

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, To-day, and for Ever. Whom to know is
Life Eternal."

No. 15,
NEW SERIES.

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No. 159,
OLD SERIES.

"I AROSE UP FROM MY HEAVINESS."

"AND AT THE EVENING SACRIFICE I AROSE UP FROM MY HEAVINESS;
AND HAVING RENT MY GARMENT AND MY MANTLE, I FELL UPON
MY KNEES, AND SPREAD OUT MY HANDS UNTO THE LORD MY GOD."
EZRA IX. 5.

HEAVINESS! Beloved, you will never fully know the mercy connected with it till you reach heaven! It is only in the light of eternity you will see things as they really are. Time and time-things must have passed away, before the mercy, grace, and faithfulness of a covenant God, shall fully appear in relation to those circumstances which now cause heaviness!

Do you not think the apostle penned those words under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, "If need be ye are in *heaviness* through manifold temptations." Ah, that marvellous "needs be!" No chance-work, no peradventure, beloved, but an absolute wisely and lovingly-appointed necessity! Abba—dear Father's "need be" for the present and everlasting well-being of his precious child! The very method the Heavenly Bridegroom takes to see the face and hear the voice of his beloved bride! Listen to his loving language, "Oh my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." Come hither, thou loved and loved one, though it be but in sighs, and cries, and groans, and tears. Thou art welcome, most welcome. I have a sympathizing heart, and an Almighty arm. No enemy is too strong for me; no snare too deeply laid; no trial too complicated; no temptation too subtle. My hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor is my ear heavy that it cannot hear. Only acknowledge thine iniquity; only honour me by asking counsel of me; it pleaseth me much that thou art seeking me; I love to be resorted to; I 'wait to be gracious;' 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for *every one* that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it is opened.'"

Beloved, such are God's words; what can be stronger? what more encouraging? what more adapted to the condition and circumstances of a poor and needy sinner? And how more than precious is the thought, that every enemy, and trial, and temptation, is by the loving appointment of Jehovah. Every

minute circumstance under his control. All the perplexities, and distresses, and anguish, regulated by unerring wisdom.

“All to come, and last, and end,
As shall please our heavenly Friend.”

He can make no mistakes ; nor can He overlook, nor forget, nor forsake. He has an ever-watchful eye, a ceaseless regard, an imperishable interest.

Bewildered, agitated, distressed reader, the Lord is as familiar with thy state this moment in all its varied and complicated bearings and aspects—aye, infinitely more so—than if thou in all the confidence and candour of the most endearing friendship, hadst in long and special detail opened out thy case. He knows thy sorrows ; He sees thy perplexities ; He is aware of thy difficulties ; He is alive to thy dangers ; He knows thy enemies ; those tears do not escape his notice, nor those sighs and groans his ear. All and everything is known to Him. Moreover, thou hast touched his heart, and with thee He has deepest sympathy. Nor is He at a loss, nor shalt thou be forgotten. *Sustaining* power thou hast already ; it never has been withheld. But for this, thou wouldst long since have inevitably failed, and destruction would have been thy doom. Oh, forget not this. Acknowledge it. Tell the Lord *in words*—this is the fact. And as thou hast had, and art still realizing, *sustaining* strength, in the Lord's time and in the Lord's way, thou shalt enjoy *delivering* power. The one is the earnest and pledge of the other. Therefore, “wait on the Lord, *be of good courage*, and He shall strengthen thine heart ; wait, I say, on the Lord.” One word more upon this point. The Lord help thee to remember that the cause is not absolutely *thine*, but *HIS*. When He gives thee a deep feeling sense of thy helplessness ; allures thee to the throne of grace ; draws out thine heart, though it be but in sobs, and sighs, and groans, and tears ; the whole process proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that this is the fact. The Spirit's power thus put forth in thee, is a blessed and an undoubted evidence, that the Lord has taken the case into his hands, and that “He will work, and none shall let (or hinder) it.” And what folly, beloved, it were for thee to interfere. If the wife or child were quite willing that the husband or the father (as the case may be) should undertake on their behalf, pay travelling charges, and incur all responsibility, well mayest thou—standing in precisely the same relation—be equally well satisfied—aye, and a thousand times more so—that *the Lord* should lead thee, and guard thee, and provide for thee.

Perhaps, however, you will object, and say, “This is all very well in theory ; but we want proof. Let us have scripture in confirmation.” Well, that we have in immediate connexion with the language of our text. The Lord help us to meditate upon it to our mutual edification and profit, and to his glory !

In order more fully to contemplate the language of the text, we must trace Jehovah's footsteps with respect to Israel ; and how doth his faithfulness appear at the very outset ! He had declared to Abraham of old concerning them, “that his seed should be a stranger in a land that was not theirs, and should serve them ; and they should afflict them ; and ages afterwards, the Lord said in reference to the same people, “This whole land shall be a desolation, and an astonishment ; and these nations shall serve the king of Babylon seventy years.” But his Divine purposes accomplished by these his chastisements, their deliverance was vouchsafed to the very hour ! “And it came to pass [oh memorable record !] at the end of the four hundred and thirty years, *even the self-same day* it came to pass, that all the hosts of the Lord went out from the land of Egypt.” Well may the sacred historian add, “It is a night to be much observed unto the Lord for bringing them out

from the land of Egypt: this is that night of the Lord to be observed of all the children of Israel in all their generations." With regard to their second captivity as a people, the Lord spake thus by the mouth of the prophet Jeremiah, "Thus saith the Lord, that after seventy years be accomplished at Babylon, I will visit you, and perform my good word toward you, in causing you to return to this place. For I know [oh precious mercy!] the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord; thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end." And how richly was this also verified. Nearly two hundred years before it came to pass was the name of their deliverer foretold (see Isa. xlv. 28, xlv. 1—4). And with what comforting and confirming power does the Holy Ghost open the book whence our text is taken. "Now in the first year of Cyrus king of Persia, *that the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah might be fulfilled*, the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus king of Persia," &c.

Beloved, it is worthy of note—as indeed all the Lord's acts of love, and condescension, and mercy, are—how varied were the Lord's movements with regard to the twofold deliverance of his dear people. In the former He hardened Pharaoh's heart that he would not let the people go," so that thus his mighty power might be made known; in the latter He "stirred up the spirit of Cyrus"—an heathen monarch as well as Pharaoh—to propose to and constrain the people of the Jews to return to their own land.

Oh what encouragement is this for poor souls who tremble before an ungodly world. How do such lose sight of the fact, that all hearts are in the Lord's hands. How mistaken when they presume upon counsel and aid from this one or that one, *because he is a child of God*; and though he be such, with no more power to open or to close his heart than the veriest heathen! Surely it is upon this ground believers see and feel more of the Lord's marvellous dealings in their contact with worldlings, than with their fellow Christians. There is so much taking things for granted with respect to the latter. "Oh, he is a good man; he is a child of God! I shall be sure to be well received. I may safely calculate upon sympathy. I know he'll help." What is the result? Very probably, a frozen heart and a cold hand. Upon the bitter effects—the thousand-and-one heart-rending conclusions—we stay not to comment. Reverse the picture. Of necessity, in the business of life, the child of God has to confront the worldling. Is he looking to the creature now? Is he trusting to an arm of flesh merely? Nay; his heart and his eye are to the Lord! "Give me wisdom, Lord, and strength, and courage. 'Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man.' Let thy mighty power be known. Let it be seen this day, that thou art God in Israel. Let my heart be warmed, and my soul strengthened, by some fresh proof of thy kind and loving interest. Appear once again for thy sinful dust and ashes; and let me come forth from this interview blessing and praising thy great and adorable name."

Beloved, do you know the secret of being more indebted to the world than to the church? Have you not spiritually gained more from *enemies* than from *friends*? Well, then, may it endear both the person and language of a precious Christ, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." "As thou has sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world."

Reader, if you pursue the history, you will perceive how remarkably Jehovah's control over the hearts and minds of men was displayed. Cyrus gave permission and authority for the captives to return to Jerusalem; he brought forth, moreover, the vessels of the house of the Lord; the chief of the fathers of Judah and Benjamin, and the priests and the Levites, *with all*

them whose spirit God had stirred, to go up to build the house of the Lord, went forth from the captivity. The whole number amounted to about fifty thousand. The foundation of the temple was laid. How interesting must have been the spectacle. "Many of the priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy." So now the Lord's people may well shout for joy, and weep for very gratitude, when the eye-witnesses of the Lord's divine faithfulness. What a heart-stirring scene for those who remembered the former house; who had been carried away captive; who "by the rivers of Babylon had sat down, and wept when they remembered Zion. They hanged their harps upon the willows. There they that carried them away captive required of them a song, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion? How shall we (say they) sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." How changed the aspect now. How wondrous that sustaining hand and that delivering power, by which they were permitted to behold the fulfilment of Jehovah's word.

But their delights were—as indeed all joys upon earth are—of short duration. The Lord's people have need again and again to be reminded of their absolute dependence from day to day upon Himself! A long-continued season of uninterrupted prosperity were too dangerous for those whose dwelling is in a clay tabernacle. They *must* encounter trial and disappointment, and suspense and anguish. It is here faith, and hope, and prayer, thrive.

A conspiracy, we find, was formed against the temple-builders; because certain adversaries of Judah and Benjamin were not allowed to take part in the work, they plotted against the children of the captivity; they weakened the hands of the people of Judah, and troubled them in building; they hired counsellors against them, to frustrate their purposes, all the days of Cyrus; "and at the beginning of the next reign, they write an accusation against them to king Ahasuerus," and, in consequence, succeed by "force and power" in causing the work to cease for a space of some twelve years.

But, notwithstanding this interruption, how much mercy was in exercise. How would the whole train of circumstances—confused and mysterious as they might appear—issue in the Lord's glory. The reader may well imagine the state of mind into which these devoted builders were thrown upon the proclamation of the royal mandate, that the work should be discontinued. To what conclusion could they come? Was God in very deed favourable to their undertaking? Was it really His hand that had led them forth from captivity? Had they not better have remained in Babylon? To what expense and toil had they been put, and all to no purpose! How numerous the arguments which unbelief would thus suggest. And how like the interruptions—the many conflicting circumstances—the seeming defeats, to the spiritual temple-rearing in our own day. What a resemblance of those apparently insurmountable difficulties in a way of grace, which every dear child of God meets with, and mourns over. Yet how full of encouragement the history before us. When brought down to a condition of absolute helplessness, and when their minds were imbued with the deepest conviction, that it was only the Lord could accomplish that which He had put it into their hearts to desire; then Jehovah—never at a loss for either men or means—raised up a deliverer. "This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power [humanly], but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a

plain : and he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it. The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house, his hands shall also finish it ; and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you. For who hath despised the day of small things ?”

Beloved, we trust this precious testimony on behalf of sovereign grace and power, will warm and encourage your hearts. The Lord give you increasingly to acknowledge and admire Jehovah's faithfulness and mercy.

If the reader continues the history—and we pray him to do so, and to read in connexion with the book before us, those of Haggai and Zechariah—he will perceive that further interruptions were attempted. There is a sweet clause in the 5th verse of the 5th chapter, in reference thereto, “But the eye of their God was upon the elders of the Jews.” Marvellous mercy this ; and precisely that mercy in which every dear child is in daily possession. “The eye of their God !” Think of it, dear troubled one ! Looking upon thee at this moment, and that with a look of inexpressible interest, satisfaction, and delight, be thy condition ever so bewildering and complicated, and though in feeling and in fear, thou mayest be in the very belly of hell. “The eye of their God !” Was it not upon Jonah down at the bottom of the mountains, when the waters compassed him about, and the weeds were wrapped about his head ? Was it not upon David when Saul hunted him like a partridge upon the mountains ? Was it not upon Job when Satan “smote him with sore boils, from the sole of his foot unto his crown ; and when he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal, and set down among the ashes ?” “The eye of their God was upon them,” and that with unbounded pleasure ; why ? Because they were beheld in Christ ; they were seen in the Son of his love ; they were looked upon as part and parcel of the dearly beloved of his soul ; they were “bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord their God ;” and “being complete in Him,” they stood in Jehovah's view “all fair, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.”

Beloved, the Lord comfort your hearts with these precious Gospel realities, whilst we again for a season wish you all joy and peace in believing.

Bonnahon, Ireland, Feb. 21, 1854.

THE EDITOR.

(To be continued.)

“THE LORD REIGNETH.”

THE lightning flashed its vivid ray,
And sable clouds shut out the day ;
The muttering thunder roll'd on high,
And low'ring was the gloomy sky :
Whilst labouring thro' the dashing spray,
A little bark held on her way ;
As o'er the deck the billows rose ;
Or compassed her within their close—
All stood aghast in terror wild,
Save one—he was the captain's child.
The seamen wondered when they saw,
In Alfred's look no signs of awe ;
But rather on his youthful face,
A sweet placidity could trace :
“Have you my boy,” they gruffly said,
“In such an hour no fear or dread ?
E'er a brief moment we may be,
Engulphed within the raging sea.”

Out spoke the boy with this reply,
While confidence beam'd in his eye ;
“Tho' ocean billows heave, and roll,
And deluge earth from pole to pole :
Yet am I safe, they can't o'erwhelm,
Behold my father holds the helm.”
Thus, child of God, it is with thee,
Toss'd on life's tempestuous sea ;
Tho' storms, and waves around thee move,
Remember God's unchanging love :
The hand that guided Noah's ark,
Holds now the steerage of thy bark ;
A Father's hand ! why then despair,
The Church's Head is Pilot there.
Safe on the deep as on the shore,
Where angry tempests rage no more ;
Joint-heir with Christ, of Christ's own
realm,
“Fear not,” your Father holds the helm.”

Co. Waterford,

W. E. SHAW.

SEPARATING BETWEEN THE PRECIOUS AND THE VILE.

"If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth."—
Jer. xv. 19.

How much shrugging and shrinking, and turning and writhing, do we see manifested by preachers—and some good men too—rather than take up the cross enjoined by the above motto. And no wonder; for nothing so stirs up the enmity of the carnal heart, and thins the ranks of hearers, like the separating process. But all who shun this cross must expect to lose their labour, for God will not sanction their preachments. God hath always been showing the distinction between things which differ, while man has been toiling to amalgamate what God hath separated. Those who, through the teaching of the eternal Spirit, have exalted views of the great Jehovah; who see Him pressing into his service all agents and things, can clearly discern the line of distinction between the precious and the vile, the righteous and the wicked, which runs through all his providential dispensations, and the words of his mouth: but the blind leaders of the blind are continually crossing this line without perceiving it; you will hear them calling upon the dead in trespasses and sins, to come boldly to the throne of grace, and to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling; and representing our most glorious Christ as weeping over Jerusalem, because she would not let Him save her. The tendency of such teaching is, to deny the only Lord God, to belie Him, and to say, "It is not He" (Jer. v. 12).

God drew the line of distinction between the precious and the vile at an early period of man's history, even in the two first-born of woman: but as man began to multiply, that line was soon lost, and giants in sin were produced, which provoked God to sweep the earth with a deluge. Again, when the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when He separated the sons of Adam, He set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel: for "the Lord's portion is *His* people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance." And while he dwelt alone, and was not reckoned among the nations, Israel was holiness to the Lord; all that devoured him should offend (Jer. ii. 3). But when he sought to be amalgamated with other nations, those very nations became thorns in his sides, and their gods were a snare unto him" (Judg. ii. 3). It was on that memorable occasion when the sons of Aaron offered strange fire before the Lord, which He commanded not, and were consumed by Jehovah's fiery indignation, that their father was directed to put a difference between the holy and the unholy, between the unclean and the clean (Lev. x.) And it is worthy of remark, that, although they had received all the outward tokens of consecration, yet being destitute of the inward and spiritual grace, their sweetest incense was abominable.

It is remarkable what a heavy charge the Holy Spirit, by the mouth of Ezekiel, brings against Jerusalem on this very ground: "Her priests have violated my law, my eternal law of distinction, and have profaned mine holy things: they have put no difference between the holy and the profane; neither have they showed difference between the unclean and the clean; and have hid their eyes from my sabbaths, and I am profaned among them." Again, when describing by the mouth of the same prophet the ultimate glory of Zion, it is distinctly promised, that her ministers shall teach the difference between the holy and the profane, and cause God's people to discern between the unclean and the clean" (chap. xlv.)

Now that which is so frequently mentioned in the sacred book, and in such remarkable connections, must be of paramount importance. Accordingly we find, that when the great Fanner made his entrance, to separate the wheat from the chaff, this process constituted the burden of his ministry: and because he made the most clean separation between the precious and the vile, between the holy and profane, He was more hated than any beside. But he was thereby Jehovah's very mouth to his people; and it would be well for them if they would follow his example.

Good John Berridge somewhere says, that traps are set in the word of God around every Gospel doctrine, to catch the proud and haughty; and we see it abundantly verified. How many millions of those who received not the truth in the love of it, have been caught by the Saviour's words to Peter, when he had declared his Master to be the Anointed One, and Son of the living God? The wise and holy Jesus, in perfect foreknowledge of all the proud assumptions of the Man of sin, and all the damnable delusions built thereon, chose to say, "Thou art Peter"—seeming to allude to the meaning of his name—"and on this Rock will I build my Church, &c. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven." Had it been his sovereign will, He could have easily removed that stumbling-stone, by saying to the Apostle, "What thou hast declared concerning my Divinity, is an eternal verity; and upon this glorious doctrine I will build my Church, &c. And by separating the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth: What, under the influence of my Spirit, thou shalt teach on earth, will be but the development of the archives of heaven." All this, the humble follower of Jesus is made to see by the unction of the holy One; knowing that the least, and humblest, is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven; and that it is only by the declaration of those truths which tend to separate the precious from the vile, they can be as God's mouth, and bind on earth what is bound in heaven. Again, when the Saviour instituted the ordinance of the supper, in full foresight of all the blasphemous idolatry that would be founded upon his words, and knowing how many of his dear children would be put to death, because they could not swallow the monstrous delusion; yet chose to say, "This is my body," rather than this is the *symbol* of my body. But the Holy Spirit enables his people to tread safely among these snares and traps, and to go right on their way. These are overwhelming considerations! but they are in exact agreement with the answer Christ gave to those who asked Him, why He spake in parables to the multitudes.

Alas! how the so-called Christian world abounds with foolish prophets, who prophesy out of their own heart, that follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing; who strive to save their lives by catering to the vitiated appetites of their carnal hearers; they are like the foxes in the desert, crafty, and hunting for the prey. How can they make up the hedge for the house of Israel, to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord? By their confounding things which differ, which the Holy Spirit calls lies, they make the heart of the righteous sad, and strengthen the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way: by promising him life upon the exercise of his own power; making him believe that he can reach the fruit of the Tree of life by the withered hand of free-will. But, blessed be God, He hath promised to deliver his people out of their hands (Ezek. xiii.)

Reader, examine all the systems of error that ever disgraced the page of ecclesiastical history, and you will find them all agreeing to confound things which differ; putting no difference between the holy and the profane; but, on the contrary, whenever God has revived his truth in the earth, in any age or

nation, this holy line of distinction has been made to appear. But Popery has gone beyond all other errors, by putting the precious for the vile, and the vile for the precious. It calls the vilest of the vile brethren, and the excellent of the earth, heretics. How many millions have perished through this strong delusion! But the people of God, like Job, discern the hand of the Lord in all this; that hand in which is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. "Behold, he breaketh down, and it cannot be built again: He shutteth up a man, and there can be no opening. Behold, He withholdeth the waters, and they dry up: also He sendeth them out, and they overturn the earth. With Him is strength and wisdom: the deceived and the deceiver are his" (Job xii. 14—17).

