

THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

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LOVE'S MEMORIAL ;

OR, A FATHER'S FEELINGS IN CONNEXION WITH THE SICKNESS AND
DEATH OF A BELOVED DAUGHTER.

[MEMORANDUM No. 1.]

Bedminster, Feb. 11, 1863.

"And her daughter was made whole from that very hour."—MATT. xv. 28.

OH, the blessedness of the word of God, and how glorious does He become in the estimation of those in whose hearts the Holy Ghost is pleased to drop any portion of that word with living, Christ-exalting power. What an uplifting of heart does it produce, and how infinitely above and beyond the cavillings of the poor finite creature is the mind raised when thus the Lord seals home His own word, as so exactly suitable and adapted to the present wants and necessities of His poor and needy ones. Who can argue a soul out of that which the Lord the Spirit is pleased to drop into the mind, and seal home upon the heart? The word in the letter is dear, but oh, how infinitely more so when the Lord Himself takes of that word, and applies it. How sweet is it when He does now as it is recorded of Him of old, "He sent His word and healed them." Oh, the dew—the unction—the power! How raised above creature-sense and creature-reasoning. "Where the word of a King is there is power;" and who can dispute, much less deny that power, when thus blessed in the experience of it?

Thou dear and adorable Head, we would fall before Thee in adoration and praise. We would magnify Thy great and glorious name. Yes, whatever wicked men may say to the contrary, Thou art the same almighty, omnipotent, all-tender and gracious God as in days of old. All that is recorded of Thee is true. Thy word shall stand, and Thou wilt ratify and confirm it in the heart's experience of Thy redeemed. Thou wilt come forth in delivering mercy. Thou wilt establish Thine own truth. Infidels and scoffers shall stand aghast as they behold—as they shall be compelled to behold—the wonders of Thy wonder-working hand. In vain shall they despise. In vain shall they deny. Vain will be all their puny efforts to sully Thy great and glorious truth. Thy truth is like Thyself—ininvulnerable. Oh, help us to bless Thee; help us to trust Thee; help us to look above the creature, and above all creature-circumstances, and to depend on Thyself alone. For hast Thou promised, and wilt Thou not perform? Hast Thou said it, and shall not the thing come to pass? "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Art Thou not mighty to save, and able (aye,

and pledged, too) to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think? We hope in Thyself. We look to Thyself. We expect from Thyself. It is upon Thine arm, and Thine alone, we lean. No fleshly arm will suffice. No creature aid will avail. All men are mere cyphers in Thy hand. The wisdom—the strength—is Thine own. And “wilt Thou not do as Thou hast said?” “Shall not Thine own promise stand?” Wilt Thou not “remember Thy word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused us to hope”? Assuredly Thou wilt, for “Thou art not a man that Thou shouldst lie, nor art Thou the son of man that Thou shouldst repent.” All hail, then, thou dearest, most loving, ever-gracious Immanuel; Thou tender, sympathizing Head of Thy Church and people; Thou who art in very deed “touched with the feeling of our infirmities, for Thou wert tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.” Oh, let a gain-saying world, as well as Thine own loved people, witness Thine acts; so that Thou mayest thus get to Thyself glory, and that the praises and the adoration of Thy redeemed may redound to Thee.”

[MEMORANDUM No. 2.]

Bedminster, Feb. 12, 1863.

“The Lord hath chastened me sore; but He hath not given me over unto death.”—Ps. cxviii. 18.

BLESSED and praised be His great and ever-to-be-adored name, such is the fact! He is a wonder-working God, and worthy of all praise, dominion, and power. From the inmost soul we cannot but magnify and adore Him, His love is so vast—His wisdom is so infinite—His mercy so great His tenderness so divine—His compassion so boundless. Yea, He is such a God, that one longs to sing to Him as well as of Him, in higher and more glorious strains.

We fall before Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, in adoring wonder and admiration. We would indeed praise Thee with joyful lips, for “Thou hast magnified Thy word above all Thy name.” It is true of Thee as the psalmist expressed it, “In the day when I cried Thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.”

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Reader, dear reader, we are not prepared at present—not at all equal to the

work of addressing you in our usual way. We are sure, under the circumstances, you will excuse our doing so. Most true is the heading of our paper, as far as we personally are concerned, “The Lord hath chastened me sore; but [oh that but!] He hath not given me over unto death.”

Southsea, Feb. 15, 1863.

BELOVED READERS,—The two foregoing memorandums were penned under peculiar circumstances. The first was just as the physician had said, in allusion to our precious child: “There is a shade of improvement, but still she is in a most precarious state. Life hangs in the balance. If she does not go back, but makes as much progress in the next twenty-four hours as she has in the past, I shall have hope.”

I heard this testimony with calmness and composure. Although at one time during the previous evening, I seemed not to have a ray of hope of my dear child's recovery, yet the Lord's communings were such between three and four o'clock in the morning, and the scriptures, which rolled over the mind were so precious, that I was lifted up, as it were, out of myself—above all creature-circumstances, and the opinions of men. The word that first came to the mind, after pleading with the Lord for one, was, “This affliction is not unto death, but for the glory of God.” It came softly—gently. I knew its suitability, but I feared to lay hold of it. I thought it might be one's own *recollection* rather than the Lord's special *revelation*; the creature's *choice* rather than the Lord's *seal*; one's *fleshly will*, and not the Lord's *way*. These thoughts so weighed with me, that I felt I could not venture to take the word, though none could have been more precious or appropriate. Then came another, and another, and another: “If thou canst believe; all things are possible to him that believeth;” “Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?” These scriptures with others were so sweet that my heart was melted before the Lord, and I began, in the language of the 103rd Psalm, to exclaim, “Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name,” &c., &c. Subsequently, when my dear wife informed me, that at the very time my heart had been thus communing with the

Lord, my precious child underwent a change, and there appeared to be a partial restoration to consciousness, the word came, "And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." It was with these feelings, under much uplifting of heart, and a simple looking to and hoping in the Lord, I penned the first of the foregoing fragments.

Since then I have seen I had misconstrued their real import. What I thought intended death *naturally*, the Lord meant *spiritually* and *eternally*. Moreover, the Lord was, in the most gracious and condescending way, answering the simple breathings of my heart. I had—not in words, but in breathings, and mental whisperings—been asking Him to sustain and uphold me in the engagements which I had entered into in reference to the preliminary opening of the schools. I had prayed that, if the Lord did intend to remove my dear child, I might be spared the stroke until after *my* part of the engagement was fulfilled, so that no inconvenience, or disappointment, or confusion might arise therefrom. And now, dear readers, mark how kindly, and tenderly, and condescendingly the Lord gave heed. See how (whatever wicked men may say to the contrary)

"He manages our mean affairs."

Mark how true the statement,—

"Make you *His* service *your* delight,
Your wants shall be *His* care.

I had been wonderfully sustained during the Sunday; had preached a sermon to young people in the evening, to a very crowded church, from the words the Lord had given me at my father's grave, nine-and-twenty years before, "A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation;" had sweetly found the Lord's presence at our Monday-morning prayer-meeting; had gone through the various engagements of the day, and in the evening, at our first prayer-meeting in the new building, realized that in very deed the Lord was consecrating that house. I could not entertain a doubt of it. It was sweetly manifest to my heart and conscience. I returned home, and, ignorant of the fact that a new phase of my precious one's disorder had appeared—that paralysis had now attacked her—I sat down and calmly wrote off the report of the schools, which will be found in a subsequent page.

Had I known at the time what I knew immediately after, the thing would have been utterly impracticable. My dear wife had concealed her emotion until that was done, and then, but not until then, I discovered how matters were. The communings to which I just now alluded, a few hours afterwards followed; but, when in the morning I went to her sick-chamber, and beheld that so recently healthy, cheerful, animated creature lying precisely in the same state of helpless unconsciousness in which she had been for hours, it appeared as though my heart would burst. Never, methinks, shall I forget that hour. Precious, precious child!

But again mark the goodness and the condescension of our God. I had still the important engagements of the evening to meet; the report to write off afresh, and the accounts to make up; and figures (at all times to me a most trying tax) were now additionally distasteful. I had scarcely left the sick-room of my precious child, when two of the Trustees were announced. They had called, not knowing at the time the distressing change which my dear child's malady had assumed. One had previously given half of the land; the other had now called to give me a cheque for fifty guineas towards the schools, and to say that another of his co-Trustees intended that morning to do the same. Oh, the timeliness of this mercy! It appeared to me as such a marvellous act of condescension upon the part of our God. It showed how tender, and how watchful, and how pitiful He was. He knew the weight of that work upon my heart. He knew how great its pressure upon my mind; and He knew, moreover, how to *time* His mercies. An hour or two after, the third Trustee before referred to entered the school-buildings, surveyed the whole with the greatest satisfaction, and, in the same cheerful way as his co-Trustee had done, put down his cheque for fifty guineas. Thus unexpectedly were one hundred guineas added to our receipts, enabling me to hand over an additional sixty pounds to the builder unsolicited, and fifty pounds to the architect, also unasked for. And, though during the comparatively short time these schools have been in hand, nearly £1,300 have been paid out, not in a single instance has money been applied for by the builder or any person concerned, without such call being at once responded

to. I speak this to the honour of our God. This timely act of His helped to sustain me that day, and during the responsibilities connected with the immense meeting of the evening. That over, I was thoroughly prostrate again; and then I had to ask the Lord afresh for strength for the remaining engagement, which was to meet at tea the aged people of my parish. These (as it will be seen elsewhere) numbered nearly two hundred; their average ages amounting to 67½ years. I have already said how the Lord sustained me that day by His communications. I had construed His words into a belief that our precious one was to be raised up again; and I felt assured, that, if raised up, it would be, not to a state of idiocy, but to a complete cure. I was, therefore, simply looking to the Lord, and not in the leastwise unto man. However kind and however skilful the earthly physicians who were attending her, I felt that I had to do primarily with the great and the good Physician. At our morning prayers my soul seemed more confirmed by opening casually (as men would say) upon the 38th of Isaiah, the reading of which seemed so appropriate. I now see that all this was designed of the Lord to sustain me during that day. The perfect unconsciousness of my precious child, and now the painful moans which I had construed into signs of a hopeful change, prompted me not to see her that day until the meeting was over. I knew the sight would prostrate me. At an early hour, therefore, in the afternoon, I went to the new schools to meet and welcome the dear old people. I am fond of the aged at all times, but I now seemed additionally so. It was such a happy gathering as far as they were concerned; and, whilst speaking to one and another, I came presently upon one of eighty-two years of age, a blind man. He was blind naturally, and had been so for sixty years; but the Lord had evidently given him spiritual sight. In talking with him, I found he was from Plymouth; had known the beloved Dr. HAWKER, and had been in the habit of attending the meetings of the "household of faith," hard by Charles Church, where my own dear mother was so fond of resorting. This again diverted me from present trials; it led me both backward and forward—backward in grateful review of all the way by which the Lord had led me and mine—forward in joyful hope of a blissful immortality.

I think I shall never forget that meeting. My whole soul was fired, and, whilst speaking to those aged, deeply-interested ones, I was carried out of myself and above all circumstances. After the tea, I addressed them upon the necessity of the new birth. The neighbouring Independent Minister then kindly spoke to them, just previously to his attending one of his own meetings. I then gave out the hymn—

"We've no abiding city here,"

and called upon the dear old blind man to pray. He did pray, and, by Divine power, prayed right into the hearts of the people. Many wept. I had quite intended to have closed the meeting at seven o'clock, and made arrangements for so doing; but the interest was such, and the power of the Lord was so remarkably present, that time passed almost imperceptibly. Both season and place were sacred indeed. "It was none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven." I felt as though I should like to go from that spot directly home to His dear bosom (nor will this be long first, blessed be His name!). I spoke of the blood—yea, of that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin, and told them I should like to die with the word "blood" upon my lips; and when I had quoted 1 John i. 7, a note was handed me by a friend on the platform, requesting me to ask them to repeat the passage in question. That large assembly of aged ones directly rose, and repeated after me once—twice—thrice,—**"THE BLOOD—OF JESUS CHRIST—HIS SON—CLEANSETH US—FROM ALL SIN."** Oh, it was a marvellous—a delightful spectacle. One man, of between ninety-eight and a hundred years of age, said to the Scripture-reader the next day, "It went home, sir, into my old heart." "What went home?" "Why, sir, our minister asked us to say after him, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' It went home, sir," said he again, "into my old heart; and I have not been able to get it out ever since." The Lord God omnipotent grant that he never may.

At twenty minutes to eight I closed that meeting; and, when the dear old people had dispersed, I returned to my house, there to discover that at the very minute I was pronouncing the benediction, my precious, precious, precious child passed away, without struggle, or groan, or sigh.

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I pass over what followed. Suffice it to say, that the next forenoon I wrote the Memorandum No. 2, under date Bedminster, Feb. 12. But that night and next day the anguish was greater than I could endure. I could no longer tarry there. Great as was the denial, I could not follow that loved one to her grave. After the last funeral at which I officiated at that lovely grave-yard, within the last two months, I thought I should like to select a spot, that I might visit it from time to time, in anticipation of being one day laid there. A feeling at once seized me of which I have never since been able to rid myself, "You may soon want that spot, not for yourself, but another." I directly turned away.

And now I am come to my native place—to the lovely sea-side, where, two years ago, my loved one, with her dear brothers and sisters, was running to and fro on the shore now stretching before me. Last Sunday I was testifying of the Divine faithfulness, love, mercy, grace, power, and all-sufficiency to my own loved congregation. My morning text was, "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, rejoice." I said at the time I took the text with trembling, because suffering and sorrow are so intermingled with the joy and rejoicing of pilgrims in this vale of tears. It is so true, "We who are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened;" however, it was in vain I sought to set aside the text. But, though the Lord has since smitten me and mine so sorely, I see no reason to change the testimony; but, contrariwise, I feel we have abundant cause for rejoicing in the fullest confidence that our then loved sufferer is now singing before the throne, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb." From the sweet testimonies of her own dying lips, as well as from the most blessed assurance from the Lord Himself, I cannot entertain a doubt of this. No, blessed be God, my loved but mourning wife and I can give heed to the Apostle's sweet and comforting language, "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you by the word of the

Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

In gazing upon the sleeping frame of our departed one, I have been repeatedly reminded of the resurrection morn. Through mercy, considering the season of the year, the sun has for some days been unusually bright and clear. As He has thrown his cheering rays upon the loved countenance of our sleeping one, I have thought of the rapturous expression of those now half-closed and death-dulled eyes, as they awake from the slumbers of the tomb, at the sound of the archangel's trump. "What rapturous emotions—what ecstatic joy—what adoring wonder will that self-same countenance then express, as the glorified body shall start up from the grave, under the full light, and glory, and power of the Sun of righteousness. Well may one sing in the contemplation—

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the archangel's trump shall sound;
Then burst my bonds with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise."

Dear readers, I feel with respect to what I have written, as though the first person had occupied too prominent a place; but this has been far from my wish. All that appertains to the creature is sinful and corrupt. Personally one has cause to sink into the very dust of self-loathing and abasement. My simple wish has been to testify of the faithfulness as well as the lovingkindness and mercy of one's God. "God is faithful," are words so true, so blessed. My text of last Sunday night before referred to as spoken nine-and-twenty years ago this very month, and within a mile or so of where I now write, He has ratified and confirmed to the very letter to this present moment; "A Father to the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation." I delight to speak of things which *prove* Him to be, what His own blessed word declares Him to be, JEHOVAH-

JIREH, as well as "God over all, for ever blessed."

February 16.

It is time, however, that I came more particularly to the experience of my precious child; and the more calmly I am enabled to reflect upon the Lord's leadings and dealings, the more clearly do I discover how He has been preparing both parent and child for what He had, in His own eternal purpose, intended to do.

Upon reference to my journal, I see how for months past, the spiritual welfare of our dear children had been laid upon my heart. I have always found it easier to talk to the Lord about my children, than to my children about the Lord—I mean in a close, heart-appealing way, as to *personal experience*. I have always had a dread of saying that to my children which should lead them to *express* more than they really *felt*. I know there is such a danger of those religiously brought up, and who have a personal familiarity with all the great requirements of our common faith, talking in too commonplace a way about the thoughts, and feelings, and desires connected with the new birth and religious experience generally. Though little or nothing were said, I would sooner have ground to hope that there was a deeper, inner heart-work going on—the which it is scarcely possible for a careful, prayerful observer, by its fruits, to overlook, than that flippant talk which bespeaks a merely superficial knowledge. My heart has often mourned over this in young people, who have been religiously trained. There has been no arriving at a solid satisfaction about them. There has been a something lacking. Their *words* and their *ways* have been at variance. This state of things, therefore, I believe has weighed with me with respect to my household, although I must at the same time acknowledge how often it has grieved me that I have not been able to speak to my children more readily, promptly, and personally about soul-matters.

In regard to my precious child, to the period of whose leaving school I had long and pleasingly looked forward, I must remark, that I had considerable fear when I discovered that there were indications of a leaning to High-Churchism, and a love for the vanities of this poor fleeting world. She was passionately fond of *sight-seeing*. Her young and buoyant mind would enter with such avidity into

any description which she might hear or read of any public display, enterprise, or amusement. She had a sweet voice, and sang with peculiar simplicity. She played with considerable taste, and her letters were of the most animated cast. She would, doubtless, unchecked, have drunk deeply into the sentimental and romantic.

Coupled with an open, cheerful countenance, there was much tenderness and affection. She was so stout, rosy, and healthful in appearance, that in a playful way we used to call her "Dear Fatty." Precious child! even in the midst of her sufferings—and throughout her comparatively short illness, as I shall have hereafter to show, they were *intense*—among some of her last words were, "Won't you kiss your Fatty?" Thus a goodly measure of her natural cheerfulness continued almost to the last. Such indeed was that cheerfulness, that I feel, as I write, how deep the wound her removal has inflicted, and how great the blank her absence will produce in my once happy household. Mutual was the gratification when, as with her loved sister she alternately took her seat beside mine at the breakfast or tea-table, I used with my hand to smooth her fat rosy cheeks. How sweet would be the smile in response, accompanied as it invariably was with the words, "*You precious!*" in recognition of the little love-token.

When at times I would come in jaded from parochial work, or more particularly after the excitement of preaching, when the bodily frame was wearied, and the mental powers exhausted, how ready was she to take her seat at the piano, and accompany her soft and tasteful touch in those sweet, simple, clearly-expressed words, which to my mind at least is the very essence of music. How, under the soothing power of that voice, giving utterance as it did to some precious Gospel truth, has the heart been lifted Christward and heavenward. Those of my readers who delight in the sweet melody of the saints, and who at the same time (as I believe for the most part God's children do) possess a musical ear, will, if familiar with such scriptural pieces as "Ruth" and "Resignation," enter into what I mean by the power of sacred music, as a means, to soothe and lull the perturbed mind or wearied spirit. How sweet, for example, after the anxieties and the turmoil of the working week, for a godly family unitedly to sing—

"When the tired spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week.

"How sweet to hail the rising dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds its fresh beams of light!

"Sweet day! thine hours too soon will
cease,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heav'nly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

"When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er;
That Sabbath dawn that needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?"

Or on a Sabbath-evening, after the varied spiritual exercises and privileges of the day, to sing unitedly in the family,—

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

"No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

"No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon."

And then, before in a few short acknowledgments and petitionings, committing one's self and one's family afresh to the guardianship and care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps, how ready an index to the child's mind may be had by requesting him or her to read a short psalm. When my loved Alice was called upon to do so, the same expressive simplicity that marked her *singing* characterized her *reading*.

Still, as I have already intimated, I was apprehensive of a slight tendency towards High-Churchism. Hence, on more than one occasion, when lifting up the warning voice against ritualism or formalism, I have said to my dear children, "I would sooner follow you to your graves than see you enthralled by Tractarianism or refined Popery."

