

# 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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## The Family Portion;

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

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

### FAITH, NOT FEELING.

*"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost."*  
ROM. xv. 13.

BELoved, observe the opening word of this blessed portion. The Apostle, in the former part of the epistle, had declared the great and glorious truths regarding salvation. He had set forth the universality of the fall—the common ruin in which both Jew and Gentile were involved, by original and actual sin. He had testified of the fulness and freeness of salvation alone through and by the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. He had shown the everlasting freedom from all condemnation of those who were found in Him. He had spoken of the peace that an apprehension by faith of the perfected work of Christ brought into the soul. He had followed up these varied statements by numerous precepts and exhortations, urging his brethren that they should "present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is," said he, "your reasonable service."

And now, towards the close of this most comprehensive and very remarkable epistle, he, as it were, sums up his testimony in a three-fold and emphatic manner in this chapter. In the fifth verse he says: "Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be likeminded one toward another according to Christ Jesus;" in the 13th verse: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost;" and in the last verse: "Now the God of peace be with you all. Amen."

Beloved, we would first remind you that these characteristics of our God are very precious and endearing, the more especially if viewed in connexion with the other equally-endearing revelations of Himself. For example, in 1 Chron. xvi. 35, He is called "the

God of salvation ;" in Psalm xxxi. 5, "the God of truth ;" in Phil. iv. 9, "the God of peace ;" in 2 Cor. i. 3, "the God of all comfort ;" in 2 Cor. xiii. 11, "the God of love and peace ;" in 1 Peter v. 10, "the God of all grace ;" in Acts vii. 2, "the God of glory."

Now, if the reader will turn to these several passages, we doubt not he will be fully repaid for his trouble, particularly if he keeps before him this thought, that in these different portions the Lord stands revealed in these endearing characters as so exactly adapted to and for His people, in all their varied states and conditions, as poor and needy creatures. For example, are they in special danger or peculiar peril ? well, then, may they adopt the first-mentioned portion, and go before Him with the plea, "Save us, O God of our salvation, and gather us together, and deliver us from the heathen, that we may give thanks to Thy holy name, and glory in Thy praise." Or, are they plunged into the depths, or encountering the difficulties, or exposed to the craft and the subtlety, of which the Psalmist speaks in his 31st Psalm ? how sweet, in the midst and in spite of all, to exclaim, "Into Thine hand I commit my spirit ; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." As much as to say, "Thou unto whom I have opened my cause knowest all about me ; and here my soul would rest ; here my mind would be stayed, come what may. Men may say what they please, but 'let God be true, and every man a liar.'" Dear reader, it is unutterably blessed for a poor sinner, conscious of the integrity of his heart, to be enabled to repose upon Him who searchest the hearts and triest the reins of the children of men, in the midst of the strife of words, and the suspicions and insinuations of their poor, fallen fellow-men. Again, in connexion with the deep trials, numerous exercises, and that trouble with respect to which even the Apostle said, that he "despaired even of life," how sweet the appeal to the "Father of mercies and the God of all comfort." Paul well knew, and all the Lord's people, in their measure and degree, know in common with Paul, that in proportion as they are led personally to realize the truth, "Thou hast known my soul in adversities," so there is such a special sweetness and peculiar comfort in the reflection, "My Witness is in heaven, my record is on high."

Reader, when your motives have been called in question, or your principles assailed, how timely and how soothing has been the consideration, "Unto Thee have I opened my cause." As much as to say, "I am placed, by Thy providence, in such a position that I cannot convince the gainsayer, or make clear or plain the course I have taken, or the object I have had in view ; but, Lord, *Thou* knowest, and, in due time, I shall realize the fulfilment of the promise, 'I will bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.'"

So, beloved, in pursuing this subject, we might see, by reference to the aforementioned endearing characteristics of our God, as given in the

passages we have quoted, how each stands so blessedly connected with our every-day pilgrim-wants and necessities.

We wish, however, to come more immediately to the words of our text; and how blessed is this revelation of our God as the "God of hope."

We read, beloved, of a "good hope through grace;" and sure we are that, when the nature and the blessedness of that hope are considered, or brought to bear upon the all-important interests of our never-dying souls, we do, as believers, sadly fail in our appreciation of the intense value of this God-bestowed and God-maintained gift. Well may the Apostle declare, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the vail, whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus." The idea of an anchor by which the barque rides out the gale in safety is very blessed, as brought to bear upon the poor tempest-tossed soul called to contend with the waves and billows of this stormy world.

Again, in the eighth chapter of this same Epistle to the Romans, the Apostle not only states the fact that "we are saved by hope," but he, moreover, gives such a plain, simple, and comprehensive definition of its character. Considering, again, the immensely momentous nature of eternal verities, we have often thought how gracious it was of the Holy Ghost to prompt the Apostle so to define hope. "We are saved," he says, "by hope." Now, mark this, for the language is very strong: "We are *saved* by hope," as though it were the mainspring of salvation; and, as a twin-grace with faith, so it may be considered. Then the Apostle proceeds to explain or define hope. He does not leave it, as he leaves other words or truths, upon its own simple basis; but, as though the Holy Ghost would have so important and encouraging a feature of Gospel verities dwelt and enlarged upon, he adds: "Now, hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? but, if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."

Well, then, seeing the inestimable value of a "good hope through grace," as thus set forth by the Apostle, a poor sinner, led by the Holy Ghost to see his need of it, is encouraged by the language before us to betake himself to the "God of hope" for the bestowment of this precious grace. Hope is treasured up in the "God of hope" as in one vast and inexhaustible storehouse; and, blessed be God, it is to be had, as are all other graces of the Spirit, "without money and without price."

But, in the richness and copiousness of the mercy, the Apostle prayerfully desires, or lovingly exhorts, that his brethren may be "filled with all joy and peace." It is not simply that they may be *partakers* of this joy, or *possessors* of this peace, but that they may be *filled* with it; that they may experience and enjoy it, in all its largeness and blessedness. Observe, beloved, it is joy and peace. These are two other fruits of the Spirit, in sweet unity and concord

with the hope and the faith; there is a blessed blending and a sweet harmonious intermingling of these graces of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of believers.

Considering the curse from which they are delivered, the condemnation from which they are eternally freed, and the everlasting blessedness to which they are as absolutely introduced and entitled, the dear children of God have indeed abundant reason for perpetual joy and rejoicing. A glance at their holy and happy estate, as contrasted with the burden of a guilty conscience, a sense of divine displeasure, and all the dark and gloomy forebodings of wrath to come, surprises—yea, astounds—the mere novice in spiritual and eternal matters that such privileged ones should ever, even for a moment, be the subjects of sorrow, disquietude, discontent, or anxiety. This, in one sense, may well arouse the astonishment of the mere worldling; but such, on the other hand, either fail to see, or do not understand, the nature of that test and trial of faith to which all its partakers are, more or less, subjected, and of which the Apostle Peter speaks so emphatically, where he says, “If need be, ye are in heaviness, through manifold temptations, that the *trial of your faith*, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.”

Beloved, there is a marked distinction between these graces of the Spirit, joy and peace. As a rule, the one is transient and effervescent, while the other is more solid and abiding. Upon these grounds we consider the peace is even more desirable than the *joy*. If we may speak personally, we consider the most enviable state for a child of God, whilst passing through this “waste, howling wilderness,” is that spoken of by the Prophet, “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace [margin, ‘in peace, peace’] whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee;” and again, says the Prophet, or rather the Lord by the Prophet, “In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.”

Now, where there is *joy* or *transport*, there is almost an entire unfitness for grappling with even the lawful duties and engagements of life. Neither Peter nor James nor John, upon the mount of transfiguration, nor Paul, when caught up into the third heavens, could have been in a right state of mind for service amid the sinful or the sorrowing sons of earth. The disparity between the teachers and the learners would be too great for any advantage to be derived. A lack of patience would almost of necessity attach itself to the one class, even as a want of power to grasp or to comprehend would identify itself with the other. Hence, *peace* is a better qualifying grace for service than *joy*; and, therefore, the more to be desired by those who wish in their little measure and degree to serve the Lord in their day and generation.

But again the Apostle says, “Fill you with all joy and peace in believing.” Now we feel, beloved, that too much stress cannot be



laid upon this point, "*in believing.*" Those of our readers who are most familiar with this work know full well how long and how ardently we have been wont to contend for a *feeling* religion, and how little stress we have ever laid upon the cold, the formal, and merely nominal assent and consent to a certain doctrine or creed.

But, hard as it may be to draw the line, still a line there is—and a most important line, too—between *faith* and *feeling*. The subject is so tender a one that we are almost afraid to touch upon it, lest we should be misunderstood or unintentionally wound the little ones.

Now, what is the Holy Ghost's definition of faith, as given in the 11th of the Hebrews? Faith is there declared to be "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The Apostle, moreover, when speaking of the operations of faith, says, "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

As we said just now of *hope*, so would we say of *faith*, that we deem it a rich and distinguishing mercy that the great and glorious—yea, the momentous—verities connected with salvation should be simplified by terms and illustrations with which in daily life, and in our mutual intercourse one with another, we are so familiar. We have spoken of hope, and we can all understand its nature and operations, for there is not a day, nor an hour, in which hope, as bearing upon some object, is not exercised. But now, beloved, let us contemplate faith or trust. Look at the man of business sending out his goods, and altogether losing sight of his wares, upon the simple *belief* that in due time he shall receive compensation or payment for the same. He has, it may be, naught whatever to *show* for it, not even his customer's name, promissory note, or acceptance. He has consigned his goods in a simple trust or belief in his customer's solvency, right principles, and just intentions to discharge a debt of honour. Again, the simple taking a bank-note—being, as it is, only a representative medium—is an act of faith. How does the recipient know but the note is forged? If it be a Bank-of-England note, he takes for granted it is all right; but, if it bear the names of a merely provincial firm, there is at least a momentary hesitation about taking it, and faith and trust are again brought into exercise as bearing upon the person or parties from whom the note is received. With respect to almost every commodity of which we make use, a considerable amount of trust or confidence is exercised. In a word, our daily intercourse with our fellow-men, either socially or commercially, could not possibly be carried on without the exercise of a large measure of simple trust or reliance.

In the 11th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, we have not only, as already quoted, a declaration of the true nature of faith, but we have a most grateful and encouraging diversity of examples and illustrations of its simple but blessed operations. Now, whilst we would direct the reader's very special attention to the several

names and histories there recorded, we would, at the same time, earnestly and ardently urge him to consider how absolutely and entirely those varied and distinctive operations of faith were acted out *in the entire absence of sight, sense, or present comfortable feeling*, only in so far as that feeling was produced by a simple looking to, belief in, and reliance upon Him to whom all things are possible.

Time and space forbid our going into detail; but we entreat the reader carefully to peruse the chapter itself, and to consider the position in which Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the whole host of Bible worthies were placed, there to see that the great principle by which each and all were actuated was that *simple, trusting, confiding, depending, hoping, expecting, indescribable yet invaluable something* which prompts a child to rest in and upon a parent.

Whilst as yet faith was in its hopeful, dependent, expectant attitude, what present comfort or solace had its possessor? It was, so to speak, a prospective comfort or a solace based upon a confiding anticipation. It was the comfort of a schoolboy calculating upon his Christmas or midsummer holidays, or a soldier or sailor expecting superannuation and consequent release from all the pains and perils of actual service.

But, to come closer home, we would appeal to the personal experience of those of our readers who have known what the trials and afflictions, losses and crosses, of life are.

Beloved, you have been down in certain depths, under pressure, or in peculiar straights or difficulties. Various have been your exercises; intense, it may be, your wrestlings at the mercy-seat. Now, this is the point to which we wish to bring you in your review and retracings. Has it always, or generally, or (we had nearly said) ever, been immediately upon the realization of comfort, or joy, or a feeling of assurance and satisfaction, that the Lord has interposed His delivering hand? We would pause for your reply. We would not have you answer in haste. Consider, we pray you.

Do not imagine for a moment that we are saying, or even thinking, of such a thing as that there is no peace, no comfort, no assurance, in the absence of tangibility or proof. On the contrary, we have for many, many years been wont to say that the sweetest position for faith, and its special prerogative, is to *take God at His word*; but, mark you, it is only His own inwrought and His own maintained faith which can do this; that faith which the poet well describes thus:—

“Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And trusts to Christ alone,”  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries, ‘It shall be done!’”

But, in a way of positive and actual experience, have you not commonly found, with respect to some of your heaviest trials and deepest exercises, that, however hopeful or assured your mind now and again may have been in regard to deliverance, a death has

come upon the promise, and a blight upon the prospect, *before* the succour or deliverance has been granted?

Why this should be the case is easily explained. Had deliverance immediately followed that precious exercise of faith of which you were the subject, or that comfort which you experienced, in the pride of your heart, and in spite of counteracting convictions, you would, to say the least, have laid an undue and self-congratulatory stress upon your faith and trust. Moreover, for the time being, and as far as that special deliverance was concerned, you would have but little, if any, insight into such a Scripture as this: "Though we believe not, He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself."

Upon the other hand, dear reader, have you not had a precious view of divine faithfulness, and the richness, fulness, and blessedness of divine grace, when, not only in the seeming entire absence, both of comfort and peace, but even of hope and trust and dependence—yea, when your heart has been crushed, and your fears have been well nigh overwhelming—the Lord has appeared, in spite of all, and that in the most marked, gracious, and merciful way? Ah, what had *feelings*, good or bad, painful or pleasurable, to say to this deliverance?

Again, beloved, in the careful retrospect and retracing of your pathway, do you not *now* see that, where at the time and under the circumstances the Lord's hand was least seen, and His voice least heard, there, by comparison, you now see both His hand and His heart were most lovingly and graciously in exercise?

Beloved, the more you are enabled carefully to consider these things, the more, we are persuaded, you will see how much is involved in those two words, "*in believing*."

Well does blessed Hart say,

"Could we *see* how all were right,  
Where were room for *credence*?  
'Tis by *faith*, and not by *sight*,  
Christians learn obedience."

Again, says another of our precious hymns,

"Judge not the Lord by feeble *sense*,  
But *trust* Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face."

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own Interpreter,  
And He will make it plain."

The Apostle continues: "That ye may *abound* in hope." The reader will observe what large things Paul was desiring for his brethren. Just now he spoke of their being *filled* with joy and peace; now he speaks of their *abounding* in hope. But mark, the same principle is kept in view throughout, the joy and peace were to be in *believing*—not in *seeing*, not in *feeling*—but in *believing*; trusting, depending, confiding. "Faithful is He who hath promised, who also will do it." Here is the ground for faith and trust: "I am the Lord; that is my name. My glory will I not give to another, nor my praise to graven images." Take notice, dear reader, that

they were to "abound in hope." We repeat, it was the same principle carried out. The *faith* and the *hope* were to act upon unseen, and, as yet, unpossessed, benefits and blessings. These were in *trust*, not in *store*. We have already dwelt upon the nature and operation of hope, and, therefore, need not enlarge here.

Lastly, the Apostle adds: "Through the power of the Holy Ghost." Ah, here, so to speak, is the climax; here the pivot upon which the whole turns. There is a vague hope, a counterfeit hope, or ruinous hope, in contrast to the "good hope through grace," or "the hope that maketh not ashamed." But this latter hope, and that of which the Apostle speaks, is that which is bestowed as the sovereign act of God the Holy Ghost, and nourished and maintained by His own omnipotent power. Consequently, it is a good hope, a saving hope—a hope that will never leave its possessor in darkness, death, and destruction.

THE EDITOR.

Dalkeith Villa, St. Ronan's Road, Southsea,  
February 13th, 1874.

POSTSCRIPT.—The proof-sheet comes with a blank half-page, and a printer's familiar request, "Please fill up." As bearing upon the subject which occupies the foregoing pages, perhaps we may be allowed to respond to the request by stating a simple fact, touching upon *feeling*. If our first article is not written, or at any rate commenced, during the first week of each month, it becomes an additional weight, burden, and anxiety upon the mind. In the present instance, the 12th of the month had arrived, and the article was not touched. The mind, moreover, was so beclouded, and the heart so cold, that we *felt* we not only could not write then, but, according to our *feelings*, it seemed we should never write another leader. Nay, we thought our work was done, and *felt* as if we never should write again. These very *thoughts* and *feelings* suggested the subject of *faith*, and instrumentally brought us the text upon which we have feebly commented. It led to our immediately taking up the pen, and writing off nearly the whole of the preceding pages. So much, dear reader, for present *feelings*!

St. Luke's, Bedminster, Feb. 20, 1874.

THE WAY MADE UP.—"Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" I turn to *the Word*, but it is closed ("Open Thou mine eyes!"); to friends, they are silent as the dead; to circumstances, but they are all dark; to religious books, but they yield no comfort. I consult reason, but she cannot understand my case. Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, "Lord, hear my voice. Help my unbelief!"—*J. Miley*.



## Wayside Notes.

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### CHRIST THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF THE WORD.

*"And David said to Abigail, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee this day to meet me."*—1 SAMUEL XXV. 32.

WHILE Professor Huxley and others of his stamp are spending their time in trying to disprove the authenticity of the Scriptures, God is leading others to a series of discoveries in Palestine, Moab, and surrounding countries, showing the historical accuracy of His Word, not a jot or tittle of which shall fail. But, above all this, it is the spirituality of the Word which is so precious to the children of God. Our blessed Lord, when on earth, said to the Jews, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life (that is, in the Pentateuch and in the Levitical laws, and in the bare Word ye think ye have eternal life); and they are they which testify of me;" and the more the Christian meditates upon the Scriptures, the more does he feel the truth of our Lord's Word, that from Genesis to Malachi they testify of Him. Thus we see, in the first Adam, a shadowing forth of the Lord Jesus Christ; in Abraham, the father of the faithful; in Joseph, the fruitful vine, who, from his full garners, sustained his needy brethren; in Isaac's meeting and union with Rebecca; in Ruth's sitting at the feet of Boaz, and afterwards becoming his wife; in Esther's holy venture into the presence of the king; in the forsaken Job and his sufferings; in Solomon's bridal song, pointing to the Lord Jesus Christ, and His Church in Him. The same may be said of Isaiah and all the prophets, whose very names are highly significant. Thus Isaiah means the "salvation of Jehovah;" Jeremiah, "the exaltation of Jehovah;" Ezekiel, "the strength or might of God;" Daniel, "God of judgment;" Hosea, "causing to save;" Joel, "a beginner;" Amos, "burdened;" Obadiah, "servant of Jehovah;" Jonah, "a dove;" Micah, "who is this?" Nahum, "comforter;" Habakkuk, "an embracer;" Zephaniah, "concealed of Jehovah;" Haggai, "my solemn feast;" Zechariah, "remembrance of Jehovah;" Malachi, "my messenger"—each and all descriptive or connected with our adorable Saviour and His Church. But, amid this cluster of pointings to Him, we feel that Abigail has not, as far as we know, been often noticed. To our mind her life foreshadows the Gospel; a fact which we trust the Lord the Spirit will enable us to prove ere we lay down the pen.

