

THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

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

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

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

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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.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

"Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God: and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."—1 JOHN iv. 7, 8.

As we have again and again expressed ourselves in these pages, we are intensely anxious—increasingly so—to stand forth as *God's witness*. However we may be ridiculed or reproached by self-sufficient, whole-hearted men, we are determined (the Lord being our Helper) to stand before our fellow-creatures as helpless and hopeless in ourselves, and wholly and solely dependent upon Him for wisdom, grace, and strength, in order to contend with "the world, the flesh, and the devil," in our journey onward and homeward through a wilderness, or vale of tears, to "a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God"; for be it remembered that, whatever may be the efforts to lower the Bible standard between the Church and the world, the distinction is as real and irreconcilable as ever. The Church and the world are, and ever will be, opposed the one to the other. It is worthy of note that, in Christ's first sermon on the mount, after describing the various descriptions of character of those who are the blessed of the Most High, as if to prepare His disciples for what was to attend their earthly course, He said, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you" (Matt. v. 10—12). In equally-decided terms He said, "Whoso will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Me." Moreover, He said, "Ye shall be hated of all men for My sake." "Because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." And, as at first, so at last, in His Personal ministry, in

His memorable prayer to His Father, speaking of His disciples, He said, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." "I pray not that Thou wouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou wouldest keep them from the evil." In perfect harmony with this testimony of Jesus was that of the Apostle Paul, for most emphatically did he declare, "The carnal mind [and that is the mind of every man by nature, or in his first-born state and condition] is enmity against God: it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Again, the Apostle John, in unison with the foregoing, said, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world" (1 John ii. 15, 16).

The vast distinction, therefore, between the Church and the world is as clearly laid down in the Word of God—the only true standard between right and wrong—as it is possible to be. Hence, whatever may be the pretensions in the day in which we live—however numerous or attractive the much-talked-of "schools of thought"—the new paths (with their boasted light and superior intelligence) so much in advance and so superseding "the old paths"—the human heart, notwithstanding, is still the same; the love of evil the same; delight in carnal pleasure and pursuits the same. There may be the "name to live," or the assumption of religion; a pretentious piety; rigid observances at certain times and seasons; fasting, alms-giving, church or chapel going. Still, when it comes to the grand Scriptural test—self-denial; the total rejection of the flesh; the unreserved and unqualified admission of the utter worthlessness of all creature doings and fleshly free-will efforts and observances; the fully falling in with the words of "Him who spake as never man spake," "Having done all, say, We are unprofitable servants"; the acquiescing in the Apostle's testimony, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing"—we affirm that the contenders and advocates for these flesh-denying and creature-humbling verities will have to grapple with the same objection as had their Master, when His hearers declared, "This is a hard saying: who can hear it?" and of whom we read that "from that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him."

Ah! dear reader, what a mercy it is for you if the Lord has been pleased to open your eyes to see the vast distinction, and if He has graciously so opened your heart as to receive and welcome Him *as a whole and absolute Saviour!* What a mercy if the wretched pride and Pharisaism of the human heart has been so destroyed, that you have been brought to fall down with the honest avowal of impurity, defilement, sins of thought and word and deed, and, in connection, have been "made willing in the day of God's power" to receive salvation as a rich, free, and sovereign

gift, greeted and rejoiced in as by a Mary Magdalene, a Saul of Tarsus, or a dying thief.

Reader, with whom do you sympathize—by the side of which are you prepared to take your stand—that of the Pharisee, with his “Thank God for this, that, and the other”—as proud and self-satisfied as sin and Satan could make him—or, with a broken heart, a crushed soul, a face hidden from very shame and self-loathing, are you, with the poor publican, smiting upon your breast, and at least mentally exclaiming, “God, be merciful to me, a sinner”? We repeat, if such be your condition; if this be the state to which temptation, trial, affliction, hath, by the good and gracious hand of God, instrumentally brought you, oh, how favoured is your lot; how privileged your position! To what a blessed and glorious end will it inevitably lead, in regard to which you will eternally exult, and testify, however rough the previous path or severe the discipline, “He hath done *all* things well.” “He hath led by *the* right way, that I might go to a city of habitation.”

Well, now, dear reader, having thus laid down the foregoing as the groundwork, or the actual state of things, as far as the Church and the world are concerned, we shall proceed, as the Lord may enable, and as His humble and unworthy witness, to bear our testimony, however feebly and imperfectly, to the merciful and gracious way in which He deals with His children—meets with, supports, sustains, guards and guides, protects, preserves, provides for, amid all the dangers, besetments, and conflicting scenes of their wilderness condition and their time-state warfare. We shall endeavour to show, upon personal and experimental grounds, how condescending He is—how tender, how watchful, how forbearing, how forgiving, how Father-like! We shall seek to prove that He does not overlook; He is not unmindful; He cannot forget; but that in very deed He does ratify and confirm His word, that “like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities them who fear Him. He knoweth our frame: He remembereth that we are dust.”

We want to show how the Lord meets and deals with His people *as they are*; that He is prepared to respond to the very cry that He Himself has awakened in their hearts, upon the very footing of the discovery which He has made to them of their sinfulness and guilt, helplessness and nothingness, and from the realization and consciousness of which they cry—

“Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

“Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God, I come!”

Yes, "JUST AS I AM." This is our motto. This the ground we shall seek to start from and build upon.

Now, in seeking to be the Lord's witness, and to prove, by personal experience, who He is and what He does, we are prepared for the sneer, the scoff, the censure, the charge of egotism, on the part of the worldling, the sceptic, the formalist, the self-satisfied Pharisee. On the other hand, we hope our humble testimony may prove "a word in season" to the anxious, the doubting, the fearing, the poor, cast-down, dejected, all-but-despairing, broken-hearted fellow-pilgrim.

We are hoping that the words we may be led, by the Holy Ghost, to note down and record, may serve to prove what a kind, considerate, loving Lord, Friend, Leader, Guardian, Guide, we have; yea, that there is so much absolutely to prove that in very deed "we have not an High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, for He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

We come, therefore, to the jotting down of *very recent experiences*. At the same time, we are bound to testify that, as far as *our own* part in the matters about to be recorded is concerned, "shame and confusion of face belongeth unto us." This, upon the very face of facts, will appear; and we state them, as already intimated, that others, seeing how the Lord has dealt with *us*, may "thank God and take courage," and may be led, in consequence, to test and prove Him for *themselves*.

Well, then, Sunday, the 1st of May, was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the opening of the temporary church in our present parish; it was likewise the forty-seventh anniversary of our first connection with this Magazine. The Spirit-taught reader can better conceive than we describe what were our feelings, in the contemplation of all the Lord had been, and all He had done, for and on our behalf up to that eventful period. Moreover, in seeking for a portion upon which to speak to our dear people, on turning to the lessons—as we usually do—we found that the third chapter of Colossians was the second lesson for the evening. It directly brought most vividly to our remembrance the circumstances under which we once spoke from the twelfth and thirteenth verses—"Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."

Upon the occasion of a "fast" or "thanksgiving day," some five-and-thirty years ago, we were called to occupy the pulpit of the old church of St. Nicholas, Leicester. There had been differences between the then Incumbent and the congregation, of which we were in entire ignorance, but, as we were afterwards informed, led

to the almost entire withdrawal of the latter. Not more than a dozen people, we were told, attended the church; whereas, for the reason we have named, the "fast" or "thanksgiving," upon the present occasion, the church was filled with attentive and interested hearers. The Incumbent (supposing that we had been prompted, under the circumstances, to preach the sermon) took grave offence, and would not as much as speak to us upon returning to the vestry. However, this we did not even observe, nor were the facts made known to us until the following forenoon. But, to our after-astonishment, we heard of two who had been at variance for a whole twelve-month being reconciled after the sermon. One who afterwards became the wife of a dear personal friend dated her conversion to that sermon. A dear youth who was present (the elder brother of the present Vicar of Wakefield), within some two or three weeks, sickened and died; but (as we were subsequently informed by his own dear father) never ceased till his dying day to speak of that sermon. These, with other testimonies to the same purport, have, therefore, memorialized it as the most marked and singularly owned of God during the whole of our forty years' ministry.

In taking up the same subject upon the recent evening—the 1st of May—we briefly alluded to the facts just stated, and, at the same time, said that, when we commenced our Editorial labours, that day forty-seven years, we had chosen as one of our mottoes, "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace"; and our first text that day twenty-eight years, in the temporary building, was, "In this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of Hosts." We, at the same time, said it had ever been our wish and prayer that peace and harmony might prevail among the congregation—that no "root of bitterness" might be permitted to spring up among us. One of the first sentences we ever put in print, and that nearly sixty years ago, was to this effect, and almost in these very words—that "if a tear or a sigh could be seen or heard in heaven, it would be at the thought of contention, or having fallen out by the way, down here among those whose society constituted, in no small degree, part of the bliss of heaven."

We can truly say that, instead of the keenness of this feeling subsiding, it has gained a stronger hold upon us, insomuch that, when ministering from time to time, we have thought, "Should there be any dear children of God here present who will assuredly meet and dwell together eternally above, how sad it would be should any differences now arise, so that they should fall out by the way!"

This reminds us, moreover, of a remark we made in our opening address to the readers of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, forty-seven years ago—"See that ye fall not out by the way," as Joseph said to his brethren, when they were about to return to their father with the

glorious tidings, "Joseph is yet alive, and is governor over all the land of Egypt."

In connection with these reflections, we so often think of the loving rebuke Peter met with from Jesus, in answer to his inquiry, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" "Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven." We have often smiled to ourselves at the thought of how completely Peter was taken aback by this reply of our blessed Lord and Master. We have no doubt that the Apostle was priding himself with the idea that he was taking a very wide and laudable view of matters, when he talked of forgiving offences *seven* times. What, then, must have been his surprise, when his inquiry was met by the reply of seventy times seven, or four hundred and ninety times? What a taking down of poor proud Peter! How frail he must have felt under such a rebuke! If, upon another occasion, he said, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" surely he might well say so upon the present occasion. Ah! reader, and who of us has not abundant reason to adopt the same language?

Again, in the very chapter (Matthew xviii.) in which the foregoing facts are given, we meet with the so emphatic language of Jesus, in regard to the exacting and unforgiving servant—"So likewise shall My Heavenly Father do also unto you, *if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.*"

We have, moreover, a very striking testimony upon the all-important matter of forgiveness in Luke xvii. "Take heed to yourselves," said Jesus. "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him" (ver. 3, 4). Well might the Apostles, as if amazed at the length and breadth of such counsel, and by comparison of their littleness of heart and mind, exclaim, "Lord, increase our faith!"

We have often tried to imagine, in our meditations upon this solemn charge upon the part of Jesus, what it would be if reduced to practice. If a brother offended seven times a day, and if seven times in a day he returned and said, "I repent," he was to be forgiven. *Seven times a day!*—that is, every other hour for, say, the active or business day of fourteen hours. Well, now, dear reader, let us try to imagine this state of things. At seven o'clock in the morning, the one brother has scarcely left his bed, when the offending brother calls, and, obtaining an interview, says, "Brother, I am very sorry, but I have done so-and-so. Do forgive me." By divine command he is to be forgiven. Breakfast over, the morning's letters read, and when just about to start for the city, the maid announces that the master is wanted. Upon going to the waiting-room, there sits the brother, who at once,

with dejected look and stammering tongue, says, "Brother, I am very sorry, but I was thrown off my guard. I forgot myself, and have done wrong again. Do forgive me." By divine command he is to be forgiven. It is just eleven o'clock. The man of business has reached his office, has opened his trade letters, given directions as to replies, has three or four persons waiting to confer with him, when some one is announced as wishing to see him, but declines to send in his name. It proves to be the brother, with the nine o'clock story given in substance over again, and the self-same plea for forgiveness, asked upon the footing of acknowledgment of misdoings. By divine command he is to be forgiven. At one o'clock, just as our business-friend is stepping forth from his warehouse, to partake of luncheon at a neighbouring *restaurant*, he is suddenly stopped by his offending brother, with a precise repetition of the thrice-told tale, and its accompaniment, the solicitation for pardon. By divine command he is to be forgiven. In the midst of his correspondence, at three o'clock, and when about to give special directions to his chief *employés* with respect to certain business matters of considerable importance, a junior clerk enters the private office, and states that a person has strongly urged that he might be admitted upon a subject of great moment, but declines stating what. Upon at length being shown into the private room, it proves to be the reckless brother, with the self-same acknowledgment and appeal. By divine command he is to be forgiven. At five o'clock, when just starting for the train, or about to step into the omnibus or tramcar, our friend's steps are dogged and his course intercepted, and his patience and forbearance again put to the test, by the self-same offender. The divine command must be obeyed. At seven o'clock, after dining and taking a little recreation by a walk in his garden, or a quiet reading in his summer-house, the maid summons him to some one who declines to give his name or state his business. Again it proves to be the brother, whose story, instead of lessening in detail, has only gathered in force and importunity by repetition. By divine command he must be forgiven. At nine o'clock, just as supper is announced, and the family are about to assemble to partake, and to close the day together, the door-bell is violently rung, the maid enters the room, and states that a person is at the door, who will neither give his name nor state his business, but persists in saying he *must* see the master. Scarcely believing it possible that, under the circumstances, it can be the same applicant, the master yields. He goes to the door, and there, to his amazement, stands his brother, who again repeats the oft-told tale, adding, it may be, the threat that, unless he accepts his expression of regret and forgives, he shall never see his face again, for he will lay violent hands upon himself. By divine command he must be forgiven.

Well, now, we are quite prepared for the objection that such a case as that we have ventured to imagine is far-fetched—absurd upon the very face of it. Such a course would be pronounced ridiculous in the extreme, and the forgiving brother naturally deemed, not merely weak in judgment, but lacking in common sense, or, to adopt the phrase of the day, be declared to be “a little soft.” We admit the reasonable grounds for such conclusions. Nevertheless, or for all that, is the divine command superseded or set at nought, “If he [thy brother] trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him”? These are God’s words, remember, not man’s.

We acknowledge, moreover, the utter disparity between the will of God and the ways of His creatures. It at once shows the infinite falling short of the one as contrasted with the other, and bespeaks the positive fallacy of being saved by works, or accepted of God upon the ground of obedience to His law. We doubt if ever there were an instance in the life of any man, from Adam down to the present time, wherein such a case as that we have just put before the reader has been literally fulfilled—of a brother thus offending again and again, who has been forgiven seven times in succession every alternate hour. Who of us, we would ask, has ever forgiven a fellow-creature, or even one of our own flesh and blood, twice or thrice the same day? Fallen, guilty, ever-erring creatures as we ourselves are, who of us has ever possessed so deep a sense of personal sinnership as thus to pass by and forgive the wrongs we fancy have been done us, by the veriest approach to such a standard as that which the Lord Himself has laid down? Moreover, who of us may not well tremble as we consider the words of Jesus, as given in the last verse of the eighteenth chapter of Matthew—“So likewise shall My Heavenly Father do also unto you, *if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.*”

Reader, we know not how these words may affect *you*, but we assure you, they strike *us* to the very heart’s core.

But, reader, far-fetched or visionary as our illustration may be considered, there is another light—and a most important one, too—in which to view the subject. Has it no personal bearing upon ourselves? Is it far-fetched or extravagant, as far as we and our Elder Brother, or God our Father, is concerned? Do we merely require forbearance or forgiveness seven times a day, or only once every other hour? Ah! let conscience speak. We know but little—very, very little—but even that little places us in the position to be aware that we need, not simply occasional or every alternate hour forgiveness, but *perpetual—ceaseless—uninterrupted—continuous forgiveness!* What about “loving the Lord our God with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and with

all the mind, and our neighbour as ourselves"? Who, who can reach such a standard? None—positively none! It is said of the wicked, that "God is not in all their thoughts." With all our profession of love to Him, in what proportion of time is God in our thoughts? Alas! alas! could we analyze our time—our days, and weeks, and months—ah! how very small a portion of that time would have been taken up with thoughts of God and the great realities of eternity!

Again, could we further investigate the nature of the small proportion of time even thus occupied with thoughts of God, how *selfish* would those thoughts prove to be! We should find that, almost exclusively, we had thought of God, or betaken ourselves to Him, because we were in difficulty, in danger—were the creatures of necessity. There is such a thing as "the sins of our holy things." The prophet declared that "all our righteousnesses were as filthy rags." What, then, about our unrighteousness? What, too, about sins of ignorance? "Who can tell how oft he offendeth?" "Cleanse Thou me from *secret* faults," said the Psalmist. "In many things we offend all," said the Apostle James. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin," said the Apostle Paul. Do we not, therefore, dear reader, stand in need of forgiveness, not merely seven times a day, but throughout the day—each hour—yea, and every moment? And what can possibly meet a condition so hopeless and helpless, in itself considered, but the goodness, the compassion, the love of Him who "delighteth in mercy," who is "ready to forgive," and who doth "abundantly pardon"?

Sure we are that we know but little—yea, but very little—of the sweetness of forgiveness, the blessedness of pardon—we had nearly said, the very ecstasy of reconciliation—not to say the *recipient*, but as far as the *bestower* is concerned.

We repeat that we are such poor fallen creatures that, comparatively speaking, we know but very, very little of the sweetness—we had nearly said, the luxury—of forgiveness. When, think you, reader, would a sovereign appear in the very zenith of glory? At some banquet, levée, or upon some great State occasion? We venture to say, No. It is said that, upon the first death-warrant being laid before our loved Queen, with real anguish of heart she asked, "And must I sign it?" Now, upon the contrary, had a document conferring the Royal pardon been presented, nothing would have given Her Majesty more pleasure, nor (in our humble view) could she ever have been seen to greater advantage than when affixing her signature to the same.* The governor of one

* Since the foregoing was written, we met with the following. Quite in the early part of Her Majesty's reign, her signature was asked to a death-warrant. The culprit had deserted a second, and even a third time, and was, in consequence, condemned to die. The Queen asked if nothing could be said in his favour. The answer was, that he had been always considered good as a *man*, but not as a *soldier*. "Thank you a thousand times for *that*," said Her Majesty, and instantly

of the Bristol gaols once said to us that he never received such a welcome new year's gift as that of the reprieve of a condemned criminal then under his charge, and awaiting execution. At another time, he sent for us to witness a signature. It was that of the wife of a murdered policeman. The governor had asked her if she would be willing to sign an appeal for a commutation of the sentence upon the murderer? Her notable reply was, that she was quite ready, not merely to sign, but to write the letter herself. It was to witness her signature that we were summoned; and never do we remember to have beheld a more striking or interesting spectacle. There is an old saying, that "revenge is sweet." Thoroughly convinced are we that, in a truly spiritual and Gospel sense, "forgiveness is sweeter." Only, as we have afore-stated, in our poor fallen state we know so little of it.

