of God, saying, in a low voice, "In my extremity He drew near to me, and bade me trust in Him, and whispered *peace* and *pardon*. And how can I forbear to speak?" Never shall I forget the solemnity and blessedness of that night. It was indeed a night when God was with us. Of a truth sleep was driven back, and nature invigorated by the power and mercy of God. In the morning we parted, with our souls supplied with holy joy, expressed in the tear and smile. This night was the turning point; there was very little bleeding after this. But God granted her a blessed portion—resignation to His will, as well as the blessedness of free forgiveness of all her sins and transgressions. Its effects may be seen from her own pen, in the jottings down of her mind on scraps of paper, from time to time, also in a correspondence with her valued friend, D. A. D.

At all times and under every circumstance she evaded observation, such a retiring Christian she was; and her acts of benevolence were all in secret where it was possible they could be, and very princely, considering her means. She was a person of much thought, and would assiduously attend to all secular duties, and then indulge in retirement whenever practicable.

After her partial recovery from this illness she went from Oakham for change of air and freedom from business cares; her health was certainly improved. Here another trial awaited her—the removal from the home of her childhood and youth, which she deeply felt. Nor was this all her grief, but being deprived of hearing the Gospel from the mouth of the aforementioned ministers. In the midst of her mourning, she was much comforted by a letter from her loved correspondent, which led her mind to see the great fountain was everywhere, wherever there was a *Spirit-taught* sinner; and the words formerly spoken were again clothed with power: "Confide in me." The bounds of her habitation were now fixed at Birmingham, with a very amiable family, where she had every affectionate attention in every way, the whole of her sojourn with them, even to the end of time with her. Feeling her spirit lonely, she still indulged in her native habit of retirement and living within herself (I mean not communicative). The trickling tear, the hymn of sorrow, or the song of praise would alone speak her mind. Here she was again called to bear great family bereavement. In one instance she said, "I deeply feel the loss of my loved sister, but she was a Christian woman; death is her gain, and I have no claim: God cannot err. She also had an additional trial, that of ophthalmia, and eventually underwent an operation on both eyes. In speaking to me concerning them, she said, "It is a severe trial—it touches all externals—but God has wonderfully supported me in it, and checked my rebellion. My dear, I've nowhere else to look but unto Him. And oh! He has never failed me. I am so silly, and so apt to think of, and look to, second causes; and at the same

time we both know our *all* must come from Him: and He will help us, too, I feel confident." She was most highly esteemed by all the family, her peculiarity being of God; her light shown to all within her circle of action.

Her last illness was only of eighteen days' duration. She suffered no actual pain, but inexpressible weariness, the whole time never once losing herself in sleep; so that the lack of sleep for eighteen days and nights will speak a little what the putting off of the body of clay was naturally. She was mercifully supported in her mind, feeling underneath were the everlasting arms. The sense of her sinnership never left her, which she expressed in a remarkable manner on her dying-bed, thus—"Oh, what a wretch I am! A miserable worm! None but God and myself know what I am." She feared she was becoming impatient, and mourned on account of it, feeling the mercies she was surrounded with, and tender, loving friends. She never slept, and was frequently seen by her dear and only sister whispering, evidently holding communion with a present Saviour. The maid, seeming nervous on being with one in such intense suffering from exhaustion, and so near death, she said to her—

"Why should we mourn departed friends,

Or shake at death's alarms?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends

To call us to His arms."

Her sister said, "The everlasting arms are underneath you, dear." She answered, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" These were nearly (if not) her last words. She calmly passed away in a moment, to be for ever with the Lord. Her dear sister was much struck with the calm assurance and firm hold she had on Christ throughout the whole time of her illness; and she would speak of His faithfulness, and in life and death proved, "Good was the word of the Lord" to her never-dying soul. He was her *all*! And all was nothing without Him. Thus departed our beloved one in the fifty-ninth year of her age, August 18, 1874.

The brevity and deficiency of this feeble testimony I hope may be borne with, as I am without much information which is very desirable. May the Lord Himself make it full weight by clothing it with His power, is the desire of my heart. And Thou, O Lord, canst fulfil the desire, if for Thy glory. Amen.

ELIZABETH.

¶ [We have more in reserve about the beloved Mary Royce.—ED.]

"SUFFERING WITH LONG PATIENCE."

(Continued from page 311.)

Oct. 21st.—Yesterday, A—— and I went to London. As we were walking in the City, some boxes from a piled-up waggon fell heavily to the ground, within a yard of us. Had we taken a few more steps, we must have been injured, perhaps killed. Lord, I thank Thee for preserving me, and may this life that Thou dost prolong be spent in Thy service. I look up to Thee this morning to show me what Thou wouldst have me to do. Often, alas! I disgrace my Christian profession. I bring this vanity, impatience, and worldliness to Thee, Lord. Thou canst subdue my sins; give me strength to fight against them. Thou knowest how weak I am, how impotent to resist my mighty enemies. Lord, teach me, and may I know Christ as my righteousness, sanctification, wisdom, and redemption.

Oct. 22nd.—Psalm xlii., which I read this morning, was indeed my language, and has been for some time; at least, part of the day I am quite worldly, and forget everything—sin is all that is felt. I see very imperfectly the remedy. Oh, how weary I am of myself! I want to get out of myself, to be lost in Christ Jesus. I long for Thee. Thou art indeed all in all to me. I have in times past had the faintest glimpses of Thee, and they were wondrous sweet; but very soon my sins arose, or some deceitful earthly charm took my thoughts quite away, and Thou wast again hidden from my eyes. Lord, wilt Thou not again manifest Thyself unto me, otherwise than Thou dost unto the world? *Evening.*—I have nothing to write in this book, as each day closes, but records of my ingratitude, worldliness, and sin against my God. But stay, have I not also to record the faithfulness, the forbearance, the mercy of my God also? O Lord, I cannot thank Thee as I would; this heart is hard and impenetrable to Thy kindness.

“But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I’ll praise Thee as I ought.”

Oh, Thou art good. Lord, Thou hast new created me in Christ Jesus. I dare not doubt Thy Spirit’s work on my soul. I cannot praise Thee and love Thee now, only so very faintly; but I shall see Thee face to face, and spend my blissful eternity in sounding forth Thy worthy praise, my most precious Saviour.

Oct. 25th.—I was awoke last night with toothache; I felt rather impatient under it, and I have been troubled with it to-day, and have not felt well either; but, Lord, only give me to see that Thou appointed all, and I shall be content to bear all, and give me an assurance that Thou dost love me, that I am Thine, and that Thou wilt be with me in all my trials. I look up to Thee this evening for a night’s rest, but, if Thou shouldst see fit to withhold sleep, oh, speak to me in my wakeful hours from Thy written Word. I went to W—— Church this morning; text, “Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” The man knew nothing of faith, nor yet of peace with God; the sermon was error from beginning to end, and so wearying. But, Lord, instruct me from Thy Word alone; eternal Spirit, lead me into all truth.

Oct. 28th.—“Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.” “Whom resist, steadfast in the faith.” My word for to-day. O Lord, keep me from a state of carnal security. Oh, to be steadfast in the faith! I view my own bad heart, and see such evils there, that, had I not Thy blood to plead, the sight would drive me to despair. “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin.” Holy Spirit, apply that precious blood to my conscience; give me to say, with full assurance, “His blood avails for me.”

Nov. 6th.—The Lord is merciful and gracious. I must say so, for such mercy has been shown to me. And now I want to live to Thee, my God, my Saviour. I dread sinning against Thee. Let me not sin through ignorance; show me the right way, teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee. The times are momentous; many of Thy professing people are seeking to destroy, nationally, the Protestant Church of Ireland. O Lord, show them their error, ere it is too late. Oh, spare this guilty country. Popery is much increasing; perhaps a time of persecution is coming on. Oh, keep me faithful unto death.

Nov. 11th.—"The days of darkness shall be many." Truly, they are many with me. I see not my tokens; day succeeds day, and I seem to live no nearer to my God, to have no fresh views of a precious Saviour. Oh, for the renewings of the Holy Spirit!

Nov. 13th.—How varied is our experience! Sometimes we see so much more of our nature's depravity than at others. But we are always the same in God's eyes. "Lord, behold me in the face of Thine Anointed."

Nov. 17th.—I do indeed mourn that I live so little to Him who died for me. I would be always praising Him. I wish to have no eyes nor ears but for Jesus, and never to dream of happiness in aught but Him. I know there is none; but yet this earthly nature has its desires and its pleasures, and they all lead away from God. I would ask to *mortify* the deeds of the body. Oh, it is hard, but Christ will strengthen me for the conflict, and through Him I shall conquer.

Nov. 21st.—O Lord, I come to Thee to be taught. I feel my ignorance in divine things very much. I seem to make no progress; seem not to grow in grace and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Christ. Lord, increase my faith. If I have any faith, it must be the very smallest particle; for, when I feel anything amiss with this poor body, I feel so frightened, not only of the suffering I must go through before I die, but of my state hereafter, whether I really have fled to Jesus as the only hope, and fear, or whether, after all, I am deceiving myself. Lord, Thou knowest I cannot trust myself. I bring this and all my trouble to Thee. Oh, make it manifest to my soul that I am truly Thine. Perhaps, when the time does come for me to leave this world, I shall be kept calm and joyful at the prospect of quitting a sinful body and ensnaring world, and enabled to see my interest clearly in Christ; but, if I die trusting in Him, though not triumphant, all will be well.