The narrative may be condensed as follows:—After Samuel's death, David arose and went down to the wilderness of Paran. In Maon there was a man whose name was "Nabal, and the name of his wife Abigail, and she was a woman of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance; but the man was churlish and evil in his doings, and he was of the house of Caleb." David, evidently being in want of food for his people, and hearing that Nabal was very great in worldly substance, and that he possessed a large number of sheep and cattle, sent ten young men to him with instructions for them to greet him in a peaceful and respectful manner. They did so; but, in the spirit of the wicked one and in great wrath, he replied, "Who is David? and who is the son of Jesse? There be many servants now-a-days that break away every man from his master." This churlish reception induced David's young men to turn on their way; and, when David heard of the result of their interview with Nabal, he

caused every man to gird on his sword; and David also girded on his, with the determination of destroying Nabal and his people.

Abigail was not a silent spectator of all that was going on. She heard of the manner in which her husband railed upon the young men, and she secretly made haste, laden with gifts, to meet David. And when she saw him she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, exclaiming, "Upon me let this iniquity be," uttering other significant expressions well worthy of consideration. David's response is very precious: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee this day to meet me;" and, accepting her gifts, he bid her go up in peace to her house, telling her he had hearkened to her voice, and accepted her person.

Abigail, upon her return, found Nabal feasting, and very drunken. She waited her time to tell him of the things which had occurred, and "his heart died within him, and he became as a stone;" and ten days afterwards the Lord smote him, and he died, and David communed with Abigail, and took her to be his wife.

And now for the spiritual meaning of all this. May the Holy Spirit guide heart and pen that we may write in accordance with the mind and will of the Lord in the matter. We see at once that three characters are brought upon the scene—Nabal, Abigail, and David—and the meaning of the names of each of these characters is most significant. Nabal signifies "a fool;" Abigail, "gift of the father, or, my father's joy;" and David, "the Lord's anointed." We have, therefore, we think, little difficulty in arriving at the fact that Nabal represents the world; Abigail foreshadows the Church of Christ; and David Christ Himself; and, treating this as so, notice, beloved, Abigail's character bids us think of *the Church as seen in Christ from all eternity*; though married to Nabal, "she was of good understanding and beautiful countenance."

We know full well that the fact that the Church has been seen in Christ from all eternity is not a doctrine palatable in these days of free will. But where is God's sovereignty if this be not true? Oh, what a poor God the preaching of the present day makes Him! But that this is a truth, and a glorious one too, the Word gives abundant proof. Hence the Church is said to be "the Church of the Firstborn written in heaven;" and the members of that Church are said to be "chosen in Him from all eternity," and "elect according to the foreknowledge of God." And we think that when David says, "My substance was not hid from Thee when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them," that a greater than David is speaking here, even the Lord Christ Himself, who is referring to His body, the Church, in due time to be manifested, but from all eternity seen in Him; and then she was seen as "beautiful." "Thy renown," says the Lord by the prophet Ezekiel, speaking of the Church, "went forth among the heathen, for Thy beauty, for it was comely through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God."

Again, says the Bridegroom to His bride, "Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah; comely as Jerusalem; terrible as an army with banners." Oh, precious union!

"I sing the everlasting love  
Of Jesus and His bride,  
The bond of union formed above,  
Which none can put aside."

Abigail was a woman of good understanding and a beautiful countenance.

But, notice further, we are pointed to *the Church of Christ as married to the world, but uneasy in the connection*; for, although she was of good understanding and beautiful countenance, yet, strange to say, she was married to Nabal, a man churlish and evil in all his doings. What a contrast! What misery she must have endured! "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other, or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." But what painful work it is for the child of God when, if set at liberty in Christ, he is bound and fettered by ungodly surroundings! Perhaps he or she may be the one, and only one, taken, and the others all left—and then sets in persecution and opposition hard to endure. Personally one is highly favoured to have dear ones; not merely so in the flesh, but in Christ; but how often is it that the children of promise and children of the flesh live under the same roof! And then the children of promise have to learn the bitter truth, "that a man's foes are those of his own household!" We were much struck in reading those words to the point: "My mother's children were angry with me." Ah! is it not so? especially if they are professors, and you hold to the doctrines of grace; for generally the opposition of the professor is more cruel than even the opposition of the world.

Well, beloved, under such circumstances, you will do as the children of Israel did when they lost the ark. It is said: "And Israel lamented after the Lord." Yes, dear reader, if you are a child of God, finding and feeling circumstances by which you are surrounded of a worldly or professing character are difficult to break away from, and so difficult oftentimes that your spirit sinks within you, you will, indeed, "lament for the Lord." But it shall not be in vain. And you have in such sorrow a blessed evidence of sonship—the longing that nothing else, and no one else, can satisfy, for it flows not from flesh and blood.

Abigail, it is said, "*told not her husband, but David, all that was in her heart*;" and do not you? You tell not the world your secrets, but you tell Jesus all that is in your heart. Well, with all that you have to pass through of a sorrowful character, you would not give up this hold of Jesus. Oh, you cannot if you would. Under the weight of your sorrow you may have gone so far as a desire to give up your religion altogether, and a wish that you had never known aught about the doctrines of grace; they have brought you into such trouble. Ah, but you cannot give it up; it is vital godliness, that knows of no destruction or separation. And, then, does not Jesus' smile make amends for all you endure, although foes, and even your own mother's children, it may be, are angry with you? Yet no one can rob you of that which passeth within. And they may as well try to stop the sun in its course as attempt to crush the life of God in the soul. It is said of the children of Israel that, the more they were afflicted, the more they grew; and so it is ever with the Lord's spiritual Israel. Cheer up, then. Moments with Jesus out-balance grievances by the way; and, if there are home miseries, there are also home mercies. What a mercy to be feeling and knowing things that pertain to your salvation, and about which others are totally unconcerned!

Who hath made thee to differ? Who hath made thee disgusted with

Nabal, and a hater of the world? Once you cared not for Jesus, but you can sing,

“But now my heart is thirsting  
And crying out for Thee,  
Oh! surely Thine own Spirit  
Has wrought this change in me.”

Blessed be the Lord, who hath wrought this mighty change, and given you a life no power on the earth nor under it can destroy.

Furthermore, we are reminded of *the Church of Christ possessed of two natures*. Though yearning after David, she yet palliated the conduct of Nabal: “Let not my lord, I pray thee, regard this man of Belial, even Nabal; for as his name is, so is he,” &c. All the children of God must acknowledge that, although possessed of a new nature, which cannot sin, they yet have that old nature within them and feel its uprisings ever and anon. It was this that made the Apostle Paul say, “I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” And how completely we can drink in dear Hart’s words, when, after describing the salvation wrought for the child of God, he adds:

“When all this is done, and his heart is assured  
Of the total remission of sins;  
When his pardon is signed, and his peace is procured,  
From that moment his conflict begins.”

But, in the midst of all this conflict, these uprisings of the old-Adam nature, this proneness to pander to the world and worldly things, how precious are the yearnings of the soul after Jesus experienced by the children of God, and abounding consolation when we receive a fresh token of His love. Sweetly did Paul’s words melt within us the other day. He was a prisoner in Rome, and Epaphroditus, the chief pastor of the Church at Philippi, hastened to him; but alas! the anxiety of mind and pressure of his labours to spread the truth brought upon him a serious illness, and he became “nigh unto death.” Here were two servants of the Lord, sufferers, and the bowed-down saints at Philippi suffering with them and for them. Epaphroditus, on his recovery, went back to his charge; Paul sending by him that sweet letter that we know as his epistle to the saints at Philippi. (Oh, how we do wish people would note to whom these letters are addressed, and not take it for granted that they are written for the whole world!) Well, after referring to their conflicts and the bitterness of their adversaries, he says, “If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels of mercies, that is, any inward tender compassion—fulfil ye my joy, by drawing from the fulness of a precious Christ, and believing that all these things are not against you, but for your eternal good and the furtherance of the Gospel. Beloved, we may be in bonds—not in Rome, ’tis true, but in England—we may have some “thorn in the flesh,” or a fettered heart, but in Jesus there is abundant consolation; and we may well feel it an honour to suffer for His sake. It will be, it must be, conflict work; but such conflict will be accompanied with divine consolation, and crowned with eternal glory.

And then the conduct of Abigail reminds one of *the Church of Christ at the feet of her future Husband*: “And when Abigail saw David, she hastened,



and lighted off the ass, and fell before David on her face, and bowed herself to the ground." Ah, dear reader, shall you ever forget that time when you were brought to the feet of Jesus and received the first revelation of His pardoning grace and mercy? Shall you ever forget the intense love you felt for your recognised and revealed Redeemer? And where did you get this love to your spiritual David, this reverence for His name? Let the Apostle Paul's testimony reply to the question, and see if it does not blessedly fit into your own belief and feelings upon the matter, and that you got your religion where he got his. He says, "I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." That, beloved, is just what I feel concerning my knowledge of divine things—do not you? So, also, can we not endorse fully his words, "It pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace, to reveal His Son in me?" &c. This is the origin of my religion and yours; it began with God, and it can be satisfied with nothing else but God in Christ, and it will end with Christ.

And how graciously and lovingly David receives her: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee this day to meet me." How like the language of Abraham's servant when he met with Rebecca at the well: "Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of His mercy and truth." There must be a Gospel meaning in these foreshadowings, which are so like our Lord's dealings with us. When He drew us with the cords of love to Himself, His words were full of blessings. He made us willing in the day of His power to meet Him; and then, as we drew nigh with the movements of a faith He had Himself implanted, through the Spirit of God, He blessed us.

Again, we have, we think, a foreshadowing of *the Church of Christ weeping out her contrition of soul and acknowledging that deservedly the punishment for her iniquity should fall upon her*: "And Abigail fell at his (David's) feet, and said, Upon me, my lord, upon me, let this iniquity be." And further, "I pray thee forgive the trespass of thine handmaid, for the Lord will certainly make my lord a sure house," &c.

The felt acknowledgment of sin and real contrition of heart is a blessed evidence of the genuineness of the work within, and is always that which accompanies the wondrous change which the Holy Spirit only can effect. But what if the iniquity was chargeable upon us, and was not imputed to Jesus? What if it did lie at our door at the great day of account? Oh, the mercy of knowing that, while we have acknowledged that we have deserved the full penalty of our sins, yet our spiritual David has borne them all away! He is our divine Substitute.

Lastly, Abigail's exaltation reminds us of *the Church dead to the world and married to Christ*: "And when David heard that Nabal was dead," he blessed the Lord, "and sent and communed with Abigail to take her to him to wife." And Abigail, when she received the communication, "arose, and bowed herself on her face to the earth, and said, Behold, let thine handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my lord." Ah, beloved, does it not seem a thing too great that Jesus should take us into vital union with Himself? The lowest place in the family were good enough for us, we must feel; but, no, He will have us live close to His side—lean upon His arm—enjoy fellowship and companionship with Him. What love! What grace! What mercy! What condescension!

"O Thou whom my soul loveth,  
Because Thou lovest me;  
Thou drawest me so sweetly,  
I must run after Thee."

But this deadness to the world, and living to Christ, how blessedly the following words express it: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." What an anomaly to the world—crucified to the world with another, and consequently dead, and yet living another life! Nevertheless, it is a blessed truth the child of God knows and feels. Oh, that sweet life that finds its strength in the Almighty One, its sustenance in the fulness of Christ, and its rest in the Rock! Often do circumstances cause the child of God to have a bated and beating heart; but that sweet inner and upper life soars above it all to joys unutterable and unseen except to the eye of faith. But, on the other hand, how little of this deadness to the world is felt; nay, oftener, we experience much more deadness to spiritual things, and have to lament our barrenness. It is true we care not for Nabal's ungodly feasting, and are not found, like him, indulging in open vice; but yet, oh, this world! its cares, its engrossing duties, its cruel pressure! how we are kept dragged down to the earth; how little we rise to eternal joys; how few are our moments with Jesus! Well, beloved, this may be all so in your experience and mine; but yet are we not standing in the lot in which God's providence has appointed us? and has He not wonderfully blessed us therein? Does not the Word exhort diligence in our business, as well as fervency of spirit? and are we not where the Lord has placed us? and, until He opens a door for our deliverance, it becomes us to watch and wait. Indeed, personally permit us to say that our most precious times, and when mostly these notes are really written, are whilst trudging through the muddy streets of the great city, or when we are labouring on in our worldly calling. Is it not also so with you, dear reader? The secret then remains the same, blessed be God; we are in the world, it is true, yet not of it; alive, yet dead to it. "I am crucified with Christ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

These, then, are some of the points in Abigail's history that are significant, and to which, at all events, we find a spiritual parallel in the conduct of Jesus to His Church. The Church, as seen from all eternity in Christ, as of beautiful countenance, "comely through the comeliness He hath put upon her." The Church married to the world, yet awakened by divine grace—not happy; yea, disgusted with the connection. The Church possessing two natures always at warfare. The Church of Christ at the feet of her future Husband. The Church of Christ, weeping out her contrition of heart, acknowledging that she richly deserves condemnation, but Jesus assuring her of blessing. And, lastly, the Church dead to the world, and married to Christ. Other points are highly suggestive did space allow of enlarging; but, before closing, we wish to mention two things:—1. The foregoing was the subject we brought before our conference at Holloway, and under the savour of that meeting we have written what we have written. 2. That, after writing the same, a sermon has been placed in our hands, preached by the Rev. T. Bradbury, at Surrey Tabernacle, upon the very subject; and

we have been struck with the similarity of our views, although the "line of things" is very different; and we readily endorse all that dear man of God has said, perhaps with one exception, namely, it will be observed that in the foregoing we have avoided using the word "type" in the case of Abigail, but have preferred the word "foreshadowing," for we do believe that, while these various characters of Old Testament history may not come up to types of the Lord Jesus and His Church—indeed all types must fail to set forth "the Perfect One"—yet that there is couching underneath a hidden meaning for our instruction and comfort. Of this we have no doubt, and to suppose that such narratives are only to feed the mind, and have no spiritual meaning to feed the soul, is not to recognise the fact that Christ is the Alpha and Omega of the Word, and that all points to Him, if we could but see it.

That we may do so more and more, may the Spirit, whose office it is to take of the things of Christ and reveal them to us, give us a deeper insight into divine truth, that we may be made wise unto salvation and Jesus glorified in all.

Wanstead.

G. C.

## CORPUS CHRISTI.

THE HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOM AND HIS FAITHLESS BRIDE.

(HOSEA II. 5, 6, 7.)

*The Bride:* "I will go after my lovers, that give me my bread and my water, my wool and my flax, mine oil and my drink."

*The Bridegroom:* "I will hedge up thy way with thorns."

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Bride:* "I will go and return to my first Husband; for then was it better with me than now."

WHEN first, in purpose deep,  
The Church was brought to view  
In God's eternal mind  
(Though none His counsel knew),  
The Father gave her to the Son,  
And He betroth'd her for His own.  
And though in Adam's loins  
She brake His holy Word,  
And, treach'rously untrue,  
Departed from her Lord;  
He brought her back, though hell  
withstood,  
Washed from her sins in His own  
blood.  
Part of that Church are we,  
Whom He did thus redeem,  
Learning by daily proof  
Our daily need of Him:  
Taught by the Spirit to confess  
JESUS, our ONLY Righteousness.  
Yea, more,—to crown the whole  
(His gracious plan to prove),  
This union, formed in Christ,  
Nor earth, nor hell, can move:

Our daily boast and song is this—  
Jesus is ours, and we are His.

Yes! we are one with Him  
'Mid all our lep'rous state;  
And who was ever yet  
Fain his own flesh to hate?  
"One spirit with the Lord!" this  
proves  
In loving us Himself He loves.

Nor can He cease to love,  
For His own precept is—  
"Ye husbands, love your wives."  
And will not Christ love His?  
Will not He cherish and refresh  
Bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh?

Ah, yes! Christ loves His Church,—  
'Tis her He lives to bless;  
He cannot love her more,  
Nor will He love her less:  
Fair in His sight, cleansed by His  
Word,  
A bride adorned, meet for her Lord!  
—Rev. Robert Hawker, D.D.

## Anecdotes and Extracts.

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### AN EXAMPLE OF GREAT LOVE.

(Jno. xv. 13.)

DEAR SIR,—I once heard a minister preach from the above text, and in the course of his sermon he illustrated it by the following anecdote:

"Some years ago a Russian nobleman was travelling on very special business in the interior of Russia. It was the beginning of winter, but the frost had set in early. His carriage rolled up to an inn, and he hastily demanded a relay of horses to carry him on to the next station, where he intended to spend the night. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed further that night; for he said there was danger in travelling so late, as the wolves were out. But the nobleman thought the man merely wished to keep him as a guest; he said it was too early for wolves, and ordered the horses to be put to immediately. It was done; and he then drove off, with his wife and only daughter inside the carriage with him. On the box of the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, to whom he was much attached, and who loved his master as he loved his own life.