In our puny-mindedness and inability to grasp divine things, we view the dealings of the Most High in such a partial and one-sided aspect. Although so plainly laid down in the sacred Word, we fail to see what the Lord Himself has declared in reference to His line of action with His people. Instead of His end and aim being to confer favours and benefits upon them—that and nothing more—He has most emphatically declared, not only "This people have I formed for Myself; they shall show forth My praise," but He as emphatically declared, "*I had pity for Mine holy name.* . . . Thus saith the Lord God, I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel, *but for Mine holy name's sake, which ye have profaned among the heathen, whither ye went.*" Again, in the same chapter (Ezek. xxxvi.), as if to emphasize so great and glorious a truth, we read, "Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you." Furthermore, in his adoring wonder and admiration, when the Psalmist was addressing Jehovah, in acknowledgment of His so great mercy, goodness, and compassion, he exclaims, "Wherefore Thou art great, O Lord God: for there is none like Thee, neither is there any God beside Thee, according to all that we have heard with our ears. And what one nation in the earth is like Thy people, even like Israel, whom God went to redeem for a people to Himself, and to make *Him a name*, and to do for you great things and terrible, for Thy land, before Thy people, which Thou redeemedst to Thee from Egypt, from the nations and their gods? For Thou hast confirmed to Thyself Thy people Israel to be a people unto Thee for ever: and Thou, Lord, art become their God" (2 Sam. vii. 22—24). When Israel was in peril, and

wrote "*Pardoned*" across the document. This fact reminds us of another with respect to the beloved Dr. HAWKER. He happened to be in court upon one occasion, when a man was tried for some trifling offence, when the judge or the magistrate asked if there was any one in court who could speak on behalf of the accused. After a momentary pause, the Doctor rose and said, "*I can. I never heard anything to his discredit.*" This prompt reply, upon the part of the Doctor, turned the scale in the man's favour, and he was at once liberated.

destruction seemed to threaten them, one of the powerful pleas of Joshua was, "*And what wilt Thou do unto Thy great name?*" He had an insight into the Lord God's jealousy for His great name and authority. Twice within the compass of four verses does the Prophet Isaiah testify to the same end and purpose—"Then He remembered the days of old, Moses, and His people, saying, Where is He that brought them up out of the sea with the shepherd of His flock? where is He that put His Holy Spirit within him? that led them by the right hand of Moses with His glorious arm, dividing the water before them—[what for?]*—to make Himself an everlasting name?* That led them through the deep, as an horse in the wilderness, that they should not stumble? As a beast goeth down into the valley, the Spirit of the Lord caused him to rest: so didst Thou lead Thy people, to—[what?]*—make Thyself a glorious name*" (Isa. lxiii. 11—14).

In the fiftieth Psalm we read, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and *thou shalt glorify Me.*" In the same Psalm we read, moreover, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me." Now, we ask, could ever such gratitude be felt, or praise offered, as that upon the part of a poor sinner who has long laboured—it may be for months, or even years—under a sense of guilt and condemnation? In dread of wrath to come, as the just result and consequence of both original and actual transgression, such an one has lived and laboured under a dense, dark cloud, from the fear and apprehension that the Most High is an angry Judge, and only waiting His time to visit with eternal destruction. Instead of this, in the most gracious, the most merciful, the most unlooked-for and altogether unmerited way, He draws nigh. He draws nigh as a Friend, as a Father; yea, as "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother"; yea, as "a Brother born for adversity"; and He says, "I have loved thee [thee—yes, thee—poor, vile, worthless thee!] with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee." Is this the language of an angry Judge? this the voice of a tyrannical Ruler? these the dealings of a heartless, but almighty Being? Let those who know His pardoning love, astounding forbearance, divine forgiveness, and adopting grace and mercy, answer the question.

We believe that we have but the faintest and most unworthy conception of what the delight which God our Father realizes in regard to His acceptance of poor sinners, vile and ill-and-hell-deserving as they are. We read that "there is *joy* among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." If such be the case, what must be the emotion (shall we venture to call it?) upon the part of Jehovah, in receiving the purchase of a dear Redeemer's blood? We are told that God "*delighteth in mercy.*" It was declared of

Jesus, upwards of seven hundred years before His incarnation, that He should "see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied." We hear, moreover, the Apostle speaking of his "travailing in birth" for certain souls, that "Christ may be formed in them the hope of glory." Now, if we compare this two-fold statement with what we read of a woman forgetting her anguish for joy that a man is born into the world, it may give us some faint idea of what the Lord Himself feels in regard to His acceptance of poor wayward sinners. How, think you, did Jesus feel, upon these grounds, when, in the house of Simon the Pharisee, He said to that poor five hundred pence debtor upon whom Simon sat in judgment, "Woman, thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace"? Do you believe that Jesus felt a less sacred satisfaction, or less pleasure, joy, or delight, than the poor woman herself? Think you not that He verified His own words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"? Moreover, do you suppose for a moment that the Lord Himself was not the Subject of inconceivable delight in His dealings with the poor woman of Samaria; with the distracted mother from the sea-coast who fled to Him about her daughter; with the Satan-possessed Gadarene, or the dying thief? Ah! we believe that, highly-privileged as all these—and myriads besides—were, what they each and all felt of the sweetness and blessedness of forgiveness and adoption, bore no comparison to what the satisfaction—what the pleasure—what the sacred delight—of Jesus, of God our Father, of the Eternal Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the bestowment or impartation of the same. And this, moreover, we believe, is reflected, at least in some small measure and degree, in what poor erring creatures feel when, in spite of themselves, and in opposition to the dictates and operations of their own fallen condition as ever-offending sinners, they are permitted—privileged—enabled—to obtain the mastery of themselves—to conquer their own bitterness, prejudice, ill-will, of which (as poor fallen creatures) we are each and all more or less the subjects—and become reconciled to those with respect to whom contention or differences had arisen.

We hope again to take up this subject in our next.

St. Luke's, Bedfordminster.

THE EDITOR.

ABEL'S blood cried for vengeance *from* heaven, but Christ's blood cries us up *into* heaven.

YEA, now the soul can look on itself with one eye, and look upon Christ with another, and say, "Indeed it is true, I am an empty sinner, but Christ is a full Christ. I am a poor sinner, but Christ is a rich Christ. I am a foolish sinner, but Christ is a wise Christ. I am an unholy, ungodly, unsanctified creature in myself, but Christ is made of God unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption" (1 Cor. i. 30).

Wayside Notes.

HEPHZIBAH · HAPPINESS AND BEULAH BLESSINGS.

"Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah [that is, 'My delight is in thee'], and thy land Beulah [that is, 'married']: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married."—ISAIAH lxii. 4.

BELOVED in the Lord, in the exercises and experience of the children of God there are what we may call "*Come aside themes*"—subjects which draw from the busy whirl of life, and, if the Holy Spirit guides, draws us into "green pastures and beside still waters." And oh, how desirable is this to the weary and wayworn pilgrim!

Dear reader, spare a few moments from the rush of things to be quiet. So much of everything in these days is done in a hurry. We read and we write and speak too much in a hurry. The Master took the poor deaf man "*aside from the multitude,*" and oh, what blessings did the poor fellow receive alone with Jesus! Our subject is one that demands calm thought and divine unfolding, for it brings out the wondrous union of Christ with His people. May the Lord give us experimental views of this grand theme.

Now, it is always well to weigh the context. Snatching a passage from its connection is, to my mind, like taking a pair of scissors and cutting out some of the diamond-worked shapes from a beautiful piece of lace-work. No; let the whole be seen, and the perfection will be the more manifest. "The Scriptures cannot be broken."

The context tells us, then, how it is promised that Zion's spiritual sons and daughters shall be called by "a new name," and shall "be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord," or as stones in a crown. Yes, they are indeed precious stones in the Saviour's crown, for He bought them with a price; and not one will be lost, for, in the day of account, He will (mark) *make up His jewels.* And if Christ makes up His jewels, it would indeed dethrone Him if one could be lost. No; there will be no empty mansions or missing jewels in heaven.

And then, while Christ's own are as jewels in His crown, so, on the other hand, all that His people derive is from Him. Hence they were seen by John, in his Apocalyptic vision, as casting their crowns (that is, of triumph and praise) at the feet of Him who was worthy to receive glory and adoration.

And then the promise runs that, when the Messiah comes, they shall no more be called "Forsaken" and "Desolate," but "Hephzibah" and "Beulah." The Lord's delight is ever in His Church, and all the blessings she receives are from Him.

And now, in order to bring out a few points of the amazing love manifested in this wondrous union, look first at the character, Person, excellency, and power of the Church's Husband—"Thy Maker is thy Husband; the Lord of Hosts is His name." But perhaps no language can more blessedly set forth the charms of Christ than that used by

the Church herself in the last seven verses of the fifth chapter of the Song of Solomon—

VERSE 10.	THE INCARNATE GOD.
”	11. HIS HEADSHIP OF HIS MYSTIC BODY.
”	12. HIS OMNISCIENCE.
”	13. HIS MEDIATORSHIP.
”	14. HIS OMNIPOTENCY TO SAVE.
”	15. HIS OMNIPOTENCY TO SUPPORT.
”	16. HIS DIVINE COMMUNICATIONS.
	“HE IS ALTOGETHER LOVELY.”

May I ask you that are accustomed to put notes and under-line your Bibles, just to put the above headings over these seven verses? They may prove helpful in meditating upon the Word. Let us together run through them, as bringing out the character and Person of our Best Beloved.

1. *The Church describes Him as the incarnate God*—“My Beloved is white and ruddy, the Chiefest among ten thousand.” This is something above the soft sophistry of the present day teaching, where Christ is set forth as a Pattern of human excellence, and an Example worthy of our imitation. Blessed be His dear name, He is all this; but oh, how much more—even the self-existent Deity, “white” in the purity of the divine nature, and “ruddy” in His manhood, stained with blood, as the Sacrifice for the sins of His people—one Person, God and Man, the Christ of God—so that the Church says, not merely, “Behold the Man!” but, “Behold your God!” as also does Isaiah, in prophetic language—“Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight a highway for our God.” Truly and lovingly also she adds, “the Chiefest among ten thousand”—the Standard-Bearer in the midst of the host—and no power can wrest His banner of love from His almighty grasp.

Further notice—

2. *His Headship of His mystic body the Church*—“His head is as the most fine gold,” &c. He is the Head of His Church in the way of *pre-eminence, superiority, majesty, and power*, because the God-Man, as we have seen. All the attributes of Deity inherently belonging to Him, He has “all power in heaven and earth,” the sovereign Ruler of all things.

He is the Head as the Source of all blessings. Mark this, dear reader. In Psalm xxi. 6, we have these words—“Thou hast made Him most blessed for ever” (marginal reading, “set Him to be blessings”). That is it. He is exalted to be blessings and give blessings. Every blessing flows from Him.

And then *He is the Head as “the fulness which filleth all and in all,”* supplying every joint, ministering not merely to the prominent members of the body, but even to the weakest—ah! the very weakest—member, for, as the tiniest bone in the natural body is necessary, and, if missing, would render the whole incomplete, so, in the spiritual body, the

least and apparently most insignificant member is necessary to the completion of the whole; and the Head filleth not merely all, but "all in all."

Then we have—

3. *His omniscience*—"His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set." We have referred to all the attributes of Deity inherently belonging to Christ. Here is one—His omniscience. "His eyes." Ah! those eyes! They not merely behold the vast designs of His providence and grace—they not only distinguish the good from the evil—but they see, poor sinner, all that is passing in that heart of thine. They see, poor struggling pilgrim, all thy pathway, and all that concerns thee. You say sometimes, like Jacob, that "your way is hid from the Lord"; but it is not—it cannot be. And depend upon it that, to His Church and people, His eyes are as doves' eyes, fitly set in the purity of an unchanging love.

But, again—

4. *His Mediatorship*—"His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: His lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh." Surely here we get at the precious thought of the fragrance of Christ's Mediatorship, in which standing He exhibits merit both in heaven and earth, acceptable to God on the one hand, and extending blessings to His Church on the other. "Christ has loved us, and hath given Himself for us, an Offering and a Sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour," which makes the Church respond, "His name is as ointment poured forth unto my soul."

Still on, note—

5. *His omnipotency to save*—"His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl," &c. Here we get at another attribute possessed by Him who is co-equal with the Father—*His omnipotency*, bringing out the fact that His salvation is an almighty salvation. The "rings set with the beryl" are emblems of eternity. And this, to my mind, is ever precious and solacing. We have a salvation not dependent upon the caprice of free-will, but dependent upon the everlasting covenant of grace; not dependent upon creature acceptance one day, and rejection the next, but upon the unchanging faithfulness of our God; not dependent upon man's feeble hold of God, but upon God's omnipotent grasp of poor fallen man; not dependent upon a fluctuating faith, but upon the everlasting and unchangeable love of the Great Eternal. This will do for us, dear reader, if we know ourselves, and know the character of our precious Redeemer.

That is a very striking expression, "*The saving strength of His right hand*" (Psa. xx. 6). Dear reader, if you and I know anything of divine things, must we not say it was the "saving strength" of that right hand that saved us from destruction in our days of unregeneracy, and that it was "the saving strength of His right hand" that plucked us from Satan's grasp, and placed us among the Lord's redeemed? And since then, has it not been that same right hand of power that has upheld us to the present hour, and will uphold us till it leads us safely into the precincts of heaven? It upheld us at that time when the temptation was strong and fierce. It upheld us in that time of pecuniary pressure, when things looked black ahead. It upheld in that season of bodily suffering, when it seemed as if we were being brought

nigh to the grave; and we may depend upon it, the old couplet is as true as ever—

“He who hath helped us hitherto
Will help us all the journey through.”

But, while dwelling upon Christ as the divine support and salvation of His people personally, the next passage tells us of—

6. *His omnipotent upholding of His Church*—“His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold,” &c. We often hear the cry, “The Church is in danger!” and, if applied to the Established Church of England, we should say it is perfectly true. And it must be in danger while there are traitors in the camp, and Romish doctrines and doings are the order of the day.* But the Church of Christ, the living Church of the living God, is not so. It is founded on a Rock. Its bulwarks and walls are laid in the cement of everlasting decrees. Its stones are picked and polished according to the covenant of grace, and its solid pillars are fixed in sockets of pure gold—emblems of the unchangeable faithfulness of an unchanging God; and

“He manifests His glory to His saints
In heavenly majesty and matchless grace.”

Again, the Church sets forth—

7. *His divine communications*—“His mouth is most sweet; yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.” Yes, “His mouth is most sweet.” To all those who love His name, how uplifting are His communications! In the absence, too, of Christian fellowship with kindred spirits, so rare now-a-days, for the child of God finds no companionship with the worldly religious. Their talk is different, and their language strange. But we say, in the deprivation of such privilege, it is sweet to have direct communings with the Master Himself. Such constitute the joy of one’s life—“our daily bread”—and to such He is indeed “the altogether lovely.”

Thus have we set His glory forth, and spoken of Him who is “sweeter than the honeycomb.”

“And this, ye daughters of Jerusalem,
Is my Beloved, my adorèd Lord,
On whom my heart is set; in whom I live;
Whose presence and love-tokens I desire
Much more than all that earth or time can give.
Yes, He is mine, although He hides His face;
His love is, like Himself, immutable.”

But, in setting forth our Saviour’s charms, we have only been able to give, as it were, a running comment upon the seven precious verses referred to. They contain, however, enough spiritual matter for hundreds of sermons. Preachers and teachers would do well to study them.

Having thus referred to the glorious character and excellency of the Person who speaks, let us now dwell upon the gracious words He utters

* We quite agree with you, brother. It is the traitors within that are the betrayers; and, unless the Most High does mercifully interpose, the Church of England’s destruction, as an institution, is inevitable.—ED.

in our passage concerning His Church—"Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate." What does this mean? Was she "forsaken"? Oh, no; indeed not! But she appeared to be so by others who surrounded her, and she thought so herself. As it is written in the Psalms, "Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me; the Lord hath forgotten me."

Dear reader, does not such murmuring *come home*? Have we not said sometimes, in our peevishness, "The Lord has forgotten to be gracious. It seems as if He had forsaken me, and even left me to perish"? But all this is contrary to covenant promise, and derogatory to the great name of the Lord Jehovah.

And then it is added, "Neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate," as the Gentile world was before the preaching of the Gospel. "Other sheep I must bring," said our Lord, "who are not of this fold." Beloved, you and I, blessed be His name, are among His "other sheep," whom He found, folded, and fed, and whom He will never leave nor forsake.

Then this Speaker of speakers goes on to say, "But thou shalt be called Hephzibah" (that is, "My delight is in thee"), "and thy land Beulah" (that is, "married").

Christ's delight in His Church. She "shall be called Hephzibah"—"My delight is in her." Christ delights in her *because she is the object of His everlasting love*. What a grand and glorious declaration is that of the Lord's—"I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Everlasting love the basis of salvation—the cause of divine drawing—the certainty of our reaching heaven.

And then Christ's delight is in His Church *because He has redeemed her by His blood*—"Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." And because of such redemption and divine ownership, hallowed preservation through waves of trial and fiery persecutions is promised; and the Christian has proof upon proof of this throughout the troublous pathway of life to the heavenly kingdom.

Further, Christ's delight is in His Church *because she is adorned with the graces of the Holy Spirit*—"Thou art come to excellent ornaments"—such, for instance, as the ornament of "a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

And then, *Christ delights in her company*. He says, "Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee." "O Shulamite"—that is, a fellow-citizen, and saint of the spiritual Jerusalem and of the household of God. The Lord holds intercourse with such. The word possibly signifies "perfection and peace," both of which she derives from Christ; and it is this that makes her a fit companion for the Lord of glory.

And now look with us at the closing assurance of our passage—"Thy land shall be called Beulah" (that is, "married"). Oh, wondrous fact! Nothing can surpass it. *The mysterious spiritual and endearing relationship of Christ to His Church*—"the Lamb's wife." We stop not to prove its reality. It is a truth which shines forth throughout the sacred

pages of Holy Writ; and, to my mind, and the mind of every thoughtful and Spirit-taught reader, the whole fabric of grace and salvation rests upon it. Ah! and rests eternally secure also. We must content ourselves with pointing to its fruits and effects, which we have called "Beulah blessings." We can only mention a few—a very few—for they are immeasurable and incalculable. We would mention—

1. *That the Church is created anew in Christ*—"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." If there is union, there must be regeneration; and if regeneration, there must be union. Christ does not, like the culprits of old, carry the dead body of another about, but is united to the living soul of a living man. "Ye must be born again" to be one with Christ, and Christ one with you.