Nov. 23rd.—I was much humbled this evening in reading Titus iii. 3. I see I have much still remaining in me like those characters the Apostle describes. Sin I feel to be ever working within, in some form or another, and often it breaks out openly; and then I fear to come to Jesus again for pardon, till I feel more contrition. I am afraid of thinking lightly of that precious blood. "Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." Deliver me not over to the will of my enemy. Teach me what is right. Enable me to come and plead Thy promises in Christ Jesus at all times. In Thy Word is a promise suited for every state, though I cannot remember them. Oh, that the Lord the Spirit would apply one to my soul with power.

Nov. 28th.—O my Saviour, I long to see Thy face, to feel Thy presence; the world is dark and desolate without Thee. Oh, come and reveal Thyself unto me. Say unto me, "I have redeemed Thee, thou art mine." I would wait for Thee, Lord, but, while Thou art absent, the world comes and draws my thoughts away. Give me faith to believe "Thou wilt come again;" let not the enemy oppress me.

Dec. 7th.—I have felt very poorly to-day and yesterday, through over-exertion, returning in the wet from church. When I feel ill, I think of death; and oh! I fear it. Lord, why is it thus with me? And, if I am in Christ, there is nought to fear. But oh! there is so much mistrust, darkness, and unbelief still in my heart. And sometimes I doubt if I have heard my Saviour's voice, and whether I am a child of God; for the evil that dwells within, and, most of all, the indifference to divine things, at times fills me with dismay. I am distressed; Lord, appear for me. I would wel-

come the approach of death; and, as to the suffering, I know Thou canst support through the greatest pain. Oh, give me faith to believe Thou wilt support me. Do, Lord, give me to feel that to depart and be with Christ will be far better. I long to see my Lord, and never sin, but shrink from passing through the dark valley. Lord Jesus, Thou hast died. Oh, be with me when I die. I pray for Thy presence in life and death.

Dec. 9th.—Had a precious time this morning. Oh, what blest devotion is that when the Lord Himself is there! What a privilege to be allowed to come to God in Christ Jesus, and to make known to Him our desires, our wants, and our fears! Blessed be God, for Jesus Christ!

Dec. 20th.—I think Sundays are often my worst days. What with the cold, formal church we attend, the world at home and within, I know not what to do. I have just told the Lord about it. Though He knows all, appoints all, I cannot always remember that it must be His will that I am in a place where the Gospel is not preached, and amongst those who, for the most part, neither seek nor desire to know the Lord. O my God, give me a heart to seek Thee more diligently. Oh, show me if I am walking contrary to Thee. I think, Lord, I would suffer anything rather than live at such a distance from Thee. O gracious Spirit, I need Thy revivings; all past experiences will not suffice for my present necessity. I want a fresh view of my Saviour's love and mercy again. I want that precious blood applied to my conscience which cleanses from all sin. Sometimes I fear I am quite given up to a careless, indifferent, worldly spirit, almost not to feel my sinfulness; then I cry to Thee—

"Convince me of my sin,		And to my wond'ring view reveal
Then lead to Jesus' blood;		The secret love of God,"

Dec. 30th.—Oh, how I need the power of the Holy Spirit to warm this cold heart of mine! I cannot realize as I would the great love of my Saviour Christ in dying for me, a miserable sinner. I long to see more of His wondrous death on the cross; but Thou, Lord, must reveal this to me, and enable me to say, "For me He suffered thus." *Evening.*—I have detected much the workings of pride in this wretched heart of mine to-day. "Pride cometh before a fall." Oh, this self-love! How hateful it is! I see how it creeps in all I do or say.

"My condescending God,		Remove my pride, whate'er betide,
To whom else shall I go?		And make, and keep me low."

Dec. 31st.—

"Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise,"

I praise Thee, Lord, for all the mercies of the past year. I thank Thee for still keeping alive the spark of grace in my heart, though often the floods of corruption within threatened to drown it. This to me is an evidence that Thou, Lord, hast had mercy on me, and I know "grace will complete what grace begins." I have reason indeed to be humbled in the dust when I review my own conduct during the year that has past. Alas, my backslidings, my rebellions, my transgressions, have been many. It is, Lord, because Thou changest not, because Thy compassions fail not, I am not consumed. Thou art the faithful God, faithful in Thy promises to poor sinners, in and through Christ Jesus. Praise to a Triune Jehovah.

Jan. 1st.—O Lord, my God and Saviour, I desire the first day of this new year to give myself entirely to Thee. Oh, use me for Thy glory;

make me Thine alone ; grant that I may see Thy hand in all that befalls me in this year I have entered upon. Enable me to say always, "Thy will be done." Oh, I want to walk closely with my God this year ; to be continually seeing fresh beauties in my precious Saviour's life and death ; to have my heart weaned more and more from the world, and to understand what it is to live a life of faith upon the Son of God ; to be led by the Holy Spirit "more into Christ, and out of self ;" to see all my blessings, temporal and spiritual, as purchased by the precious blood of Christ. I pray to be kept very humble at the feet of Jesus, feeling without Him I can do nothing, but enabled by faith to say, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." Oh, that Thou wouldst grant me these blessings, for Jesus' sake.

Jan. 2nd.—This is, indeed, a weary world, and the world has been too much for me to-day. O Jesus, may I feel that Thou art as the shadow of a great rock in this weary land. I have undone myself again and again, but in Thee is my hope. Lord, pardon and restore.

Jan. 10th.—Sunday Morning.—At home. A—— ill, and myself very poorly and much depressed. Thinking last night of the possibility of losing my dear sister, I could not say, "Thy will be done," and was much disposed to murmur at her being ill. Lord, pardon my ingratitude, my forgetfulness of past mercies, and prepare me for all Thou mayest see fit for me, and enable me to say, whatever may befall me, Thy will, and not my own, be done.

Jan. 16th.—I thank Thee, Lord, for bringing me through this week. I can say, "The thing which I feared has not come upon me," for I have been kept in health, and A—— has not been so ill as she was before. And now, Lord, I would commit all the unknown future into Thy gracious hands. Prepare me for all, but oh ! give me an inheritance in the everlasting kingdom of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Jan. 19th.—I have been harassed lately (whether by the tempter I know not) with the fear that I am not reverential in my language in prayer. O Lord, I do desire ever to remember the immeasurable distance there is between a holy God and an unholy, vile sinner such as I am, though I know not how to order my speech before Thee ; but Thou lookest at the heart ; is there reverence and love there ? O Lord, my carnal nature will rise up in rebellion often against Thee, and I am often tempted to think hard thoughts of Thee, and to call in question Thy dealings with men ; but I would not have it so, I would have every thought submissive, for I feel I know *nothing*. Oh, pardon all for Jesus' sake.

Jan. 25th.—Yesterday was a dark day with me. I wanted so to cast my sins at Jesus' feet, but oh ! I could not. I could not even put up a cry for help. Oh, how low I get at times ! I am full of sin—in heart in lip, in life, depraved. I have felt much of my nature's sinfulness, and the enmity of my carnal mind against God. Yesterday and to-day such callousness, unbelief, and foolishness. I came to the Lord this morning, pleading nothing but the blood and righteousness of Jesus. Oh, why should I doubt His grace in Him ?

"Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cheer this sadden'd heart of mine."

Jan. 26th.—"Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." The Lord has returned to me with mercies. Though

the clouds will come again, O Lord, enable me to trust Thee still. It is sad indeed to feel such hardness of heart, such worldliness; but I think I see the necessity for it, for by these things

"I see how low I'm lost,
And learn in some degree

How dear that great salvation cost
Which comes to me so free."

Feb. 5th.—I have been reading a little of the "Diary of Ruth Bryan." Oh, that I could follow Christ as she did! O Lord, give me a little of the same faith, that when my trial comes, I may rejoice in Christ as she did.

Feb. 14th, Sunday.—Alas what a Sunday! The J—s came in the afternoon; the evening was spent in vain conversation. Oh, what should I do if I were always with worldly people! I long for that holy place where nothing that *defileth* or maketh a lie entereth. O Lord, again I ask Thee, if it be Thy holy will, that I may be privileged to meet some of Thy people in this wilderness; or, if not, I may spend my time much alone. I always feel, when I have been in the company of those who know not my Lord, as if (as mamma says) I had touched the unclean thing; but I feel, too, the Lord has put a difference between me and the Egyptians. Oh, may I not be deceiving myself. O Lord, may I pluck out the right eye rather than part with Thee. Oh, keep me from indulging these fleshly lusts, that war against the soul.

March 8th.—Very weak and ill; in bed till after dinner. I am very base, very sinful, sin dwells in me; but Jesus is precious. There is much to distress in this wilderness journey, but soon shall I arrive at home. O Lord, increase my faith; this unbelief is my greatest trouble.

March 12th.—Very weak, but I think recovering. Lord, I ask again to be enabled to spend my life in Thy service, though I have sought much in time past to please myself. I feel too weak to read or think much. How consoling the thought that "Jesus has lived, has died, for me; this is, and shall ever be, all my plea."

March 17th.—I went out for the first time to-day. I look upon my few days' sickness as a kind warning, sent at a time when I was getting very worldly, and nearly running into forbidden paths. O Lord, do keep me from turning aside; put Thy fear in my heart, that I may not depart from Thee.