"They rolled over the hardened snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon shed her pale light, and brought out, as it were, into burnished silver, the road on which they were going. At length the little girl said to her father, 'Father, dear, what was that strange howling sound that I just heard?' 'Oh, nothing, my dear, I trust, but the wind sighing through the forest trees,' replied the father. The child shut her eyes and remained quiet. But soon she said again, 'Listen, dear father; it is not like the wind, I think.' The father listened; and, far, far away in the distance behind them, through the clear, cold, frosty air, he heard a noise which he too well knew the meaning of. He then put down the window, and spoke to his servant. 'The wolves, I fear, are after us,' said he; 'make haste; tell the man to drive faster, and each of you get your pistols ready!' The postilion drove faster. But the same mournful sound which the dear child had heard approached nearer and nearer. It became quite clear that a pack of wolves had scented them out. The nobleman tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child. At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard not far off. So he said to his servants, 'When they come up with us, do you single out one and fire, and I will single out another; and, while the rest are devouring them, we shall get on farther.' As soon as he put down the window, he saw the wolves in full cry behind—the large dog-wolf at their head. Two shots were fired, and two of the wolves fell. The others instantly set upon them, and devoured them; and meanwhile the carriage gained ground. But the taste of blood only made them more furious, and they were soon up to the carriage again. Again two shots were fired, and two more fell, and were devoured as before. But the carriage was speedily overtaken, and the post-house was yet far distant. The nobleman then ordered the postilion to *loose one of his leaders*, that they might gain a little time. This was done, and the poor horse plunged frantically into the forest—every one of the wolves after him—and was soon torn to pieces and devoured. Then another horse was sent off, and shared the same fate. The carriage travelled on as fast as it could with the two



remaining horses; but the post-house was still distant. At length the wolves were seen again in pursuit of the carriage, and the servant said to his master, 'I have served you, sire, ever since I was a child; I love you as my own self. Nothing now can save you, but *one thing*. Let me save you. *I will save you!* I ask you only to look after my wife and my little ones.' The nobleman remonstrated again and again, but in vain. When the wolves next came up to the carriage, the faithful servant threw himself amongst them!

"The two panting horses galloped on with the carriage, and the gates of the post-house were just closed in upon it as the fearful pack of wolves were on the point of making the last and fatal attack. But the travellers were safe! The next morning they went out and saw the place where the faithful servant had been torn to pieces by the wolves. His bones only were to be found. The nobleman buried them very deep, and on that spot he erected a wooden pillar, on which is inscribed—'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends' (Jno. xv. 13)."

Yours faithfully,

S. S.

### OLD TRUTHS BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—When I last saw you so brought down in body I hardly expected that the Lord would raise you up to your present state of health. But He killeth and maketh alive both body and soul, and can, and does, at His sovereign good pleasure, pull down and raise up. You have known much of these dealings of the Lord with your afflicted body and your exercised soul; and I dare say you have found a blessing in both, and that each of them is a part of the Lord's sovereign work, and that the one is quite as needful as the other—they are indeed both so connected that they cannot be put asunder. I am sure that every soul which knows and fears the Lord must be sensible how it wanders and departs from Him when He does not put forth His power and His grace to hold it up, and hold it in. I am sure my dear friend finds that illness and weakness are not only very hard for the flesh to bear, but that they give rise to many peevish, murmuring, and impatient feelings; all which tend to darken the mind, confuse the judgment, bring guilt upon the conscience, open a door for Satan's accusations, and cause the Lord to hide His face. When the Lord puts us into the furnace, then we find out what we are, and what He is too. What, my dear friend, is all the world when compared to a union with God's eternal Son? To have an interest in God, who is love; in Christ, who is full of grace; and in the Holy Spirit, who is light, life, and liberty; who is the earnest of our inheritance, and whose grace is the firstfruits of the harvest of glory, this is the best treasure. May God graciously fill us with it. But, as this work goes on, so must trials also, which empty us of self and sin; and the more emptied the more filled. You are not forgotten by

W. HUNTINGTON.

GRADUAL TEMPTATIONS THE MOST POWERFUL.—Seldom will Satan come to the Christian at first with a *gross* temptation. A large log and a candle may safely be left together. But, bring a few *shavings*, and then some *small sticks*, and then some *larger*, and soon you may bring the green log to ashes.

## A TIMELY WORD IN A BUSTLING AGE.

*"In your patience possess ye your souls."*

THE Christian man whom God shuts up, and whom God teaches in the secret of his own retirement, to live on His bare promise, that man is doing the work of the Lord as much as if he were a preacher of the pulpit, or as if all the world were following him; he is doing the will of the Lord as much in this department of patience and of faith as if he were actively employed. Noah learned this lesson—that which gave him life in the ark was the promise; he had not a particle upon which he could live but the promise. God told him, when he went into the ark, that he should come out of it, that he should be saved, and all the living creatures which were with him; he lived on that word—that is real faith. Noah had been previously called to active employment. See him waiting for that hundred and twenty years till God should bring His judgments on the world; see him during that time building the ark, preaching righteousness on all sides—there was activity; and, now he is shut up, he can do nothing but wait, and believe, and hope. We make this remark because we want to give a word of advice upon this subject to the Lord's people. Dear friends, there is a great deal more danger in active, busy, bustling duties than people are aware of. I believe there is more safety in waiting till the Lord goes before us than many imagine. We are altogether looking at the active life. We go to our friends and we say, Be useful in the Lord's work. We say to our young friends, Be useful, seek to do something for the Lord. There is often great danger in this. There are times when, as we read in Job xxiii., God's servants are pent up. There are times when God ties our hands. His children are looking for Him, and they cannot find Him. At such times, when God keeps His servants hanging upon His arm, He is honouring them greatly. We sometimes hear them saying, "What am I? I am nothing only a cumberer of the ground. I am doing nothing for the Lord." If we have been brought into the family of Christ, depend upon it God will make us do what is right, God will make us sit still or be active as He pleases. He will do with us, and for us, and by us, according to His will.—*W. H. Krause.*

THE "LOCH EARN."—REMARKABLE FACTS MENTIONED AT THE NOON-DAY PRAYER-MEETING AT EDINBURGH.

AFTER Dr. A. Thomson read a letter, which he had received that morning from a Christian lady in Edinburgh, narrating a series of incidents in connexion with the rescue of the passengers of the shipwrecked *Loch Earn*, of which her own son, one of the passengers, had been the witness, the story which we subjoin was listened to with the deepest interest.

"After the *Trimountain* left them, and they had examined their ship, many a heart failed, and they feared they would never see land again. They could not navigate the vessel, and were left to the mercy of the wind and waves, or rather to the care of Him who ruleth wind and waves. Vain was the help of man. The wind drove them out of the course of ships, northward. You are aware that two ministers were left on board the *Loch Earn*. One, M. Cooke, a truly godly man, did all he could to encourage their hearts. Every day at noon he gathered them together, and earnestly, by prayer, strove to lead them to the Saviour; and this he continued to do till they reached England. The day before they

were rescued, they knew that very shortly the ship must go down. The wind had changed, bringing them nearer the track of ships, but they had little hope of being saved. M. Cooke told them of his own hope, that death to him would be eternal life, and he urgently entreated them to put their trust in 'Him who was mighty to save.' At the same time, he told them he had no doubt they would be rescued, that even then a vessel was speeding to save them, that God had answered their prayers, that next day as morning dawned they would see her. That night was one of great anxiety. As morning dawned, every eye was strained to see the promised ship. There truly she was, and the *British Queen* bore down upon them. You may think with what thankful hearts they left the *Loch Earn*.

"One thing is remarkable—the officer in charge on board the *British Queen* had a most unaccountable feeling that there was something for him to do, and three times during the night he changed the course of the vessel, bearing northward. He told the watch to keep a sharp look-out for a ship, and immediately on sighting the *Loch Earn* bore down upon her. At first he thought she had been abandoned, as she lay helpless in the trough of the sea, but soon they saw her signal of distress. It seems to me a remarkable instance of faith on the one side and a guiding Providence on the other. After they were taken on board the pilot-boat that brought them into Plymouth, at noon, when they for the last time together joined in prayer, M. Cooke read to them the account of Paul's shipwreck, showing the similarity of their experience. I earnestly trust that the teaching the crew of the *Loch Earn* received during that time of sore trial may be greatly blessed to them."

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### TO THE DEARLY LOVED MEMORY OF SARAH HANNAH,

THE BELOVED WIFE OF THE REV. PHILIP BROWNE, INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

"Comfort one another with these words."—THESS. iv. 18.

Saved in the LORD with an everlasting salvation.—*Isaiah* xlv. 17.

Absent from the body, and to be present with the LORD.—2 *Cor.* v. 8.

Redemption through His blood.—*Ephes.* i. 7.

And serve Him day and night in His temple.—*Rev.* vii. 15.

Hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.—2 *Tim.* i. 10.

He will swallow up death in victory; and the LORD GOD will wipe away tears from off all faces.—*Isaiah* xxv. 8.

And they shall be mine, saith the LORD of Hosts, in that day when I make No night there.—*Rev.* xxii. 5.

[up my jewels.—*Mal.* iii. 17.

Neither shall there be any more pain.—*Rev.* xxi. 4.

And the LAMB is the Light thereof.—*Rev.* xxi. 23 23.

He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—*Psalms* cvii. 30.

Blessed are the dead which die in the LORD.—*Rev.* xiv. 13.

Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.—

Overcame him by the blood of the LAMB.—*Rev.* xii. 11. [1 *Peter* i. 9.

With CHRIST, which is far better.—*Phil.* i. 23. [loved us.—*Rom.* viii. 37.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that Everlasting joy shall be upon their head.—*Isaiah* li. 11.

## Pilgrim Papers.

## BIBLE EDUCATION.

THOSE marvellous caterers to supply the literary appetite of the public, Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin, have done good service to the Church of God in their excellent "Bible Dictionary," which we cannot too highly recommend to the Christian student. The illustrations, nearly 600, would interest a child, and the information collected from various sources represents a whole that sheds a pleasing and profitable light upon every page of Scripture.

From the preface we quote an extract that puts the reader in possession of the principles upon which this dictionary is based, and thus secures the confidence of the spiritually enlightened.

"We hold not merely the inspiration, but the plenary inspiration, of the Bible. We claim for it the name which can attach to no other book—the *Word of God*. Hence its laws and precepts, its blessings, promises, threatenings; its histories and predictions, equally with its doctrinal teachings, are all alike thankfully accepted by us as from God."

Lately, there has been given to the world an expansion of this dictionary, by the same laborious publishers; and, as we give them all credit for their zeal to do good, we offer a few comments upon the work in the same spirit.

Messrs. Cassell have added to their "Popular Educator" and "Technical Educator" a "Bible Educator." Alluring titles these alike to the well-informed and the ignorant. To a Scripture student, desirous of diving into the depths of the Book of God, we can imagine how highly a "Bible Educator" would be prized. The first volume is now before the public, which contains a large and interesting amount of information upon Biblical subjects generally. The preface clears the way as to the character of the work, which professes to deal only with the facts and objects mentioned in Scripture, without any attempt at definite doctrine:—

"Each seeker must be left, using his own reason, and praying for divine illumination on such guidance as is within his reach, upon questions which have vexed men's minds, and been the subject of hot debate, from the earliest period of the history of Christendom."

Whether all the contributors have adhered to this formula, and abandoned distinctive opinions upon the most important points, our readers will best judge by a few extracts upon a subject of momentous importance, the inspiration of the Book, into which we are to be educated by a staff of divines who stand high in scholarship and collegiate honours. In Part II. we have presented to us the five theories as to degrees of inspiration of Holy Scripture; and, having stated at length wherein they all differ, the writer\* intimates his own judgment upon this most important point in the following words:—

"Undoubtedly there is a vast multitude of passages in which the inspired writers claim to be delivering the direct messages of God. St. Peter says, 'The prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' St. Paul says, 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.' Our Lord appeals to Scripture from the beginning to the end of His ministry. That these facts and these passages

\* Rev. F. W. Ferrar, Master of Marlborough College and Chaplain to the Queen.



do undoubtedly prove the very deep reverence which we should attach to Scripture—the exceptional weight and sanctity of its language, and its inestimable value as the chief source of our knowledge respecting the nature and will of God—is entirely evident; but they cannot, except by a fallacy of extension, be fairly regarded as attributing infallibility to each separate statement in Holy Writ, or as implying that every book and every portion of every book was written under the influence of exceptional influence. Except by a slavishly literal interpretation, there is no passage of Holy Scripture which can be made to bear the immense weight of meaning laid upon it by those who maintain that all Scripture, down to its minutest particulars, is absolutely infallible and supernaturally inspired.”

This is the verdict of the “Bible Educator” as to the value of the Book into which we are to be educated. If space allowed, we could extend these extracts, but we give our readers a few brief remarks from Messrs. Cassell’s dictionary upon the important point of Inspiration:—

“When the influx of German theology into England, and the growing anxiety of men’s minds as to the grounds of their belief in Christianity, again called prominent attention to the question, the five degrees, or opinions, respecting inspiration, the weakness and inconsistency of these theories became apparent; for it is evident that, if the Bible is only partially inspired, it may be only partially true; and, therefore, only partially worthy of credit and entitled to authority. But, when this is admitted, the further question immediately occurs—who is to decide, and by what standard? What portions are inspired, and not inspired? What are true, and what are untrue? What are divine, and what are human? There is no possibility of avoiding this enormous, this portentous, difficulty if degrees of inspiration are once admitted. We should be driven to the favourite axiom of modern rationalism—that the Bible contains the Word of God, but is not the Word of God; and, since this ‘contained’ word admits of no definition, but must remain a variable and uncertain quantity, the whole authority of the Bible would be destroyed.”

The views adopted by the contributor to the “Bible Educator” are in direct antagonism to the “Bible Dictionary,” as the following further extract proves:—

“The Bible is inspired, but not always miraculous; sacred, but not always supernatural; it is always to be revered, but not always and in every point to be accepted as divinely authoritative; even in the Gospel narratives there are variations which require violent and unwarranted hypotheses to reconcile them with any theory of divine dictation. The title upon the cross is given differently by each of the three evangelists; two, therefore, of the three must this minute and unimportant particular vary from literal accuracy.”

We confess to our amazement at men of such advanced scholarship making the difference in the title upon the cross an argument to support the theory of partial inspiration. Our critic forgot that the superscription was written in letters of Greek and Latin and Hebrew (Luke xxiii. 38), and was given by the sacred penmen with fidelity to the respective originals. We have the brevity of the self-contained Latin by Mark; the more expansive Greek by the other two evangelists; and we have the undeniable record by John of the Hebrew superscription in the scornful allusion to Nazareth, which marked Jesus to his nation as the Nazarene Impostor, who asserted He was God, and, therefore, according to Jewish law, deserved to die. The so-termed inaccuracy in the titles upon the cross, instead of being an argument in favour of defective inspiration, has the seal of divine authority upon it, and partakes of the sanction of inspiration as completely as any other portion of God’s Word between the covers of the Bible. But we must give another extract from the “Bible Educator”:—

"Any doctrine of a continuous supernatural inspiration of an influence directly and immediately divine over the entire extent of the sacred volume seems to involve a conclusion antagonistic to all our natural feelings when we read its different parts; unless the door be opened to a boundless allegory, it is impossible to avoid attaching a wholly different kind of value to different portions of Scripture. To attach an equal degree of inspiration to the list of the dukes of Edom, or to the genealogies of Chronicles, as to the last discourse in the Gospel of John, to value Canticles and Esther, which do not once mention the name of God, no less highly than the Epistle to the Romans and the Book of Revelations, is to attribute to them an authority which they never claim."

We repudiate the theory of different degrees of inspiration as unsound and dangerous to the whole authority of Scripture. The weakest link is the strength of the chain; and, if critics, according to the bias of their own judgment, condemn, as weak and valueless, certain portions of Scripture, we may well ask, what reliance is to be placed on the chain? The argument is untenable that degrees of inspiration can be proved by contrasting various parts of Scripture, such as the list of the dukes of Edom, the genealogies in Chronicles, the books of Esther and Canticles, with the discourses in John, the Epistle to the Romans, and the book of Revelation. The list of the dukes of Edom "and the kings that reigned in the land of Edom" (Gen. xxxvi.) gave early proof of the striking fulfilment of the divinely-inspired blessing pronounced by Isaac upon his two sons; Esau having the earthly inheritance of wealth and greatness, which, like all earthly possessions, vanished away; while Jacob received the spiritual blessing that is eternal; through whom, after the flesh, came, "in the fulness of time," "the Heir of all things," the Lord of life and glory. If the genealogies in Chronicles are valueless, where is the line to be drawn for the value of the genealogies that gives us the register of Christ's descent from the royal line of David, and prove Him to be the long-expected Messiah?

Jewish historians inform us that the book of Esther was among the "holy writings;" and the name of God not being mentioned in no way affects its divine inspiration, as it contains such marked, providential interposition that the hand of God is visible in every chapter. With regard to the Canticles—called in the Hebrew copies, "the Song of Songs"—denoting its pre-eminent value—the Jews received it with peculiar reverence; and no Jew was permitted to read it till he reached a mature age. Nor was the inspiration of this sublime book ever questioned by the Jews, to whom, the Apostle tells us, were "committed the oracles of God." The coincidences of Holy Writ, some of which are interestingly noticed in the "Bible Educator," are picked up from passages and portions of Scripture which the less observant student would reject as valueless; and the coherence of Scripture could not be preserved without the portions which hyper-critics condemn as uninspired.

But the evidence for plenary inspiration that exceeds all critical analysis is a work of grace upon the soul, by which the voice of God, through the Word, speaks to the heart of a sinner. This is called in Scripture "the demonstration of the Spirit and of power;" a God-breathed evidence to the inspiration of the Word, which convinces "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," and is "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. iv. 12). Unregenerate men

are ignorant of this heart experience; they are not in the secret of internal evidence. They have only one witness—the letter of the Word; and Scripture tells us, “the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.”

And here we can confidently appeal to the experience of all God’s living family for a refutation of the statement that “the books of Canticles and Esther never claim for themselves inspiration.” We are willing to let the whole weight of the evidence for plenary inspiration rest upon the two books which the “Bible Educator” has thus condemned, for the annals of eternity will disclose the blessings gathered out of them by the people of God. The Canticles has spoken by the Spirit to the hearts of the blood-washed throng before the throne of God and the Lamb, and taught them to say while on earth, “I am my Beloved’s, and my Beloved is mine;” the sum and substance of peace here and happiness hereafter. Divine experience will bear also living testimony to the inspiration of the book of Esther. The family of God have found, under trials, support and encouragement from the facts therein recorded; and, without rushing wildly into the regions of “boundless allegory,” we can fearlessly assert that this book has spoken to the spiritual difficulties of believing souls, and proved a blessing to many a child of God; some now on earth, and others long in glory; as certain also of our own poets have said—

“I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away I know  
I must for ever die.

“But, if I die with mercy sought  
When I the King have tried,  
This were to die, delightful thought,  
As sinner never died.”