2. *That the Church is the object of Christ's perpetual care.* He is her Jehovah-Jireh—the Lord who will provide. In earthly matters, what a comfort it is to a man to feel that he is *provided for for life!* Alas! when he shelters himself under this assurance, it may be, something unexpected occurs which blasts his supposed security. Not so with our God. He has provided for His Church for everlasting life, nor can anything rob the recipient of that provision. It is eternally secure in the *bank of heaven.* Oh, faith, draw again and yet again! The supply is inexhaustible.

3. *She is delivered from condemnation*—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." God "*condemned sin in the flesh.*" He passed sentence upon it, and punished it by the sufferings of His own Son in the flesh. He is our salvation, therefore "there is now no condemnation to them that are in Him."

Satan condemns, and the injunction is that we, by our folly, "fall not into the condemnation of the devil." But Christ upholds and delivers, and the Holy Spirit points to the blood, which the enemy of our souls can never face, and we come out "more than conquerors, through Him who hath loved us."

Our own consciences condemn, but we have the witness of the Holy Spirit within "witnessing with our spirits that we are the children of God."

The professing Church condemns, especially if we belong to "the sect everywhere spoken against." But what matter? Take what aspect we may, we can write over all, blessed be the God of our salvation, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

4. *She is clothed in His righteousness, and, therefore, "accepted in the Beloved."* Christ "was made to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." The eternal Father puts it on, and faith appropriates it as its own. "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him," and faith joyfully and thankfully responds, "That I may be found in Him, not having my own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness of God by faith."

But, while we refer to an appropriating faith, we would note, this union to Christ is not dependent upon our faith. If it were, it is easy to see that it would not be an everlasting and unchangeable union, but one liable to be severed, for verily where is our faith sometimes? Surely it is shattered and well-nigh shipwrecked. There are things which God permits to be brought about which perplex and stagger us;

but is it not our abounding consolation, upon the ground of covenant oath and promise, that His love remains the same, and His union inseparable, so that, in the midst of all the conflict by the way, we can say, with the Apostle, to our consolation and joy, "Nothing is able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus"?

5. *She lives under the blessedness of His divine communications*—walks and talks with Him. This, to the writer, is a very precious feature of divine life. What would he do without his "walks and talks with Jesus," when no human being is nigh, "seeing Him who is invisible"? I often find myself saying in quiet nooks, "Sweet Jesus, do come and whisper peace, and the telling communications of Thy love! I get from Thee direct what I never can get from mortal man. The water of life seems to get so tainted as it comes through human channels, but from the Fountain-Head direct it is so precious and sweet. Oh, come, Thou precious hidden Companion of my life, and train me up by divine converse to live with Thee when interruptions to our oneness will be unknown and unfelt."*

6. *She is indulged with access into His presence at the throne of grace*, for realize this union, and it engenders a boldness—yea, may I dare to say, we enter there as *a matter of right*? I mean right, in the way of relationship. God deliver me, a poor, undeserving creature, from anything like presumption. But is this presumption, when we know it is encouraged so by the Church's Beloved?

Lastly, I can only mention one more Beulah blessing, namely, *the Church is made "complete in Him."* That is a very precious word—*complete*. It is so in the ordinary things of life; how much more in the vital things of eternal life! *Complete*—it means, "to be filled full."

I recollect, when I had preached, on one occasion, in the late Mr. SIMPER'S large room adjoining his house at Salisbury, he came into the drawing-room, and, sinking into an arm-chair, exclaimed, "I am full to the brim!" This was an encouraging testimony to the speaker's labours, but it only had reference to present enjoyment. Far beyond this is the completion of the Church in Christ, and every elect vessel of mercy *full to the brim—thoroughly furnished* for the heavenly kingdom. How is it possible, then, that one can be lost? The body would not be complete. There would be a gap, which can never be. No; Christ will fill and make full every member. He is now fast filling up that which remains; and the time is not far distant when He will "present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish."

But does all this we have described lift the Church clear from all care, sorrow, or trial? Far from it. Who can describe *the workings of a heart in love with Christ*, and the care one is brought into because of that love and standing—trials the world knows nothing of? for she has to weep sometimes under spiritual desertion—not actual, but in feeling. Look also at her alternate experience—now, conflicted with sharp temptations; again, triumphing in Christ; declining and withering, longing, seeking, thirsting; sometimes filled and fired with love to her

* Ah! reader, do you know anything of this "walking and talking with Jesus"? What can compare with it?—ED.

Beloved, and at other times falling into carnal security. We repeat, who can describe the workings of the heart of a child of God in love with his Saviour? They must be felt to be understood. Here is the great comfort—at least it has been to my soul—that, with it all, “*the root of the matter is found in me*” (Job xix. 28); and if the root, it shall be the fruit which shall find its fruition in the kingdom of glory.

But then, with regard to sorrow and trial, we may ever remember it is but treading in the Master’s footprints, and that we shall never be called to endure what He did for us. I have heard it said that “Jesus was under the shadow of the cross during the whole of His earthly career,” but I think rather that it was cross-bearing from first to last with Him—something more than shadow—and that He was “a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief”—that is, made up of sorrow from the manger to the cross, and drank of grief’s cup far beyond what any of His followers will be called to drink.

Just one thought more, namely, *the present enjoyment of Christ’s love to His Church kindles in her a holy longing for the complete fruition of her joy with Him in glory everlasting.* Her cry is, “Make haste, my Beloved!” “And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.” “Even so, come, Lord Jesus!” Oh, is not our posture one of waiting for His coming? We will not pretend to be “wise above what is written” concerning His second advent, but every true Christian lives in the daily expectation of, and even longing for, that momentous event.

But we must close. What think you, dear reader, of our “Come aside theme,” bringing out, as it does, the wondrous union of Christ with His people? We have described His Person, excellency, and power, as drawn from those precious verses in the Song of Solomon, tracing Him as the incarnate God, and telling of His Headship, omniscience, Mediatorship, omnipotency to save and support, and of His divine communications. Having described thus the Speaker, we have dwelt upon His endearing language to His Church, assuring her that she shall no longer be termed “Forsaken” and “Desolate,” but “Hephzibah” and “Beulah,” which has brought out His delight in her, because she is the object of His love, because He has redeemed her by His blood, because she is adorned with the graces of the Holy Spirit, and because He delights in her company. Then we have dwelt upon some of the Beulah blessings, the fruits and effects of this mysterious union of Christ to His Church. She is created anew in Him, is the object of His perpetual care, is delivered from condemnation, is clothed in His imputed righteousness, lives under His divine communications, is indulged with access to His throne, and is made “complete in Him.” All this does not exempt her from earthly care. Far from it. She has to tread in the Master’s footprints. Her present enjoyment of Him, however, kindles in her a longing desire to live with Him in glory everlasting.

“And when all her warfare’s ended,
Battles fought and victories won,
This shall then by her be sounded—
‘Overcome through God’s own Son!’”

Pilgrim Papers.

DEW-DROPS.

"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."—PSALM xxxvii. 3.

SIX precepts, with their corresponding promises, open up this Psalm of David to us:—

"Fret not thyself because of evil-doers"—"For they shall soon be cut down." "Trust in the Lord, and dwell in the land"—"And verily thou shalt be fed." "Delight thyself in the Lord"—"He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." "Commit thy way unto the Lord"—"He shall bring it to pass." "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him"—"Those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth." "Cease from anger, and forsake wrath; fret not thyself in any wise to do evil"—"For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be. But the meek shall inherit the earth, and delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

Our attention is drawn to the second of these—"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed"; and may it be that, while we meditate upon these words, we may "go our way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared, that they with us may divide the spoil." It is often that a passage in God's Word strikes you. You are drawn to it, and you are led to rest upon its sweetness, resolving upon some future occasion to turn to it again—with what result? It seems utterly different, though, thanks be unto God, it is not His Word, but yourself, that is altered. You see not the light upon it you had before, and it seems to have lost all the sweetness you then enjoyed from it. And why is this? Beloved, it was yesterday's manna, and it will not do for to-day's hungry child. You want fresh bread to satisfy to-day's appetite. It is thus we learn of the spiritual manna falling "day by day"—the "handfuls of purpose" let fall by our heavenly Boaz—and it is thus we go on, fed with food sufficient, convenient, and satisfying for each day's need.

"Verily thou shalt be fed." It would seem there were a needs-be for that reiterated promise, and so there is. Our God knows beforehand all the trials of His children, and to what extremities they shall be brought, in temporal as well as spiritual matters; yet "verily thou shalt be fed" they prove, to His ever-loving care and faithfulness.

"Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living Bread."

Oh, beloved, and has not our food come in ways we least expected? Have we not been carried on and over the days when we thought the darkness that might be felt must have crushed us? Have we not been "marvellously helped until we were strong," and brought to Jehoshaphat's position again and again—"Jehoshaphat cried out, and the Lord helped him"?

But we are oftentimes perplexed at the kind of food He sees best to send His children. We stagger at the carrying out of His own promise, "Feed Thy people with Thy rod." But in the end, when we have been fed and nourished by it, we know the rod was held in the hand of love, and brought us, then, all that was necessary for us, and have proved Him true to His promise, "So He fed them." Yes; so, as He had promised, and as He had ordained, and as He knew was best for them, "so He fed them." He foresaw His children hungering, longing, panting, and therefore made unto them the many promises for faith to feed upon—"Bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure"; and "His place of defence the munitions of rocks." What more, then, can we want than that we have in Jesus, our Rock of Ages, who feeds us with the bread and water of everlasting life?

Then, again, there are feasting-times—times when He causes His Church to revel in His love, bringing her into His banqueting-house, displaying over her the banner of His love, and inviting her to "eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved"; and granting her thus sweet foretastes of that never-ending feast above, when no more needing the manna, having tasted of the old corn of the land, she shall "eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year."

A special provision was commanded Moses to be made for the needy, because the Lord had ordained that "the poor shall never cease out of the land." Thus it becomes our mercy to know our poverty, and to believe that He has made provision against our need. Moreover, it drives us to Him who has promised to supply all the need of His needy ones, according to the riches of His boundless stores of grace. Yes, all is supplied by Him who knows the separate need of each of His dear children. It is a full and free supply, coming in ways least expected, by channels unknown oftentimes to His children, when they are giving up in despair, and ready to cry, with the Psalmist, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Has He ever forgotten, dear tried and tempted one? Oh, no; you are again and again reminded of His own words, "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them: are ye not much better than they?"

"*Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.*" What a call for trust is here shown! Do not fear because of the scarcity of the land. Do not think to flee because of it. "*Dwell in the land*" where thou art, and learn to trust thy Father's care, who has fixed the bounds of thy habitation, where He will come again and visit your soul in His own good time and way, bringing His restoring blessing with Him. Yes, "*dwell in the land,*" and trust thy God for food, who feeds His feathered tribe, and hears the young ravens when they call. "So shalt thou dwell in the land" where He has placed thee, to learn thine own appointed lot and place. This is where thou art to experience the omnipotent care of thy God over thee, for "*verily thou shalt be fed.*"

And of what consists this land, wherein His people are to dwell? A wilderness—a dry and thirsty land—yielding no fit food for its pilgrims. A lonely journey through it is the portion of every child of God. They are a scattered flock, and oftentimes bemoan their solitary

state as "a sparrow alone," and a "lodge in a garden of cucumbers." But they are never really alone—never without that precious, abiding Friend, Jesus. "Blessed is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." The sparrow is fed from the hand of a God of providence. They sow not the seed; they work not for their food. They store it not up in barns, and yet God feedeth them. Then what a sweet lesson would He teach us through His creatures! And how futile all our toiling and anxious worries when, after all, our Father's care is shown His children! Fed at the right time—in the right way! "Thou shalt be fed," and thou art fed, dear child of God. In spite of all thy fears and forebodings, all thy downcast, anxious hours, all thy secret cries and groanings, He will, and does, keep alive thy soul in famine. He it is who works in and for you, bringing to pass all that His Word has promised, so that, in looking back, thou mayest see the way the Lord thy God has led thee in this great wilderness, "to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no." And He humbled thee and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know, that He might make thee know that "man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."

Oh, beloved, is this not a sweet employment, to trace all up to our Father's care, whose love has appointed our lot, whose love sustains us in our lot, and whose love brings all His promises to pass in our experience? In such contemplation the poet has sung those sweet lines, tracing all up to the covenant Head, the Source of all his supplies, the Fountain of all his comforts and mercies, in a child-like trust in His denials and His givings, His blessings and His withholdings—

"It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict His will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?"

"It is the Lord, who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of His bounties may recall
Whatever part He please.

"It is the Lord, my covenant God;
Thrice-blessed be His name,
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

"And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No; gracious God, take what Thou please;
To Thee I all resign."

R.

THERE are but few persons who attribute the mercies that they possess to the right Source from whence they come. Most think that they have a perfect right to them, and, if they are deprived of any one in particular, imagine they are hardly dealt with.

DEPARTED ONES AND THE LESSONS LEFT BEHIND.

IN allusion to one that has just passed away, a beloved correspondent writes—"She could not speak the last two days, but they say her smile all the last day was beautiful. The last text she quoted was, 'When even was come, Jesus said, Let us go over to the *other side*.' She died in the evening. Once she said, 'Don't give me stimulants, dears, to keep me here. Let me go.'"

[In reference to this last remark, we have often doubted the propriety of administering stimulants, in the way some do, when the patient is beyond all human hope, and perhaps in the position of one whose case is on our mind at the moment of writing. For three days (as we have been informed) he was kept alive by the frequent administration of brandy. His once active frame had gradually been undermined by that terrible malady, consumption. The vital powers were exhausted, and even the mind had given way. However anxious the by-standers may be to detain loved ones to the utmost limit Divine Providence may have fixed, is it right to adopt a course for the prolongation of, as it were, mere animal existence, when there is not the slightest human hope of the intellect being restored? We are aware we are touching upon a very tender point, but, in the case to which we allude, although nearly forty years have passed since we heard the remark, we have never forgotten it. This was it—"What would So-and-so (who was so particular) have said, had he known he was kept alive—and in a state of semi-intoxication—by brandy being constantly given him, for three days?" There is not a question that he would have denounced such a course. In our own case we trust it may never—no, never—be adopted.—ED.]

The same correspondent writes, "Another friend of the past has passed away, but how differently one feels when one has no sure and certain hope about them! She was a dear, faithful, affectionate friend, and *respected* the truth, but I can say nothing more. I keep asking myself, 'Was I faithful when visiting her, three years ago?' How difficult this is, and yet it ought not to be so. I remember trying to put before her that *natural amiability* and goodness had nothing to do with *salvation*. She assented, but her heart was not in it. Miss — wrote and told me of her death, and said they would not let *her* go to her for fear of *distressing* her. Now, Miss — is the only one who has a sense of real religion."

[Alas! how often are such objections raised, and obstacles thrown in the way, in times of sickness, and especially when the patient has reached a certain crisis, when life is, as it were, in the balance, and the slightest thing would seem to turn the scale! How it, at the same time, shows the fallacy of presuming upon sickness, or the apparent near approach of a dying hour, giving the opportunity and instilling the desire for prayerful reflection, and, as some vainly talk, *preparation* for death! All such attempts are utterly out of the power of the creature. Moreover, there are the obstacles thrown in the way by friends and relatives of the sick and dying, such, for example, as that just named. In regard to that faithfulness in dealing with souls of

which our correspondent speaks, ah! how difficult it is! What ground for self-reproach and condemnation does it cause! Under a continued and deepening sense of personal defilement, sins, and shortcomings, it seems so out of place to argue or remonstrate with—much less to condemn—others. No doubt a great deal of this arises from the fear of man, and the supposition that, if not in so many words, yet at least in thought they will say, "Physician, heal thyself!" However, even this state of things may be met by the readiness to admit the consciousness and deep conviction of personal sinfulness and infirmity, and the consequent wish and effort to endeavour to benefit others upon the footing of such personal self-knowledge. If we mistake not, there is a mannerism (to say nothing of words) that bespeaks whether the speaker or the exhorter is under the influence of the Pharisaical "Come not near, for I am holier than thou," or the "So did not I because of the fear of the Lord." Personally, as far as contact with our fellow-creatures is concerned, we find it much easier to talk to the Lord about them, than talk to them about the Lord. Oh, how much have we felt of this through life, as a parent!—ED.]

"WALKS AND TALKS WITH JESUS."

WE received a letter, a short time ago, from a parochial clergyman, in which he writes as follows:—

"Some twelve years ago I started a library for my *sick*—about fifty books of prayer, devotion, and spiritual meditation. The Scripture Reader has charge of them, and he changes them for the sick person about once a month.

"A great many of my books are, alas! much dilapidated, and I have no means of renewing them. This is a terribly poor parish, and it is with difficulty we defray necessary expenses.

"Among my best liked and most worn books are one or two of Dr. DOUDNEY'S works. One of these I now forward. I find, from the list of names in it, that this book has been the source of comfort to no less than seventy-seven of my sick and dying people, the greater part of whom are now, I hope, '*with Jesus*.'

"I am going to make so bold [the writer adds] as to ask if you will kindly give my Sick and Lending Library a new copy of this book; and I need hardly say, I should be truly grateful for any other of your devotional books suitable for the sick, if you should happen to have any to give away."

The letter from which we have quoted is accompanied by a copy of "*Walks and Talks with Jesus*." It bears (we are thankful to see) significant proof of having been *well read*. The two blank pages contain the names of seventy-seven persons among whom it has been circulated, and to whom reference is made in the afore-mentioned letter. We can only add that these facts have had the most gratifying effect upon our own mind, and stimulate us to hope that still greater benefit may result from the same simple means. It will afford us great pleasure to replenish the little library.

[We shall feel obliged if the reader would re-peruse our introductory remarks, as given in our last Number, before commencing the reading of the annexed narrative.—ED.]

LIFE'S LABYRINTH; OR, THIRTEEN YEARS' RESIDENCE IN
THE SOUTH OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM 1851
TO 1864.

WITH AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF ADVENTURES DURING THE WAR.

BY MRS. FILE, LATE MRS. AMELIA COOKE.

CHAPTER I.—MY HUSBAND AND I.

It is very easy to talk about writing one's life, but doing it is altogether a different thing. In depicting our own lives, we are compelled to introduce a companion, for we cannot proceed far alone. Thus it is with myself. I must have my dear husband to accompany me, for, should this portion of my life prove interesting to my friends, I am sure they will have cause to thank him rather than myself, for the prominent part he took in rendering it so.