"True 'tis a straight and thorny way,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint."

March 21st.—A wet Sunday. Unable to go out. Lord, I pray Thee to incline my heart to seek Thee this day. Enable me to draw my mind from earthly things as much as possible. Oh, may I see Christ to-day. Lord Jesus, come and manifest Thyself unto me. This week our Church commemorates Thy sufferings and death; but I deeply feel that, unless the Holy Spirit will lead me into these wondrous mysteries, I can have no "fellowship with Thee in Thy sufferings." O gracious Spirit, melt this hard heart with a view of a Saviour's love, solemnize this trifling mind, give me, O Lord, precious appropriating faith, that I may say, Christ suffered, bled, and died for me. I want to feel *for me* He died, and then may I mourn over Him whom I have pierced. O Lord, hear my prayer, and grant it for Jesus' sake.

(To be continued.)

Words in Season for those who are Weary.

THE BLESSED PEOPLE.

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance."—PSALM lxxxix. 15.

How full of deep and precious teaching is the Word of God! It is an ocean that can never be fathomed, a fountain that can never run dry, flowing from the eternal Deity, Father, Son, and Spirit. We read that "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Pet. i. 21), and that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God" (2 Tim. iii. 16). How entirely free, then, from all error must the Word of the Lord be!

The truths recorded in the Scriptures have been, and will be down to the end of time, the comfort, the support, the joy, and delight of all the ransomed of the Lord. Oh, for a deeper insight into the Word of God, a greater knowledge of its blessed mysteries, and a richer and clearer acquaintance with that Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, therein revealed! May we repair to the Bible, search the Bible, and plead the sweet promises contained in the Bible, through the Holy Spirit's enabling, in all times of need, sorrow, and perplexity. God, of His great mercy, still grant us an open Bible. May England, as a nation, highly value the Word of God; for to that, and that alone, she owes all her greatness and power, that is, instrumentally, at home and abroad. The Lord, in His infinite mercy, still preserve the throne and constitution of Great Britain from falling into the hands of wicked, Bible-hating, Bible-ignoring men; for truly it is appalling to see how one barrier after another is being pulled down, or lightly esteemed, by the powers that be, in these days. The more we read and know of what transpires in dear old England, the more do we see that, as a nation, there is great need of national humiliation and prayer to God, for Him to appear and make bare His holy arm before all the nations. When we reflect upon what our forefathers endured and suffered for God and truth, sealing their testimony with their blood, and when we see how very little those privileges and blessings which they died in defence of are prized in our days, we exclaim with the martyr Stephen, "Lord, lay not *this* sin to our charge." O Lord, arise for our help; scatter the people that delight in warring against Thy truth and seeking to overturn its blessed and solemn verities. Still preserve Thy truth in our midst, and grant us Thy blessing in this life, and in the world to come, life everlasting. Amen.

As the Lord may enable, we will now notice the words of our text. It seems to our mind to set forth three precious branches of divine truth, as follows:—

I. *The people*: "Blessed is the people."

II. *The joyful sound*: "That know the joyful sound."

III. *The assurance*: "They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance."

I. *The people*. The leader of God's ancient people Israel, just before his departure out of this world, gave utterance to this precious language: "For the Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance" (Deut. xxxii. 9). Reader, does it not appear almost too good to be true? We can understand a little of what is meant by the Lord

being the portion of His people; but when it comes out in the passage just quoted, and many more in the Word of God, that "the Lord's portion is His people," poor lost, hell-deserving sinners, who by nature are little (if any) better than devils incarnate, we are lost in wonder and astonishment. How comes it about? Bless the Lord, He has not left us destitute of information upon this deeply important subject. Moses, the man of God, in Deut. xxxiii. 3, breaks out in these words: "Yea, He loved the people; all His saints are in Thy hand: and they sat down at Thy feet; every one shall receive of Thy words." There is no reason assigned *why* Jehovah loved the people. Nevertheless, the blessed fact is plainly and most positively asserted, over and over again, in the oracles of God. Hear what the Holy Ghost saith by the Apostle Paul: "For whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the Firstborn among many brethren. Moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified, them He also glorified" (Rom. viii. 29, 30). In these two verses of God's precious Word, we have foreknowledge, predestination, calling, justification, and glorification, sweetly linked together; fundamental, sovereign grace truths, originating in the mind of the eternal I Am. Observe, beloved in Christ, these things are spoken of as being *eternally* accomplished or settled by the Lord. Ah, there is no *future* with God, no *to-morrow* with Jehovah. Blessed fact! Soul-cheering consideration for *the people* spoken of in the Scripture under consideration. It is one eternal now with our God. No change can affect Him; no new or afterthought can arise in His mind. No tumult, commotion, or confusion, however great, can ruffle His eternal mind, or disarrange in the slightest degree His everlasting designs of love to His chosen people. We love Watts's verse where he sings:—

"Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While His eternal thought moves on
His undisturb'd affairs."

The Lord, speaking by Malachi, says, "I change not;" and the Apostle Paul asks this question, throws out this challenge, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" "Nay, in all these things, we are *more* than conquerors through Him that loved us." And, being well acquainted with the character and attributes of Jehovah, through the gracious teaching of the Holy Ghost, he finishes the chapter from whence our last quotation is taken with these grace-magnifying, God-glorifying, triumphant words, "For I am persuaded that neither death (however much it may be dreaded by the trembling, timid child of God), nor life (with all its sorrows, changes, and anxieties), nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present (however distressing and disturbing), nor things to come (whatever their nature may be), nor height (of guilt), nor depth (of sin), *nor any other creature*, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." "Blessed *is* the people whose God is the Lord." They were blessed in Christ *before* they were born. They are blessed in life, they are blessed in death; for the Word of God speaketh on this wise concerning them: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the *death* of His saints" (Psa. cxvi. 15.) The final perseverance of the saints of God is a truth which runs

throughout the Word of God from Genesis to Revelation. It is a truth which will stand good, let cavillers and disputers say what they will against it. Such is our unshaken belief in the efficacy of the blood and work of the eternal Son of God, Jehovah-Jesus, that we cannot for one moment allow that a single soul can perish for whom it was shed, for whom the work was undertaken and accomplished. The Father will never deny the Son of His love, and He will never suffer His chosen sons and daughters to sink to hell. Never! As soon could God Himself perish as that a poor sinner could be lost for whom Christ died.

"No dart, though satanic, no strong accusation,
No watery deep through which burden'd they go;
No sin, no uncleanness, no hellish temptation,
Can change His affection. *Ah, never! oh, no!*"

In proof of this, hear what fell from the lips of the Son of Man when tabernacling here below: "And I give unto them (the sheep, the people) *eternal life*; and they shall *never perish*, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are One" (John x. 28—30). Blessed people, destined to enjoy the peace, repose, and felicity of heaven for ever and ever. God has said it, and heaven and earth shall pass away; but not one jot or tittle of His Word shall ever pass away unfulfilled, unaccomplished. We think we hear some weak and helpless "little faith" exclaiming, "If I did but *know* that I was one of the people of God, I should be so happy and contented. If the Lord would bless *my* soul, shed abroad the love of Christ within, and favour *me* to draw sweetly near to His footstool, I should then be delivered from my distressing fears; I should then live more to the honour and glory of God." Well, poor soul, although you may not have been favoured with such heart-ravishing revelations of Jesus' love as others have, yet I know you dare not say you have *never* experienced anything of the sweetness of divine verities. Your complaint is that you have not, as yet, had matters made unmistakably plain to your soul. The fact that you are craving for clearer evidences of interest in Jesus proves most blessedly that you have had a sip of those life-giving streams which are sure to reach, at the appointed time, every vessel of covenant mercy. No life, no desire; no life, no appetite; no life, no thirst; no life, no motion; no life, no feeling; no life, no need; no life, no heed; no life, no knowledge. This is true literally, and true spiritually.

Now, dear anxious ones, you *do desire* to know that Christ has redeemed you, and you *do* hunger and thirst after righteousness; your soul is sweetly moved sometimes towards the Lord Jesus, from a feeling sense of your need of His mercy; you *do* give heed to what He has spoken in His Word, and you *do* know that Christ must be "all in all" in matters of salvation. We venture, in the Lord's name, to tell you (yes, *you*, poor timid one) that you *are* one of the people spoken of in the text.