Upon referring to my journal, I find by certain entries, as before stated, how much my mind had of late been engrossed with the spiritual well-being of my dear

children; and now, in the sequel, I discover how verily the Lord has *taken me at my word*. Much, however, as it costs me in regard to the feelings of bereavement and desolation, I desire at the same time to recognize and acknowledge the goodness, mercy, and truth of a covenant-keeping God.

Under date June 29, 1862, I find the following entry:—"I feel I want rousing — stirring up — the prompting which shall cause me to shake off my slothfulness. Yet, whilst I feel this, I dread the means which Thou, Lord, mayest employ to bring about the state of things I thus desire. My coward heart shrinks from trial — yea, even though faith may recognize in it but Fatherly discipline. I dread the 'answers by terrible things in righteousness.' * * * I would have my children more laid upon my heart, and would bring them by faith, and roll each and all of them upon Thee. Come, Lord, come Thou and bless."

"July 15th.—A day of sadness and deep, deep exercise. Much discouraged on account of the way, arising from various causes, not the least is the waywardness of the younger children, one of whom I had to correct. This always puts me to much pain of heart. How does parental anxiety increase with the growth of children. How powerless does one feel in regard to them. Oh, how great would be the mercy, were the Lord pleased to call my children by His grace; how would my soul exult in that mercy. I feel what an instantaneous transfer there would be of any care or anxiety on their account, from my shoulders to the Lord, could I know undoubtedly that they were *His*. Did I know He *loved* them, sure I am He would *take care* of them. But, when I see their worldliness, I do at times fear greatly; there is much anguish on their behalf in reserve for me. Lord, be better to me than all my fears."

"Aug. 17.—Oh my children, Lord, my children! may they each and every one grow up to call their Redeemer blessed. May each, without a solitary exception, be an adopted son or daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit myself, my dear wife, my children, my family, my all. Oh, receive each and all at my poor hands, not weighing my merits, but pardoning my offences, for Jesus' precious name's sake. Amen, and Amen."

"Aug. 31.—O God, I would in godly

simplicity and sincerity, pour out my heart before Thee, for 'to whom can I come but unto Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life.' Oh, that Thou wouldest speak the word of life unto the souls of those my children who are now dead in trespasses and sins. Oh, in great mercy, do Thou look down upon them. All my efforts are vain. All my entreaties and admonitions seem to stand for nought. It must be *Thy* work, and *Thine* alone. Oh, have mercy, have mercy, Lord;

'Convince them of their sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood.'

Make each of my children monuments of Thy sparing mercy, and subjects of Thy redeeming grace; Oh, make them trophies of Thy grace. Take them into Thy fold, O Thou good and gracious Shepherd, nestle them in Thy bosom as lambs of Thy flock. Oh, turn not away Thy face at my supplication, but hear and answer my prayer, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"Sept. 21.—However much it might cost me to part with ———, if the Lord had need of him, I would seek grace at Jehovah's hands to give him up, unrepiningly; nay, I wish this to be the tone of my mind in regard to each of my dear children. I see how many and great dangers they are surrounded by in this evil, sin-dyed world; and, therefore, if the Lord is pleased to call them by His grace, I feel how much better it would be to follow them home to glory, in the Lord's time, rather than to leave them in this sin-polluted world, in doubt and danger. The Lord enable me to resign these matters into his hands."

It pleased the Lord after the foregoing memorandum, to lay His hand upon our eldest girl—at all times much more delicate than her sister. Never can I think of that illness, and of the Lord's subsequently afflicting her who was then in apparently such perfect health, strong, and robust to a degree, without reflecting upon the sovereignty of Jehovah, and without also being reminded of the words, "The one shall be taken, and the other left." The attack referred to being bronchitis, which quickly assumed a very serious aspect, we, as a family, were suddenly plunged into considerable anxiety. I seem to see our now dear departed one, as in a moment of intense excitement she rushed from the room, down-stairs, to dispatch a messenger for the doctor. Ah, how little did she, or any of us, imagine

that, not the then sick one, but herself—herself—apparently in such perfect health, would soon be laid down and breathe her last upon the very bed then occupied by her suffering sister. Oh, how well may this very fact teach one and all of us the uncertainty of life. How loudly—yea, as with trumpet-tongue—does it speak to the young, and the thoughtless, and the worldly, and the gay. My very soul seems harrowed at the moment I write, as I contemplate that scene, and here briefly dwell upon these facts. And how would I pray God to bless it to the reader, and to the young especially of my congregation. Oh, what little cause for any one to say, "To-morrow shall be as to-day, and much more abundant." How vain is it to speculate on the morrow, whilst it is written, and facts confirm the truth, "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." The present moment—and that alone—is ours.

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

Oh, dear young readers, be it yours, of God's great mercy, to remember this. Who can tell but what disease may have seized upon *your* frame, and be working insidiously, but effectually, even at this moment? The dear departed one was the *very picture of health*; nay, was remarked as the most robust in appearance of a large congregation. It has since been said to the writer, that she would have been the *very last* to have been selected as a mark for Death's arrow, whereas, in the providence of God, she proved to be *the first*. Who, then, can calculate? And repeatedly did she say upon her sick-bed, "What folly it was to presume upon a death-bed repentance."

February 17.

On this day my precious one is to be taken to her last resting-place—the lovely, most picturesque, Arno's Vale Cemetery. Thankful should I have been to have followed her precious remains thither, but I felt it was more than poor nature could bear. I may have future duties in connexion with that cemetery to perform. Indeed, so prepossessed was I, when officiating at sundry funerals within the last few months, with the impression that ere long one or more of my own dear family would be buried there, that it

was with the utmost difficulty I could conduct the service. Had I, therefore, followed my dear child, I felt I never could have complied with the wish of any departing parishioner in future to have officiated in the cemetery. The loved child who is to be consigned to the silent grave to-day is the sixth from which I have been called to part. Hence, though a lengthened period has intervened between their deaths and that of my first dear wife, the present bereavement has only been the opening afresh of wounds but imperfectly healed. I believe that when the Lord sees fit to take one, and another, and another of our dear ones, it inflicts a wound that He intends never should be healed but in, and by, and from Himself. Fresh sources of comfort and satisfaction may be mercifully opened, but there is at the same time a vein of deep heart-sorrow never, never to be closed.

In reference to our present loss, I cannot but note down one most special and peculiar mercy. Suffering as I do, constitutionally, from deep, deep depression, I think it is so tender, and gracious, and sympathizing of the Lord to send just at this time such remarkably pleasant and cheerful weather. Since the departure of our loved one, there has during each day been scarcely even the shadow of a cloud to intercept the clear shining of the sun. This has been such a cordial to the heart—even nature itself has been pouring into the wound of the oil and the balm of consolation. Had the weather been dark, or wet, or gloomy, or boisterous, how different would have been my feelings: I thank my ever-gracious God for this timely and merciful interposition of His hand.

Moreover, as I sit writing in this sweetly-retired spot, the clear blue sea rolling in almost at my very feet, and stretching on the one hand far away, I see, on the other hand, the lovely Isle of Wight, and plainly trace the outline of the hills near and round about which the blessed LEIGH RICHMOND laboured. There is Brading Down and the little village of Bembridge. These spots seem to bring vividly to remembrance "Little Jane," and the "Young Cottager," with all the interesting details connected with their lives, and their subsequent removal from this vale of tears; and, when one thinks of them, and of their sufferings being o'er, one is comforted by the reflection,—

"Yet a season, and we know,
Happy entrance shall be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heaven."

The sight of the Isle of Wight, too, brings to my remembrance one of the first grounds upon which I entertained a hope, spiritually, with respect to my precious Alice. It was when visiting the little village of Yarmouth, an opposite point of the island, in the spring of 1861, that I commenced a series of letters to my beloved children. None felt so interested, or looked forward so anxiously to their appearance, as did my now deceased child. Considering the decidedly serious tone of the letters in question, this little circumstance gave me hope and encouragement, spiritually, with respect to her.

I might here mention how great a favourite she was with the late beloved ELIZABETH SEARLE, the "Recluse" of the *Gospel Magazine*. Residing with us as she did for some time in Ireland, she took the liveliest interest in our dear child. One might almost say, she adopted her as her own. It was "*My Alice this*," and "*My Alice that*;" none in her estimation came up to *her* Alice. And, as a dear niece then likewise resident with us, has since reminded us, how earnest were the prayers of this beloved aged disciple—this mother in Israel—for her little adopted one. Without doubt they have joined each other in the land where parting is unknown.

By reference to my little pocket Bible, I see a special mark set against Jer. xxxiii. 3: "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things [margin, hidden] which thou knowest not." This Scripture was given to me at the time of the visit to the little village of Yarmouth, previously referred to, and when the welfare of my dear children was in such a special way laid upon my heart. This it was that led to the series of letters alluded to, and which, in the good providence of God, I hope I may be able to continue. How mercifully and graciously has the Lord even already fulfilled His word, "Call upon me," &c. Oh, for more love, more zeal, more steadfastness; oh, for the eye of faith, with less wavering to look to Him—the hand of faith more wrestingly to lay hold upon Him—the heart more to agonize with and expect from Him. Oh, to wait upon Him, and to expect from Him large things. "We are not strait-

ened in Him, but we are straitened in our own bowels." Oh, for grace ever to remember, O my soul—

"Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much."

How blessed is the testimony of the Holy Ghost by the prophet in the chapter preceding that from which I have quoted above—"Ah, Lord God! behold thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee: Thou showest lovingkindness unto thousands, and recompensest the iniquity of the fathers into the bosom of their children after them: the Great, the Mighty God, the Lord of hosts, is his name. Great in counsel, and mighty in work: (for thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men; to give every one according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings:) which hast set signs and wonders in the land of Egypt, even unto this day, and in Israel, and among other men; and hast made thee a name, as at this day."

As one sits here and reflect upon the ever-constant changes of this mortal life, how is one's whole spirit imbued with the conviction of the thorough vanity of everything beneath the sun. How true—yea, I was going to say, were it possible, how more than true—are the words of the wise man, "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity." Within a few hundreds of yards of where I write, when last I visited this spot, a most active and influential man was suddenly cut off on a Sabbath afternoon; and now recently, the builder of this house and owner of the surrounding property (with whom I used then to converse) died even more suddenly, being at the time Mayor of Portsmouth. Then again, if I look a little distance, I see Osborne Castle, and am reminded of its present occupant, our heart-stricken, still deeply-mourning Queen. Hence on every hand, and in an almost infinite variety of ways, we are taught "This is not our rest, it is polluted;" and are admonished not to set our affections on things below, but on things above. The Lord, in His mercy, grant us grace more and more so to do; yea, may each with truth be enabled to exclaim, "Whom have I in heaven but

Thee? and there is none on earth I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

February 18.

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments, or no."—DEUT. viii. 2.

WHAT a change does one witness this day in the weather. The sea which yesterday was so bright and clear, is now hidden by a dense fog. The beautiful Island is completely obscured, and all nature has assumed its sable mantle. I cannot but acknowledge the goodness and the condescension of my God. Had the weather been for the last few days what it is now, how much more oppressed would one's heart have been.

As I could not personally follow our beloved one to the tomb, I thought I could not pass the hour of her interment so congenially with my own sad heart as in the graveyard where the Lord, nine-and-twenty years ago, spoke the cheering promise, "A Father to the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation." And indeed I found it profitable to stand upon the self-same spot, and look back in grateful review of all the way by which the Lord my God had led me. Whatever wicked men may say to the contrary, or however they may cavil at or dispute the wisdom and goodness and truthfulness of a covenant-keeping God, I felt how sweet and how blessed it was to stand as the living witness of having personally and experimentally tested that wisdom, goodness, and truth. From one's heart one could testify that "not one thing had failed of all the good things which the Lord our God had spoken concerning one; all had come to pass, and not one thing had failed thereof."

Deeply, deeply had that day been laid upon my heart the hapless Bishop of Natal. When I thought of the death-bed scene I had lately been called to witness, how I shuddered for that unhappy man—for unhappy he must be even now—when I thought of his being brought into the swellings of Jordan, with no God to look to—no Saviour to confide in or lean upon. He who had been rushing upon the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler, now to find himself about to be plunged into eternity,

lacking the personal application of that blood which cleanseth from all sin, and which alone brings peace to the trembling heart, and enables the departing sinner to exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Oh, I felt what a fearful thing it was to fall into the hands of the living God, knowing that out of Christ our God is "a consuming fire."

By that very grave my early and devoted companion, JOHN DOUDNEY LANE—(Dr. COLENSO'S after-friend)—had stood. As two youths, we were just entering upon the pathway of life. But, since, dear LANE had been taken, but taken testifying of the grace and mercy of the self-same Lord Jesus Christ, whose knowledge and whose testimony the Bishop of Natal has had the daring presumption to dispute. Oh, I felt how infinitely sooner would I be in my own present state of sorrowful bereavement than be the Bishop of Natal, with whom I would not exchange—no, not for a thousand worlds.

From that most sacred spot I visited afresh the scenes of boyhood. There stood the old school-house in which I had closed my school-days nine-and-thirty years ago.

Directly opposite the old school-house lay a clean leaf of a Bible or Prayer-book; on picking it up, my eye dropped upon Matt. ix. 2: "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee;" which portion was the one the Lord the Spirit sovereignly and graciously applied to my heart, seven-and-thirty years ago, and with which He set my soul at a happy liberty. Oh, how timely was now the remembrance, as I thus visited old spots with such an oppressed heart, and as object after object came up to my recollection, bringing back most vividly old and almost forgotten scenes.

I allude to these things now, because I wish to bear my humble testimony to the goodness, and loving kindness, and faithfulness of my God. I want it to act (under Him) as an encouragement for my dear young friends especially; to perfectly do I remember the gloom, and darkness, and dread, that then hung round and about my young mind as a dense, dark, portentous cloud. I used to pass and re-pass those spots under a deep con-

sciousness of sin—with a felt conviction that if I died in the state in which I then was, there was no hope whatever for me. I felt all the force of the Redeemer's words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye must be born again." I knew I had not been born again. Hence I felt—yea, and in my broken way prayed (though I would not then have called it prayer)—just as dear Mr. HART expresses it:—

"I prayed to be new-born,
Yet knew not what it meant;
I thought it something very great,
Something undiscover'd yet."

So that now, in looking back from the self-same spots, and retracing in sweet review all the way by which He has led me, I can but rejoice and give thanks, as I attempt (however feebly and unworthily) to testify of all that my God is, and all that He has done. And, although at times I am ready to exclaim, "Surely He cannot go on thus to be so kind—so condescending—so gracious;" yet, at other times, I venture to thank Him and take courage, saying,—

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

"His love in times past forbids me to think

He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me
quite through."

I have dwelt upon these simple facts more at length, because I well know that if the Lord is pleased to give my dear young readers a personal, experimental knowledge of Himself, no sophistry, no speculations, nor vain philosophy of men, can argue them out of what the Lord Himself has taught them. What they have personally and experimentally "tasted, and handled, and felt" of the good word of life, must abide in the heart which the Lord has prepared for Himself, for "the preparation of the heart and the answer of the tongue" are from Him. Every new-born, Spirit-taught soul may take his stand upon the Lord's gracious testimony concerning Himself and His truth: "Upon this Rock [that is, upon this truth concerning myself, of which thou, Peter, hast testified] will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Again, I have dwelt upon these early inner-heart exercises, because I was so thankful to find, in my first conversation with our dear departed one, after the Lord had laid her upon the bed of affliction, she was personally so familiar with the same suspense, anxiety, and concern. Considering the closed lips over which I had so often mourned, or, in other words, my felt inability to speak to my dear children upon soul-matters as I feign would have done; I felt so thankful upon discovering that my dear child had long and anxiously been the subject of so much concern about a change of heart—that she had felt its necessity—had seen the vanity of the world—had discovered that nothing of earth could satisfy. As the Lord had been pleased to reveal to me, years and years before I could venture to speak of it to anyone, a deep consciousness of my own lost state and condition as a sinner, and a corresponding conviction that, without an interest in Christ, I must eternally perish; so I now, in regard to my precious child, had good reason to hope and believe that the self-same Spirit was secretly leading, and teaching, and training her.

Time and space forbid enlargement this month. Suffice it, the Lord, ere He called her away, gave me the sweetest and most undoubted assurance that He “had need

of her;” as He opened Lydia’s heart, so He opened her heart. He taught her Himself; and “who teacheth like Him?” Gently, but sovereignly and effectually, was she instructed. That she is with Him, basking in the sunshine of eternal bliss, I cannot for a moment doubt. I am sustained—yea, cheered and comforted—by this blessed conviction.

In my next, I hope to give particulars of her illness and dying experience.

Meanwhile I would commend the subject to the prayerful consideration of my dear young readers especially. Oh, what a speaking lesson is the removal of my dear child—apparently the healthiest of the healthy—the strongest of the strong. And how amazed am I, when I think of what in a few weeks may occur. How soon may disease and death make the most fatal inroads upon our family circle. How little room have any to boast; how little cause for a vain speculating upon life. How soon—yea, how very, soon—*may*; how soon—yea, how very, very soon—*must*—each and every one hear the summons, “The Master is come, and calleth for thee:” or the midnight cry, “Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.”

THE EDITOR.

3, Eastern Parade, Southsea.

In Loving Remembrance of

ALICE,

SECOND DAUGHTER OF DAVID ALFRED AND ELIZA DOUDNEY,

Who died February 11th, 1863,

AGED 15 YEARS,

AND WAS INTERRED IN ARNO'S VALE CEMETERY.

She sleeps in Jesus and is blest,
How sweet her slumbers are;
From suffering and from sin released,
And every hurtful snare.

MEDITATE much and often on the sufferings of your Lord. You may thus need less personal suffering to teach you to hate the sin that caused them. In all His afflictions be thou afflicted. Be not estranged in sympathy from the best Friend of your soul. Live only to be like Him. Let the first desire of your heart be fixed on the attainment of holiness.—*Christ on the Cross.*

A NEW MODE OF DEALING WITH DR. COLENSO'S BOOK.

(From a Correspondent of the "British Standard.")

IN a recently published work, entitled "The Foes of our Faith, and How to Defeat Them," reviewed a short time ago in the *British Standard*, and which appeared before Dr. Colenso's book, there occurs the following passage in reference to the rapid rate at which population under certain circumstances increases:—

"Even in our own day, we occasionally meet in the public journals with statements of facts illustrative of the rapid increase of the human family. It is no uncommon thing to hear of centenarians, or persons approaching their hundredth year, dying and leaving descendants, including children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren, to the number of from 150 to 200. Bishop Patrick, a distinguished divine, who, as mentioned in the previous chapter, flourished about 200 years ago, records one very remarkable and well-authenticated fact of this kind. He says that in his time, and in this country too, no fewer than 367 children sprang from two persons in the course of eighty years."

The fact here quoted from "The Foes of our Faith, and How to Defeat Them," of one male person having become, in the space of eighty years, the ancestor of no fewer than 367 souls—a fact consistent with Bishop Patrick's individual knowledge—is one of great importance as bearing on Bishop Colenso's arithmetical arguments against the possibility of the seventy persons who went down into Egypt with Judah becoming in less than two and a half centuries a people numbering upwards of 2,000,000. If the progeny of one man in the space of eighty years thus amounted to 367, it cannot surely seem so strange—assuredly not, at any rate, as Dr. Colenso assumes, *impossible*—that the seventy who went down to Egypt should have had, in the course of from 200 to 250 years, a progeny exceeding 2,000,000—especially when it is remembered that God had promised to Abraham that his seed should be as numerous as the sand on the seashore, and that we are told that those who thus went down into Egypt, "grew and multiplied exceedingly."