Plenary inspiration underlies all the doctrines of the Bible; without it Scripture truths are only matters of opinion, and not a rule of faith.

“Yea, hath God said,” was Satan’s first temptation in Paradise; nor has he renounced the insinuation in the present age of the world. Artful neology and open infidelity echo the same note uttered in the Garden of Eden; but God has not left Himself without witness to the plenary inspiration of His Word in the hearts of His people; they are brought to see by the power of the Spirit their lost condition as revealed in God’s Word; and the Lord deals by saints now as He did of old, “beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.”

To seekers after divine truth we can confidently recommend the “Bible Dictionary” as a source of instruction that affords an antidote to the abounding errors of the day. A few brief extracts on the important subject of miracles may interest Christian readers, and furnish some of them with arguments that “adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist.”

#### THOUGHTS ON GENESIS.—GOD’S PRESENCE FOR GOOD TO HIS PEOPLE.

“And it came to pass at that time, that Abimelech and Phichol, the chief captain of his host, spake unto Abraham, saying, God is with thee in all that thou doest.”—GEN. xxi. 22.

WHAT a precious truth is contained in this verse: “God is with thee in all that thou doest!” and what a comfort to a dear child of God to know that the watchful eye of His Father is ever over him for good! Of His vineyard, the Church, He says, “I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.” If His children

go astray, the Lord chastises them for their folly; but, like the earthly father, when He uses the rod to His child, He remains with him, carefully watching how much he can bear, the love of the Father dictating what amount of correction is necessary. There is a remarkable passage in the 27th of Isaiah showing that the Lord corrects not in anger any of His own dear children: "Hath He smitten him, as He smote those that smote him? or is he slain according to the slaughter of them that are slain by Him? In measure, when it shooteth forth, thou wilt debate with it: He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind. By this, therefore, shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged; and this is all the fruit to take away his sin." Is God with His people in adversity? Yes! "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy" (1 Peter iv. 12, 13). "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ" (1 Peter i. 7). Observe here, it is the *trial* of faith which is so precious. Our faith is, alas! often very weak and faint; yet it is called "precious" (2 Peter i. 1). But the *trial* of it is *much more precious* than gold, because it produces "the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." "Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh *patience*," says the Apostle James; and this is one of "the peaceable fruits," for patience cannot grow in barren soil; since that, and its kindred graces, submission and resignation, have all to be worked out of the trial of faith by the mighty Worker, the Holy Spirit of the living God.

But God is not only with His people in adversity; He is also with them in affliction of body: "The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing. Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness" (Psalm xli. 3). "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of *His presence* saved them." "For I said in my haste, I am cut off before Thine eyes: nevertheless, Thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto Thee" (Psalm xxxi. 22). Again, God is with His people in trouble and distress of every kind, whether from the machinations of enemies, deceit of false friends, or the malice of Satan. "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me. Notwithstanding the Lord *stood with me*, and strengthened me" (2. Tim. iv. 16, 17). "In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: He heard my voice out of His temple, and my cry came before Him, *even into His ears*" (Psalm xviii. 6). But is not God also with His people in prosperity? Yes, when it is sanctified by His blessing. But, as soon as any of His children desire unlawful things, these also may be granted; but they are sure to bring with them leanness of soul. David says, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly; his delight is in the law of the Lord, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper" (Psalm i.). The Lord does not often reward His children with worldly prosperity for serving Him; yet, when it is His will that they are placed in those circumstances, and He gives also the desire to serve Him, and cleave close to Him, He blesses even there. But this will be considered dangerous ground; yet the patriarch whose history we are tracing was very rich in flocks and herds, in silver and gold, and men-servants and maid-servants, camels and asses. All this worldly substance did not, how-



ever, prevent him building an altar and calling upon the name of the Lord whenever he came to a resting-place in his journeyings. He was distinctly and emphatically called "the friend of God."

How sublime and safe was Agur's prayer: "Remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches: feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain" (Prov. xxx. 8, 9). But lastly, is not God with His people in the hour of death? Most assuredly; since, though to some, the valley may appear dark, still it is only "the shadow of death," our blessed Saviour having passed through all the substance and reality for His people, and so disarmed death of its sting; for He, through death, destroyed him "that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and delivered them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. ii. 14. 15). "When thou passest through the waters, *I will be with thee*; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee:" no, not even the river of Jordan, that last dreaded stream; for the dying, yet risen, legacy of our glorious Redeemer to His disciples was, "Lo, I am with you *always*, even unto the end of the world." Then, what a blessed prospect to look forward to; for when Christ comes again, will He come alone? No; "the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with Thee" (Zech. xiv. 5). Then, Christian, what hast thou to fear? God is with thee now in all circumstances, whether of prosperity or adversity, trial or temptation, sickness or sorrow, pain and weakness, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment; yea, even for evermore.

### "HELP IN TIME OF NEED."

A DEEP sense of poverty has been felt in my soul of late, an absence of anything like a preparedness for the work of preaching the Word of Life; to which, I believe, the Lord called me upwards of eight years ago. Still, when the time has come to appear before the people, the Lord has proved faithful to His Word of promise, in supplying me with matter to bring before my fellow-sinners. But I have found my pride much mortified in not being able to do what I thought right, and my proud heart certainly has not willingly accompanied me in the delivery of the Word.

I do believe that those services which are pleasing to the natural mind are not pleasing to God, nor yet glorifying to the Lord Jesus Christ, nor yet truly profitable to poor sinners' souls. Hence, in doing the work of the Lord rightly, it is by having His Holy Spirit, in His gracious teachings and actings, in the soul, and not by having my own spirit as leader and guide. Oh, self, self, self! what an enemy thou art to all that is Christ-like, heavenly, and divine! "Lord, help me!" And the Lord has helped me in a wonderful way. The following great help was recently given: For months previous my mind had been much burdened by a heavy debt upon the chapel. The Lord, however, knew all about it, and kept me looking to Him for His delivering mercy. This was delayed for some time, which sorely tested my faith and patience. The meanwhile the soul was for more than a year sustained at times by the words, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God," spoken home while alone at the mercy-seat with my burden. Again and

again were these precious words brought to my mind while trying to commit my cares and troubles to the Lord. But, oh! how difficult I felt it to "stand still." It is hard work to "stand still" when one has the staggers; and these I had pretty often, particularly on one occasion, on the Lord's-day, when the weight became so heavy as to break me down, and to render me unable to take part in the service going on, except in cries and sobs, joined with internal throbs and throes. Oh, these mind-shocks! How they affect the poor frail tabernacle, and make it tremble! My health was much affected by the trial I was undergoing. A tenant may be shaken in a house, and the house remain unshaken. The body is an earthly house in which, for a while, dwells an immortal soul; and, when the mind is shaken, it often makes the house shake at its very foundations. The sympathy shown me at this time by the Lord's people I shall not soon forget.

At times I felt my patience exhausted, and had to beg for more strength to wait the Lord's time. I had the promise, which I felt to be a mercy, and a very great one, because it kept my head above water, and gave a secret prop and support to my sinking soul. Who can estimate the value of a word from the Lord given when the soul is passing through deep waters and fiery trials? How I wish I could bless and praise the Lord's dear and worthy name for His great goodness, mercy, and love to my soul, manifested when brought very low. Before the promise was performed things all the while got worse and worse; and, when it came to the worst, that was the Lord's time to show Himself a prayer-hearing and answering God, ever faithful to His word.

A dear, kind friend in London, Mr. R. Brooks, hearing of the trouble I was in, had his heart inclined of the Lord, and unprompted of man, to come forward and help me out of my difficulty. This he did in the most willing and liberal manner; coming down from London, and paying down the sum of £370, thus settling the bill, whereby I was liberated from the weight which had rested upon my mind so long, and enabled me to breathe more freely than I had for a long time past.

My dear friend, Mr. Brooks, who so generously advanced the money, would take no security nor interest for it; but, instead of doing so, he has since given £70 towards the debt, and Mrs. Brooks, his dear wife, has kindly given £30, thus reducing the debt to £270. For every £50 paid back, Mr. Brooks has very kindly promised to return £2 10s., thus paying five per cent. on his own money.

Now, how wonderful all this is! "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth," who hears the cries of His people, and delivers them out of their distresses. Were all told, it would be seen that the trial was indeed an extraordinary one, and sympathy would be awakened in the minds of lovers of justice and haters of oppression. I may add, I had only known this friend a few months. The Lord gave me a place in his heart (while the trial was going on) as he was hearing me preach His Word; then a place in his pocket; so that (as had often been the case with others in need) this friend, with unobtrusive generosity, became a helper of the poor in distress.

Many servants of Christ, and poor pilgrims of Zion, have had, and still have, their rugged path smoothed, and their ruffled minds soothed, by the use the Lord makes of Mr. Brooks, in rendering them material help in the time of need; his aim being the glory of God and the comfort and well-being of His suffering and needy people.

What an unspeakable privilege it is to have a God to go to when one is at one's "wits' end," to spread the letters before Him, as king Hezekiah did, and to wait for and see His powerful hand put forth to the rescuing of our souls from deep sorrows. How it endears the Lord to my soul to think that He should appear for me in my trouble, and raise me up such a friend in need, and, truly, a friend indeed.

The Lord does not do things by halves. No, but in a manner worthy of Himself; whereby He secures all the glory and His people the benefit. From this case I feel persuaded that it is right for a child of God to lay matters relating to pounds, shillings, and pence before Him.

The Word says, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." How much the Lord does for crying ones in a way of grace! He has judgments in store for Satan's lying ones; mercy for His crying ones. It is better to be made a crying one by the Lord, than a lying one by Satan.

Tetbury.

F. F.

### SIN, IN ITS NATURE.

UPON this text, "By one man sin entered into the world," Dr. Owen remarks as follows:—

"It is manifest what sin it is that the Apostle intends; namely, the actual sin of Adam—the one sin of that one common person whilst he was so. For though the corruption and depravity of our nature doth necessarily ensue thereon, in every one that is brought forth actually in the world by natural generation, yet it is the guilt of Adam's first sin alone that rendered them all obnoxious unto death, upon the first entrance of sin into the world."

The first ingredient or constituent element of the sinfulness of man's natural condition is Adam's first sin. Men, as they come into the world, are, in point of fact, in such a position that the guilt of Adam's first sin is put down to their account.

### "WATCHWORDS;"

OR WORDS OF REMEMBRANCE, FOR THE CHRISTIAN BELIEVER, THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, 1874.

#### "H I T H E R T O"

The Lord hath pardoned us ... ..	Numbers xiv. 19 (See margin)
The Lord hath helped us ... ..	1 Samuel vii. 12.
The Lord hath brought us ... ..	2 Samuel vii. 18.
The Lord hath answered us* ... ..	John xvi. 24.

\* Notwithstanding our having, by comparison, asked nothing in His name.

#### "HENCEFORTH."

The Henceforth of Certain Security ... ..	Psalm cxxv. 2.
The Henceforth of Constant Support ... ..	Psalm cxxxi. 3.
The Henceforth of Covenant Secrets ... ..	John xv. 15.
The Henceforth of Christian Service ... ..	2 Corinthians v. 14, 15.
The Henceforth of Conscious Satisfaction ... ..	Revelation xiv. 13.*
The Henceforth of Complete Salvation ... ..	2 Timothy iv. 8.

\* "With whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord."—BURIAL SERVICE.

### "SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

St. Silas, Bristol, Jan., 1874.

WILLIAM SAUNDERS, Vicar.

M 2

## Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

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THE FOLLOWING LECTURE IS THE FIRST OF A COURSE ON THE QUALIFICATIONS,  
THE CONSECRATION, AND THE OFFICES OF THE HIGH PRIEST, DELIVERED IN  
THE PARISH CHURCH OF BARFORD ST. MARTIN, WILTS, DURING LENT, 1848,  
BY THE REV. THE HON. SAMUEL WALDEGRAVE, SOME TIME BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

(HEB. x. 19—22.)

It is of the utmost importance clearly to understand the meaning of words. What stately superstructures of error have been raised upon the foundation of that word *Church*! The papist has taken it for granted that the Church can mean nothing else than his own apostate communion, and has built upon it a doctrinal system, by which all the blessings of the everlasting covenant are transferred from the sheep of Christ to "the synagogue of Satan" (Rev. ii. 9). "Is it not written," saith the papist, "that Christ said to Simon, Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?" (Matthew xvi. 18.) "Peter was the founder of our Church. So long, then, as I remain within that Church, I am safe; so long as you remain without it, you are undone."

What answer, beloved, would you give to such an assertion? What reply would you make to any, whether papist in name or papist in heart, who, on the authority of that passage of God's Word, should claim your unthinking allegiance, your implicit obedience, to an individual, or a body of individuals, to a church, or a minister, who boasts, perhaps, of apostolic descent, but brings not apostolic doctrine? The answer is contained in one word—the Rock is not Peter, but Christ; the Church is no large array of ecclesiastical officers, with a subservient people, but that "little flock" of Christ's sheep to whom it is the "Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom" (Luke xii. 32). Yes! the "called, and chosen, and faithful" (Rev. xvii. 14.) are the Church—chosen by God the Father, redeemed by the blood of the Son, quickened and sanctified by the Spirit; these in all ages, and of all countries, constitute the Church; to these are made all the "exceeding great and precious promises" of God's Word. These are the house of God (Heb. iii. 6).

Again, take another word—the word "priest:" how much deadly error is shrouded beneath a misappropriation of that word! What is a priest? A priest is a minister of God, who offers sacrifice for sin. Tell me, my brethren, can there, then, be any more priests upon earth? Surely not! One sacrifice hath been once for ever made (Heb. x. 12); and "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." Hence we learn how unscriptural the papist's use of that word priest. We have it in our prayer-book; but there it is a corruption, a shortening of another word—presbyter or elder. *We* have no sacrificing priests; but the papist has his sacrificing priest; his priest, who, in lifting up the host, presumes to say, that he offers up Christ again, for the living, and the dead.

Dearly beloved, when you hear of the sacrifice of the mass, do remember, I entreat you, that, when Jesus died, all sacrifices for sin were for ever abolished, all sacrificing priests were for ever done away; and that it only remains for the poor needy sinner, by faith, to appropriate the finished work of that Great High Priest, "and afterwards as a thank-offering (not as an expiation for sin) to yield His body "a living sacrifice"



(Rom. xii. 1), to "offer the sacrifice of praise continually, that is the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name." (Heb. xiii. 15).

Beloved, I have made these remarks in order to show you the practical importance at all times, and especially in these times, of being well "instructed in the way of the Lord" (Acts xviii. 25). Do not, my people, be contented with listening to the preacher's voice, as unto that of one who "can play well on an instrument" (Ezek. xxxiii. 32); do not be content with eating of "the honey and the honeycomb" (Ps. xix. 10) of the written Word; but go further than this. Read to learn, hear to learn, the truth; endeavour by all diligence to obtain a Scriptural understanding of the meaning of words and things, that thus, even if the papist attack you, you may be able to give him "a reason," and that a good Scriptural reason too, "of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear" (1 Peter iii. 15).

In order to assist you, in thus girding your loins with the girdle of truth (Ephes. vi. 14), I have resolved to bring before you, "if the Lord will," the Person and offices of Christ, the Great High Priest of the Church, as shadowed forth by the person and offices of Aaron and his successors, the high priests of Israel. May the Lord enable me rightly to divide the Word of Truth, to give each of His servants his portion of meat in due season. May the Lord enable His people to "hear, read, mark, learn, and inwardly to digest" that which shall be told them from His holy Word; that, "so speaking the truth in love," they "may grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ" (Eph. iv. 15). I entreat every one who would be accounted a disciple indeed to "think on these things," for in truth I fear that much of the instruction that is given is utterly lost for want of *after* thought. To all, then, I would say (what was in the first place spoken to a bishop, and is truly binding with a special stringency on Christ's ministers), "meditate upon these things" (1 Tim. iv. 15).

Our subject, then, is the Israelitish high priest, considered as the type of Christ, the Church's High Priest. It is my purpose to bring the whole before you in the following order:—

- I. The Qualifications of the High Priest himself.
- II. The Ceremonies observed at the Consecration of the High Priest.
- III. The Offering of Sacrifice by the High Priest.
- IV. The Burning of Incense by the High Priest.
- V. The Blessing of the People by the High Priest.

We will now take the first of these. Before, however, we enter upon the qualifications of the high priest, I would have you distinctly understand who the high priest was. There were twelve tribes of the children of Israel. Of these, the tribe of Levi was separated to the work of the Tabernacle of the Congregation (see Num. iii. 5—9; as also Num. i. 49—54; and again Num. viii. 23—26). But, though the tribe of Levi was thus set apart to do the work of the Tabernacle of the Congregation, there was only one family of that tribe to which it appertained to offer sacrifice to the "priests." All the other Levites did the work of attendants or ministering servants: by guarding, by carrying, by setting up, by taking down "the Tabernacle of the Congregation" and its vessels; but to the family of Aaron alone did it appertain to offer sacrifice according to the law (see Num. iii. 10; xviii. 1—7).

Once more, of all the priests, there was, by law, only one who could be high priest, and that was the head of the house of Aaron. Thus we

read of Eleazer succeeding Aaron, in Num. xx. 23—28, and of Phinehas succeeding Eleazer (see Judges xx. 28). Thus we find at one time Eli, at another Jehoiada, at another time Hilkiah mentioned, each as "the priest;" that is, the high priest of his respective generation (Heb. vii. 23, 24). But, though they were so many in all, yet in each period there was only one who continued high priest until death, unless for some weighty cause he was thrust out of the priest's office. Thus were things ordered, until about the time of Christ's coming, when, by the wickedness and rapacity of the priests themselves, and the arbitrary interference of the Romans, great confusion was introduced, so that there were often many persons living at once who had been High Priest, and had, by intrigue, by bribery, or by violence, been dispossessed of their office. This accounts for some things which we find in the Gospels and Acts (see Luke iii. 2; Acts ix. 14).

But, brethren, I am not now speaking of these degenerate days; I am speaking of things as they were, when the law was implicitly and wholly followed, by God's people Israel. In those times there was never but one high priest, and he the head and representative of the house of Aaron.