How blessedly did the late Dr. Hawker prove the truth of Christ's words in Matt. x. 39, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." In all his preaching or writing, he never failed to separate between the precious and the vile, and to draw the line of distinction plainly. Hence he became as God's mouth to the Church. It was this that made his ministrations so sweet to the lovers of truth of every denomination, and which made him so hated by those who mix and confound. The writer of this article is favoured with the friendship of one who sat for a long time under the Doctor's preaching, and who can still declare how greatly God honoured him, by making him as his own mouth to his people. His writings will continue a precious legacy to the Church to the end of time, while the despicable scribblings of those who opposed him, shall be buried in oblivion. And such honour will all God's ministers have. "I make a nice distinction in my creed," says the Doctor, "between causes and effects, and I find the blessedness of this distinction." But, in the teaching of the present day, the effect is put for the cause. Repentance and faith foreseen, say they, is the cause of our election; when God declares, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Again, Jehovah says, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." No, say modern teachers, we are not thine, until we repent and believe, and give ourselves to thee.

Not long ago, I heard a minister (and I verily believe a good man too), attempt to preach, from "Wherefore he saith, awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." In his exordium he declared, that though the Apostle directed his epistles to the Church, and to believers exclusively, yet the text itself, was an exception, and addressed to sinners dead in trespasses and sins: hence it was apparent how useless all his labour was, unless to sew pillows to the armholes, and daub with untempered mortar. But the friends of truth may rejoice in the fact, that the time is coming, when "the wall shall be no more, neither they that daubed it" (Ezek. xiii. 15).

Separating the precious from the vile, is the hardest task which the messengers of God have to perform; because it makes them hated of all, for Christ's sake. When God's ministers, from God's mouth, declare God's discriminating truths, the language of the rebellious heart is, "Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy, *every one of them.*" But the Lord, in his own time, will make it apparent who are his, and who are holy. How peculiarly trying were Jeremiah's circumstances! If he faithfully declared the message which the Lord sent him to proclaim, he incurred the charge of rebellion, and the princes were beseeching the king that he might be put to death. The man-made prophets said, Jerusalem should be protected, and her tranquillity continue, notwithstanding all her crying sins: but the Lord's called and sent messengers must separate

between the precious and the vile—between the good figs and the vile, the former must go to Babylon for their good, while the latter must be slain, and scattered to the four winds. What sustained the Lord's prophet under those heavy trials? Nothing but the power of God, manifested by his faith in the promises. The same support shall be realized by all who are enabled to trust a faithful God. But the greatest part of those who preach, had rather place their confidence upon the fickle breath of man, than on the oath of Jehovah. Hence the mixing process. May the Lord bless his own means, for the accomplishment of his own purposes. So prays

New Brunswick.

METRIOS.

THANKFUL—WATCHFUL—PRAYERFUL.

THE Holy Ghost is at once our Teacher, and our life-giving, strength-affording Comforter. He it is who shows us what we are, and what we need; He teaches us how to walk, and gives us strength, that we may so walk as to please God, and be profited in our own souls. It is most blessed to find Him occasionally leading back the mind to trace the steps by which we have been brought, the mercies vouchsafed, and the blessings bestowed; to look, in fact, to the hole of the pit whence we were digged, and the rock whence we were hewn; and to feel under these meditations, a spirit of thankfulness arising within us.

Thankfulness is the most fruitful plant in the renewed soul; from it arises the voice of praise, and activity and zeal are quickened, and the whole soul is made lively by the diffusion of thankfulness throughout it. While we are looking at the difficulties yet to be surmounted, the obstacles yet to be removed, the foes to be grappled with, we are too often like the slothful man, who roasteth not what he took in hunting, Prov. xii. 27. We too often forget what strength there is laid up for us in Him who is our Strength; or we doubt whether He is our Strength, seeing that we feel so vile and helpless, but it is to them that have no might He increaseth strength. But the Holy Spirit teaches us as He did Manoah's wife, who said, "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 shewed us all these things, nor would He, as at this time, have told us such things as these" (Judg. xiii. 23). So does this blessed Spirit teach us to profit, by arguing in the same way. If the Lord intended to cast us into outer darkness, He would not have heard our prayers; nor would He have led us to see such beauty in his way of saving sinners, or shown us any of those things in ourselves, which He only could have shown us. May the Lord give us all more thankfulness, for out of it springs also watchfulness and prayerfulness; for so when I feel how much I have to be thankful, how good, and kind, and faithful, the Lord is to his word, and grace, and love, and mercy, then I feel most anxious in all things to act as becomes his child; and truly, my friends, we ought to live in the exercise of a spirit of forbearance, trying by every means, to exhibit the same spirit as that exhibited by our blessed Redeemer in the days of his flesh. And does not this require watchfulness over every word and thought, and indeed make us pray that our Lord Himself may keep us every moment according to his promise? Thus then a thankful spirit, makes a watchful spirit, and it in its turn produces a prayerful spirit.

Now as true thankfulness arises from a sense of benefits bestowed, it is as the Holy Ghost reveals Christ to the soul in all his fulness and completeness, as *yours or mine*, that we find our hearts warmed, and our spirits refreshed.

And as the blessed Spirit works by means, may we not hope that this little effusion, may be owned by Him to the creating in some reader, a sense of Christ's forgiving love, which as a root may produce the fruits above named? To Him, and to God's tried people, is it commended by the Lord's unworthy servant,

Astley, Feb. 18, 1854.

ALFRED HEWLETT.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

WHAT Christian has not his favourite spots, where he is accustomed to pour out his soul before God, and renew his vows in his unseen presence? A feeling of veneration creeps over us, as we wend our way through crooked lanes to a *certain gate* in a quiet nook in the county of Worcester; we are wont to call that gate, the gate of prayer, for if ever we knew what it was to pray the prayer of faith, and feel the presence of Jehovah; it was at that sweet spot, where away from the din and noise of a vast city we drank in the pure air of heaven, with refreshing delight. Mapped out before us there is sweet country, with its fields and hedgerows, and in the midst of the rich meadows the winding stream. Above us God spreads out the sky as a molten looking-glass, and the potent sun melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds; the very scene induces one to feel like the wild goat of the rock, and appropriate the language of scripture, "He scorneth the multitude of the city, the range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing." But beautiful as such pastoral scenes are, there is nothing truly satisfying; we want something more as we wend our way along.

SHENSTONE'S WALKS NEAR HALESOWEN.

DID Shenstone and lord Lyttleton
Walk side by side in unison,
Along this shady glade?
And in poetic harmony,
Breathe forth their rustic psalmody,
By reason's captive aid?

Oh! I have nobler thoughts to tell,
While now I feel that it is well,
To tread the self-same way;
And I too have a loving Friend,
Would that his visits had no end,
I want Him all the day.

I seek Him in the secret grove,
To gain a whisper of his love,
Unworthy all the while;
But 'tis unutterable bliss,
To feel that He is nigh, who is
A shelter to my soul.

This is a rural scene around,
Creative beauties here abound,
And wonders as I walk;
The fields, and woods, and pretty glen,
Are pleasing to the sight, but then
With Him I want to walk.

Because He tells me more than this,
Of wonders in the realms of bliss,
Whither I trust I'm bound;
That saints in blest security,
Spirits of spotless purity,
His hallowed throne surround.

Yon couple who now trudge across
That distant glen of lengthened grass,
Seem not to care to roam;
Ah! now the secret is revealed,
There is a cottage up that field,
It is their earthly home.

I too have got a *home* in view,
And Jesus says He'll lead me thro'
This desert land below;
Winter's wild blasts, and summer's drought,
He sweetly says shall harm me not,
As to that *home* I go.

Then there are straying sheep that seem
Unconscious of that rapid stream,
They surely will be lost;
Oh! no, the Shepherd is hard by,
And on their movements hath his eye,
And strict attention cast.

See with his shepherd's crook he goes,
Drives from the bubbling streamlet those
That roam in danger's way;
And thus he constantly doth urge
The flock from every fearful verge,
And tends them all the day.

And so does Jesus watch his own,
With ceaseless care where'er they roam,
Unfailing in his love;
Life tho' a struggling scene to view,
He'll bring his bleating ones safe thro',
And gather them above.

And here are loiterers that seem,
To wonder why beside this stream,
I am so deep in thought;
Ah! they know not the Christian's scope,
His source of happiness and hope,
For they are not so taught.

Then there's this bright and smiling sun,
Where'er its rays now light upon,
Nature fresh life derives;
So if our sun of spiritual light,
Shines forth in all his glorious might,
The drooping soul revives.

But tho' it is a brilliant day,
There still are clouds that chase away,
Before the gentle breeze;
First in the horizon they appear,
And then I watch them as they near,
Till lost in distant haze.

And there are those who onward haste,
Nor care they if the speed be fast,
Like these fair clouds above;
They wing their flight with holy zest,
And long to gain the promised rest,
Just like the tender dove.

They are the scattered chosen race,
Who tossed about in every place,
Are made to long for home;
The world's rough usage drives them up,
To warmth above the mountain top,
Away from earthly gloom.

Birmingham, Feb. 15th, 1853.

Pause!

Yes, Shenstone, 'tis the will of God,
That under yonder Churchyard sod,
Thou'rt crumbling in the grave;
And Lyttleton with lordly power,
Resigned it at the appointed hour,
And passed thro' Jordan's wave.

I too must soon yield up this frame,
To death's imperious grasp the same,
And pass like thee away;
But what I want to know is this,
Shall I be then where Jesus is,
Throughout an endless day?

'Tis therefore that I seek Him now,
And ask Him to repeat his vow
Of everlasting love;
I, like this scene, must fade away,
So that I want by faith to say,
I have a home above.

Oh! home, sweet home, this world of care,
Bless God it cannot enter there,
It is a land of peace!
There will be nothing to annoy,
It will be love, and bliss, and joy,
And which will never cease.

'Tis not the fancy of the brain,
But the dear hope of lasting gain,
A blissful certainty;
See 'tis dear Jesu's fixed decree,
My blood-bought ones shall dwell with me,
Throughout eternity.

G. C.

DR. GILL'S COMMENTARY AND OUR PRINTING SCHOOL.

The concluding Part contains the following brief

ADDRESS TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

BELOVED FRIENDS,—Words will utterly fail in attempting to describe to you what are our feelings in announcing the close of this great and important undertaking. It seems verily like a dream. We ask ourselves again and again, "Can it be true that Gill's Commentary is complete? that the work upon which we entered somewhat less than two years and a half ago, is brought to a close? that our mingled hopes and fears—joys and sorrows—have subsided?" To God—to God alone—be the glory! To His wisdom, His grace, His faithfulness, His abounding and superabounding love and mercy and compassion, be all the praise!

We adore thee, Oh our covenant God and Father, in that by thy good hand upon us, we have accomplished the work Thou didst put it into our hearts to undertake; and now crown it, we implore thee, with thy smile! Send it forth into the length and breadth of the land; yea, let it testify to the very ends of the earth of covenant love, blood, and salvation! Amen and amen.

Bonmahon, Ireland, Feb. 1854.

DAVID ALFRED DOUDNEY.

Now that the work is complete, we venture to subjoin a few extracts from private memoranda made during our progress. If we know our own hearts, we do so with one simple object in view, even as a plain matter-of-fact acknowledgment of the wisdom, grace, and faithfulness of our God. To

Him, to Him—and not unto us—be all the praise, and all the glory.

"Aug. 26, 1851. * * * * * What but Thy hand could have effected this? And yet, Lord, there are other difficulties. Not only so, but I tremble in prospect of the heavy responsibility—the anxiety—and the turmoil, which such an undertaking will entail upon me. 'Thy grace is sufficient. Thy strength can be (and is) perfected in the extremest weakness;' but it is to have a sure and certain conviction that it is the path of thine appointment about which I am so anxious. I can go forward fearlessly, and confident that all shall work well and end well, if but favoured with a knowledge that I am thus and thus in the 'footsteps of the flock.' Let not my very great unworthiness be a barrier to Thy mercy; but for Thy mercy's sake—Thy covenant's sake—Thy work's sake, lead me and guide me aright. Eternal and ever-blessed Spirit, make known to me the mind and will of my gracious God and Father, and let me in this trace Thy loving hand. Thou must remove all impediments; Thou clear the way; Thou give me to see and say, 'It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in my eyes;' 'The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad.'"

"Sept. 4.—Since penning the foregoing, difficulty after difficulty has presented itself with respect to the printing of the Commentary here. * * * * * Meanwhile I look up to Thee, O my God, for counsel and consolation. Counsel me, I earnestly entreat Thee, in the one, and console me under the other."

"Oct. 13.—Though the mercy of my God, a way has been opened by, I trust, His own approving hand, for the printing of the Commentary. The materials are all bought and landed here. 'What hath God wrought?' Many, many say, the work cannot be accomplished; that the undertaking is too great—the difficulties too many and too mighty.—Lord, my hope is in Thee. I look to Thee for wisdom, strength, and perseverance. My hope is in Thyself, my expectation from Thyself. Fortify my mind against all hindrances and impediments. Let the work, O my God, go forward under Thine own sanction, smile, and permanent blessing; and let my enemies hereafter have cause to say, 'The Lord has been with him of a truth.' May I really and truly find, "that a great and effectual door is opened unto me, though there be many adversaries.'"

"Oct. 14.—I would come before thee again this morning, gracious God, to implore Thy presence and power, in the work in which I am engaged. Thou knowest how momentous it is. I feelingly inquire, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Oh let not my spirit nor energies faint, beneath the undertaking, but strengthen me for it. Keep me looking to Thee—resting upon Thee; let enemies, difficulties, discouragements, drive me to Thee. Lord, I desire solemnly, and in simplicity, to devote both the place and the work to Thee. Do Thou bless it and prosper it. Make Thy glory increasingly my end and aim."

"Oct. 15. * * * * * Above all, let my soul prosper and be in health. Thou knowest the deadness and coldness under which I have suffered of late. Oh, that a sense of the mightiness and responsibility of the work upon which I have entered may bring me into such close and constant contact with Thee as that my soul may be greatly refreshed, invigorated, comforted thereby. Hear me, dearest Jesus; answer me, blessed Spirit, by Thine own precious and powerful operations upon my heart. And now once more privately, as I hope this evening in our service to do publicly, I would dedicate this undertaking to Thee. This morning I propose to begin the composition of *Gill's Commentary*. Lord, sanctify this beginning. Let it be begun, continued, and ended in Thy fear. It is Thou alone canst enable us to commence, to carry on, and to complete, this great and important work. Oh, control the tempers and dispositions of the youths, and of all who shall be engaged thereupon, and let there be throughout the evident blessing of the Lord God Almighty upon this, I trust, my sincere 'labour of love.' Amen, amen."

"Oct. 16.—Through the mercy of our God, we commenced the work yesterday. I composed some few lines by way of making a beginning. The lads (eight of them) were put to the cases, and made greater progress than could reasonably have been expected. Copy of the Commentary was divided among them, and some twelve to twenty lines set by each of them during the day. An impression of a wood-cut was taken at our small press, just to show to the villagers its capabilities."

"Oct. 18.—Lord, strengthen my hands in this work. I feel that but for my hope in Thee, I should sink under it; but still in Thee and by Thee it is, I trust, I am kept so cheerful, and enabled to speed my way. Thou seemest to give all parties engaged, 'a heart to work.' Lord increase this. Give, and maintain in them, a diligent and persevering spirit."

"Oct. 26.—Yesterday was a day of deeply-severe exercise. The discovery of an oversight

in my calculations, which would increase the outlay £400, greatly distressed me. My soul was in extreme anguish through the day. Not that personal aggrandizement had been my object in the undertaking, but from the sense of increased responsibility. And yet, my gracious Lord, with *Thy* smile and *Thy* blessing, *Thou* canst give prosperity to the work. Thou canst increase the number of subscribers. Thou canst open hearts. Thou canst give interest in my feeble efforts. Oh, look with a complacent eye upon the undertaking; let each and every step bear the impress of my God's handy-work. And greatly as I felt the pressure yesterday, let it only serve to cause me to seek more earnestly the Burden-bearer. Let that precious invitation be the more welcome and the more heeded, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.' And do Thou grant me hereafter to have to acknowledge and admire the sovereign disposal of my gracious God and Father in this, I trust, my feeble efforts for his glory, and the good of his Church and people."

"Oct. 28.—Such has been the weight of my present undertaking that it has, by the Lord's help, awakened a spirit of prayer. I thought again and again yesterday, 'What a mercy to have a God to go to.' What a mercy to have *One* who can help, and strengthen, and deliver, secretly to hold converse with. And from morning to night, with but little intermission, mental ejaculations have been going up to the Lord for wisdom, strength, and fortitude."

"Nov. 9.—I have passed nearly a week in the deepest depression and anxiety. I bless God it is now over, never, never to return. I have wondered from my heart, how I could have thought of, or entered upon, such an undertaking, and have had to cry mightily to the Lord for help. I have longed for the quiet of my study. In the early part of the week, I was contrasting my then present feelings with my former ones, and thinking, from a consciousness of having a work for the Lord to do, how much more willing I was to tarry in the wilderness to accomplish it, than I was formerly; since that day, and those reflections, I have longed to fly away, and be at rest. Yesterday, too, I heard of the somewhat sudden removal from this vale of tears, of a dear kind friend, one of the Magazine's oldest and sincerest Correspondents."

"Nov. 16.—I have this morning to record, to the praise and glory of my ever-indulgent God, one of the richest and most remarkable providences of my little eventful life. Just when deeply sunk in mind, under the vastness of my present undertaking, tidings reach me officially, that my dear departed friend (Miss Way) has left me £1000, clear of even legacy duty.—Oh, my God, how shall I praise Thee? Accept my feeble thanks for this so great, so boundless, so unexpected a mercy, and may I ever record it to Thy praise and honour. Amen and amen."

Beloved readers! it has been with considerable hesitation, we have ventured to make the foregoing extracts from private memoranda, written from time to time for the relief of one's own heart. But our scruples have been overruled. The work in which we have been engaged has been a public work. The eyes of multitudes have been upon us. We publish, therefore, the foregoing, not to call attention to the creature (God forbid!) but for the express purpose of affording to the Church and the world, another proof of what God can do in and by the feeblest instrumentality; that his truth stands as firm now as when first uttered, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

Of the fact that the work in question has been brought to a successful termination, our readers are already aware; and it only remains for us to acknowledge our deep-felt sense of their kind and generous appreciation of our humble endeavours. They have shown it in a very practical way, and we heartily thank them. A subscription was set on foot wholly without our knowledge. Of the originator we to this day remain in ignorance. Upon the evening of the 6th of February, a few friends met at the house of a beloved Correspondent, Mr. Burchett, at Bayswater, and presented us with a purse of One Hundred and Fifty Sovereigns, which was followed by a silver tea-and-coffee service from our respected friend and publisher, Mr. W. H. Collingridge.

THE EDITOR.

A WORD FROM CRISPIN.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

BELOVED EDITOR,—The deariness of my long-inhabited and much-cherished *stall*, having within the last few days been visited with one of those messengers of mercy, which act as soothing oil upon the withered heart of an old man, and which becomes twofold so in its administrations, as well as in the pleasure it affords of showing that our souls around us are grown up—taken as an heritage for ever—the testimonies of the Lord; and in the rejoicing of their heart show what great love have they who keep thy law, and there is nothing to offend them.

With all the warmest feelings of a heart now chilled almost by the passing over of so many winters, rendered as tender and sensitive as the plant which shrinks instantly beneath the touch of the *Euroclydons* of the wilderness causing the keepers of the house to tremble, do I acknowledge the realization of the ancient precept, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord," in the kind and affectionate *invite* to meet thee and those of the excellent of the earth upon the occasion of presenting the testimonial thy friends consider deserving in bringing through the Irish press the incomparable works of the late Dr. JOHN GILL; and which, if no other purpose be at present brought to light, will doubtless leave more copies in existence for that not very far distant day, when the truths so nobly advocated by the Doctor will in *toto* be denied by both Episcopalians and the whole host of Noncons.: the latter of whom has already for some years to their disgrace shelved this prince of Commentators. But as the *phoenix* of the glory-departed nation in the maintenance of the faith once delivered, when a pure language shall be turned unto us, will arise, and the volumes long discarded and hid in dust, will become as sling-stones in the hands of the seed whom the Lord shall call to arise and slay the vaunting Agag of the nineteenth century.