But let me invite the attention of your readers to the following arithmetical calculations on this point, for which I am

indebted to one of the greatest masters of figures with whom I am acquainted. His observations and calculations in connexion with this part of Dr. Colenso's book are as follows:—

"One of the statements of the Pentateuch which Bishop Colenso has challenged appears to be so closely consistent with every day's experience, even when restricted to the sense which, without the least authority, he has imputed to it, that we cannot help expressing our surprise at its having been brought into doubt by an accomplished mathematician. The statement in question is that seventy lineally descended persons went down into Egypt, and in about two centuries more than two millions had left it. The sacred text does not convey the idea that this large population were *lineally* descended from the seventy, and therefore there is no ground for the criticism which he has applied to this particular point. But, if we accept the meaning which he has assigned to the passage in question, it will be found, as we already observed, to involve no impossibility, or even improbability, whatever. The uniform rate of increase that would make seventy married couples produce an aggregate population of more than 2,000,000 souls in less than 250 years, admits of being computed on the same principles that would be applied in determining the compound interest of money that would make twice 70% amount to more than 2,000,000% in less than 250 years. If we make the calculation, we shall find the rate to be 3.99 per cent. per annum, or barely under 4 per cent. An increase of 4 per cent. per annum exactly would in the same time result in a population of 2,537,800. Although this argument in opposition to the learned bishop is not interesting beyond proving that the rate of increase necessary to produce the alleged result falls within that which is ascertained from observation and experience, the reader may be reminded that, in reference to this particular instance, there is a special statement to the effect that the 'seventy grew and multiplied exceedingly.' Thus, while the sacred narrator appears to have been conscious that the average rate of increase exceeded that which was common in the age and in the country, a

comparison with the increase of population in this age of advanced civilization by no means invalidates the authority of the texts which have been called in question. It is well known, indeed, that under favourable circumstances extraordinary rates of increase have been known; and Bishop Patrick, an eminent divine of the seventeenth century, relates one very remarkable instance of the kind, in which a married couple, in the course of eighty years, had no fewer than 367 descendants. If this case be investigated it will be

found that the increase is at the rate of 6.73 per cent. per annum."

This is assuredly a mode of dealing with Dr. Colenso's book, so far as it relates to the rapid increase of the Israelites in Egypt, which is not only new, but which constitutes a triumphant answer to that part of the bishop's work. And it is under the impression that my friend's brief communication will prove this infidel prelate to be wrong, and Moses right, that I send it to you for insertion in the *British Standard*.

CHURCH STINGINESS.

It is beyond question that the crying sin of Israel to-day is covetousness. It paralyzes faith, impairs charity, and nullifies hope. It injures evangelical efforts both at home and abroad. It cripples the exertions of pastors in every attempt to do good. It renders the growth of personal piety impossible in its victim. A stingy church member will let his heart go after its covetousness, while listening to the most animating discourse, and his tight fist will choke his conscience, even while it is gasping for a breath of vital air. He may admire his minister, and feel an attachment for the church in which he is wont to worship; and yet, the moment he is required to show his love for Christ by proper works of benevolence or charity, he straightway takes counsel of his stinginess and is seized with a spasm of economy, which shuts up his heart as closely as a vault from which the light of day is excluded.

Many professors are perhaps unconscious of their meanness in religious matters. If they were, no doubt they would repent, and do works meet for repentance. But until they can be shown, and made by the grace of the Holy Spirit to feel, how great their sin in this regard truly is, there can be little hope of reformation. Let us, therefore, propose a few questions which professors may ponder with advantage.

1. Do you believe that you and all you possess belong to Christ? Were you saved by the precious blood of redemption, only that you might the more in-

dulge your own selfishness, or that you might no longer live for yourself, but for Him who died in your stead? A careful and honest answer to this inquiry will go far toward determining your duty with respect to religious efforts for the salvation of others.

2. Are your gifts for church purposes a single tithe of the amount of your expenditures for luxuries in your own home? If you have sufficient means to comply with the demands of fashion, or with the claims of an increasing business, can you give these as reasons for diminishing or withholding your contributions for religious purposes? It is an indisputable fact, that many professors expend so much upon dress, and furniture, and other luxuries, that they have little to bestow in charity. But are they blameless? Is this course consistent with the claims of an enlightened Christian conscience?

3. Do you place yourself in debt in order to grow richer than you now are, and then plead that because you are in debt you have nothing to give? This is a subterfuge very commonly resorted to.

4. Have you made it a principle to live for others as well as for yourself? If you have, then you will find little difficulty in so managing your affairs as to save a portion of your gains for the service of God. If you have not, then beware lest you fall into the error and condemnation of Balaam, the son of Beor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness.—*British Ensign*.

OLD MEMORANDUM.—Dec. 28, 1834. Heard dear Mr. Wilkinson this afternoon, from Zech. i. 5: "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" A very solemn and affectionate

discourse. He said, that "in the inventory of the riches of grace, God had included *death*." I thought it a sweet, consolatory thought.

D.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

FELLOWSHIP.—LIFE NATURAL AND LIFE ETERNAL.

FELLOWSHIP. *

"*Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.*"—1 JOHN i. 3.

Ah! beloved, in this benighted world, this is what we want, "Fellowship with the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ." Oh, to realize it! Gracious and eternal Father! such a hope, such a longing, bids us turn our tracings into aspirations. Hast Thou not said, "Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord and His strength; seek His face evermore?" Well, Lord, we seek Thy face; it is fellowship with Thee we crave. The language of our desires are embodied in those beautiful words—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee."

Yes, Lord; "draw us, and we will run after Thee." In our weakness, we come to the Strong for strength; in our ignorance, we come to the Allwise for wisdom; in our felt need we come to the Almighty for help. Oh, we want to hide ourselves in Jesus before the throne; that Thou, O our Father, mayest look upon the face of Thine Anointed, and accept us in the Beloved.

And how can fellowship with one so high and lifted up be enjoyed, but by and through the precious, sanctifying, softening, soul-fructifying influence of the Holy Ghost? Spirit of the living God, the children of Zion want to feel Thy presence and power. Be to them "*the wind*" that bloweth where it listeth, that they may speed their way to the haven of rest. Be to them "*the fire*" within, that shall cause their hearts to burn with love to Jesus, and His dear people. Be to them "*the oil*" that shall cause them to feel the unction of the Holy One upon their souls. Be to them "*the dew*" upon the mountains, that shall refresh their drooping spirits, and make them "rejoice greatly in the Lord."

They cannot be content with a cold, formal religion. "*Born of the Spirit*," fellowship with the Father and their best Beloved is their supernatural element; they pine without it; they grow sad when their Lord is absent; the language of their heart-felt experience is—

"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live."

They want "*the life*" that the presence of God engenders, "*the light*" that His countenance and smiles impart, and "*the liberty*" that "heirs of glory" must enjoy that have been set free from the bondage of sin. As the lark soars upwards towards the sun, so their souls, set free from the clods of the valley, rise to bask in the sunshine of Thy presence. "Truly our fellowship is with the Father." A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of their sanctuary; and there oftentimes, while with *their hands* they are at work amidst the thick clay of the wilderness, *their hearts* are uprising, tears trickle down their careworn cheeks. Men look on and wonder what sorrow is piercing their hearts, when it is none at all; it is secret joy that has made the springs to burst forth; it is a peace of mind passing understanding that has calmed their restless spirits. They think of home, though distant still; they sing—

"If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be?"

Their "life is hid with Christ in God," and that is the reason they find shelter only near His throne. "Because I live ye shall live also," is their Redeemer's language; and they are aspiring heavenward because He is there. They are blessed in Him; and, being kings and priests, covet earnestly the best gifts. They are complete in Him, and therefore can find no rest for the soles of their feet elsewhere. They walk before the Lord, because truly their fellowship is with Him. Theirs is "a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen," because their communion is with Him who sitteth upon the circle of the heavens, far beyond the flight of any earthly creature. They shall mount up with wings as eagles, and yet outstrip the eagle's course. And how comes all this to pass? From whence have they obtained the key that will unlock the entrance to God's throne? One precious passage answers the question: "*Ye are made nigh by the blood of Christ.*" Herein is the secret of it all. It is the blood that hath done it all. Therefore they come boldly to the throne of grace.

This is the fountain opened for fainting souls. "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Beloved, is not this the sort of religion we want? Away with the frigid religion of the present day. Away with the bleached bones of barren formalism; let us have the life, power, energy, and breath of the Holy Ghost; let us have that experience which causes us with joyful exultation to exclaim, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ."

And, beloved, is there anything comparable to this privilege? Oh, what joy it puts into our hearts when at the commencement of another day in the journey of life, ere we plunge afresh into accumulated care, we gain a little lifting up of soul before God! How it stills the tongue of rebellion, paves the way through the ranks of the enemy, walls up the waters of strife, melts the hills of difficulty into plains of comfort, lifts the stumbling-blocks out of the way, and causes us to press onwards to eternal gain! Inestimable privilege—foretaste of celestial bliss! Oh, may we, beloved, oftener creep to the throne, and enjoy "fellowship with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ." Such fellowship is the new-born spirit breaking away from its earth-bound fetters, and bosoming itself in the embrace of a covenant God. Such fellowship is the heir of glory leaving far beneath the smoky city of daily toil, and roving about the delectable mountains of holy joy. Such fellowship is the weary bird resting its tired wings beneath the altar of the temple of the Most High. Such fellowship is the little lamb breaking through the thicket, and leaping amidst the rich pasture of covenant love. Such fellowship is the weary traveller bathing his hot temples in the refreshing streamlet of sovereign grace. Such fellowship is a ray of glory striking o'er the ocean of life, and showing the weather-beaten mariner that the haven is hard by.

Beloved, may you and I know more and more of the power and sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost, leading us to an experimental realization of this hallowed fellowship; that, oftener repairing to the throne, we may come away laden with the fruits that are found in the fulness of a

precious Christ;—such fruits as these: increased devotedness to God's service; clearer views of heaven; a greater weanedness from the world; a growing conformity to the mind and will of a covenant God; a clearer perception of divine truth; brighter evidences of our adoption; a fuller assurance of faith; fresh discoveries of the person and work of Jesus. Thus may our souls become enriched, and we be made "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Oh, the mercy of being able to say feelingly, experimentally, and with increased desire, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ."

LIFE NATURAL AND LIFE ETERNAL.

What is your life?—JAS. iv. 14.

WHAT indeed! Scripture fully answers the inquiry. Let it tell out its truthful tale. It declares that *life is like an eagle hastening to its prey*. We are told of that majestic king of the air, that it is the swiftest of birds, and that it flies with increasing rapidity when, being hungry, it comes in sight of its prey. Hence the prophet Habakkuk tells us that the horses of the Chaldeans "are swifter than leopards . . . they fly as the eagle that hasteth to cat." And so Job, in sorrow of spirit, complains that there is no good in his days; "they are passed away as the eagle that hasteth to the prey."

Life is a *pilgrimage*. How frequently has the worldling to prove the force of this verity. He has grasped at this world's wealth with a determination to accumulate riches, and having obtained his long-sought-for object, he says, "Now I will be at rest;" when, just as he is about to settle down in the miscalculated ease of earthly gratification, there comes the solemn voice from heaven's archives, "Thou fool, this night thy soul is required of thee." The Christian, too, has to learn that life is a pilgrimage. If he strive to feather his nest and settle on his lees, how soon is there a thorn placed therein, to stir him out of it, and bid him wing his way to a better world.

Life is like a *tale told*. Yes, put life in its most favourable aspect, and still it is only as a tale that is told. A human being born with a sound constitution is calculated to live seventy years or upwards, under favourable circumstances; but, as we well know, all of us are sur-

rounded, more or less, by circumstances unfavourable to life, by which practically this term of years is liable to be greatly shortened. But say to yon aged man of silvery locks—one who has weathered many a wintry storm, and struggled long and hard in the battle of life—say to him, “Ah, friend, you have lived for many years; your life must appear to you a long history;” methinks he will once more raise himself from his stooping posture to exclaim emphatically, “You know not what you say. Alas! alas! my days are passed away, and my life is but as ‘a tale that is told.’”

Life is like a *swift ship*. Who has not stood on the seashore and beheld coming up from the midst of the misty horizon a stately ship? On and on she has sped her way, till we see her full in view; and now she begins to recede. Something has engaged our attention for a few moments, and we turn to look again over the broad blue ocean, and we are compelled to inquire of our friend, “But where’s the ship we were looking at just now?” Ah, she has gone. So rapidly flee away the days of man. They are passed away, says Job, “as swift ships.”

Life is like a *vapour*. We all know that when heat is applied to water, there is the rapid production of a thin vapour, which curls upwards and upwards, and is soon lost to view. We try to grasp it, but it eludes our touch. We gaze after it, but it is gone. So is life: we are here to-day, gone to-morrow. We cannot calculate upon a year, a day, nor even an hour. “Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that” (James iv. 13—15). Is our life, though but as a vapour that passeth away, still like a vapour that is tending *upwards*? Are we living on high? These are important considerations.

Life is like a *weaver’s shuttle*. Some of us probably have beheld with interest the weaving operations of the power-loom, and have been well-nigh bewildered with the noise of so many little wheels at work all around us. We have been shown the threads which are to be formed into the article required; and, ere we have had

time to contemplate, treadles have been lifted and depressed, the threads have been transferred to bobbins, shuttles have moved from side to side, and the article is made in less time than it takes to narrate the movements. So is life. “My days,” again exclaims the afflicted servant of God, “are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle . . . I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day” (Job vii. 6, 4).

Life is like a *thread cut by the weaver*—sometimes severed with scarce a moment’s warning. It is only a week or two ago that a clergyman in Dorsetshire had ascended the pulpit, and was in the act of giving out for his text Psm. xciii. 5, “Thy testimonies are very sure; holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, for ever,” when he fell back in the pulpit in a fit of apoplexy, and in a few hours afterward passed into another world. Oh, how brittle the thread of human life! It is cut like a weaver’s thread. We know not what the next moment may bring forth.

Life is like a *flower*. We walk in some secluded garden; a lovely flower is seen unfolding its fair leaves, and revealing its spotless beauty in the rays of an outbursting sun. A few days hence we seek for our gem of nature; alas! alas! a nipping frost has spoilt its beauty, and there it lies shrivelled and dead.

“This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow
blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick
upon him;
The third day comes a frost—a killing
frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls and dies.”

Life is like *grass*. “As for man, his days are as grass; as the flower of the field so he flourisheth: for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.”

“Ah! what is life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer’s meadow, which
to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow
hay.
Behold these lilies which God’s hands
have made—
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view—how soon they droop, how soon
they fade.”

Life is like *wind*. We stand on the

edge of a glassy lake; we gaze down into its clear depths: anon a breeze springs up—it comes against our cheek at first so light, but now more rapid, till the lake is agitated o'er with deep blue ripples; but 'tis gone—'tis a wind that passeth away and cometh not again. "My life," says Job, "is wind. The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more. As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."

Life, then—its comparisons:—It is as an eagle hasting to the prey, a pilgrimage, a tale told, a swift ship, a vapour, a thread cut by the weaver, a weaver's shuttle, a flower, grass, and wind.

Thus far we have been dwelling upon the fleeting character of our natural life; and it is a humiliating thought that this body, now warm and active with life, shall be soon cold and motionless in death; this voice must be soon hushed; this people must soon pass away. But the Christian can rise from such a levelling and humiliating consideration, exclaiming, "But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ;" for here is the important fact, "Believers have a life that death can never touch;" which fact brings us to consider,

2ndly, *Life eternal*. This is not as a fading flower, an idle tale, or a midnight dream; for herein is reality of realities; all is reality. Hence life eternal is compared to *incorruptible seed*. The apostle Peter, addressing God's people, says, "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

Again, it is compared to a *man building upon a rock*. "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."

Furthermore, eternal life is described as a *spiritual, supernatural, and heavenly life*, whereby we live to God, and enjoy peace with Him: "For to be carnally

minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

Also it is said to be that *quickenning and strengthening power of the Spirit of Christ* which supports the Christian to the end, as the apostle Paul asserts in his second epistle to the Corinthian Church: "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus Christ, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body; for we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body."

Again, it is a *well spring*. "The water that I shall give you" (said our dear Redeemer to the Samaritan woman) "shall be in you a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." Yes, cast the possessor of it among a heathen people, and it will exhibit itself somehow and somewhere. The bounding spirit of a newborn man cannot be closeted, cannot be covered, cannot be crushed. Cruel and wicked men have tried to annihilate it. They have destroyed the bodies of God's faithful martyrs, burning them to a cinder; but a Cramer could appear apparently insensible of pain in the midst of the fiery element; and with a countenance of venerable resignation, and eyes directed upwards, could exclaim, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" That is immortal; they cannot touch or harm it. Yes, beloved, that man whose life is hid with Christ in God can sing—

"Christ is my life, my soul still lives
By virtue of the life He gives,

Which He can well supply.

This source of life can never fail;

Though all the powers of hell assail,
My soul can never die.

"Roll swiftly on, my days and years,
Till 'Christ who is our life' appears

With bright angelic train;

Then shall I see Him as He is,

Be introduced to heavenly bliss,

And never sigh again."

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

NOTE.—Beloved, we know not why the matter of the uncertainty of human life seemed so particularly pressed upon us. But we understand it now. Since the time of writing the foregoing, and receiving the proof for correction, we have been at the very gate of death. Standing near a large vessel of boiling liquid, it burst; the liquid rising twenty-four feet, fell upon the unprotected parts of the writer's body, hurling him down a flight of stairs. It was a miracle he was taken up alive. He can only account for it thus: There was the element of destruction, but a Father's hand preserved his life.

Well, beloved, the reality of our religion is put to the test at such a time, and the writer can say with overwhelming feelings of gratitude, that when placed in bed, pillowed up and poulticed, his calm assurance was. *Come what will, I am safe in the arms of Jesus.* To Him be all the praise.

Deeply too does the writer sympathize with the dear Editor, who has been called to part with a beloved child. This is a pang that makes a father's heart bleed. Oh! may all these dark clouds appear with a silver lining, and may we have faith to kiss the hand that chastens for our good.

A WORD OF COMFORT TO THE SINKING SOUL.

"I sink in deep mire."—PSALM lxxix. 2.

A DEAD body cannot feel when it is sinking. So with you; if you had not the life of God in your soul, you could not feel as you now do. Think for a moment what your state was when you were "dead in trespasses and sins." You did not then cry as the psalmist, "I sink in deep mire." True, you were sinking, but you had no light to see it, nor life to feel it. Instead, therefore, of feeling discouraged, you ought rather to feel encouraged that you can truly utter the psalmist's words. Christ's hold of Peter kept him from sinking to the bottom of the sea; and it is His hold of you that will keep you from finally sinking into the bottomless pit. God sees it fit for you to feel sinking sometimes; and He permits it, in order to raise you higher afterwards, and, for this reason, it is for your good. You are going up, in the best sense of the word, when you complain of sinking in the mire. Look at yonder clock, while it is striking the weights are sinking. If they did not sink, it would prove that there was something wrong. But, though the weights go in a downward direction, the clock itself does not. The works at the top of the clock regulate the weights at the bottom of it. While you are sinking, Christ, your Head, regulates your affairs, and pleads for you, "Deliver him from going down into the pit." When once a poor sinner is drawn out of the mire by divine grace, he never likes it afterwards. True, it is his natural element; but the Holy Spirit imparts a life to the soul which detests the mire. Swine love the mire, but sheep do not. Not long ago the writer, passing by two fields, noticed sheep in one field, and swine in the other. The sheep looked clean, and were quietly feeding. The swine were wallowing in the mire. They did not get there from necessity, but from choice; which, I thought, was an emblem of a sinner wallowing in the mire of sin. The swine had left the clean grass, in the field, preferring the mire to the grass.

Had any person been there, he might have kept them from the mud; but being left to themselves, they got into it. So with the unconverted sinner; leave him to himself, and he will be sure to find out the filthy places, without being driven to them; although he may be surrounded by what appears as beautiful as a field of grass. Checks from Christian parents, Sunday School teachers, and others, may prevent him for a time from going into the mire; but it is only the Spirit of God's grace that can disincline him from going that way. The sheep did not attempt to come near the mire, which I thought was an emblem of a prayerful and watchful Christian, who says, "Keep my feet from evil."