But in what, it may be asked, did the high priest differ from the other priests? I answer, in several particulars: for instance, in his dress and in his office. For the high priests alone were the garments of glory and of beauty made (Exod. xxviii. 2). The ephod, with its two onyx stones; the breastplate, with its twelve precious stones graven with the names of the children of Israel; the robe of blue, with its golden bells and pomegranates; the embroidered girdle; the mitre, with its frontlet of gold, and "Holiness to the Lord" engraven thereupon;—these were for the high priest alone. Again, to give answers by "Urim and Thummim" (Exo. xxviii. 30), to enter into the Holiest of All, once every year, with the blood of the atonement (Heb. ix. 7, 25), these offices belonged to the high priest alone.

Need I remind you, my beloved brethren, in passing, how signally Jesus, the Great High Priest, is hereby pictured forth? He hath made all His people "kings and priests unto God and His Father;" but He alone doth bear "all the glory of His Father's house;" He alone hath made "reconciliation for the sins of the people." Let the man of broken and contrite heart know that the great day of atonement is past, "once in the end of the world" (Heb. ix. 26). Let him understand that it now remains but for him, by faith, to receive the atonement (Rom. v. 11). Jesus Christ, the Great High Priest, hath made peace, and now peace is preached (Ephes. ii. 16, 17). So, too, let the children of Zion rejoice in the assurance that they themselves are cherished by all the sympathy of everlasting love, upborne by all the might of "the everlasting arms" (Deut. xxxiii. 26, 27; Isa. xlix. 15, 16).

Let us now return to the Israelitish High Priest, and consider his qualifications. These were four in number, and in each of the four may be read much of the glory of Jesus. They were—

Firstly. Pureness of Descent.

Secondly. Soundness of Body.

Thirdly. Holiness of Life.

Fourthly. Chastity in Marriage.

We will take these one by one; and, as we pass each one in review, let us see wherein Christ is figured thereby.

Firstly. Purity of descent was required in the high priest. Born of

the tribe of Levi, and the house of Aaron, his lineage must be unimpeachable; were there any question of his pedigree, he could not be high priest.

Brethren, I need not dwell upon the pureness of the descent, nor upon the dignity of, the race of Jesus. Born of a pure Virgin, He was indeed the "Son of the Highest" (Luke i. 32—35; Heb. v. 5). His title to be called the Son of God was unimpeachable! The miracles that He wrought, the voice that came "from the excellent glory" (2 Peter i. 17), His resurrection, His ascension, all declare Him to be "over all God blessed forever" (Rom. ix. 5; i. 3, 4, *ὑπέρ πάντων*). I will not, I say, dwell upon His Godhead, but rather upon His humanity. Are His people priests? He is of their tribe, their family (Heb. ii. 11, 12, 17). Therefore saith the Holy Ghost, Eph. v. 30. Thus is the prophecy fulfilled which is written in Jer. xxx. 21. *Elerit magnificus ejus ex ipso* (Isa. liii. 12).

Brethren, let us, if indeed He hath made us kings and priests (Rev. i. 5, 6), if indeed we are of the royal priesthood (1 Peter ii. 9), let us, I say, take comfort from His sympathy, "for," Hebrews iv. 15, 16. Wherefore cast "all your care upon Him" (1 Peter v. 7).

But I would lead you for one moment to remark,

Secondly. The soundness of body required in the high priest (Lev. xxi. 17—24).

Brethren, we know nothing of the bodily appearance of the Lord Jesus from Scripture, saving such painful facts as are contained in Isa. lii. 14; liii. 2, 3. But we do know that He was, as "a lamb, without blemish and without spot" (1 Peter i. 19). Why, then, it may be said, refer at all to the bodily requirements of the high priest? Because, in conjunction with

Thirdly, the holiness of life of the Aaronic high priest, it pointed to Him who is "holy, harmless, undefiled" (Heb. vii. 25, 26). That that holiness of life was required in the Aaronic high priest you may see by turning to Lev. xxi. 6; so again Isa. lii. 11.

What punishment fell upon Eli, and all his house, because his sons forgot this requirement of the Lord! (1 Sam. ii. 30.) Hence the word to Joshua, the son of Josedec, Zech. iii. 7. Let us, beloved brethren, take good courage as we look upon our high priest, who is God's servant, whom He hath chosen (see Isa. xlii. 1). And wherefore so? (John viii. 29.) Hence, we need never fear that His priesthood will pass away (Heb. vii. 24, 25). He ever liveth and ever pleaseth; therefore shall His family stand, and stand for ever; not being cut-off, as the house of Eli, but continuing ever, as the house of Phinehas (Num. xxv. 12, 13). Just so, Ps. lxxxix. 35, 36, 37. We cannot dwell longer upon this point, but must pass on to the

Fourth, and last qualification of the high priest—chastity in marriage, as set forth in Lev. xxi. 13, 14, 15. You will observe that the high priest might not marry a widow, a divorced woman, or an harlot; but only a virgin. From a widow he could not expect first love; from a divorced woman he could not expect either first love or just love; from an harlot he could expect neither first love, nor just love, nor only love; but all these—first love, just love, only love—the Lord Jesus expects from His Church (2 Cor. xi. 2). Let me entreat the Lord's dear people to remember this, that He requires of them that they should love Him with all their heart, with all their soul, and with all their might (Deut. vi. 5).

Dear people, is it so with you? Can you feebly, yet truly, cry,

Ps. lxxiii. 25? In spite of backslidings, can you truly say with penitent Peter, John xxi. 17? Then remember two words, John xiv. 15, and again, Eph. v. 29. Wherefore, Isa. liv. 4—10. But, perhaps, there is some poor aching heart that says you have been telling of the noble birth, and pure descent, and spotless excellence of Him who is High Priest over the house of God. My soul had hope so long as I heard of Him; but, alas! you have now said that the bride of this great One must give Him her first, her full, her only love. What shall I do? for I have "played the harlot with many lovers" (Jer. iii. 1). Money, business, ambition, pleasure, sin, have engrossed my heart; how can I ever be received into the body of the bride, the Lamb's wife?" (Rev. xxi. 9.) Harken, my brother, to the words of the Lord in Jer. iii. 1, 12, 13, 14; take courage, and remember His good word in John vi. 37, and again in Ezek. xxxvi. 21—26. Wherefore, Hos. xiv. 1—4.

Then, surely, shall you be enabled to give Him your first, your full, your only love (Luke vii. 47), and He shall regard you as "a chaste virgin" (2 Cor. xi. 2), for, Eph. v. 25, 26, 27, and again, Song iv. 7; and then thou shalt cry, Song v. 10, 16; wherefore, Heb. x. 19—22.

#### GLEANINGS FROM LETTERS JUST RECEIVED.

My dear husband, and I too, read your opening message in the Magazine with much comfort on Sunday last. God grant we may indeed be favoured (even in this world) to see greater things than we ever have done! I am longing for one of the days of the Son of Man; but I seem dry and plucked up by the roots at times, and my coward flesh shrinks from the needed discipline to bring me up out of this parched place—this barren wilderness! But still *He* knows just how much the poor frail flesh can bear, and will put underneath the everlasting arm of His strength.

#### INTERMINGLINGS OF MERCY.

How truly is it said that, "as face answereth to face in a glass, so doth the heart of man to man," specially where both are born of the Spirit. *He* teacheth all the same language, although by very varied means. Some take their lessons more quickly and aptly than others; while the poor slow ones, or the idle, earthly-minded, and inattentive, are kept long on the lowest forms, or have often to be taken down a step or two lower. Oh, this lowering process! how difficult it is in most cases.

What a very remarkable case is that in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE this month (Dr. Duncan's). It touched me very closely.

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How many anxieties these dear ones bring with them from the cradle to the grave—either theirs or ours. And yet, "by all these things (cares, anxieties, temptations, and trials of every sort and kind) men (of grace) live; and in all these things is the life of my spirit," saith a tried one, and *we*, too, can say, *Amen*.

I am exceedingly obliged for your kind letter. The illness of the little boy is a cause of great anxiety; and, after looking at him in health and cheerfulness, it is painful to think of him as he has been when in the fit. But we know, as you remind us, that God has the feeling of a Father, and sympathises with His children, and we know too that He can heal "all manner of diseases." And we can bring our sick to Him for relief, both in body and in soul.



## Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

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### THE LATE MR. THOMAS WILSON, OF WATERFORD.

ANOTHER of our beloved and most highly-esteemed and valued friends has been called to his rest, the late Mr. THOMAS WILSON, of Waterford. Although we belonged nominally to different communions, and in detail we might not have seen eye to eye in a doctrinal point of view, yet in the essentials we were one; and, amid all our circle of friends and acquaintances, there was not one for whom we had a more sincere regard, and whose removal, in common with multitudes, we most deeply mourn.

Mr. WILSON was a man of no ordinary stamp. Although actively engaged in business-life, he for years had sole charge of a chapel in which he ministered with a peculiar flow of thought, deep spirituality, and marked diversity of illustration. It was next to impossible to converse with him without at once perceiving that he was a man of mind. His reading was intermingled with an inventive and originating capacity. He was no mere copyist; but thought, spoke, and acted for himself. He did not run in a groove, but struck out a line of things peculiarly his own.

Although he had attained to within a few months of threescore years, he never married; and upon this very principle it would seem as though he were bent upon consecrating his time, talents, and property to the glory of his Lord and Master and the temporal and spiritual well-being of his fellow-men.

In a word, he might be said to be a man of a large heart. He served his day and generation to an extent and with an acceptance with which few can compare. He was the Christian as well as the citizen. His principles were well known. His light was not hid under a bushel, nor his talents in a napkin. Whilst he was esteemed as a minister, in the midst of men of a directly opposite creed, he was, nevertheless, chosen to fill the high and responsible offices of chief magistrate of his native city, and likewise of sheriff. He was called, moreover, to this position when Ireland was in a state of excitement; yet, with firmness, integrity, and without the shadow of compromise, he had wisdom, grace, and strength to fulfil the duties of his high and important position.

He was indeed a lover of hospitality. He was generous to a degree. We believe that none know the extent of his benevolence. His eye and his ear were ever open to the claims of the poor and needy.

If we mistake not, the last time he and his now bereaved and mourning brother and we met was accidentally in the crowded Cheapside. We had scarcely shaken each other by the hand, and mutually expressed our pleasure at so unexpectedly meeting, ere a horse in passing stumbled and fell. In a moment our friend dashed from our side into the crowded thoroughfare, being one of the first and most active to aid the poor fallen beast. This simple incident was but truly characteristic. We remember feeling alarmed lest, in his zeal to help, he should be struck or injured by any of the numerous passing vehicles.

Some years previously, when a conference of the Evangelical Alliance was held at Bath, as a member he invited us to join him at one of the meetings. After dinner one of the deputation from America, in very

spirited terms, proposed the health of our beloved Queen. A pause followed. No member of the Alliance rising, our friend whispered that we ought to propose, in response, the health of the then President of the United States. We were surprised a few weeks afterwards to see a full report of our remarks upon the occasion in a New York paper.

In our work in Ireland our departed friend took the liveliest interest; and we believe that no one more sincerely regretted our withdrawing from his loved country than our dear friend, THOMAS WILSON.

If he had but an hour or so to stay in Bristol, *en route* to Waterford or London, we were sure to be favoured with his company even out of that brief tarry. In fact, his every word and act was expressive of a thorough heartfeltness.

He passed one Sabbath with us, attending St. Luke's Church morning and evening with the deepest possible interest; and, if we mistake not, he addressed the children of the Sunday School in the afternoon. We mention this, in proof of his entire freedom from sectarian prejudice. In fact, he so ordered his own chapel-service at Tramore (the watering-place where he resided) that himself and his people might have the benefit of the ministrations of our beloved friend, the late Dr. DALTON, at least once in the day.

His last illness was of a tedious and very protracted character. Change in different places was tried, but it would seem to little purpose. We had indulged the hope, notwithstanding, that we should see each other again in the flesh; and yet we shrank from meeting him other than as an old, warm-hearted, active, energetic friend. We dreaded the personal witnessing of the invasion of disease and the pulling down a fabric which we had so long loved to contemplate. There were various circumstances, apart from those we have named, that served to invest him with special interest, and which now help to embalm his memory in our heart. Within a few yards of his house of business we received ordination. He was among the first to meet or to bid farewell to ourselves or friends on arriving or embarking by the steamers hard by. His sacred remains now moulder in the picturesque grave-yard on the opposite side of the river Suir, directly facing the cathedral, within which we received the laying on of hands. Waterford must ever of necessity be a city of deepest interest to us; and, but for the channel which rolls between both that and our dear old parish on its coast, would often have a visit from us. The beloved Bishop of Cashel lives with an ever-constant freshness in our inmost heart, for to him we are indebted for the "go forward" in regard to the work of the ministry.

We feel—and it is but natural that we should do so—a certain sadness as we contemplate one and another and another removed from us, and leaving us here in this vale of sin and sorrow. Yet, in spite of this feeling, we would, as it were, rouse ourselves. We would remember that they are *not lost*, but merely *gone on*. They are (thank God!) but a little in advance. We have "not followed a cunningly-devised fable" any more than they. They have fought and conquered. We are fighting, and hope by the self-grace vouchsafed to them in due time to conquer too.

"We're travelling home to God  
By the way our fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and *we*  
Soon their happiness shall see."

In proof that we were not alone in our opinion of the inestimable worth of our departed friend, we shall subjoin the testimony of the *Waterford Standard*, and then quote from the same source the interesting particulars of the closing hours of our beloved friend's life:—

#### DEATH OF THOMAS WILSON, ESQ.

The tidings brought to this city on Tuesday last that Thomas Wilson was no more were not unexpected. It had been known for some few days that he was fading away, and that his days in this earthly tabernacle were numbered. Yet, when the announcement came that this true Christian, this worthy citizen, this benevolent philanthropist, this honest man, was dead, the sorrow for him was universal. Few public men have passed away from our midst more honoured or regretted than he was. Springing from an old and respected Waterford commercial family, he had grown up in our midst, and as a citizen and as a man he shone conspicuously. For his unostentatious worth, his princely liberality and most sound judgment, we had high regard. He filled the highest posts of civic honour. He was alderman of his ward, a magistrate of the city, he had served the high offices of mayor and high-sheriff. In all these public positions he was high-minded and upright. On most of the public boards of the city he was most useful and efficient. He will be much missed by those who knew and valued his character and capabilities. There is another class who will feel and mourn for him. He was the friend of the orphan and the widow, and a munificent helper of those in sorrow and distress. It will never be known to the general public what Thomas Wilson's private charities were. His right hand knew not what his left hand did. In giving assistance he exercised a sound and good discretion, but at all times his kind, good heart even led him to open his hand full wide, even to the unthankful. Mr. Wilson was a man of very decided Christian principles, and his walk and conversation well accorded with his profession. Religion with him was a matter of every-day life. He walked humbly with his God, and he confessed his Saviour. From a very early period of his life he took a prominent position amongst the followers of John Wesley. He was a class leader, and a very acceptable preacher in this connexion. But Thomas Wilson was no sectarian. His fine large heart was comprehensive in its love to all who loved the Saviour, and he was ever ready to give "the right hand of fellowship to all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." He was an active member of the Evangelical Alliance, and was often present at their conferences in foreign cities. The Bible Society, the Jews' Society, and the various Missionary Societies, were all supported by him with great liberality. Every good and holy cause found him "ready to give and glad to distribute." At the decease of his father, Mr. Tobias Wilson, his worthy son presented a thousand pounds to the Bible Society, and a thousand pounds to the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society. It is not long since he gave a like sum to the same society in Waterford, with the simple motto of "Thine own have I given unto Thee." His whole salary, as mayor, he devoted to charitable objects. In fact, his whole life was spent in giving, working, and praying. Mr. Wilson was never married. He was taken away at a comparatively early period of human life. We can badly spare such men. They are "the salt of the earth," and they exercise a purifying influence on all around. His remains have been laid "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." His spirit rejoices in the presence of Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life."

#### THE FUNERAL.

The remains of this much lamented and beloved gentleman were removed from his late residence, the Quay, for interment in the abbey churchyard on Saturday at twelve o'clock. The funeral was one of the largest seen in Waterford for many years, and was attended by every class and creed. For some

time before twelve, and until the remains were interred, the cathedral bells tolled forth in muffled peal. The following was the order of procession:—

In front of the hearse walked—Rev. Henry Evans, Wesleyan minister; Rev. John DeRenzy, A.M.; Rev. W. Lindsay, Primitive Wesleyan; Rev. A. Burrows, A.B., Presbyterian, and the children of the Protestant Orphan School. The bier was a simple one, drawn by one horse, enveloped in a mourning cover, on which rested the coffin, a plain oaken one, covered with black, and bearing the following inscription:—THOMAS MACADAM WILSON, Died 5th January, 1874, Aged 60 years. Following walked the chief mourners—Mr. John Wilson, brother of deceased; Mr. T. W. Morgan, nephew of deceased; Alderman St. George Freeman, brother-in-law to deceased; Mr. Henry Benner, nephew to deceased; Mr. R. S. MacAdam, cousin to deceased; and St. G. Freeman, jun. Next in order of procession walked, each wearing mourning scarfs—W. E. Meredyth and G. W. Bassett, both in the employment of deceased, and W. Morgan, in Mr. John Wilson's employment; Messrs. R. Dobbyn and C. Dobbyn, solicitors to the deceased; Rev. Thomas Gimlette, B.D., Rector of Dunmore; Dr. Carroll, W. M. Glascott, New Ross; W. M. Alcock, Dr. Walker, Bonmahon; and Rev. E. N. Banks. The borough constables, in uniform, under the command of high-constable Mahony, walked next in procession. Then followed a long row of carriages representing the gentry of the district. The little abbey churchyard being reached, the coffin was placed over the grave, which was surrounded by a large host of sorrowing friends. The Rev. J. DeRenzy then read the beautiful Church of Ireland burial service, after which the Rev. A. Burrows offered up prayers. The Rev. Mr. Evans, minister of the Wesleyan Chapel, Quay, then delivered a short address on the life and virtues of deceased, and the lesson to be derived from the death of the righteous. The coffin was then lowered into the grave, and as it closed over the remains all present felt that the earth had taken back to her breast the body of one of her noblest, greatest sons.