We notice, in the second place, *the joyful sound*. Beloved, is not that a joyful sound which fell from the lips of a dying Christ, "*It is finished*"? Oh, the finished work of Christ is indeed a joyful, soul-soothing sound to a poor sinking sinner, when the Holy Ghost strikes this glorious chord within, when He (the Spirit of truth, the Comforter) lets into the poor aching, disconsolate breast a little of the infinite fulness

and preciousness flowing from the doing and dying, resurrection and intercession, of Jehovah-Jesus. We love to hear the Lord Jesus set forth as the Author and Finisher of faith. That preaching fails to satisfy our soul which does not make Christ *all*. It matters not how eloquently a man may speak, it cannot edify if the one thing needful is lacking—Christ. The Lord's living people want something more than eloquence, something more than mere human learning. They want to hear the Christ of God well spoken of, they want to hear Him extolled and lifted up above and beyond all else beside. Free-will hammerings, and duty-faith do-and-live trumpetings, sound very unpleasant in the ears of grace-taught souls. *Do, do*, will not afford relief to a bounded conscience, to a Spirit-enlightened one. *Done, done*, suits them far better. All the legal hammering on the anvil of creature effort, and all the squaring and fitting in nature's workshop, can never, never fit us to occupy a place in the building of divine and sovereign grace. The work is *entirely* the Lord's. Look at that blessed portion of Holy Writ, what can be more conclusive?—"For *by grace* are ye saved through faith; and that *not yourselves*, it is the gift of God: *not of works*, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 8, 9). "Grace." What is it? The eternal goodwill and pleasure of Jehovah, flowing to poor guilty sinners through the adorable Person of the Lord Jesus, made known by the invincible teaching of the Holy Ghost. Grace is the free eternal mercy of God, fixed upon poor vile sinners, irrespective of what they are in themselves. Do, dear reader, mark the freeness of divine grace; the Gospel is indeed good news—a "joyful sound." "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If *any man thirst*, let him come unto me, and drink" (John vii. 37). Again in the prophet Isaiah we read: "Ho, *every one that thirsteth*, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money (merit or goodness of his own to plead); come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price" (Isaiah lv. 1).

We do from our heart of hearts love these precious, comprehensive Scriptures. They just suit a poor bankrupt sinner like me; for I feel, if my salvation depended upon a single prayer of mine, I should perish. Blessed be God, salvation does *not* depend upon the creature. We are increasingly convinced of the truth of what we have just stated. Sometimes we have to go what appears a long while (perhaps several weeks, or months it may be) without realizing any precious liberty at the throne of grace. We try to pray, but cannot; we try to get near the Lord, but cannot. Our heart seems as hard and unfeeling as a flint—no prayer, no sweet feeling, no holy softening and melting of soul. We search the Word, hoping to find some relief there; but no, all seems a blank. The means of grace are tried, with no better result. All our religion appears to have fled, except this—a feeling of dissatisfaction. We wander about here and there, wondering what will be the issue of this state of things. Can the creature help us here? Will the *do, do*, line of things bring peace and pardon, liberty and satisfaction, to our souls, when we are shut up and cannot come forth, when all we do seems but to aggravate our state? No, no. Let the Lord speak through the ministry of the Word, let the still small voice of love be heard, let the joyful sound fall softly upon the ear of the soul, let a few drops of heavenly dew descend, and what is the effect? Let the "Beloved put in His hand by the hole of the door" (Cant. v. 4), let Him look forth at the

windows, showing Himself through the lattice, let Him speak, and say (if not in the exact words, yet in the sweet spirit of them), "Rise up, *my love, my fair one*, and come away," and what follows? Why, the poor soul which a short time before was so discouraged and disconsolate, so cast down and perplexed, is filled with wonder and astonishment at the Lord's gracious appearance, and exclaims with the disciple of old, "Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" (John xiv. 22.) "How is it that *I* am favoured to hear that joyful sound, and not only to hear it, but to *know* it, to feel it, to realize it in *my* poor soul?" Oh, what indescribable joy and peace ensues, when the soul is experiencing those sweet, holy, happy meltings and mellowings of the love of Christ! Dear reader, words fail to describe the precious effect which is produced in the soul when the *joyful sound* (salvation through the Person of our glorious Covenant Head, Emmanuel, God with us) is heard, known, felt, and realized in the immortal soul. How very true are Berridge's words,

"Living tongues are dumb at best,
We must die to speak of Christ."

"The joyful sound!" It matters not where the Lord's living people come from, what their colour or caste, what their position in life, high or low, rich or poor, learned or illiterate, when they meet together in the flesh, and tell out a little of the Lord's goodness and mercy in choosing, preserving, calling, upholding, delivering, and blessing their souls, what a union springs up between them, although they may be entire strangers to each other in a worldly sense. Earthly ties are very precious indeed, and we would not give a straw for that man's feelings who is disposed to tamper with that love and affection which is so essential to our happiness and temporal well-being while here below. But, beloved, there is a love, a tie, a precious bond of grace, which draws our heart closer to the children of the living God, in whom (is it saying too much? the Lord forgive if we are wrong) we feel a deeper and greater interest than that which we feel towards our relatives after the flesh, who are not, as yet, manifested as the children of God. Earthly love is a time love, a creature love. The love of God is a spiritual love, an eternal love. One is bounded by time, and will terminate with our mortal career; but the other will be more sweetly and fully developed when the pendulum of time shall have ceased to swing, when the *whole* family shall sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb in the realms of bliss above, to go no more out for ever.

Again, although the seed-royal, the people of God, are of necessity separated from each other while travelling home, yet (sweet thought!) no distance, however great, can interfere with their relationship, or destroy that union which subsists between their covenant Head, Jesus-Jehovah, and their never-dying souls. Moreover, the love of Christ constrains them to love and esteem those with whom they cannot see eye to eye in minor, non-essential matters. Party names and denominational distinctions are of very little importance to a living, loving, Christ-admiring soul. "The joyful sound" (free and sovereign grace), known and felt by the sweet, heart-enlarging teaching of the Holy Ghost, is that which attracts and binds together more than a mere name of man's inventing. Christ is the glorious centre of attraction, the *one thing needful*, the Alpha and Omega, in the estimation of those who are

"begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." The Lord, in His tender mercy, so enlarge thy soul and my soul, dear reader, as that we may be delivered from that narrow contractedness of heart which is so painful to witness in the Lord's blood-bought ones. For ourselves, we can say we feel truly grateful to God for preserving us from this spirit.

The following considerations have instrumentally led us to esteem those with whom we differ upon certain (we had nearly said, unimportant) points. Well, they *are* unimportant when compared with the *grand* and *glorious* fundamental doctrines of our most holy faith. First, the Lord has so blessed the testimony of some of His servants in the ministry—and out of it, too—and given them a place in my heart, and me a place in their hearts, although we differ in certain things, that I cannot help (nor do I wish) loving them, because they bear unmistakable marks of divine teaching. Secondly, I know that the people of God's everlasting choice, called by the blessed Spirit out of darkness into light, are, each and all of them, redeemed by the blood of Christ, interested in His finished work, clothed in His spotless righteousness, sanctified by His grace, and destined to live for ever and ever in the realms of glory. May our first inquiry ever be, not, "To what denomination do *you* belong?" but, "What think *ye* of Christ?" If a person has the life of God within their soul, it is a *proof* that they are dear to God, as dear as the brightest saint on earth; for the Lord loves *all* His people with the same love—there is no difference.

Having spoken a little (and it is but a little) of the *people*, and the *joyful sound*, we must now briefly notice our last point.

III. *The assurance*: "They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance." How positive is the Word of God! In this clause we have one of those precious "*shall*s" which are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Salvation matters are not left, as some would have us believe, at hap-hazard. God has not laid His plans and made His calculations at an uncertainty. Oh, no! Nor has He left the execution of His divine and eternal purposes with the creature; but, like an almighty, gracious, glorious, perfect, omnipotent Being, He says, "*I will*," "*they shall*." God knows nothing of contingency or failure. What He wills comes to pass. Nothing ever has occurred contrary to His will. The Holy Ghost, in the epistle to the Church at Ephesus, says, "Being predestinated according to the purpose of Him who *worketh all things* after the counsel of His own will." He is the sovereign Ruler, Worker, Governor, Disposer, Upholder, Dispenser, Determiner of "all things, visible and invisible," whether they be "thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers." "*All things* were created by Him, and for Him: and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist" (Col. i. 16, 17). "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen" (Rom. xi. 36). This being the case, if God says His people shall walk in the light of His countenance, what can hinder it? what is to prevent it? Nothing; "for greater is He that is in them than he which is in the world" (1 John iv. 4). They "walk in the light of His countenance" here on earth. The Holy Spirit, in the day of regeneration, when the set time to favour Zion's blood-bought sons and daughters arrives, speaks irresistibly in the soul, "Let there be light." Light instantly follows, and thenceforward the soul walks in the light, as He (God) is in the light. And, notwithstanding

all felt darkness within, the soul travels on in the light of God's countenance. True, he often experiences "the days of darkness are many;" nevertheless, he enjoys again and again a little of the true light. When the soul is cast down, the Lord raises it up; when the pathway seems intricate and dubious, the Lord sends a ray of light into the believer's soul, and all is set right in a moment. Every cry, every groan, every sigh, every petition, put up by a living soul is an evidence that they are walking "in the light of His countenance."

And, beloved, not only is it the privilege of the saints of God to "walk in the light of His countenance" here below, but they *shall* walk in the light of His blessed face, gaze upon His beauties, view Him without a veil between, adore, admire, bless, and praise His glorious, holy, ever-blessed name, world without end. No sin nor sorrow, no grief nor pain, no anxious days nor sleepless hours, *there*. These things will ne'er be known *there*, in the land of rest and peace, for "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. vii. 17). When the light is sweetly realized, we can sometimes look up and sing with an overflowing heart—

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there."

The Lord add His blessing. Amen.

Coventry.

J. BURTON.

THE WAY HOME.

THE way is rough, my brother,
The clouds are overcast,
And trials seem still more severe
Than those through which we've
past.

But, oh! fear not, my brother,
The Lord is ever near,
And will not let those suffer harm
Who are to Him so dear.

The world is cold, my brother,
Unthankful and unkind;
To have to battle with its ways
Is wearying to the mind.
But, oh! fear not, my brother,
Jehovah reigns supreme,
And will uphold and succour those
That put their trust in Him.