Sin sinks the soul; grace raises it. How low Jonah's sin sunk him! "down to the bottoms of the mountains." How high divine grace raised him! for when looking at the place from which God brought him, he said, "Yet hast Thou brought up my life from the pit of corruption." Jonah could sink himself, but he could not raise himself; God did that. "Thou hast brought up my life," &c.

The proper standing-place for the child of God is in His grace; as saith the apostle, "By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand" (Rom. v. 2).

The sinking soul is generally the crying soul. Peter did not cry, "Lord, save me," till he felt he was sinking; and then how earnestly he prayed! A sinking soul is never formal in his prayers, but earnest. One beneficial effect of sinking is, it leads to earnest prayer to God for help and deliverance. Some persons sink to rise no more; but not so with you, for the deeper you sink, the more grace will there be manifested in your deliverance. May our God and Saviour lead us into the holy waters that the prophet Ezekiel saw (Ezek. xlvii.) It will be impossible to sink there.

Dursley.

F. F.

MERE reformation of character is attended with self-esteem; while regeneration of heart is attended with self-reproach.

It is not right to ascribe that to our *free-will*, which ought to be ascribed to "the *good will* of Him that dwelt in the bush."

LIVING AND LOOKING—LOOKING AND LIVING.

PERHAPS you are ready to say, "I am afraid I am not a child of God, because I am so dull and lifeless, my prayers are so cold and dead, and I am so careless and heavy under ordinances." This is the method God takes to make you discontented with yourself, your duties and performances, and to make you look at Christ as your all.

Good works are the *effect* not the *cause* of God's love.

We should keep looking to Christ till the burden falls off our back.

It is the taste of the heavenly manna that makes us more dead daily to the things below.

The old man will never die while we live.

Do not be afraid to part with anything for Christ; it is unbelief that persuades you there is more pleasure, satisfaction, and happiness, in anything than in Him.

It is the believer's complaint and prayer, "O God, my heart is too narrow: enlarge it, that it may hold more of the love of the holy Jesus."

The Christian's clothing is humility.

Wherever there is really the work of God, there the devil is always working hardest.

Oh, look not so much at second causes, that is the reason we are so often puzzled. There is nothing by chance; there is no *perhaps* in the will of God.

Strong faith may bring strong comfort, but it will never save you.

Look to Christ, more than to the minister; look to Him, more than to the sermon.

When God affords His presence with His rod, the man cries, "Strike on!"

"I want not only the truth of grace, but the growth of grace, and I come daily to the fulness of Christ for it." If that is your language, it is one of the best marks of your being born again that you can give.

The more we are crucified to the life of sense, the more we are alive to the life of God; as one falls the other will rise.

When Jesus rises upon the soul, all these vain things fade away; there are as many stars in the day as in the night, but the sun puts them all out.

There is a holy act, and I would wish you to learn it, and that is, to take all your temporal mercies out of the hand of Christ.

When things come to the worst, then it is God generally interposes.

The man who makes most use of Christ, will be most thankful.

We are apt, when we look at troubles, to be terrified, but we do not know how big they are with blessings.

You will find, every day you live, that the more you trust God, the more reason you will have to bless and praise Him.

The believer puts all his concerns, his family, his friends, his business, into the hands of his Heavenly Father, to receive them back again with covenant blessings on them.

The devil has but one temptation to the natural world, namely, trying all he can to keep them from Christ; and but one to the spiritual world, which is to keep them all he can from looking to Christ and living simply on Him.

Whatever is to the believer's good, and to God's glory, Christ is more ready to give than the believer to ask it.

Faith is the mother of grace.

God gives His people distresses, that He may show them what comforts He has to support them.

He that gave faith must keep it, and He who gave it will try it.

A cross is your portion, if a crown be your reward.

Oh! what are all our sufferings when the glory to be revealed is put into the opposite scale!

I can see that Christ never took away an outward blessing, but He gave a spiritual one instead of it.

God generally puts faith to the trial, in a way very disagreeable to flesh and blood.

The sinner casting himself on the mercy of God in Christ, is as safe as any now in heaven.

Whatever Christ has commanded His people to do, He has promised them grace to enable them to do.

Go to Christ, and you will never come empty-handed away.

We by nature do not know God; we by nature do not trust God; we by nature do not fear God; we by nature do not love

God; and we by nature do not serve God.

People are continually complaining to me of something in themselves; why, everything you find in yourself should send you to Christ.

Our life here is a warfare, the great enemy is self.

God has but one end in all His dealings with His people, that is to make them trust Him more and love Him better.

I would never take up the Bible, without a short ejaculation.—From "*A Full Christ for Empty Sinners*," by Rev. W. Romaine.

MARTIN LUTHER'S HUMILIATION IN THE CLOISTER.

IN the autumn of 1505, at the break of day, a monk was sweeping out the church of the Augustine monastery at Erfurth, and removing carefully into the street the rubbish he had collected. This monk, a Master of Arts in the University, who had taught the physics and ethics of Aristotle, and other branches of philosophy, and who was now employed in the most menial tasks, was Luther. From time to time poor Martin stopped to take breath, for this unusual labour exhausted his strength, now debilitated by poor food and constant vigils. Meanwhile he gave way to gloomy reflections: "What toil!" thought he, "what humiliation! And yet, what are these in comparison with the grief I feel at my father's anger?" The elder Luther, vexed that his son had abandoned an honourable career to become a monk, had written to say that he withdrew all his favour, and banished him from his paternal affection. Martin, pale, motionless, and bowed down with sorrow, let fall a tear on his father's letter which he held in his hand, when, suddenly, the harsh voice of a monk, exclaiming, "Idler, to your work!" aroused him with a start. He concealed the letter hastily, caught up his broom, and, crushing a feeling of pride, completed his sorrowful task. "That is good for me," said he to himself; "my pride must be brought down—destroyed. Was it not what I sought in entering the cloister?" The Augustine friars had joyfully welcomed Luther; their vanity had been flattered by seeing a learned doctor forsake the university for their cloister; but, inflated with that pride and obstinacy which are the offspring of ignorance, and fearing lest the young professor should imagine that his learning raised him above them, they had taken pleasure in treating him harshly, and setting him about the meanest occupations. Luther had scarcely entered his cell, when, hearing hasty footsteps, he threw away the book on which he was medi-

tating. A monk opened the door rudely, and, guessing at the poor brother's occupation, said to him, "This is how you waste your time? Come, come; all is not cleaned up yet; there is the refectory, and the corridor, and the court, and other places beside—*Loca immunda purgare*. Then you will draw the water, and chop the wood. Do you think we tolerate idlers in the cloister?"

Having ended his work, he stealthily approached a Latin Bible, fastened to a chain, which he had found in the convent. He read and tried to understand it, but the friars soon discovered him. "If we allow him to do this," thought they, "he will become so learned, that he will want to be our master. *Ergo saccum per nactum!* Let him take up his wallet!" and, tearing him from his meditations, "Come, come," they said, "not so much study! All a monk needs know is to read the prayers. It is not necessary to understand them: the devil understands them, and flies away when he hears them. Learning and the fine arts are of no use. A man is useful to the cloister, not by studying, but by begging bread, corn, eggs, fish, meat, and money." Then one of the monks placed a sack on his shoulder, and the Prior, taking him to the gate, said, with a consequential air and commanding voice, "*Cum sacco per civitatem!* With your wallet through the town!" Luther moved slowly away, and prepared to go through the streets of Erfurth. He had to beg from house to house, to knock at the doors of those who had been his friends, and even his inferiors. He walked forward, stretching out his hand: one poor woman gave him a herring, another an egg; a beggar gave him a share of the bread he had received; a professor, one of his old colleagues, threw him a piece of money; some of his pupils passed him with a sneer or a whistle; and Luther returned with his burden to the convent to undergo fresh humiliations.

A SERMON

BY THE REV. WILLIAM PARKS, INCUMBENT OF OPENSHAW, MANCHESTER.

"Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."—
1 JOHN iii. 3.

I DARE say many of you know what it is to read yourselves into comfort, and read yourselves out of it again; by which I mean that you have sat down and read your Bibles until you have met with some comforting passage, and you have read on until you have lost the sweet sense of it.

This is very common with Bible readers, and it often has a very saddening effect; for poor souls not being thoroughly acquainted with their own standing before God, begin to murmur, and complain of the obscurity of the Scriptures, and even to insinuate that God is unnecessarily dark and mysterious in His revelation.

O how often have we wished with the Jews of old that Christ would tell us plainly what He means; and how often have we rejoiced with His disciples of old as we caught the meaning of His Scriptures, and exclaimed, "Now speakest Thou plainly—now speakest Thou no proverb—now we believe that Thou camest forth from God!"

Is it not so, dear brethren? And this has been repeated over and over again. We have read ourselves into comfort, and read ourselves out of comfort, as often. But let me give you a good and a very simple rule for your guidance in this matter. As long as you know and are convinced that you are truly unworthy sinners by nature, and you know and believe and admire God's plan of salvation, and are longing after holiness and sanctification, you need not fear what the most searching Scripture may seem to say against you; for you are living children of the living God, whom He is pledged to bring up and thoroughly educate.

My text has suggested these observations, for it is calculated, at first sight, to frighten instead of comfort.

Now let us discuss it:—

- I.—The hopes of professors, and the hope of him of the text.
- II.—The effects of this hope, and the need of continual purification.
- III.—Practical observations.

I.—The hopes of professors, and the hope of him of the text.

Everybody has hope of some sort or another: one hopes in the *mercy* of God, another hopes in the *goodness* of God, and a third hopes in the *love* of God, while a fourth hopes in the *justice* of God. And if the creed of the majority of professors were to be analyzed, they would come to this, that God is a liar—that His revelation is all a romance, and that the glory of a future world is thrown open to unchanged, unconverted creatures, whose hearts are at enmity with their Creator!

I'll take upon me to aver that the hope of the great majority of religious professors is founded upon something else but God's plan of salvation.

Let us visit the palace or the cottage, the drawing-room or the cellar—let us commence with the Pharisee or the publican, the refined or the uncouth, the rich or the poor—we almost invariably find that the hope for eternity is based on *untruth*.

People seem to me, in general, to be thoroughly ignorant of the plan of salvation. They will not come to the sanctuary to be taught, and yet they all have hope! But the Scripture compares such a hope to the spider's web (Job viii. 14). The spider, you know, takes a deal of pains to form its web; but, when the besom of the maid comes, it sweeps it all away. So, professors spin their hopes out of *their* ideas of God's love and God's mercy, and God's goodness and God's justice; but, when the besom of death comes, it will dash them all to pieces!

Let me proclaim it again and again, that without a knowledge of God's plan of salvation, and a changed heart, no man can ever see the Lord.

But what of the hope of him of our text? "Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

Answer.—The immediate context tells us. Read 1 John iii. 1, 2.

The hope of being like Christ, and of seeing Him as He is: the hope of being like Christ in eternal glory.

But what is the basis of this hope? The mere professor and the worldling

may seem to have this hope, and yet without foundation. What is the basis of this hope? or, in other words, by what right have we this hope?

Answer.—I reply, by a knowledge of our mystical union with Christ. Then, we know we are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, and that we are loved with an everlasting love.

Question.—But how do we obtain such knowledge?

Answer.—By a sense of our need of a great Saviour for great sinners; by an admiration of God's plan of saving sinners; by the drawing of our hearts' affections towards God; and by a longing to be like God in purity and holiness.

We then may be *certain* that we are one with Christ—members of His body; and that ultimately we shall be perfectly like Him.

Question.—But how do you make this out? How does it follow that when we feel our need of a complete Saviour, and we admire God's plan of saving sinners, and are longing after holiness, we are one with Christ?

Answer.—Simply because these marks could not be in an unconverted man. Nature could not produce them. Grace must be the cause; and wherever grace is, there is union with Christ.

Here, then, is the basis of the hope of our text. O blessed hope!—the hope of being completely like Him, and of seeing Him face to face who has bled and died for us!

II.—The effects of this hope, and the need of continual purification: "*Purifieth himself, even as He is pure.*"

It is this second clause of our text that seems to dash the hope of the poor sinner. The first is all glorious and full of consolation, and many of us can trace out this hope within; but when we read on, our hearts fail us, for we know that, do what we may, we are *not* pure, and *cannot* be pure, as Christ is pure.

But, dear brethren, listen whilst I analyze this clause for you.

Observe the words "every man." It is not every eminent Christian, or every aged saint, or every privileged son or daughter, or every one with great gifts or great grace, but "Every man"—each man, any man—"that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

Now the difficulty lies in not knowing, 1st, in what this purifying consists, and, 2ndly, in not understanding the seeming

comparison here drawn between the purifying man and Christ. The whole thing is as simple as possible when properly understood.

1. We all know that we are continually contracting defilement, and that we continually need purification. We are continually sinning, and wherever sin is there is filth, and, consequently, need of cleansing.

The individual who maintains he has not sinned for a day or an hour is of all persons in the most miserable delusion. In everything we do we sin. We cannot go about the least duty but we contract filth.

Though we take care to keep dogs and swine out of our houses, yet they gather filth and dust every day, and they need often to be swept and washed. So with the believer—with him "who hath this hope in Him;" though he does not suffer gross sins to break into his house, yet he feels and knows that his soul is defiled daily and hourly by the filth and dust that are inseparable from his clay tenement.

There is no question, then, about the need of purification; but the question is, In what does it consist?—how is it done?

Answer.—It consists in continually coming to Christ's blood for cleansing, in drawing virtue from Christ, in continually pleading Christ's all-sufficient work, in continually praying to the Lord Jesus to give us a renewed sense of His pardoning mercy.

This is purifying; thus does he who hath this hope in Him purify himself.

Surely there is no difficulty here.

2. Now, what about the comparison—"As Christ is pure?" Shall we ever be as pure as Christ whilst in these bodies?

Answer.—No, indeed we shall not—no more than we can "be holy as God is holy." But the misunderstanding arises from taking "as" in a strictly comparative sense, or as denoting *equally with*, or *precisely as*, whereas it simply means *because*, or *inasmuch as*. So that the words really mean, "Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself *because* Christ is pure;" and, in like manner, the words from Peter, "Be ye holy as God is holy," so often deluding to the poor fanatic, or sinless perfectionist, mean nothing more than an exhortation to holiness *because* God is holy.

Now, you perceive the whole difficulty removed.

The whole verse may thus be para-

phrased, viz.: Inasmuch as He whose we are, and whom we hope to see ere long, is pure, it behoves us to purify ourselves continually in His precious blood. And this does every true believer, whether he can be persuaded or not that he is continually purifying himself because Christ is pure, for a believer cannot live without prayer, without continual appeals to the throne of grace, without fresh applications of the warm blood of Christ to his soul.

III.—Practical remarks.

Have we who profess to be in possession of the hope of our text, a painful and humiliating sense of our continual defilement by reason of sin, and a consequent conviction of our need of continual purifying? If so, we know that there is but one source from which we can obtain it, namely, "the fountain opened for all uncleaness," and to that we continually resort.

We may look up, then, and take courage. The sins of yesterday have

been flung into that fountain, and are all carried away. The sins of to-day will be likewise thrown in, and will likewise be swept away by the flowing blood. The sins of to-morrow, too, must be brought to the same spot, to meet with the same fate; and thus do believers continually purify themselves *because* Christ is pure—*because* as long as sin is on their conscience they cannot realize that union with the Lord that is the highest privilege of the saint to enjoy.

We are now about to celebrate the Lord's death and passion.

1. Do we admire the wondrous scheme?
2. Do we feel our need for such a scheme?
3. Do we want to be holy and pure *because* Christ is so?

There is nothing whatever needed for a right receiving of the Lord's Supper but these. Come, then, who will, and be welcome!

CANON STOWELL ON BISHOP COLENSO'S BOOK.

At a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at Manchester, the Rev. Canon Stowell said he had a certain respect for open infidelity; but he complained most of all of the infidelity that was dishonest. "Don't (continued the Reverend Canon) wear the surplice and robe of Christianity, and yet betray the book. What right has a man to preach, if he does not preach the Gospel, or if he does not believe it to be the very Gospel? The use that is made of science at present in certain quarters is utterly unlike the use that was made of it by Newton, the prince of science; by Locke, and Bacon. They were men who bowed at the throne of revelation, and felt that nature, rightly understood, was in harmony with the Word of God; but now-a-days the study of many scientific men

seems to be to discover discord, and not harmony, and to find in science, not the handmaid of revelation, but the antagonist. The question of a simple heathen shakes the confidence of an English bishop. 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon!' Surely it has not come to that. Are we to send our missionaries to evangelize the heathen, and be themselves heathenized, as it were, instead of making converts? I trust that that book will never make its appearance in its full form, but, ashamed of itself ere it is born, sneak back into the obscurity whence it comes. But if ever it be flung in the face of the English Church, we shall say with indignation that such a man ought neither to be bishop, presbyter, nor deacon."

MANY assisted in building the ark of Noah who perished themselves. It is found by calculation, that Noah's ark, by measurement, would be as large as several, I believe, of the largest ships of war. It is not likely, therefore, that Noah could have built it all himself. I have no doubt that he was assisted by many, for the pay they received, not because of any sympathy they felt in the work. It is a very

solemn thing that there may be many who shall form and build up churches for eternity, who shall perish themselves; that many shall contribute to build schools, and to circulate Bibles, and to extend missions, out of benevolent motives—not out of Christian ones, who are not Christians themselves, and who will consequently perish.—*Illustrations of Truth.*

DR. COLENZO AND HIS REVIEWERS.

[To the Editor of the Record.]

SIR,—I beg, as one, I doubt not, of a great many, to thank your reviewer for his critique upon Dr. Colenso's most pitiable production.

I take this opportunity also of stating, that not only is the sanitary arrangement alluded to in Deut. xxiii. 12, and to which your reviewer has referred, carried out in the East, but those familiar with the practices of the peasantry in the sister isle are aware that a similar state of things exists there.

Moreover, it is most common to see the poor people in Ireland collecting the manure in the fields and meadows, which, when dried in the sun, they use for fuel.

If you refer to the Preface of the Magazine which accompanies this note, you will see a confirmation of your remarks in a late number of your excellent journal, as to its being a matter of ex-

treme doubt that the Bishop of Natal's scruples were of very recent date.

I am prepared to prove that, before he left St. Peter, Forncett, he began so to speculate upon the word of God as to cause his friend, my ever-to-be-revered relative, considerable anxiety and pain. The late Rev. J. D. Lane (of whom you made honourable mention, some years ago, in one of your leading articles) would often then say, "'Tis dangerous ground, Colenso." I defy the Bishop of Natal to disprove this.

Again thanking you for your able and unflinching advocacy of the truth as it is in Jesus, in these days of rebuke and blasphemy,

I am, yours faithfully,

DAVID A. DOUDNEY,

Incumbent of St. Luke's, Bedminster, Bristol.

THE BISHOP OF NATAL.

DR. COLENZO has won for himself the merited indignation of the whole Christian community; and, were he as wise a man as he would fain have men think him to be, the Bishop of Natal would retire into the shades of private life, that so in obscurity both himself and his puny and puerile efforts to upset God's testimony may the sooner be forgotten. He can never make amends for the wrongs he has done. We cannot conceive of a man in existence who has done one tithe the amount of evil of which Dr. COLENZO has been guilty. In rejecting Moses he has rejected Christ; and he comes under the fearful denunciation mentioned in Hebrews x. 26—31.

Let us add, if the Bishop of Natal continues to live and ultimately to die in the state of heart and mind in which he wrote his hapless book, it were better far for him that he had never been born. He has been tried at the bar of public opinion, and found guilty, upon his own deliberate testimony, of most heinous sin against the God whom he has professed to serve. He is justly branded as an infidel of a most dangerous caste; and it will be a mercy indeed for him, if, ere it is for ever too late, he is brought to see and feel the force of the caution addressed to him by

his once personal friend—our early and devoted companion—"Colenso, 'tis dangerous ground." May that admonition ring in his ears and touch his heart; may he, of God's great mercy, be led mentally afresh to that sick chamber in St. Mary, Forncett, and there as he stands by the dying friend of the never-to-be-forgotten JOHN DOUDNEY LANE, weep over his disregard of his dying counsel; and "pray God, if perhaps the thought of his heart may be forgiven him."