#### FUNERAL ADDRESS.

On Sunday evening a funeral service was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Quay, of which deceased was a sincere and practical supporter. Immediately after the intelligence of his death was received, the chapel was draped in the deepest mourning. To the great congregation that entered on Sunday night its sombre aspect was solemnly imposing, being strikingly suggestive of death and judgment to come. Every available seat was occupied, and even the vestry was required for the accommodation of a portion of the audience. The Rev. Henry Evans, pastor of the congregation, officiated.

Divine worship commenced by singing the very appropriate hymn, beginning—

“Give me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys—  
How bright their glories be.”

Prayer was offered, and the 22nd chapter of Revelations read. Then was sung the hymn,

“What are these arrayed in white?  
Brighter than the noon-day sun;  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne.”

The Rev. Henry Evans then took as his text Revelations xxi. 5; “And He that sitteth upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new.” After the sermon, a sketch of the religious life of the lamented gentleman was given. He had been savingly converted to God in early life. He had taken Christ for his Saviour, and rested, as a penitent believer, his soul on the atonement of Calvary alone. The only ground of his hope, his confidence, his happy daily experience, was the merit of Christ, the divine Saviour. The excellence of his life, was the fruit of this faith in Jesus. From it sprung his rare

humility, his singular unselfishness, his laborious zeal, his munificent charity. His great generosity was not meant to purchase the divine favour, but flowed from that favour previously enjoyed as the flower and fruit from the life of the tree. Nothing was more marked in his character than his love for the Bible. He fed on it daily; he knew it to be God's Word, hence his princely contributions for its circulation among men. After the address, the rev. gentleman said, that, owing to Mr. Wilson having been from Ireland for some weeks before he died, he had not had the privilege of personal intercourse with him, or of hearing his final testimony to the power of grace. But this disability was compensated by the favour of a member of the bereaved family, who had done his friends the great kindness of writing an account of his closing hours. That account is here given in full. "Finding that his death was approaching, he called me to his bed-side, and went through various temporal arrangements which he wished to have carried out; and, having gone through all, he said he had done with the affairs of time, and wanted now to give his dying testimony as to his prospects for eternity. 'I have been,' he said, 'a great sinner; but in preaching and praying have often thought that, if an angel met me at the gates of Paradise to make inquiry as to my title, I would tell him that he could not look for a sin against light or love which is not atoned for by the blood of Jesus, and then repeated,

'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
Into Thy hands I fall;  
Be Thou my Lord and Righteousness,  
My Saviour and my All.'

He dwelt much on the promise, 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;' and repeated, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' On one of his family saying to him, 'This is a sad affliction,' he replied, 'It will be only a few years; He doeth all things well.' It was said that perhaps in answer to the great prayer that was made for him, God kept the enemy far from him. He said, 'Yes.' The same person having expressed a wish that she could exchange with him, he said, 'Well, I am just a poor sinner, clinging to the Rock, and you may all cling as well as I do,' and repeated the first verse of the 'Rock of Ages.' It was remarked he should soon see Christ and some loved members of the family in heaven. His answer was, 'Christ above all.' He asked a hymn to be sung—a favourite one with him—'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' which was gone through. He listened with eagerness to much of Isaiah being read, and seemed ravished with it, saying, 'What promises! Beautiful!' Getting weaker, he asked for promises specially to be read. 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee,' was one selected, and when repeated, he said, 'That is enough for the present; I now wish to meditate upon this.' Desiring that all his family should be called that he might give them his dying kiss, they were summoned round his bed, and as each one approached to take the last farewell he asked the name (the room being without much light). This being again gone through, he said, 'What would I now do if I had to seek Jesus?' Again, 'Jesus is worth more than worlds to me now.' Continuing still to try to express himself, we had at length the inexpressible sorrow to lose much of what he, with great earnestness, endeavoured to say, but could perceive it was of Christ. Among the latest utterances which we could distinguish was the ascription of praise, 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory.' A pious friend, an American minister, who had taken much interest in him as one of rare attainments in religious life and loveliness of character, came up, and commended his departing spirit for the last time to God in prayer. He asked, 'Is Christ precious?' Though he fain would have replied, the tongue refused its office. He then asked him



to press his hand if it were so. The sign was recognised. At an earlier period of the day, the doctor coming in, my brother said, 'Doctor, I am passing away.' He replied, 'It is to a happier land.' The answer was, 'I trust so; I am trusting in Christ.' From this time forward nature rapidly sank, and now we could not hide the sad fact that the voice which had so often spoken to us in tenderest accents of Christ, both in the private circle and in public, was about to be silent for ever, and no more should that dear brother be the centre of happiness in the family as heretofore. The last sad moment came, but we could scarcely decide the time when his spirit passed away, to see at last that Saviour whom he had long loved and served. Thus ended about eight o'clock on the first Monday of the new year a life of usefulness and love; and, strange to say, until the night before he died he had not suffered any severe pain during an illness of over twelve months. So mercifully was he, who, up to that time, had a strong constitution, brought down to the chambers of death. To God be all the praise! When, on the Sunday night being seized with spasms, he called out, 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' His sister added, 'Jesus, help him.' The prayer seemed immediately answered, for the pain subsided, and, except for a short time, returned no more. His dying message to all his friends was, 'Cling to the Rock.' Naturally his disposition was a joyous one, and he had a strong love of life; but, although much and continuous prayer was offered for his restoration, God saw fit to answer it in His own way—by calling him to a higher life. 'We asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him; even length of days for ever and ever.'"

At morning service in the cathedral, the Lord Bishop of Cashel feelingly alluded to the death of Mr. Wilson, and to the great loss sustained thereby to the church in all its branches. The reading of the above dying testimony moved the greater portion of the congregation to tears, to the majority of whom he was personally known and dearly beloved. The service ended with singing and prayer.

There is one verse quoted by our dear departed friend, in his last illness, and when very near his end, which has always a pleasing and grateful association in our mind; and, as it is immediately connected with Ireland, we will here state the facts. When reading for ordination at Templemore, we used occasionally to take the week-evening lectures in the school-house. One day we met a divinity student who had entered Trinity College, Dublin, somewhat late in life—that is, he was bordering on thirty to thirty-five years of age. Addressing us, he said, "I heard your lecture the other evening. Why, what a Calvinist you are." "The Lord has so taught me during the last twenty years that I can't be anything else," was the reply. After this conversation he seemed studiously to avoid us. It happened, however, a few weeks afterwards, that both the rector and curate being absent for a short time, we were left in charge of the parish. Knowing that the gentleman just named had a brother very ill, we called to inquire after him. "He's just now dying," said the maid who answered the door. We immediately followed her up the stairs to the sick man's chamber. Upon the landing outside his bedroom door was the divinity student pacing to and fro in great distress of mind. Entering the chamber we found the bed of the dying man was surrounded by his aged father and mother, and other members of the family. Walking to the side of the bed, we whispered into the dying one's ear—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,

On Thy kind arms I fall:

Be Thou my Strength, my Righteousness,

My Jesus, and my All."

After quoting a few passages of Scripture, we bowed the knee in prayer, and committed his departing spirit to the Lord.

We were limited for time, as we had to attend at the Military Hospital at a particular hour. Upon leaving the dying chamber the student before named said, "What was that verse you repeated when you first entered the room? Nothing," he added, "could have been more appropriate." We quoted it again; he learnt it off; and (as we found afterwards) immediately went and repeated it in his dying brother's ear."

Having paid our visit to the hospital, in a little more than an hour we returned to the house of mourning, for so indeed it proved to be, the dying man having passed away in the interim. We immediately called the members of the bereaved family together, and again we bowed the knee in their midst, commending them to the tender sympathies of our great and gracious High Priest.

On the third day after we again met at the grave. At the close of the service another brother of the departed, addressing us, said, "I want particularly to see you. It is most remarkable." As we were leaving Templemore almost immediately afterwards, we had not the opportunity of meeting. Hence we never knew to what he made reference when he said so emphatically, "It's most remarkable." It was, however, but a year or two after (if we mistake not) that we heard that both the divinity student and his surviving brother were called hence. But the incident we have named always stands identified in our mind with the precious and most comprehensive verse quoted in his dying moments by our beloved departed friend, the late never-to-be-forgotten THOMAS WILSON.

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### Words in Season for those who are Weary.

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#### THE UPGOINGS OF THE SOUL OF A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE.

ABBA! my own dear Father, "draw me, and I will run after Thee." Open Thou my lips, and my mouth will show forth Thy praise. I do feel it to be all mercy this side of a deserved hell; therefore, do accept my heartfelt thanks for what Thou hast done for worthless me. Matchless love and condescension, that, when there was no eye to pity, nor any other arm to save, the eye of Jesus pitied, and His own arm brought the salvation, and the Holy Ghost took of the things of Jesus, and showed them unto me. All the fruit of the electing love of God the Father. What shall I render to Thee for Thy wonderful love? Oh, that all my remaining breath may be spent in prayer, praise, and thanksgiving to my covenant Jehovah, that nothing may come between me and Thee!—that time things and its vanities may be trampled under foot, as worthless and vain! I have indeed long found it so; and all the so-called pleasures say that it is not in me. There is indeed an aching void; whereas, in spiritual things, oh, what sweetness and real satisfaction! Make me holy, root out all sin, precious Spirit. Dear Comforter, let me unlock more and more the precious truths of Thy holy Word, by sweet experience; then shall I be more and more enabled to *asy* with the dear Apostle, and speak of the things that I have tasted,

and felt of the things of God. Thou hast long since won my heart's affections, and enabled me to give myself wholly to Thee, to be for ever Thine. Thou knowest this, dearest Lord, and Thou hast ever proved Thyself a loving Father to me, and hast ever been to me better than all my fears, and hast done all things well, and hast well supplied all my needs. I want to love and adore Thee more. Thou knowest I do. I do want to walk with Thee, and talk with Thee, and possess constantly some of that heart-burning within that the disciples felt when journeying to Emmaus, with their living Lord. Precious privilege indeed! Sips of the brook by the way. Love tokens. Sweet access to Thee in prayer. A cleaving to Thee in earnest. Wrestling with Thee for more grace, faith, and love. And I want all fear of death taken away; that, just in proportion as my poor clay-built tabernacle gives way and founders, I may in that proportion welcome death and look him full in the face, telling him to do his worst—that his sting is taken away, "which is sin." And, also, that the second death hath no power over me, for my Jesus hath died; that, absent from the body, my soul may be present with the Lord, and my poor sinful body go down into the robing chamber—the grave—to be re-made fit for heaven; and then, in the great resurrection morning, rise body and soul reunited, a glorified body, with wonder, rapture, and praise, amid the wreck of worlds; looking with infinite delight up to the dear Jesus, the Judge on the great white throne, exclaiming, with the blood-bought multitude, "This is our God; we have waited for Him. He will come and save us;" and then enter in through the gates into the city, even glory everlasting—there to cast our blood-bought crowns at His blessed feet, and while we see the King in His beauty, face to face, crown Him Lord of all, for ever and ever, with eternal shoutings, with the glorified hosts partaking of unheard of joys, constantly unfolding and ever new. "What will it be to be there!"

"Millions of years our raptur'd souls  
Will sing the heavenly song,  
When millions more have pass'd away,  
'Twill then be just begun.

"Listen! their song is all of grace!  
This brought the millions there;  
Snatch'd from a world of guilt and sin,  
They'll sing for ever more."

*Southsea.*

E. P. D.

"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.

"HAVING EYES AND SEE NOT."—The Grecian philosophers in Paul's day called the way of the cross *foolishness*. Why? Because all the treasures of knowledge, &c., were not made bare to the gaze of the curious, but *hid* in Christ. So, if our Gospel be hid (God's free grace), it is hid to them that are lost). "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."—*J. Miley.*

## DIARY OF THE LATE MR. HENRY EVE.

*(Continued from page 99.)*

"*Dec. 14th, Sunday afternoon.*—As days and months pass away, so do new temptations, difficulties, and trials await us. The past week has been one of darkness and doubt, which cause keen and troublesome fears; but why should I complain of the Lord's providential dealings with me? Are not my afflictions blessings, if rightly seen with the eye of faith? But, as I am only a learner in the A B C of divine life in the soul, the Lord graciously sees fit to withdraw Himself at times; for what reason I do not know, unless it be to make the lessons more deep and permanent, that I may not trust to present experiences or present thoughts, and that my self-righteous heart may be brought low—yea, to nothing—in its own estimation, that the Lord Jesus may be 'All in all.' Oh, that God the Holy Ghost may bring comfort on this and other points; for, by the experiences I am now made inwardly to feel, hour by hour and day by day, the Lord has made me to see in Himself more than ever I could have seen without Him. And thus do the words come into my soul, 'My people shall be willing in the day of my power;' the day when the Lord manifested His power in me; for surely I should never have been willing if He had not made me, for the devil and his works are still strong in me; but the Lord is stronger, yea, He is always victorious in battle with Satan and self on behalf of His poor, weak children, 'whose strength it is to sit still,' one of the hardest lessons he has to learn.

"*Christmas Day.*—'The government is upon His shoulders;' the affairs of the world are under His direction and control; the weal and the woe of nations are subject to His providential workings, and are made subservient to the end He has in view—the gathering in of His chosen ones. He makes all things work together for their good. The smallest things in the daily troubles and experiences (of a child of God), as well as the large events, are under His government, and well that it is so; for, if we had the management of our own affairs, that moment it would tumble about us, and we should be lost in the confusion and ruin. But the Lord is the Keeper of His people; and why? Because they are His peculiar treasure. He has kept them from eternity, does keep, yea, and ever will keep them. He cannot trust them to another's faithfulness, nor to their own; but, like Israel of old, 'we have dealt treacherously with Him,' and have gone after other gods, other lovers, who have been dearer to me (at times) than even the Lord Himself. Well may He ask, 'Is this thy kindness to thy God?' after His infinite and everlasting love to us; and well may we cry, 'Be astonished, O heavens, at the marvellous and astounding grace of our God, that shines the brighter as we do not merit it, nor ever can.' With the Apostle we would exclaim, 'Great is the mystery of godliness.'

"*Dec. 28th.*—The last Sunday in the year 1862! And am I enabled, by grace divine, to say, 'The Lord hath done all things well?' If I am His child, whether I believe it or not, the fact remains the same, for He does all things well for His own, though carnal unbelief may not think so. If the Lord sees fit to spare me another year, oh, that He would lead me more out of myself into Himself, that I may be led into deeper and wider discoveries of His sovereign love and mercy; and in proportion as

I am led out in this way, so will deeper discoveries be made to me of my total depravity and sin, of my utter inability to afford one thought or particle of a thought to my salvation. It must be all of Him and through Him. Oh, how my soul longs to feel that deep inwrought assurance of my acceptance in the Beloved, and interest in the eternal covenant of the Three-in-One Jehovah! The Lord knoweth the path I take; He hath marked out my footsteps for the coming year; and, as I know not what a day will bring forth, so I may not 'boast myself of to-morrow.' Do Thou, then, heavenly Father, be pleased to give me to apprehend, by faith, joy and peace in believing. O Lord, I would not dictate to Thee, yet I would beseech Thee 'keep back Thy servant from presumptuous sins,' and may the comfort and communion of the Holy Ghost be with me this week. Amen.

"1863. Jan. 4th.—The first Sunday in the new year, and, with the trials we are now experiencing, I tremble to enter the coming year alone. I would say, 'Blessed Jesus, if Thy presence go not with me, carry me not through the year. for the difficulties of the way will surely crush me without Thy help.' This evening partook of the Lord's Supper (for the first time at St. Luke's Church). I hope it was not a mere outward form. It was a solemn, piercing, and perceiving time; my mind exercised in much thought. The words came, 'Fear not.' 'Keep me under the shadow of Thy wings' during this week, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Jan. 11th, Sunday.—In life's dark, dreary, and barren wilderness none can comfort, help, and guide as the Lord—all other help is vain. And, though as a necessary part of spiritual being in Christ are the darkness, doubts, trials, and difficulties which we experience, yet still the Lord has made the revelations and visitations of His love and smiles to be a necessary part also. And what could we poor creatures do without chastenings and rebukes? and what could we do without the Lord's gracious revelations of His abounding, infinite, and eternal love? And, strange to say, the very thought of these great and glorious things (at times) overwhelms me—yea, sinks me into nothing. How great is the condescension of my God toward me, and yet how ungrateful, how unthankful, have I been towards Him; and well for me that the Lord is God that changeth not. What He hath promised that He will perform. And what a deep consolation this is to the child of God to think that, after all his rebellious wanderings, forgetfulness, and perverseness, which have been neither few nor small, the Lord should remain the same for ever—that same loving, kind, considerate Friend and reconciled Father. How amazing, unaccountable, and unfathomable for our poor finite, earthly, grovelling minds to comprehend; yet how comforting the thought, amidst all our trials, 'The Lord changeth not.'

"Jan. 18th, Sunday.—Another Sabbath-day has come and nearly gone, and we are another week nearer our eternal destiny. What solemn thoughts pervade the mind at these things, because, when we are led to look at our present position and experience, then do we think of our latter end; and, unless by grace divine we see Christ as first and foremost in the work of redemption, and the Source of all preservation and comfort, our religion is vain. Oh, that the Lord in mercy would enable me to have a right view and apprehension of the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, by the indwelling and working of God the Holy Ghost, to realize much glory, beauty, and heavenly comfort from the



only Source of all true life and light! Temporal things seem dark and gloomy. I know not what the Lord is about to do. At times my mind gets into a very confused state when thinking about various things. What with the wickedness of my own heart, the temptations of Satan and the world, the difficulties and necessary thoughts of the business, my head seems ready to burst, and now do I realize the words and experience of dear father, when he used to be so worried and worn out, and complain of the difficulty, perplexity, the care and thought, that the business required, and how many heart-achings and head-achings it used to give him, and how it used to grieve him when I was perverse and indifferent to him; but now I find I have to go through it in bitter experience, which causes me many a heart sorrow.

"*Sunday evening, Feb. 1st.*—'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you;' and such a care as none but the child of God is made the subject of or can appreciate. Oh, what a great blessing to be enabled to see the Lord's care, and feel it! If the Lord did not care for us, we should never have thought of Him. This is very humbling to proud human nature; yet it is so. The past week has been a week of distinguishing mercies, especially in providential blessings. The Lord has graciously kept me from entering into the rash and unwise designs which were forming in my mind, but in mercy He has led me out of it. How kind is our God! He remembers that we are but dust—that we have no strength but in Him.