Mr. COOKE (my late husband) was a medical man, possessed of superior educational attainments, and began life with an abundance, and, like others, could spend money freely, but he never wasted it in pleasurable frivolities. His habits were truly abstemious. He was generous beyond judgment, and would give, lend, and speculate recklessly. He was conscientious and honourable in all his transactions, kind to the poor, and ever ready to administer to their necessities as a medical man. It can truly be said of him, "He was a friend to others, but not to himself."

When we married, I possessed a nice little fortune, which I most willingly added to his, and was ready to share life's circumstances with him, whether in prosperity or adversity. It would grieve me deeply were I, inadvertently, to say anything that might cause those who may read my life to suppose that we were unhappy. Our constant changes and adventures, which will be shown in my history, caused our lives to be full of animation, and we had not time nor opportunity for brooding over misfortunes. Our attachment was so mutual that I believe, if it had been possible for us to have known precisely each other's dispositions and faults previous to marriage, we should then have chosen to become partners through life's journey. What can I say more to convince the reader that I held my husband in the highest estimation?

The most interesting events of my life commenced in the year 1850, when Mr. COOKE became acquainted with a gentleman, Mr. G—, who was agent for the sale of some lands in Western Virginia, which he offered on most advantageous terms. Mr. COOKE, being of a speculative disposition, through which, unfortunately, he had already lost a considerable sum, still indulged in it, imagining that ultimately he should succeed. No plan for speculation could be proposed without producing in him a strange infatuation, and, however unfeasible the undertaking might appear to others, it was always feasible to him. The agent for these lands, of course, had his eye upon business, and

lost no opportunity of depicting to my husband, in flaming colours, the advantages arising from emigration, how many had made their fortunes by it, and so on. The lands he had to sell were situated on the Flat Top Mountains, in Mercer and Wyoming Counties, Western Virginia. They were represented as being slightly undulating, the soil was splendid, and there any one with a little means to dispose of could reign king. My dear husband's heart soon became filled with a desire to purchase several hundred acres of this land, which was offered for a mere nominal sum, and to form an English settlement there.

The novelty of the scheme charmed me at first. We would sit for hours talking of it. Even our house, in imagination, was built and furnished. We planned to have our own farm and garden, and all the et ceteras pertaining to the requirements of a comfortable home. Bricklayers and carpenters were to accompany us there, so that houses might be erected for future emigrants to our colony. But, alas! we were "building castles in the air."

A picture of an opposite nature would often present itself to my mind, when alone. I would then think of leaving my native land and dear relatives, and would imagine the land of our adoption, cold and dreary. I could fancy the dense forests, filled with wild animals, and our being molested by uncivilized people. My eyes seemed opened to the fact that such a life would be most unsuitable for my husband and myself, as we had neither of us, as yet, had to contend with hardships. But when Mr. COOKE perceived my heart failing me, he would always turn to the bright side of the picture.

Thus we went on for some months, when suddenly the time came to rid me of suspense. A settlement was made for the purchase of the land, and my husband returned home highly delighted with the grand speculation into which he had entered. My heart was heavy and sad. About two months previously we had buried our last little boy, making the third grave occupied by the remains of our dear children. We had none to accompany us to a foreign land. It was indeed a painful task to bid adieu to family ties, but I was blessed with a resolution to contend with difficulties. Despair was never permitted to take possession of my heart, though I must confess it was with great reluctance that I consented to go to America.

The only source from which comfort can be derived, when in deep anxiety, is a calm reliance on God, and I felt that was given to me. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."

CHAPTER II.—THE VOYAGE.

WE left England in June, 1851, starting from Liverpool, and such a start it was! I must describe it. The cabin passengers agreed to meet at a friend's house, and go in company to the ship. It was a sailing vessel, which we preferred, thinking it safer than a steamer. There were only six of us, Mr. and Mrs. W——, Mr. and Mrs. G——, Mr. COOKE, and myself.

On arriving at the dock, to our great surprise, the ship had left, and was lying some distance up the river. We were compelled to hire a boat to convey us there, and, on reaching the vessel, were informed

that the only way of getting on to her deck was by means of a rope ladder. What were we to do? None of the ladies were disposed to climb it. As for myself, I felt sure it would be useless to try. But we found the old proverb true, "Force is no choice," for the captain's orders were peremptory. We must either go back, and leave all our luggage on board, or endeavour to overcome our fears by venturing to climb. I begged permission to start first, thinking they could push me up; but, as soon as I got my foot on the ladder, it began to swing away from the ship, and the rope steps yielded to the pressure of my feet. There was I, clinging to the ladder, and the little boat moving from under me. Never had I such a swing in my life. I screamed for help, when the sailors leaned over the side of the vessel, and with an effort pulled me on board. How little we know what difficulties we can overcome until we are tested! But, though I was safely landed, my anxiety for my dear husband and friends was great. How eagerly I stood watching them, and feeling all their feelings! Mrs. W— was an elderly lady, and rather stout. They had great trouble in getting her to place her foot on the ladder on which I had been swinging. But time was not to be trifled with, and either go or stay was the command. At last she ventured, and the brave sailors soon hauled her on deck. We had not time to congratulate each other, but both looked for another "haul," as the sailors called it. Mrs. G— was young and fearless. She climbed up bravely, laughing heartily all the time, and needed no hauling, but only to be politely handed over the side of the ship. Now for the gentlemen. They could not prove themselves cowards, although we secretly believed they were as fearful as we had been, only, man-like, they were silent, and would not exhibit their fears. My husband was particularly precise, and even formal in his movements, scorning anything like the appearance of timidity. He rose from the little boat, took the rope ladder in his hands, and, as if he were going up-stairs, placed his foot on one of the steps, when it seemed to give way. "Why," he exclaimed, "this ladder is not safe! The ropes are not sufficiently tight"; and he would have got back into the boat if he could. But no; he had begun to climb, and he must continue. There was no looking back for safety. The second step was difficult to take; but, finding the sailors, captain, and others were highly amused, without exhibiting any sympathy towards him, he began to feel displeased. Fears were overcome by resolution; and, though he moved one foot after the other very awkwardly, still he clung to the rope, and soon the wonderful feat was accomplished. The other two gentlemen appeared to get on with less effort, and when all were landed, if I remember rightly, we had a hearty laugh, instead of praising God for His preserving care over us. How deeply ingratitude is marked on all our actions! It is natural for us to call on God in distress; but, as soon as we are relieved, we forget to thank Him for His gracious deliverance.

There was very soon a reaction in our feelings. We were safely on deck, but where were we going? To a foreign land, leaving our native shores, perhaps never to return again. None but those who have experienced the heartrending sensations produced by such circumstances can properly understand them. They are indescribable.

The ship was towed slowly away, and the sight of Old England gradually receded from our view. Tears might flow, hearts might ache, but it availed nothing. We were bound to proceed. After standing on deck, and pondering over these things a short time, we thought it better to retire to the saloon, and there try to cheer and comfort each other. A nice supper was provided, of which we all partook, and shortly after bade adieu for the night, but not to rest, for the wind was strong and contrary. Sleep was a luxury we were not permitted to enjoy for several nights, that dreadful attendant, sea-sickness, keeping us all busy for some time. We might just peep at our companions, with our long, dejected, pale faces, but our interviews had to be short, lest we should intrude on each other's finer feelings by unavoidably exhibiting the effect which the motion of the vessel had on us. When sea-sickness annoys you, it is best to retire from company. Though the complaint is very bad, and causes its victims to imagine, at times, that they will never get over it, yet when it passes off, the system seems so relieved that a good appetite and vigorous health generally follow. We had an excellent cook, and could soon enjoy the dainties he so carefully prepared for us.

Before leaving England, my friends requested me to keep a diary while at sea, and give them a description of the voyage; but I found it very difficult to write at sea, so could only do it occasionally. Several of my letters, however, have been preserved, and an extract from one of them will give some slight idea of how the time passed. We had been at sea about three weeks when I began my first epistle:—

“I was hurrying to finish this letter before reaching shore, but, alas! where is the shore now? The captain has got far out of his course—indeed, so far north as to bring us nearly to the banks of Newfoundland. We have passed a ship, and the captain, from her deck, has informed us that we are within one hundred miles of ice, advising our captain to be careful. I have not felt particularly timid, but these tidings are disheartening. We have been so long at sea, and are becoming extremely tired of it. It is such a monotonous life. We find it impossible to read or write much, and there is nothing to occupy our time. Mr. COOKE is heartily sick of it. The stormy petrel, small whales, and porpoises, which sometimes pass the ship in shoals of twenty or more at a time, cause a temporary amusement, and a fish which the sailors call the ‘Portuguese man-of-war’ occasionally favours us with its presence. They carry a sort of sail, and look very curious. Then there are the blubbers, which appear almost like beautiful baskets of flowers in the water on a clear day. We have had only two fine days since leaving England, and at times the weather has been as cold as in the depth of winter. It is difficult for us to realize that it is midsummer, for we have to wrap up in all our winter clothing. The novelty of a voyage is soon turned into stern reality, and after about a week at sea, all hearts would rejoice to see land again.”

Six long weeks were spent at sea, when the captain shouted, “Land in sight!” As may be imagined, we were overjoyed at the information, and thought nothing more could impede our progress, when suddenly a terrible squall sprang up, which alarmed us very much. Our feelings

were changed in a moment. We felt that, even then, it was not too late for a disaster. The poor steerage passengers were all clinging to each other, and were in the greatest consternation. Fortunately, the storm lasted but a short time, and all was quiet and peaceful as before. Oh, the power of God! Even the proud waves must obey Him. They that go on ships can speak of His mighty works.

As we sailed up the Delaware River, a most delightful view presented itself on either side of us. The country looked truly beautiful. Delicious fruits and vegetable productions were fully ripe, and gardens were decorated with lovely flowers. The weather was extremely hot. All winter garments had to be put away, and the thinnest summer clothing substituted.

We landed at Philadelphia on the 11th of July.

(To be continued.)

A LOVING MEMORIAL OF THE LATE REV. SAMUEL
ADAMS, M.A.,

VICAR OF THORNTON WITH BAGWORTH, AND STANTON-UNDER-BARDON,
LEICESTERSHIRE.

(Continued from page 359.)

IN January, 1853, it pleased Him in whose hand is the breath of every living thing to take unto Himself the soul of His servant, R. W. CLOSE. Not long before his illness, he wrote a letter to Mr. ADAMS, which was greatly prized and most tenderly preserved, in which he complained of his own unworthiness, and in humility of mind sought instruction from his friend, finishing thus, "Oh, what a precious Christ!" His sickness was short. Inscrutable are the ways of the Almighty. This favoured and valuable servant of God, in a declining and dark day, apparently so greatly needed, was removed to the temple above from the earthly court below, and a parish deprived of its most desirable treasure.

No one was better acquainted with him than Mr. ADAMS. They had been brothers indeed, and each knew the other's inmost thoughts. Many had been the times of sweet converse on the hidden riches of that eternal purpose before the world began, which brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. Oft had they traced the leadings of God in their own souls, and the helps, encouragements, and appearances on their behalf during their pilgrimage.

It was noised abroad that Mr. ADAMS was to preach the funeral sermon; and, on the evening appointed, a vast concourse of people assembled, filling every available space long before the hour of service, and those who were unable to gain admission stood in the churchyard, hoping to hear through the open door. So dense was the crowd within that the candles burned dimly in consequence of the overwhelming surcharge of human breath. A solemn awe pervaded the auditory, who eagerly hung upon the preacher's words, as he spoke of him whom they would see no more until the trumpet should sound and the earth give forth its dead. It was "a night much to be

observed," and the remembrance of it remained indelibly fixed in his memory.

"But though affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground, yet man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." Mr. ADAMS was called, in the autumn of this year, to pass through a severe furnace of affliction—the loss of a beloved son. Arthur much resembled his father in natural character—a noble youth just budding into manhood, with a frank, pleasing countenance, an amiable and reliable disposition, and a strict regard for truth in deed and word. From his MSS. and correspondence, as well as from the testimony of those with whom he conversed, it is evident that the Lord had graciously begun a work in his soul, and that he was seeking the "pearl of great price."

His mind being led to the ministry, he commenced studying for Cambridge, and the more he applied himself to his work, the more settled did his purpose become.

Well do I remember, when a child of but four or five years old, going with my mother to Thornton; and one morning, when some pigeons were wanted for the house, seeing Arthur take his gun and stroll into the garden, child-like I followed him. He fired, and down came the birds. Bursting into tears, I dashed through the gateway, and, lifting my little arm, struck him, with all the force of which it was capable, a blow on the back. The kindly smile, as he turned and looked upon me and took me in his arms, has never passed from my remembrance, but is now as vivid as ever. His gentleness and tenderness to me, his pleasant expression and engaging demeanour, made a lasting impression upon my infant mind; and although many years have passed since then, he is still clearly pictured in my imagination. The school children were very fond of him, for his manner was very taking with them, and he had much gentleness and patience in bearing with them.

Towards the end of August he appeared to be ailing, and gradually got worse, until on Sunday, September 4th, he was compelled to take to his bed. He was very anxious for some one to read to him, and was also able to read himself. The next day he became unconscious, and in that state he laid, except at very short intervals, for more than a fortnight, when suddenly, in the middle of the night, he appeared to wake in deep distress of soul, and sent for his father to pray for him, saying, "Quick! quick!" and was in the act of leaving his bed to go to him. His father came to the bed, and, kneeling by the side, poured forth entreaties on his behalf. He thanked him, saying, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." He then requested his father to come at stated times, and, if he were asleep, to be sure to wake him. His mind was much exercised at this time, saying frequently, "The Lord is leading me through such deep waters." On being asked if he wished to get better, he responded, "I do not know. I leave it with the Lord." His father was encouraged to hope, and told him that he believed the Lord would save him, to which he replied, "I know He is able to save me, but I fear He is not willing." His father repeated several passages from the Scriptures, trusting that they might, by the Spirit, be made the means of bringing peace to his

troubled heart. He then said, "If I am saved, it will be at the eleventh hour. I am the chief of sinners. My sins are so great. I am like the prodigal son, not worthy to be called a son," and burst into tears. His father was deeply moved for his beloved Joseph, and could not refrain from saying, "I would willingly lay down my life for you." He pressed his hand, and asked the meaning of Romans xi. 21—"If God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest He also spare not thee." "I am afraid," he said, "I am only a natural branch, and shall be cut off." This verse had been much upon his mind before his illness. In the night he was heard praying, "Lord Jesus, enable me to believe on Thee!" But the Lord did not suffer His poor tried child to cry in vain, for "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy" (Psa. lxxii. 12, 13). At length hope began to rise in his soul, and he was heard, in the stillness of the night, to say, as if to himself, "I shall not die, but live to the glory of God." This expression showed the spirituality of his mind, for he did not quote the Scripture as it is written (Psa. cxviii. 17), signifying he should not live to declare the glory of God on earth, but live to the glory of God in heaven. He was asked, "Is Christ precious to you?" and replied, "Yes; the 'Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.'"

The following day, when a portion of the Bible was being read to him, he said, "It is food to my soul. I love to hear it. I could hear it all day."

On Sunday, October 2nd, on the return of the family from church, he said, "Where was the text?" It was repeated to him (Col. i. 18)—"And He is the Head of the body, the Church: who is the Beginning, the First-born from the dead; that in all things He might have the pre-eminence." With emphasis he exclaimed, "So He shall from me." He enjoyed this Sabbath, and said, if he had a thousand tongues, it would be too little to praise Him. It was said to him, "We shall never know the extent of the love of Jesus in this world." He replied, "The whole scheme of salvation is so great, it will take eternity to praise Him for it"; to which it was said, "Eternity is too short to utter all His praise," and he answered, "If eternity had an end, it would be too short."

Before he was laid low, his mind had been drawn towards the ministry, and his father had hoped the Lord was preparing him for the work. That he must have had some very special leading towards it was proved by a saying of his about this time, which is worthy of record—"If the Lord should be pleased to raise me up again, I fear I should not be faithful enough to tell the people their faults. I should be always telling them of the love of Jesus." During the night he called out very loudly, "He is coming! He is coming! So suitable! So suitable!"

On Thursday, darkness again overshadowed him, and he earnestly entreated his friends to pray for him, and that his soul might be saved; but shortly the cloud was removed, and he was able to exclaim, "I shall see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Oh, to spend eternity with Him! Nothing can move me from the Rock.

'It is not by might, nor by power,' nor by anything I can do, 'but by My Spirit [and then he spoke with a deep, reverential voice], saith the Lord of Hosts.'" He frequently said, "Do you not see the Lord's hand in it all? 'He hath done all things well.'"

On Saturday, October 8th, he was asked, "Do you always feel Jesus precious?" He answered, "Not always." He was again suffered to be much tried with doubt, and the "accuser of the brethren" was permitted to perplex and confuse him. He lost for a time his confidence, and to the question, "Do you feel happy?" replied, "No." "Why?" "Because I do not feel my sins forgiven." He was then said, "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." He replied, "The Lord is leading me through such deep, still waters." A by-stander remarked, "Never mind, if they are still." "Sometimes," said he, "they are fiery."

On the 10th he said, "I seem, at times, to be getting near, and something says, 'You must go back into the wilderness again,' and the steps I go back hurt me more than all I go forward. Oh, what a time it seems to take those steps!" This was the last conflict the dear saint had to encounter.

On the 13th, he was asked if Jesus was with him. He said, "I shall go to Him"; and on Friday, "I look upon it all as a blessing."

As he was getting weaker, he was not able to speak distinctly, but was heard to say—

"Thy constant love, Thy constant care,
It is that saves me from despair."

There being now no hope of his recovery, and his dissolution being daily expected, his father was anxious to have one last testimony of his realization of his interest in the death and atonement of the Son of God, and on the Saturday morning asked him, "Is Jesus your joy, your crown, your hope, your righteousness, your All in all?" Being unable to speak, he lifted his hands, clasped above his head, and with much energy tried to speak, with a manifest expression of joy.

In this state he continued until the next morning, at eight o'clock, when, without a sigh, he entered into the joy of his Lord, to keep a perpetual Sabbath in adoration of the covenant love which had chosen him before the foundation of the world.

His dear father felt the blow acutely, and was forced by the bitterness of his grief to close his churches, it being impossible to obtain assistance at so short a notice.