As we write, the portrait of that beloved companion of our early years is suspended before us. He "being dead, yet speaketh." And, remembering as we well do, the tenderness of his conscience—his abhorrence of sin—his habitual "abstaining from all appearance of evil"—his intense regard for the word of God, we can readily conceive of the anguish of his spirit at the veriest apprehension of the departure from the simplicity of the Gospel of the man whom he was the first to name for the parish from which he was afterwards promoted to the see of Natal. We have before us a letter, under date Jan. 14, in which the writer, alluding to a recent conversation with a senior fellow of — College, Cambridge, says, when speaking of LANE, "He was one of my

most intimate friends. It was he who kept COLENSO in his proper place; he was all right until he died, but after that he went wrong." "Truly," continues the writer in question, "it is again exemplified, 'the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.'"

But, if divine grace prevent not, how solemn—yea, how awful—will be the contrast between the death-bed of the rector of St. Mary, and the death-bed of the rector of St. Peter, Forncett. How dif-

ferent will be the emotions of the one and of the other. And, after death, if divine grace prevent not, how great will be the gulf that will be eternally fixed between them. God, of His great mercy, if it be His will, give the Bishop of Natal repentance unto life; and vouchsafe to him the honesty at once to avow his error—to recall his damnatory doctrines—and, for the residue of his days, cause him to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

GOD THE SANCTUARY OF HIS PEOPLE.

"Therefore say, Thus saith the Lord God, Although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come."—EZEKIEL xi. 16.

THESE words were primarily spoken to the children of Israel in ancient times, and may have reference to a glorious futurity in store for them—as notice the succeeding verses, which cannot be yet fulfilled; for it is certain they have not one heart, nor a new spirit put within them: neither was it so at the time of their restoration from the Babylonish captivity. But, leaving this, we would deal with the passage as it is applicable to God's spiritual Israel now; and there appears a sweet, comforting truth lying hidden beneath the surface—"I will be to them a little sanctuary." What is a sanctuary? Something more than a place of worship. In Scripture it has a variety of applications: a temple, a place of abode, a dwelling-place, a hiding-place, a secret place, a refuge, a habitation, the shadow of a great rock, a resting-place, &c., &c.; all having one and the self-same meaning, God in Christ, and Christ in God.

This is still further explained in Isaiah viii. 14: "And He shall be for a sanctuary; but for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence, to both the houses of Israel: for a gin and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem." David says, Psalm xc. 1: "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." And again in the 91st Psalm: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." This secret place is none other than our adorable Jesus, treasured up from all eternity, or ever the world was, in the counsels of Jehovah, as the refuge of His people from the storms of divine wrath, the assaults of Satan, the

evil of the world, the oppression of the wicked, and the corruptions of their own deceitful hearts. With such an array of enemies, well might the psalmist cry out, "I flee unto Thee to hide me." "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I." How often would we say with Moses, "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory;" but the answer comes: "Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me and live." Yet He makes all His goodness pass before us, when He says, "Behold, there is a *place by me*, and thou shalt stand upon a rock: and it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by" (Exod. xxxiii. 18—22). Mortal eyes cannot look upon the unveiled glory of God; but, as viewed through the humanity of Christ—the veil of His flesh—we may approach the awful majesty of Deity, and in the cleft of the rock—the riven side of Immanuel—we have a never-failing sanctuary to flee to, a refuge at all times accessible; upon which the Father looks with delight, and says, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." "*A place by me.*" "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. . . Then I was *by him*, as one brought up with him; and I was *daily his delight*, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men" (Prov. viii. 23—30, 31). "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth" (Psm.

xxxiii. 6). Here we have the Son and Spirit engaged with the Father in the first creation: the glorious Three-in-One being likewise joined together in the new creation of the elect soul, and forming ever afterwards a sanctuary where that soul may find rest and peace.

In the 91st Psalm, David, rejoicing in this confidence, says, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty" (or lodge, according to margin). This is the dwelling-place where the Lord's people would not only resort, but abide or remain.

"Not like a stranger or a guest,
But like a child *at home*;"

where we can hold sweet communion with the Master of the house, and bring all our wants before Him.

Christ says, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." How is it we do not receive more blessings? Because we have not faith even as a grain of mustard-seed, so small is our belief in God's promises. Well may our first petition be, "Lord, increase our faith."

Sometimes the poor soul gets into that state that he cannot ask at all, or, sadder still, does not feel to want anything. Blessed be God, this last state seldom continues long, ere he is brought to discover his own vileness and utter impotency—when he is taught that blessed yet humbling truth, "Without me ye can do nothing."

Thus does he return again and again to the ark for shelter, finding no rest out of its sacred enclosures, within which the olive leaf of peace ever abides. In the 73rd Psalm, David, speaking of the wicked, appears amazed and perplexed at the difference between their state and his own. "They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men" (v. 5). And, comparing his own condition with theirs, he says in the 14th verse, "For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." This puzzles many a child of God in these days, when he sees himself scorned and contemned by the proud, while they apparently prosper in their way; at the same time he is afraid to speak, lest he should offend some one, and with David he laments, "When I thought to know

this, it was too painful for me." No; nature will never teach him this: it is part of the discipline he must pass through, being the teachings of God's grace in his heart, which will always be "too painful" to the flesh, until the mystery is solved, as it was in the case of the psalmist: "Until I went into the sanctuary of God, then understood I their end." In the subsequent verses he describes their end, and is astonished at his own foolishness. But the pith and marrow of it is his going into the sanctuary. Now, simply going into the tabernacle—for the temple was not yet built—would teach David nothing; it was what he learned of God there, and His designs and purposes, that enlightened his understanding and informed and comforted his heart. As he says in the 77th Psalm: "Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary: who is so great a God as our God?" He reveals Himself in Christ, and thus are we brought into His sanctuary.

But we will now take another view of this subject. God is not only the sanctuary of His people, but they are also His sanctuary, His rest, His habitation, His temple, and His priests. "For the Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation. This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell; for I have desired it," &c., &c. (Psm. cxxxii. 13, 14). Here is the Church beautifully set forth as the dwelling-place of God; as says the apostle Paul: "For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people" (2 Cor. vi. 16). In 2nd of Ephesians, Paul, speaking of the elect Church which is gathered from amongst Jews and Gentiles, thus describes it: "Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together, groweth unto a holy temple unto the Lord. In whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit."

What a high and holy position are the saints of God brought into, that they should be temples of the Holy Ghost, the residence or abiding-place of the Triune Jehovah. The new man, being part of the nature of God implanted in the soul, assimilates itself, or rather is assimilated to the being and perfections of God; therefore, as St. John says, "doth not commit sin," because his seed remaineth in him: and that is what is meant by

being born again of the Spirit. This constitutes the oneness of Christ and His ransomed people: "I in them and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

Then the certainty and security of their final end in glory is sweetly set forth by Isaiah xxxiii. 20: "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that should not be taken down: not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken." No, blessed be God,

all shall be gathered home; the weakest as well as the strongest. "The lame man shall leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall speak plainly."

"Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." Should we not long for the time when we shall all meet in the sanctuary above, when the last chosen vessel shall be brought in, "and He shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it?"

A LITTLE ONE.

Manchester.

DIVINE ARRANGEMENT.

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you."—JOHN XV. 16.

WHAT precious truth in these words, which fell from the lips of Him who is "truth" itself; and yet how unpalatable to poor fallen nature. I have pictured these favoured disciples drinking in these parting words of love and consolation. How their hearts would expand as "He who came from God and went to God," so condescendingly and graciously said, "I call you not *servants*; but I have called you *friends*." But He knew what was in man—a corrupt, proud heart, that would make "c'en grace a snare;" and He therefore, in love and wisdom, reminds them that this friendship originated not from themselves, but from Himself; "*ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you.*" And there is never a time when the soul is more willing to hear these humbling truths, than when holding face-to-face communion with its gracious Lord. There is nothing like *personal* contact with Jesus for humbling the sinner. Oh to know more of this blessed humbling intercourse!

Looking at the remaining part of this clause of the verse, in its direct reference to the disciples, it seems to present itself thus:—"I have ordained* you, appointed or planted you, in the best position pos-

sible; and not only so, I have appointed your goings, even into every place where I have sheep for you to gather—fruit that shall remain." Now, if this is true of the apostles, it is also true of every sent servant of the Lord Jesus. And what peace and confidence this gracious truth is calculated to inspire in the hearts of the Lord's tried ministers! Would that the Holy Ghost would show them that it is indeed true of them, that the Lord will appoint them to go with the right message to the right place.

But what is true of one part of the Lord's "election of grace," is true also of the whole. If His ambassadors are ordained, appointed, or planted in the right place, so also is the most obscure member of His mystical body. How very precious is this consideration. We, looking at the position the individual members of the Church occupy, may see nothing but confusion; but in the eyes of the Lord all is order and beauty. The psalmist calls the Church, "The vineyard which Thy right hand hath planted" (Psalm lxxx. 15). So that we may rest assured not one plant is misplaced, but that each one occupies that position in the vineyard best suited for its growth and development. His plants are individually "pleasant plants" in His eyes; but they are additionally pleasant in their collective grouping. A figure may make this more plain—we have gazed on many beautiful spots of uncultivated nature, covered with a variety of wild flowers, and admired its loveliness; but beautiful as it was, we

* I am not aware that the word in the original here translated "ordained," is so rendered in any other place in the New Testament, except in 1 Tim. ii. 7; but in the parallel verse 2 Tim. i. 11, the same word occurs, and is, I think, more correctly given by "appointed."

could discover no evidence of design in the *arrangement* of the flowers. But in a well-kept garden we have beautiful flowers; but, more than this, we have beautiful flowers grouped and bedded out, so that they best exhibit their individual beauty: we see colour and colour harmonizing and contrasting in striking and pleasing variety. And, even more than this, we find in consulting the skilful gardener, that not only has he laboured for effect in his arrangement, but also that each class of plants should occupy the aspect most conducive to their development; the more delicate occupying a screened, sunny aspect: and so of every variety. It is just so with the Lord's plants. Not only has He *plants*, but He has a vineyard also; and in this vineyard every plant occupies the best possible position. He knows perfectly the nature of every plant—"He knoweth our frame." He takes into consideration every peculiarity. He knows perfectly how much sun or how much shade is necessary. Not one rude blast too many will He allow to blow upon them, nor one soft breeze shall be withheld which is needful; for "He holdeth the winds in His fists," and north and south each blow at His pleasure. What blessed considerations are here for the people of God. When the soul is led by the Spirit into these sweet truths, what confidence they inspire. How unreservedly the soul desires to be at the disposal of this "Father-husbandman." But, alas! how seldom we see this beautiful arrangement and design. We remember walking through a garden without discovering anything of design in the beds; but gaining an elevated position, and looking down, we at a glance perceived a beautiful design which we had failed to notice on the level. Here it is

we err; we are too often found walking on the level, and no wonder we fail to see the Lord's gracious designs. But, thank God! we are sometimes permitted to gain an elevation; and when thus lifted up by the blessed Spirit, how cheering the view! What order and wisdom we can discern, where but a little time before nothing but confusion seemed apparent!

But there is a further consideration. Not only ordained, appointed, and planted; but ordained to "go." First, in reference to the disciples; they had to go into much that was trying and painful; they met with ridicule, rebuke, and opposition, yea, with death itself: and yet in this way they were to bring forth fruit. Now does not the living child of God desire to be fruitful? Is not the ardent desire of many a soul, "Father, glorify Thy name;" "privilege me to reflect a little of the image of Him whom my soul loveth;" "let the fruits of the Spirit grow and abound in me." The answer to this longing cry may be the going into trials of every description; trials from within and without, losses and crosses, temptations sharp and cutting; perchance it may be bereavements, heavy and all but overwhelming. Into many or all of these will the Lord's family have to go. But for what end? That they may bring forth fruit. This is the old beaten path of fruit-bearing. Every grace of the Spirit, like the members of the body, are strengthened by exercise. I know full well that flesh and blood shrinks from this; but with flesh and blood the Lord's people desire not to confer, but rather to be delivered from selfish desires and wishes, and to "go forward," even through the sea, at the Lord's bidding.

BETA.

ACROSTIC.

A ND must I say farewell, thou man of God?
 R eluctant is the parting signal given;
 T hrough dark and pleasant paths with thee I've trod,
 H eard often from thy lips good news from heaven.
 U nder God's ruling hand we must submit,
 R emembering all is right that He sees fit.

'T is He that gave us such a pastor dear,
 R eplete with truth, proclaiming "Christ the same:"
 I lisp farewell, and though I drop a tear,
 G od takes away, and blessed be His name.
 G reatly mysterious do His footsteps seem,
 S till may we cast our every care on Him.

"MIRIAM."

"Sing ye to the Lord."—EXOD. xv. 21.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Can you spare a corner in your next Magazine for the enclosed precious little spiritual leaflets? Indeed, I should like to subjoin the letter that accompanied them, if you will allow me.

Remaining yours in Gospel fellowship,
G. C.

A VISIT TO JESUS.*

Oh! for that close communion,
With *Jesus* as my *Friend*,
That blessed heart-felt union,
Which never knows an end;
To draw my spirit nearer,
To yonder happy home,
And make the prospect clearer
Of blessedness to come.

Restrain the tempter's pow'r,
Oh, Lord! his rage subdue;
In every threatening hour
My faith and hope renew;
Give strength amid my weakness,
And arm me for the fight,
That I, with child-like meekness,
May put my foes to flight.

Oh! holy, blessed, Saviour,
My Advocate on high,
Rejoicing in Thy favour,
Let me both *live* and *die*:
To *live* will then be *blessed*,
To *die* eternal *rest*,
Since *Christ* and *Heaven* possessed,
Will make me fully blest.

Birmingham. E. B. M.

"THE WILL OF THE LORD BE DONE."*

ACTS xxi. 14.

Whatever be the Pilgrim's lot,
While travelling to his rest,
His God is love, and changes not,
His will is therefore *best*.

Why should my fearful heart repine,
Although the road be rough?
All that my Father hath is *mine*,
And that should be *enough*!

* To be had as a leaflet, post-free, of Mrs. Moens, 59, Bath Row, Birmingham, 6d. per doz. or 3s. 6d. per hundred.

Oh! give me *peace*, that sacred boon!
The earnest of my rest;
And this shall set my heart in tune,
To sing, *Thy will is best*.

Say to this wayward heart "*be still*,"
And give me sweet relief,
Curb the rebellion of my will,
And chase away my grief.

Support me in each trying hour,
And let me feel Thee *near*,
Till by Thine own Almighty power,
In glory I appear.

Then shall Thy will be *fully* known,
Though darkly now express'd,
And every ransom'd child shall own
My *Father's* will was *best*.

Birmingham. E. B. M.

"59, Bath Row, Birmingham,
October 18.

"MY DEAR BROTHER IN GOSPEL BONDS, —It seems very long since I heard from you, but I doubt not you are about your 'Master's business,' and that is enough. I trust you are labouring in the sunshine of His presence, beneath the dewy beams of the Spirit, and find strength and wisdom sufficient for every day's requirements. It is blessed work, dear brother, thus to labour! Nothing lacking, but having all things needful provided; good wages now, and an inheritance and crown of glory prepared hereafter. And yet, in the dark and stormy day, how feeble our hands, how weak our knees, how unlike the children of such a Father!

"I always find your 'Wayside Notes' precious and unctuous; but this month's, 'Shaken and Emptied,' was a rich treat for my soul. Oh! how much of this we need all the way home. I have been suffering very much in the body of late, dear friend; age and infirmities are creeping on apace, which compel me to relinquish my school at Christmas. I cannot do so without the deepest emotions, after having laboured forty-five years in the vineyard, with a cheerful heart and a willing mind. All this time my dear Lord has borne with my manners in the wilderness. My relations are making a little provision for my few remaining years; and, if the Lord pave the way, I shall probably be somewhere at the sea-side, where I derive so much benefit from the baths. I feel much at the prospect of losing dear Mr. Lillingston's min-

istry, which is more precious and decided than ever. I spent Midsummer at Rhyl, and very much enjoyed the mountain scenery, &c. &c.; but such a dearth in the ministry.

"And now, dear friend, there is one great kindness you can show me, if you feel at liberty so to do, and that is, to say a word for my verses in the *Gospel Magazine*, and ask the dear readers to cheer my heart this Christmas with a few orders, as I find printing expenses heavy, in keeping up seventy numbers, and am sometimes greatly tried in the matter, fearing lest I should not be doing right by continuing the printing. And yet, on the other hand,

I receive so many testimonies of the Lord's having blessed them to one and another of His dear tried family, that I dare not withhold such a mite from His treasury.

"Yours as ever in Him,

"E. B. M."

[We will only add, we do trust that this simple wish of this dear songster in Israel may be repouDED to by many of the readers of the *Gospel Magazine*, that her harp may be again taken from the willows, her mouth filled with heavenly joy, and her tongue with singing. Psalm cxxvi. 2.—G. C.]

POPERY AND ITS PROSPECTS.

DEAR BROTHER,—“When the wicked spring like grass, it is that they may be destroyed for ever,” rushes into my mind as I read the extract from the *Western Daily Press*, page 568 of the *Gospel Magazine*. Who is this Cardinal Wiseman? And “Who art thou, O man, that art afraid of a man that shall die?” would I say to the correspondent, who appears to regard the Cardinal as if he were more than a puppet, held between the finger and thumb of that Almighty One, who was dead, but now is alive, and lives for evermore!

For my own part, I would rather be the last criminal hanged at the Old Bailey than be the spurious Archbishop of Westminster, who, in defiance of “the powers that be, which are ordained of God,” struts in his stolen title through Hyde Park, while his “dear children”—the lambs of his Church—ripe and ready for a row, wait to bathe their bludgeons in the blood of heretics, and prove their loyalty to the old man at Rome who sits in the chair of Mahomet.

It is worthy of notice that on each of the Sundays when this Cardinal appeared in the park to cheer on his “pious lads,” the Lord interposed to quench their valour, and dispersed them with torrents of rain, as He did some years ago with the monster Chartist meetings, and, still further back, with John Frost’s “army,” which was hindered by a deluge of rain from taking Newport by storm.

A greater man, though not a greater enemy to the Church of Christ, than this red-legged ecclesiastic, once said, “I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satis-

fied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them” (Exodus xv. 9). “But the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians; and the sea returned to its strength, and the Egyptians fled against it, and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea; and there remained not so much as one of them” (Exodus xiv. 26—28). The God who delivered Israel is the God of the Church of Christ, and it is as easy for Him to foil and prostrate the “Wiseman” who now leads the devil’s host in this empire, as it was for Him to destroy Pharaoh and his host of old, when He cast them into the sea, where the depths covered them and they sank unto the bottom as a stone. Again, I say, “Who art thou, O man, that thou art afraid of a man that shall die, and forgettest the Lord?”

I would not stand in Cardinal Wiseman’s shoes for all the gold of Ophir, nor, indeed, would any man who knows the Lord.

I never saw his “Eminence” but once, and that was more than thirty years ago, before he attained to eminence; when, walking in Cockspur Street with a Roman Catholic barrister, my companion left me to speak to a man in black, who saluted him. When he returned, “Do you know, my friend,” quoth he, “that is Dr. Wiseman?” “And who may Dr. Wiseman be?” was the rejoinder. “You show your ignorance,” was the Hibernian retort; “when he is Cardinal Legate in London, he will be no stranger to you. He is the ablest man in Europe, the pre-

sent company excepted." I laughed at the prediction, and added, "When the British Government suffer your friend to flourish as Legate in England, their next step will be to take a house for the Pope in St. James's Square, next door to the Bishop of London."

The Cardinal is in Golden Square, and should the Pope once more be driven as a fugitive and vagabond from Rome, it is possible, that the nation he has cursed and excommunicated, and would again subjugate, may give his grey hairs an asylum in that square which contains the statue of England's last Popish King.