"*Sunday, Feb. 8th.*—Another week has fled, with all its troubles and difficulties; though I seem to be hedged up on every side, yet the Lord has been mindful of me. Oh, what a black list could I write against myself—such secret sins, such open sins! Oh, how I am made to feel the weight of things! Yea, it is a crushing weight, that squeezes out all my self-righteousness and good thoughts, and sinks me into a nothingness view of myself, teaching me that in my nature 'there dwelleth no good thing,' and as long as I live on this earth no good thing ever can come from my nature—it must be purely the life of God put into my soul. The divine life is distinct from the natural life. Our natural life began in Adam, which was a body of sin, and under condemnation of the holy law of God; but our spiritual life had existence in the councils of the Eternal Three-in-One Jehovah before time began.

"*Sunday, Feb. 14th.*—Mr. Doudney being away, H——h and I went to — Chapel to hear Mr. ———. I was vexed and disgusted with the free-will, self-righteous, do-and-live sermon which he made. There seemed no soundness in it, and it really was but mocking the Lord. Oh, how light did he make the Word of God to appear, that is so dear to the heart of a child of God. Oh, that I may be led by the Holy Ghost into a deeper insight of Jesus—His Word—His Person—His work—His leadings—His dealings with me, a poor helpless, waiting sinner.

"*Sunday, Feb. 21st.*—Mr. Doudney is not at home yet, and there seems to be no other person who is made the instrument of good (to my soul) by God the Holy Ghost as he is. This morning went to — Church, expecting to hear some choice things; but how grievously was I disappointed! I went burdened, and I came back burdened. Oh, how significant does the thought come, and yet how humbling, that we cannot command the life, nor the grace, nor the blessing—we are entirely dependent upon the Lord for all!

"*Sunday, March 8th.*—Mr. Doudney has returned home, and preached

morning and evening. Oh, how barren and dry has been the wilderness journey for several weeks past! But the Lord has again visited in mercy, and put a word in the mouth of His servant for His waiting children, and not left us to perish by the way, but has revived and renewed our fainting souls. This month (March) brings me solemn thoughts and sacred recollections of one whom I did not know, nor estimate the value of, whilst here; but, since his removal, the Lord has made me to know and feel his worth by many bitter experiences; yea, to this very hour, twelve months are gone since the Lord, in infinite wisdom and goodness, saw fit to remove our dear father from this distracting, toiling, troubling, fatiguing world, and from the beholding Him, as through a glass, darkly, to the beholding Him face to face—who elected, preserved, made manifest, and at last triumphantly brought him off more than conqueror, through Him that loved him, and gave Himself for him. Oh, the depths of the love of God! Who can dig into it? The very thought of it makes me to feel less than nothing. The Lord has given me great cause to be thankful for that trying dispensation; not only on account of dear father leaving such a clear testimony behind him, but the Lord brought me to a knowledge of my standing. Whereas before I boasted in carnal confidence, now the Lord showed me that all my righteousnesses were but as filthy rags, and that for shame and self-loathing I could do no more than hide my face in the dust of self-abasement, so completely has my mind been changed. The Lord has done it.

"*April 8th.*—What bitter things do I think, and could write of myself! Dear Jesus, by the power of the Holy Ghost, enable me to look from myself to Thyself. The toils and troubles of the week come heavy upon me; but, by the Lord's gracious upholdings, I am still preserved and kept. I feel sin, and the burden of it, daily, more and more.

"*Sunday, April 12th.*—'The Lord will provide.' Hitherto He has provided, and now my soul contemplates the goodness and loving-kindness of thy God in His covenant promises toward me, in continuing to provide for all my necessities—both spiritual and temporal. How wonderful! Well may we poor creatures look up and admire a covenant-keeping God! What a mercy it is that the Lord has enabled me to see His hand in His leadings and dealings with me. The thought, as it were, almost swallows me up, that the Lord should provide for me; and, yet sometimes my carnal nature would tear God from His throne; yea, and from ruling over me. But, when under the sweet influences of the Spirit, oh, how my heart is melted in humble gratitude for His love and kindness so sovereignly bestowed."

*(To be continued.)*

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"HE THAT BELIEVETH HATH EVERLASTING LIFE."—Faith is only the evidence of life, not the cause; so that the sinner must have life (Christ) before he can have faith. Life is the evidence of union with Christ; hence a sinner must have Christ before he can live. We have this life through shedding of Christ's blood, or redemption. We have redemption because we have an election. We have our election because objects of eternal love. If you would ask further, I would cry out, Oh, the depths!—*J. Miley.*

THE man whose sins are atoned for cannot be punished for the same, in any case, by a just God.—*J. Miley.*

## DIVINE GUIDANCE AND GUARDIANSHIP.

OUTLINE OF A SERMON, BY THE REV. J. E. LINNELL, CURATE OF BLACK-HEATH, STAFFORDSHIRE.

*"And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee: He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed."*—DEUT. xxxi. 8.

IN one sense all men are pilgrims and strangers on earth, for none may stay in this world to make it a home; but God's children are pilgrims in a peculiar sense. They are named so by God Himself: "I beseech you as pilgrims and strangers," says He, addressing them by the mouth of His servant Peter (1 Pet. ii. 11); and, as He has named them, so they love to confess that "they are strangers and pilgrims on the earth" (Heb. xi. 13). Their life journey has often been compared with the march of the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan; and, indeed, the points of comparison are many—now marching through some sultry desert; now resting in some fertile oasis; often in dangers; more often in difficulties—never knowing when their Guide shall bring them to the land where they would be, and ever dependent on Him for wisdom and protection. There is one point, however, often overlooked. In 1 Cor. x. 10, 11, the Holy Ghost tells of some who were "destroyed of the destroyer," and says that "this was written for our admonition." We seldom hear anything said of those Israelites who dropped out on the march, and yet the Holy Ghost commends these to our notice. Do any Christians drop out from the march to die by the wayside? My brethren, as I address myself to those who deem themselves heaven-bound pilgrims, I cannot shut out the thought that there was an Israel within Israel; and, looking over the past, I cannot help inquiring for those who were fellow-pilgrims with us many years ago. We know that some have gone on before us, and are safe at home; but, oh! is it not that our inquiry draws answer to tell that some are with the world? And—soul-crushing thought!—is it not that hell claims its share also? I must remind you, before dealing with our text, that, as "every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up" (Matt. xv. 13), so every pilgrim that fails of the grace of God in his soul shall fall from the Zionward march, nor ever reach glory. Examine yourselves, then, brethren (2 Cor. xiii. 5), lest there being in any of you an evil heart of unbelief (Heb. iii. 12), ye shall fail of that good land, and the words I speak this morning shall be as a deadly poison rather than a strengthening medicine, being so made by the deceitfulness of your own wicked hearts.

But, knowing the aptness of man to misapply God's Word—the presumptuous wresting that which is spoken to the humble, and the weak receiving that intended to crush the vain, let me say to those trembling ones who are about (as they think) to fall now from very weakness, that, as I brought up the thought of perishing Israelites for the sake of vain and self-confident professors only, so I speak now especially to them, for their very fears betray a spiritual anxiety which is not of nature, nor does a Spirit-taught minister shrink from applying to such the covenant promises, as being the children of the covenant. Then—

I.—Let us consider the truth, that the Lord goes before His people. Naturally of a slavish nature—though in the case of regenerate

souls raised above the influence of nature as working irresistibly—yet man, even in this state, continually manifests a disposition to become a burden-bearer. Privileged to cast his burden on the Lord (Ps. lv. 22), he will persist in carrying one himself; and invariably does he make this up from the future. Just listen to David, the very man who, as the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost, exhorts us to cast our burden on the Lord. "I shall one day perish at the hands of Saul," said he (1 Sam. xxvii. 1). And, as with David, so with us; though Ebenezers line the whole track of the past, yet we continually shrink at what a fearful heart tells of "one day" in the future. But does the Lord go before, and not mark the way? Are there any dangers unforeseen, unprovided for by Him? Surely not, if "He knoweth the way which I take" (Job. xxiii. 10); for in such a case future events (and He is the Great Disposer of all events) are as the trees of the forest on either side of the traveller's track. He knows what events shall mark our way through the whole of our journey. I know that to some this savours of fatalism. I know that difficulties cluster around such a thought even to a believer's eyes, as Christian pilgrims often find themselves in circumstances of temptation, where the Word says, "God tempteth not any man;" but who would receive the alternative that the child of God is left to choose his own way? Methinks the difficulties here are greater than in the other case; for anyone at all acquainted with human nature well knows that it would be the old story again at the end of the journey—"We all like sheep have gone astray" (Isaiah liii. 6). No, as the Good Shepherd goes before, so the sheep follow where He leads (John x. 4); and as well in the thirsty desert as in the dewy mead, He guides them still; therefore, leave that "one day," ye followers of desponding David, for "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and "the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee."

But human nature is weak, and, sweet as is this promise, it craves more; therefore, let us go further, and know that—

II.—The Lord is with His people. The foes that oppose the Christian in his onward journey are indeed many—yea, they are not only many, but mighty, for, "we wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers" (Ephes. vi. 12). The streams that run across the pilgrim's path are indeed strong, and the strongest of the pilgrim band have been sore put to it. "Waters flowed over my head: then I said, I am cut off," says Jeremiah (Lam. iii. 54). The needs of those whose faces God hath turned Zionward are often pressing, and others than faint-hearted Israelites have asked, "Who shall provide a table in the wilderness?" (Ps. lxxviii. 19.) But how shall foe or stream oppose, or pressing need prevail against those who have the Lord as a fellow-traveller? Is the foe too strong, stream too deep, or need too mighty for Him? Let history answer that question. I seem to see three youths thrust into a fiery furnace that roars on Dura's plain, and yet, though the heat is sevenfold greater than at other times, they come forth all unscathed, for "One like the Son of God is with them" (Dan. iii. 25). I seem to see a host of people all famishing in a desert place, and nought but two or three loaves and fishes wherewith to feed them all; and yet they go away not empty, for they are with Jesus. Again, I seem to see a little bark on a stormy sea, which all the powers of evil are trying to swamp; but in vain, for the Son of God is in that boat. Go on without this promise, and fear ye may, like David, that

"one day" you shall perish, but take it for your own property, and, though foes are never so strong, and difficulties never so great, like David you may say, "I fear no evil, for Thou art with me" (Ps. xxiii.).

But it is not always that I can realize this, "If He is with me, clouds come between and hide His face, that I may not see Him." Further, then, and we shall see—

III.—He meets thine infirmities even here, for the Lord doth not fail His people. You would not care if you could but see Him? But what? Do we walk by sight rather than faith, then? You cannot see Him, and therefore cannot trust Him? But come now, and let us have a word together. I don't want to hear about your sinfulness and unworthiness—I know all about that—but am I not speaking to those who have had communion with God, who are conscious of having walked with Him in those happy hours once so enjoyed? Did He set out with you; and yet without a purpose to abide with you? I thought His purposes were eternal! And gave He no token of His love at the outset of your journey? I thought His love was changeless! And received you no promise from Him when entering upon this way, that now you find not only narrow, but sunless? I thought His promises were sure. For shame, poor, petulant pilgrim, try one more fall with this unbelief ere giving over the contest entirely.

"Shall you be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fight to win the prize,  
And wade through bloody seas?"

Is this a strange thing that dark hours should be found in the Christian's walk? Have none of your elder brethren found this way a way of trial before? Go, look to those hills that, defying the power of time, still raise their lofty heads against the sky. Go, see the mountains that, so deeply rooted in the earth, assume the name of "everlasting." Yet "the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed: but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee" (Isaiah liv. 10). "He will not fail thee," then. And now, anticipating one more barrier that you will interpose between your trembling soul and peace, let us

IV.—Look to the last promise of the verse—the Lord will not forsake His people. As I deal with this promise, I would ask those inclined to doubt the truth of it a couple of questions. In the first place, I would know if you deem salvation to be of grace or of works? and, secondly, do you admit that foreknowledge is a property of the Lord? I fancy you rather indignant at my treatment of you. Who could doubt that salvation is of grace? Who deny the Lord's foreknowledge? you ask. I answer, you do virtually, if not intentionally; you acknowledge, and love to do so, in the presence of men, that God has no respect to man's merit in choosing His people; and yet your soul is troubled lest He have respect to merit in their perseverance to eternal life. "Whom He did foreknow," &c., you read, and yet try and persuade yourself that He did not foreknow the characteristics of the chosen one. What makes you think God will forsake you? "It is my sinfulness;" "I am so unworthy," you each say; but did not He who took you from your mother's womb know whom He was taking? Was aught in you hidden from Him? "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are



dust" (Psalm ciii.). Do not think I wish you harm, brethren; but I do wish this, that your fears may become scourges, to drive you back from this Sinai, to which you have unconsciously wandered, to that way which is the way of the Gospel—the way of free grace. There are words of comfort for thee there which shall never comfort thee here, for there thou shalt hear that, though "Zion saith, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my God hath forgotten me," and that though "a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb," yet the Lord saith, "I will not forget thee" (Isaiah xlix. 14). There shall you learn that He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee (Heb. xiii. 5). Fear not, then, nor be dismayed, "lift up the hands that hang down, and confirm the feeble knees." What though the way be dark? Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, "I am the Lord thy God . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go" (Isaiah xlviii. 17). What though the streams of trouble run athwart thy path? "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee" (Isaiah xliii. 2). What though thy foes be many and strong? "When the enemy comes in like a flood, then the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him" (Isaiah lxix. 16). What though thy wants be numerous and crying? "My God shall supply all your need" (Phil. iv. 19). And what though the river is deep, and the waters cold that closes thy pilgrimage on earth? Guiding thee with His counsel now, He shall receive thee to glory hereafter (Ps. lxxiii. 24). "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me" (Ps. xxiii). Deceived in the haze of uncertainty, it may be that some of my younger brethren are pitching the tent on the very margin of Jordan now, imagining that years shall intervene between the present hour and the time when their feet shall press the shore on the Canaan side of it. As for my older friends, I could think to see the shining ones waiting even now, who shall guide them through its depths. But as in life, even so in death, "the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee: He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not, neither be dismayed."

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### Protestant Beacon.

#### THE FAITH OF BRITONS.

The Popish priest is at our door,  
His lamb-like voice we hear;  
But we half detect the lion's roar,  
Though we will not stoop to fear.

There's a spirit in old England  
That cannot crouch to Rome;  
Our fathers lov'd the brave and free,  
In their own, their island home.

The truths which ancient Britons  
knew  
Unto our hearts are known;  
And we will not bend at a Popish  
mass  
Nor kneel to gods of stone.

Our Church is not a new-sprung  
Church;  
It flourished in the land  
Before the slaves of Papal Rome  
Polluted England's strand.

We are not of thee: our hearts are  
knit  
With Jesus Christ the Lord;  
And we will not change our ancient  
faith,  
Apostate! at thy word.

Our Faith is truth—the truth of God;  
It blazes high and bright;  
We'll stand to it, as our fathers stood,  
And may God defend the right!

*The Blue Banner.*

## THE CONFESSIONAL.

[The writer will be obliged if the Editor will insert the enclosed from a Sydney paper. It will be quite a boon to the *priests* of the Confessional, and, perhaps, may assist them in their future labours to restore the Inquisition, as that, of course, must follow the establishment of the Confessional. How much longer does England mean to keep her eyes shut to the fact that Popery, by the aid of Jesuitism and weak women and careless men, is establishing a power that will cause much bloodshed to overcome and put away from the midst of hitherto Protestant England?]

CONFESSION WITHOUT TORTURE.—The police in the mofussil (sub-division of an Indian district) have, as it is well known, various ingenious methods for extorting confessions from prisoners without torture. Three of these have recently reached our ears; and, although we cannot absolutely vouch for the truth of them, yet we are inclined to give credit to them for this reason, that they are stranger than fiction would be. The first is applied to opium eaters, and the *modus operandi* is as follows:—The chowkidar sits down opposite the prisoner, displaying an opium-ball, which he keeps rolling in the palm of his hand; thus subjecting the unhappy wretch to the sufferings of Tantalus. The result is rarely unsuccessful; the desired exchange is made, the policeman hearing the story and the prisoner getting the opium-ball. The second method is used where a number of prisoners are suspected of an offence, and is happily facilitated by the internal arrangement of the thanna, which is generally divided into three compartments; one room for the constable, another a lock-up, and the third, in the middle, a sort of office. The prisoners are taken into the lock-up and left to themselves. Shortly afterwards the inspector sends for one of the prisoners, who is duly conducted into the last compartment, the inspector remaining in the middle room all the time with several of his colleagues. The following comedy is then acted. The inspector in a loud voice asks the prisoner if he knows anything about the matter. This question is not really addressed to the prisoner, who is in the side compartment, but to another constable, who replies in a low voice scarcely audible to the men in the other compartments. Then the inspector calls out, "Bring a stick and beat him;" a stick is brought, a sack is hung up and well belaboured, one of the constables howling and crying during the operation. When this is over, the man is called upon to confess, a loud order is given for pen and ink, and one of the constables simulates a confession in a low mumbling voice. All this time the prisoners have been trembling in the side compartment; and, when another of their number is fetched out, he is under the impression that his companion has been tortured into telling the truth, and he generally makes a full confession. The last method is by far the strangest of the three. The prisoner is stripped and laid upon his back, and half a cocoanut shell with a large stag beetle inside it is placed upon his body and fastened round it. The stag beetle makes frantic efforts to escape, and at last endeavours to burrow through the flesh of the victim. The pain inflicted is trifling, but the prisoner, whose imagination has been excited by some ominous remarks of the constable, already thinks he feels the insect preying upon his vitals, and is only too ready to tell all he knows if the cocoanut shall be removed.—*Indiana Observer.*

## Correspondence.

## NOT LOST, BUT GONE ON.

*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—I have not been able to get out so much this winter, in consequence of a severe cold and chest affection, which I cannot get rid of; but I find that “these light afflictions,” though painful, are very needful to direct the heart and eye to an inheritance and condition free from sin, suffering, or sorrow. I increasingly feel that this poor unsatisfying world is not the rest or portion of my soul; yet I am continually, through the deceitfulness of the flesh, being ensnared by its cares, attractions, and miserable vanities. I want, through grace, to attain to that blessed condition of living *in* it as not *of* it, and to have our blessed Emanuel and vast eternity continually in view. I long for that burning of heart which the dear disciples experienced as they journeyed to Emmaus, whilst He Himself opened up the Scriptures, and taught them therefrom the things concerning Himself. Blessed teaching, and thrice-blessed Teacher! May we know more and more of its heart-attracting power. The death of your late Sabbath-school teacher has been much on my mind. I happened to be at Mr. Walker’s church the last time he was there, and remarked the thoughtful, serious expression of his countenance. I said to my wife and family, when I got home, there was but one solitary face in the congregation (except the beloved minister) that I had ever seen before; and, though I did not know who the party was, his face appeared very familiar, through seeing him so often at St. Luke’s. A few days after, I took up the paper and saw a paragraph announcing the death of Mr. Eve. I felt at once convinced that he must be the unknown friend I had observed at Mary-le-port church. I had the pleasure of being at church last evening, and heard with much interest what you had to say of the departed one.