He was buried on the following Friday morning. His body was met at the entrance of the churchyard by the Rev. THOMAS OWEN, Curate of Ratby, who led the way into the church reciting those blessed words of the Holy Ghost which raise the soul to behold death conquered, and its terrors dispelled, by the Almighty Redeemer. There, at the south side of the entrance to the chancel, they laid the precious dust, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life"; and though, as Mr. OWEN, with imperfectly-suppressed emotion, proceeded in the all-but-inspired words of our unequalled Burial Service, many a sob resounded through the ancient house of prayer, and many a head was bowed in silent grief, yet those glorious words carried the eye of faith within the

veil, and led sorrow-stricken hearts to follow their dear brother into that joy and felicity where sin cannot enter, or the soul be separated from its Lord.

On the succeeding Sunday, Mr. ADAMS preached the funeral sermon to a numerous congregation, desirous of showing respect to the deceased and sympathy with the family plunged into such poignant distress. The text was 2 Samuel xii. 23—"But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

To be brought when young to seek after the Lord, to find Him, and to die in His embrace and smile, at the age of nineteen, is an honour with which the highest dignity of earth cannot compare, and a favour which the noblest of mortals has no power to bestow. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Among the many clerical friends of Mr. ADAMS, the Rev. JOHN WING, M.A., held a high place. He was a man of an exquisitely-formed mind and great originality of thought, so that he was eminently qualified to fill the pulpit of St. Mary's, Leicester, of which church he was Vicar. Early in 1861 he was laid upon a bed of sickness, from which he never arose. He enjoyed, during this illness, the presence of his Saviour in an especial degree, and realized, with full assurance, his interest in the covenant. He sent this parting message to his people—"The doctrines I have been enabled to preach are now my comforts and richest consolations." He grew weaker and weaker, until he entered into the joy of his Lord on the 22nd of March.

At his request, Mr. ADAMS, who, many years before, in Buckinghamshire, had been his chosen friend, read the service of the Church at his interment, and preached, the next Sunday evening, at St. Mary's, from 2 Timothy i. 12—"For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day"—a text which had been of much comfort and support to the deceased.

(To be continued.)

ON THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—PSALM cxvi. 15.

THE happy saint is called to join
The glorious ransomed host,
To praise the eternal Father, God,
The Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hers now the glad inheritance;
The Father made her meet;
The Spirit testified of Christ,
And brought her to His feet.

We mourn our heavy loss, and weep
Above the sacred dust,
But would not call her spirit back
From mansions of the just.

Whitby.

M. L. SYKES.

WORDS FOR THE WEAK AND WEARY.

To E. D—M.

1. YOU say, "I feel very dark about the best things, but still I wouldn't, at my worst, give up the little hope I have for the wealth of the universe." Had not the Holy Ghost Himself led you in precisely the same way as He did Moses of old, when "he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," you never could express yourself as you thus have done.

2. You say, moreover, "Oh, how I long for a *full assurance* of my being a child of God!" The poet has well answered this true spiritual desire and heartfelt breathing thus—

"Ne'er had you felt the weight of sin,
Nor sweets of pardoning love,
Had not your name have been enrolled
To endless bliss above."

3. You say that a certain minister stated that "we should pray to be lower yet." You add—and well add, too—"but I feel that I am as low as I can be. I am convinced no one can feel himself a viler sinner than I feel myself to be.

"Not a glimpse of hope for me
Only in Gethsemane."

Now, we are bound to say that the minister's remark needs to be received with the utmost caution. We well know one who, forty years after he had known the Lord, was led day by day to offer this petition at the mercy-seat—

"Let me well my vileness know;
Keep me very, very low."

The Lord took him at his word, and He did bring him low with a witness—so much so that, although he had suffered constitutionally, more or less, all his life, from depression, he now thought that he had never previously known what lowness of spirits was. To *laugh* seemed presumption—*singing* was out of the question. What, then, was the result? Why, this—to ask the Lord only to give such an insight into poor fallen human nature, as a corresponding discovery of Himself as the one only Antidote could bear. Henceforward there was the *blending* of the counsel given to the poor scullery-girl—"Lord, show me myself!" "Lord, show me Thyself!" There could be no allowance for breathing-time between the one and the other. The two-fold petition must be presented, as it were, in one and the same breath—"myself! Thyself!" or we would rather reverse the order, and say, "Thyself! myself!" for well did the poet say—

"The more Thy glory strikes mine eye,
The humbler I shall lie."

"I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear," said Job, "but now mine eye seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in

dust and ashes." It was the self-same line of teaching that led Peter to exclaim, as he contemplated the Person and the power of Jesus, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"

4. You remark, moreover, "I can truly say, and feel, too, the words my dear one used on her death-bed—

" 'And if my soul is sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.' "

You may depend upon it that a soul never went to hell that could, in all sincerity and truth, say that. To justify God, and speak well of His law, as being holy, just, and good—a transcript of His own essential character—is most distinctly of the Holy Ghost, whose divine prerogative it is to convince of sin, and to bring the convinced one to exclaim, as did the Psalmist, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done evil in Thy sight, that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest." Remember what a striking evidence this self-condemnation and acquitting the Most High of injustice was, upon the part of the dying thief—"We indeed suffer justly, but this Man hath done nothing amiss." Did it ever strike you to put the law and the Gospel in juxtaposition, or to set one over against the other, thus? You remember that the Apostle James says, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Well, now, upon the same principle, if there be clear and unmistakable proof and evidence of *life*, although it may as yet appear only in *one single aspect*, what does that prove but the handiwork of God? And to what, moreover, is the subject of that one proof or evidence entitled? Is he not shown thereby to be heir to that precious promise, "He that hath *begun* a good work in you will perform it to the day of Jesus Christ"? There is, remember, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

In the cluster of graces upon which the Lord Himself pronounced a blessing, as stated in the fifth chapter of Matthew, were they each and all declared as belonging to one person? or, on the contrary, did one feature shine in this one and another in that? Among the numberless cases brought from time to time before the Master, in the days of His flesh, was there not *diversity*? Did not one appeal on this ground, and another on that?

In what a striking way does the Apostle bring out "the diversity of gifts, but the same Spirit," in the twelfth chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians! "To one," he says, "is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit; to another faith, by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing, by the same Spirit." Having proceeded, at some length, in this line of argument, he very significantly asks, "Are *all* apostles? are *all* prophets? are *all* teachers? are *all* workers of miracles? have *all* the gifts of healing? do *all* speak with tongues? do *all* interpret?" Ah! could these facts be kept more vividly in remembrance, how much less strife and bickering would there be among the household of faith! Each, with his special gift, placed by the all-wise Master-Builder in this or that position to do his appointed work, in this or that particular spot, and under such and such circumstances. In the great and important

work to which Nehemiah and his people were called, in rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem, what a notable answer was that he gave to Sanballat and Geshem, when he sent word by the messengers, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down. Why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?"

What, however, we wish particularly to remind you of is this, that special graces—or rather, that special features of grace—appear in one and another—yea, in all the members of the household of faith. In one, *humility* is a special feature; in another, *love*; in another, *courage*; in another, *great boldness in the faith*; in another, *strong faith in the providential dispensations of God*; in another, in His *spiritual dealings*; and so on. But, after all, the leading grace is LOVE! Oh, how precious is that testimony by the Apostle James—"By this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we *love* the brethren." Ah! dear E—, we shall never forget the eye falling upon that precious portion, sixty-two years ago. "If *that*," thought we, "be a sign and token of true spiritual life, then I have it, for the Lord knows I *do* love them, because I believe they love the Lord, and the Lord loves them."

Well, now, let us test this love, and see if you, personally, don't know at least somewhat of its workings, and, it may be, after the way and manner of which we are about to speak. We know one who, whilst once sitting under the Word preached by that man of God, the late JOHN WARBURTON, in Gower Street Chapel, London, felt annoyed because some one in the pew before him kept nodding his head, as if in approval of this or that statement. He himself had always great antipathy to this or that outward demonstration. At length some remark seemed to come home to the heart of the hearer in question. He dropped his head, and was evidently overcome, even to tears! The tables were then turned against the objector. "*You sitting in judgment against this man, whilst you are as hard and callous as a flint!* See him melted down under the power of the Word. What know *you* of love and tenderness, whilst cherishing such feelings as you have been indulging throughout the sermon?" Oh, what a rebuke it was! No sooner was the service over, than that poor stranger was followed street after street; and the poor, wayward, fault-finding critic felt as if he could have thrown himself at his feet, and allowed him to walk over him.

Again, at another time, in the self-same place of worship, a young man was observed seated in the gallery, so transfixed, so absorbed and engrossed in the service, that the heart, independently of its own wants and necessities, seemed so specially drawn out on his behalf. Who was he? What was he? What his trials? What his temptations and special exercises? Such were the mental inquiries on his behalf. But, a short time afterwards, this same young man *was seen driving a cab!* Hence his calling, with all its exposures and the ridicule to which his religion would subject him, might readily account for the attention and interest he was giving to the preached Word, and the services of the Lord's house.

Well, now, amid all your fears and manifold exercises, can you deny all knowledge of, or participation in, the feelings of which we have

spoken? Is there no sympathy—nothing that affects—no inward response—no softening—no mellowness—when, for example, such a verse as this is sung in the public assembling of the Lord's dear people—

“ I love to meet among them now,
 Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But can I bear the piercing thought—
 ‘ What if my name should be left out
 When Thou for them shalt call? ’ ”

Ah! dear E——, this is the language of a Spirit-quickenened, love-inspired soul, to which mere worldlings are utter strangers.

THE EDITOR.

To J. B——N.

1. It is only the old story over again, dear tried brother, namely, that when the Lord leads His servants into His vineyard to labour for Him, He makes the world and its associations a scene of anxiety, discomfort, and the greatest perplexity. The distinction is most marked. Whilst *His* service is sacred, sweet, satisfactory to the last degree, contact and connection with the world is the opposite; and yet, strange as it may appear, that very state of things is largely to contribute to the servant's new and blessed employment, and to be a special means of furnishing him with material for his Master's work, and of giving strength, tone, and power for the same. The very *contrast* between the service of the world and labouring for the Lord is the more strikingly felt and declared by the personal and practical knowledge of both the one and the other. Without this personal contact, the testimony would be that of mere hearsay, guesswork, or supposition. It is the *depths* that lead to the *declaration*, “ Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” And those who have been personally instructed in this school have found, from time to time, the unutterable blessedness of giving expression (as the Holy Ghost grants them a door of utterance) to what they have personally tasted and handled and felt, in immediate connection with these very depths. We know one who, in the short half-hour in which he first spoke in the name of the Lord, felt amply repaid and abundantly recompensed for all he had gone through, in a way of trial and temptation, suffering and sorrow, for the previous twenty years! Mark this, dear brother, for it is a verity; and what he would have done then, and a thousand times since, without that previous teaching and training, God only knows. Of this, however, he is most certain, that not a single crook or cross could have been dispensed with. In spite of all the loving discipline, there is still an immense amount of coldness, and lifelessness, and insensibility. What, therefore, would have been the state of things without the previous course of instruction, with all its varied defeats and disappointments, conflicts and counteractions, we are perfectly at a loss to conceive. But of this we have no doubt, that the former *distress* in the world and its associations was to lead to the after *delight* in the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts, and that the one was indispensable, in order

to the realization of the other. The whole was beautifully and blessedly encompassed by that precious truth, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose."

2. The opinion expressed by his wife, to which our friend and brother refers, confirms what we said in our last number, as to the propriety and desirableness of the conferring one with another, between husband and wife. What a blessed lift by the way was that when Manoah's wife said to him, "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, He would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands, neither would He have showed us all these things, nor would as at this time have told us such things as these" (Judges xiii. 23). Oh, the timeliness and the strengthening and encouraging effects of such remarks!

3. You see, dear brother, there is such a disposition in us all, more or less, to be *before-hand* with the Lord, and we are so apt to place our own construction upon both His words and works. As assuredly, however, as we find ourselves to be in haste about this or that matter, we may suspect results. The Word of God is dead against such a state of things, for distinctly does it say, "He that believeth shall *not make haste*." Ah! have not some of us smarted, and justly too, for our hastiness of spirit—the "*now or never!*"—in which we have indulged, and to which we have yielded? And had not the Lord, in His tender, Fatherly kindness and consideration, pitied and pardoned us, what, alas! alas! must have been the hapless consequences?

Ah! dear friend, as we write, how certain resolutions, fixed determinations, positive intentions, come up in review, in regard to which, had not the Lord interposed, in His preventing and preserving mercy, the result must have been absolute ruin and irretrievable disgrace! Oh, how the contemplation intensifies the language of the poet—

" Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee."

Oh, when at times we are led to retrace the pathway, and when we hear or read of others who have taken steps, adopted courses, or fallen into snares which were treacherously laid for their feet, and when, at the same time, that such and such had again and again been our own position, we can but stand amazed, and, with adoring wonder, testify of the boundless goodness and astounding mercy which the Lord our God was pleased to exercise on our behalf. Now, most thoroughly persuaded we are, dear brother, that your present exercises are, although in an unseen way, working little by little to the same gracious end and purpose, so that *you* will see hereafter, as *we* now do, how essential and indispensable the every twist and turn in your present seemingly so dubious and mysterious a course. Moreover, you will see the need of the *repetition*—the "line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept; the here a little and there a little." Instead of doubting it, as occasionally at least you may probably *now* do, you will *hereafter* see what an absolute and positive necessity there was for the every crook and cross. Ah! yes, *you* will say, as *we* do

now, with respect to every temptation and trial, difficulty and distress, that

“All was most needful,
Not one was in vain.”

4. What we would most earnestly crave of the Lord on your behalf is, that He would grant you the “stand still and look on” position; in other words, that He would give you to wrestle, to watch, and to wait. Mark the treble W. Be it yours to adopt the language and follow the course of the Prophet Habakkuk—“I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved.” Hence, you see, he was prepared for reproof; and who of us does not stand in need of reproof, Fatherly rebuke and chastisement? Who of us dare say we are clean, or clear of this charge or the other reproach? But now, mark, in proof of the Lord’s approval of such a course, upon the part of the Prophet—“And the Lord answered me, and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it [or He] shall speak, and not lie; though it [or He] tarry, wait for it [or Him]; because it [or He] will surely come; it [or He] will not tarry.” Now, dear friend, what words can be more suitable or appropriate to your case?

5. Moreover, as we stated on a former occasion, the cause is not *yours*, but the *Lord’s*. *He* is responsible, not *you*. You remember those precious lines—

“When first before the mercy-seat
Thou didst thine all to Him commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.”

Is it the husband’s or the wife’s, the parent’s or the child’s, part to move in matters? In what light do you stand to the Lord but in the secondary and dependent? Would a husband or a parent be worthy the name of such near and endearing character, if they left the management and the responsibility of matters to the wife or the child, as the case may be? That the Lord, in His own time and way, will, in *your* case as He has done in *myriads* of others, “make the darkness light, the crooked things straight, the rough places plain,” we have not the shadow of a doubt. Moreover, that He will give you hereafter to bless and praise, magnify and adore, His ever-blessed and glorious name, for the every inch of the pathway which you are now traversing, with all its attendant circumstances, we are equally certain.

6. We are pleased with your remarks about *announcing yourself*. It reminds us of the observation of a dear servant of God, whom it was our privilege to know and with whom to have sweet communion. He has, however, been long since “gathered to his fathers.” He used to say, “The Lord knows my name and where I live,” and, in reference to going upon His errands, he would add, “and, when He wants me, He will send for me.”

THE EDITOR.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY DR. DOUDNEY,

AT ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, BEDMINSTER, ON THURSDAY EVENING,

SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1885.

"Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it [or as it is in the margin, 'will finish it'] until the day of Jesus Christ."—PHILIPPIANS I. 6.

Do observe that this statement of the Apostle's is grounded on his feeling for his brethren. When we do not seem able to pray for ourselves—we are so callous, so cold, so dead—if we can begin to think of others, and begin to say something to the Lord for them, we shall have something to say for ourselves afterwards. It is well when we are in that state—though it may seem a contradiction—to think of offering praise and gratitude; but a little reflection on the past—a calling to remembrance when we come to compare the past with the present—proves it was the Lord alone that delivered us. We are so prone to think that the present surpasses the past. We think we have arrived at such a state as we have never before arrived at. That is a mistake. If we were not so forgetful—if we could have a vivid recollection of the past—we should find that even then we were just as unable to see a way of escape.

Moreover, now we so much have added to our experience, if we could look at matters from that point of view. I am not the one to compliment you on your poor fallen nature.

I remember once my late dear brother-in-law and myself preached at a church near Plymouth—he one part of the day and I the other. The comment afterwards upon the part of the Incumbent was, "What could have induced me to ask those two to preach? They have knocked down in one day all that I have been endeavouring to build up these twenty years." Another comment upon my preaching was—"He knocks a man down and then picks him up again." That is just what I want to do—to knock away every inch of ground, all your hopes and expectations for eternity, which are founded upon the works of the creature; and then God forbid that I, as His servant, should leave you there. Oh, no! "The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up." He "lays low, and sets among princes."

We live in awful times. Only this very day I was told of one, very near and dear to me, being remonstrated with upon the folly of entertaining certain doctrines. She was laughed at for believing the doctrine of two natures. The spread of error in our day is very solemn. Standing, as I feel I do, on the threshold of eternity, I should wish to set before you that which is in perfect harmony with God's Word. I said, in reply to the assertion referred to just now, "What does she think of the words of the Apostle—'For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened'; 'I find another law in my members';" &c. ?

For what proportion of time is God in our thoughts? If we could analyze our thoughts for one day, in what proportion is God in our thoughts? And then, if we could analyze our thoughts in the time we are thinking of God, are we thinking of Him independently of ourselves, our necessities, our cares, our wants? We think of Him because we want something of Him. Hence how often our wants are not spiritual wants.

What does the Apostle mean by "being confident"? The sweet assurance—the freedom from any sense of misgiving. "That He which hath begun a good work." In what consists a beginning of that good work? A knowledge of sin—a knowledge of the fact, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." The contention, the disparity, between the flesh and the Spirit—between the old and the new natures. "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do"—Paul of the earth; Paul of the flesh. "I find another law in my members." An insight into this—a personal, practical knowledge of this—the ability to distinguish this—is inseparably connected with the beginning of the work of God.

Whatever your trials or cares, you had far better have to contend with them than be under such a Satanic influence—far better to be under the scourge, under the trials—far better to have war moment by moment with the devil—than to be under the influence of him who verily is "transformed as an angel of light." Think of the words—

"Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there."

In after days you will see how needful were all the trials.

"Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it." It is absolutely necessary that it should be so, for, as no man can quicken, so no man can keep alive his own soul. The bestowment of a grain of grace is the forerunner, the earnest, of what is to follow. The cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" "Lord, save, or I perish!" all are earnest, or proofs, or pledges, that all needful grace shall be bestowed. There is nothing in the creature that has been bestowed in the past that shall deliver in the present or future. It must be more grace, given by the God of all grace. Not a bestowment once for all. It is daily grace for daily needs—grace upon grace. The most highly privileged among God's children cannot be trusted. It is only for us to contemplate the histories of God's people left on record in the Scriptures, or those of our own time, and to consider ourselves, to be at a point about this. The Lord cannot trust us. It must be just the measure of grace sufficient.

"He which hath begun a good work will perform [finish] it." By faith we realize the fact. He will give more grace; He will not forsake us. He is far better acquainted with our position than we are. He knows the depths of our hearts. He adapts His grace to our needs. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." It is not for us to be looking for a stock in hand. Our children do not ask us for a supply of food to last them a week. Oh,

what lessons are these home-lessons! Yet are we not guilty of that folly with our Father? Do we keep in view, "Give us this day our daily bread"? Though not in so many words, do we not virtually say, "Give me this week what I shall want. Give me for this month all I shall require"? If we could analyze our requests, is not that their character, instead of relying upon the promise of Him who can never forget, much less forsake? "His bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure." Note that—"waters." Give me an instance that clashes with the Psalmist's declaration—"I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

I am ashamed of myself that I should ever yield to doubting, after the many years' proof I have had of the Lord's faithfulness. Think of this touching appeal—"When I sent you out without scrip or purse, lacked ye anything?" This cuts me through and through, when the Lord applies it to my soul. And this too—"Is this thy kindness to thy Friend?"

"Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it." Now, as I said before, it is absolutely necessary that God should finish the work. We cannot contribute a single thought to the work. As He began, He must carry on. Why was the Apostle so confident? Because he knew the Lord's character was involved in it—"For My name's sake." His confidence was grounded upon what the Lord had done. "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." And do you think Paul could have written the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, if his thoughts were not, "How true the Lord has been to His word"? "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off."

"He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." To what day did he refer? To the day when Christ should come to be glorified with His saints—to the day to which Christ refers when He says, "In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." This is "the day of Jesus Christ." "They shall be Mine in the day when I make up My jewels." "Father, here am I, and the children which Thou hast given Me." The day when there shall be a number whom no man can number round the throne. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The day to which Christ is looking forward—"Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am." The day every quickened sinner shall see and will have part in. Christ and His people shall be one at home—Christ the Head, and His members the mystical body. The glorious scene in which the weakest, the frailest, the most feelingly unworthy, will have their part, in that last great day when Christ shall sit upon His throne—that indescribable scene through the blissful ages of eternity.

[The contributor of the foregoing, resident at Abingdon, says, "The notes are by no means perfect, as my knowledge of shorthand is deficient, being self-taught. I never heard you preach but that once, and then

I felt it to be in answer to prayer, as it was the only day we had the opportunity of doing so, and, for one or two days before, the weather had been very wet. However, on that day it was fine. We spent the day in Bristol, and had the pleasure of hearing you in the evening."—ED.]

WHY I PRAY.

You ask me why I bend the knee
In attitude of prayer,*
When I believe myself ordained
Eternal glory's heir.

List, and I'll tell you. What am I?
A child of sin and sorrow,
Produced, without my will, to-day,
And doomed to die to-morrow.

And I am born, as others are,
The willing slave of sin;
Lured by a treacherous world without;
Betrayed by guilt within.

And if in Scripture's hallowed page
I read of pardoning love,
And mercy for the ransomed saints
Whose names are writ above;

And if upon the sacred palm
Of the Redeemer's hands,
'Mid saints and holy martyrs ranged,
My name recorded stands;

I have not seen it written there,
Nor read in deeds of heaven
My title to partake of bliss
For which His blood was given.

And though of all the Father gave
The Saviour loses none;
I cannot search the heavenly roll
To see if I am one.

No earthly mirror can reflect
The seal upon my brow;
And in my soul's corrupted soil
No fruits of merit grow.

But I have read—and read it there,
Where falsehood never spake—
That they who come in lowly guise
To ask, for Jesus' sake, †

And they who bring a heart with guilt
And deep contrition seared,
With knee and spirit bending low,
To wait till they are heard—

Sure I have read that these are they
(And others there are none)
For whom their Saviour and their God
The palm of victory won.

And these are they the Father chose,
With fond and lasting love,
For whom salvation is proclaimed
By angel hosts above.

And shall I then despise the mark
That proves me heir of bliss?
I know I'm His because I pray,
And pray because I'm His.

And there was One on earth, I ween,
Had little need to pray,
For all that was, was His to give—
Lord of a boundless sway.

He prayed not with intent to change
His Father's high decree,
Nor had He need to ask in prayer
The thing He meant should be.

Yet Jesus prayed, and earth received
Her Maker's bended knee;
Gethsemane resounds the cry,
The groan of agony.

First tell me why a suppliant breath
Poured by a Spirit divine.
And I will tell you why I ask
A bliss I trust is mine—

My humble spirit is content
To know that I am bid, ‡
Nor dares to ask why I should kneel
To do what Jesus did.

And while I ask in lively hope
To share my Saviour's bliss,
Know that, if e'er I cease to pray,
I'll cease to think me His.

* Ezekiel xxxvi. 37. † Matthew vii. 7. ‡ Luke xviii. 1.

Correspondence.

OLD PATHS AND FRESH PETITIONS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—I have wanted to send you a letter for some time, but so many engagements prevented.

First, I must thank you heartily for the kind present of books to the two little girls (MATTHEWS) who learnt your beautiful hymn, "A Little Talk with Jesus." They are so delighted with them that their mother tells me she really believes they could nearly repeat them also, they have read them through so many times. Is not that encouraging? for, as you observe, what is learnt in childhood is not soon forgotten.

I have been exceedingly interested in the correspondence between you and poor Mrs. FORBES, whose blessed mother, Mrs. LATTER, was a dear friend of mine for thirty years. I have still bundles of her precious letters. She was a sister of our late Rector, the Rev. R. JEFFREYS, and resided with him at our rectory several years, and dear Dr. FORBES has often preached in this church. Mrs. LATTER was a woman of no common mind, a true Christian, deeply taught by the Spirit of God, a happy possessor of a tender heart, stored with a deep understanding of divine things. I missed her terribly when she died. She was indeed a "mother in Israel." She had begun a letter to me when taken in death, and which Miss LATTER very kindly sent to me. Miss LATTER has been a most devoted aunt, having had the charge of her youngest sister's (Mrs. CARMICHAEL, formerly Mrs. WATSON) children, who died, dear thing, in India.

Oh, I did enjoy reading the blessed and faithful reply you were, by the Spirit of God, privileged to write, and I pray God that it may be made a blessing to many, especially your remarks upon private prayer and fasting. I believe many in the present day rest satisfied with these outward things, without realizing the pardon of sin. The Holy Ghost, who convices of sin, and shows us our lost and ruined state through the fall of our first parents, and the utter inability of any one to cleanse themselves, or to do any one thing acceptable of God in our natural state—I say, He alone can cleanse, sanctify, and cause us to know that our sins are forgiven, enabling us to "go in peace," to "rest in His love," and to rejoice in Him who has indeed become our salvation. Nor would we have it otherwise. His work is a perfect work. We would not mar or meddle with it by adding any of our polluted doings—even fastings, and such like. "No; a thousand times no," as you say sometimes. We would exclaim, with dear TOPLADY, in that beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages," second verse, "Thou must save, and Thou alone."

Our mutual friend, dear Mrs. J. S. SERJEANT, has a son (Beza), the officer, coming home for six months by the doctor's order, having become so much weakened by Burmah fever. I hope it may please God to restore him. Mrs. SERJEANT was to have visited me this week or next. How many are the anxieties of a parent, and more especially concerning their never-dying souls! There again, how utterly powerless

we are! How we would, if we could, convince and convert! Yet must our cry go up, "Lord, lead them to the Rock of safety!" "Lord, defend them from all evil!" "Lord, show them where they are and what they are!"

I have not been feeling at all well for the last few weeks. I think you know I have such a weak heart, and it generally (of late) has felt worse after I have gone to bed; then such prostration in the morning; but oh, the marvellous loving-kindness of my God! I never can praise Him nor thank Him enough for all His goodness and mercy to me. Eternity will be too short to utter my gratitude, for often, after these trying seasons of weakness, I have been so strengthened in going to see some of the poor sick ones.

This afternoon I felt the Lord was with us at our Mothers' Meeting. Our subject was, "What is peace with God? Have we ever experienced that blessed privilege?" &c. Our reading was the last few verses of Romans iv., and a few verses of the fifth chapter.

Yours in the blessed Trinity,

Cockfield, May 23rd, 1887.

C. B.

P.S.—So many deaths around us here of late. The alarm-bell again sounding, is it not?

HOPES AND FEARS; OR, THE OLD PATHWAY TO THE KINGDOM.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—No doubt you will wonder who this letter is from. Well, it is from one of the Bible Class girls who learnt the verses, and our teacher thought you would like us to write and thank you for them, and to tell how well they explained our own selves. I was very glad to do so, as I had often thought of writing to you, just to tell you how the Lord has used you as the instrument, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, of leading and helping me to better understand the Lord's wonderful dealings with His children, even before they knew of the relationship.

Dear Doctor, I don't know what to say about the verses. It seems wonderful how another could write about the feelings, and doubts, and fears which I have, and which have many a time made me almost wish I knew nothing about religion; and that I have (as a lady once said to me) nothing to do with election, and that, if there is an elect people, the Lord must have forgotten me, or left me out on purpose, because I was so sinful. Oh, I hope the Lord won't cast me off for doubting His Word! Yes, doubting it, after all the blessed assurances He has given me that I shall not surely die—that He has "loved me with an everlasting love." How could He forget me?

" 'Tis all of mercy from on high,
That brings poor, wretched sinners nigh."

I should never have come without His bringing me.

" 'Tis He convinces us of sin,
And purifies our hearts within."

My pride would not have let me come to Him. It is one of the worst devils I have—that and selfishness, amongst many others. Oh, how I longed the other night, when you were speaking about Mary, out of whom the Lord had cast seven devils, that He would cast out mine! Oh, I am such a sinful creature—such an ungrateful wretch—not worthy of the least of the blessings which He pours upon me and mine day after day! If you only knew what He has delivered us from in the last two or three years, and what strange, peculiar paths He has led us through, you would cry with me, “This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.” He has indeed “led the blind by a way they knew not,” so as to carry out His own covenant purpose concerning us.

“He breaks our schemes of earthly joy,
That we may find our all in Him.”

And, dear Doctor, I believe it was divinely ordered that we should come under your teaching. How very often have others of our family, as well as myself, when under great trial, and in very deep waters, been cheered and strengthened by the words of the Lord spoken by you! How often have we gone away with the blessed word, “Fear not; thou shalt not surely die. Ye have no cause to fight in this battle; the battle is not yours, but the Lord’s. Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord our God; only be still and very courageous. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.” I thought it would cheer you to know that some of the seeds which you have scattered the Lord has caused to fall into good ground, and often the bread which you have cast upon the waters has been “a word in season” for me—just what I wanted—*needed* I should have said. The Lord is too wise and loving to give us everything we want.

I remember, one Sunday, I had been reading a little book Miss WILLIAMS had lent me to read, and something struck me as I was reading these words—“I believe, but I can’t lay hold of Christ.” I thought, “That is just my case. ‘I believe, but I can’t lay hold of Christ’ as my Saviour.” Something whispered to me, “The Lord will bring home the Word with power to my heart. I don’t believe I shall die before He has revealed Himself to me as my own personal Saviour.” Well, in the evening, at church, the Holy Spirit led you to speak about Simeon, whom the Lord had told he should not die until he had seen the Lord Christ; and in the course of speaking you said, “And I believe it is given to some of the Lord’s people now, that they shall not see death until they have seen the Lord Christ—until He has revealed Himself unto them as their Saviour.” I thought, “Who has been and told the Doctor about me?” But then I had not told any one. It was God speaking to me through you, and, bless His name, He has fulfilled His word. To Him be all the praise.

Go on in your work. “The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift His countenance upon you, and give you great peace,” is the earnest prayer of

Yours respectfully,

Bristol, April 15th, 1887.

M. H. C.

FELLOW-FEELING.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose it is the lot of most who are in any way engaged in the Lord's vineyard, in whatever capacity, to have occasional difficulties, disappointments, and discouragements. But it is not all discouragement. The Master kindly grants, in various ways, that sufficient encouragement shall be given to keep His servants plodding on, although it seems to be continually against wind and tide. The enclosed letter, from a friend, afforded some encouragement to me; and if you think it would be of sufficient interest to your numerous readers of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE to insert it therein, please do so, and may the Lord make it as acceptable to the readers as it was precious to the writer.

Wishing much blessing to attend your labours, and also upon your spirit in labouring,

I am, sir, yours in truth,

Swindon.

R. FIGOTT.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—On returning home on Sunday evening, I read again the portion we were speaking of—"And they shall hang upon Him all the glory of His Father's house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups, even to all the vessels of flagons," and the connection. I felt again that they would be always sweet words, and grateful to my heart, because, at the time they were applied, they led me not to *Shebna*, nor to *Eliakim*, but to Jesus, God's dear Son, the Emmanuel, the precious Refuge, the all-over glorious One, "whom to know," I then felt in reality, "is life eternal."

Upon recalling the time and season, I thought I would write; and if there be anything God-glorifying in it, I believe my desire will be to say, "Not unto me, O Lord, but unto Thy dear name will I give the glory." I want to do this, but make many failures. But by-and-bye, when His work is completed in me, I sometimes hope I shall praise Him as I ought. Till then, sin being subdued, the ugly branches being lopped off, the rough edges smoothed, the Spirit sanctifying by His indwelling presence, although at times I wonder if, instead of being indwelt by the Spirit of Christ, my heart is not rather a cage of everything unclean. But I am wandering.

We were at — Farm—were just about giving all up into other hands, and we had to learn the meaning of *adversity* in its varied forms, and my soul was led to seek for special interposition, and it would be satisfied with nothing short of spiritual communication from the Helper of the helpless. It was one Wednesday—a day often hailed by me, being frequently a time of refreshing, when permitted to go to the sanctuary, which has become a Bethel-house to my soul. My husband was going beyond S—, and said I must hasten to go with him, as there would be no opportunity for me to go later on. Having but little time to get ready, in the midst of the hurry I was arrested by these words—"The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble: the name of the God of Jacob defend thee, send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion." As they kept repeating with such power as I cannot describe, I had to stop and bow before this

mighty God of Jacob, and entreat Him to do as He had said. The words seemed such a breast of consolation, replete with blessing and spiritual comfort.

We went to S—, my heart filled with the silent witness within. I had tea with my aunt, and afterwards went to chapel, quite believing that what had been passing in my mind would be there confirmed, as in many other instances. Your text was, "Upon all the glory shall be a defence" (Isa. iv. 5), and the way you spoke of the *defence* being upon every redeemed soul, purchased by the Lord of life and glory, I have never forgotten, and it was so like to the gracious leadings in the afternoon, that it was another *sealing-time* with me.

It was late before we started for home; but, while getting up into the trap, these words (never to be forgotten by me) broke in, as though some one spoke them to me—"For there the glorious Lord shall be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams." I tried to put them away, thinking it must be presumptuous to take them, but they wouldn't be put away. I said, "Us?" It said "Us," so I must be included in that "us." The glorious Lord *will* be unto me this "place of broad rivers and streams." And shall I have to swim—not only up to the ankles, and knees, and loins, but to swim? As the poet says—

" Drop into this sea outright,
And lose myself in Jesus quite."

During the night this glorious Lord became so great that I seemed full to overflowing. In the morning, going upstairs, I sank before Him like one who must have been in a similar place before me, and whose comeliness was turned into corruption; yet it seemed like glory all around—glory in all the words—and I felt overpowered. I wanted to find One who could bear, not only my sorrows and my sins, but I wanted to hang the glory I felt in my soul upon Him too. It was just here the words came so blessedly to my relief, "They shall hang upon Him all the glory of His Father's house," &c., and they led me, not to any mortal being, but to the dear "Shepherd and Bishop of our souls." I felt I could then say, in child-like simplicity, being all alone—

" Immortal honours rest on Jesus' head,
My God, my Portion, and my Living Bread."

Oh, I wish I had not grown so dull, "so slow of heart to believe," so often bewildered by the things of time and sense; that I could see Him by faith as I then saw Him, "able to save to the very uttermost"! Sin seemed to be all gone, and for a time I thought—

" Now, if I search to find my sins,
My sins can ne'er be found."

But oh, what different sights since then! That den of iniquity within—a sight too hideous and dreadful to communicate to mortals! How precious to hear the same sweet voice whispering above it all some word of pardon and of peace, through His own most precious blood, to save one from sinking into dark despair, for that is where I know I

should get if left to myself. Yet to believe—really to believe—“He gently leads my soul along,” is worth more than all that earth calls good or great.

I did not find the words, “They shall hang,” &c., for several days afterwards, so that it was Jesus only I saw *then*; and *now*, seeing that *Eliakim's* house has crumbled and gone, how thankful we feel that there is nothing but perfection in Jesus!

Now, whatever of defect there may be in this humble effort, yet, if Jesus be looking on, and covering it and me with the precious mantle of His righteousness, I know that I shall be “complete in Him.” I do not want to doubt Him. He has been so good in delivering me in days of trouble, that I should like to be still praising Him.

May He grant us more sweet foretastes by the way, so that we may be more “sick of self and fond of Him.”

Excuse my writing all this. The *spring* being touched makes one feel the “well of salvation” has been dug right down in our hearts, and it is so good to lose sight of all surroundings, and sing “unto Him that hath loved us.”

May He graciously sustain you, be the Rock of your salvation, remove the dark clouds, or cause them to “break in blessings on your head.”

Yours very sincerely,

S. K.

REPLY.

“It is not all discouragement,” says our correspondent, R. PIGOTT. No, indeed. Blessed be God, it is far from it. He knows when and by what means to “refresh His weary heritage,” and to send “portions to seven and also to eight,” at the seasons and under the circumstances when and where He sees they most need. In this respect we believe that precious truth will hold good to the very end—“I was brought low, and He helped me.” It is when they are thus brought low—thoroughly prostrate and completely emptied of all creature good, and cut off from all fleshly dependences—then shall they be led afresh to realize the distinguishing mercy that it is

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

Moreover, in what various ways does the Lord show how His dear members are not only dependent upon Himself, their ever-living and glorious Head, but how entwined and intermingled are their interests one with another, in what Jude calls their “common salvation.” There is the heart-echo—the response—the blending; what we have sometimes called “the spiritual freemasonry.”