It is instructive to observe with what scorn and derision the worldly prints assail the Cardinal and his ragged regiment, as well as the whole Romish system. Is the time approaching when, in awful retribution, the powers of the

world will be let loose on the false Church of Rome to destroy her? When Popery last reared its serpent crest in England, the world knuckled under, or stood aloof. Now it handles a Cardinal with as little ceremony as it does a lobster, and would send the Pope himself to stand his trial at *its* Old Bailey, were he to be caught purloining Peter's pence. "They have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and Thou hast given them blood to drink; for they are worthy" (Rev. xvi. 6). Is their time at hand? Popery in the gripe of infidelity, will find herself worse off than the martyrs she has slain. They had a Christ to uphold them in their tortures; she will find an angry God to mock when her calamity cometh.

In Him who is our life, ever dear
brother, yours,
Croydon.

W. MUSHETT.

THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS.

(Continued from page 552, vol. vii.)

26. Arminians, talking or writing about Christianity, make as many blunders respecting the eternal purpose of God, as the populace outside St. James's Palace make concerning what is going on inside at a drawing-room or levée—they have never been presented at court. The tried men and women, who have kissed Jehovah's hand, know and understand Jehovah's doctrine, as revealed in the word. The rest are carnal charlatans, pretending to be wise above what is written, because they lack grace to receive what is written.

27. When carnal country'squires stand aloof from you, and neglect the courtesies and amenities of life, it is blessed to feel that the absence of your ungodly neighbour leaves more room for the presence of God. A king's son smiles at the vulgar insolence of a tinker; and the children of Jehovah look down with pity on the small swagger of the world, whose main business it is to ripen for hell by despising Christ and His followers.

28. The farther a man is from God, the more is he accepted in the world; and the less a man is like Jesus, the better is he relished by those who profess but do not possess Christianity.

29. What a contrast between the monarch who died drunk, and his peasant subject who, with the name of Jesus on his lips, gathers up his feet into his bed, and waits for his appointed change. What makes the difference? Sovereignty and grace. Sovereignty leaves the modern Sardanapalus to perish—grace plucks the peasant a brand from the burning.

30. It may seem grand to be a flagon in the temple, while another is but a cup; but the flagons lead no easy life, for they have to bear the clatter of the cups, since it is a rule in the divine economy that the more grace one has the more it shall be tried. A soul that is often in doubt whether his ultimate destiny be hell or heaven, passes quietly through the world; but one who revels in full assurance is a mark to be shot at. The doubters damn him for his presumption. The devil sifts him incessantly. God keeps him low in his own eyes, by showing that he is a sink of iniquity. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," is true of such as walk through this life conscious they already wear, in God's unfrustrable purpose, an eternal crown of glory. First the cross, and then the crown.

A TOUCH from Christ will heal the mischief caused by a heavy blow from Satan.

SPECIAL INTERPOSITIONS OF PROVIDENCE:

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—In a recent number of your very profitable Magazine, your valued correspondent G. C. expresses the hope that his remarks might lead others to recount special instances of God's providence.

The following remarkable narrative came before me immediately after reading his request; and, if you think well to spare a corner for it, I think many of your readers would peruse it with interest, while I remain,

Dear Mr. Editor,
Yours in the best bonds,
A LITTLE ONE.

“CALEB, THE COLLIER.

“THE following remarkable narrative was inserted in Dr. Rippon's Baptist Register for 1802, p. 1097. Dr. Samuel Stennett, on whose authority it was related, had it from Dr. Joseph Stennett, his father; so that its truth is beyond a doubt.

“Dr. Joseph Stennett married a lady in Wales, in consequence of which he resided there several years, and preached with great acceptance to the Baptist congregation in Abergavenny. There was a poor man in that congregation generally known by the name of Caleb; he was a collier, and lived among the hills between Abergavenny and Hereford. He had a wife and several little children, and walked seven or eight miles every Lord's-day to hear the doctor, the weather seldom preventing him. He was a very spiritual man; and his knowledge and understanding were remarkable, considering the disadvantages of his situation and circumstances. The doctor was very partial to him, and pleased with his conversation. One winter there was a severe frost, which lasted many weeks, and not only blocked up Caleb's way to meeting, so that he could not possibly pass without danger, but prevented him from working for the support of himself and family. The doctor and many others were much concerned lest they should perish from want. However, as soon as the frost had broken up, Caleb appeared again. The doctor saw him from the pulpit, and, as soon as the service was ended, went to him, and said, ‘O Caleb, how glad am I to see you! How have you done during

the severity of the weather?’ He cheerfully answered, ‘Never better in my life. I not only had necessaries, but lived upon dainties during the whole time, and have some still remaining, which will serve us for some time to come.’ The doctor expressed his surprise, and wished to be informed of the particulars. Caleb told him that one night, soon after the commencement of the frost, they had eaten up all their stock, and had not one morsel left for the morning, nor had any human probability of getting a new supply; but he found his mind quite calm and composed, relying on a gracious God, who neither wanted power nor means to supply his wants. He went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till morning. Before he was up, he heard a knock at his door, and, on going to see who was there, saw a man standing with a horse, loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb. He answered in the affirmative, and the man immediately desired him to help to take down the load. Caleb asked what it was. He said, ‘Provision.’ On his inquiring who sent it, the man said he believed God had sent it; and no other answer could he obtain. When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at the quantity and variety of the articles. There were bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, neat's tongue, &c., &c., which served them throughout the frost, and some remained to that present time. The doctor was much affected with the account, and mentioned it in all companies where he went, in hope of finding out the benevolent donor. His attempts, however, were all in vain, till he went, about two years afterward, to visit Dr. Talbot, a noted physician in the city of Hereford. Dr. Talbot was a man of good moral character, and of a very generous disposition, but an infidel in principle. His wife was a godly woman, and a member of the church at Abergavenny, but could not attend very often on account of the distance. Dr. Stennett used to go and visit her now and then, and Dr. Talbot, though a man of no religion himself, always received Dr. Stennett with great politeness; and Dr.

Stennett generally stayed a night or two at his house when he went. While they were conversing very pleasantly one evening, Dr. Stennett, with the view of introducing something entertaining and profitable, spoke of the great efficacy of prayer, and instanced the case of poor Caleb. As he was relating the affair, Dr. Talbot smiled, and said, "Caleb! I shall never forget him as long as I live." "What! did you know him?" said Dr. Stennett. "I had but very little knowledge of him," said Dr. Talbot; "but by your description, I know he must be the same man you mean." Dr. Stennett was now very anxious to hear what account Dr. Talbot had to give of him, upon which Dr. Talbot freely related the following circumstances.—During the summer previous to the hard winter above-mentioned, he was riding on horseback for the benefit of the air, as was his usual custom when he had a leisure hour, and generally chose to ride among the hills, it being more pleasant, rural, and romantic. A few farm-houses were dispersed here and there, and a few little cots. As he was riding along, he observed a number of people assembled in a barn, and his curiosity led him to ride up to the barn-door, to learn the cause of their assembling. He found to his great surprise that there was a man preaching to a vast number of people, and he stopped till the service was ended. He observed that the people were very attentive to what the preacher said, and one poor man in particular attracted his notice. He had a little Bible in his hand, and turned to every passage of Scripture the minister quoted. Dr. Talbot wondered to see how ready he was for a man of his appearance, in turning to the places, and likewise noticed that his Bible was full of dogs'-ears, that is, the corners of the leaves were turned down very thickly. When the service was over, he walked his horse gently along, in order to observe

the people, and the poor man whom he so particularly noticed happened to walk by his side. The doctor entered into conversation with him, asked many questions concerning the meeting and the minister, and found the poor man to be more intelligent than he could have expected. He inquired also about himself, his employment, his family, and his name, which he said was Caleb. After the doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, and thought no more about Caleb till the great frost came on, the following winter. He was one night in bed, but could not tell for certain whether he was asleep or awake, when he thought he heard a voice say, "Send provision to Caleb." He was a little startled at first, but, concluding it to be a dream, endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he imagined he heard the same words repeated, but louder and stronger. He then awoke his wife, who was in a sound sleep, and told her what he had heard; but she persuaded him that it could be no other than a dream, and she soon fell asleep again. The doctor's mind, however, was so much impressed that he could not sleep. He turned and tossed himself about for some time, till at last he heard the voice so powerful, saying, "Get up and send provision to Caleb," that he could resist no longer; he got up, called his man, and bade him bring the horse. He then went to his larder, and stuffed a pair of panniers as full as he possibly could with whatever he could find, and having assisted the man to load the horse, bade him take that provision to Caleb. "Caleb?" said the man; "what Caleb, sir?" "I know very little of him," said the doctor; "but his name is Caleb; he is a collier, and lives among the hills; let the horse go, and you will be sure to find him." The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master, which accounts for his telling Caleb, "God sent it, I believe."

It betokens not an equal progress in grace, when one says, "God comforts me," and another can confess "God is my comfort." Does the Lord comfort me?—Then my heart grows light, and cheerful, and glad, and there flows into the troubled depths of my soul a stream of delightful joyfulness. But is God my comfort?—Then has my heart been torn,

and blighted, and wrapped in gloom. I faint not, and am stout and resolute of soul; and stand over my heart, and walk above the conflagration, and am still; in sense I have nothing, but have all in simple faith in that God who has once sworn to be my God; in that faith I have it, which holds that in sure possession which I neither see, nor taste, nor feel.—*Krummacher.*

LINES BY A REDEEMED ATHEIST.

DEAD AND GONE TO GLORY.

O WHERE are they who once were here?
Can no one tell their story?

In yonder spot their graves appear,
They're dead, and gone to Glory!

Their race is run, their battle won,
Such—such—the simple story:
Belov'd of Father, Spirit, Son,
They're dead, and gone to Glory!

Their love on earth was fervent, pure,
As aught in sacred story;
And now in Heaven they part no more:
Dead, dead, and gone to Glory.

They toiled awhile in Pilgrim life,
Like Saints in ancient story;
And now beyond the reach of strife,
They're dead, and blest in Glory.

The Saints below, who o'er them mourn,
Rehearse their pleasant story,
And say, with pensive sigh forlorn,
"They're dead, but live in Glory."

The mourning souls they loved to tell
Of Calvary's precious story,
Breathe forth with solemn, sad, fare-
well—
"They're dead, but gone to Glory."

The Saints above, in circles bright,
Now hear their wondrous story,
"The Blood of Christ hath washed us
white—
Though dead, we reign in Glory."

Their Father, God, with joyous gaze,
Saith, "Children, what's your story?"

While they reply in sweet amaze—
"Thy dead are raised in Glory!"

The loving Son, who groaned and died
On Calvary's mountain gory,
Beholds his travail satisfied,
And hails the dead in Glory.

Ah! happy souls beyond the grave!
While angels hear their story,
The palm of victory now they wave
In depths of endless Glory.

"And who are they," some voice exclaims,
"Of whom is told this story?"
Brother, Sister, are their names—
Now dead, and gone to Glory.

And ye who read in years to come
This sweet and solemn story;
Gird up your loins and hasten home,
To meet them in their Glory.

You'll find them bathed in depths of
love,
Arrayed in brightness hoary,
With Jesu throned in light above—
Joint-heirs of all His Glory.

Seek, seek, the straight and narrow path
In which they walked before ye;
It leads from Hell and Second Death,
To bliss and Heavenly Glory.

Forsake, like them, the dying Earth,
Its vain delusive story,
To find in Christ celestial mirth,
And crowns of life and Glory.

THE GREAT TREASURE.

DURING the last three or four years, since the discovery of gold fields in British Columbia, such multitudes of fortune-seekers from Europe, Australia, and California have gone there, that settlements, which at first consisted of a few huts merely, have grown into large and populous towns of wood and stone, all teeming with life and activity. The cry was raised that a prize was to be obtained, and numbers rushed to find. "Surely there is a vein for silver, and a place for gold where they find it." But where is that to be found which "cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof; it cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire; no mention shall

be made of coral, or of pearls, for its price is above rubies." Indeed, "all the things which thou canst desire are not to be compared with it." Where, and what, is this eminent treasure? Did any ever find it? Listen: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding." "And if any of you lack wisdom, ask it of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not," and it shall be given you; for, "the Lord giveth wisdom" (Proverbs ii. 6).

S. A. C.

A PASTOR'S LETTER TO HIS LOVED PEOPLE.

To my dear Flock and Congregation worshipping at Pavilion Chapel, Brighton.

GRACE and peace be with you. You are much in my thoughts, my heart, and my prayers. I cannot forget the many blessed seasons I have enjoyed amongst you in ministering the Word; and, if sometimes painful in the absence of felt unction, yet other occasions have made ample amends; and I trust there are those amongst you, to whose conscience I have been made manifest.

I have enjoyed much satisfaction in the thought of having, through Divine goodness, left you in the hands, under God, of two such men as Mr. Silver and Mr. Brown. May your souls be abundantly blessed! May great grace rest upon them and you whenever you meet together! May the blessed Spirit brood upon the assembly, and bring forth the fruits so pleasing in His sight! May the Word of the Lord be indeed precious, and in the hands of the Spirit do its work of reproof, rebuke, instruction, edification, and correction in righteousness; humbling, convincing, exalting, Christ revealing, justifying, pardon sealing, bondage breaking and loosening, and all those precious things for which the Lord's people come together; seeing, He says, "He will abundantly bless the provision of His house, and satisfy His poor with bread."

In this day of profession, and of Gospel mangling, and Gospel neutralising, how important is the real truth of God, and a sound ministry. A so-called Gospel with creature work, creature power, and creature doing; a Gospel without offence, and with others, a faith of human ability, a free-will faith, and a letter assurance, and no faith without pardon, not distinguishing between pardon in fact and pardon in feeling and experience; these are the things which suit the aggregate of professors. But I trust, my dear hearers, that you have not so learnt Christ. I trust you are able to detect these errors; that you know the distinction between the Gospel in word only, and the Gospel in power; that you are not unacquainted with the unctuous influence and operations of the Spirit of God; that you know and are growing increasingly acquainted and familiar with the voice of the Lord, and will not follow the voice of strangers; that the voice of man, however excellent,

will not satisfy you. "My sheep," saith He who cannot err, "hear my voice, and they follow me, and a stranger will they not follow."

This no doubt, is not the case with you all. There are some of you who have these things yet to learn. You know I like a *discriminating* Gospel; and our God does so too, for He says, "If thou shalt go forth and separate the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as My mouth." And so *as* I speak, as you have long heard, so I write. And I believe the most of you are of the same mind. To others of you who are not so minded, or who lack the experience of these things whereof I write, I would say, Do not presently give up the hearing of the word of truth, do not thus give way to your discouragements, but continue still to be nibbling at the Gospel bait, still keep near the Gospel net, for, may be, some day you may be most blessedly captivated, as other poor weak, stumbling, discouraged souls have been before you. The Gospel power is the "binding up of the broken-hearted, and deliverance to the captives." Are you feelingly condemned under the law? then there is hope for you. This is no small part of repentance, and where there is repentance there is faith—though may be only as a grain of mustard seed, and where faith and repentance are, there is pardoning love, though not, may be, in the feeling enjoyment and experience of it; for faith and repentance and other graces proceed and flow from God's pardoning love; but for the enjoyment of the same, poor, humbled, broken, doubting, trembling sinners, may have to wait many a wearisome day, month, or year. Herein is the mistake of those who do not separate between fact and feeling, and say, If you do not feel your sins forgiven, you have no faith, &c.; whereby they break the bruised reed, quench the smoking flax, or build up the wood, hay, and stubble of a speculative faith, and a letter assurance, which will have to be burnt up.

Many such topics I should like to dwell and enlarge upon, but my limits prevent me; besides I am unwilling you should longer wait to hear from me. I trust and believe I have a place in your

hearts; you have in mine "to spend and be spent for you," and I know I have a place in your prayers, and surely I may say your prayers have been answered. The Lord has blest the means, though trying they were. My health *is restored*, and my strength almost—more than I could have expected, especially in so short a time, having been brought down so low. The trials by the way were very sharp, by reason of the united force of both asthma and bronchitis, under which I expected to sink; so that fears and unbelief sinfully prevailed, as to the suitability of the means made use of, though my faith stood firm in the efficacy and sufficiency of the Blood and Righteousness for my soul. But the blessedness of the END has made ample amends for the sufferings of the way, and I stand reproved for my unbelief. Such is the efficacy of this air, that in less than ten days both asthma and bronchitis *entirely* left me; and here I am under a summer's sun, with the glass at 70° in the shade in the month of January. May not my journey here truly be likened to the pilgrim's path through this wilderness world of temptation and sorrow to that land of rest and blessedness provided for him? As our Hymn says—

"Yes! 'tis a rough and thorny road,
That leads us to the saints' abode;
But when our Father's house we gain,
'Twill well repay our ev'ry pain."

Or, as Jehovah Himself says, "I will lead the blind by a way they know not; I will lead them in paths they have not known; I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight; these things will I do unto them and not forsake them." And again as another Hymn says—

"Thy flock, Thine own peculiar care,
Tho' now they seem to roam uney'd,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide."

I am looking, with pleasant anticipation, to my return to you in March; I fear I must not venture before, and may it be "In the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace." In the meanwhile may the Lord graciously preserve you, and feed the Church of God among you, which He hath "purchased with His own blood."

And to such I would say, lay yourselves out for trials, tribulations, and temptations, for "by these things," though not pleasant to flesh and blood, "men live, and in all these things is the life of the spirit." It were unwise of you, if you were to put to sea, to expect nothing but fair weather; but when the winds blow, the waves run high, the storm rages, and everything threatens, then remember who is at the helm, and think of the end, the haven of eternal rest, and the promise of a safe landing, "*kept by the power of God*, through faith unto salvation;" and learn to say with the psalmist, "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me; Thou shalt stretch forth Thy hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and Thy right hand shall save me."

I know you will stand in need of all this and more, and "my God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." You who know and love the Lord Jesus, cultivate love and union among yourselves; "live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

Your affectionate and loving Pastor in
Christ Jesus, J. A. WALLINGER.

Nice, January 20.

ROME'S DESTRUCTION.

"Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her."—
Rev. xviii. 8.

BUT all this shall not come without a trial—and a very severe one too—of the professed people of the Lord. It behoves us, therefore, in every way to test the nature of our hope, and the ground upon which we stand before God; more especially as it is written, that "some of them understanding, shall fall, to try them, and to purge them, and to make them white."

With this declaration before us, and seeing the highly-excitability character of the day we live in, together with the almost infinite variety of dogmas which savour of truth, we should beware of any and of every thing calculated to draw us off from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus.

"MAN'S EXTREMITY GOD'S OPPORTUNITY."

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Although I have been so silent of late, yet I have not been an insensible observer of your various conflicts, temptations, and afflictions. I would desire deeply to impress upon your minds the need for the fiery trial; and that you may not think it strange, the Lord has kept on record, from Genesis to Revelation, innumerable instances of His people's afflictions, and their deliverances out of them.

We know not how great sinners we are; nor can we conceive how infinitely wise and just God is. His judgments are an unfathomable deep, and we see not how far in His infinite wisdom He may go. This calls for great humiliation on our part.

Abel lost his life, though he obtained the favour and approbation of God. Abraham found no deliverance till the knife was at the throat of his son. This is the time of extremity. Jacob must be driven about for twenty years before he could hope for the fulfilment of the promise, and, on the first opening of the door for his escape, he is threatened by his brother; yet, through all his complicated difficulties, the Lord proved faithful. One would have thought that Joseph's first trial of being cast into the pit might have sufficed, but God knows there is a need for continual and repeated trouble to keep our proud hearts dependent upon the Lord. Such were Joseph's troubles, that every new trial fitted him for greater honours; and ours, also, if it please God to sanctify them, will yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Moses, though the meekest man, and with whom the Lord spake face to face, yet in the trial muttered perverseness, and went beyond the orders God had given him; for which thing the Lord would not suffer him to go into the promised land. Nevertheless, we find, that, though the displeasure of the Lord was manifest in this, his end was unutterable peace: thus God mingles mercy with his judgments.