I was much pleased to see the account of dear Dr. Duncan (Rabbi Duncan, as the Edinburgh students used to call him) in this month’s Magazine. He was a good and gracious man, and his memory is very dear to many of the Lord’s Spirit-taught ones in Scotland. He used to visit, and was very much attached to, my dear mother, who, like himself, was a deeply-exercised Christian. I used to get out of the way on these occasions; their conversation being very uncongenial to my carnal mind. When a youth I used to attend his evening expositions in the Duchess of Gordon’s library at Huntly Lodge. He was a very humble-minded Christian, as the following little anecdote will show. Not far from the duchess’s mansion lived a very devoted, humble, and afflicted Christian, Margaret R——, paralyzed on one side, and a great sufferer in soul as well as in body. She was meet company for the dear doctor; and he often dropped in upon her in her solitary room, when they would have a feast together on spiritual things, and feel a blessing and sweetness in Christian communion which only the living exercised soul can know. One of these visits occurred as Margaret was going to sit down to her humble meal, consisting of a dish of potatoes and a little skim milk. He asked, in his kind and friendly way, if he might dine with her, and they sat down and shared the humble meal between them. After it was over, Margaret wished to make an apology for the poor entertainment he had received, but the doctor prevented her by saying, “Don’t say a word, Margaret;

I have enjoyed this meal more than all the delicacies of her Grace's table." Margaret, the duchess, and the dear doctor are all gone to their rest, and we are left to follow on. May we have grace given to follow them as they followed Jesus.

Wishing you every new covenant blessing at the beginning of a new year, I am, sir, with humble regards, in which my wife joins, yours very truly,  
D. McP.

P.S.—We have had some very solemn meetings for prayer this week, which probably you may have heard of.

*Brislington.*

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### THE ASHANTEE WAR.

THE attention of our readers has been specially called, in our last two numbers, to the present lamentable war. At the outset it appeared comparatively a trifling matter. It may, however, prove a very much more serious affair than was at first apprehended. Apart from all other considerations—the possibility that the enemy is craftily endeavouring to allure our troops into the far interior, and then come upon them with overwhelming force—the annexed description of the journey and the climate may well arouse our sympathies on behalf of our fellow-countrymen so haplessly engaged in this distressing conflict.

#### THE BUSH.

"The word 'bush,' so frequently used, but feebly tells the story of this immense forest. Bush and underbrush, wed and matted creeper, and dense exotic it has below; but aloft—300 feet above the earth—the giant cotton wood lifts his ponderous evergreen head, and countless trees of lesser growth fill up the lower space; parasites, orchids, and innumerable ferns hang out from bough and trunk, until the sun at noon is powerless to pierce their tangled shade, or only falls in golden patches upon the narrow winding pathway which curves amid the huge roots and overthrown giants that cumber the ground. 'Cool shade in this tropic land!' will cry some stranger to the scene. No, not 'cool.' Shade, perhaps; but the coolness is the stifling atmosphere of the tropical house at Kew, which we rush through and leave, despite its gorgeous plants, with a long-drawn respiration of relief. Beneath this forest, and amidst this mass of tangled and twisted foliage, man moves as though he crept at the bottom of the ocean. Above it is light and air; below, all is shade, and green caves, and trelliswork of hanging plant, and poisonous malaria. This forest is to the vegetable world what the cobra and the tiger are to reptile and animal natures—poisonous and beautiful; deadly, yet delighting the eye; for, from fanlike leaf, and pendant orchid, and unshapely inedible fruit, and, above all, from stagnant swamp and marsh, reeking with heavy odours, there ever floats a deadly malaria—a subtle poison which man drinks as he draws breath, and knows not of until throbbing head and skin of fire, and shooting pains through limb and body, warn him that 'the fever' has caught him in its grasp. Trudging all day through this labyrinth of leaves and mud, one reaches in the afternoon some clay-built 'croom,' swarming with naked and nearly-naked natives. The space occupied by the huts is clear of trees, but the forest treads closely upon the village, and hems it in on every side. A native gives up his hut—one of more pretension

than its neighbours—and the hot and tired traveller enters. Within an hour he is down with fever; his head throbs; his skin is dry and burning; his body feels as though it had been beaten with sticks; he is as sick as a Calais boat could make him in a mid-winter gale; for a couple of days the fever holds him fast—now better, now worse—but every time he lifts himself from his wretched bed a little weaker; everything about him seems negatived by this poison; drink ceases to satisfy thirst; sleep becomes a time of terror, for long, long dreams of endless toil crowd upon him as he lies, while still the presence of pain is unfelt. At last the fever leaves him for a time; then comes the moment for the quinine—ten, twenty, thirty grains are taken in a few hours, and after four or five days he rises, weak as though twenty days of English illness had passed over him, while voice and limb falter at their work, and all wish for food seems to have vanished for ever. This, in a few words, is West African fever, when it comes on one in the bush. Few men can stand many attacks of it, if they follow closely upon one another; and the strength which four or five days is sufficient to pull down is not rebuilt again for a month or more.”

## HISTORIC STONES FROM THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

(Continued from page 110.)

I REMEMBER once seeing a sailor belonging to our Mediterranean fleet cured of drunkenness in the following ludicrous way: The man had left his ship on leave of absence, intending to have his likeness taken, for the purpose of sending it home to his friends in England. On reaching the shore, instead of going direct to the artist, he entered a wretched wine shop, where, falling in with a batch of seamen and other *land-sharks*, he soon became drunk. After some few hours of steady drinking and singing "*Britons never shall be slaves*," he bethought himself of his portrait, and off he staggered to the studio; where, *casting anchor* in an old arm-chair, he soon fell sound asleep. The artist, a shrewd man, and possessing a deep sense of the ridiculous, resolved to take his strange visitor *just as he was*. A few empty bottles and some half-filled glasses, together with a short dirty pipe sticking in the sleeper's mouth, completed the strange scenery of this strange scene. About a week after this occurrence an envelope was put into the hand of this man on board his vessel. Taking it to one of the large lamps that light up the lower deck, he soon discovered, to his great astonishment, that it contained his own likeness, but in such a *form* as he had never seen himself before. "Well," he exclaimed, "if that's me—and I know it is—I'll never touch another drop of strong drink as long as I am in the navy."

Dear reader, we have seen the *moral* taught by this strange incident, but will it not serve to illustrate many lessons of a *spiritual* nature?

To understand this thing aright,  
This grand distinction should be  
known— [sight,  
Though all are sinners in God's  
There are but few so in their own.  
To such as these our Lord was sent,  
They're only sinners who repent.

What comfort can a Saviour bring  
To those who never felt their woe?  
A sinner is a sacred thing;  
The Holy Ghost has made him so.  
New life from Him we must receive  
Before for sin we rightly grieve."



Now, as there are many of the Lord's people who believe in Jesus, and do not know that they "believe in Him to the saving of the soul" (1 John ii. 3; v. 13), so "the whole world lieth in wickedness" without any real knowledge of their state. The world may tell you that they are sinners, but they know nothing of the exceeding hatefulness of sin in God's sight; they may tell you that they are transgressors, but they know nothing of the spirituality of that law which they have broken, or they would "cease going about to establish their own righteousness." Oh! beloved, if you and I have been truly wakened up from wrath to flee; if sin is a grievous and bitter thing in our sight; if our one desire is "to be found in Christ, not having our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith," let us see that we give Him all the glory "who hath chosen us to be a soldier" of that army of which He Himself is the *Witness, Leader, and Commander* (Isa. liv. 4). May the Lord keep His children from being deceived on this point, and cause them to remember that a true portrait of their sinnership can only be taken at *Sinai*, and is a blessed evidence of deliverance from the Egypt of a world "dead in trespasses and sins," a witness of the Red Sea crossed, a seal that the house is beneath the sheltering blood, and a testimony that thou hast eaten of the true Paschal Lamb, "of which, if a man eat, he shall live for ever." "Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations (Ezek. xxxvi. 31). But whence this remembering? "Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you (Oh, that the Lord's people did fully know it!): be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel." But when does this loathing commence? Not till after the Lord has had pity for His holy name's sake; not till after the Lord has been sanctified in you; not till after the Lord has taken you from among the heathen; not till after you have been brought into your own land; not till after the God of the Hebrews has sprinkled you with clean water, and made you clean from all your uncleanness (Col. ii. 13; Acts xiii. 39); not till after a new heart has been given, a new spirit put within, the stony heart taken away, and a heart of flesh substituted in its place; not till after the Lord has put His Spirit within you, causing you to walk in His statutes, keeping His judgments to do them. In a word, not till after the command has gone forth from thy Lord, "Ye shall be my people, and I will be your God" (Ezek. xxxvi. 21—38). But does it not say, "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them?"

"How few there are concern'd about their souls,  
In whose deep thoughts ETERNITY doth roll!  
How rare to find a wounded heart for sin,  
A sinner mourning o'er the plague within!

Yet Jesus says, "None but the wounded need  
The Good Physician." True it is, indeed,  
None in good earnest will to Him apply  
Till sorely wounded and condemn'd to die.

*The Holy Ghost will wound each guilty one  
For whose transgressions Jesus did atone;  
And, when effectually wounded, they  
Cannot resist, they must for mercy pray.*

And when for sin their heart is made to break,  
They'll cry, "Have mercy, Lord, for Jesus' sake;"  
And God, who knows their need, will surely hear,  
And in *His* time for their relief appear.

True, He may seem as if He heard them not,  
And they will think their case is quite forgot;  
But He will cause them still to importune,  
And send them needed help and succour soon.

He'll keep them plying at the throne of grace,  
And whisper, "None in vain shall seek my face;"  
And, though the vision seem to tarry long,  
He'll turn their mourning to a joyful song."

This, beloved reader, is "the Gospel of the grace of God," if I have been taught aright; and a very precious Gospel it is to me, and must be a precious sound to all who feel their own righteousness to be filthy rags. But I must hasten the reader away to that spot where the Lord first taught me these things; and may that same Holy Spirit, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, be pleased to give us His blessing, for Christ's sake.

"Historic Stones" last month left me in the Military Hospital, asking the important question, "What must I do to be saved?" "The iron of God's Word had entered my soul," from the following lines in Angel James' "Anxious Inquirer":—

"You are an immortal creature, a being born for ETERNITY, a creature that will never go out of existence. Millions of ages, as numerous as the sands upon the shore, and the drops of the ocean, and the leaves of all the forests on the globe, will not shorten the duration of your being. ETERNITY, vast ETERNITY, incomprehensible ETERNITY, is before you. Every day brings you nearer to everlasting torments or felicity. You may die any moment; and you are as near to heaven or hell as you are to death. No wonder you are asking, 'What shall I do to be saved?'" For ten days after that eventful night, when one was taken and myself left, I remained in the hospital; but how shall I describe the "horror of great darkness" that filled my soul for those ten days? Truly, the pains of hell had taken such a firm hold of me that I was afraid to look up; and, in looking at self, I could see nothing but mountains of sin and guilt, and a fearful looking for of judgment. The Bible was searched by day and night, but the word *outcast* seemed written on every page. Prayer was resorted to in every nook and corner of the hospital grounds; but the more I read and prayed, the more I felt myself *ready to perish*. At that time I could not see that the Gospel trumpet is blown for such as I then felt myself to be (Isaiah xxvii. 13); I did not know that "This Man receiveth sinners" (Luke xv. 2); and failed to notice that the Lord was then leading His blind child by a way which he knew not. I remember one afternoon the army chaplain coming into the ward, and, not knowing any Christian man to whom I could tell the state of my mind, how I did ask the Lord to direct this good man to my bedside, that he might speak a word of *comfort*. However, this was a prayer *not* according to God's will, for this gentleman soon took his hat and departed. Now Satan renewed his attack more violently than ever. "If you were one of the elect," he said, "God would have answered your prayer;" and then, transforming himself into an angel of light, he quoted Scripture after Scripture, where God is said to

hear the prayers of His people. Well might the Holy Ghost call Satan "the *accuser* of the brethren" (Rev. xii. 10), and "the lion who goes about seeking to devour whom he may" (1 Peter v. 8). I can now see that the hour for *comfort* was not come when I sought words from the chaplain, it being a time for *conviction* and *contrition* for sin. An unseen Teacher, even the Holy Ghost, was doing His own work on my soul. Man is ever too ready to feed the awakened sinner with the PROMISES of God's pardon. The Holy Spirit feeds only with *convenient* food, or as the margin has it, "my allowance" (Prov. xxx. 8). Perhaps it is not too much to say that many an under-shepherd, in his anxiety to comfort and strengthen his flock, *cripples* many a lamb of a day old. May the Lord teach them when to speak and when to be silent (Eccles. iii. 7). Job's friends understood grief better when they sat down and spake not a word (Job ii. 13) and the "*Friend of sinners*," understood the case of the woman of Canaan when "He answered her not a word" (Matt. xv. 21).

When the Spirit is breaking up the fountain of the great deep in a poor sinner, and God is opening the windows of His wrath on that soul, there is no room for man to work—all should be silent, as in some heavy thunderstorm, for it is written, "I do set my *bow* in the cloud." For man to make a "*rainbow*" is to "cry peace, peace, when there is no peace."

At length the time arrived for me to be returned to my regiment for duty. The battalion I belonged to was made up of seventy-four per cent. of Irish Roman Catholics, and certainly one of the most drunken regiments in all the army; as many as thirty court-martials a month being no uncommon register; and to see men receiving their fifty lashes for insubordination, deserting, and striking officers, was a sight almost every week. How could I face these men with *new colours*, many of whom I had "counted it real pleasure to riot with, even in the day-time, and sporting ourselves in *drunkenness, chambering, and wantonness?*" I say, how to meet these old companions in sin I knew not, for everywhere I went formerly it was "Hail fellow, well met," and "Cast in thy lot among us." The first day I came out of hospital I resolved to join a little gathering of some half-dozen Christian soldiers, who met every evening in the neighbourhood of the barracks for the purpose of searching the Scriptures and cheering one another in the things of God. But this was as a task easier said than done, for as yet I had not unburdened the state of my mind to a living creature. At six o'clock I started for the meeting, and well do I remember, when walking over a place called "*the devil's bowling-green*" (where on one occasion I nearly lost my life in serving the master of that green), wishing that my lot had been that of the beast which perisheth, rather than having a spirit which must soon return to God who gave it. Soon the *little shed* was reached, but how to venture in demanded more courage than I possessed. So walking up the road, with Satan hard at my heels, I came to a dead stop in the *valley of decision*. Here the *Shulamite* was tried with the following *triangular trial*. Behind him stood the *little Bethel*; from its windows streamed a silent light, which spoke of peace within; its open door whispered *welcome*, and the soft strains of the well-known tune called *Bedford* awakened many a bright scene in *happy days of childhood*, and recalled to memory several thrilling songsters of Sunday-school note. Surely this ought to have said effectually, "Return, return, O Shulamite: return, return, *that we may look upon thee?*" (Song of Solomon vi. 13.) At my left stood the hospital,

which I had left that afternoon, and where I had received so much mercy from the Lord, and to my right stood a wine shop, with the sign, "*The new found out*;" it ought to have been named, "*The old found out*," for it was here that I had spent my money in sin, and "wasted my goods in riotous living." Satan's music was hard at work in calling sinners on their way. The sudden bursts of vain laughter told too plainly of Satan's *crackling thorns* at work, and the lewd song spoke of *death in the pot* (Eccles. vii. 6; 2 Kings iv. 40).

Standing in this *acute triangle* for some little time, I felt that I must join myself to the world once more, and there I should have gone, and there I should have been unto this day, only for that *Triune God*, who is ever merciful to the redeemed children of men (Gen. xix. 16).

Thinking that the work in the hospital was a *delusion*, and that the men who espoused the meetings in yonder little shed might possibly be *deceived*, and having that nature within me *which longed for the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick of Egypt* (Num. xi. 5), I resolved to return to my evil ways, for, said Satan, you must be damned, and you may as well enjoy the pleasures of this life as long as you can (Heb. xi. 25). But God had designed that "I should suffer affliction with His people," and, to bring this about, He thundered the following passage through and through my soul, that I at once rushed down the *hill difficulty*, crept into the little meeting, and, as they were in prayer, I fell on my knees, crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels" (Mark viii. 38).

Many days have passed since the last passage proved the turning-point in my life, and to this very hour the best prayer that suits my case is, "*God be merciful to me, a sinner*;" and will be, I doubt not, when I on a death-bed lie.

THE KING'S OWN.

Salisbury.

(To be continued.)

## Reviews and Notices of Books.

*Sermons Preached in St. Margaret's Chapel, Brighton*, by the Rev. S. H. LANGSTON, M.A. London: Simpkin and Marshall. Excellent sermons; popular in style, and sound in matter.

*The City Diary for 1874*. London: W. H. & L. Collingridge. ONE of the best diaries that we have seen. It gives a good-sized blank space for each day's entries, and ruled lines for accounts. It is interleaved with blotting-paper, and is published at the moderate price of 1s.

*The Garden Oracle and Floricultural Year Book for 1874*. "Gardeners' Magazine" Office.

A VERY useful little book for any one who takes an interest in gardening. It contains a diary and calendar for garden work, a variety of useful tables, descriptions and illustrations of choice trees, flowers, and fruits, and other useful information. Its price is one shilling.

*Chatterbox*. Volume for 1873. London: W. W. Gardner. Another delightful volume for the little ones. It is beautifully illustrated, and well worth its price.