Now, personally, we felt somewhat of this on the receipt of the foregoing letters. Upon the night previously, it had been with us, as is very frequently the case, a season of intense importunity and earnest soul-wrestling at the mercy-seat. The Lord, as far as our experience is concerned, usually at such times seems to stand aloof, and, as in the days of His flesh, with respect to the poor woman from the sea-coast, “answers not a word”—appears regardless of our sighs and cries, tears

and entreaties. But, blessed be His name, after falling asleep, like a sobbing child upon its mother's breast, worn and wearied, He Himself awakes us, and that with a sweet, soothing, healing, reviving, refreshing love-word; so suitable, so precious, so unthought-of before; hence, so completely His own choice, that we can but admire and adore, bless and praise.

Well, this was the state of things the night before the arrival of the foregoing letters; and so marked and so blessed were the communings, after the wrestling and importunity of which we before spoke, that we thought—"Now I shall be sure to remember this precious word." Hence, we repeated it to ourselves again and again before we fell into a fresh slumber. But, alas! when once more we awoke, it was gone! The precious and so suitable a word had fled, and indeed we felt the loss. In vain did we try to recall it. We could only ask the Lord, were it His will, to speak afresh to our waiting, languishing, longing soul. The morning broke; the post arrived. Among the letters were the foregoing, upon the perusal of which we instantly recognized the passage given the previous night, but had been withdrawn from our recollection—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Oh, how sweet it was—the sweeter for the withdrawal and the renewal!

Is not this, therefore, another proof and evidence of the identity of interest—the brotherhood—the fellowship—among the members of the household of faith? Oh, would that it were realized more—that there were more of the weeping and rejoicing together! Would that we could more deeply feel that "the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." Yea, that we could feel that "those members of the body which seem to be more feeble were necessary." Ah! were this more generally realized, how different would matters be, as respects sympathy!

THE EDITOR.

HOME.

"I thought you had long since gone home."—D. A. DOUDNEY.

How sweet is the thought of home
To the wanderer far away,
When tossed on the ocean foam,
Through many a weary day!

His thoughts for a moment burn,
And leap o'er the bounding tide,
As he thinks of the glad return,
And the loved by his own fire-side.

But sweeter still to my heart
Is my own bright home above,
Where the loved ones never part,
Nor a moment cease to love.

Scarborough.

Where the Lord of glory reigns,
And the ransomed see His face,
While He sheds o'er the blissful plains
The beams of His boundless grace.

Where the weary soul finds rest
From every corroding care;
No sin can disturb the breast
Of a blood-washed pilgrim there.

The warrior hath sheathed his sword;
The battle is fought and won;
He enters the joy of his Lord,
And the labour of life is done.

W. S. ROBINSON.

REMINDERS OF THE PAST.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—You may perhaps recollect that, some years since, when your dear relatives, who were also my Christian friends, the late Mr. and Mrs. DENSHAM, were living, you one evening came to West Street Chapel, Croydon, expecting to hear the late dear Mr. COVELL preach. For some reason the writer of this was that evening occupying the pulpit, and spoke from Psalm li. 10—12. I remember that you made some reference to that discourse in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, and without justifying the feeling, remarked that, “had you then known what you afterwards learned—that the preacher that evening was the son of Mr. JAMES BOURNE, the letter-writer, so justly esteemed by many, it would have given you additional pleasure.” I had it upon my mind then to write and correct you upon that point, the name being slightly different—BOORNE, not BOURNE; but, thinking pride might be prompting me, I resolved to let the matter pass. It may be, some one else told you I was not related to the faithful letter-writer. No; he was not a father in the flesh, but I trust was a brother in the Spirit. However, although some years have passed away since then, so that you could not appropriately say, “Whose son art thou, thou young man?” seeing I have passed fifty-three milestones, yet it may interest you to know that I am the eldest son of an old correspondent of yours. I hope my motive now is pure in writing to you.

While at a friend's house in Balham, yesterday, I espied your book, “Credentials, Call,” &c., and very soon turned to the chapter wherein you relate having heard, with much power, the late dear Mr. KERSHAW, from 1 Peter i. 12, on May 2nd, 1841, at Great Alie Street. My late dear father was listening to the same sermon that morning. Not very long before his death, which took place early in 1869, he told me of the circumstance. For some years he had been exercised about preaching, and he wrote to you upon the subject, styling himself “An Outcast.” The reason why he opened his mind to you seemed to have been that he felt sure Mr. KERSHAW was speaking to some one specially tried about the ministry; and he thought, if he could find out that God's servant had a message to others than himself, it would be a relief to his mind; and when he learnt that the Word was so received by you, he seemed to believe, and could see the cause of Mr. KERSHAW'S deep feeling and remarks—that they were for *you*, and *not* for *him*.

Here I might make a long digression, and note how often has the Holy Spirit made the very same discourse “a word in season” to many of His waiting people, troubled upon totally different matters, or exercised about the very same thing. My dear father did not seem to see, or wish to see, that. He never courted publicity. I remember him telling me that you encouraged him to continue the correspondence, but I am inclined to think that my father had, from some other quarters, checks put upon his exercises, so he thought it wise to let the matter lapse. On turning to your book, page 121, I find the very letter you wrote to my father (Mr. WILLIAM BOORNE), “An Outcast”; and, as you subjoin a remark that you had sometimes wondered what the final result was

with some of your correspondents at that time upon the matter under consideration, I have ventured to write to you.

I believe the thoughts of the ministry were for many years to my late father a chafing trial. He had two special invitations given him by man publicly to speak for God, but he declined them. Finally, and that many years before his decease, he felt fully satisfied that the Lord never intended him for the public ministry of the Gospel. Yet he could not treat his many and deep thoughts of heart as mere temptations arising from pride—at least not all of them—for he felt the Spirit of God had had a hand in them, and that it was a school of instruction, to prepare and make him willing to take the oversight of a little cause of truth at King Street Chapel, Deptford, where Mr. THOMAS BURGESS, of blessed memory to my dear father, had once been the honoured and successful pastor.

At the time my father was asked to take the post alluded to, the ministry, Church, and congregation had fallen into decay. He was instrumental in bringing gracious men to the pulpit, and of establishing a truthful ministry; and so, correspondingly, an alteration was made in the Church and congregation.

At the latter part of the time my father became sole deacon, wherein he occasionally made suitable remarks in reading a chapter, and always spoke acceptably in prayer. In his latter days he manifested a mellowness of spirit and soberness of judgment which made him a true peacemaker.

Contemporary with some of these things, my own mind became, and remained more or less deeply exercised for about seven or eight years upon the ministry of the Word. I did not open my mind to any one upon the subject for some years, and not until it was drawn out from me in a remarkable way, which was when the thing was nearly ripe. I avoided conversation with my father thereon, for, knowing his exercises did not result in preaching, I did not think he could determine for me. Besides, I believe he felt jealous over me (for he could not but know what was working in my mind), lest my matters should end as his did. Therefore I obtained no encouragement from him upon it, and it was perhaps well for me that I did not.

It would take too long to enter upon my soul's travail in this matter, and would be out of place. But I may say this—that, speaking on a Lord's Day, for the first time, at Bethel Chapel, Hitchin, September 20th, 1865, my dear father was willing that I should occupy the pulpit at Deptford, the first Lord's Day in December of the same year, for an evening service, at the special request of the minister engaged for that day. Shortly after this, as I had liberty from my other appointments, my father asked me to fill a vacancy at Deptford. Then, for about seven years, I was constantly supplying pulpits at such places as the late Mr. PHILPOT would have regarded as Churches of truth.

After my dear father was satisfied that the Lord had called me to speak in His name, he was very free in telling me of the early workings of his mind upon it, and said that, as David had a desire to build a temple for the Lord, and the prophet told him that it was well that it was in his heart; nevertheless, that work was reserved for Solomon, so he had thought, perhaps God meant to confer the honour

of the ministry upon one of his sons. Thus he was satisfied with God's way, and I was humbled at His designs with one so unfit and unworthy to be Christ's servant.

Since my father's days, the cause of God here has been much enlarged. Under the pastorate which I accepted in 1872, many have been gathered, "led, and fed." Some are now in glory.

In 1872, my late dear friend Mr. COVELL and Mr. HEMINGTON opened our chapel at Greenwich, contiguous to Deptford. The people were at first but few, and sprang chiefly from the nucleus watched over by my father. Now we have Church, congregation, Sunday School, and societies thriving, and striving to

"Trust in the Lord alone for life,
And do what good we can."

We, who know the full history, may say, "What hath God wrought!" "Having received mercy, I faint not." I shall need that mercy to the end, or I shall faint and fall. "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto?"

But I fear, dear Dr. DOUDNEY, I may have wearied you, so I beg to subscribe myself,
Yours in Christian affection,
JAMES BOORNE.
Brockley.

REPLY.

"Wearied"! By no means. Gladly would we *read* on, had you, dear brother, been led to *write* on. We have turned to the letter of which you speak, written some forty-six years ago; and you can perhaps better imagine than we describe the feelings the retrospect has served to enkindle. In a word, then, the contrast of the past with the present brings vividly before us the state of the Psalmist's mind, of whom we read, "Then went King David in, and sat before the Lord, and he said, Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? And this was yet a small thing in Thy sight, O Lord God; but Thou hast spoken also of Thy servant's house for a great while to come. And is this the manner of man, O Lord God?" (2 Sam. vii. 18, 19.) We are, as it were, lost in adoring wonder and amazement, as we contemplate all the Lord has been and all He has done between that date and the present. Oh, how gracious and merciful He has been! What a God! How patient! How forbearing! How forgiving! Oh, how worthy of all trust and dependence He is! How well may we repose in and upon Him! How well leave all to His wisdom, His love, His mercy! What abundant cause have we to exclaim, "I will trust, and not be afraid"; and "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."

Ah! dear friend and brother, how we sink into the very dust of self-loathing and abhorrence, as we reflect upon our base ingratitude and distrust, after such a lengthened course of continuous and uninterrupted mercy and love, tenderness and compassion! It leaves us personally without a stone to cast at the very vilest and most sinful of the human family. *They* sin in ignorance; *we*, alas! against light and love—and *such* love, moreover!

We should be pleased indeed to hear particulars of your dear father's

last days, and how it fared with him in the swellings of Jordan. At our advanced age, this becomes increasingly a matter of deep interest and importance with ourselves.

Wishing you all needed grace, strength, and encouragement in the best of all labours, and in the service of the most gracious and loving and bountiful of all Masters, we are

Affectionately yours in Him,

THE EDITOR.

Protestant Beacon.

MORE WARNING WORDS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Will you believe me when I say that the Mayor and Corporation of Hull attended High Mass at the Roman Catholic Chapel this morning, in response to an invitation from the officiating Romish priest, in order to celebrate the Jubilee of Her Majesty the Queen? As a servant of God, and as a loyal subject of Her Majesty, I publicly protested against it at chapel this morning; and I do consider this single act of the incorporate body of the “third port of the kingdom” to be a most sinful act, and a blot upon the town’s history. I heartily hope that Hull alone will be found guilty in this respect. Smithfield fires and Bartholomew massacres appear now to be forgiven, if not forgotten, in these days of universal charity and general toleration. Fire and faggot, thumb-screw and rack, with every other conceivable kind of cruelty and torture, which history faithfully tells us have been resorted to, in order to make so-called heretics bow down to the Popish God, are now all things of the past, and peculiar to the darker ages of professed Christianity, we are told to believe; but there are a few individuals existing here and there, who are very slow of heart to receive it. Rome professes to be unchanged, and unchanged she is, in her ends, although she may find it expedient to employ milder, yet more deceptive means to obtain those ends. The religious liberty that we now reap we have no cause to thank Rome for, seeing it was purchased by the heart-blood of our martyred forefathers, who “loved not their lives unto death.” Rivers of blood, we all know, have been shed by the iron hand of Rome; and why? Because some were made honest and faithful before the Lord, and would not bow down to the Popish Baal, or the image set up by that religious strumpet. Charity indeed! The common adage is, “Charity begins at home,” and so it does; and we want to maintain our homes unassailed by Romish priestcraft, alias devil-craft. We want to live worthy of that liberty which, under God, our fathers fought for and obtained for us; and we want to see it as a preserved heirloom in our country and in our families to the end of time. It was purchased at far too dear a cost to be held lightly, or parted with without a struggle.

The vagaries and mummeries of Romanism are blots upon our national character; and why? Because, as a nation, we further the Pope’s interest, and smile upon his wide-spread encroachments; and yet we profess

to be Protestant. We all know that Roman Catholics, to a man, to a woman, to a child, are taught to believe that there is no other right religion, and all who live and die out of the pale of her Church are heretics, and go to hell. The many absurd things which her deluded votaries are taught, and which they hold most tenaciously, are so monstrously ridiculous that it seems that none but fools or idiots could entertain them for a moment of time; and yet what do we find? Some of the greatest geniuses of the day are Roman Catholics; and, what is still worse, many more are Catholics in heart whilst Protestants in profession. We know that many would check our pen, and say, "What does it signify? There is but one right and real religion, and that is given and maintained by the Holy Ghost; so that one religious lie is no worse than another religious lie, and one religious delusion is no worse than another religious delusion." True, there is but one true religion, and the Holy Ghost only can be the Author of it, and God's people alone the subjects of it; and happy people they must of necessity be. But we cannot treat the matter in such an off-handed way, and be thus indifferent and careless regarding the various "isms" extant. Be it ours, where one of two evils must be borne, and a choice be left us as to which we will bear, to choose the least and lightest. We know what Rome has done, when she possessed almost universal religious and temporal power, with those who stood in her way, and stubbornly refused to accept her dogmas. We well know how she has gloated over the shed blood and mangled remains of God's dear people who dared to maintain, through grace, their allegiance to their own God and Father. We know what hell-hounds and blood-hounds she has employed to hunt those chased ones from mountain to dale, and dale to mountain, and what sad havoc she has made upon their defenceless persons and poor mortal frames. Husband has been ruthlessly torn from wife, wife from husband, or both have been hurried away to the Popish tribunal, and condemned as heretics, and their precious lives have been sacrificed; and why? They have been made spiritual believers, to the saving of their souls, in the Holy Child Jesus, the lowly Nazarene.

And do we want these times repeated? Would we trust this mother of harlots, this scarlet whore, with power sufficient to carry out her diabolical acts, either in mangling or burning the fair forms of those who dare believe in the true God, "and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent," with that faith which He alone gives? Would we resign our liberty, so hardly won, to her from whom it was wrested? Shall we supinely sit with folded arms, with silent tongues, with unused pens, when we see what rapid and gigantic strides Romanism is making throughout the length and breadth of our favoured country? Shall we see men placed in the highest positions of trust, sitting in Cabinet Councils, who are rank Romanists, and not breathe one word against such appointments? Let England once more become Roman in her faith and creed, and down she will go, more rapidly than it ever took her to rise to the eminence that it has been her favoured lot to reach.

We would say to all the Protestants of our land, Resist the insidious inroads of Popery as much as you possibly can, and pray God to uproot this upas tree in our highly-favoured land, if His divine will and

good pleasure. We sincerely believe that Rome would show no more mercy to Protestants now, than she showed in days long since happily passed, if she possessed but the power. That she may never have it renewed is the hearty good wish of my soul. May God prevent it, for He only can.

I hope, my dear brother, that you are sharing a good amount of health and strength, and, above all, that you are enjoying the light of His countenance and the precious love of His heart. This will smoothen the otherwise rugged road, and enable you to endure, "as seeing Him who is invisible." I do not find things smooth with me, but I shall not trouble you with my troubles. HART truly says—

"Trials may press of every sort;
They may be sore, they must be short;
We now believe, but soon shall view
The greatest glories God can show."

So writes, and so believes,

Your affectionate brother in Him,

Hull, June 19th, 1887.

A. WILCOCKSON.

REPLY.

The fact to which our friend and brother refers, in regard to the Mayor and Corporation of Hull attending High Mass in a Roman Catholic chapel, is lamentable indeed; but we are by no means surprised. It is only characteristic of the times in which we live. At public meetings in the place where we are now staying, the illegally-constituted Roman Catholic Bishop is recognized as "The Bishop of Portsmouth." What would our Protestant forefathers have said about such an utter want of true Protestant principles? In vain is the page of history appealed to, in order to show the real character of Romanism. In vain is it argued that its poor deluded votaries and boasted perverts have never denied her atrocious acts and bloody persecutions. In vain is it argued that she pronounces herself as infallible—unchanged and unchangeable. In vain have the so recently outspoken declarations upon the part of the Romanists themselves, shown how they exult in the millions they have put to death, and how fervent their hope of the Inquisition being re-established. Moreover, in vain is the plain testimony of Scripture, as to the ultimate fate of Romanism, appealed to. All these arguments fail to convince or impress. A spirit of supineness and indifferentism has fallen upon the people, the which we fear, alas! will only be roused by those terrible calamities which, if we mistake not, await the faithlessness, ingratitude, and surrender of the once Protestant England.

THE EDITOR.

HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE.

In recognition of Her Majesty's Jubilee, a tea was given to the children attending St. Luke's Schools, together with a medal and a copy (amounting in number to 1,535) of "*Walks and Talks with Jesus*," in which, as a frontispiece, was inserted a photographic sketch of the hundred children who learnt and repeated the fifty verses entitled, "A Little Talk with Jesus; or, 'Other Refuge have I None.'"

Reviews and Notices of Books.

"Faithful unto Death." *Memorials of the Life of John Gregg, D.D., Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, and formerly Minister of Trinity Church, Dublin.* By his son, ROBERT SAMUEL GREGG, D.D., Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross. Dublin: George Herbert.

ALTHOUGH it was never our privilege to hear the late Bishop, yet, during our sojourn in Ireland, so many facts touching his character and ministry were brought before us, from time to time, by personal friends, that has tended to awaken an interest in the so familiar name, JOHN GREGG. If we mistake not, he was far more commonly spoken of in these plain and homely terms than in his ecclesiastical character as Bishop of Cork. Moreover, we believe that this may be accounted for from his very character, and from his wonted humility, zeal, and steadfastness in the ceaselessness and arduousness of his labours in the great cause to which he was called.