To this friendly *invite* my full heart, not quite so impervious at this moment as my *lap-stone*, which after a great number of years' *hard beating* is but a *stone at best*, would heartily and readily respond by meeting with my best friends and kindred, ere I go hence and am no more seen; for with few exceptions the days of my near and long-tried relative are come upon me, "And they that are younger than I have me in derision," whose fathers, with themselves, were unworthy to be accounted as the "faithful stewards of the mysteries of God." But while the duties of the *stall* allow of few of those seasons in which it might be said the source of sorrow can be stanchied, however solacing they are; yet in this I must yield in the somewhat stronger link which calls me to a distant Egypt to behold the face of my *first-born*, and to recall to treacherous memory the mercy, as well as the *God of that mercy*, manifested on that day which raised me to the dignified character of *father*, and though Rachel be buried in the way, Joseph is yet alive, and the fluttering heart is fully anticipating the going down to see the much-loved one before I die.

With me there is even a higher theme than the completion of *Gill's Commentary*, to induce me to an early exit from the *stall*, and wend my way from the quiet corner through the bustling streets, to see once more the face of my beloved friend and Editor; and it is this, the few and evil days of my *tenancy at will* have so far been in mercy extended, as to allow me in *this valley of decision*, to see the multitude fall around me, and leave me as the oak of the wilderness—a bare trunk, with almost all its branches broken off, as regards those who have been my *colleagues* in gathering gourds to shred into the Gospel pot (*Magazine*); it can be truly said, "Your fathers, where are they? And your prophets, do they live for ever?" In the mento memorial of my *locality* are to be seen the heraldic insignia of the cross and crown of those who having fulfilled their day and generation, are fallen asleep, rest from their labour, and their works do follow them.

In the times that have gone over me, I mourn the absence of Walter Row, the long and uncompromising Editor; and if not the immediate predecessor of the present *Barnabas* who fills the same post, yet the only one found to be worthy to be his successor. With him no less beloved stands upon the tablet of memory a Samuel Rowles, Dr. Hawker, Samuel Eyles Pierce, William Newcome, with others, whose praise is not of man. With the removal of these, and a few delinquents who sold their birthright to gratify an Esau-desire, with the exception of the venerable John Andrew Jones, I stand almost the father of the whole host of correspondents, and gladdened would my heart have been on this occasion to have met a little band who instead of their fathers have come.

Accept then, dear Editor, the sweet-smelling odour of a warm heart going in before the mercy-seat of our covenant God for you, that he would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power; that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in Him, according to the grace of our God, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Gird up the loins of the mind, Brother, and hope unto the end; the time of Jacob's trouble is increasing, notwithstanding a voice from *Astley* would fain cheer us that the middle of the nineteenth century is far ahead of its beginning. Alas, the days of darkness shall be many, and the twilight of Sardis far outspreads the wandering comets of the age. The God of peace give you enjoyment of all peace, and at such a time; and while a single leaf of the diamond casement shall remain to be opened, there shall not cease a breathing desire for thee heavenward from the now worn-out

CRISPIN.

FRAGMENTS BY A DEPARTED BELIEVER.

No. 2.

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ"—(1 Peter i. 7).

THE trial of faith lasts all our pilgrimage from the time we commence the Christian warfare; to the last we find that Satan is not become the less vigilant and watchful, but if possible more so; and he tries our faith with his fiery darts according to our various circumstances, weaknesses, and natural feelings; trying to deprive us of the power of distinguishing between nature and grace. Hitherto the soul has stood the power of tribulation, but now as we draw near the dissolution of this tabernacle, we may expect to find him more furious in his attacks, endeavouring to make faith void. And one very great and frequent trial of faith is the necessity of acting contrary to our feelings, to believe that we possess grace, although hope of its actings appear in our experience under a miserable frame; where nothing of the life of Christ appears in us, than to maintain the life of faith; a naked faith on the promises, to hope against hope and feeling, to find the fight against us, yet the victory hope to gain.

It is not the greatness of our sins which operates as a deadly soul-discouragement; it is the fearful and most trying apprehension that the work is not begun, that the life of Christ has not been manifested in us, and from this arises our dead frames. The Lord alone by the power of his Spirit can remove this doubt by clearing our faith's view of Jesus. And using it to penetrate the dark clouds, and bearing his gracious witness with our spirits that we are indeed his. The process though trying is most precious in the result, and for this end let us endure, "As seeing Him who is invisible;" and who has declared not one grain shall fall to the earth, let us be sifted and tried, cleaving to Jesus with all the little strength we have, adoring the hand that removes every resting place, that we may find rest only in Himself. He knows that we are looking to Him above, and that his presence in hearing the word is the one thing we seek; surely He will ere long own his work, and make manifest the power of his grace and truth in our experience. We long to show forth his praise. Our faith after this trial is to be found unto honour and glory at the appearing of Christ, when this mortality shall be swallowed up of life, even living testimonies of his.

The patience of hope is now our present position, and this hope will surely be a tree of life, because it is Christ, and He is the beginning and end of all our hopes, fears, and desires, faith, love, and patience, in which we possess our souls, and He shall bear the glory. We are bound to believe from his word of promise, that He supplies our needs and withholds no good thing, that if our eyes are directed to Him He gives them that direction, and that dwelling in Him, and He in us, whatsoever we ask according to his will He heareth us.

A WIDOW'S WANTS, AND A FATHER'S GIFTS.

"Leave thy fatherless children, and let thy widows trust in me."

[BELOVED, just as we rose from penning those few thoughts in the first piece for the present month, "*But the eye of their God was upon the elders*," &c., the post brought the annexed sweet illustration of a Father's watchful eye and timely aid. It may appear somewhat singular, that during our last Sabbath morning service—and whilst these tidings of a Father's kindness were on their way—our little congregation were singing a hymn written by one well known to this same bereaved Widow, and whose memory is very dear to ourselves. The preacher's heart was warmed, and said, "You know I am accustomed to say, I love to have proof that a writer or a speaker has tested for himself what he advances. It was my privilege to know the writer of that hymn; to visit him on his death-bed; to hear him tell of the mercy and faithfulness of God during a lengthened pilgrimage: and for himself had he proved the language we have been singing:—

"Upwards, my soul, arise,
Riches may lead astray;
But Christ will teach that He's alone,
The safe and heavenly way.

"Upwards, my soul arise,
Amidst this world's vain care;
Trust in the Lord, trust in his word,
You shall his mercies share.

"Upwards, my soul, arise,
Though all should from thee flee;
The Lord is faithful, firm, and true;
His glory thou shalt see."]

"MY FATHER KNOWS."

And that sweet truth has sustained me amid the most severe winter's conflicts I have ever been called to endure of a temporal nature. But oh, dear Brother, He has given me such sweet proofs of his love, that I do find these little dinners of herbs so sweet, made doubly so from the special time of need.

I have been ill nearly all the winter—am living quite alone—no one to do anything for me; this in sickness is trying. All my little income has been swallowed up in doctors and drugs, leaving me a very scanty pittance—but *my Father knows*. Yes, blessed be his name, and comes and visits me again and again. Two special marks of his watchful care, dear Brother, this month.

I was reduced to a few pence, and wanted two shillings next morning for coals; it was very cold, and I knew not what to do—but was sustained by the former precious truth, and cast my cares upon my Father. In about an hour after, I went to my book-shelves, and took out "*Kent's Hymns*," when out dropped a letter with money, which I found contained three shillings and sixpence, which I had lent to a dear friend who had borrowed the book, and had been returned to me more than six months, and put away unperceived. Didn't I praise my God! Oh! such a melting at his dear feet, that He should thus care for a poor worm.

Well, a fortnight after this He came again; it was again a time of great need, and I had no expectation but from Jehovah-jireh. But here faith lay sweetly at anchor, and I kept wrestling with my God long after my usual bed-time. Well, just as I was beginning to undress, a knock came at my door, and who should it be but one of my old lodgers at —, whom I had not seen for two years, he having long since left the town £13 in my debt. Well, he came to bring me a sovereign, and to say he hoped in time now to pay the whole. Was it not another nice firm stepping-stone for faith? In these matters my soul is greatly humbled, and my God gets all the glory.

PARABOLIC TEACHING,

EXEMPLIFIED IN AN EXPOSITION OF THE SEVEN PARABLES CONTAINED IN
THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

(Continued from page 64.)

Our reasons for this conclusion are briefly these; first, *there is nothing impossible, or even improbable in any of the parables of Christ.* The supernatural forms no element in them; at least, the only one which may be thought an exception to this rule, is that of the Rich Man and Lazarus; and it is not a little remarkable that this very one is related in an unusually clear, distinct, and circumstantial manner (the very *name* of the beggar being mentioned); so much so indeed that some of the most eminent commentators have doubted whether it really came within the parabolic category at all.* In fact this natural truthfulness is essential to the nature of the parable, for as a useful writer on the subject remarks, "The parable derives its matter only from the territory of the possible and the true; let the event, which it presents before us, be ever so fully described, it must still be in itself so natural, that no objection can be brought against it; and that the transaction might have actually occurred in real life."† Otherwise it degenerates into the mere fable.

2. *The distinct and circumstantial manner in which many of them are related.* "There was a certain householder which planted a vineyard." "There was a certain creditor which had two debtors." "A certain man had two sons." "A certain man made a great supper and bade many, and sent his servants at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready." "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, &c.....but God said unto him, Thou fool," &c. (Dare you say that God did not say so unto him?) "Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a Publican." "There was a certain rich man, which had a steward, and the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods, &c. and the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely." "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." "There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and there was a certain beggar NAMED LAZARUS." How plain, how circumstantial are these narratives! What an air of *bond fide* truthfulness is there about them; while not a hint is given of their being merely supposititious. Why should they not be true?

3. *The exquisite congruity there seems to be in the idea that He who was*

* Among these was one whose name must always be heard with reverence—the immortal Calvin. Arguing with some, who in his time held that erroneous opinion (revived in our own day by a dignitary of the Church and others), that after death the soul continued in a state of utter unconsciousness or *soul-sleep*, till the morning of the resurrection. He says, "Let us now speak of the history of the rich man and Lazarus, who after the sufferings of this life was carried into Abraham's bosom, but the rich man into hell. Are these dreams and fables? But to escape the force of this argument, our antagonists answer, this was only a parable. I beg them however to adduce a single example from scripture where a man is mentioned by his proper name in a parable. What do these words signify? 'There was a man whose name was Lazarus.' The word of God must be a lie, or this is a true relation. The fathers of the Church treat it as such. Now let them go and sell their empty nut-shells in the open day; they will always fall into the same snare. And even were it a parable, it is still a similitude in which truth is embodied; and if these great theologians know it not already, let them go and learn it from their grammar that a parable signifies a similitude, borrowed from the real world."—*Vide Psychapaunychia; Op. Cal. Ed. Amst., 1667, t. 8, p. 340.*

† Lisco, *The Parables of Christ*, p. 1.

emphatically and essentially the Truth, did not even in these exceptional and perfectly legitimate instances depart from it. Can we suppose such circumstantial details as those we have just alluded to, proceeding from the lips of eternal Truth, without the least intimation that they were fictitious, if they really were so? Dare we imagine that aught that was not *strictly* and most *literally* true, ever issued from the lips of Jesus? Reader, we say plainly, we care not to believe it. While, on the other hand, the supposition that they were indeed all matters of fact, would help to explain *details* in some of the narratives, which, had they been *invented* merely to illustrate the subject in hand, might apparently have been dispensed with.

Some few remarks may here be necessary, as to the rules which should guide us in the *interpretation* of the parables. These, however, it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, accurately to lay down. Two great dangers, the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of parabolic interpretation, have chiefly to be avoided. The first, upon which some few expositors have been wrecked, is that of making them mean *too much*, by endeavouring to screw some meaning out of every minute detail, as if there were nothing subsidiary; *those* (if we may compare a parable to a nut) not content to extract the precious kernel of spiritual truth, mash it up *shell and all*, for the reader to digest as best he may. But though this is undoubtedly an error, it is far from being a common one; for the *generality* of interpreters keeping as they think to the safe side (avoiding *Scylla* and falling into *Charybdis*), seem to regard the greater part of the parable as mere external drapery, and altogether *without* meaning; and *these*, it may be said (to carry out the figure) not content with throwing away the shell, scrape and pare the *kernel* itself till there is hardly anything left.

It appears a sound rule, and one generally adopted, that most of the parables are designed *especially* to teach some *one primary truth*. Hence it has been said, certainly very beautifully and to a certain extent very truly (albeit by one of the most unchristian of English bishops *) that "the parable and its truth are not to be contemplated as two perfect planes, touching one another at every point; but oftentimes rather as a plane and a sphere, which, though brought into contact, touch one another only at one great point." But then, having discovered this main truth, we are not at once to conclude that we have got all that the parable was designed to teach; for *in connexion with it* there are not seldom subordinate and collateral truths inculcated, which are not only valuable in themselves, but by their bearing upon the main truth greatly increase *its* force and beauty.†

* *Archbishop Tillotson*, of whom George Whitefield said that "he knew no more of Christianity than Mahomet."

† "Though the scope (or principal aim) of the parable," says *Poole*, be the main thing we are to attend unto, and in which it doth instruct us, yet it may *collaterally inform us in several things besides that point* which is in it *chiefly intended*." To much the same purpose old *Keach* remarks:—"Though the scope of a parable be the chief thing we should attend upon, yet more generally *many other things may be made use of* to the advantage of the hearers; even so far as it bears a clear analogy of faith." "In opposition to the interpretation of the parables merely in the gross," says *Mr. Trench*, it is urged, "that when our Lord himself interpreted the two first which He delivered, those of the sower and of the tares, it is more than probable that He intended to furnish us with a key for the interpretation of all. These explanations, therefore, are most important, not merely for their own sakes, but as supplying principles and canons of interpretation to be applied throughout. Now in *these the moral* (or rather, *spiritual*) *application descends to some of the minutest details of the narrative*: thus the birds which snatch away the seed sown, are explained as Satan who takes the good seed out of the heart (Matt. xiii. 19), the thorns correspond to the cares and pleasures of life (Matt. xiii. 22), with much more of the same kind." At the same time it may be well to bear in mind the quaint remark of an old Puritan expounder of the parable of the Sower:—"To the right and true interpreting of a

Hence arises another safe rule, and one which may almost be regarded as a canon of parabolic interpretation; *viz.*, that every distinct *point* or *feature* in the parable has *some meaning*; either conveying some distinct lesson, or bearing on the main truth. It is on this principle that our Lord himself interprets the parables of the sower, and of the tares and wheat; and it is ably laid down by the great German commentator, *Tholuck*. "It must be allowed," he says, "that a similitude is perfect in proportion as it is on all sides rich in applications; and hence, in treating the parables of Christ, the expositor must proceed on the presumption that there is import in every single point, and only desist from seeking it, when either it does not result without forcing, or when we can clearly show that this or that circumstance was merely added for the sake of giving intuitiveness to the narrative. *We should not assume anything to be non-essential, except when by holding it fast as essential, the unity of the whole is marred and troubled.*" How far exactly we are to carry our interpretation, in each particular case, must, however, be left to the teaching of the Spirit and the analogy of faith; but in general we are disposed to think that *too little*, rather than *too much*, instruction has been drawn from the parables.

We are of those who receive and hold fast the great doctrine of the *verbal inspiration* of the scriptures (a doctrine the importance of which at the present day cannot be over-rated), and who therefore believe that there is in no part of them anything useless, redundant, or unnecessary. It has been beautifully said by *Bishop Jewel*, "There is no sentence, no clause, no word; no syllable, no letter (of scripture), but it is written for thy instruction; there is not one jot, but it is sealed and signed with the blood of the Lamb. Our imaginations are idle, our thoughts are vain; but there is no idleness, no vanity in the word of the living God." To this glorious testimony we subscribe with heart and hand; and believing it, as we do in our heart of hearts, we are also led to conclude with the eloquent *Dr. Cumming*, that "every part of the parable, like every text of the Bible, has its meaning and its importance. A perfect portrait has no parts that do not contribute to the general effect, and through every part life glows and shines, so much so, that the absence of the minutest part would be a deficiency."

Beloved, the more we study the parables of Christ, the deeper we are enabled to penetrate their divine meaning, the more powerfully constrained shall we feel to adopt the language of the Jewish officers (*John vii. 46*), and say, "Never man spake like this man!" What a grand simplicity, what artless grace, what unstudied power, characterizes them all! Of what simple, yea, almost contemptible incidents and occurrences does he make pedestals for the exhibition of the sublimest mysteries. A Jewish wedding, the avocations of the husbandman, the most ordinary household drudgery, are made by Him to enunciate the grandest spiritual truths; and with what comprehensiveness and power are they enunciated. It is the prerogative of genius to beautify and ennoble all that it has to do with; like the fabled touch of Midas, it turns all that it touches into gold. A falling apple conveys no instruction to an ordinary mind, but to a Newton it serves as a clue to the great natural law of gravitation; and thus, while a sower sowing his seed, or a woman making bread, were doubtless things far too insignificant to attract the notice of the proud Pharisee or the supercilious Sadducee, to the eye of Jesus, undimmed by sin, and therefore able to decipher those mysterious and half-obliterated hieroglyphics with which God's book of creation is written over, they sha-

parable, a special help is, to consider attentively, and find out the proper scope and aim of our Lord Jesus Christ in propounding it; and not *too curiously press other things*, lest instead of milk we press out blood."—*Thomas Taylor*, 1621.

dowed forth truths of which the poor Sadducee knew nothing, and mysteries which were far above out of the blind Pharisee's sight.

Small as our own experience has been, little as we have been enabled to dig into the treasures of these spiritual mines of truth, we yet can enter warmly into the feelings of a certain writer, who, describing the long and laborious care he had bestowed on the study of the parables, says:—"Of my feelings and progress in studying the parables of our Lord, I have found no similitude worthy to convey the impression, save that of sailing through the pillars of Hercules into the Mediterranean Sea, where you have to pass between armed rocks, in a strait, and under a current, all requiring careful and skilful seamanship; but being past, opening into such a large, expansive, and serene ocean of truth, so engirdled round with rich and fertile lands, so inlaid with beautiful and verdant islands, and full of rich colonies and populous cities, that unspeakable is the delight and the reward it yieldeth to the voyager."*

It is time, however, that we should conclude these remarks on the parables in general, and apply ourselves to those seven in particular which we have undertaken, with the earnestly supplicated aid of the Holy Spirit, at this time to unfold. But before proceeding to interpret them in order, there are just *three* points relating to them as a whole, to which we would direct the reader's special attention.

1. The *first* is, *their unity of design*. The number *seven* we need hardly remark is continually employed in scripture in a mystical sense, and denotes completeness or perfection. Thus seven spirits (Rev. iv. 5, compare with i. 4), signify the Perfect, or Holy Spirit; seven churches (Rev. i. 20), the complete or universal church; and seven seals (Rev. v. 1), comprise the entire mystery of God's providence during the present dispensation. The seven parables in this chapter, in like manner, form a perfect series in themselves; they are a complete exhibition of the kingdom of heaven in its rise, development, and character. The great subject of them all is the same, and therefore, when rightly interpreted each will harmonize with all, and all with each; and if it be found that there is any jarring or incongruity between any of them when interpreted, we may safely conclude that our interpretation is not the right and true one, for assuredly there could be nothing but harmony in the words of the Divine Speaker of them, or in the mind of the Eternal Spirit who inspired those who recorded them.