Life's cares increase, my brother;
They make us quail and bend,
As oft the cry goes upward,
"Wherever will it end?"
Where end? oh, fainting brother!
Why end in joy and peace,
In that bright home beyond the skies
Where troubles ever cease.

Derby.

Press on! press on! my brother,
And never, never fear;
A home is won for thee above,
A mansion waits thee there.
And soon thou'lt hear, my brother,
A voice from courts above—
"Come up, come up, my chosen one,
And revel in my love."

We bid thee speed, my brother!
We want, amidst life's thrall,
The heart uplifted to that One
Who is our all in all.
Oh, think, then, think, my brother,
Of all that He has done,
Who lived and died, and now affirms
His Church and self are One.

Wrapt in His love, my brother,
Eternally secure,
We will, with hearts of gratitude,
His precious name adore.
Till, housed above, my brother,
Where souls are ever blest,
Methinks we will, amidst the throng,
Sing louder than the rest.

GEORGE COWELL.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

GONE HOME AT THE RIPE AGE OF EIGHTY-FOUR.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON PREACHED AT ST. LUKE'S, BEDMINSTER, ON SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 6, 1875.

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

AND now, with respect to another of our dear friends whom it hath pleased God to call home, I would say, as far as my judgment was concerned, his character was marked with the same SIMPLICITY as other departed friends of whom I have lately spoken. My personal knowledge of dear Mr. SMART has spread over nearly the whole of the time in which I have been connected with this parish.

He had been no stranger to trouble prior to that long and sore affliction with which it pleased God to visit him, namely, the total deprivation of sight. This, to a man of his habits, was no small trial; for, after he had withdrawn from more active life as a director in the first steamboat company formed in Bristol, in common with many, his delight was to revel in his garden. More than one house had he built, the grounds of which were laid out with great taste; yea, so great was his interest that, even after he had become blind, he knew the name and position of the various trees and shrubs he had planted. Hence his being deprived of the power to watch the progress of his own handiwork must have been the greater trial to faith and patience. I dwell upon this fact for a moment in order to say that, in spite of this privation, I never remember, in all my many years' intercourse with him, to have heard him utter a single murmuring word.

As I said, he had other, and severe, trials, too; still there was a child-like surrender to the will of God.

What some of us would feel if called, as he was, to pass day after day—and that for months and years—in total darkness, after having enjoyed the great boon of sight, God only knows. Suffice it to say, we may well indeed recognise and acknowledge the Lord's goodness and mercy in this one, as well as in numberless other respects. Suppose we were to be shut up in a dark room for a single day, or even hour, oh, how tedious would that day, or even hour, appear! Occupation to an active and energetic mind is such a blessing. We can never be sufficiently thankful for it; nor do we estimate a goodly measure of health and strength as it behoves us to do.

I believe that few loved the house of God, or entered more heartily or feelingly into its service, than our departed friend. Seated so near the desk as he was, I used commonly to watch his countenance, especially during the singing of the hymns. He joined in them with so much feeling and heartiness. It was principally on his account, as well as on behalf of others in the congregation who were blind, that I used to give out the hymns verse by verse, although it may be deemed a break in the harmony. I think those who have the privilege of sight should not overlook what a privation those are subjected to who lack sight, and who, unless they happen to be familiar with the hymn which is being sung, are unable to unite in the songs of praise. I saw, from time to time, such a marked difference in our departed friend's countenance, when he was enabled personally to unite in singing the praises of the Most High. More-

over, I have often observed the grateful manner in which he would listen to the promptings of his devoted helpmeet during the singing. For many months before the Lord took him to Himself, Mr. SMART was confined entirely to his bed. At times he would complain of darkness of mind, but in conversation he invariably revived.

In my visits to him from time to time, when asked before prayer what special favour he would crave at the footstool of mercy, his answer would be "for more faith and patience." When questioned, he would testify, that Christ was his only hope. As one who well knew him says, he had such a distinct regard for the special work of the Holy Ghost. Hence he would so crave for "peace in the Holy Ghost."

As I lately remarked with respect to our departed friends, Dr. FRYER and Mrs. DUCK, when I used to visit Mr. SMART, as he lay sightless upon his sick bed, he reminded me, as the aforementioned friends did, of Jacob and Simeon, "waiting for the Consolation of Israel." The attitude and the spirit of each was that of waiting. In each case one was at a loss to know why either one or the other was kept so long. But each have since known the full meaning of that blessed Scripture, "*This light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*" Could either of them speak to us now, how would it be to urge us to sit loosely to the pleasures and pains of this poor mortal life, as "not being worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us," provided we are members of the happy household of faith.

Thus writes one to whom he was well known, and by whom he was much beloved:—

The 13th September was the last time he was at church. The following day taken with great difficulty to his room, and never came downstairs after. The 16th November he took to his bed. When unable to go to church, so greatly did he enjoy our Liturgy that he always used it at home, that in spirit he might be engaged in the same service. He was a deep thinker, and often suffered from extreme depression—would request that we should pray that he might have "more faith," "more peace," "more peace." And how signally was the prayer answered, by his saying, near the end of his weary pilgrimage, "Peace, peace!" He was also very jealous about the work of the Holy Spirit—that it was He, and He alone, who could reveal Jesus to the anxious, burdened soul. He often regretted his inability to speak more freely upon the subject so dear to him. God's Word was his great delight, especially those last parting chapters in St. John and the Epistle to the Hebrews. The finished work of Christ was his sole foundation, his deep regret being that he wanted faith. "Oh, for more faith! Could I but believe! Lord, help me!"

After a night of severe difficulty of breathing, it passed away, and he was asked if Jesus were with him? He said, "Peace, peace!" Again, it was remarked, "Is he conscious?" He himself caught the question, and said, "He is, though!" His face brightened up, and he said, "Jesus, Lover of my soul! Jesus! Jesus! save me! Wash me! wash me! Be merciful! Jesus! Jesus! Lord, save me! Lord, save me! Peace—peace of the Holy Ghost!" His last words were, "Lord, save me!" not many minutes before he sweetly slept in Jesus.

How many, dear friends, have passed away from us! How do their vacant seats remind us of the fact!

"Like crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are marked to fall;
The axe must strike at God's command,
And soon will smite us all."

When travelling lately, I met with an elderly gentleman, who said that his grey hairs having attracted another elderly one, as he entered a certain inn in the north, the stranger remarked, "I see *you*, like *me*, are ripening to be cut down. Are you ready for the woodman?"

As I was walking to this church this morning, a brother minister overtook me, who said he yesterday heard of a friend—likewise a minister of the Gospel—who had just been called away, after a very few hours' illness. And I think I never was more struck with the fact of change and mortality than in my recent visit to London. Whilst walking the streets, which I have done day after day, among the thousands and tens of thousands I have met, I have recognised but eleven persons of whom I had the slightest recollection. Familiar as I have been with London and its people for so many years, yet such is the fact! What can more clearly testify to the solemn truth that we are passing away?

The Lord, of His great mercy, grant that these things may be instrumental in causing us "so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" and, when we think of those who are gone from our midst, and whose vacant seats they will never again occupy in this vale of tears, may we be enabled to take comfort from what has been presented to us in our second lesson for this evening's service: "And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, *that they without us should not be made perfect.*"

LATIMER'S CANDLE.

THE martyrdom of the venerable bishops, Latimer and Ridley, took place at Oxford, October 16, 1555. The two noble martyrs quietly stood on either side of the stake, while, as chained captives, they were firmly fastened to it. Ridley was supplied by Shipside with some gunpowder, as was also Latimer. All being ready, a light was then brought and applied to the faggots. Bishop Latimer turned and addressed to his fellow martyr those memorable, prophetic, and imperishable words, which every Protestant should have engraved on his memory, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; *we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as, I trust, shall never be put out.*"

The flames arose, and with them the cry of Ridley, "Lord, receive my spirit!" Latimer vehemently crying out, "O Father of heaven, receive my soul!" He appeared to welcome the flames, embraced them, bathed his hands in them, stroked his venerable face with them, and soon died with little pain. Thus Latimer and his companion, like Elijah, entered heaven in a chariot of fire.

Men may die, but their words live on, and it is well at the present time to ponder over Latimer's last words as a sacred legacy. Can it be possible that at Oxford spiritual decay has commenced, and that Scriptural truth is less appreciated than formerly? In nature, above all things, the water must be pure at the fountain; in like manner, at the fountain head of learning, the school of the prophets, the truth pure and simple ought to be taught. The martyrs' memorial, standing as it does at Oxford, should be as a sermon in stone, to remind professors and students of Latimer's memorable words.—*The Rock.*

Correspondence

THE "WAYSIDE NOTES" WRITER AND HIS
CORRESPONDENTS.

To "A Castaway," Brooklyn, United States of America.—Your letter safely received. Ah! friend, you are only "a castaway" in your own sight, not in the Lord's, for speaking the language of Zion, accompanied by unmistakable signs of divine experience, depend upon it, the Lord has His eye upon you for good, and every detail of that tried pathway is of His ordering, for your eternal good and His glory.