We have read with intense interest the work before us. It may be considered a pattern biography. It does credit to the author, who, from pride or a false delicacy, might have suppressed those honest statements of his respected father that do honour to his memory, and are pre-eminently calculated to stimulate and encourage others in their course through this world, and in that battle of life in which each and all are called to engage.

The late Bishop was a striking example of the happy results of application and industry, and his whole life affords a striking negative to those who, indulging in a wretched indolence and a miserable supineness, are wont to say that success in life and posts of honour and importance are the results of chance, rather than attainable by definite purpose and a laudable perseverance.

We believe that every observer of the leadings of Divine Providence, and such as are wont to contemplate the fulfilment of the precious exhortation, "Acknowledge Him in all thy ways, and He will direct thy paths," will, in common with ourselves, admire at once the honesty, the gratitude, and the interest on behalf of others, that prompted Bishop GREGG thus to express himself in the presence of an assemblage of young men, members of the Young Men's Society, in Belfast.

"I like the resolution of the missionary, MILLS," remarked the Bishop, "who once said, 'By the blessing of God, men shall know that I have been alive.' That is a good resolution, I think. Now, my dear young men, I stand before you, and a very public man I am, and have been for many years. Will you believe me, I began life as one of the most timid youths, perhaps, that ever stood up and made a hesitating speech. There was not a pore of my body that did not testify to the apprehension of my mind, when first I began to speak. I was the orphan child of the only Protestant family in one of the obscurest parishes in the most neglected county in Ireland. Forty years ago, without friend, counsellor, or adviser, I entered the city of Dublin, and without one solitary sixpence that I could call my own. My father died of fever, without making a will, and my

eldest brother got all that my father left. I simply resolved, by God's blessing, that I would not be in the mud. God prospered me the first day I entered college, and from that day to this I bless God—only by diligence, only by industry; no talent, no genius, or anything like it; mere commonplace, every-day, everywhere-to-be-heard mind or ability, if it could be dignified by that name—I have been labouring for a quarter of a century, in our chief city, desiring and valuing, and in some little degree having, the respect of my fellow-citizens. I say this much of myself for your benefit, for you can do anything with yourselves if you will. Labour on at your memories, your imaginations, your tastes, your consciences, your capacity, and your knowledge. Labour on, pray on, strive on. This is the part of a man of virtue. It is the part of a man of mind, the part of a man of worth. I remember the time, when my class-fellows were only amusing themselves, that I was humbly striving and labouring; and, though I am now old, I am determined that whatever time is left to me, I shall devote to the service of God, and to the improvement of my immortal mind."

What an admirable testimony is the foregoing! How worthy of imitation! Well may young men "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the same. What a striking contrast to the course pursued by the Bishop is that of young men going up to Cambridge or Oxford, at great personal sacrifice upon the part of fathers or friends, but who, nevertheless, fritter away their time, exhaust their energies, and misapply money in pleasure and diversion, rather than avail themselves of the admirable opportunity for exercising their talents, and laying the foundation of a successful and honourable after-course! That young men have usually only themselves to thank for their failures is evident from the progress and prosperity of such men as Bishop GREGG.

"In one of his addresses to children," says the Bishop's biographer, "my father tells an anecdote of his childish days, which I may give in his own words:—

"I knew a little boy, many years ago, who lost his father, and was left a weakly orphan. I knew that little boy to go out into the garden, where there were nice cherry trees, and he began to climb one of the trees, and got up, up, up to the very top of the tree. He was a silly child, and did not know how dangerous it was to climb so high. His foot slipped, and down he fell, and would perhaps have been killed, but that, when he came near the ground, he was caught on a stump of a branch by the button-hole, and so he was found dangling, but was taken down safe. Afterwards he went to school, and then came to Dublin to College. I saw him last week—I saw him this week—I saw him yesterday—I saw him to-day. He came into the church—he is in the church now—in the pulpit! How kind it was of God to take care of him, for if God had not been with him, he could never have gone to school, to college, or come into this pulpit to preach to you. He was a foolish boy, but he had no father to take care of him; but God, the Great Father, delivered him, and sent him here.'"

The same simplicity and characteristic candour and honesty of speech is richly observable in the interesting scene which took place in the Metropolitan Hall, where a lecture had been delivered to the Young

Men's Society. Upon the then Archdeacon GREGG being about to second a vote of thanks to the lecturer, Lord CARLISLE closed his remarks in these words—"And as the person who makes the motion always desires to have a good seconder, I beg to call for the purpose upon Archdeacon GREGG, whom, I may add, from this day we shall all, I am sure, be glad to recognize by a higher title." The scene which followed is thus described by the *Daily Express*—"The announcement of the venerable Archdeacon's elevation to the Episcopal Bench was received with vociferous and long-continued cheering, renewed again and again. The venerable JOHN GREGG, on rising, was received with tremendous cheering, that seemed to increase each moment in intensity. The Archdeacon seemed much affected, and it was some moments before he was able to speak. When silence had been obtained, he said, 'My Christian friends, I have to ask you to-night for that which you have very frequently, and for a long time, given me—your very kind indulgence. I stand here to-night when, perhaps, I should more properly be in retirement, asking God's blessing upon this, to me, most solemn occasion. Perhaps, for one reason, it is not wrong that I should stand here, for this is a meeting to address young men. About forty-three years ago, I entered this city a young man, without being master of a shilling I could call my own. In the good providence of God, preserved in the path of virtue, possessed of very humble ability, I have now, I am thankful to my gracious God, in the evening of my life—I may almost say, in my old age—troops of friends, and I would fondly say, not one enemy. Through the gracious favour of my Sovereign, and the too partial regard of the high personage who has honoured us with his presence this night, I have now the prospect of one of the highest positions in the Irish Church. Until his Excellency came as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the thought of promotion from any party in politics, or from any power in the Church, never once entered my mind. I thought I should live and die a humble minister—honoured, I admit; usefully placed, I admit—but still the humble minister of Trinity Church. I sought not his Excellency's favour. He graciously and kindly sought me. He, without preface, stipulation, or promises exacted of any kind, confided in the honour and integrity, and, as he was pleased to say, the Christian character of your old friend, JOHN GREGG. I have, I think, since he conferred a dignity upon me, continued to be JOHN GREGG, and I hope, in that higher dignity which now, through his kindness, and the grace of our Sovereign, has been conferred upon me, I shall be JOHN GREGG still—a humble and laborious minister of the Gospel. I never aspired to anything more than a plain, humble minister of one of your city churches. I am very defective in many things; and if I am not able to correct these deficiencies, as I hope, by God's blessing, I shall, I say again, you are to blame his Excellency, who shall have spoiled the minister of Trinity Church, and made a very indifferent Bishop.'"

Personally, we can quite understand the Bishop's sincere esteem and regard for the Earl of Carlisle, for never can we forget his kind bearing towards ourselves, when presented to his Excellency by the late Dean of Waterford, upon the occasion of the completion of the reprinting of Dr. GILL'S Commentary. The noble Earl was affable in the extreme. He

took the deepest interest in the work in which we were engaged, and expressed his gratitude for the work of which we asked his acceptance, the Dean afterwards expressing his belief that he would be an attentive reader of the work.

Our review of this so deeply interesting and instructive work has already extended to so great a length that we must forbear, otherwise we should have been glad to have given extracts from the Bishop's charges, in order to show the clear, sound, Scriptural views that marked the Bishop's ministration. How free were those charges from the sad abuses that now pollute the Church, and so sadly assimilate it to the pretensions and practices of an apostate communion!

The beloved Bishop had reached his eightieth year. The last text from which he preached was Colossians i. 27—"Christ in you, the hope of glory." In the evening twilight, says his biographer, his son-in-law sang sweetly, "The sands of time are sinking," "For ever with the Lord," and "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness." On one occasion, he had repeated to him the text, "To depart and be with Christ is far better," when he took the pencil and wrote, reminding us of his old habit of study, "To depart and be with Christ is much more better" (original).

On Sunday afternoon, May 26th, 1878, just after the conclusion of the evening service in the cathedral, where loving words had been spoken of him, and earnest prayer offered on his behalf, at twenty minutes past five the last flicker of the flame went out. Calmly and peacefully he passed away, and entered into that "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

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(Concluded from page 327.)

AND now, with respect to the comprehensive view of the present aspect of the times, in a Gospel sense, and in regard to the boldness and outspokenness of the writer, we cannot refrain from giving the annexed lengthy quotation from the Editor's opening address for the year 1886. He says:—

As the present seems to be a time of wonderful events by the hand of God and the devices of Satan, by the dark deeds of men, the monstrosities of professors of religion, and the darkness and deadness and coldness of the Church of God, we hope it will not be an unpardonable offence to our friends to dwell a little upon the sign of the Lord's coming, and the end of the world. In Matthew xxiv. 14, we have the universal preaching of the Gospel throughout the whole earth as the sign of His coming, and the world's end.

Three questions of the disciples are answered in this discourse of the Lord Jesus (ver. 3)—first, about the fall of the temple; secondly, about the sign of His coming; thirdly, about the end of the world.

Our text has a little to do with the first, for it was not until the Gospel had been preached in all the nations of the Roman Empire that the temple fell. Our text has very much to do with the second question, for the sign of the second coming of Christ is affirmed to be the universal preaching of "this Gospel." In no sense has this been done in half the world, as yet. This is fully evident to all intelligent persons who know of the "regions beyond the ant-hill upon which they live and move." Our text is the full answer to the third question. When every man on earth shall have heard

the Gospel, then the end of the world will be at hand. Not only is it so, that not half the world has heard of God's dear Son by the circulation of the Word of God, by a nominal profession of its religion in the various missionary labourers and the five great Bible Societies' agents, but *that* half so reached by these means has not had one-tenth of its regions reached by "the Gospel of the kingdom" *as yet*.

Beloved, it is not the Gospel *read* as *now*, circulated by the Bible Societies—in which we rejoice, and would love to labour, as preparatory to *this* preaching here promised—but these words of Christ affirm that there shall be a universal preaching of the Gospel, as He and His Apostles preached it before the temple fell. Reading is not preaching, and preaching is not reading. The preaching is far more limited.

Again, our Master intends "this Gospel" *exclusively*, as against all other gospels. Paul says the Galatians were removed unto "another gospel which is not another," by authority. "If any man preach any other Gospel than ye have received, let him be accursed" (Gal. i. 7). Thus there are other gospels; and it will not be the universal preaching of these gospels that will be the sign of the Lord's coming, or the world's end; but it must be the preaching of "*this* Gospel of the kingdom," preached in all the world, so as to cover all the human mind as the waters cover the whole bed of the sea—in some "a savour of death unto death, and in others a savour of life unto life"—which the preachers of it, in all the nations, will be of Christ unto God, both "in them that are saved and in them that perish" (2 Cor. ii. 15). This, and *this only*, will be the true sign of His coming, and of the burning end of the world.

Having then, in a very clear and elaborate way, defined between "this Gospel" and "the others," the writer proceeds:—

These, then, are some of the features of the other gospels, as distinct from "the Gospel of the kingdom." If you, dear reader, will carefully look through the sixteenth chapter of Acts, and the Epistle to the Galatians, you will see that the other gospels denounced there, and their preachers cursed of Paul, are just the same as the many gospels around us on every hand. The preaching of these gospels, then, even if it should become universal, cannot be the sign of the Lord's coming, nor of the world's end. No; we must fall back upon the same old Gospel which the Lord and His Apostles once preached, and look for its proclamation over the whole of this our globe, before the Lord comes, or the earth blaze.

Some are in terrible lamentations, and in most distressing wailings, as if all the spirits of the ten spies were in them, when they said, "We be not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we" (Num. xiii. 31). There are still some Joshuas and Calebs who have another spirit in them, saying, "Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it." These thus affirm, upon the word of our God, as our ancestors did, "*This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.*" What is the use of setting against this word the *frog spirits* of old Rome—the false prophet, and the red dragon of infidelity—the terrors of Egypt, so vast—the six hundred barbarous tribes and languages of unexplorable Africa—the 250,000,000 of India—the 500,000,000 of impenetrable China—the vast empire of the savage, dying Turk—the inconceivable extent of the lying Bear—lying Greek—the wide sway of the wandering Arab—the hatred of Rome—the freed Italy—the staggering of Austria—the power of Germany—the restlessness of Spain—the Jesuit-art of France—little spiteful Portugal—the Land League of tiny Ireland—the Jesuit policy of a GLADSTONE sinking England—a clouded Scotland—a steady Denmark—the wonderful Belgium—reviving Norway—the slow Sweden—the declining Holland—inconstant Switzerland—struggling Poland—poor Hungary—war-stricken Bulgaria, with her sister

kingdoms—the thousands of islands of the mighty seas—the inconceivable magnitude of America, and the icy worlds of the north, and also our great Australasia? Put millions more of national barriers to these words of the Lord Jesus, if you wish, and yet, still, every word shall surely be fulfilled, and every man, of every nation, shall hear the blessed truth concerning Himself.

“What Christ has said must be fulfilled;
On this firm rock believers build;
His Word shall stand, His truth prevail,
And not one jot nor tittle fail.”

The aspect of little England, and the noise of a few contemptible creatures in Ireland, who are no more in God's creation than half-a-dozen fleas would be in a king's palace, have led some poor creatures to think that our glorious Gospel is about to die out in endless night, whereas it is evident that our Lord is about to crown His Gospel with greater triumphs and more extended honours than ever yet sat upon its holy brow (Psa. lxxii. ; Isa. ii. xi. xix., lx., and lxvi.). He who can say that these holy promises have had their fulfilment, can only be thought of as unacquainted with the history and present state of the world's nations and empires.

My dearly beloved in the Lord of “this Gospel,” look up! Oh, cheer up a little in the vale! Our Lord will soon surprise us with the glorious radiancy of His Gospel. Hold on, hold on a little longer in the dark night of our wayward pilgrimage of Gospel gloom. Partners of the night, our morning star is even now ascending the dark horizon of our sky. Oh, strengthen yet a little while the things which are ready to die, for the Lord will appear!

England has been unfaithful to the great light with which God has blessed her, and, in righteous retribution, He is fast sending her judicial blindness, in which, by GLADSTONE, she is fast admitting the foe that burned her fathers' bones to dust. Still, the Lord will maintain in her a great remnant of His own people, to send the glad tidings to earth's remotest bounds.

In the further wreck of the Romish Church and the Turk and infidelity, millions will fall under the wrath of God, out of which will come hosts to hear and proclaim the Gospel. Already, millions in China ask our Bible-men, as they enter their villages, &c., “Are you Frenchmen? Are you Papist?” When they are told that they are English, they are content. Thus our God has made the plot of the Jesuits to get hold of China for their Church by the late war, to turn 500,000,000 people to hate them and their Church, and has made them respect the nation of the Bible.

It is a marvellous fact that, by the efforts of the five great Bible Societies, 8,000,000 copies of the Word of God have been circulated in about four hundred languages and dialects, last year, in which it was mostly unknown only eighty years ago. We affirm that this alone is a wonderful display of God's almighty mercy to the nations of the earth. Who can doubt His power or will to fulfil the text after this?

It is a fact also that, in some great nations where, twenty years ago, thirty thousand souls perished per year at the roller of *only one* of many Juggernauts, by the influence of God's Word, there is not one person now to bow at this fiendish shrine—that the holders of temples have cast their filthy gods out of them into the roads and streets, and have urged the men of the Bible to possess them, and preach the Lord Jesus in them. It is a fact, too, that many of these have withstood the priests of Rome, affirming that they are only as they were before the Book of God reached their hands.

It is a fact that seven thousand miles east and west, and six thousand north and south of Africa, have been explored, and that some mighty chiefs have said, “Bring us and our people the Word of God.” It is a fact that China is receiving millions of copies of God's Word where not one could

be found twenty years ago. It is a fact that Spain and Rome had been building up impassable barriers to the entrance of the truth into their midst for 1,300 years, yet, in one day, like the walls of Jericho, these all fell flat upon the ground. It is a fact that Islam once exterminated the Gospel from half the old world; now, in dying, she admits it into all her vast empire.

Dear readers, shall we disregard these mighty wonders of our God? We dare not. The Lord bless you to ponder over them in His presence.

The circulation of the Bible during this nineteenth century has been as follows, up to 1881—The British and Foreign Bible Society had issued 104,196,965 copies, at a cost of £9,843,721 9s. 8d.; up to the present day, 12,000,000 more, at a cost of £1,000,000 more money. The other four Bible Societies and other agencies will raise the numbers to 132,000,000 copies, costing £24,000,000 sterling.

The circulation for 1884 was—British and Foreign Bible Society, 4,161,032, costing £231,006 9s. 7d.; American Bible Society, 1,585,175, £129,142 6s. 4d.; Scottish National Bible Society, 557,475, £29,875; Trinitarian, 500,000, £20,000; Hibernian, 63,801, £3,264. Total, 6,866,473; costing, £413,287. The number of languages, &c., dialected into which the Bible is now translated, is about four hundred. It was 380 in 1884, by all agencies enumerated. There are about six hundred in Africa. The Bible is in forty. There are three hundred in India. The Bible is in sixty-one. It is now required in about seven hundred or eight hundred more in these two empires alone.

Israel: a Prince with God. The Story of Jacob Re-told. By the Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A., of Leicester. London: Morgan and Scott.

THE portraits of the leading characters in this book are drawn with peculiar force and accuracy. We quite agree with the author in his opinion that, upon merely human grounds, Esau was a better man than Jacob. It was grace, and grace alone, that made the difference. Isaac's pandering to his fleshly appetite, Rebecca's favouritism, and Jacob's subtlety, may well suggest the need of watchfulness, and prompt the cry, "Lead us not into temptation!" With the exception of a statement here and there, we cannot but regard this work as one well worthy of a deliberate and most thoughtful perusal. It abounds with lessons of greatest moment and importance, and is worthy of a place in every household. We have read the work throughout with deepest interest, and can most strongly recommend it.

THE BOOK, "WALKS AND TALKS WITH JESUS," FOR THE WAITING-ROOMS AT THE RAILWAY STATIONS.

OUR warmest thanks are tendered to those who have kindly responded to the proposal for issuing the above work, in order that it may be read by the many travellers whilst detained at the waiting-rooms. Much good has been the result of this movement in numberless instances, and we entertain the hope that a special blessing may attend the circulation of "*Walks and Talks with Jesus*" in the way proposed.

The annexed amounts have been received, for which we are deeply grateful—Mrs. BENNETT, £5; Mrs. CAMMELL, £5; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; The Misses TAYLOR, £1; "K," 10s.; W. P., 10s.; E. G. S., 3s. 6d.; Mrs. NORMAN, 5s.; H. M. H., 2s. 6d.