2. The *second* thing which it is necessary for us to notice is, *the great subject of them all, i.e., the kingdom of heaven*. We say the subject of *all*, because though the *first* is not like the others, a comparison or likeness of the kingdom of heaven, it is nevertheless a statement of its rise and origin, as well as a description of the world at the time when this kingdom was about to be openly set up in it. The phrase itself, "the kingdom of heaven," as it occurs so frequently in our Lord's parables, is a very comprehensive one. It is called indifferently "the kingdom of heaven," or the "kingdom of God," both phrases being in fact abbreviations of that larger expression which we find in the second chapter of the book of Daniel, where Daniel in interpreting Nebuchadnezzar's vision, declares, in the forty-fourth verse, "And in the days of these kings shall *the God of heaven set up a kingdom*, which shall never be destroyed: and that kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever." The Jews therefore called this, which was their great expectation at

* Who the author of this noble passage may be I know not, it is quoted by Trench, from whom I borrow it; but he gives no reference, "lest," he says, "it should mar the pleasure of the reader." What a whet to curiosity!

the time of Christ, "the kingdom of the God of heaven," or more briefly, "the kingdom of God," or "the kingdom of heaven." Abstractedly considered, it signifies *Christianity*; but in its actual manifestation, *the Church*: either as the visible Church, including both the real and nominal professors of Christianity, or as the invisible and living Church of Christ, composed exclusively of the possessors of it: in other words, *Christianity incarnate*. And, moreover, it is always used (at least in *these* parables) with special reference to the present dispensation.

(*To be continued.*)

A CHRISTIAN NEGRO.

At a missionary meeting, Regents Town, Africa, to which place the dear Rev. S. Johnson was missionary, in the year 1820, one of those present, a negro young man, gave a very striking and affecting account of God's wondrous love and mercy to his soul, which I thought after reading it, might, under God, cheer and encourage some weary, cast-down, and tried Christian, if it were transferred to the pages of the *Gospel Magazine*. I quote the account from the biography of the Rev. S. Johnson (pp. 213, 214), which is as follows:—

"My dear brethren, I am not worthy to speak anything before you: for I am not worthy to mention the name of God. I see, and you know, when Mr. Johnson first come, he preach—I go and come back the same as I go: I no understand what he preach. He then preach again—the word he speak hurt me too much (very much), I feel heart sick. He say, "No man can enter into the kingdom of God, except he be born again—no thief, no bad man go there." Then me hear again that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. When I hear this it made me very glad. I was like a man who carry a bag full of stones on his head: I went into the bush and pray, and I get peace, and my heart glad. That time I see the light of God shine in my heart. When I go to Church, I have joy—when I go home, I have joy—when I in bed, I have joy—when I get up, I have joy. But this time I no feel so glad. I feel myself guilty: my heart is as hard as a rock. If God cast me into hell, He do good. I deserve it. But I thank Him for his salvation bought with blood. He save me freely. I see the difference now. When I was a little boy, no done suck, fight come into my country. My mammy ran away; and, when she run, she throw me away, and a man come and pick me up, and I no see my mammy again. By-and-bye they sell me for a bundle of tobacco."

After relating the circumstances of his being brought to Sierra Leone, he added,—“Missionary come here, and preach to us, and we pay nothing. England make us free, and bring us to this country. God, my brothers, has done great things for us; but I have denied Him like Peter. I can say, I am guilty before Him; but He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy. Oh, may He have mercy upon me! I am not able to do anything. I pray God to make us help God's word to cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. I believe that that word will come true. If any one got a penny let him give it, and pray God to bless our Society.”

This young African's address was so impressive that it brought tears from the eyes of the missionaries. Oh, what cannot the Lord do when He takes the most uncultivated barbarian, and the most hardened sinner in hand? Be encouraged ye mourners in Zion! Praise the Lord!

Feb. 11th, 1854.

R. C.

A PEEP INTO A RAGGED SCHOOL.

I WAS strolling through the city with a heart bowed down with sorrow, when I saw a large board pointing to "To the — Ragged Schools." "This will just suit me," thought I. "I'll go in and talk to some of these poor outcasts. In another minute I was in the midst of a spacious building, where were seated between one and two hundred children almost as unseemly to look at as any Tipperary muster I ever witnessed. Their appearance roused me to a concern for the safety of both my purse and my watch. I knew not what electric movements there might be between the pupils within, and the somewhat numerous party of abandoned men and women I had just passed through at the exterior of the building. The hymn sung, I whispered to the mistress, "I suppose there are thieves here?" "Thieves, Sir! oh, yes; such and such a form are all thieves; and only too glad with an opportunity of taking anything that comes in their way." "And shall I be able to get out safely?" "Oh, yes, at *this* hour." "Well," thought I, "this is an opportunity not to be lost;" so, turning round in the direction the mistress had intimated, I addressed myself specially to the class in question. It consisted of some twelve to fifteen boys, varying in age from ten to sixteen or eighteen. There was the dark penetrating eye, the hard-set brow, the look of keen speculative inquiry. In a word, there sat before me a row of young London thieves.

"You have been singing, my boys, about God. Can you tell me what God is?"—"A spirit," was the answer. "Where is God?"—"In heaven." "The same question was once put to a little girl; and her reply was, 'Can you tell me where God is *not*?' Ah, my poor boys, what a mercy it would be for you and me, if we could always think of that. What a mercy, if when tempted to say or to do what was wrong, we could think of these words, 'Thou, God, seest me.' Now when there is a thought put into our minds to do something that we ought not to do; when we are *tempted*, do you know who it is that tempts?"—"The devil, Sir." "Yes, the devil, not God; because the Bible says, that God cannot tempt any man. But do you know that there is something besides the devil that tempts? My little attentive group seemed amazed at this, and listened with renewed interest whilst I attempted to explain.

"Do you remember, boys, the old-fashioned way of getting a light? It was before lucifer matches were made."—"They used to have a flint and steel, Sir."

"Yes; well, what then?"—"Why, they'd burn a piece of linen, to make tinder, and then they'd strike the flint and steel together, and a spark would fall upon the tinder; and so they'd get a light."

"Quite right. Now, would it have been of any use to have struck that spark upon a book or a board?"—"No, Sir."

"No; the tinder must be prepared for the spark. Well now, my poor boys, what that tinder was to the flint and the steel, our hearts are to the devil. They are bad; they are wicked; they are made ready for the temptation—for the spark to fall on them, and set them on fire. There was One, and only One, who could say, 'The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.' That was Jesus Christ. Can you tell me who He was?"—"The Son of God?"

"What did He do?"—"He died for sinners."

"Yes, He died for sinners; poor, guilty, lost sinners."

"Well, boys, we shall never meet here on earth again. Can you tell me where we *shall* meet?"—"In heaven, Sir!" said all, with much emphasis.

The readiness and the heartiness of this response touched the writer greatly. "In heaven! Ah, my boys, would God that we may meet *there*. But there is another place where we *must* meet. At the judgment! 'It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment.' 'We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.' What a solemn fact is this. But you talk of heaven—how are we to get to heaven?"—"By prayer, Sir."

"No, it is something more than *that*. *Prayer*, merely, would not take you to heaven. If you were to ask me for a shilling, you would not be satisfied with mere *asking*, would you? That *asking* would be *praying*; and it is not the *asking* or the *praying*, but the *getting*, you would be pleased with."

"Well, then, it is not *prayer*, but *blood* that is to take us to heaven. Can you tell me where blood is spoken of?"—"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"Ah! that's it, that's it. Blood, the blood of Jesus Christ! The Lord help you to think about that precious blood. And when you think what sinners you are—and how you would like to be forgiven—and how you would love to go to heaven; the Lord enable you to think of this, 'the blood of Jesus Christ.'"

At the close of this at least to me deeply interesting conversation, the mistress approached, and said, "Will you close the school with prayer, Sir?" I could not but comply; commending these once poor outcasts to the pity, compassion, and tender mercy of Him who, addressing the pharisees in the days of his flesh, said, "Even *publicans* and *harlots* shall enter the kingdom before you."

As I left the building, I turned once again to the class I had been talking to, and said, "Boys, try and think of what I have said to you."—"We will, Sir, we will," was their hearty answer as the writer descended the stairs.

And in what a different frame of mind he left the school to that in which he entered it. Melted at the feet of his loving Lord, he was led, with tears of earnest entreaty, to beg that the seed thus feebly sown might be watered by his own hand, and in due time spring up, and bear fruit to his own everlasting glory.

Oh that it would please Thee, Thou immutable I AM, with whom "nothing is too hard," to smile upon that visit. Thou art Almighty to save. Thou takest two of a family, and one of a city, and bringest them unto Zion. None dare stay Thine hand, nor say, What doest Thou? If it pleaseth Thee, then, apply some word spoken. Bring it to remembrance, blessed Spirit! Make it a word of convicting, converting, comforting power. Yea, Thou "who hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world, to confound the mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in Thy presence;" do Thou condescendingly, and mercifully, and graciously grant that some brand may be plucked from the eternal burnings, instrumentally, through an apparently casual visit to A RAGGED SCHOOL.

"GRACE all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

Cave Adullam, Feb. 16, 1854.

D.

“BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN THE LORD.”

Time rolls away, we know not how, in quick succession pass
The years—the sands run out, and turned is Time's most certain glass.
Before we think the end is near, we stand amazed to view,
How little we have done, O Lord—how little we can do.
The old, the young, are called, are spared, just as thy sovereign will
Decrees; let man rebel—deny, yet thou art righteous still.
Our steps are ordered by the Lord, our times are in his hands,
And pilgrims travel on constrained to move as He commands.
A young and ardent pilgrim was journeying on his way,
Through a waste howling wilderness which far before him lay;
His rapid step, his happy look, betrayed a peaceful mind,
Unheeding those who sluggishly were creeping far behind:
He turned not to the right nor left, but straight directs his eyes,
And presses on as if he hoped to gain some glorious prize.

'Twas not as if he beat the air, contending in a race,—1 Cor. ix. 26.
A sweet assurance marked his steps, and joy beamed in his face;
He lingered not, his lips were closed, he nothing had to say—
To haughty looks and taunting words, of those in the broad way.
He oft had warned, had wooed, had prayed, that they this road would leave;
He found it vain, but learned this truth—“the dead cannot believe.”
But stop—an aged pilgrim walks before him in the way,
He lingers now with joy, and feels to him he has much to say.
The aged pilgrim travels on, as if eternal love
Had placed beneath his feet a rock, which nought on earth could move;
His sober step was firm and free, a staff his right hand bore,
On which he leaned with giant strength, yet seemed to pant for more.
His left hand grasped a precious rod—“These comfort do afford
(He said with fervency) for they are thine, O Lord.”—Ps. xxiii. 4.
His silver locks which Time had bleached, but had not borne away—
In ringlets fell around his neck, waiting the burial day.
His soft blue eye, his placid smile, portrayed a heavenly calm;
Yet boldly walked as if on high he waved the victor's palm—
His high unfurrowed brow was bare, his head a helmet bore,—Ps. cxxi. 6.
Which saved from smiting seen by day, or east wind's sullen roar.—Isa. xxvii. 8.
He hears a step behind—he stops—he turned—with wonder faced
A younger pilgrim travelling on, with ardour and with haste;
A moment's pause—ecstatic joy appeared their hearts to swell:
They meet—embrace, and each exclaims, “The Lord doth all things well.”
And art thou still a traveller here, beloved pilgrim friend?
Yes, yes, my boy, I still am here, but near my journey's end.
Many a weary step I've paced, since I lost sight of thee;
Yet faith, and hope, and love, have kept me still from murmuring free:
The Lord my shield—his word my sword—my Shepherd and my God—
He marked my path, and in his faith this wilderness I've trod,
Weak in myself and prone to sin, in flesh no good can dwell,
Jesus alone has kept me up—He hath done all things well.

But, fellow pilgrim, how hast thou pass'd through this dreary waste—
Thy sword looks bright, thy step was firm, and making wondrous haste;
A wondrous secret I have learned—the secret of the Lord
Will be with those who fear his name, and trust his faithful word—
Strong in the Lord I have faced my foes—He leaves I surely fall;
I have learned that I can nothing do, that Jesus must be all.
Now having met we part no more, to help thee on thy way
Our Lord has plainly sent me here—thou must not now say nay.
He has, he has, he faintly said—thou art, O Lord, all wise;
Yes, thou hast sent thy younger child to close these aged eyes.
Those eyes he raised with love divine—he pressed young pilgrim's hand—
Jesus, our Lord, our God, is true—complete in him we stand;
Still, still pursue, the Lord thy prop—my journey now is past:
My Jesus thou art all—my all:—he sweetly breathed his last.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE,

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE EXPERIENCE OF A CHILD OF GOD.

AN individual who for some years has had experience of lovingkindnesses from the God that keepeth covenant—the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—one day in the course of his worldly avocation, found necessary for the taking some dimensions on the top of a roof. There were reasons why he should see the spot, and judge for himself; but he was not used to that sort of thing, and in addition was the subject of a physical infirmity which others considered unfitted him for such undertaking. The instinctive timidity which is natural to all, induced him to turn the matter over in his mind, and he reasoned thus—“Is it in the course of duty that you are about to put yourself in this situation of peril? If it were, you have abundant promises to lean on. But cannot you send a workman up who is used to it? Yes, but suppose an accident should happen to him, what would you say to yourself? to send another because you were afraid to go yourself.” Then *doubt* puts in, “You might rely on the promises if in the path of duty; but is it your duty to go up there? It is no part of your business—send a man whose business it is.” “That is all well and good; but if there is danger to me, there is danger to another, and I have no right to send another where I dare not go myself—and besides I have promises that may not belong to him whom I may send.” “Stop there—Have you any promise you shall not get a fall?” “No, Satan; but I *have* the promise *there shall no harm happen to me*; and as it is not inconsistent with my duty, I may do it,” &c.

He was nearly at the top of a high ladder, thinking of nothing but the matter in hand, when suddenly it flashed before him, that the ladder was slipping out at foot. Instantly he was alive to the peril of his situation, and fully aware that nothing short of the outstretching of the arm of Jehovah could save him. “*My God!*” (with emphasis on the pronoun) was the only ejaculation that passed his mind, for none passed his lips, and with the ladder he was dashed to the ground on a pavement of iron slabs. He rose, his face and head covered with blood and dirt, and sensible of such severe injury to both knees, that he could hardly stand. Satan was at his elbow, and for a minute—but, blessed be the Lord, it was not for long—he entered into argument with the adversary. “There,” says Satan, “look at your presumption; you will be a little humbler for the future; you will not carry your head quite so high.” “Well,” says the child of God, “I had no need to go up there, and if I would go up, it serves me right, but *I did think it was in the path of duty, and I might lean on my God*, but I was mistaken. Still it was *my* mistake; I had no authority from Him to take to me the promise. I am sure I thought I was glorifying Him in trusting Him. Oh how shall one know whither the Lord would have Him go?”

“Thoughts from the tongue that slowly part,
Flash quick as lightning through the heart.”

A few moments in such circumstances are equal to hours of ordinary existence. The tongue—how much more the pen—fails to express that which is borne in the soul at once with startling distinctness. The renewed soul, when once brought as it were into the immediate presence of its God, is impregnated with seed, which nurtured by the Holy Ghost, cannot fail to grow to fruit.

But we left the soul reeling under the blows of an artful foe, making the most of his opportunity. Faith rushes in an instant to the rescue. “What!

do you stand there debating with the liar? He would have done you more harm if he might; but *underneath were the everlasting arms*, and you were let down just hard enough, and not one jot or tittle beyond. Now learn from this its lesson—you were in danger of falling into the error of misunderstanding the promises. *You have no promise of temporal immunity*, rather the reverse; but you have the promise that all the afflictions in mind, body, or estate which befall you, are ordained *for your good always*. It might, in this instance, have been part of the course of events ordained for your good that you should thus lose a limb, or lose the use of one, or be maimed or mutilated; if so, so it would be, and then you would have cause to adore the loving wisdom that ordered it so, when you reaped the fruit it was appointed to bring forth. Over and over again you have had experience that *deliverance* (that characteristic of the mercies of the child of God) is the prominent feature of your mercies. All your mercies, ever since you learned to recognize them, have borne this impress (and it is right and proper that they should, for it is the signet of thy Lord, who, as He has delivered thee from thy sins, so also now doth deliver thee from the curse which sin has imparted into all providences). Mercies of deliverance have been multiplied upon you. *Deliverances* in mental turmoils; *deliverances* in matters of this world's goods; *deliverances* in afflictions of the kindly affections; *deliverances* in personal peril; and now *deliverance* from mischief to body."

The transgression opened the way for Jehovah the Son to come forth in that glorious character whereunto he was officed of old—the *Redeemer and Deliverer*. The afflictions and oppressions of Israel in Egypt, gave occasion to foreshow Him in this official character. And such has been *Christian experience* in all ages of the Church, viz., that faith ever finds the womb of affliction to be big with mercies of deliverance; and gets rid of much of the unsavoriness of the mother in anticipating her sweet offspring.

When the Christian has acquired Christian experience in the school of Jehovah's appointment, he is enabled to look back and add to his Christian experience from the incidents of the pathway along which he had previously trod in ignorance. Even as the ruminating animals (clean under the law, to set forth the children of God) busily gather food in the morning of the day, but it can afford no nourishment till quietly reposing (often where no food grows), they again pass it under the teeth: so the experienced child of God, when apparently lazily reposing in a barren place, is growing in grace and wisdom, by ruminating over the incidents of the pathway along which he has been led. The result of which is, that experience reviewing the past, and seeing Jesus at every step, emboldens faith to look through the covers of the sealed book of the future, and to behold Him there in every line of every page; and so in confidence and rest calmly to await the turning of each succeeding leaf, careless what may be the trial or rod written thereon, knowing there must be some, for so it is ordained, but casting the care of it on Him who careth *for us*; who hath delivered and doth deliver, and whom we trust that He will yet deliver.

To Him, therefore, who was delivered up for our sins, that He might deliver us from our sins; whom death and hell delivered up for his righteousness sake, wherefore also they cannot hold the spirits of his saints. To Him who overcame and hath sat down with the Father on his throne—to Him we look for wisdom and strength, whereby we also may overcome and so receive the promised crown, in anticipation of which we would join the chorus of heaven in praising and magnifying his holy name, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord, most high.

"THERE'S NAE STRIFE HERE."

A WORD spoken in due season how good is it ! Oh how unspeakably good ! and who can recount the goodness of the Great Giver in sending the word at the seasonable moment ? Illness had laid me low, and I felt myself returning to an unkind, unfeeling, ungrateful world. Satan is sure to find his way into a sick room, and to take advantage of a weak body and a weary mind. One after another his fiery darts had been aimed at me ; I felt grieved with every body and everything ; my heart went to this grave and that grave, and it seemed as if sympathy and tenderness were buried with the friends of my youth. Turning on my couch in a restless impatient spirit, I said to myself, "How sorry I am I'm recovering ;" when the door was gently opened, and an intimate choice friend came in. After conversing a little, M. said, "I have been thinking much of an observation an individual made to me, that at this present time the prevailing temptation of Satan is the *sowing discord at home and abroad*. In a moment I was subdued ; I saw it was strife within which had been stirring up all these unhallowed feelings, and when again left alone to my own reflections, I felt how true was the remark which had been repeated to me. Oh, reader, is it not a mournful fact that Satan is sowing strife in our hearts, our homes, our streets, our churches ! He hates love as much as he loves discord ; and wherever there is union, off he goes to break it up. Is there happiness at the fireside ? the devil will come and gender strife. Is there peace in the churches ? listen to the war-note. He sets the minister against the people, and the people against the minister ; envy, suspicion, and evil speaking break out among the members. One says to another, Is this thy kindness to thy friend ? and in bitterness of spirit one unjustly slandered child of God exclaims, "It was not an enemy who reproached me, then I could have borne it ; but it was *thou* !" and another, "the house of Judah hath dealt treacherously." Oh amidst all this discord and strife of tongues, how sweet to get a glimpse of that heavenly city peaceful as a sea of glass, and of which the Scotch elder said, "*There's nae strife there !*"* and I will conclude this page by a brief reference to the remarkable fact which occasioned those words. There was a Scotch elder, who by his unrestrained temper was always creating disquiet at his chapel ; and this was a source of deep sorrow to the venerable minister, a man of peace. There had been a great outbreak on Church matters, and the aged pastor sought repose at the house of a friend in the country. On the following morning the elder came down to breakfast, heavy and cloudy. His wife asked what was the matter ? He said he had had a strange dream ; that he was at the bottom of a steep hill, at the top of which was the gate of heaven, where saints and angels stood : as he reached the top of the hill, who should come out to meet him but his aged minister, and holding out his hand he said to the elder, *Come awa, John, come awa, there's nae strife here*. Just then, while recounting his dream, a letter was brought in, it was from the friend at whose house the old pastor had gone to seek quiet, and it stated that the dear man on the evening of his arrival had spoken with sorrow of the chapel-meeting, and expressed himself weary of all this turmoil, adding, "I wish my dear Lord would take me home." The next morning he did not come down to breakfast, and on going into his room they found him sleeping peacefully in death. He had gone to the country where there is *nae strife*.