But, beloved, you are far from being alone in the family in that peculiar line of things. The same post brought the testimony of another tried Christian, whose language and experience are as much like your own as possible; and there lies now on my table an open periodical, and the eye rests upon the following remark, which breathes your very experience: "Of late years the scene has changed, and the Lord has permitted the enemy of souls to take advantage of my loss to inject at times hard thoughts of God, because I am poor. I am filled with gloomy forebodings of the future. Satan brings up perpetually the whole of the past to my mind, with all its painful circumstances, and I go it over in my thoughts till such covetous, rebellious, revengeful feelings rise up in my heart that I am at a loss to think I can be a child of God." What say you to such expressions? Do they not breathe your own heartfelt experience? Again, as you say, Paul exclaimed, "Oh, wretched man that I am! . . . with my flesh serve I the law of sin!" Yet, remember he could also say, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." True, also, dear old Mr. Gadsby spoke of "evils bubbling up in his heart," yet we know what sweet fellowship and communion with his God he enjoyed even above his fellows. And true, McGowan compared these evils within to "croaking toads;" and yet what a notable man of God he was! Oh, my brother, we that are living, and daily and hourly feeling the plague of our own hearts, are yet conscious of seasons that we would not be without for all that the world calls good and great. And what a mercy that, though the Atlantic Ocean may part us, how near and dear we are to the same loving Saviour! Oh, trust Him, and be not afraid to trust Him.

To "E. B. R.," Lancaster.—Why, dear sister in Christ, you, too, are treading in a very similar pathway to the foregoing. Is that desire of thine in accordance with His will? If so, it shall be fulfilled. Wait for it, though it tarry. If *not*? Ah! there's the trial—still to bow to the sovereignty and wisdom of His will. This needs much grace, does it not? Yet it is promised and shall be granted.

You say your case is "peculiar." Yes, the Lord's people are "a peculiar people," and their experience, wants, needs, pathway, and all are "peculiar." What a mercy it is so! Who would go with the stream of not peculiar ones who are rushing onwards to destruction? Again, you say that those around you look upon you as "infatuated." Ah! then, you are partaking of the Master's fare, for they called Him Beelzebub, the prince of devils. Be not surprised, then, if you have a taste of the same taunting. But how meekly and mildly He bore all! Oh, for more of the spirit of the Master! You lament at the struggles of *impatient*

nature; almost all of the family will understand you here. No, depend upon it, your tale is the tale of all of us. It may be diversified in detail, but it is the old pathway of tribulation, along which it pleases the Lord to lead all His own. But ah! where to? A bright home of glory! Whoever shuts you out here, can never shut you out yonder. Take heart, then, and press on.

I am encouraged by your words respecting your sainted father's enjoyment in reading our "Notes." I should have liked the privilege of knowing him. It was my happiness to know his beloved bishop, the late Bishop Waldegrave—a rare man of God. One thing more I would refer to in your letter, namely, the dealings of Satan with and against you; nay, I recall the word *against* you. It cannot be, for he has no power to do aught against the weakest member of the flock. He is a crushed foe. He received his crippling at the cross, and his crushing when Jesus at His exaltation put *His* feet upon him. All things are under Jesus' feet, death and the devil included. So fear not Satan's vain boasting, you are safe enough in the hands of a covenant God. We will not forget you at the throne of grace; nay, we have already spread your letter before the Lord, and asked Him to give you peace.

To George Cooper, Huddersfield.—Very cheering is your letter, brother. I am rejoiced that my article, entitled "Thus saith the Lord," has proved to be the Lord Himself speaking home to your poor heart, and giving you such sweet communications of His love as to cause you "to go forth to the dances of them that make merry," and to take down your harp from the willows, and strike high praises to our God. In connection with your testimony, those words in the book of Ezra flowed in, "And the Lord made them joyful." Ah! when He makes joyful, how sweet it is! And yet, on the other hand, I observe you know well enough what warfare is. Yes, what an up and down course the Christian's is? Yet how sure and triumphant the end! May the dear Lord continue to favour you with the favour which He beareth unto His people, and visit you with His salvation.

One word to the rest of our valued correspondents. Did you ever notice in the Word this expression, "What the Lord promiseth with His mouth He will perform with His hand"? Now, beloved, may you and I rest upon His covenant promises, feeling satisfied His hand will perform. And may we be led to discern more and more between *our* wishes and *His* promises. He may not see it wise to grant us our wishes, as, seeing the end from the beginning, He knows that gratifying them would be attended with ill effects to His child. But He will be ever true to His promises, and, sooner or later, the thing promised by *His* mouth (that is by the Word of God) will most assuredly be performed by *His* hand of sovereign power and mercy.

Let these two expressions be constantly before you, "*His* mouth" and "*His* hand"—*promise and performance.*

Osmaston Road, Derby.

G. COWELL.

P.S.—The communication from our Birkenhead friend, also "J. E. S.," Essex, and "A Well-Wisher," Aberdeen, shall have due attention.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.—"It is the love of Jesus that sustains me! Flesh and heart fail me, but Jesus does not fail me! He is my Hope and Refuge."

GREETINGS ON PILGRIMAGE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER IN THE LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen. Herewith I take the liberty of sending you a copy of my “Address” to the little flock of slaughter, amongst whom I have been labouring for the last eleven years. You will perceive it was written from the bed of sickness, and I have gradually become weaker since that date; but, though I am very weak and feeble, I cannot forbear sending you a few lines to cheer you on in your editorial and ministerial labours of love on behalf of the living family of God in connection with the good old weather-beaten ship, the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. Month after month she continues to breast the waves, the ever-blessed “Pilot” and “Captain” of our salvation keeping her head well to the wind; though, at times, doubtless the cry often is, “Awake, O north wind, and come thou south,” &c. Ah! dear brother, but for this cry being kept up in our hearts by the ever-blessed Spirit, we had not been preserved from being tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of corrupt doctrine which blows from all points of the compass in the days in which we are living.

Yes, month after month as she heaves in sight, she is as welcome as ever; and a holy longing is felt by me—doubt not, hundreds beside ourselves—for the overhauling of her precious cargo, as each member of the one mystical body seeks to find his or her own precious portion. For it is, and ever will be, as dear Mr. Hart writes—

“Confirm’d by one soft, secret word, I seek no further light;	But walk, depending on my Lord, By faith, and not by sight.”
--	---

For the language of a poor needy, sensible sinner is, “Let me hear Thy still small voice saying unto me, ‘I am thy salvation.’” Speak but the word, Lord, with heavenly unction, dew, and power, in the Holy Ghost, to my state, case, or condition, and then I can say, ‘It is well with the child.’”

“For when to me that blood’s applied,
’Tis then it does me good.”

The precious ointment, with all the chief spices, flow forth into life and exercise, ascending up in the sweet-smelling sacrifice of praise, gratitude, and thanksgiving, whilst the soul is filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and all because the pearl of great price—more precious than rubies, and far beyond the gold of Ophir—was found, for which the poor hungry and thirsty soul had been seeking. The bread cast upon the waters was found, and “Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.” For a “word spoken in season, how good is it?”

I would have often written you, dear brother in the Lord, since my last, after our meeting with you in the carriage on the Brighton line, some time since, my only desire being to comfort and cheer you and other correspondents of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE; but I have a fear of being in print lest pride should vaunt itself; for I can clearly discover it is an ingredient in some of the many publications of the day; and truly it is an enemy hard to combat with so as to be kept under restraint. It is a blessed truth wherein it is written, “I will work, and who shall let it?” But the infernal adversary says the same. And, were it not for the “Greater is

He that is in you than he that is in the world," what would become of us, if not "kept by the mighty power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time"? "For in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing," as saith the Apostle.

I often feel to desire a little spiritual communion with you, to tell out and speak of Him that "doeth all things well." My "Address" will inform you a little of my covenant mercies so freely bestowed on my poor unworthy soul by my covenant God and Father of all grace and glory. I verily believe there would be only one point of disagreement between us, and that should be my claim to "Old Jonathan's" seat in the school of Christ, as being the greater dunce, and be the lowest on the form, wearing the fool's cap, if it be for reproaches for Christ's sake. But "flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto me."

I was perusing, with much comfort to my soul, dear old Mr. Vinall's sermons yesterday in bed; and he, too, found the above was the great lesson of life to learn. He says, in the very last sermon he preached previous to his farewell address to his congregation at Brighton, Lord's-day evening, June 21st, 1857:—

For forty-five years that I have preached among you, I have never come forward under such embarrassment as I do at the present time. I am brought to know something of the deceitfulness of my heart. The true knowledge of ourselves brings us to a true knowledge of Christ. I know that I am a fool, but it is not every fool that hath this knowledge.

Hence we see there are two kinds of fools. The one "hath said in his heart, There is no God." Of the other it is written, "We are fools for Christ's sake." "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." "Of such a one," saith the Apostle, "will I glory; yet of myself I will not glory, but of mine infirmities," &c.

"Believers own they are but blind,		But wisdom in the Lord they find,
They know themselves unwise;		Who opens all their eyes."

As our little people, for the most part, are of the poor and working class, it is necessary our week-evening meeting should be short; and, since I have been laid by these last three months, they have read suitable pieces from the GOSPEL MAGAZINE and *Remembrancer*, which have been much blessed in their midst, as read by one of the deacons, in connection with prayer, &c.; also the dear departed Rev. G. D. Doudney's sermons, which they are now reading. How sweetly he keeps a precious Christ in view; and, in accordance with dear Hart, seems to say, "Let God be true, and every man a liar." Our little ones, too, are always on the anxious look out for dear *Old Jonathan*, which my servant distributes to the deserving families.