What shall we say of Job? God says, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth?" Yet he must be tried: and the manifold afflictions laid upon him brought him down to a very low ebb, and manifested many things in his heart which before he did not expect to find; nor did the

Lord cease to contend till he was made not to pity but to mourn, and to abhor himself, "and repent in dust and ashes." Some of our friends suspect that there must be something wrong when continued affliction, poverty, or sickness, abide upon us; and certainly there is some truth in the suspicion. I believe Job's self-righteous spirit was one cause why the Lord contended; and you and I have much pride and ignorance which the Lord will not overlook.

One affliction and no more, we perceive, will not suffice. We, like the apostle, are troubled on every side; but these afflictions will be light, if we are enabled with the eye of faith to look at the things that are eternal. What makes the misery, is perpetually looking at the things that are seen. We cannot suppose there can be an end; we reason, and set things down as coming to pass, which God has designed never shall come to pass; also we draw out lines for the accomplishment of our ends, where God never moves; and we get sadly confounded and sink into despondency. This is always the issue of natural and fleshly wisdom, for God will confound it. Joseph little thought that the direct road to be chief and governor of all Egypt lay through the pit whence the Midianites drew him.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;"

but wonders He will yet perform in behalf of His afflicted people. It is yet left on record, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

Salvation is a great thing, and your eyes and hearts must be more set upon the heavenly inheritance; and when you are enabled to give up the treasures of Egypt, then you will find no end of the sweetness and power of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"Be sober, be vigilant," for your adversary the devil is seeking to devour you with fear and despair. Jesus Christ is stronger than all that oppose. Cleave closely to him, and you will find your safety there. Use the psalmist's prayer perpetually, "Be Thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort;" and may the Lord bless you.

I remain, yours affectionately,
JAMES BOURNE.

ST. LUKE'S PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS, BEDMINSTER.

(From the Bristol Times.)

THE completion of these schools was celebrated by a monster tea meeting, on Tuesday evening last. The tables were laid in the large room, the dimensions of which are probably not surpassed in any similar building in this city, and upwards of 900 persons were present. The tea was provided by Mr. Savery, of Somerset-street, Cathay, and much satisfaction was expressed not only at the manner in which the arrangements were carried out, but also with the convenient character of the school buildings, which have been erected in an incredibly short space of time under the auspices of the incumbent of St. Luke's. The gratification, however, of those present was somewhat alloyed in consequence of the serious illness of the daughter of the rev. gentleman, which prevented his taking any active part in the proceedings, and great sympathy was felt for him. After the tea a public meeting was held, and accommodation was found for some 600 more people, but notwithstanding there were still numbers who were anxious to gain admission, and the doors had eventually to be closed in order to avoid any accident from overcrowding. W. Terrell, Esq., presided, and he was supported on the platform by the Revs. D. A. Doudney, D. Cooper, S. A. Walker, J. Hollins, S. Luke, E. Probert, &c. Prayer had been offered.

The CHAIRMAN read several letters from gentlemen expressing their interest in the schools, that from W. G. Langton, Esq., of Newton Park, enclosing a donation of £50, and that of J. S. Harford, Esq., a donation of £10 10s. He read likewise, a letter from Dean Law, enclosing a subscription.

At a later hour in the evening, the Chairman likewise promised an additional subscription of £10.

The Rev. D. COOPER then (on behalf of the Rev. D. A. Doudney) read the following report:—

In coming before you at this, the preliminary opening of the schools, your committee are of opinion that a few particulars explanatory of their rise and progress would not be uninteresting. The great want of schools in a parish containing 7,000 souls, prompted your committee to make an effort to erect suitable build-

ings for the purpose of affording youth a plain and useful education. After some delay, the present site was purchased by the churchwardens of St. Luke's (Mr. John Drake, and Mr. George Duck) for the sum of £250. For this very liberal contribution on their part, the committee would express their deepest gratitude. The very unsettled state of things in connexion with the Council of Education, their greatly reduced rate of aid, as well as their discountenance of the practice of holding Divine service or parochial meetings in schools connected with their Board, led to a determination on the part of your committee to waive their aid altogether. To have been restricted in the construction of their buildings, or to be pledged to any particular after-course of procedure, would have cramped your committee in their endeavours to place their building at the service of the working community of this parish. In order perpetually to identify these schools with the Church of England, and give them a strictly parochial character, they are vested in the five trustees of the neighbouring church of St. Luke, and the sole management and control of the schools are vested in the incumbent of St. Luke's for the time being. Sundry plans and specifications having been submitted to your committee, those furnished by Mr. Crisp were at length selected, and out of some thirty tenders, that of Mr. Norris was chosen as general contractor for the sum of £1035. The foundation stone was laid on the 3rd of July last, by the ex-Mayor, John Hare, Esq. During the progress of the work it has been found necessary to make such alterations and additions as have added materially to the cost. In the present state of the building—and this being merely a temporary opening—your committee are not prepared to state precisely what additional expense has been incurred. To the original design have been added large class-rooms, a teacher's residence, paved approaches, and a heating apparatus, the cost of these extras is estimated at about £300. The depressed state of trade in consequence of the lamentable war so long and so disastrously raging in America, has acted somewhat unfavourably in re-

gard to the obtaining funds for the work, but your committee have, notwithstanding, the very great satisfaction of acknowledging the kind and liberal way in which they have been met by the citizens of Bristol and inhabitants of Clifton. Nor have the people of Bedminster been indifferent or inactive; of their limited means they have contributed promptly and generously. Your committee are happy to place before you the result of their labours in reference to the procuring of means for carrying on their operations. Independently of personal calls and newspaper advertisements, some 13,000 appeals have been sent through the post to all parts of the kingdom. These latter have been responded to to the amount of something over £200, £55 18s. 1d of which has been forwarded in postage stamps. The report here recorded numerous handsome donations, and continued:— In conclusion, whilst soliciting your further aid and co-operation so as to enable your committee to complete this important work and to discharge the balance due to the builder and architect, your committee beg to express themselves as far from indifferent to all that you have done: they are quite aware that it requires no little effort and personal sacrifice on your part to erect this the third edifice in so poor a parish within the comparatively short period of four years.— They, at the same time, feel assured that you will sympathize with them in the conviction that first the temporary, then the permanent church was absolutely needed, nor less so, the cheerful, spacious, substantial building in which it is our happiness this evening for the first time to assemble. It is but once in a lifetime one is called to erect a church and schools in a parish of this kind; you will never have to help in a similar work, as far as this parish is concerned. Seeing, therefore, the great need of the same—the duty we owe to the rising generation, and our fellow men generally: conscious, moreover of the debt of gratitude we owe to our God, and the very short time allotted us for doing some little work for Him who has done so much for us, your committee feel it incumbent upon them to give heed to the Scriptural injunction, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou art going.”

The treasurer's accounts showed that

the receipts, including promised subscriptions of £106, amounted to £1,590, and the sum now in hand amounted to £15.

The CHAIRMAN then addressed the meeting, and expressed a hope that much good might result from the erection of those schools. He thought the report just read afforded them matter for un-mixed congratulation, and he would take that opportunity of congratulating the Rev. Mr. Doudney upon what he might term his almost unparalleled labour. He might also congratulate the committee and the parish of St. Luke upon having that building, which, when finished, would be an ornament to the city; and it was a subject of congratulation, too, to the promoters of the school on the accommodation afforded by such a building not only to the rising generation which they had immediately around them, but to the increasing wants which the district of St. Luke was likely to present within the next half-century. He thought he might also congratulate them that they were in debt, extraordinary as that might seem, but when people were too prosperous they got a little proud, and they knew that the people of St. Luke had a peculiar way of pushing little cards into persons' hands, and in that way getting a large amount. He observed that the deficit in the accounts was smaller than he had ever known upon the opening of a school of similar dimensions. He said he had no doubt that they would find some controversy out of doors, that they had commenced, or rather, continued a system of education in that parish untrammelled by the fetters of Government support and Government inspection. He thought that they lost ground by depending too much upon Government, instead of relying upon themselves for the education of the poor. He believed that the Committee of Council on Education and the Government system had in the outset done very great good by awakening the minds of the people of England to the wants of England as regarded education, but he also believed that they had now found out that they had made a mistake, as they had tied the tree of knowledge with red tape, instead of fostering it, as a good gardener would have done. He expressed his opinion that the system of training colleges and of trained masters, desirable as it might be under ordinary circumstances, was wholly unfitted to the population of the present day. It was actually

doing more harm than good, by imagining that all boys were of a certain standard of mind, requiring from them a certain amount of superficial knowledge, and training up a race of puppies who would be a disgrace to our national talent. They might be enabled to tell them that tobacco contained not much saccharine and so much nicotine, whilst they would be wholly uninformed upon those habits of self-restraint which were the foundation of a great part of our happiness. He pursued this subject at some length, and, in addressing himself to the parents of children, assured them that the true education of life could not be learnt in a school, but that it could only be completed at home; and he exhorted them, by all the means in their power, to second the exertions of the teacher, by setting their children good examples at home.

The Rev. D. COOPER said he cordially rejoiced in the statements contained in the report, and felt satisfied that as they had done so much they would very soon wipe off the debt which existed.

The Rev. E. PROBERT (Baptist Minister) next addressed the meeting, expressing the pleasure he felt at being present, for he liked to help those who helped themselves.

Congratulatory addresses were also delivered by the Revs. S. A. Walker, S. Luke (Independent) and other gentlemen, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

On Wednesday evening a tea meeting was given to the aged parishioners of St. Luke's, Bedminster, by the respected incumbent. All the old people in the district over sixty years had been invited, and there was one patriarch present who was nearly 100 years of age. For such of the old people as could not walk with comfort, a vehicle was hired of Mr. Payne, of Temple-gate. After tea, a public

meeting was convened, at which the Rev. D. A. Doudney presided, and in the course of some pertinent remarks he alluded to the pleasing fact of so many aged persons being collected together. He spoke of the nature and absolute necessity of the new birth, and reminded them that they could not reasonably expect to live many years longer in this world. The Rev. G. Wood was the next speaker, and he alluded, in the course of his address, to the necessity of personal religion. The Chairman announced the respective ages of those who composed the company present. There were 19 aged 60, 22 aged 61, 16 aged 62, 15 aged 63, 11 aged 64, 14 aged 65, 7 aged 66, 5 aged 67, 9 aged 68, 6 aged 69, 12 aged 70, 3 aged 71, 5 aged 72, 5 aged 73, 6 aged 74, 6 aged 75, 3 aged 76, 5 aged 77, 2 aged 78, 2 aged 79, 1 aged 80, 3 aged 81, 2 aged 82, 2 aged 83, 1 aged 84, 2 aged 90, and 1 aged 98. The Chairman said that whilst reading those numbers he was struck by the thought of what a mercy it would be if they should all be together hereafter in that happy world where there would not be, as now, death in prospect, but where, having passed all sorrow, there would be no more tears to flow, no sighs, no groans to heave. Later in the evening the rev. gentleman said that there were 185 persons present whose united ages amounted to 12,470 years, and the average age of each was 67½ years. The proceedings were diversified by some hymns which were sung at intervals, and at one part of the evening an old man, upwards of 80 years of age, and who had been blind for more than 60 years, offered up a fervent prayer. Altogether the meeting was of the most interesting character. The Rev. D. A. Doudney having offered up prayer, the meeting separated.

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure.

RECEIPTS.	
Subscriptions received	£1,284 12 5
Ditto promised	106 0 0
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Total	£1,390 12 5

EXPENDITURE.	
Purchase of Land	£259 0 0
Purchase of Party Wall of Mr. Farmer, and extra land of Messrs. Wise	38 0 0
Builder, on account	810 0 0
Architect, ditto	50 0 0
Masonry for Heating Apparatus and Coal-cellar	16 0 0
Advertising, Printing of Circulars, and Postage Stamps	80 6 3
Conveyance of Land, railing off ditto, Plans, School-boxes, Labourers ...	19 6 10
Loss by Tent Tea-meeting	5 10 0
Subscriptions promised	106 0 0
Cash in hand	15 9 4
<hr/>	
Total	£1,390 12 5

LETTERS BY J. LATCHFORD.—No. 2.

August 10, 1819.

I AM now sat down to write you a few lines. I do not know what they may be. I am certainly better than I was; the air does me good. I eat my food better, am not so sick, but my weakness is great, nor do I expect it to be otherwise while here. Am at Sutton, where Crispe wants me to stay all the time.

The first Lord's-day could not have the meeting, so went to Barming, three miles distant from Maidstone. Spoke twice. Last Lord's-day spoke twice, and returned in the evening to Sutton, very much tired indeed.

Am engaged for next Lord's-day at Maidstone, so no rest; at least but little for the present. Well, I shall have it by-and-by. I have not heard from any one of the Old Barn folks yet, how the work goes on. I reckon you can send me none, nor much of Dr. Hawker; do, when you see him, give my very, very kindest love, and tell him *Jesus lives*, and because He lives, we must live also. I long to see him, but for this must wait. All is right, whether I see it or not; it is not my seeing or my enjoyment makes it so: I am happy when I enjoy, but this is not the cause or spring of it. This is, Jesus unalterably and unchangingly the same. No fluctuation here.

I am oftentimes grieved at the murmur-

ing spirit I feel. Can I come to want while He has such a store? Surely there will be some sweet page in *At Shaddai* for my poor soul to suck while a pilgrim and a stranger here. Can "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee"—I WILL NOT, I WILL NOT, I WILL NOT—can this fail, I say? If it can, I must fall. But why put *if* to it? Is there yea and nay with Jesus—my Jesus and your Jesus? Oh no, all is yea and amen. I hope never to be left to make a Jesus, but to be satisfied with the One already in being. I seem persuaded there are many Jesus makers now-a-days, such as they are; but none will do for me but God's Jesus—the Strong One—mighty to save in future, having already saved in past. Lord Jehovah the Spirit favour you and me with more sweet soaring high, and more diving deep into this mystery of godliness, which without controversy is great indeed. Ah! what a poor, shallow, superficial fool I am; I feel it more and more than ever. "Dear Spirit, deepen my acquaintance with Jesus," I humbly pray; and, if you can pray better, do. If so, I hope I shall hear of it by some means. Need I say any more? Surely not. I feel tired with a little writing, so hope you will excuse me. I hope to hear soon. Promised Stone was to write, but has not.—Yours &c., J. LATCHFORD.

THE SCHOOL OF AFFLICTION.

"The afflicted people will Thou save."—2 SAM. xxii. 28.

PREACHING from this text on the dark and afflictive dealings of the Lord with His servant David, in connexion with the formation of Christian character generally, and a meekness for the inheritance of the saints in light, a clergymen observed that, a mortified temper, a resigned will, and a trusting heart, were the three great requisites in a Christian. But how, said he, can we have a mortified temper unless there is much to try it? how can we have a resigned will if there be nothing to oppose it? and how can we have a trusting heart until we are brought into circumstances to say with David, "My

soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him. He only is my rock, my salvation, and my glory?" These are the reasons why so many dark and humbling providences, so many harassing and painful trials, so many heart-breaking griefs, and heart-perplexing difficulties, are appointed for the Lord's people in their passage through the wilderness. We need to be disciplined by a thorny way, and to be continually reminded that through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven. (John xvi. 33; Deut. viii. 2—9).

REVIEWS.

"*The Pentateuch and Bishop Colenso.*" *Bible Inspiration; What it is, and what it is not: Dr. Colenso's Difficulties considered; and Our Lord's Testimony enforced.* By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester; Author of "The Way Home," "The Syrian Leper," &c. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

THIS is an invaluable pamphlet, and merits a circulation of scores of thousands. Briefly, but most emphatically, it answers the petty objections of one who has indeed proved himself altogether unworthy of the high and responsible office to which, unhappily, he was elected, and from which the commonest honesty would prompt him peremptorily to retire. A man really imbued with the spirit and doctrine of the book he ventures to criticize and cavil at, would not need the arm of the law, or the solicitations of his fellow-men, to relinquish a position held so anomalously. The very first principles of that holy book would prompt him to a directly opposite course to that the sceptical Bishop is now seeking to pursue. That book would compel him to say, "No, I cannot receive reward for services I do not render; I cannot receive the emoluments arising from a system with the fundamental principles of which I am at issue." No greater proof can be given that the *heart* of the man is not right whose *conscience* is so warped as to allow him to pursue such a course—to persevere in a line of things so diametrically opposed to the simple dictates of right and wrong. Well does the writer of the pamphlet before us say, "As members of the Church of England, humbled by the spectacle of a bishop assailing the Book of God, we can yet thankfully remember that he is a *solitary exception* on a roll of names honourable in the judgment of the Church universal for the invaluable services they have rendered as the authors of standard works on the Christian evidences. And whilst we deeply lament the falling away of one bishop, we are not, as Protestant Churchmen, pledged to the unscriptural dogmas of Apostolic Succession (in the Romish sense) or Church Infallibility. 'It is not lawful for the Church'—much less for an individual bishop of the Church—to ordain any-

thing that is contrary to God's word written." (Article xx.) This talented writer continues, "However painful, no strange thing has happened. Bishops are but men, and they have a special claim upon our prayers, that, in their high and responsible office, they may be 'illuminated with true knowledge and understanding of God's word' (Litany), and be 'valiant for the Faith.'" The late beloved Archbishop of Canterbury well responded on the day of his consecration, to a faithful layman who uttered, as he passed by, a prayer that God's blessing might rest upon him—"I need your prayers;" and I am sure there is not a bishop on our English bench who would not from his heart re-echo that response."

In perusing this pamphlet, we have been so impressed with the force and aptness of its proofs, as to mark well-nigh half its pages for quotation. This, however, space forbids. We must, notwithstanding, furnish our readers with sundry extracts.

"When we bear in mind," says the writer, "the position held—still held by Dr. Colenso, Bishop in a Church whose office it is to be 'a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ' (Article xx.), we may well be startled and amazed. Our surprise at his avowal of unbelief in the infallible authority of the Bible, is only equalled by our surprise at the moral obliquity of judgment which can allow him to continue to hold his post of dignity and receive its emoluments."

Quoting from Archbishop Usher, the author says:—

"The sacred writers are God's secretaries. He leaves them real men, capable of giving honest and reliable testimony, like any other men, but He carefully watches over them so that not one untrue or improper word shall be given forth in His name. When an earthly sovereign desires his secretary to write a letter in his name, he will take care that the letter, when written, shall faithfully express his meaning;—yet there may be one or two immaterial imperfections in the document of which he does not care to take notice.

"We do not say," he continues, "the sacred text has been miraculously preserved from the trifling mistakes of successive copyists or transcribers; but it is not the less God's Book: and in His good

Providence, employing the instrumentality of human care and watchfulness, we believe it has been secured from any errors or interpolations of importance. The result of the unwearied toil of critics and philologists, examining and comparing all existing versions, is a triumphant testimony to the almost perfect integrity of the text as we have it. Jew and Christian, Romanist and Protestant, have been mutual checks; and their agreement as to the letter of the Bible is an evident token of its purity. Dr. Moses Stuart, referring to the various 'readings' of which learned men often speak, remarks,—'All these taken together do not change or materially affect any important point of doctrine, precept, or even history.*'

"Such, then, are our ideas of the nature and the boundaries of BIBLE INSPIRATION. We say the Bible is GOD'S BOOK—God's Word—a revelation of His mind and will, conveyed to us in the form He in His wisdom saw fit to adopt—and certainly that form is a TRUTHFUL FORM.

"And here we are at direct variance with Dr. Colenso. He tells us, indeed,—and we are ready to exclaim 'the voice is the voice of Jacob,'—that he 'believes unfeignedly in the Divine authority of the Scriptures,'—that he 'believes the inspiration of the Holy One breathes throughout its pages,'—that he 'relies on the records as an efficient instrument of communication from God to man in all that is necessary to salvation,'—that he is anxious to 'give due honour to the book as containing a message from God to our souls,' as, in fact, 'the very Book of Truth:'—but then, however unaccountable it may seem

to plain readers, he professes, with the same breath, to have discovered in this 'very Book of Truth' 'a series of manifest, absolute, palpable, self-contradictions and inconsistencies,'—the narrative of the Exodus being 'full of contradictions, and plain impossibilities, affecting the entire substance of the story.'