* See an affecting little tract published by Groom, entitled "The Elder's Dream," &c.

ETERNAL SECURITY.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Some sixteen months ago an old acquaintance of yours paid a visit to one of our parish Churches here, on the occasion of the weekly lecture, and very coolly, without leave or licence, carried off a few of the preacher's thoughts, which the aforesaid preacher was surprised afterwards, to find recorded in the pages of the *Gospel Magazine*, the August Number of the year before last. The subject of his discourse on the occasion referred to, was I remember (Psalm xv. 1), "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?" On lately looking over the preacher's *note-book* (which indeed I cannot say I consider any great privilege; for, like the manna kept over, the old notes have often, to me, an unsavory taste), my eyes fell on a few notes of his last lecture on this beautiful psalm! and as I have his leave to make what use I please of them, it just occurred to me that you might think well of doing with them as you did with "old Jonathan's" notes (for in that name did my worthy friend occasionally indulge). So, having a spare moment, I shall transcribe them for you, as well as I can.

Ever your faithful friend and brother,

Waterford, Feb. 1854.

J. M.

"*He that doeth these things shall never be moved.*"—Psalm xv. 5.

IN considering the graces to be manifested, the virtues to be exercised, by the Lord's accepted people, which subject has been engaging our attention for several Wednesdays past; we took occasion, you may remember, to notice some of the corresponding vices to be avoided; and it may not be amiss, if, before we bring our lectures on this psalm to a close, we touch slightly on some of the leading points that have occupied us in the course of our meditations on these important subjects, such as the believer's *walk, works, and words*; again desiring that it may be borne in mind, that we are not now considering *the grounds of acceptance* with God, but *the marks that distinguish the accepted* from all others; with the former let us never forget the believer's *walk, works, or words have nothing whatever to do*,

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

His finished work, the ground of acceptance; their works unfinished, the evidence. "He that doeth these things shall never be moved." What things? In the 1st place he walketh uprightly, as God required the father of the faithful to do (Gen. xvii. 1) (see margin, where the word translated perfect is rendered *upright*). He *is* what he professes to be, there is a correspondence between the *lip* and *heart* in his case. His eye may be *weak*, but it is *single*. Simulation and dissimulation he will, alike, prayerfully watch against, neither pretending to be what he is not, nor concealing what he is.

Apart from *sincerity* there is no *real, vital* religion, not, however, that all *sincere* religion is *real*, a notion as destructive as it is common.

Again, his *works*, "He worketh righteousness," which we understood to describe the Christian as one *conscientious* and *just* in all his dealings; faithful and fair towards all with whom he has to do. As one, too, who Zacharias-like, walks in all the ordinances of the Lord, manifesting in the life those graces of the Spirit which attest the heart's sincerity and uprightness, &c.

And thirdly, *his words*—"he speaketh the truth in his heart." In elucidating this characteristic of the Christian, we noticed how distinguishing a

glory was the *faculty of speech*. How vast its influence in human affairs ! So vast as to be designated the rudder that steers them—the spring that sets the wheels of action going, &c. ; as that which diversifies human life, transacting its *business*, regulating its commerce, laws, &c., that possessing a gift of such immense influence, what care should be taken that it be *rightly used* and not abused, as it too often is, to God's dishonour and our neighbour's injury. Then *the object* about which this faculty should be employed, viz. *truth*, so precious in all its parts, and so connected with God's glory and sovereignty, that he has guaranteed its vindication here or hereafter ; that his people were required to resemble Him in this respect—*truth* must be precious in their eyes. That their duty in the matter had a two-fold aspect, as it regarded *God*, and as it concerned *man*. That in the former case it might be viewed as respecting their *professions, promises, and prayers* ; in the latter their *intercourse with their fellow men*. That this conformity to Him who was *incarnate truth* (for such it is) was by the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit (Eph. iv. 24, 25). We noticed, too, the force of the expression, *in his heart*, as stronger than *from his heart*, and implying the *habit* of the Christian. The next point was the Christian character as here represented, in *its negative* aspect—"he backbiteth not with his tongue," &c. Our remarks were confined chiefly however to that feature of it described in the first clause of the verse, "*he backbiteth not*, where we remarked that the word backbiteth, or slandereth, as in some translations, was rendered by the Chaldee paraphrase (a work of high authority among the Jews) speaketh *with a third tongue* ; thus representing the slanderer as injuring *three* at once, the slanderer, the hearer, and himself, from the first taking away that which is a treasure more precious than gold, a good name, &c. (Prov. xxii. 1) ; the second he injures by awakening suspicions in his mind, and creating prejudices ; and thirdly, *himself* he debases, depraving his moral sense, and making himself an object of dread to some, and of dislike to all. That did people only give heed to the apostle's exhortation (Phil. ii. 3, 4), destruction or slander would be a thing unheard of—"Let nothing be done through strife," &c. That *here* we had the sum of all our duties upon *this head* ; and that whoever would bend his whole heart to fulfil this lesson, needed no definition of duty, the spirit of truth his expositor, and the *sense of his own vileness* his corrective, &c. The remaining features of character in the citizen of Zion we very briefly noticed, that he was one who condemned the vile however exalted, and honoured them that feared the Lord, however lowly their lot or poor their circumstances ; one who would have recourse to no unworthy expedients to advance his secular interests, whether by *extortion*, putting out his money to usury, or by *bribery*, taking reward against the innocent. But of whom could all this be said ? Where shall we look for a *union* of all these tempers, and this *habitual* conduct ? We shall seek in vain for them, indeed, among the fallen sons of men. The Holy One of God alone *fully* answers the description of the psalmist. Yet there will be a resemblance, though faint, between the *Head* and the *members* ; which *as it is the result of blessed union*, so is it an unequivocal proof of acceptance. None that afford it can ever be induced to final apostasy ; nor can they come short of final glory. "He that doeth these things shall never be moved ;" thus ratifying the character of *Zion's citizen*, the psalm concludes,—like Zion's hill itself *he is*, "which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever."

Here we look off again from the *members*, to contemplate their *glorious Head*. He who when He came forth for the salvation of his people, was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners ;" and who, *as such*, alone was *entitled* to residence upon the holy hill. He had to bear the *cross*

before He put on the *crown*; and had to manifest the holiness of his nature before He ascended up on high, where He ever liveth their all-prevailing Intercessor.

Believer, think, and as you think, rejoice and be exceeding glad; think of the dignity of the present position of your-fulfilling Surety, He who has *for you done all that is here enumerated*, and who shall never be moved from his power and purpose, to bring to glory the children the Father hath given Him—yes, *every one of them for whom He hath tasted death* (Heb. ii. 9). Contemplate Him as exalted at the right hand of God, in that human body that expired on the cross of shame, now encircled by a glory incomprehensible and endless; all power in heaven and earth committed to Him: possessing a name which is above every name—angels and archangels, principalities and powers being subject unto Him, the mighty God, the everlasting Father! And then *the objects* connected with his risen life, how vast an extent of interests do they comprehend! Pledge of inviolable security and immortal joy to all his people. He ever liveth—*liveth*, that He may save them to the uttermost; *liveth*, that He may send down the Spirit of grace, to enlighten and quicken, to counsel and comfort, to succour and sanctify; *liveth*, that He may complete the magnificent plans connected with the enlargement of his Church; *liveth*, that He may guide successive generations in rectitude and honour through the wilderness of time, and fill the many mansions of his Father's house with countless millions of his blood redeemed.

How blessed is *union with such a Being*, securing as it does *strength* for overcoming every difficulty, and *light* for our passage through every dark valley, till at length we behold and share his everlasting glory. Well, surely might the aged saint of God, of whom it is recorded, realizing this union with an unseen Saviour, thus affectingly express his feelings in the prospect of dissolution:—

“When I’m to die, receive me I’ll cry;
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this I can find, *we two are so joined*,
He’ll not be in glory, and leave me behind.”

Oh, no, this could not be; the promises of a covenant God forbid it—“The righteous shall hold on their way.” Temptations shall not overcome, nor troubles overwhelm, *so as to prevent them attaining this hope and home.*

“The grace which turned their wandering steps,
To tread the heavenly road;
Will new supplies each hour provide,
As they pass on to God.”

The *perfections* of Jehovah, too, guarantee their security. See how his *power* secures them—“No one is able to pluck them out of my Father’s hand.” His *wisdom*—“Thou shalt *guide* me with *thy counsel*, and afterwards receive me to glory.” His *faithfulness*—“The Lord is *faithful*, who shall establish and *keep you from evil*.” His *mercy*—“The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me. *Thy mercy*, O God, endureth for ever.” In like manner his *love* and *holiness* might be adduced. But that perfection of Jehovah which may be regarded as the *grand secret* of the believer’s preservation, or as it has been called, the *rock-work* of their security, is *his immutability*—“For I am the Lord, *I change not*, &c. (Mal. iii. 6). It is the *present tense*, you perceive; it is not said, *I have not changed*, but *I change not—ever the same*. St. James uses a remarkable expression indicative of this attribute—“With whom,” he says, “is *no shadow of turning*.” A notion that obtained among the ancients was, that the sun turned back. Not so the *believer’s Sun*, which is always at its meridian, never alters—the great I Am.

"Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy."

How blessedly *safe* then the condition of the believer here on earth !

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

As a dying pauper lately said to me, with an emphasis I shall not soon forget, "*I am safe if I die in a ditch.*" I had inquired her object in sending for me—whether my ministrations were a ground of dependence with her, &c. "No, no, Sir," she replied, "I have learned a different lesson from *that* ; I sent for you to speak words of comfort to me, but not to save me—I *am safe*, if I die in a ditch." "Behold a place by me," said God to Moses once, "and thou shalt stand upon a rock." This poor woman, Moses like, had already taken refuge *there*, and *felt* she was standing on a rock, and could *never be moved*—that rock was *Christ*. "I am safe on the Rock," said another dying believer—" *He put me there.*"

I trust I address some who know by happy experience much of the blessedness of this *security* ; and in the midst of feeble, fainting, fluctuating frames and circumstances, can rejoice in it and be exceeding glad, giving daily evidence that theirs is a *well-grounded confidence*, by a self-denying, holy, and consistent life—theirs is "a hope that maketh not ashamed," by their *walk*, and *works*, and *words*. The Lord bless his word to the edification of his believing people who are here this morning, and to the awakening of those who are yet uncalled by grace, and his name shall have the praise.

REJOICING.

"*Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you ; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.*"—Luke x. 20.

WHAT ! the disciples might have said, not rejoice at the silence of diabolical opposition, at the kind reception that has been given us, at the happy effect which the power to heal the sick, and to declare that the kingdom of God is come nigh, has produced ; and at the reception of our message, that the long expected Messiah has arrived. May we not well rejoice that "even the devils are subject unto us through thy name !" "Rather," saith our Lord, "rejoice" that you are living witnesses of these things, and that you are the people who sat in darkness, and on whom the light hath shined. "My kingdom," saith Jesus, "is not of this world ;" look not therefore to outward evidences, rather let your rejoicing be of the hidden man of the heart ; that the Son of God was manifested to take away your sins : and that in his name so great has been the success, and so astonishing the results of your mission. Well might the disciples exclaim with the Psalmist, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory ;" that through such feeble instrumentality thy great mercy should be proclaimed. This might well have been their language, had they fully understood their Lord's words, v. 16, "He that heareth you, heareth me ; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me ; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me." They might well ascribe all their success to the Lord, rejoice less that "the spirits were subject unto them," than that they were privileged to point "to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world ;" to declare that "the kingdom of God was at hand ;" that they were messengers of peace ; that the Lord, whom the Jewish people had for ages sought, had suddenly, in respect to their preparation for Him, come to his temple ; that God manifest in the flesh, was now in their midst ; and the awful denunciations he had commanded them to declare on all who rejected them (v. 10—15), would surely come to pass.

This startling and solemn mission might well impress the seventy with the importance and dignity of the work they had been engaged upon ; and though not so fully occupied with that on which they should rather rejoice, until reminded by Jesus himself of their inheritance with himself in glory, by the assurance of the enrolment of each by name in the Lamb's book of life, yet they had great joy in seeing the blessed effects which their going forth in his name had produced ; and they must have been prepared to receive the marvellous declaration of Christ (v. 18, 19) of Satan's overthrow, and their invulnerability amidst all the troubles, persecutions, distresses, and final victory over all the power of the enemy, which they were to be the subjects of, and were to be unhurt by, which victory and triumph the chosen number are represented as possessing in perfect joy (Rev. xiv. 1—5).

We may hence learn that the eternal love of God in our names being written in heaven, is greater cause for joy than the evidence of that love *in* us, or the fruits of that love *by* us ; that God having chosen us *to* holiness is greater cause of rejoicing than the *evidence* of that "holiness without which no man can see the Lord ;" that the covenant which Jesus appeared in our nature to ratify, is infinitely more glorious than the putting forth of the sovereign power in subduing all our enemies. And whilst such effects of his Divine power and Godhead are causes for great joy ; whilst they tend to establish the soul in the blessed conviction with which Peter was favoured in declaring to the Lord's question, "Whom say ye that I am ?—Thou art *the* Christ," the unfathomable bounds of love are yet greater cause for rejoicing, that God hath from the beginning chosen us to salvation ; that Jesus, Immanuel, God with us, came forth in the fulness of time to stand in the sinner's place, and give his life a ransom : that He should "by his one offering for ever perfect them that are sanctified," set apart, enrolled as members of his mystical body, in whose book they were all written, when as yet there was none of them in open manifestation. But, blessed be God, "He seeth the end from the beginning ;" poor puny man, who dared rebel against Jehovah's holy law, cannot controvert the eternal purpose which He purposed in himself before the world began, in forming a people to himself, who should show forth his praise, which covenant and its accomplishment naught can disannul. And although, oh mystery of mysteries, Jesus the Son of God became a man, and went to the very depths of sorrow, even death itself, yet herein was the sovereignty of love shown ; for "the children being partakers of flesh and blood, He himself likewise took part of the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil ; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Oh my soul, much as you rightly prize deliverance from every enemy you meet with in the world, never forget the gracious words of your Lord, who said, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me ; and this is the will of Him that sent Me : that of all whom He hath given me I should lose none, but should raise them up again at the last day : " and who *for ever* discomfited all your enemies, making even death itself the portal to your heavenly inheritance. Rather rejoice that God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth ; that it is your privilege to believe that the Son of God is come ; that you have an inward witness to your record which is on high ; and soon, very soon, you shall enter into full possession of the mansion Jesus said He is gone to prepare for you (John xii. 2), when your rejoicing shall be perfect, for you shall return to the Lord on his heavenly throne, the spirits through his name being all subject unto you, and you having overcome through the blood of the Lamb, when you shall be like Him, for you shall see Him as He is.

A PHILIPPIAN.

The Protestant Beacon.

THE PRESENT STATE OF POPERY IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

REV. SIR,—The following extracts from a Lecture delivered yesterday evening by Father Gavazzi, in Exeter Hall, may perhaps be considered worthy of a corner in your *Protestant Beacon*, especially at a time when the popular notion is, that Romanism is not on the ascendancy. "Facts are stubborn things."

I am, dear Sir,

yours truly,

W.

Feb. 17, 1854.

"A few years ago there were in America, only four Roman Catholic Bishops—there are now forty-two!"

Maynooth is but a nursery of snakes, that will one day poison you.

The Church of Rome may be compared to the serpent who caused the fall of man by tempting Eve first—not daring to address himself directly to Adam.

The Jesuits ought to be expelled by force, as being opposed in their very doctrine to political, civil, and religious liberty—to science, commerce, and all progress whatsoever. When the act against the Jesuits was passed, England only reckoned fourteen of them; there are now more than four hundred amongst us!!

Constitutional freedom and nunneries are altogether opposed to one another.

Some of the highest families in England send their daughters to the "*Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*," so that they may speak French beautifully: it would be better to teach them how to read beautifully the English Bible.

The Jesuits of Oxford are more to be feared than those of Rome: those of Pusey more than those of Loyola."

IS NOT PUSEYISM POPERY?

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I will give you a case in proof, that the above question must be answered in the affirmative. Make any use of it you please. A lady came into my shop the other night, and asked if I had any Puseyite sermons. She said, "My daughter has just been married to a Puseyite clergyman, and he has gone to his living in the country, and has written to me to send him some sermons to preach there: and he said, if I could get him Cardinal Wiseman's, they would suit him best."

Yours in the truth as it is in Jesus,

W. HOLMES.

POPERY ENGLAND'S CURSE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—In the sweet "*New Year's Salutation*," which appears in this month's Magazine, I find a word for "M. M.," relative to "the signs of the times." Four important questions are asked, to which I might perhaps have been tempted to reply (though to the second and most important the weighty remarks of *Dr. Croly*, given on the very next page, are a better answer than I could make), but the signature to the paper arrests my pen. Though, I trust, always ready to give to every one that asketh me, "A reason of the hope (or rather in this case, fear) that is in me," I cannot, on a *non-vital* subject, enter into anything having the appearance of controversy with one whom I love and honour, as I do Mr. Hewlett; a man whose praise is in all the Churches of the saints, and "the latchet of whose shoes," I deeply feel, "I am unworthy to unloose."

The great subject of unfulfilled prophecy is especially one on which we may adopt the language of the Apostle, and say, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind" (Rom. xiv. 5); though at the same time, we shall do well to remember the solemn rebuke administered by the Lord Jesus Himself, to the Jews in his day, for not "discerning the signs of the times" (Luke xii. 56); while we humbly endeavour to become partakers of the rich blessing pronounced at the opening of the most mysterious of all the prophetic writings (I mean the Apocalypse), upon "Him that readeth, and they that hear (that is, understand and receive), the words of that prophecy" (Rev. i. 3). St. Peter tells us that, "We have a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well to take heed," as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts" (2 Pet. i. 19). Mark, it is not said, "When the day dawns," but, "Until the day dawns." Prophecy is only given us as a light and guide, during the continuance of this dark "night of weeping;" if it does not do this, it has been given to us in vain, for the lamp will cease to be needed, and go out, amid the glowing splendour of the uprisen day.

As regards Popery, there is one remark made by *Dr. Croly*, which greatly struck me on first reading his admirable letter in the *Morning Herald*, and again in the extract from it given in the Magazine; it is this—"ROME IS THE GREAT ENEMY, AND TO RESIST HER IS THE GREAT DUTY." This is indeed a noble saying; methinks one of

those living and burning words which can never die. It is worthy of being ranked with *Chillingworth's* great saying,—“The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants;” and with *Cecil's*,—“Popery is Satan's masterpiece:” and I could wish it written in golden letters, and hung up in every minister's study in Great Britain. Oh, if my feeble voice could reach our statesmen and politicians, I would say to them, “Little as you seem to think it, blind as you are on the subject, it is not Russian ambition, or French invasion, that you have especially to guard against: ‘*Rome is the great enemy, and to resist her is your great duty.*’” To every true minister of Christ, I would also say, it is not some non-essential opinions, it is not the traditions of men, it is not our denomination, that you ought to fight for; “*Rome is the great enemy, and to resist her is your great duty.*” Yea, to every true-hearted Protestant in the world, I would cry, be not led away by any hollow political cry; be not lulled into a fatal security; “*Rome is the great enemy, and to resist her is your great duty.*”

England expects us to do this duty; her prosperity, her standing among the nations of the earth, her very existence depends upon it. “*England's protest is England's shield.*” England's Protestantism is her only safety; let that fail, and blasted by the ban of heaven, she shall fall and perish for ever. *The world expects us to do this duty*; from the dungeons of the Inquisition—from Tuscany—from France, there are sad voices crying to us, remember us, pray for us, fight for us! *God expects us to do this duty*; Rome is his enemy as well as ours; oh, let us greatly fear lest the curse of Meroz come upon us, if with tongue, and pen, and money, and every tittle of influence we possess, we “come not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.”