"*The chief things of the ancient mountains*" are very precious to me. And may the blessing, praise, honour, and glory be on the head of Him that was separated from His brethren. Amen and amen.

That the dear Lord may long spare you to go on sowing precious seed beside all waters, and abundantly bless and reward you in time and to all eternity, is the prayer and heartfelt desire of

Yours very affectionately in the Lord,

Reigate.

CALVIN MARTIN.

—I beg an interest in your prayers.

WORDS FROM AFAR.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I have thought many and many a time of writing to you, and giving some expression of my joy, because of the work that you and your co-labourers in the pages of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE are strengthened by God the Spirit to do.

In these days of abounding error, when “the love of many waxes cold,” it is with great joy in the Lord that the saints of God in various parts of the world hear of what those in other parts of the Lord’s heritage are led to do for the glory of His holy name. I have for many years watched your course, and have seen how the Lord has led you from one place to another, sustaining you in the various trials through which you had to pass.

I first read the Magazine when you published it at Bonmahon, Ireland. I then lived in Wisconsin, and obtained it through the Rev. C. W. Quick, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Ever since that time I have, at every opportunity, read the dear Magazine whenever I could get it. It seems more and more precious as the years go on, so few are the printed pages that testify to the real truth as it is in Jesus. In this country, I know of no serial publication that declares the “whole counsel of God.” Some little error will creep in to detract from the sovereignty of God in the salvation of His people.

How precious have been your editorials and the monthly pieces by G. C.! They have been blessed to many in this far-off land, where we have a few who do not go along with the multitude in exalting the idol of free will.

I do not know that I should have been moved to write to you now, did I not rejoice at your testimony in regard to the so-called revival that is passing over your “sea-girt isle.” I have been watching its course, as described in the various papers that come to my notice; and having lived, in my younger days, where such meetings were held, I could not but think that they were of the same kind that I had witnessed. I was under conviction during the progress of such a revival in the west, but I was as one *among* them, but not *of* them. I knew nothing at the time, experimentally, of “salvation by grace,” and yet my soul abhorred their solemn meetings. I could not away with them, I felt them to be iniquity. The Lord was teaching me then, though I knew it not. When some of them declared that any one could be a Christian before they left the room, “my soul abhorred their dainty meat.” I found no Saviour there. It was away from such meetings, and by the “still small voice” of the Spirit, that my soul found rest from the tempest-tossings of the law. Not many in this broad country cling to the faith of the Reformers. They are rather of the opinion that the present generation are wiser than their fathers, and do not need the guiding light of revelation. I have heard many members of Churches say that the old doctrines of election, perseverance, &c., were fast passing away. Alas! “how is the gold become dim, and the most fine gold changed!” So little is the Spirit’s work exalted, so little is the innate wickedness of the human heart insisted on, even by those so-called evangelical ministers, that in many pulpits one could scarcely tell from the discourse whether there were any such things or no. In the midst of such general defection, there may be many thousands “who have not bowed the knee to Baal,” but they are

hidden, while the enemies within the Church hold office and have the ruling power. In His own good time will the Lord appear for His people.

And now may the Lord prosper you more and more in the great work He has given you to do. So prays your unworthy one,

Piermont, New York.

G. W. De CLARK.

GOSPEL BOOK MISSION TO THE ARMY AND NAVY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to return my heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends who have enabled me to realize the hope I expressed in the January number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. I feel sure that each donor will be rejoiced to know that ninety copies of free-grace magazines are being sent monthly for another year to the undermentioned home and foreign stations, including fifty-four copies of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, twelve copies of the *Remembrancer*, twelve copies of *Gilead*, and twelve copies of other kindred periodicals—Japan, Hong Kong, Bengal, Bombay, Madras, Ceylon, Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, Aden, Malta, Gibraltar, Lisbon, Ireland, Jersey, Halifax, Jamaica, Devonport, Portsmouth, Sheerness, Aldershot, Woolwich, &c.

I beg also to express my warmest thanks to hundreds of other kind friends who have sent me parcels, boxes, hampers, and large packing cases, containing much precious seed. Since the beginning of the work in 1873, upwards of three tons weight has been despatched in various ways, and to various places. Some of the boxes received have contained very valuable offerings; *e.g.*, one box that came to hand last week was made up of one hundred and fifty bound volumes, all being sound reading, and many of the books the production of standard authors. I hope soon to see these volumes winging their way to southern climes. May that glorious Sun that never sets deign to smile upon them! In this branch of the mission I am still in need of further pecuniary help than has yet been given, and shall be glad to receive the smallest donation from friends willing to assist, at my address, as given below. It has come into my mind that something might be done towards furnishing gratuitously a copy of *Old Jonathan* to the sergeants' mess and hospitals of the fifty regiments in India. To all those friends who esteem it a luxury to be permitted to scatter God's precious truth amongst our soldiers and sailors, to whom, as instruments, we are so much indebted as a nation, I commend the project, believing that, if the Lord gives the word of command, great will be the company of helpers. Sometimes I am asked "if a few old GOSPEL MAGAZINES would be of any service to the work?" Permit me to say to every such inquiring friend that even *one* copy will be heartily welcomed. The mission is no mere secular undertaking, but one, it is hoped, inspired by God, and to be carried on, as the Lord shall enable us, as "a work of faith and labour of love;" and for this the writer earnestly desires the prayers of the Lord's people; that the end desired may be attained. And now to God the Father, without whom nothing can be received (John iii. 27), and to God the Son, without whom nothing can be done (John xv. 5), and to God the Holy Ghost, without whom nothing can be discerned (1 Cor. ii. 14), be ascribed the origin and progress of the Gospel Book Mission to the Army and Navy.

Believe me, my dear sir, yours faithfully,

The Nursery, Salisbury.

CHARLES BRIDER.

WORDS FOR WEARY ONES.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord . . . that walketh in darkness and hath NO light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."—ISA. I. 10.

O LORD, regard Thy suppliant's tears once more,
And to my soul a *sense* of love restore;
Thy face is veild, my joy and comfort gone,
My pathway dark, my sunshine all withdrawn!
I "grope at noonday," having not the light,
And mourn I must so long as it is night.
It is not long since hope rejoiced in Thee,
And thought Thou didst with favour look on me;
My childlike faith presum'd to call Thee "*mine*,"
Trusting that love and grace had made me *Thine*.
But now dense clouds doth intercept my way,
And I, like one of old, can only say
Once more—O "God, be merciful to me!"
Draw near, and let me Thy blest count'nance see;
Be Thou my Strength, for *very weak* I am;
Apart from Thee, am "naked, blind, and lame."
Unless Thou wield my sword, and for me fight,
Satan attacks, and I'm defeated quite!
He hurls his arrows at the tend'rest part,
Strikes at my faith, and wounds my timid heart.
"There is no heaven," he tells me day by day,
"And no Redeemer—all are fools who pray."
'Tis folly—*madness*—to suppose that grace
Can save a ruin'd, sin-degraded race!
Religion is a *myth*, and there are *none*
Who will be sav'd. THOU, therefore, art undone."
Thus doth he torture and distract my soul,
Make tempests rise, and thunders o'er me roll.
But, Lord, THOU art my all; I look to Thee;
Vanquish this foe; oh, "undertake for me."
Dispel my fears, and grant me sweet relief.
"I do believe;—oh, help my unbelief!"
Let me not harbour *one* hard thought of Thee;
Nor think Thou wilt not interpose for me.
Thou hast so often wiped my tears away,
I cannot cease to trust in Thee *to-day*.
If Thou but *whisper* "Peace," my faith shall hear;
Then WHISPER *only* to me, Saviour dear.
Thou art my only Refuge in distress;
To Thee I fly when sorrows me oppress.
I *know* Thy voice, and *recognise* Thy smile.
'Midst trial, *both sustain and cheer* the while.
O Thou, the "Rock of Ages," hide me, then,
In the sure "cleft," and I'll not fear again.

Cardiff.

J. P.C.

MR. JAMES DURHAM, OF GLASGOW.—"For all I have preached or written, there is but one Scripture I can remember or dare grip to—'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' Is not the Lord good? Is He not infinitely good? See how He smiles? I do say it, and I do proclaim it."

Protestant Beacon.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM AND THE EVANGELICALS

IN its comments upon the recent annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, the *Rock*, in a leading article, says :—

After a few kindly words from the Chairman (the Earl of Chichester), the Bishop of Durham came forward to move the first resolution. No sooner did the audience catch the name, and recognise the presence of the indomitable prelate—so “stedfast and immovable” in the path of his Protestant duty—than a cheer arose the like of which we never heard before, and which was renewed again and again, and yet again, until we almost doubted whether the object of the ovation would ever be permitted to open his lips. And the brave old man seemed to rise with the occasion ; for, in a voice that reached the utmost limits of the hall, he delivered his testimony as became a Protestant bishop who knew that his Church was in evil case, and would yet save her if she would give heed to his words. Throughout his address there breathed the same dauntless, uncompromising spirit which spurned the namby-pamby pastoral of his episcopal brethren ; and it was because the audience knew this, and because they approved it, that they made the place to ring with their welcome. Not a few of us were affected even to tears, as the faithful words flowed from the veteran’s lips ; and, as we remembered the state of the English Church, our thoughts involuntarily recalled the Saviour’s apostrophe to faithless Jerusalem : “If thou hadst known, even thou, the things that belong to thy peace ; but now they are hid from thine eyes !” We do trust, however, that the Church Missionary Society and other Protestant bodies will see to it that there shall not be a house in the land without its copy of the bishop’s address.