"The disproof of these assertions we shall give presently; but we say, at once, we reject as MOST IMPIOUS the conclusion, to which Dr. Colenso is inevitably committed, namely, that God's revelation of Himself and of His will is conveyed to us in a book abounding in historical falsehoods. *What should we think of a man who told us lies that he might mix up truth—a measure of truth with the lies?* Awful as the blasphemy must appear to the reverential mind, this is the position of those who talk, as Dr. Colenso talks, of receiving the teaching of the Bible, whilst rejecting the truth of the narratives contained in the Bible. Both stand or fall together."

Alluding to the Bishop's views upon slavery, quoting from a very admirable review in the *Christian Observer*, the reviewer observes:—

"It is somewhat strange that Bishop Colenso, who desired to tolerate polygamy in his diocese—[on the ground that "it is not sinful and wicked in itself, and contrary to all religion, though it is contrary to the spirit of Christianity"]—it is somewhat strange that the very man who thus, in Natal, tried to draw back from the purity of the Gospel into the allowed, conceded (not approved) license of Judaism, when he finds in the laws of Moses a modified tolerance of slavery, feels his moral sense is revolted!"

"The moral difficulty," continues Mr. Bullock, "which Dr. Colenso connects with the account of the destruction of the Midianites, is a difficulty which might equally be urged against every exhibition of the righteous judgment of God in the ordinary government of the world. Mr. Rogers has forcibly remarked, 'The pestilence, the famine, the volcano, present phenomena in the works and ways of God which are, to all appearance, no less opposed to our conceptions of equity and goodness, than these so-called "difficulties of Scripture."' It becomes us to remember that 'secret things belong to God'—that our limited capacities are not equal to the task of 'finding out the Almighty to perfection.' 'The fly perched upon the dome of St. Paul's, and trying to make out the architect's design, is only a faint resemblance of a human being, striving to grasp, to understand, and to pass sentence upon, the

* "The mistake of a letter or word" by a copyist, or the change of meaning attached to some word, will frequently remove a difficulty or apparent discrepancy in Scripture. For instance, Paine asks scoffingly, whether the spoiling of the Egyptians by the Israelites was not an immoral transaction, and whether the statement that the 'borrowing' on the part of the Israelites was by the Divine command, does not implicate the Divine Being in an act of dishonesty? A reference to any good commentary would have shown him that the word used by Moses presents no difficulty whatever. The Egyptians were urgent to get rid of the people, and eagerly, at their request, gave of their property. The word rendered 'borrowed,' in the original is simply 'asked.' Thus Hannah is said to have 'asked' for Samuel, and to have 'lent,' i. e., given 'him to the Lord.' The trifling variations in the Gospels are capable of similar explanation. In point of fact, this circumstantial variety is a proof of substantial truth. A close and minute agreement of professed independent witnesses induces the suspicion of confederacy and fraud,—whereas apparent, though trifling discrepancies, are real and conclusive proof of independent testimony. Thus, as Pascal observes, 'Even the apparently weak points in the chain of evidence have their peculiar force to a well-constituted mind.'

justice and benevolence of God's government of the universe.' It is enough for us to know that 'God is love,' and that 'The Judge of all the earth must do right.' The reviewer in the *Christian Observer* gives this answer to Dr. Colenso:—

"Does Dr. Colenso believe that such a city as Jerusalem ever existed? Does he believe that it was destroyed by Titus? Does he believe that *eleven hundred thousand* persons—men, women, and children—perished in this siege, by the most horrible modes of destruction, and that all the survivors were sold into hopeless slavery?"

"Further: Does he not know that this dreadful visitation was foreseen and foretold by Him who was the Divine personification of unspeakable love? Does he not know that Jesus, foreseeing all this, could weep over the devoted city, but could not, or would not, spare it? Does he doubt that all this vast and immeasurable amount of human suffering and wretchedness was ordained of God, and executed by His special permission?"

"If he does not believe all this, we should deem it a waste of time to argue with him. But if he is not sceptical touching the deeds of Vespasian and Titus, we should like to know what he gains by disbelieving the books of Moses. If I believe that God showed himself a God of vengeance in the greater case, what do I gain by rejecting the thought in the smaller?"

Our next quotations are from pp. 23—27 of the pamphlet:—

"II. After this weak and futile commencement, Dr. Colenso plunges into his own peculiar element, and favours us with what the *Athenæum* describes as 'Colenso's Arithmetic applied to the Bible.'

"Before I proceed to notice a few of these arithmetical puzzles, I would make the general remark, applicable to them all—that they rest on a very uncertain basis. It is well known that errors in numbers are common in all ancient works, and we admit they are to be found in the Bible. For instance, we read in 1 Sam. vi. 19, that the Lord smote of the people of Bethshemeth, a small town, 'fifty thousand and three score and ten men;' and in Judges xii. 6, we read, that 'There fell at the passage of the Jordan, of the Ephraimites forty and two thousand.' These numbers are incredibly large. But, as it happens, we are easily able to correct the manifest errors, by understanding the idiom of the language—an idiom still in use among the Arabs. They say in the year 12 and 300 for 312. Hence, 1 Sam. vi. 19, literally translated, reads—the Lord smote 'seventy men, fifties, and a thousand;' or 1,170, not 50,070:—and Judges xii. 6, reads, 'There

fell of the Ephraimites forty, and two thousand;' or, 2,040, not 42,000. Another example occurs in 2 Chron. vii. 5, 'twenty-two thousand,' should be 20 and 2,000, or 2,020. Dr. Colenso himself remarks—'It is impossible for us not to perceive that a systematic habit of exaggeration in respect to numbers prevails among Hebrew writers of history, probably from not realizing to their own minds the actual meaning and magnitude of the numbers employed.' I should rather attribute this apparent exaggeration to our ignorance of prevailing idioms. May there not be a *truthful* use of the figure hyperbole, in its application to numbers, as we apply it in general terms? At any rate, we may rest assured that the numbers were accurately understood by the Jews.

"III. One of Dr. Colenso's numerical 'impossibilities' is this. He finds repeated commands in Exodus and Numbers that 'all the congregation' shall appear before 'the door of the 'tabernacle,' or 'before the Lord;' and he reads that 'Moses and Joshua addressed all Israel.' He measures the tabernacle, and he estimates the power of the human voice; and he pronounces the words 'impossible!'—'inconceivable!'

"A reviewer comments on this objection with an allowable degree of severity: 'Not more "inconceivable" than that a grown man, who has hitherto been supposed to have an average knowledge of ordinary affairs, should complacently print and publish such trash as this! Where can this writer have been living, that he should be so entirely in the dark as to the commonest usages of mankind? Matthew of Westminster tells us that, in A.D. 1297, the king, being involved in two wars, and finding it necessary to lay heavy burdens on the people, summoned the people of London to meet him at Westminster Hall, when he addressed them, and explained his position. Bishop Colenso might take out his pencil, demonstrate that 50,000 or 100,000 people could not stand in, or in front of, Westminster Hall, and that the king's voice could not reach them, and so prove—to his own satisfaction—that the story was 'inconceivable,' and that Matthew's Chronicle was 'unhistorical,' *i. e.*, untrue! But all commonplace people could tell the Bishop that such things occur in common life every year; that 20,000 men are frequently summoned to meet in Guildhall, which could not admit one-quarter of them. To urge objections of this kind against the Pentateuch is the very wantonness of scepticism.'

"IV. Dr. Colenso next objects that the adult male descendants of the *sixty-six* members of Jacob's family, who went down with him into Egypt, could not have

reached the number of 600,000 at the Exodus.

"We reply—the Bible does not say they did. Dr. Colenso *assumes* that it is absolutely undeniable that the narrative of the Exodus distinctly involves the statement that the 66 persons mentioned in Gen. xlvii, and *no others*, went down with him into Egypt.' But this is bare assumption. The very texts which he quotes to support it seem to prove the contrary. The writer of the inspired narrative is careful to inform us that 'all the souls of the *house of Jacob*'—'the *children of Israel*'—'that came out of the loins of Jacob' (Gen. xlvii. 26, 27; Exod. i. 1, 5)—were 66; but this very care implies that he is distinguishing the family of Jacob from the *dependents who accompanied them*. Abraham had 318 such dependents 200 years before, and there is every reason to believe that the whole *household* of Jacob who came with him into Egypt amounted to at least 500 persons of both sexes. The supposed difficulty at once vanishes.

"V. The march out of Egypt, the possession of arms, and the supply of tents, are fresh difficulties to Dr. Colenso.

"The movements of so large a body of people seem incredible to him. We may remind him that Herodotus records the march and passage across the Hellespont of the army of Xerxes, numbering 1,700,000 foot, and 80,000 horse. Bishop Thirlwall remarks—'There seems no sufficient ground for supposing that these estimates are greatly exaggerated.' Would Dr. Colenso conclude, because of the number of Xerxes's army, that Herodotus has palmed fiction upon us in the place of history?

"But Dr. Colenso continues—'The Israelites were furnished with tents—how could they carry them? They were all armed, and where did they get their arms?' We reply,—when they spoiled the Egyptians they most likely took whatever was most urgently needed for their flight. Some cover for the night would be indispensable, and this they would contrive in some way. Dr. Colenso talks of poles and cords as if the tents had come from Edgington's. It is not probable that they had anything like our *modern* tents, but whatever they had to cover them and theirs, however temporary, slight, and untentlike, it was a tent for all practical purposes. Most travellers in the East could inform Dr. Colenso that, to this day, the common Arab tent, for a whole family, consists of little more than a long shawl, stretched over a few sticks.

"As to the Israelites being armed, we are not to infer that every man had his sword, and shield, and javelin. The word

which Dr. Colenso renders 'armed,' is in our translation 'harnessed.' It is a word of most doubtful etymology. Gesenius says it may mean 'eager,' 'brave,' 'prepared for battle.' According to the Septuagint, it denotes that the people went out in orderly ranks of five or fifty. But 'harnessed,' in the sense of 'equipped,' is the better rendering, and would of course involve no difficulty. The fugitives carried their kneading troughs, clothes (part of their equipment), &c., on their shoulders; and doubtless many of them were partially armed, either with weapons brought from Egypt, or obtained, as Josephus records, from the slain Egyptians at the Red Sea."

The talented author then proceeds to the Bishop's next objection:—

"VI. The extent of the camp compared with the priest's duties; the celebration of the Passover; the supply of lambs and pigeons for sacrifice; furnish another set of objections.

"For the most part these objections are based upon the assumption that the whole Levitical sacrificial system was in full operation in the wilderness. The review of Dr. Colenso's work in the *Morning Post* contains some admirable remarks on this point:—

"We must here express our surprise that a man so accustomed to mathematical reasoning as Dr. Colenso is, should not have seen that there is a most important link wanting in his chain, viz., that it is anywhere said that the whole of this burdensome ceremonial was to be observed in the wilderness. The laws given by Moses were for all time till Christ should come, and they were delivered at intervals in the journey to the land of promise. The period of the Jewish wanderings was the period of their instruction in the principles of religion, government, and civil society. Moses, whose authority was supreme, was not only their deliverer, but their historian, lawgiver, and prophet. He was not to enter the promised land, but to die on the other side of Jordan. It was necessary, not only for the training of the people, but for the fulfilment of his own mission, that the whole ecclesiastical and municipal code should be delivered before his death, and before the Israelites passed over Jordan. But it is not to be therefore assumed that the whole ceremonial, with all its burdensome difficulty—ordained for permanent observance—was to come into instant operation in the midst of the still more burdensome and exceptional state of things that prevailed in the wilderness. That this is clear appears from the internal evidence. Take, for example, the directions about leprosy in houses—the in-

structions to scrape the walls and purify the foundations. Could this apply to the tents in the desert? Take, again, the allusion to houses and walled cities in this very ceremonial law, and to fields and vineyards. There were none of these in the wilderness. More especially ought the recurrence of such passages as these to be deemed conclusive—"And it shall be when the Lord thy God shall bring thee into the land of the Canaanites, as He swore unto thee and to thy fathers, and shall give it thee, then thou shalt set apart unto the Lord," &c., &c. (Exod. xiii. 11); and notably in Deut. iv. 14—"And the Lord commanded me at that time to teach you statutes and judgments, that ye might do them in the land whither ye go over to possess it." We conceive that there can be no doubt in any candid mind that the operation of the greater part of the Jewish law was prospective, and was not in force during the journey to Canaan. And, if so, Dr. Colenso's mountain about the impossibility of Aaron, Eleazar, and Ithamar being able, in the simple particulars of time and physical strength, to offer up all the burnt-offerings, meat-offerings, peace-offerings, sin-offerings, trespass-offerings, thank-offerings for a population like that of London, and all the hitch about the need of 500 pigeons per diem, becomes a very insignificant molehill which a small amount of reasonable faith may suffice to cast into the sea.

"In dealing with this part of his subject, the blind determination of Dr. Colenso to see nothing but difficulties, is most remarkable. He can make no allowance for any possible departure from the literal and full discharge of the Levitical ceremonial law. For instance, he finds a merciful provision allowing the offering of 'turtle doves or young pigeons,' whenever the lamb would be beyond the means of the offerer. It only suggests to him a fresh objection—"Where could the people find turtle doves and young pigeons in the wilderness?" He adds, with irreverent sarcasm, 'Did the people carry these with them out of Egypt?' But presently he answers his own objection. He admits that the Hebrew word translated 'pigeon' may be translated 'bird of the wilderness,' and confirms his admission by quotations from other parts of the Bible (Ps. lv. 6, 7; Jer. xlviii. 28; Ezek. vii. 16). It is true, he tries to destroy the force of this admission by arguing that the wilderness spoken of in these passages was not like the wilderness of Sinai. It was only 'an uncultivated and comparatively barren country';—in the wilderness of Sinai even 'birds of the wilderness could not be found!' But once more he stultifies his

own argument by confessing, in the same paragraph, that the Hebrew word for 'wilderness' is the *same* in every passage.

"With regard to the celebration of the Passover, the remarks of Kurtz are worthy of consideration. He says—'We are brought to the conclusion that the Mosaic law permitted the lambs to be killed in private houses, provided the houses were within the camp or city in which the tabernacle was erected; and that the priestly vocation of the Israelites as a body (Exod. xix. 6)—not suspended when the Passover was first instituted (Exod. xx. 19)—enabled them to supplement the special offices discharged by Aaron and his sons in these particulars.' Even Dr. Colenso admits—'It is certainly true that the references to the Passover, in the books of Exodus and Numbers, do not appear to imply in any way that the priests were called into action in the celebration of this feast.' He *ought* to have said '*such* action' as to give any countenance to the objection raised on the ground of the multiplicity of their duties.

"In the same narrow spirit Dr. Colenso quotes the command in Lev. iv. 11, 12, that 'The priest shall carry forth without the camp the carcase of the sin-offering,' and understands by it that 'Aaron himself, or one of his sons, would have had to carry the carcase on his back, on foot, a distance of six miles.' He adds, 'The supposition involves an absurdity; but it is our duty to look plain facts in the face.' The absurdity rests with Dr. Colenso, who ought to have known enough of Hebrew, and of English too, to comprehend that a man is often said to do himself what he does *by* or *through* another. It is obvious that the priest *caused* the carcase to be conveyed from the altar in front of the tabernacle to be burnt in some convenient place; and there appears to have been 'waggons' for this very purpose, which had been offered to the Levites long before, at the dedication of the tabernacle. The assumed distance of 'six miles' is equally imaginary. We know of no proof that the expression 'without the camp,' necessarily means 'beyond the extreme lines of the whole encampment of the Israelites.' Each tribe had a separate camp, and the spaces *between the camps* might be considered 'without the camp;' so that the distance would be comparatively short.

"VII. The maintenance of the sheep and cattle of the Israelites in the desert is another of Dr. Colenso's 'impossibilities.' He argues that it is incredible that such vast flocks as the Israelites must have possessed in order to furnish the legal sacrifices, could have found food and water in the wilderness.

"The fact of an *allowed limitation* in the observance of the Levitical law, of course robs this objection of half its force. The remaining half is not very formidable. Dr. Colenso labours hard to prove that there could not be sufficient herbage in the wilderness; and even ventures to say that 'the water from the rock did *not* follow the people, as some have supposed.' He makes another glaring *misquotation* to prove this: 'Beware that thou forget not Jehovah thy God, who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, *where there was no water.*' Here he stops,—whereas the very next words assert the fact which the Bishop denies: '*Who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint*' (Deut. viii. 11, 15). Doubtless the quotation was taken second hand, and never verified; but what an illustration have we here of the carelessness with which this matter has been examined, and of 'the deep-seated and foregone prejudice which has left its indelible brand upon every page of the book.' As to the supply of herbage, we are little able to form a judgment. The author of 'Sinai and Palestine,' Dr. Stanley, points out natural remains which prove that a far more abundant vegetation must have formerly existed. Dr. Colenso strongly insists upon the absolute literality of Deut. xxxii. 10, as descriptive of the wilderness; but who does not know that the figure hyperbole is naturally used in speaking of afflictive circumstances, even as it is easily understood?

"Moreover, it seems that, during by far the greater part of the period of forty years [thirty-six years,] the Israelites lived near the populous Mount Seir and the Red Sea, where they could not fail to come into commercial intercourse with rich nations and tribes, who would provide them with the necessaries of life in exchange for the gold and silver and other precious property which they possessed (Deut. ii. 6). Dr. Colenso, indeed, tells us that 'the Scripture story says not a word about this long sojourn.' Yet, in the very same page, he quotes Deut. ii. 1, 'We compassed Mount Seir *many days*,'—an expression which, according to the Hebrew idiom, is significant of an indefinite time.

"The volume he has so hastily written, has been fitly described, by one of its ablest reviewers, as 'the most narrow-minded book that has been published since the rise of Rationalism among English divines.' Even the *Saturday Review*, with all its latitudinarian sympathies, expresses this decided judgment:—'Some of Dr. Colenso's difficulties are undoubtedly hypercritical; some frivolous and almost puerile;

whilst others (as, for instance, that regarding the alleged want of preparation for the Passover) seem to rest upon misconception, or even careless oversight; and it must be added that, so lax and reckless is the character of the objector's mind, in several places he even copies inaccurately the very passages on which he founds his arguments.'"

Moses right, and Bishop Colenso wrong; being Popular Lectures on the Pentateuch. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. London: John F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row, and 27, Southampton Row.

AND most popular these Lectures deserve and doubtless will be. The production is a masterly one; at the same time the style of the lecturer is such as involuntarily to carry his audience along with him. In this the first lecture of the series, Dr. CUMMING's object is to show "whither the Bishop's ark carries him;" and most clearly does he prove that it "lands (we had rather said makes shipwreck) upon shores dreary and desolate as the Arctic regions around the pole, on which no living thing can grow, and no heart can beat, and no lungs can breathe."

We heartily recommend these Lectures; the cheap rate at which they are published, places them within the reach of the community at large.

"*The Sword of the Spirit.*" A Sermon preached at St. Michael's Church, Stockwell, on Sunday, Nov. 16, 1862. With Appendix, in reference to Bishop "Colenso's" Views of our Lord's Quotations from the Pentateuch. By the Rev. HENRY THOMPSON, Incumbent. London: George B. Simpson, Clapham Road, Stockwell.

THIS is a searching and a solemn sermon, appealing at once to the heart and conscience. The mind of the preacher is deeply imbued with a sense of the many and the specious errors with which the day in which we live abounds. He trembles for the young especially. Both as pastor and parent, he speaks with becoming solemnity and earnestness; and to his sermon, which is both sound and forcible, he adds most valuable matter more immediately bearing upon the infidel scruples of the unhappy Bishop of Natal. We shall be pleased to hear that this sermon meets with the demand it deserves. We have read it with considerable interest.