May the Lord guide us into all truth, and of his great mercy bring us all to that “happy home,” where we shall see “eye to eye,” and “know, even as we are known.”

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours in the Lord Jesus, our hope,
Liverpool, Feb. 3rd, 1854. M. M.

The Family Recorder.

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

SORROWING YET ALWAYS REJOICING.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

TO MY BROTHER BELOVED OF AND IN THE LORD, chosen unto salvation through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ, grace be unto you and peace be multiplied; I rejoice in the Lord and bless Him on your behalf that He hath put you in a position quite opposite to the plains of ease; and in love and great mercy He keeps you poor and needy, without a stock in hand, as those have who live and walk after the flesh. It is very profitable, though far from pleasing to the flesh, to be like the merchant ships, to fetch our food from far; to live empty handed, as having nothing yet possessing all things: to have and to hold all things by faith according to the promise of life in Christ Jesus; and as all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, it is to the glory of God by us; and the promise is sure to all the seed. Then the mercy is plain, simple, and easy, however crooked, dark, and perplexing; the battle is not yours, but God's; “Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper:” and in this way we honour God with our substance; that is, faith, “The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;” and the Lord saith of such, “They that honour Me I will honour:”

and it is plain to them that understand, that our flesh, its feelings and desires, are not consociated with things that are spiritual, nor in union with the faith of God's elect; and it is by faith we stand, believing all things, hoping all things, and thus our faith and hope is in God: and in and by these things, the flesh against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh, that we learn and know that all things work together for good, &c., and we also are persuaded that nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, and as we are joined to the Lord, and one spirit, so Jesus, the eternal God our Refuge, hath identified Himself with us, having taken part of the children's flesh and blood; was God manifest in the flesh, and is Immanuel God with us; therefore “we have not an High-Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was tempted in all points like unto his brethren,” and knoweth how to succour them that are tempted; and thus it is written, “He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye.” Great trials and manifold afflictions and temptations, just keep us fit for manifold mercies, large blessings; “And as thy day so shall thy strength be;” and it is only such that wait upon the Lord and renew strength, mount up as on eagle's wings, run and are not weary, walk, and are not faint; and so we endure as seeing Him who is invisible, and so live and

walk by faith, looking unto Jesus, "And of his fulness we receive, and grace for grace." Hallelujah.

My brother, it is very blessed to be witnesses for the Lord and of his truth, who saith, "In Me ye shall have peace, in the world ye shall have tribulation;" this daily is in love, for as Jesus saith, "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world; but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." I am very pleased concerning these things, and I have no desire to have one thing altered; every conflict, struggle, oppression, burden, and sinking in the depths, and to chatter like a crane or swallow, is far better and more blessed to a child of God, than a world or heaven without Jesus, and eternal life in Him; there is no standing, abiding, or living in life blessedness and salvation fulness, but in, of, and by the great God and Saviour our Jesus Christ! and so through all our chequered scenes it is as Jesus saith, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" and I doubt not but you believe as I do, that our positions in the Church, however diversified they may be, are both in accordance to the will, pleasure, and purpose of the Lord our God: and because I believe this, I am not one in the art and device of water-men, that only such as are immersed belong to the Church; it is only God that cuts out of the old olive, and grafts into Christ. There is a pure truth I love much, and it hath set aside all the sentimental notions I once had, and it is holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience; and I would much rather with you and others suffer affliction, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin: and although your position is a daily cross to you, it is far better to be preserved in salt, than to rot in honey: we live and pass through all in perfect safety, because we belong to Christ; and we being predestinated to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ, it is to the praise of the glory of his grace, that hath made us accepted in the Beloved. Is the mason you write of a free mason? for I am, according to the word of the Lord. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed:" to such there is therefore now no condemnation.

It is one thing to think we are living for our own comfort, happiness, and blessedness, and another thing to know that we are living and passing through all things, for the honour and glory of Him, Jehovah, our everlasting light, our God, and our glory: and in the knowledge and belief of this, and with faith and hope, can always in pure language say, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted;" and I do assure you that these truths I write are familiar with me, and are very precious, so also it filleth me with pleasure and delight, "That my heart and flesh fail-

eth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

It is with pleasure I write unto you of the truths of God, and desire that the truth of the words of the apostle may be increasingly known by us, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice." We have not, yea cannot rejoice in anything but in the Lord; and although I am old and grey-headed, I feel at times as well pleased as any little child with what is called frames and feelings, and talk of sweet enjoyments, but anon I am brought to the Book of words and meanings, and find no such pretty things recorded therein; but thus it is written, "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider;" for God hath set the one over against the other, &c.; and as the Lord hath made us witnesses of these things, how sweet, and good, and heart-warming the words of our most glorious Christ are, "Consider the ravens," &c., God feedeth them; "Consider the lilies, how they grow," &c., this is our peculiar privilege when all things seem to oppress and distress; and if we have also the bread and water of affliction, they are the Father's blessings and the children's portions: and all to us and for us in love, grace, and mercy. I have been learning a little of these truths, blessed be the Lord, through much tribulation and many afflictions, and thus far I have found it blessed; though I am slow of heart to believe. He that is perfect in knowledge is with thee; and He saith, "I am or will be with thee in all places whithersoever thou goest;" and He saith, "I will dwell in them, and take my walks among them; I will be their God, and they shall be my people." What a sweetness to the heart these truths are; and in the fulness of the blessedness of the same to go on daily, and consider how great things God hath done for us, and so stand still and consider the wondrous works of God, and this is the sweet employ by faith in the day of adversity; and in conjunction with these things, consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds," &c., "O come let us sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvelous things, his own right hand and holy arm hath gotten Him the victory," over Satan, sin, and death. And it is most blessed for us the inhabitants of the Rock, to sing salvation to God and the Lamb; with thanks also to God, "Who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." And "Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," &c.; and "we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." The portion of the holy record we looked at and spoke of yesterday, is (Psal. xlvii. 4, 5); and the streams thereof have flowed this morning; which hath constrained me to write words of peace to my brother.

Some are constrained to dig and bore into the earth for a fresh spring to fill themselves, with a something to pump out to the people, and so try to water the flock; but though I often say the well is deep, and I feel as if I had nothing to draw with, yet I at all times find it good to say, "Spring up, oh well, sing ye unto it;" and never hath his word failed me, "It shall be given you in the same hour what ye shall say," &c.

As I feel my heart drawn toward you, so I write in love to you, saying, "The more trouble we have the more mercies;" and as the sword is drawn, let the scabbard be hid with the girdle in the banks of the river, and let us "fight the good fight of faith, laying hold of eternal life," and sing, "the Lord hath triumphed gloriously," &c., the Lord bless you, and the few sheep, and also the household. You are the Lord's servant, and you will receive your penny at the evening; you have two-pence now for spending money, and if you spend more, you know who will pay it. Cheer up, my brother, the Lord reigneth.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

Dated near the harp hung upon the willows.

18, *Amphill Square*, Nov. 14th, 1853.

**"WHERE SIN ABOUNDED, GRACE
DOTH MUCH MORE ABOUND."**

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—As I see in your February Number, some of the brethren desire to know how the Collier's eyes were opened, I hope the dear Lord will enable me to give a response to that request in accordance with truth, in sincerity and godly simplicity, that the grace of our covenant God may be exalted which alone plucked such a brand as I am from the fire of sin and hell. I was born in the county of Durham, at a small village now pulled down, of poor parents; and as my father was a collier, when I was about eight years of age, I was sent down the coal pit to watch a trap-door; this was my occupation, shut up in the dark for about 16 or 18 hours per day, very seldom seeing day-light, except on a Sunday, and as my father was often sick, my mother and 8 children of us, often knew what it was both to want food and raiment. My father was a Wesleyan local preacher, and class-leader, and used to be very punctual in singing a hymn and praying with us on Sundays, but other days were not noticed. I had strong convictions for my sins at times, but they wore off. I was a most awful blasphemer and liar, and almost foremost in all wickedness; but my father sometimes heard of me fighting and swearing, and then I was sure of a good beating. But as I grew up my wickedness increased, as I was the subject of strong passions and

a great flow of animal spirits, levity obtained with me to such an extent, that I acquired all sorts of songs to gratify my pride, and the companions I went with; so that I was a noted public-house songster, and a fighter, liar, drunkard, blasphemer, and a thief, &c., yet I saw danger, for I feared God would bring me to judgment. After a merry night according to the world, I went to bed and slept, but I dreamed the end of the world was come, and the Judge descended in a cloud of fire, and the whole world were assembled before Him, and his countenance was awful to look on. Thousands yelled, shrieked, and appeared as their faces were on fire; the Judge's eyes were every way, and I was behind Him, but still He was looking on me, and I thought I trembled, and said to myself, oh if this were not the judgment-day how would I make myself ready for that time, but alas! alas! it is come, and I am unprepared. A great deal of my sins passed before me as the witnesses against me, and I awoke in a great fright, and was glad to know it was but a dream. I vowed I would turn over a new leaf in my life, and think earnestly about salvation; but the following Sunday I played the truant from the Sunday-school, and gamed the whole day with my companions, who could not read, but I could read a little. While we were gaming at what is called in the county of Durham, "Buckstick," I struck my quoit over a hedge, and had to go over for it, just as I was stepping over the hedge a voice said, "How pleasant is a cup of sin, and an ocean of damnation!" I stood for a moment trembling with great horror upon my mind, nor could I go for the quoit, but went home, although I lost my money, which I had surely won had I played on. After this I thought I would enjoy all I could of sin, and the world, and when I got married, and settled in the world, I would become truly religious, but as I was young and vigorous I could not leave off boxing, drinking, gaming, singing, and debauchery, until I was sated with it, and then I would be a good Christian. Shortly after this I had a quarrel with a man, and struck at him, he being a religious man, and I did not know it, and I was sadly mortified to find he was so; but as I was on my road home in a state of beastly intoxication, some person spoke through the hedge, and said, "We have long waited for you, but you are come at last." I sprang upon the hedge cast, but saw no body, and then I was most awfully afraid, and it was suggested to me that it was Satan, and I shook with fear. Now my sins became a heavy burden both day and night, and I went to hear a person preach, a Wesleyan (because I had read all their books and learned the two catechisms at school); he spoke from the parable of the sower, and cut me off as having sinned

away my day of grace : and indeed I believed him, for I was sure that if ever a wretch upon earth had done so, I had. Now my companions and I were separate, a wounded spirit, and carnal mirth, and carnal companions, are as ill suited as a solid lump of lead to sail on the water; and these words were often in my mind, "It is a bitter thing to sin against God." I was alone in the word, no one knew what ailed me, and I was too proud to disclose my case to anybody; although crafty enough to question every one that I thought was religious, as to how they felt when under conviction for sin, but there was none but Wesleyans, and they were all good people; some had done wrong, but had entered into a covenant to do better, and so the matter ended, and I was left alone with my sore. Alas! alas! "How is the fine gold became dim, and the wine mixed with water?" During this time I had many dreadful temptations to suicide, and Satan pushed hard at me, yet I was secretly sustained. My sins were a constant burden, and what with them and Satan, and the dread of damnation, my body broke down, and my intellect gave way; but eternal honour to my covenant God, I never, except for three days and four nights, entirely lost my reason. But who can tell the horror of a soul shut up under such a gaoler as Satan? The blessed Lord now began to give me a spirit of sighing and groaning, and I went into the fields, and sighed out my trouble to the winds, and would have said, oh that I had never sinned; but it is done, and I am damned! My heart I discovered was filled with hard thoughts of God and full of wrath against Him for creating me, and then would Satan push me again, but I was withheld. All this time I never prayed, nor had I the least hope, except once, and then a short glimpse of the general mercy of God; but as the beasts grazed in the fields, and the birds flew and sung around me, I thought, oh that I was one of you, how happy should I be! but you will rise up in judgment against me, for you accomplish and fulfil the design of Him who created you; but I have lived to sin against God, and encourage others to sin with me, and now I am justly condemned by God for the same. The heavens frowned, the bushes and trees of the field seemed to be angry with me, and this added to my grief and sorrow. "He that being often reproved and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Turn where I would into the Bible, for I had begun to read it, condemnation awaited me at every avenue, and I was afraid to open it. One day after I had been two years in this state, I was coming through a field, and it occurred to my mind, that as I durst not go down the pit for fear the rope by which we were let down would

break, and it would land me in hell, that I had better destroy myself at once, the misery of body and mind, and the contempt that I experienced from my former companions, was truly trying; but my burden, my burden; I said, "Will that take away my burden!" and immediately those words shone with great power and light into my soul, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." As I was in the field alone, I said, "What is this? what is this?" It was suggested to my mind that there might yet be hope for such a poor wretch as I was; and I was led to a solitary place, and in a corner I bent my knees, and whether I uttered anything but groans I cannot tell; but I did intend to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner," for my soul was like a volcano with the Spirit of prayer, and the Lord spoke, "I am found of them that sought me not;" "Before they call, I will answer; while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Such a light and love was communicated with these precious words as I cannot describe. Jesus came into my soul, and my soul was filled with love, my darkness was gone, my terrors fled, my sins drowned in his blood; the Father smiled upon me in Jesus, and I was so transported and overcome, that I was wanting to die. Oh, blessed change, who can describe it? The blessed Lord spoke all the Book of Canticles to my soul, and I to Him. I was afraid of losing Him a moment. I told Him all my sins, my sorrows, my griefs; and admired his Person, his offices, and relations, condescension and love, blood—obedience—suffering, and He ravished my soul with his precious ointments, and gave me a garment—a white stone with a new name—a jewel—a hood—a looking-glass, and spending money for life, and a key to his own treasury, and declared for the future I might take out cheques on his name, and He would see personally that they should never be dishonoured. At such unlooked for, such unexpected, and unknown mercy and love, my soul was as a well which had been dug, and a neighbouring fountain emptied into it, till it was brimful, and I could not keep my tongue from breaking out with blessing and praise to my most precious, precious and sweet Lord! I now looked upon the face of the sky, and it blessed me, the blessing of my Lord truly made me rich; all creation was smiling on me, and joining me in the praise to Jesus, the Creator and Redeemer of my soul. So precious was every promise, that I now found the fruit of the tree of life in every part of the Bible; so that my dear Lord set me as a new-born babe upon the breasts of Zion, and well do I know that this good milk, pardoning, justifying, adopting, and favouring mercy all flowing through the obedience and blood of the ever blessed, precious, and lovely Lord Jesus! I now rejoiced with joy un-

speakeable and full of glory; I was like a man who had been long under sentence of death, and had got reprieved, and great honour and wealth. I saw every promise mine, God the Father owned me in his blessed Son, and the Holy Spirit ploughed out the sweetness of Jesus' offices, relations, obedience, victories, sufferings, and death. I envied no man in the world, but was very anxious that all men should know what the dear Lord had done for me. Some said I was mad—some told me that my countenance was changed, and that they never saw any one look so heavenly; and indeed the sweet peace that reigned within did pourtray itself on the countenance: and ever blessed be a covenant God, perfect love had cast out all fear. If I tried to bring back the remembrance of my bondage, distress, and misery, I could not, but such passages as the following flowed in all the energy of Divine love, "As far as the east is from the west so far hath He removed my transgressions from me." "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but it shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." "My beloved is mine, and I am his." "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "I am thy God, that brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage." "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." It is impossible to describe the wonder, amazement, and rapture that I now felt. I found that the dear Lord had made all things new for me, in me, and with me. As I have no wish to crowd your valuable columns, and would much rather not have written this scrap than done so, I will conclude by saying, that I could not avoid writing this much when I saw the question put directly to me and others, for it has often been on my mind to write it, and a dear score too, which I shall not do except this scrap does not satisfy, and then if I am requested I shall resume the subject, but not otherwise.

"For I of all the race that fell,
Deserve the lowest place in hell;
Of all that e'er Thy grace received,
Of all that in thy Thy name believed:
Not one Thy goodness has abused,
As I a wretch, Thy mercy choosed."

Yours in love,

THE COLLIER.

"NO CROSS NO CROWN."

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have been in trouble since I saw you, but the Lord has been very gracious, vouchsafing indeed support, communications from his word, and a quiet committal of all to Him in the confidence of faith. I can speak well of his dear name, for He has proved a trusty Friend in a gloomy day. Truly I knew a little of the

meaning of this sweet word, "Thou shalt hide them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues." Access to the mercy-seat, a feeling sense of union, a quiet rest in the promise, and unreserved rolling of all care upon a covenant God, surely marks the presence of a fourth, one like unto the Son of man in the fiery furnace. In such company creatures, good or bad, are all forgotten, and the Lord alone is exalted in that day. We then behold but one Friend and one enemy; all that is gracious, and blessed, and powerful, in Christ; all that is evil, in Satan. Human instrumentalities are all overlooked; plans and contrivances for deliverances, put out of the account altogether, and God and the devil are left to fight the battle, while faith looks on, and knows on which side victory must end. I believe this is one part of the "hiding in a pavilion;" not so much to eye creatures, as the adversary, in the trials that instruments inflict. I remember years ago reading in Scott's Napoleon, a little circumstance that made a lasting impression upon me. During one of Buonaparte's campaigns his devoted wife Josephine wrote to him full of tenderness and anxiety of her fears for his safety, and the many weeping hours which his perils called forth. His laconic reply was, "Wurmzer shall dearly pay for every tear he had caused you to shed." I believe this is the doom God has pronounced upon the great adversary. His time is short, but he shall yet "dearly pay for every tear he has caused the saints to shed." When the day of vengeance comes, and he can tempt, accuse, and afflict God's elect no more.

"The Lord is risen indeed," this is a glorious truth, the Head is in heaven, but the body is upon earth, and left to be crucified to the end of time. Each member must feel the nail, the scourge; each part must have its share of the thorn, the spear, the gall. From head to foot the body must sympathize, and each must make up the whole unitedly of the Church mystical, "And fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ." The Church in this sense is residuary legatees. "My peace I leave with you," said the Lord, that is true, but there is something more too; "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for his sake;" and this is what the poor call a dropping penny, or residuary legatees would term a good windfall; sorrow and trial are the heritage of the Church, and we were promised no less while in the wilderness here below. Simon did not volunteer to carry the cross, but he was compelled; it was a needs must. But of all crosses none so heavy as this, when the devil injects the thought that we are not carrying Christ's cross; I can only meet him here upon the ground that the cross which leads me to

Christ must have been laid on by Christ, no matter what its material, shape, or weight. The cross that sends me to Christ can do me no harm, and the cross that closes my mouth before creatures, baffles sense and reason, defies all human shifts to get from under, and sends me to my knees as a helpless worm; is a cross that sprang out of covenant love, was devised by infinite wisdom, and shall accomplish God's purpose, viz., his own glory and our good. I believe the best spot you and I can stand in while bearing our respective crosses is this, "Father, glorify Thy name." When we get here "the yoke is destroyed because of the anointing." But you know we are not always here. Trials fall, and we have no faith to meet them; then like the fool's eye, we wander to the ends of the earth for succour; and we forget our resting place: we run from creature to creature for sympathy and support. The mind becomes inflamed with bitterness, and the devil stirs up all the hellish stores that are folded up in our desperately wicked hearts; self-pity, pride, and a million of evils now step forth, and under the generalship of the great adversary we go forth to the war. Here we find the misery of trial without faith, oh but let the Lord come in with his divine influences, with his soul-subduing grace, then how changed the scene; the desert blossoms as the rose, the wilderness becomes a garden, it blossoms abundantly, and rejoices even with joy and singing. How meekened, how humbled the soul then is, how soon the carnal weapon drops; how quietly the lips close, and how calmly the heart waits for what faith hears, "The battle is not yours, but the Lord's." I have long thought, service involves suffering, and those who are used by God, must expect to be abused by Satan. You know not a little of this, you are an old soldier in these sort of campaigns; so you can feel for Juniors, who have many cowardly fears, and in their heart turn back in the day of battle; and yet, blessed be God, are helped to stand their ground, and no thanks to them.