From another page of the *Rock* for May 7, we quote the venerable prelate’s speech, the reading of which, we doubt not, will afford our readers the same amount of pleasure and satisfaction that the perusal has given ourselves. We can only heartily wish that there was similar outspokenness upon the part of other members of the Episcopal Bench. Had such been the case, humanly speaking, the Church of England would not be in her present anomalous and critical position.

Touching upon plain dealing, we are reminded of a circumstance which was named to us a short time since. Two ladies were being shown over an ancient and very noted church, when the attention of one being attracted by a something going on in one part of the extensive edifice, she asked, “What it meant? Are they confessing?” “Hush! hush!” was the reply of her companion. The aged verger (who was in the act of showing the party round the building), at hearing the remonstrance, exclaimed, “Let her speak ; it’s ‘the hush!’ that’s done it.” Never was there a greater truth, “It’s *the hush!*”—and the miserable expediency—“that’s done it.”

But now for the Bishop of Durham’s most admirable speech :—

This society has gone on in a plain, straightforward course ; it has felt that even if it obtained more ecclesiastical status by giving up its old principles, it would in so doing lose its independence, and with its independence would also lose its usefulness. And the very ground and reason why this society is trusted in so remarkable a way, not merely by its associations and its subscribers, but by the whole body of Evangelical Christendom, is because it has stood firm to its principles. True, it has sent forth men varying

indeed in abilities—some suited to translate languages, some for direct missionary work, some to build up the converted heathen—yet have one and all uttered the same message, without any variation or uncertainty, preaching in all its simplicity “Jesus Christ and Him crucified,” holding forth to the perishing heathen the pure Bread of Life, unadulterated with the leaven either of Neology or Sacramentalism. You may be quite sure, and I trust you are, that Evangelical truth is the one weapon that can overcome the hardness of heart of the heathen abroad, and the semi-heathen at home. Aye, and Evangelical truth is the only foundation upon which you can build up yourselves in your most holy faith; and you must not lose sight of this fact. I know this is not the popular view in the present day. You will find many now telling you that this is all very well in an age that is past; but in this advanced development in knowledge and intelligence of the nineteenth century, doctrine and Gospel truth—you needn’t trouble yourself about that! The true religion? there is no such thing, say they; every religion on the face of the globe is suited for the people among whom it is found; there is truth in all, good in all, evil in all; and it becomes you as a wise philosopher to select the good from all, and believe that all have good, and that all have some evil, but that all are alike safe. Now, my friends, you must be content to own yourselves believers in the Gospel of Christ, as the only remedy for your sin-sick soul and for a sin-sick world. You must be content to believe that the “wisdom of the world is foolishness with God;” and that those whose examples may have great influence and weight in philosophy and science are not so distinguished as the humble students of God’s Word and the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. You may well be content, I say, to own that faith which you received from your fathers, and to believe that that Christianity which has been the great source—the chief and only source, I might say—of the elevation of our country to its present prominence among the nations of the world—the source of peace and hope and consolation from generation to generation in past days, and still in the present day—that that Gospel of Christ will last in all its fulness and all its power when scientists and philosophers with all their theories shall have passed together into oblivion. Now there is another class whom you have to stand firm against in this matter. You must not be ashamed to own yourselves as Evangelicals. (Cheers.) There are a large number of people who say now that Evangelical religion has lost its life and power and vigour, though it was very good in past days. I don’t think, however, that this meeting indicates that Evangelical religion has lost its power—(hear, hear)—or that the report of the society, showing increased interest and work, indicates that it is in a dying state. But, at the same time, it is constantly said to you that the fathers of the Evangelicals were noble men—narrow-minded and prejudiced—but still men who, in the time they lived, did a really good work; but that now Evangelicalism is passed away and defunct. I quite allow that these men, to whom they give praise in order that they may have a blow at the present Evangelicals—(laughter)—were giants in faith and zeal in those days. But then I maintain that the sons of these giants are a numerous race, and the taller men are lost in the multitude of them. God raised up men when He needed men; and I believe there are many on this platform who would be ready to stand forth as firmly, and to make themselves as useful in the cause of Evangelical truth. The fact is, my friends, the Evangelicals do not praise themselves; they are humble men; they are working men; but they work on quietly, conscious how little that work is compared with what it ought to be. They dare not boast, they dare not praise themselves; and those of whom I am speaking take all the praise to themselves of the work of the Evangelicals. I was only reading an article the other day in which it was set forth how weak and useless was the work of the Evangelicals; it was speaking of the Ritualists, and arguing with regard to the extent of their work and zeal from the number of churches built in the last ten years. This article contained three divisions: the first decade was the Evangelical, the second that of the Tractarian, and the third that of the Ritualists; and in the first it was stated that there were a good number built, though not a great many; under the reign of the Tractarian party there was a considerable increase; while, in the reign of the Ritualistic party the number was twice as many as all those built in the two former decades! Now, they might just as well argue that because we find in our statement to-day that the communicants of the Church Missionary Society have nearly doubled in the last ten years, and nearly doubled in the former decade over the preceding—that all this was the work of the Ritualists. (Laughter.) Why, the fact is, that this work of building churches is the result of those early Evangelicals; they sowed the seed, and we are reaping the fruit. You must there.

fore not allow yourselves to be cast down by being laughed at, and spoken of as ignorant, and prejudiced, and bigoted, because you believe that the Gospel of God—the simple Gospel of Christ—has lost none of its power in the present day. I say you must remember those words of the Apostle addressed to individual Christians, and not to ministers only—"Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong;" "let all your works be done with charity;" "stand fast in the faith;" see to it that your standing ground is sure, and that you are cleaving yourselves to the Rock of Ages more firmly. "Quit you like men;" be bold in showing that the Gospel you believe is the power of salvation unto you. And "let all your deeds be done with charity" at the same time. There is, believe me, a great deal of false charity in the present day—charity which thinks to excuse the error, and not merely to pity the erring. Now true charity has for its main feature this: "it rejoiceth in the truth;" and whilst it pities and seeks to bring back the erring, it has no pity or sympathy with the error. And you may be sure that truth, notwithstanding the pleasant dream of unity, must be put before concord; and that the one real basis of lasting unity is only the basis of essential truth. (Cheers.) Might I, in conclusion, be allowed to say one word to the many clergymen whom I see present? For I think I should be echoing the feeling of many a true-hearted layman in the Church of England when I say to you, "You, too, must stand fast in the faith." (Hear, hear.) These are days, we know, when you are asked for a "little" concession and a "little" compromise, for the purpose of purchasing, as they would say, a lasting peace. But remember that the concession and the compromise are all on one side. (Hear.) Just give up the eastward position, just allow the wearing of eucharistic vestments, just permit one or two other things, and then all would be peace! As if a subtle enemy should say to us, "Just give me up your outposts, and then we shall be friends," while his design all the time is, as soon as the outposts are taken, just to take the citadel itself. (Cheers.) Yes, my friends, it is very easy to say this, and it is very easy to applaud this; but it is very hard indeed for many a clergyman, especially country clergymen, always to "stand fast in the faith." A clergyman, for example, may have some influential parishioner who seeks to introduce that which he cannot approve of; or he may be surrounded by clergymen of very different views from his own; and he fain would, wherever he can, keep up a friendly spirit with his parishioners, and be good friends with those of the clergy around him. And under such circumstances it is so easy, so very easy, to yield just a little—a little more ornament of ritual, a little more of Sacramentalism, a little dropping of distinct dogmatic teaching. It is so hard, I say, for that isolated clergyman—and I dare say some of you are so situated—to say, as the Apostle of old did, that he would "give place, no, not for an hour," to that which was at variance with the Gospel of Christ. Oh, that Epistle to the Galatians; what a precious one it is in the present day! Do you suppose the Apostle thought the mere act of circumcision was anything? No; the matter was of trifling importance in itself, but it was just a symbol of Judaism, at variance with the Gospel of Christ; and therefore, if any of the converts were circumcised, "Christ could not profit them anything." And so it is nowadays. The "position" of the minister in itself is nothing; but if it teaches, as it is intended to teach, Sacramental doctrine—if it teaches that the minister of Christ is a sacrificing "priest"—and that is why it is sought to introduce it, in order to teach it—then, my friends, you must stand out against it, because it is seeking to sap the very foundation of the Gospel. (Loud cheers.) Then, I would say, let your teaching be thoroughly Evangelical: it was the teaching of the Reformation; it is the teaching of your Prayer Book—(hear)—it is the teaching of God's own Word—and therefore it *must* be "mighty through God to the pulling down" of the strong forts of unbelief and error. Surely we may say *magna est veritas*—truth is great—and when there is combined with *Dei veritas*—the truth of God—may we not well add, *et prevalebit*—and will prevail. (Loud cheers.)

"I AM a great sinner (said Dr. M'All, of Manchester); I have been a great sinner; but my trust is in Jesus Christ, and in what He has done and suffered for sinners. Upon this, as the foundation of my hope, I can confidently rely, now that I am sinking into eternity."