Yours affectionately in the Gospel,
Feb. 9th, 1854.

A.

TIDINGS FROM AFAR.

DEAR BROTHER IN OUR REEN LORD,—It has been on my mind for some months to write to you, and I now do so in love to you for Jesu's sake, and for your work's sake in his name and cause.

I was once privileged to meet you, though then a perfect stranger, as now also in the flesh. It was on the occasion of a dear old friend of my father's, preaching in your parlour at your house in the Horusey road.

There was but a few of us there gathered, but the season was one to be remembered by

me. The words of the dear old man * will never be forgotten, and I believe, there was an unseen hand which guided you and him, in the arrangements for that one solitary service in the dark neighbourhood of Holloway.

The periods, since that time, in which I have needed the strong consolation contained in the text of our dear friend, now in heaven, have been many. I was then a youth—having sought the Lord, and found some sweetness in his precious word, having had the taste imparted which enabled me to receive the truth, as spoken in love—but I knew not then what scenes were before me, whither my steps would be directed, and how much I should need, in daily use, the precious words he uttered. "The strength of Israel will not lie nor repent, for he is not man that he should repent." Truly the bread was then cast upon the waters, which has been seen after many days. It has pleased the Lord to open my lips to speak forth his praise for about 7 years past, and often in the midst of deepest trials, overwhelming distress, the earnest and hearty testimony of that dear old Pilgrim has recurred to my mind, and the truth contained in the message has been as bread to the hungry, and wine to the fainting spirit. During nine months of deep domestic trials, which terminated in the death of two beloved friends, one the companion and wife of my bosom, leaving a dear infant five months old, and the other her sister. I found Jehovah, the God of Israel, to be "my strength and my shield," and as the word received under your roof, was so precious, and the savour is, at times, enjoyed till this day, you will not I am sure feel it a task to read these imperfect lines, but rejoice, and take courage in your arduous work—believing with the dear apostle to the Gentiles, your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Before I close I must mention one other instance, in which a piece written I think by yourself in the *Gospel Magazine*, was made a rich blessing to me—I was in a very dark desponding state of mind, having such a view of my sins as made me tremble, and feeling in my heart that I was one of the vilest of sinners, and longing if it might please the Lord to send deliverance, as I knew he only could. In passing a shop window, my eye rested on the words, "*Plead guilty, but sue for mercy.*" I said, that is exactly my case—no words could have expressed it more clearly. "Lord, I plead guilty, and sue for mercy," and desiring to know more of what had found a response in my inmost soul, I stepped in, and purchased the precious book, for I felt it to be so—and so it proved. I walked in the strength of that meat some days—the article to which the title referred opened my case, and was

* The late venerable James Francis.

"a word in season to a weary soul." I remember mentioning the circumstance with some enlargement at a village preaching occasion, and it was much blessed, and the piece earnestly desired. I found it, extracted it from the book, enclosed it in covers, and sent it for their perusal in the form of a tract. Oh may the Great Head of the Church abundantly bless your labours, and enable you to go forward in spite of all adversaries, and preach the word, in season, and out of season. May the Great Preacher of Israel instruct your hands to war, and your fingers to fight, so that a bow of steel shall be broken in your hands. I do greatly rejoice that our Great Master has cast your lot in Ireland. Oh that the saviour of the name of Jehovah Jesus may reach many precious souls there, that they may arise an invincible army, to fight the Lord's battle, and spread the knowledge of his name throughout that priest-ridden country. I am sure no human policy is sufficient to arrest the advance of the foe, or turn the battle to the gate. "The Lord shall go forth like a mighty man, He shall stir up strength like a man of war, He shall cry, yea, roar." "Then shall the strong hold of iniquity be cast down, then shall the graves give forth their dead, and the dry bones rise up—be clothed with flesh, inspired with divine breath, and utter a long and loud Hosannah to the King of Zion, who cometh in the name of the Lord." May you, dear sir, be favoured to see the happy result of your constant and unwearied labours, and begging you to accept my warmest thanks for the boon to Christendom, *Gill's Commentary*—

I remain,

In the love and truth of the Gospel,
Yours affectionately,

Feb. 17th, 1853. W. TROTMAN.

[Beloved unknown yet well-known. We greet you in his great and glorious name, and wish you increasingly the precious manifestations of his Divine presence and favour. We adore our God on your behalf for those gracious things into which he has been admitting you to a knowledge—that you can experimentally say, 'The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble: and He knoweth them that trust in Him.' Your epistle has led us back in review through bygone days of anguish and sorrow—intermingled with love and tenderness and mercy. We have a vivid recollection of sundry of those meetings to which you allude. Many—perhaps we may say most—of those who were present have since fallen asleep. Several near and dear to ourselves repose in the picturesque Church-yard of the neighbouring Hornsey. The sacredness of that spot, we perceive, has since been intruded upon by the Great Northern Railway. Well, brother, how sweet the thought that of all those varied afflictive and bereaving circumstances,

we can say with the apostle, "But out of all them the Lord delivered me." Blessed for ever be his great and holy name. Doubtless you can unite with us, and say, you would not have had one trial less—no, not for worlds!—EDITOR.]

A WANDERER'S QUESTION.

DEAR EDITOR,—Will you allow a poor sinful wanderer from the fold of God, the favour of inserting a few remarks in the *Gospel Magazine*, with an earnest hope that the Editor or one of his favoured Correspondents will make a few remarks thereon, calculated by the heavenly influence of God's ever-blessed Spirit, to convey comfort and encouragement to the mind of the tempest-tossed soul, who is brought sometimes to fear his backslidings, sin, and vileness, will prove an insurmountable barrier to his obtaining pardon and mercy from the hands of an offended God. He knows his word declares, that if children of God, grace shall reign. But how is it that sin should have so much power, and not have dominion? It seems as if it were uppermost, and so prevalently prevails, that the poor soul is often ready to conclude it must still reign; and that if it did not, he would never have fallen into such an intricate path, as he has of late been called to traverse; and wherein he has been permitted to backslide from the path of truth, treated religion as a very light thing; given way to the sinful and lustful desires of his wicked heart, and wandered from the garden of the Lord into a mystified wilderness of perplexity, where no comfort of soul, and joy of heart, in the Lord's ways, can be found. Oh, how different my case now! What agony is often felt within: what leanness and barrenness of soul; but little comfort or enlargement in prayer, and little enjoyment in attending upon the means of grace. The Word of God appears like a sealed book. Those delightful seasons of enjoyment have taken to themselves wings, and have flown away; and those gracious and propitious gales of the ever-blessed Spirit of God, which in times past have appeared to carry my poor soul to the gates of heaven, have ceased to blow upon me. I appear now very much held down under gloomy fear, darkness of mind, and, under the violence of the devil's evil suggestions and temptations, am driven about like a partridge upon the mountains—and in this agitated and soul-comfortless state of mind, the poor soul feels he must remain until he again hears from heaven, and realizes a manifestation, a smile from the King of glory. But without trespassing upon your space, I would just ask the following question. Can a true heaven-born, God-taught child of God, who has been brought to feel himself a poor ruined guilty sinner, and received in some happy measure deliverance from the blood of the Lamb,

afterwards fall into a backsliding state, wherein he sinks as low in secret sin and depravity, as ever he had done previously to his call by grace? Oh, that the Lord would enable the poor guilty sinner, to avoid in future that state of lethargy, coldness, and earthly mindedness, and lift upon him the light of his reconciled countenance, that he may no longer have to say with God's servant of old, "Oh, that I were as in months past; as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head; and when by his light I walked through darkness." That this happy time may again return, and that the Lord would manifestly pardon all the poor soul's transgressions, heal all his backslidings, receive him graciously, and love him freely, is his earnest prayer: for thus it is the devil, hell, the world, and all his enemies, will be disappointed; his soul will be at ease; the means of grace again enjoyed, happiness promoted through life, in death, and through a never-ending eternity. Wishing you every blessing in your ministerial and editorial labours,

I am yours,

Sutton.

A WANDERER.

ANSWER.

Yes; left of God, a soul who has tasted that the Lord is gracious, would not only fall into a backsliding state, but go to far greater extremes in sin than before he knew and loved the Lord. Why? 1. Because he is a more envied and conspicuous mark for Satan. 2. Because his old-Adam nature, is by no means changed, only kept in subjection and under momentarily restraint by the continuous supplies of Jehovah's free and sovereign grace.

However much our poor Correspondent may have fallen—however deeply he may have sinned—there is hope in Israel concerning him. He appears to be a stranger to peace, happiness, and joy. He sighs after his precious bygone seasons of comfort and satisfaction from the indwelling of a Saviour's love. He sees and feels the total defilement and spiritual debility of his own corrupt heart. He feels the need of the teaching, grace, and power of God the Holy Comforter. And he longs to drink again of that river of water of life, the streams of which are for the healing of the nations. All these are so many blessed indications, that the Holy Ghost still inhabits his sin-torn, Satan-buffed heart, and may well encourage him to look and look again, until Jehovah Jesus says with power divine, "I have healed their backslidings—I will receive them graciously, and love them freely."—

Ed.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent you (as inserted on p. 92 this month's Magazine), what he terms, "A translation of Dr. Sten-

nett's eulogy upon Dr. Gill, as literally as he is able." The renowned Gill stands in need of no eulogy; that is, as the word implies, *praise, encomium, panegyric*. But let that pass. The writer's eulogy was not called for. We have long been in the possession of an excellent literal translation of Dr. Stennett's Latin Epitaph for Gill, as inscribed on his tomb in Bunhill Fields; which translation, I expect, was also from the pen of Dr. Stennett. In my Bunhill Memorials, I have inserted both. Ivimey, in his history of the Baptists, and Wilson, in his history of the London Churches, have respectively given us the same translation verbatim. I now send you both the Latin and English, that the learned reader may compare, and form his own judgment.

London, Feb. 15, 1854. J. A. JONES.

Dr. Gill's Epitaph, as inscribed on his Tomb.

IN HOC CÆMETRIO
CONDVNTVR RELIQVÆ
IOANNIS GILL, S. T. P.,
VIRI VITÆ INTEGRI,
DISCIPVLI IESV INGENVI,
PRÆCONIS EVANGELII INSIGNIS,
DEFENSORIS FIDEI CHRISTIANÆ STRENVVI,
QVI,

INGENIO, ERVDITONE, PIETATE, OBNATVS,
LABORIBVSQVE PERMAGNIS SEMPER
INVIVTVS.

ANNOS SVPRÆ QVINQVAGINTA,
DOMINI MANDATA FACESSERE,
ECCLESIE RES ADVIVARE
HOMINVM SALVTÆM ASSEQVI,
FÆVORE PERPETVO ARDENTE,
CONTENDIT.

IN CHRISTO PLACIDE OBDORMIVIT,
PRIDIE, ID. OCTOBRIS, A. D., MDCCLXXI,
ÆTATIS SVÆ LXXIV..

Translation.

IN THIS SEPULCHRE
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS
OF JOHN GILL,
PROFESSOR OF SACRED THEOLOGY;
A MAN OF UNBLEMISHED REPUTATION,
A SINCERE DISCIPLE OF JESUS,
AN EXCELLENT PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL;
A COURAGEOUS DEFENDER OF THE CHRISTIAN
FAITH; WHO,
ADORNED WITH PIETY, LEARNING, AND
SKILL,
WAS UNWEARIED IN WORKS OF PRODIGIOUS
LABOUR,

FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS.

TO OBEY THE COMMANDS OF HIS GREAT
MASTER,

TO ADVANCE THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE
CHURCH,

TO PROMOTE THE SALVATION OF MEN,
IMPELLED WITH UNABATED ARDOUR,
HE PUT FORTH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

He placidly fell asleep in Christ, the 14th day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1771, in the 74th year of his age.

A REQUEST.

To the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*.

AN admirer of God's truth presents his compliments to the respected Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, and will be much obliged to him if he will beg of the Rev. A. HEWLETT, to be so good as to insert in the next

Number of the Magazine, the names and addresses of all the ministers he knows in Cheshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, who preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Feb. 16, 1854.

Obituary.

A FEW GLEANINGS FROM THE DYING EXPERIENCE OF MRS. E. L. BARBER, OF LEICESTER.

(Concluded from page 88.)

In the evening of the same day she conversed very sweetly with me, and seemed as if carried out of the body. She said so many blessed promises were applied to her, and the old adversary was tempting her to keep back from speaking of them to the praise of her dear Lord, suggesting it was pride; but he did not gain his end, for the Lord opened her mouth to glorify his holy name! "Satan," she would often say, "is a mighty one; but our God is Almighty!" I observed, "It says, 'The God of peace shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly.'" To-day, her father, mother, and sister, came to see her, she talked very sweetly to her father, begged of him to pray for her, that she might have more faith and patience. Indeed many times she requested us all to pray for her. Her father repeated,

"Believer, lift thy drooping head,
Thy Saviour hath the victory gained,
See all thy foes in triumph led,
And everlasting life obtained."

She said, "What a mercy! I know it is a finished work, and that all will be well at last; but I am so murmuring, such a coward at suffering, wondering how it will be at last as it respects pain of body. I feel to want to hear of death-bed accounts, where they are peacefully quiet, and have but little pain of body; but why should I murmur?" Her father said, "Jesus has reserved dying strength for a dying hour." "Yes," she replied, "I know it; but the flesh is weak." "Oh," said she, "How precious have those words been to me,

"Your days of trial then,
Are all ordained by heaven;
If He appoint their number ten,
You ne'er shall have eleven."

I said,

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

She answered,

"He has perfumed the chambers of the grave,
And made e'en death our gain."

On one occasion when suffering from extreme oppression, she exclaimed,

"What his wisdom sees most fit,
Must be surely best for me."

My sister replied,

"No cross, no bliss;
No loss or gain,
No health or sickness, ease or pain,
Can give themselves a birth."

"No," she answered, "But what a mercy it would be, if it would please the Lord to take me; but his time is the best. 'He stayeth the rough wind, in the day of the east wind.'" A friend observed, "I have often thought how it would be with me when I came to die?" To whom she replied, "It is one thing to talk about it, but quite another to come into it." Turning her dear head to me, she said, "Oh my dear husband, I often think, 'Oh, that the salvation of Israel would come out of Zion.' The messenger of the everlasting covenant. I should be so glad to leave this cumbrous clay." At another time she said, "He will not lay upon man more than is right." But it is a hard battle." My mother repeated these words,

"Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home."

She replied, "I have been meditating on these words,"

"Jesus immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine;
Around thy all-supporting stem,
My feeble arms I twine."

"My Saviour! precious Saviour!" and then exclaimed, "Not that I would in the least, mother, disparage the angels, far, far from it." I said, "It is the Angel of the everlasting covenant." "Yes," she replied, "That can give peace, precious peace! supporting peace! enduring peace!" She then fell asleep, and on her awaking again my mother said, "My dear, you have had a nice sleep." She replied, "I should have been glad to have slept in Jesus; but his time is best." The next four days she suffered extreme agonizing pain, and also experienced a sore conflict with the enemy; her cries were incessant, "What must I do? do pray for me. Oh! my God undertake for me. My God do thou appear for me; but, but his time is best."

"All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend."

At another time she said, "He is a strong hold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that put their trust in Him." On my sister naming how bad her legs were, she said, "the Lord reigneth, or I could not bear it." My sister replied,

"He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same."

"Ah," said she,

"And in his measure feels afresh,
What every member bears."

"Bless his dear name," said she, "He tempests the wind to the shorn lamb." A friend said,

"You hear this mudwall cottage shake,"

"Yes," said she,

"And long to see it fall."

"That I my willing flight may take,
To Him who is my *All*."

My mother observed, "Though the affliction is heavy, the curse is removed; you have no fears." "No," she replied,

"Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And I shall stand through Him."

On another occasion, when suffering extreme pain, she exclaimed, "We have a Friend above, who all our sorrow knows, and has graciously declared that He will not lay upon man more than He will enable him to bear." My sister Sarah said to her, "My dear Elizabeth, if you were to have your choice, which should you prefer, to be raised up to health and strength, or with the apostle Paul, 'To depart and be with Christ, which is far better?'" "Why, go—go;" was her animated reply. I said, "Is Christ precious to you?" she answered, "My *All* in *All*; but, my dear, I cannot trust Him with that confidence, that I could wish, I think of the suffering." Sarah said, "It is the flesh that shrinks." "Ah," said she, "that's just it. What an upholding mercy," said

she, "to know that our Saviour trod this path before; He said, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.'" The water again increasing so fast and being so very burdensome to her, she pleaded her medical man to withdraw it; he told her, he dare not, as it would prove fatal; after he had left the room, she said, "I could not move him." My sister asked if she came into these words, "None of these things move me, so that I finish my course with joy." "I can," was her reply. "I know the great Physician could relieve me, but I fear I have been putting too much trust in an earthly one." She very frequently repeated these words, which were very precious to her all through her last illness,

"I'll never, never leave my own,
For whom I gave my darling Son."

On the morning of the 17th, she was taken much worse, and it became very evident that the struggle could not last much longer. My mother said, "My dear, the Lord grant you strength to bear, and a happy dismissal," she replied, "Amen." A short time before her departure, I said, "The Lord bless thee, support thee, and help thee." She replied with all the energy she could muster, "He hath shown Himself mighty to save." I said, "Do you find the Saviour precious now?" "Yes," said she. He is very—faithful—very—precious—precious—indeed;" and gently breathed her happy spirit, without a sigh or a struggle of any kind, into the hands of Him who gave it, "To be for ever with the Lord."

"Oh happy soul! thou'rt safely passed,
Thy weary warfare here;
Arrived at Jesu's feet at last,
Thou'st banished all thy care."

A DEATH-BED SCENE.

WITH the earnest desire of glorifying God, and benefitting man, the writer has been induced to record the following brief account of the last days of Mrs. W., of H. On the evening of the 26th of March, 1853, (being at that time sojourning with a bereaved brother-in-law, and his family); I received a note from Mr. W., stating his beloved wife was very ill, and that it was the decided opinion of her medical attendants that her earthly career was near its close; their sentiments were at once communicated to Mrs. W., by her faithful and affectionate mother. Previous to this she had not thought her sickness so serious, having attributed her indisposition to other causes. When therefore eternity was (I had almost said abruptly) thus brought before her near view, her anxiety respecting her eternal state became

intense. And she requested me (through Mr. W.,) to hasten to her immediately if possible, to talk to her about her soul, and pray with her. By noon the next day I was enabled to reach her, and found her an anxious enquirer indeed. She felt herself a sinner, and longed to lay hold on the offers of mercy. But as yet, she knew not what it was to have living faith in Him, in whom she was complete. Truly there was a faint streak of light from the Sun of righteousness, which was ere long to break forth into a brilliant day upon her soul; but it was yet so faint that she could not perceive clearly any object it was about to display—far from it. When I had been with her two or three hours, she said, "I think you have done me good already. I am glad you are come. I wanted you to tell me about Jesus. During

my illness I have been reading over your letters; and there is one you wrote to me when I was ill last summer, which I have read many times, I have felt different since I received that letter to what I ever did before, you spoke to me in it of pouring out my heart to God." Thus, though she knew it not, God had been gradually drawing her to Himself, and preparing her for that full manifestation of his grace, she was shortly to enjoy.

Great indeed was her anxiety to know her sins forgiven, and to feel love to God.

Her mind now began to open in a surprising manner, the Holy Spirit taking of the things of Christ and showing them unto her, yea, revealing Christ in all his offices. Teaching her to understand how He had atoned for sin, and blotted out the transgressions of his people, having died to redeem them—risen again for their justification. Ever living to intercede for them—drawing them unto Himself by his Spirit, leading, guiding, keeping them, and finally receiving them to glory. Eagerly did her thirsting soul drink in the truths which were brought before her by her kind clergyman, or any other Christian friend who visited her. It was delightful to see how quickly, and with what firm faith she was enabled to lay hold on every scriptural truth presented to her. She was amazed at the wondrous love of God to her as a sinner, and his free forgiveness through Christ. Such passages of scripture as "I, even I have blotted out thy transgressions, and will no more remember thy sins;" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life;" "I will guide thee with mine eye, and afterwards receive thee to glory;" filled her with joy unspeakable, and whilst her countenance beamed with delight, her steadfast eye would be rivetted on the person proclaiming to her those words of peace; her longing soul was not easily satisfied; day and night did she long to be continually fed from the pure stream of the water of life. On the morning of the fourth day after my arrival at H.—, her husband came to my bed-room door requesting me to go to her. I immediately went, and found her in much pain. On my entering the room she said, "It was a pity to disturb you, but I knew you would be glad to come. I cannot sleep, and I want you to talk to me about good things." Truly it was a profitable reason; God was present with us, blessing us, and doing us good. Part of our reading and conversation was on the third chapter of St. John, dwelling for some time on the fourteenth, and fifteenth verses. Also the third chapter of Malachi; a few remarks on the third verse seemed to comfort her much. She felt herself in the furnace, and desired to be purified, and made to reflect

her Saviour's image. After we had been thus engaged for about two hours, she felt more comfortable, and thinking she could sleep, I left her. On one occasion inquiring what kind of night she had passed, she replied, "I was very restless one part of it. But J.— (meaning her husband), was very kind, and read to me a great many hymns. One in your book I begged him to read several times over, repeating it after him." The hymn alluded to is, "The dying Christian," by Daniel Herbert, and as it is one which afterwards well expressed her state, and was a favourite with her, it is inserted.

"Christ is my hope, and my salvation too;
I now am dying; tis all I have to do;
My hope is fix'd; I will not be afraid;
A sinner saved I am; my debts are paid.

I bid farewell to transitory things.

I'm going to dwell with Christ, the King of kings;

I know in whom my soul has now believed,
Into whose arms I soon shall be received.

Farewell, dear friends, whom I have loved as well;

May you escape the path that leads to hell:
Farewell, vain world, I've done with all your toys;

I'm going to enter into endless joys.

My soul is going to take its farewell flight;
I soon shall stand before the Lamb in white,
And sing the song of free and sovereign grace:

Oh, how I long to see my Saviour's face!

My breath grows short; my glass is almost out:

Farewell to every fear, to every doubt;

O come, Lord Jesus! hasten from above,

And bear my soul upon the wings of love.

Behold me, weeping friends! tho' death is near,

Salvation is secure; I've nought to fear;

I die to know what Christ has for me done;

Amongst redeemed souls, my soul is one!

Farewell, hard heart, farewell, my stubborn mind;

Self-righteous thought, I leave you all behind;

I'm going to praise free grace and dying love;

Weep not for me, when I shall sing above.

O could you know the transports of my soul?
My doubts and fears are gone at Christ's control;

I do believe I am Jehovah's choice;

I die to know his love and to rejoice.

I leave behind this poor corrupted clay,

Intomb'd in earth, till the great rising day;

When Christ shall come; this body then shall rise.

And join the bless'd redeem'd above the skies.

Then you who stand around and see me die,
No longer mourn for me, no longer sigh;

Make him your friend who's been a friend to me,

And then you're safe to all eternity."

On Mr. W. taking leave (he expected to be absent from H. ten days, or a fortnight); she bid him good bye, saying, "I hope I shall be in heaven before you return home;" and such we all thought would probably be the case, but God had determined otherwise. We were to witness for some weeks to come his wonderful work in her; I trust many of us benefitted by it,

and shall hereafter praise Him for that and every mercy. Mrs. W. was naturally of a very amiable disposition, retiring in her manners, and having had delicate health from the time of her marriage, she shrank from society, and loved the quiet of her own home. Doubtless during her seasons of indisposition her mind would be led at times to dwell on eternal realities. Her private instructions to her dear little children, have convinced me that she had long been seeking after God, who has secretly drawing her to Himself, though she knew it not. From the moment she was enabled to cast herself entirely on the Lord, up to the present time (which was about a fortnight) she had been preserved from doubts and distressing fears. She had tasted the sweetness of being in Jesus, and knew the blessedness of trusting in the Lord. Not only had the angels in heaven rejoiced over this lamb brought into the fold of the good Shepherd; but Satan also had witnessed with fiendish displeasure the plucking of this young brand from the burning. And now God was about to put to the proof his own work in the heart of his redeemed child, by permitting the enemy of God and man to hurl his fiery darts at her soul, thus giving her to feel the evil of sin, the malice of Satan, and the love and power of God; conforming her in all things to the likeness of Him who for our sakes suffered such long and painful temptations, and yet was without sin. One morning after Mr. M. had been visiting her (his subject having been the blind man crying for mercy), I perceived her looking particularly anxious; shortly after I went down to dinner, and on my return to her room, instead of being greeted with the usual smile, with which she always welcomed her friends, her countenance wore an unhappy expression, such as I had never before seen on her face, she was also beating with her right hand upon the bed. I went to her side, and as she remained silent, I enquired the cause of her disquietude, she replied, "I am distressed, and very unhappy, I have been thinking of what Mr. M. said this morning, and I have no right to the things of Christ;" adding, in a few seconds, "I feel I must be left alone." A few more words passed between us, and finding she was not in a state of mind to receive comfort from anything I could say, and believing it best for her to be left alone with her God, I withdrew, feeling that my own soul, like that of my friend's, needed strengthening and refreshing, by close and solitary communion with God. And whilst seeking wisdom and strength from on high, the case of my friend was not forgotten. About three hours afterwards, whilst in my own room, I heard the voice of the dear invalid in such happy tones, as convinced me at once that the cloud was gone. I hastened to her, when her bright and joyous

countenance, together with her words quickly touched a vibrating chord in my own bosom, and tuned it to praise and thanksgiving. She said, "I began to think you were long; all is gone now, and I am quite happy again." How good God is! the temptation had been strong, but she had overcome her enemy by the blood of the Lamb. God causing all things to work for her good, and the increase of her spiritual strength. A few days after this sifting period, she said, "I can now trust God more fully, and firmly than I could do before that dark and trying season." From this time she was kept comparatively free from all harassing temptations, though occasionally momentary doubts would arise, and she would ask, "do you really think I ought, or have a right to accept those wonderful blessings? Are they not too great for me?" But being again reminded of the freeness of God's grace, she would then again rejoice, exclaiming, "How full of love God is, to be so good to me! and I so unworthy." Shortly after this time, her eldest sister, who resided in Wales, came over to see her, and deeply interesting was the brief period they were permitted to spend together; earnestly did Mrs. W. exhort her sister to love God, saying, "You see what great things He has done for me! And He would have us all to love Him. What should I have done now if He had not made me love Him? and given Jesus to die for me! I shall soon be in heaven; and I hope I shall meet you there, and my father, and mother, and L.— and R.— and all." Mrs. M. having left her little ones sickly at home, felt it her duty to hasten her return, otherwise she would gladly have remained longer with that loved one whom she was never again to meet on earth. The day had now arrived for Mrs. M.'s departure; nothing had been hitherto said to Mrs. W. about her sister leaving, it having been judged best not to disturb her beforehand with the thoughts of separation. On the morning of that day, the fourteenth chapter of John was selected to be read at family worship, whilst her husband was reading it, Mrs. W. burst into tears, and on being asked at the close what distressed her, she said, "Is M.— going home to-day?" being answered in the affirmative, she replied, "I thought so, from your having fixed upon that chapter." After prayer Mrs. M. went to her sister's bed-side, and truly affecting was the scene that ensued. They wept upon each other's neck, until the young triumphant christian overcoming nature's feelings, broke forth into earnest exhortation, entreating and encouraging her sister to walk in Wisdom's ways, and saying, "Think on that chapter we have heard read this morning. I shall soon be in those mansions Christ is gone to prepare; you would not keep me from such bliss as that, would you? No, I shall be

happy, and you will come to me. Look to my children when I am gone. Poor little things, I can leave them and their papa, and all; God will do better for them than I could." Her usual composure had now returned, and when Mrs. M. bid her good bye she remained perfectly calm, and looking affectionately upon her as she withdrew said, "Think of that chapter, M.—" A few hours after her kind pastor came to visit her, she told him what a trial she had had in parting with her sister, and how God had sustained her. About this time her brother, whom she tenderly loved, came to spend a few hours with her: she was delighted to see him, but still more so in having an opportunity of conversing with him on the things which belonged to his everlasting peace, telling him how happy she was, and what great things God had done for her, rejoicing in the prospect of being soon and for ever with her Saviour. And at this time, as on every like occasion of leaving, when nature and grace raised a struggle, the latter prevailed. During her illness she received many kind and sympathizing notes from various friends, especially from one Christian relative to whom she was much attached, and whose letters were excellent, ever showing forth the Spirit of Christ, and leading the sick one to the word of God. After perusing one of them she remarked, "How very much all Christians speak alike. Mr. M., and you, and Mrs.—all say the same things; and yet it is unknown to each what the other has said." His observation naturally led to a conversation, on the children of the heavenly Canaan all speaking one language, thus proving they have all been taught by the self-same Spirit. Mrs. W.'s painful and complicated disorders had brought down her frame to a very weak state, so that now even speaking or listening to others long together was more than she could bear; for several weeks her pastor, medical attendant, and her friend Mrs.—were the only persons she saw, excepting those of her own household. During this season her soul was making rapid progress, every grace was strengthening, and the increase of her knowledge of, and love to God, was very perceptible. Whenever she felt a little freer from pain, and could bear reading or conversation, she was always ready, delighting to hear the holy Scripture, or anything whereby she could gain spiritual instruction. The questions she asked, and the desire she manifested after the knowledge of God's will, were indeed most deeply interesting. The past, present, and future, were all subjects on which her inquiring mind loved to dwell. One day when reading to her a small tract entitled, "Trust in God," I paused to make some remarks to the effect, that although we are saved by Christ alone, and of God's free grace, not by anything we have done, or can

do, yet, the Christian must walk in holiness and righteousness before God and man. God knows the heart, and sees us righteous only in the Lord Jesus. Man knows not the heart, therefore judges by the outward walk and conduct, thus, though we are justified freely in God's sight through Christ; we must evince to man, that justification, by bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit, showing as St. James says, "Our faith by our works." She afterwards said, "I have been much perplexed respecting this subject for several days, and longed to ask you about it, but have been kept back, I think it must have been by Satan, for I thought if we are saved fully, freely, and entirely by Christ, it matters not what kind of lives we spend. Oh! I am so thankful you have been led to explain those things, how wicked I am to have had such thoughts." Her affectionate spirit was often uttering words of love and thankfulness, whatever was said to, or done for her, tending to promote either her spiritual or bodily comfort, called forth her liveliest gratitude. Her weanedness from those dear to her was a wonder to herself; one day, after her children had been with her for a little while, she said, "I love my husband and my children very much, but I feel as if I did not love them so much as I used to do. I am willing to leave them now, and I was not before. Sometimes I am afraid, I am sinful in feeling so. On being told that it was not her love to her husband and children that had decreased, but her love to God that had increased, which caused this difference in her feelings, she replied, "Perhaps it is, for I do love God above everything else, yet I want to love Him more." Truly the language of the Psalmist was hers, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee." To know more of Him whom her soul loved, was her constant desire, and with longing expectation did she look forward to Mr. M.'s visits, anxious to be taught by that servant of God; sweet were the seasons thus spent. Oftentimes have I found my own soul refreshed by the words of life spoken by him, and he too expressed the pleasure and encouragement he felt in visiting this lamb of Christ's flock. Weary days and restless nights were now her portion, and earnestly did her soul long for freedom from its earthly cage. On the 10th of May, when suffering severe pain, she said, "Oh do unite in prayer, that God would soon release me, and take me to Himself," her request was complied with, viz., prayer offered that if it was in accordance with God's will He would shortly remove her from her suffering state, and receive her to glory. After prayer, I had retired to my room for a short time, leaving her husband with her, on my return she said with great earnestness, "Oh! do come here and tell me about hea-

ven." "Sit here" (pointing to the place I had been wont to occupy when reading to, or conversing with her), "and do talk to me, I want to hear about heaven." I spoke to her as I was enabled by the Spirit, on the glories of that blessed abode, and the employment of its holy and happy inhabitants, reading to her portions from the Revelation of St. John, feeling more than ever the insufficiency of all human language when attempting to set forth the bliss of heaven, or the glory of the Redeemer, who purchased that bliss for us. Well might Watts when speaking of Christ and his offices call upon us to

"Join all the glorious names,
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth."

Mrs. W.'s state when dwelling upon heavenly themes, was often so rapturous, that we could neither think nor speak of anything inspiring enough. She would exclaim, "Oh, do let me have something joyous, very joyous, nothing seems to express my feelings." From this period she lay in daily expectation of the coming of her Lord to take her hence. She was literally longing, praying, waiting, watching for his coming; and her constant language was, "Oh, do come Lord Jesus, and take me to Thyself where Thou art; Thou knowest that I love Thee, oh, do come, I want to be with Thee. Why art Thou so long coming?" One day feeling easier, she said, "When I was in pain I longed to be gone, but it was not that I wanted merely to be freed from pain. I have none now, and yet I am more anxious than ever to be with Jesus, exclaiming shortly after, "Oh I do love Thee, Lord, how good Thou art!" In the night season, when very restless and unable to sleep, she would desire her friend to read the scriptures to her or repeat hymns. There were many she loved to hear, but that one, "Jesus, lover of my soul," she said expressed her feelings frequently. She derived unspeakable comfort from the 23rd and 103rd Psalms. Oftentimes when bidding good night to her husband, she would say, "I hope I shall be in heaven before morning;" and again, when the day began to dawn, "I had hoped to be gone before the day-break." "Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming? I am afraid I am impatient, but I want to be with Jesus." A few days previous to her death, her father and youngest sister visited her. She was rejoiced, having longed to see them, especially her father. She told him how happy she was. What God had done for her, begging him not to weep, adding, "I am not afraid to die, I am going to heaven."

One day she remarked, "This drowsiness and unconsciousness does not allow me to think upon God, so constantly now, but I

trust He will not leave me." Being reminded of his promise, "I will never, never leave, nor forsake thee." She said, "No, I hope He will take me soon, and quietly; I hope I shall soon cast off this poor body, and be clothed in that white robe."

The last day of her earthly career had now arrived. At 1 o'clock, a.m. a severe attack came on, and at 3, she said, "I wonder if this is death, adding, 'I have been asking the Lord to take me quietly, in my sleep, if He pleases.'" It was evident to those around, that death was now upon her. About noon her faithful pastor called to see her, and after speaking a few moments, said, "You are happy, Mrs. W.," she replied, "I soon shall be;" then praying with, and for her, he left her. A little while after she called her mother to her side, and taking her hand said, "Mother, I am not afraid to die, I am happy; Jesus has done all for me." About 3 o'clock in the afternoon perceiving she was somewhat easier, I asked if she felt the comforting support of God as the staff upon which she could rest, now that she was passing along the valley, and near the point of death. She answered, "Oh! yes I do, Jesus is with me." After a few more questions which she answered very satisfactorily, she said, "I should like you to pray with me now, for I feel I shall not long be able to join you, or attend." We united in prayer immediately, and I do not remember that she spoke afterwards.

In a little time, her head being pillowed on my bosom, we thought her morning request was about to be granted, that of being taken in her sleep; but no, an hour before her death, agonizing pangs came on, painful to witness, yet in the midst of these, she pointed upwards with her finger, accompanying the motion with a smile, expressive no doubt of the holy joy which filled her heart. Soon after her ransomed soul escaped from its clay tenement and entered the world of spirits, rising at once to its God.

"Home to the place, his grace designed, that chosen soul to fill,
In the bright temple of the saved, upon his holy hill."

Mrs. W. died on the 25th of May, 1853, in the 26th year of her age.

[The above was put in type during our absence in England. It is not for us to affix limits to Jehovah's power, nor to set up standards of depth and experience; but we confess that to our minds there is a shallowness about the foregoing which would have prevented our publishing it, had we seen it sooner. It is just one of those cases of which, we conceive, the most that can be said is, there is hope. We have a most perfect dread of mere natural amiability on a sick-and-dying bed being mistaken for that peace that passeth all understanding, which is the Spirit's gift to his previously slain, broken-hearted ones.—Ed.]

Reviews.

Joseph and Jesus. Being an Attempt to shed New Testament Light upon Old Testament History. By the Rev. W. LINCOLN, A. K. C., Curate of Pudsey, near Leeds. Leeds: J. Heaton. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

"THE object of the following pages," says the Author in his Preface, "is to testify of the Person, Work, Love, Grace, Preciousness, Fulness, and Glory of Christ." God has highly honoured him in the attempt. There is a sweet savour of Christ in this very precious little volume. We have dipped into it here and there, and we long for a quiet hour to sit down to a close perusal. We thank God for the clearness, the truthfulness, the boldness, the faithfulness, stamped upon these pages. We earnestly recommend them, and are confident that Jehovah's blessing will attend them.

Union in Life: Separation in Death. A grateful Tribute in Memory of "The Silent Preacher," (the late Mrs. C. W. BANKS). London: Houlston and Stoneman.

HEART-RECORDS, bearing the signal impress of Divine teaching. Every page is fraught with the breathings of a living soul.

Asleep in Jesus; or, a small Tribute of Affection to the Memory of a beloved Child. By S. ADAMS, M.A., Curate of Thornton and Bagworth, with Stanton-under-Bardon, Leicestershire. London: Aylott and Jones.

"FRIEND after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There's no union of hearts,
But finds on earth an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest."

But when that friend is a child—a child of promise—a son just growing up into life, and bidding fair to be useful therein, how additionally agonizing! Still, still, there is abundant evidence in the little "Tribute" before us, that our bereaved Brother "need not sorrow as those who have no hope." His departed one was under Divine teaching; and, whilst in this valley of tears, and sin, and misery, training for that better, brighter land, where the people who dwell therein are forgiven their iniquity. The Lord graciously make this little tribute of affection, very, very useful to the young especially.

Personal Recollections of the Little Tew Ghost. By EDGAR HEWLETT. London: Aylott & Co.

EXTRAORDINARY, yet we cannot conceive of any advantage that will accrue from its publication.

Cheering Words for Seeking Souls. Vol. III. London: Houlston and Stoneman. CHEERING indeed! and their neat and cheap form—only halfpenny a number—admirably adapts them for extensive distribution.

Miss Corner's Scriptural History Simplified; in Question and Answer; for the use of Schools and Families. Revised by JOHN KITTO, D. D., F. S. A. London: Dean and Co.

A VAST amount of Scripture-facts brought into a small compass. It is a book well suited for Schools, Mothers of families, and Sunday-school teachers.

Protestant Conversation Cards. An Attempt to explain and expose the Romish Doctrines and Ceremonies as they now stand unrepealed from the Council of Trent. By the Rev. JAMES R. SHEPPERD, Curate of the North Shore, Kirkdale, Lancashire.

MOST opportunely are these Cards published. They are the result of careful research, and well-directed reading. We can scarcely conceive of a Parent or Guardian making a more desirable gift to the juveniles, than these Protestant Conversation Cards.

Christ is All. A Series of Tracts. No. 3, The Guilty Clothed. No. 4, The More Excellent Sacrifice. Weston-super-Mare: J. Whereat, Gazette Office. London: Wertheim and Co.

THERE is a vigour of style, and withal such weight and truthfulness about these tracts, that has afforded us a rich treat in the perusal. They are admirably adapted for general circulation. The talented Author has offered us a supply, and we shall accept it with no small degree of pleasure and satisfaction, for distribution among our benighted neighbours. How invaluable would these tracts be in some of our thickly-populated towns and villages. They are simple, short, pithy, yet rich in thought and originality of idea.

The Character of a Convent; displayed in the awful Disclosures of Maria Monk. Being a Narrative of her Sufferings, during a Residence of Five Years as a Novice, and Two Years as a black Nun, in the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, at Montreal. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

HORRIBLE! most horrible! Those who are disposed to sympathize with Popery or Puseyism—those who would thrust their daughters into the poisonous atmosphere of a French school—let them read the "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk." Verily they chill one's blood, and cause one to long for the day when "that Wicked [one] shall be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming."